

PROGRESS.

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THE GAME PLAYED OUT

HOW A WOMAN WORKED GOOD-HEARTED PEOPLE.

She Tells of a Paralyzed Daughter and an Injured Son—How Her Falsehoods Were Discovered—A New York Clergyman's Letter—Other Happenings.

The pastor of one of the principal baptist churches in the city proper was considerably surprised a few days ago when he received a letter from the pastor of an influential baptist church in New York severely censuring him for not looking after the bodily as well as the spiritual requirements of some of his flock.

Further particulars followed that Dr. Blank of New York had received letters from a Mrs. R. W. Andrews of this city who claimed she was a regular attendant at the church of the first mentioned pastor. She told a long and pitiful story in her letter to the New York minister which, was practically as follows. She said that about four years ago she came to St. John and went to live on City Road. At that time she was in moderate circumstances and managed by doing a little light work at home to eke out a fairly comfortable living. Troubles came, thick and fast, however, and she gradually got behind. To add to her misfortunes one of her daughters was shortly after stricken with paralysis, and a son was a few months later injured in the lumber woods to such an extent that he was unable to work. Since that time she had been entirely dependent on the charity of some kind friends who gave her employment.

On several occasions she applied to the pastor of the church for aid but he did not grant any telling her he could do nothing for her. A few weeks ago she secured the address of the New York minister and in a letter referred to stated her case to him. The story told in the letter was reasonable enough although its recipient evidently had some doubts as to whether any minister would treat a person in unfortunate circumstances with so much harshness and lack of consideration, especially when the case was as deserving as this one appeared to be. He accordingly procured the name and address of the St. John clergyman whose church Mrs. Andrews claimed to have attended and wrote to him enclosing her letter.

The surprise of that gentleman, on receiving the letter from his clerical brother may be imagined when it is known that up to that time he had no knowledge of the woman or her condition. An investigation was at once made and some startling facts were revealed. It was found that the Andrews woman was nothing more or less than a common swindler and that she had been working the same game in other cities besides St. John.

Since coming here she has received many large donations from various churches and charitable societies. The "paralyzed daughter" and "injured son" mentioned in her letter to the New York minister existed only in Mrs. Andrews' imagination, but it is now known that she has two sons both of whom are working and who send their mother a comfortable remittance weekly.

Another son lived with her in this city and it is said made big money by canvassing for an Upper Canadian silver ware firm. The inquiry made by the angry St. John minister convinced Mrs. Andrews that her game was up—at least as far as this city is concerned, and on Tuesday last she left for Portland Me. It is not known whether she will play the same calling in her new home but her experience here should be sufficient to teach her that St. John is no place for fakirs.

IT IS UNJUST TAXATION.

Fairville People Discontented With the Way Affairs are Conducted.

School affairs across the harbour in Beaconsfield, Fairville and vicinity are in rather a chaotic condition, and though a stiff fight is being waged there is some doubt as to whether there will be any change for the better.

Fairville school district is too small, financially, for the schools it has to keep up and not only is its residents more severely taxed than the people in neighbouring districts; but it has to submit to seeing its schools used by pupils from those districts who do not pay for the privilege.

Fairville has asked that the school bounds be so changed that matters will be more equitable for all.

The situation is this, Fairville has a taxable valuation of \$281,000 and employs

six teachers. Beaconsfield the adjoining districts has a valuation of \$273,000 and has two teachers only. It is being asked of the government that the boundaries be so changed that Fairville shall take over so much of the Beaconsfield districts as to make the per cent of taxation equal in these districts. This of course Beaconsfield objects to, and objects very strenuously. No other way could be arranged, the trustees and assessors, councillors and members of the house could make no amicable arrangement and an appeal by petition has been made to the Board of Education.

It is also to be laid before the board of Education that for some years the parish of Beaconsfield has levied \$1000 yearly on its residents ostensibly for school purposes yet only two teachers are employed at an expense of \$600. Where does the other \$400 go is the question asked by many. Is there a nigger in the wood pile in this school district? \$400 seems a pretty large sum to be laid out year after year in the little incidentals connected with the schools. But some say the full \$1000 is not collected. Why not? This would intimate that some one, or more in the district do not pay their taxes, and that year after year they have been allowed to default. This matter will be inquired into closely by the Board of Education because it has a peculiar appearance, and while it may be explainable, it looks at this distance as though some one has been lax in his duty respecting school affairs in the parish of Beaconsfield.

Then there is another matter that will be looked into. It may afford a good case for action for damages against this city. When the school districts were laid out on that side of the harbour and river a large piece of land was set apart for school purposes, and known as the "School Lot." The revenues from which were to be expended in the maintenance of the schools of the surrounding districts. But instead of it being used for this purpose St. John city turns the revenues to its own purposes, and the original intent has thus been prevented. If it is demonstrated that the city has thus been using property and money that did not belong to it, but is actually the allotment of others, an action will be taken to secure at least a portion of the monies so illegally obtained.

Many other matters will be aired respecting school matters in this neighborhood, now that the fight has started in earnest, Fairville being determined to no longer rest under the very unfair treatment she is receiving from the surrounding districts.

BETTER THAN DIAMOND DYES.

Mr. Scovil Thinks Oil Smoke Makes a Good Fast Black.

His name was Scovil. For that matter it is his name yet, but it was his name when the little adventure happened that so completely changed his appearance that his landlady did not know him.

Mr. Scovil lives in St. John, and knows good beer because he helps to make it. He went to his hotel a few evenings since, and as the weather was cold he decided to enjoy the luxury of an oil stove.

Accordingly he got one in full working order and quietly stretched out on the lounge for a nap. How long he was sleeping deponent sayeth not, for after a time dense black smoke bad and a sickening odor of kerosine, enough to be smuggled, came through the keyhole and the chinks of the door of his room.

The landlady was called and her screams aroused Scovil who opened the door.

What a sight. Was it a negro, or not that thus confronted her? This was the first thought of the landlady. No, it was Scovil sure enough—his auburn locks were black as the ravens wing and his mustache was a color that could not be effected by diamond dyes. He was black as night and a very dark night at that. The room was in mourning also, and a quantity of lamp black covered furniture, carpet, everything. Scovil and his landlady have got on friendly terms again, as he has thrown the oil stove over the Suspension bridge, and promises never to use one again in that house.

WHAT THEY CALLED FUN.

But it Might be Misconstrued by Others who Have Heard the Story.

What is called "fun" partakes of many variations. From the college sophomore to the sedate professor each has his special "line of fun" as they chose to call it. The practical joker too has his line of fun, but when in their joking they cause a loss to their victims they promptly, though nearly

always indirectly, cause that loss to be made good by a cash equivalent, but there was an occurrence in the office of a well known legal gentleman a short time since that may not be construed in the lighter sense.

The actors in the scene referred to numbered four in all. The victim and his interviewers. The victim is a stranger in the city. He comes from Eastern climes and perhaps appreciates a warm reception. He got one all right in the office alluded to. He is a character in his way. He has a specialty a business and is known as "Handkerchief Jack." This Jack has been so long in this city that he is most favorably impressed with the advantages enjoyed by the people and he concluded he would become naturalized. He visited this particular office intent on this object and incautiously, as it proved, carried with him his wares; among his interviewers was an attorney and barrister of the supreme Court, a law student and another. They discussed matters with their unsuspecting victim and during his visit, and with a facility previously credited to the clever professional pickpocket, lightened Jack's burden and took in trade by appropriating without his knowledge, upwards of a dozen white handkerchiefs.

It is not known, nor is it at all probable that the methods mentioned above, were followed in this instance, and one naturally asks where the "fun" come in in this case.

WAS AFTER HIS FREEDOM.

And His Former Wife Gave It to Him on a Very Embarrassing Condition.

The most interesting stories are those which are never published. Romances occur in St. John nearly every day yet the general public are not cognizant of them.

The following is a case in point. A few days since a lady was sitting in her parlor on Rockland Road in this city, when her husband, whom she had not seen for ten years walked in unannounced.

He had taken advantage of the servant being away to walk deliberately walk into the house and into the presence of the woman he had deserted.

"Do not be afraid" was his greeting, "I am not going to hurt you. I want to make an agreement with you that is all."

The lady did not reply. "I do not desire or intend to come back to claim you as my wife, I want to get married in Boston and I came to see if you would agree not to oppose it, or have me prosecuted. Will you do it?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I will! you are free—don't imagine I want to keep you; you might have saved yourself this visit. I pity the woman you will marry. Here is my condition; tell me her name—I will write to her and lay the whole case before her—it you do not tell me the name I will have you prosecuted."

He gave the name, and the insulted wife promised never to bother him.

The lady is now in the hospital and her life is despaired of.

HE HAS FLED FROM HANTS.

And His Friends Say It is Just Retribution For Slandering Others.

HALIFAX, Mar. 4.—It will be remembered that a year or so ago a sensation was created in this city by charges brought chiefly in the press, by one doctor regarding another. The doctor accused the other, or was the means of his being so accused, of conduct unbecoming a physician or a gentleman. An action for libel was begun, but for some reason it was withdrawn before the court stage was reached. Some time after this the doctor who was the aggressor in this matter removed to Hants county.

Now, as between the two physicians, the shoe seems to be on the other foot, and the friends of the Halifax doctor are saying that if the courts failed to overtake him Nemesis in another form has done so, for people are now wagging their heads and talking of a missing physician in Hants, county, and not only that but of the missing daughter of an honest man in the neighborhood. Both suddenly went to the United States and the little Hants county village that once knew them, now does so no longer. This kind of thing is not so rare in Nova Scotia or elsewhere as it should be, more is the pity, but it points the moral in this case, that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones" for while the doctor who in the first case was charged with wrong-doing, after taking steps to vindicate himself is still in the city attending to his practice, his enemy and assailant has disgraced himself so that his reinstatement in the good opinion of the community will be a very difficult matter if indeed he would ever dare attempt it.

A. B. C.

TOOK OUT THE WINDOWS

A METHOD OF EVICTION THAT OCCURRED IN HALIFAX.

The Unfeeling Person Was a Man Broughting to an Order the Cardinal Principles of Which are Charity and Sympathy in Suffering—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, March 4th.—Kind hearted guests at the Halifax hotel and passers-by on Hollis Street were shocked on Monday afternoon by an exhibition which is seldom witnessed in this philanthropic city of Halifax. A good for nothing husband occupied rooms in the top flat of the Collins building, opposite the Halifax hotel. For this building, J. W. Rubland, grand master of the masonic order in this province, is the agent, as well as being the agent of other property belonging to the Collins' estate in this city. This bad tenant got got behind in his rent about \$25. Eviction was determined on, but the tenant would not go out. Rubland had a right to get him out, but what people are complaining about is the apparently cruel way he went about it. The tenant had a wife and little child. The day was bitterly cold, one of the most severe of this winter. The windows were ordered to be taken out, in order that the frosty blasts might find free entrance into the bare and poverty-stricken rooms and thus freeze out the man and his poor wife and child. The order was carried out in all its cruel details, and a crowd gazed up from the street on the desolate spectacle above, for the poor people could be seen shivering in the biting cold. The windows were taken out early in the afternoon. In the evening the guests who happened to be in the office of the Halifax hotel took up a collection for the sufferers and netted about \$10.

That night Mr. Rubland was advertised to make an official visit to St. John lodge of masons, and he was on hand in all the effulgence of the grand master's apparel. City Recorder MacCoy, past grand master, as in duty and pleasure bound went to the lodge meeting. On his way thither he passed the Collins building, and saw what had been done. With a friend he hastened upstairs and heard the woful tale related by the victims of the eviction. The kind-hearted recorder was greatly shocked, as he saw the shivering people, half dead with the cold. His sympathy did not end with words, for he drew a check for \$15, his contribution to pay the rent. Arrangements were made for shelter for the woman and her child, while the man was left to fight it out alone with King Frost.

While Recorder MacCoy's sympathy, as stated, did not end with words, his indignation found vent in language hot from the heart, on the first opportunity in the lodge room. There he saw the Grand Master Rubland, in his official capacity, in a lodge of an order in which charity to those in want or suffering is a cardinal principle. The recorder's blood boiled. "One who was present" says that the scene that followed was interesting. Recorder MacCoy, this informant says, told the story of the eviction and the taking out of the windows on one of the coldest days in winter, to freeze out the poor wretches who were behind in the rent. No names were mentioned but the recorder emphasized the point that this cold-blooded deed had been the act of a mason in good standing and he drew the lesson that such conduct was unbecoming in a mason and must do the craft injury when the facts become known.

Then Hon. William Ross arose and said he could hardly believe that anything of the kind had happened in civilized Halifax, but if it had happened such conduct was nothing less than brutal, and was particularly heinous in a mason. However, he added, there were bad masons as well as bad church members and the order should not be blamed because of unmasonic conduct any more than Christianity should be condemned because of inconsistent Christians; and others spoke in a similar strain.

The awkward position in which the grand master found himself can be imagined. The "one who was present" says you could have heard a pin drop. Mr. Rubland rose and said that he supposed he was the mason referred to by Recorder MacCoy, and he proceeded to deny that he had given the order complained of. In fact he washed his hands of the whole transaction. In this connection it is interesting to note the fact that the "Acadian Recorder" newspaper, published a summary of the facts of the eviction and added this paragraph, which is a full admission of the

facts and of the method adopted to put the evictions into effect.

"The agent to lay told a reporter it was not the rent that he wanted. He wished to get the family out, owing to intemperate habits. His other tenants were complaining of the noise made by them and threatened to leave if the carryings-on were continued. He warned them three months ago, but they would not leave."

The affair has been the talk of the town, and there are none whose indignation is much less intense than that of the Recorder, as expressed to the brethren of St. John's lodge, in the presence of Grand Master Rubland. The cheque for the rent was duly cashed the day after the eviction.

In connection with the above our Halifax correspondent writes: It is but just to Mr. Rubland to state that he denies having given orders, or that he knew anything of the removal of the windows until after they had been taken out. This was done by another and when he learned of it, he says he ordered the glass to be replaced immediately.

ELIGIBLE FOR KNIGHTHOOD.

Some Halifax Journalists Who are Worthy the Honors of a Title.

HALIFAX, March 4.—In connection with the titles to be bestowed on public men during the Queen's jubilee celebration PROGRESS has led the van in giving information. Two weeks ago it was stated that J. V. Ellis, M. P. of the "Globe," was a likely man for a knighthood, or a C. M. G., as representing the journalists of the maritime provinces. Further light on this subject causes your correspondent to think that perhaps it was a mistake to predict that Mr. Ellis was to be the lucky man. It is now said that there is a candidate or candidates in Halifax for all the honors to be bestowed on maritime journalists. As one great reason why Mr. Ellis cannot expect to be knighted, it is stated that he has not always been the loyalist that he should have been to expect marks of royal favor. He has been openly charged with having annexationist views. Such being the case, Mr. Ellis's chances for knighthood would seem to be more remote than they were. But there is another reason why he may not be knighted, and this is that there is at least one journalist in Halifax who has had a longer experience than Mr. Ellis, and whose name bears no taint of disloyalty past or present. This gentleman is none other than Robert McConnell, editor of the "Halifax Morning Chronicle." Sir Robert McConnell C. M. G. would sound very well, and the editor would wear the honor with dignity. Let it be conferred, then. Mr. McConnell's experience has been more than maritime. He has controlled the policy of several papers in Nova Scotia, was for a number of years editorial writer on the "Montreal Herald," has had a similar experience in Moncton, and is now in charge of the editorial utterances of the "Halifax Chronicle," the organ of the liberal party in this province.

While Mr. McConnell is the best known journalist in Nova Scotia, at least on the liberal side of politics, if a liberal editor is sought who has the added merit of wealth, let the knighthood conferring power turn its eyes towards the office of the "Acadian Recorder" in this city. There will be found in the two proprietors of that paper, the two richest newspaper men east of Montreal. Messrs. H. D. and C. C. Blackadar are rated at between \$100,000 and \$150,000 each; they are eminently respectable, popular, and that they have ability goes without saying when the fact is mentioned that they have made their fortunes out of the "Recorder" during the past quarter of a century, though the paper is getting on for a hundred years in age. The Recorder long ago celebrated its diamond jubilee, which, by the way, might be another reason why one of the proprietors should be knighted, if indeed such titles are going to news paper men, when the Queen celebrates the diamond jubilee of her glorious reign. PROGRESS will be quite satisfied whether the lucky man proves to be Sir Robert McConnell, Sir Henry D. Blackadar, or it all of us are left to pine in the obscurity which lack of titles gives.

Professor Washington Dead.

The death of Mr. T. C. Washington removes a citizen who had won the esteem not only of his own people but of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His business brought him in contact with very many people, and to all of them he showed the same unvarying courtesy.

Chairs Resented, Cane, Splint, Perforated Duval, 17 Waterloo.