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HOW HE MET HIS DEATH.

BUCK MORAN'S FATE EXPLAINED AT LAST.

Found Dead on the Back Shore Six Years Ago—The Story of His Murder and Who Did It—The Confession of the Murderer Corroborated by a Companion.

"There is a haunted house" said a policeman to PROGRESS a few days ago.

"Where?" asked the somewhat startled reporter.

"There, where Laura Francis lives" was the prompt reply "and it has been haunted since the night Buck Moran was murdered."

The house in question is the large three story wooden structure on Sheffield street, South end known as "The Sailors Return." It, like most the dwellings on that street has a shop on the first floor, where the tenant takes a dollar in selling liquors without a license.

Six or seven years ago when the tragedy occurred the place was kept by one George Moore, better known as "Shinney" Moore and there the riff raff of the district used to gather and indulge in the wildest orgies. There were women there as well as men and the chief of the gentler sex was one Margaret Sullivan who in the parlance and slang of the street was termed "Mag." She was the favorite of Moore and the pair reaped a rich harvest off the sailors who found their way into that den of drunkenness and wretchedness.

Among those who gathered at this resort was one "Buck" Moran who lived with his maiden aunts in another part of the city. Moran was one of the gang that was always on the lookout for sailors and other unfortunates who found their way into that locality.

When New Years Eve of the year 1889 came round Moran was in Moore's place. The day had been a hard one for even so battered a customer as himself. The season was the holiday one and the inclination to "celebrate" came just as truly to the denizens of Sheffield street as to those in the more respectable parts of the city.

So Moran "celebrated" and when he arrived at Moore's in the evening he was in a half maudlin, sentimental condition to bewail his hard lot and the want of capital to have a good time.

It was in this fashion that he began to talk to the Sullivan woman and his picture of his aunts in want had some softening influence upon her for she handed "Buck" a note and told him to take it to his aunts. Had this been unobserved by Moore, Moran would probably have been alive to day but just as the note was passed to Moran "Shinney" staggered from the inner room and in his drunken, jealous rage seized a big stone beer bottle from the counter and struck Moran on the head. The blow was an awful one and without a cry or a groan Moran fell to the floor dead.

The drunken party was sobered by the awful suddenness of the act, and the wild confusion followed. Self preservation was the first consideration. All of them had seen the murder committed and each of them was implicated. The first thing to do was to hide the body. This was done by carrying it into a rear room and throwing carpets and mats over it. Then came the awful wait until the street was quiet when they might get rid of the body. Moore was dazed and in this condition almost unable to realize what he had done. Hours afterward when the new year had been ushered in, the body was taken to the Pitt street beach and there laid upon the sands.

Removing Buck's body to the shore was no easy task, but it had to be done to insure safe disposal through the police off their guard. The inmates were jointly implicated in the crime, and it was their duty to assist in placing a veil over that new year's tragedy. So "Shinney" and Jim O'Neill took the murdered man after the fashion of leading or assisting a drunken companion by catching the corpse under the arms and carrying or dragging it in an upright position from the Sailors Return to the back shore beach where it was next day found.

Jack Fisher, Enos Diamond, and Geo. Fisher found Moran's remains where the midnight "gang" had placed it, on the sands. The police were notified of the discovery and Wednesday afternoon Jan. 3rd, Coroner Berryman held an inquest, at which, among other witnesses "Shinney" Moore gave evidence. "Shinney" did not want to testify but Coroner Berryman compelled Moore to appear at the inquest.

Moore had to be locked up in order to make him sober enough to tell all he knew. According to the daily newspaper report of the inquest, when the court re-assembled George Moore, considerably under the influence of liquor, came forward and gave his evidence, which was substantially, that on Sunday night he and the deceased had been drinking together and that they both lodged at Mag Sullivan's that night. Monday morning, deceased, who was first up, in company with witness proceeded to Sam Dunham's, and there got a bottle of whiskey. Afterwards they went back to

Sullivan's where witness went to sleep, and after this time he had no more knowledge of Moran.

To a juror—I did all the treating and paid for everything, with the exception of the bottle of whiskey which was paid for out of Mag Sullivan's money. I did not see the deceased struck in the house. I heard that the reason Mag Sullivan gave for striking the deceased with a dipper was that she accused Moran of setting me drunk and causing me to break my pledge.

Another witness Wm. Rice said that he and the deceased had been drinking together on Sunday night in Sheffield street. About midnight witness left the deceased and went home.

To the foreman—We were in "Mag" Sullivan's, on Sheffield street, and while there this woman struck the deceased with a tin dipper, inflicting a wound on the back of the head and causing the blood to flow freely down his neck. His coat was covered with blood. George Moore, who was with us, was asleep upon a bench in Sullivan's. The blow was given without any provocation, so far as I know. I can only account for the blow because the woman was drunk and was not aware of what she was doing. Saw him again on Sheffield street about 8 o'clock Monday morning. His eye seemed to have been bruised. Witness again met the deceased in Sheffield street and they drank together. They parted company between 9 and 10 o'clock, Monday night, witness going home. Witness could not tell where deceased went. That was the last time he saw him alive.

Dr. James Christie said that he made a post mortem examination of the body, and found after removing the clothes, which were full of sand, an abrasion of the skin of the left leg, also abrasion on the nose and forehead. There was a slight flesh wound over the left eye, and a slight cut, about an inch and a half in length, on the top of the head, behind the left ear. He opened the body and found all the organs in the abdominal cavity in a healthy state, and the stomach empty, which latter fact proved that the deceased must have died before going into the water. There was a slight swelling on the top of the head. He also found that there had been a fracture and a displacement of the spine, from which latter injury, he believed, the deceased came to his death.

The jury returned the following verdict. That the deceased was last seen alive in an intoxicated condition and unable to take care of himself at 11 o'clock, on Monday night, the 31st December, and from that hour until the finding of his body nothing was heard or known of him. The medical testimony establishes the fact that the man's neck had been broken, but how caused the jury could not say.

Moran was buried and his murder was unavenged, save by the restless movements of his "spook" which even to this day disturbs the remaining two or three who witnessed that night's crime.

Moore was a changed man after Moran's death. Remorse finished what drink had begun. The spirit of the murdered man haunted him; his crime was always before his eyes and he began to drink worse than ever to drown the voice of conscience. The police say that from the time of Moran's tragic death Moore was not sober an hour. He could not bear the thought of sleeping in the house where his victim was killed and was never known to do so afterwards. All this time he wanted to free his mind by confessing his crime and six months afterward he did so, but it was upon his death bed and many regarded his wild talk then as the ravings of a man in the horrors of conscience as well as drink.

The police did not pay much attention to the confession. In fact it was only brought to the attention of a few of them and they thought that with the murderer dead there would be little use in following up a story which reflected upon the astuteness of the detective portion of the force.

Moore did not die in the haunts of vice but in his brother's house on Sidney street and it was just six months after Moran's death that he confessed and died.

Moore's confession was corroborated by Jim O'Neill in 1893 when he too died. Before this he told substantially the same story as Moore had.

The Sullivan woman is still in the city and at times figures in police court circles. The shade of Moran seems to haunt her still for when in liquor she raves and talks of the murdered man.

Another witness of the murder, now in the United States, gives some idea of the impression created in the minds of that particular gang that Moran's spirit haunted the house. "The police were after me," he said, "and seeing them on Sheffield street I hid in the old house but I was not there long before I saw the form of Moran upon the floor with a stone beer bottle by his head. Rather than face that I came and gave myself up." This he told to one of the officers now on the force.

Buck's ghost does not seem to trouble any but those who were in the house the night of his murder; but to the few remaining

witnesses of that night's crime, the "ghost" if such there be, his ghostship must be a terror judging from the mortal fear which overtakes them when they cross that threshold of blood.

Taking with Coroner Berryman about Moran's death that gentleman said he knew well that Moran was not drowned, and also that he had heard of Moore's confession on the man's death-bed.

The Coroner said he had many times heard Buck spoken of, and he further related how the self confessed murderer had once threatened to kill him.

Dr. Berryman said it was shortly after he held an inquest on Bucks body that he was proceeding up Charlotte street when two men followed him and one remarked in an undertone "I will kill him." The Doctor turned quickly around and recognized "Shinney" Moore. The latter finding he had been recognized ran off.

Some of the police throw discredit upon Moore's confession but they do not attempt to deny the ghostly character of the house, nor can they account for the peculiar ravings of the Sullivan woman about Moran.

NOT PART OF THE COMEDY.

The Harkins Company is Incorpenated by the Conduct of the Comedian.

HALIFAX, April 23.—W. S. Harkins has the sympathy of all in the trouble he has experienced with the opera company which he brought to this city. The company is a good one, but has been unfortunate. Partly owing to backwardness in the rehearsals, and partly to the illness of Mr. Wilke, the academy was closed last week and the time spent in rehearsing "Falka," and in the recuperation of Mr. Wilke from the effects of a severe cold.

A chief source of trouble has been the conduct of Mr. Flint, the comedian who well nigh disorganized the combination. He created a scene one day last week at the Queen hotel when he and Mr. Wilke were engaged in a rough and tumble game of fisticuffs. It seems that Wilke found Flint in the waiting room of the hotel and upbraided him for neglecting rehearsals. This enraged Flint who was not quite himself, and he struck Wilke, the leading man of the company, over the head, dealing him a violent blow. Wilke is not the man to take such a thing without remonstrance and promptly let out vigorously in return blows, proving quite too much for Flint. Mr. Dominick Farrell, one of our wealthiest and most estimable citizens, happened to be the only man besides the fighters in the room at the time, and he did his best, at last with success, to separate them.

On Saturday night Flint, who takes the comedy parts, was in condition to rehearse, and he went through his work fairly well. On Monday however, he was nowhere to be found. It was known he was in the city, but exactly where was the question.

Mr. Harkins and a policeman searched over the city, visiting every saloon in town, but the chase was vain. The time came for the ringing up the curtain for the evening performance, and still that precious comedian was under cover, no one knew where. Bitter mal-dictions were hurled upon the missing comedian's "flinty" head, but these brought him not back. The house was well filled by an audience that expected a good performance. The comedy in "Falka" is essential, something had to be done, and quickly done. Accordingly one of the chorus men was brought to the front and given a book, from which he read the lines that should have been spoken and acted by Flint.

The performance went off as well as could be expected. Indeed the company showed what a fine presentation they would have given had not the cast been broken by the fighting and missing comedy man.

After the show on Monday night the search was resumed, but still without result, the succeeding day brought him to light looking anything but a "comedian."

Mr. Wilke must have been sorry that he did not do the comedian up completely that day in the Queen hotel when he had the chance and he thus would have had time to obtain another man for Monday.

FOOLED BY THE ITALIAN.

An Italian struck town last week with a travelling scissor grinding "mill." Passers-by are attracted by the novel combination of bells which sound as the vehicle is wheeled around town, and more than once have the miniature chimms worked a "sell" on some citizens. A few days ago the grinder was wheeling his cart past a well-known fire department station. The driver's acute ear soon caught the sound of the small alarm bell on the upper floor was ringing pulled the stable door attachment and harnessed the horses ready for the fire. By this time another fireman came in and was surprised to see the horses in the cart and ready to start. When informed of the real cause of alarm the driver jumped off the box and with a look of disgust as he liberated the horses said, "That's the second time to-day I've been fooled by that smoked Italian."

RUEL HEADS THE LIST.

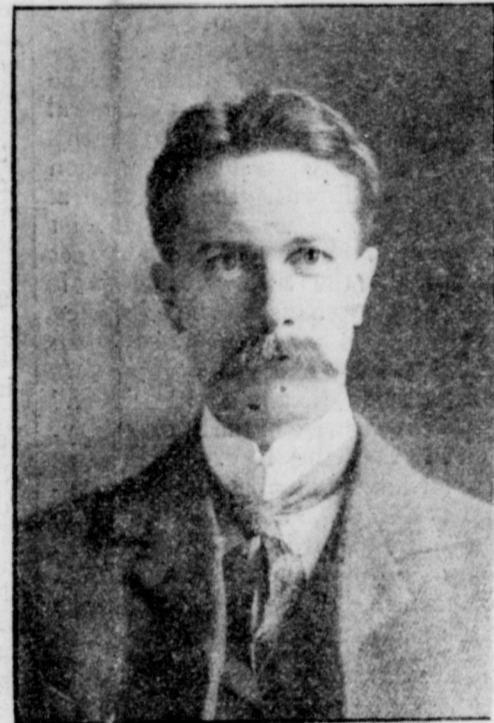
YOUNG MEN TAKE OF THEIR COATS FOR HIM AND McARTHUR.

Mr. Baxter Left Home and Alderman McCarthy Retired—Robertson's Big Majority—Incidents of the Campaign—A Warm Time in Dust etc.

The interest in the result of the civic elections this year was peculiar inasmuch as the contest all along the line was different from that in any recent year. The result was also peculiar since the unexpected happened in one or two cases and disappointment and rejoicing rested where they were not looked for.

All through that fine Tuesday the workers hustled. There were more of them than usual but their work was divided. Each man had his friends and the interests were divided. There were no "tickets" except so far as two or three candidates were concerned and this fact did not appear to benefit them any in the end.

But every hustling candidate was represented. The organization of Mr. Ruel was especially complete. The young men and personal friends of the young lawyer turned out in great force to help him along. He was pitted against one of the strongest men at the board, Alderman Blizard, who had served the city for nine years, and was not too well pleased at the idea of being opposed by this young man. Alderman Blizard's confidence when the candidates



GERARD G. RUEL.

were announced did not dismay Mr. Ruel or his friends and the organization and canvass went merrily on. It was not until nomination day that the friends of the veteran alderman began to think he was going to have a fight and then they took off their coats. But it was too late and the vote stood Ruel 2289, Blizard 1168, when the ballots were counted.

So did organization tell in the case of Douglas McArthur who went into the fight against such men as Paddy and McCarthy and came out with a strong majority over the latter. McArthur had earnest, indefatigable workers and they gave him the best kind of work. In Dufferin ward he and his three brothers stood the brunt of such old timers as Alderman McGoldrick, and ex alderman John Kelly. They are old campaigners and know how to work the ward. More than that Dufferin ward is always lively on election day and hard words and fighting are things to be looked for in any contest in this division of the city. Perhaps this accounts for the presence of the following who are known the city over as men who delight in a good hard battle. John Kelly, Inspector of Light-houses was there in the interest of Ald. McGoldrick; Alex Lang, S. Centitor and others for ex-ald. McLaughlin; A. E. Macintyre, and Thos Crockett for Robertson and Ruel while Ex-Ald. J. A. Likely and George McArthur represented D. J. McLaughlin and Douglas McArthur respectively. Later in the morning Ald. McGoldrick and Douglas McArthur arrived and things began to move in lively shape.

The first encounter was between Lang and Kelly and the former gave the latter a piece of his mind. "The ex Boss" took the matter in his usual free and easy manner although reminded that he had a government position continued to work for his friend John. Every now and then Geo. McArthur would have a preliminary skirmish of words with Billy but nothing which looked serious occurred until after "a duel" had been consummated between Kelly and McArthur and had received Macintyre's consent, so long as every ballot was marked to suit him. At dinner time Kelly brought in a lady voter who had reached the ballot box while the returning officer was enjoying some light refreshments; before the voter had a chance to give her name George McArthur was on hand and asked if she was giving "Doug" a vote to which she replied her ballot was made up and there upon Mr. Arthur took possession of the ballot and found at once that his brothers name had been erased. This brought forward some strong language from McArthur. During the speech of McArthur the lady endeavored to obtain the ballot but was unsuccessful. The returning

officer restored order and Kelly prepared a new ballot with McArthur on the ticket and the lady voted. But the end was not yet; McArthur followed it up out on the sidewalk and delivered a pointed oration studded with gems of eloquence not frequently heard of an election platform and at times many thought blows would follow.

But finally the polls closed and very soon the vote began to come in. The first returns were those from Sydney, Guys, Starley and Brooks, and they gave some indication of how the battle would end.

Robertson led McLaughlin almost all along the line. The friends of the latter counted upon 200 to 300 majority in the North end but that was not given. They claimed that the people who promised to stand by them did not do so. But the defeat was taken in good part and no hard things were said.

Mayor Robertson had more than 1000 majority. Alderman Baxter was beaten by 40 votes; McArthur had nearly 400 majority over McCarthy; Hamm led his nearest opponent, McLaughlin by nearly 500 and Ellis by 1349; Robinson had 112 more votes than Seaton and McGoldrick's majority over Holder was 89.

The results in the different wards were curious and indicated how the workers split their tickets and struck off this name for this one and vice versa.

Look at Sidney, for example; of course Alderman McCarthy led but instead of having a sweeping majority Douglas McArthur was only six votes behind him. In Kings ward he had a more decided lead but even there it was only 25 votes. His friends thought that McCarthy was sure of a decided majority in Prince, but McArthur found eleven more supporters than him. And so there were surprises of this nature which accounted in the end for a considerable majority.

The vote between McLaughlin and Robertson was closer in Queens, considering the votes, than in any other ward and yet the mayor had 127 of a majority there. That was nothing compared to the figures from Dukes where 153 of a majority was placed to his credit. With such votes as these it does not take very long for a majority of a thousand to roll up. This must have been apparent to an ardent Robertson man who felt like backing his opinion that his worship would have 500 of a majority, to the extent of \$50. He found a taker early in the day and when the returns began to come in was scanning them anxiously. The smile that began to dawn upon his countenance when the figures began to tell was bewildering. He won his money easy.

SUED IN THE WRONG NAME.

HALIFAX April 25.—Karl Doering of the Doering-Brauer conservatory of music in this city, is a German, who has come to this country to gain fame and fortune as a musician. His singing has been received with some acceptance and he has, if I am not mistaken, been heard in St. John. But to insure perfect success he will have to learn more of Canadian law, or his lawyer will. The fact which causes this opinion is the outcome of a recent suit in which Karl Doering was the plaintiff and Miss Marion McNichol was the defendant. Miss McNichol was a pupil of Doering's and whatever the reason she did not feel called upon to pay to him the sum of \$9.05 Doering brought an action for the recovery of the amount, and the case was brought out in the court with the result that he obtained judgement. In the meantime the lady married and became Mrs. Power, in the bliss of her new estate probably forgetting all about Doering's judgement for the paltry \$9.05. Doering, however, had not forgotten it, and a few days ago he issued an execution, not against Mrs. Power but against Miss McNichol. Herein he made the mistake of the suit, getting a bad set back. He found there was now no such person as Miss McNichol, and however it might be in Germany, in Nova Scotia he could not levie under his execution against Miss McNichol the party named in the writ, for the person he was after was really Mrs. Power. So, up to date, Doering is minus his \$9.05.

HUSTLING FOR THE BICYCLE.

The lads and lassies are making great efforts to get those bicycles offered by PROGRESS. Some of them have more than half enough orders already and promises for many more. But they must remember that there is a long time yet. The boys and girls in this city have until May 23rd to try for the wheel—almost a month yet while those in the country who are in for the cycle will have a longer time. There is a chance for everybody and the wheels are beauties.

A Question at the School Board.

There were some questions asked at a recent meeting of the board of school trustees in regard to the fact that both Recorder Skinner and Mr. Baxter were apparently appearing for the trustees in the March case. Nothing very satisfactory

was elicited. In fact there is no record in the boards minutes that either of these gentlemen were retained. It will be remembered that Mr. Skinner in the police court expressly stated that Mr. Baxter did not represent the school trustees. No explanation was given at the board meeting however, though the board was well represented.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLAR FAVORS.

Who Are Honored by the License Commissioners With Payments.

There are few unhappy liquor dealers to day because most or all of those who applied seem to have obtained a license. Among those who are not yet favored are Jas. H. Slater, John Hays, Tom Burns, Mrs. Costigan and Geo. P. McLaughlin. The commissioners have some of these under consideration it is said.

Some surprise has been expressed that the number of licenses in several wards is in excess of those under the former law, but PROGRESS is informed that this is the way the law is construed by the commissioners who have decided to issue licenses irrespective of wards but keeping within the limit of the total number for the city.

This construction is in favor of the liquor dealer who is not forced by law to have his location in a section of the city where "business" may not be good.

The Pelican club did not get a license either. The reason has not been given yet but probably the fact that the club was not incorporated was an argument against the application. The friends of Messrs. Clark and McBriarity will be glad both of them will be able to run under the law and Mr. O'Neill who was afraid that his recently acquired property would not be of much value to him can now regard the new law with some satisfaction.

Slater appears to be in hard luck and his application has not appealed to the commissioners in the same favorable light as others have. It is a long time since Slater had a chance to work under the law and in the generous distribution of favors he might be allowed an opportunity to keep a clock and learn the hours of closing.

Three hundred dollars is the license; whether it is "spot" or so much on account will no doubt depend on the humor of the officials. There are many who who can find the necessary amount to their credit at the bank but there are others who will have to make or borrow it before they can pay it.

The Flat Iron's Victory.

One day this week a lady resident on Hilyard street was called upon her work to answer a door bell call. On opening the door a typical Hebrew with a large case solicited the copying of her "photo" or that of anybody else she wished. Mrs. L.—informed the bland Israelite that she did not wish to add to her art gallery at present, but the agent insisted. The lady was kind enough to remonstrate with the canvasser in a lady like way, but soon changed her tactics for the Hebrew quite unused to such a reception, deftly slipped his arm around the lady's waist and endeavored to make a sale by this method of persuasion. It was only a second's distance to the stove where the lady of the house procured an 8lb. flat iron. The Hebrew fled, so did the iron. Mrs. L.—was a good shot, and that sample picture will not be shown again.

A Popular Song For Nearly Nothing.

Messrs Edmanson, Bates, & Co. 45 Lombard Street, Toronto offer to send to any reader of PROGRESS who will mention this paper and enclose five cents in stamps to them, the very latest popular song "My Dad's the Engineer" with words and music, full sheet music size. This music sells for fifty cents but this firm offers it for this remarkable low price as an advertisement. They have also printed over half a million large, six page papers, containing interesting stories, reading matter and good music. The popular song "You Can't Play in Our Yard" is printed with words and music in full. A free copy of this valuable paper will be sent to anyone sending for "My Dad's the Engineer."

A Case For A Dark Closet.

A few days ago a North End lad was given a half dollar by his mother to pay a small account at a well-known grocery. The lad instead of carrying out his mother's injunction spent the fifty for sweets; of course sticky hands and loss of appetite betrayed the "innocent" boy and a warm-boxed 0rs were quite in order. The now thoroughly excited parent to prevent a hasty retreat captured the lads hat and coat, and this did not stop him. He fled to the city bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, made straight for a leading furnishing firm and procuring the missing articles of clothing, charged them to his father's account. He had his revenge.

A Novel Way of Introduction.

One gets a better idea of how little known candidate Holder of Stanley ward was on election day when he is told that Douglas McArthur carried a large cabinet photograph of him around and satisfied lots of people that Mr. Holder was a pretty decent looking sort of a man even if they never saw him.