

# PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 492.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## HOW JACK WALSH LOOKS.

A PORTRAIT OF THE MAN CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Where His Haunts Were and How He Spent His Idle Days—Two Tumble Down Shanties and Their Inmates Described—The Misery of Living in a Hovel.

There are about the city several strange caricatures of "home sweet home," that phrase with all its suggestions of a glowing hearth and comfort and ease. In some of the less frequented places, Duke street, Sheffield Street Strait Shore there are a number of the old shanties where little old people eke out a meagre livelihood and barely keep body and soul together, while the rattlers and sills of their tumble down cabins show as great an inclination to part company as do the bodies and souls of the inmates.

A couple of these ancient habitations were included among the nocturnal haunts of John Walsh, the man incarcerated for the murder of John Meehan. Walsh apparently had no fixed habitation putting up wherever he happened to be when night overtook him.

Among his chief haunts were two old tumble down shanties that have invariably attracted the notice of all who have ever seen them. One is the old hut on Goat Island in the middle of the Falls and the other is on Douglas Avenue where the Murray's Mill road joins it.

It was on Tuesday afternoon of two weeks ago that the murder was committed and that night the police, who had Walsh on their black-books and knew his ways and haunts thoroughly, started in pursuit. They went to the various places on the Strait Shore, Murray's mill, Millford, etc., where he was apt to be and the whole long night was spent in the search. They even went across in a boat to Goat Island to find him, but their quarry was not there.

Goat Island is a little bare flat islet just above the falls with a bit of stunted grass sprouting up here and there. In the winter when a wreath of snow covers it, it looks about as much like a gigantic fruit cake reposing on the water as anything else. Here in his little cabin reigns Crusoe-like an old man named Walsh a relative of the prisoner. His royal palace is a rickety looking affair and in the winter when the winds from the cold north sweep down the estuary of the St. John, and blow through the chinks and crannies of the wretched hovel the old man crouches over his fire of the drift wood which he has collected with his boat, and tries to get some warmth into his frame. How he ekes out a living on this barren rock no one knows but live he does, as many live on a bare nothing.

The other haunt of the hunted man was old "Judy" Walsh's castle on Douglas Avenue at the junction of the roads; and when Capt. Hastings and Jenkins and their aides did not find this man on Goat Island they proceeded thither. As daylight broke they entered the humble home of old Judy and found Walsh lying under the table in the combined parlor, kitchen and dining room of the hovel in which the hens roosted on the top of the table.

Squalor and filth had full possession and held high carnival. The hovel stands only because it has not sufficient energy to fall, and around it is a crazy patch work fence enclosing a garden plot in which grows a little bit of everything and not much of anything.

Old Judy has been a fixture there for many years. She is a little stooped old body, and her daughter, who is also little in harmony with house and garden, lives with her. Old Judy has been accused of baby farming in her younger or rather less olden days but whether this is so or not it will not be wise to say. Her daughter goes out scrubbing and thus keeps together the household which also comprises a goat and several hens which have equal privileges with the other members of the family and roam at will over the house, and make it their sleeping apartment at night.

There are two rooms in this particular representation that Tom Payne immortalized in undying verse. One is the living room and contains a table, a couple of chairs and a rickety stove. The police did not penetrate into the inner sanctuary, the sleeping apartment, but it was to be presumed that its furnishings were equally as scanty.

Such is the uncouth, unkempt and wretched abode where Walsh was found. Standing at the junction of these roads, out-lined against the rocks that rise just behind, it attracts the curious interest of all who pass. Yet, although, in the midst of

a rather rough district where people sometimes felt fearful of going after nightfall, the police have never had anything to record about the house and many who have seen the little bent old woman did not even know her name.

Walsh has had a quiet week in jail and his chief excitement was when he was taken out to have his picture taken to adorn Chief Clark's neat cabinet containing his Rogue's Gallery. A couple of shots were taken and the victim bore the ordeal with fortitude, not following the usual criminal procedure of lowering his head as though he wanted to hide his face from the unerring lens.

No one called on him except his lawyer, Mr. Scott E. Morrill and he only came into John's solitude when the preliminary investigation began before Police Magistrate Ritchie on Friday. This was merely a rehash of the old evidence brought out at the Corner's inquest for



JACK WALSH.  
Charged with the Murder of John Meehan.

there is sufficient evidence to send him up to the grand jury which sits on the fourth Tuesday of November when his case will be tried by the jury of his peers and they will decide whether there is sufficient circumstantial evidence to convict him of manslaughter with its accompanying sentence to a period of years in penitentiary or perhaps for life.

As will be seen by the picture which accompanies this article Walsh is not a man of prepossessing appearance. He has a forbidding looking mouth and eye and wears a great stock of hair. He is a young man only 21 years of age but he is a big stalwart fellow, six feet and a fraction of an inch in height, and tips the scales at 170 pounds. His full name is John Francis Walsh and he was born in Marsh Cove. His ostensible residence was Strait Shore, where his father, a laborer, lives, but he had a wife living on Brunswick street while he lived everywhere himself, marriage and giving in marriage does not mean much to such as he, and so his married life has not probably been one of felicity.

Walsh has never been up for theft or any other misdemeanor than throwing stones for which he had a penchant when he had taken in sufficient rum to drive his wits out. This time he performed the trick once too often and soon will stand in the criminal's dock.

### THE PILOT COMMISSION.

The Pilots Ask for a Representative on the Board.

The rugged, ruddy, weather-beaten countenance of one of Britannia's sea dogs, Capt. Douglas R. N., is a familiar sight on our streets just now. He is here to help calm the troubled waters in which the pilots and pilot commissioners are sailing and if he can settle the long pending differences between the two bodies he will have the lasting gratitude of the citizens.

In 1895 the commissioners took it into their several heads to make presents to themselves all around. But as the \$200 to chairman Howard D. Troop and \$100 each to the other six commissioners came out of the pilot fees the pilots made a kick ending at length in the ordering of an enquiry by the department of marine. In the meantime four of the seven have had the moral courage to refund their \$100 viz, Commissioners J. Willard Smith, R. C. Elkin, James Knox and Capt. Wm. Thomas, the latter having done so this week. The others are holding out probably not for the sake of the amount of

self-voted honorarium but in the question of principle. These are chairman Troop, and commissioners Chas. MacLachlan, and E. Lantalu.

The pilots have other complaints against the commissioners claiming that since they as it were, elevated themselves to the dignity of salaried men, they have assumed undue authority and have acted with a high hand toward the bone and sinew of the port, in other words the pilots. The pilots in their complaint to the marine department have with naive frankness and without waste of words in the way of rendering the request any the more mild, asked for a clean sweep of the present commissioners and that in the new board the pilots have a representative.

### MR. MCCORDOCK ATTENDED.

Because the Mayor Threatened to Report Matters at Ottawa.

The other day there was trouble between the city and Dominion government over the dredge Cape Breton in the persons of Mayor Robertson and Mr. McCordock, superintendent of dredger. His worship wanted Mr. McCordock to attend a meeting of the advisory board. The latter did not attend whereupon the mayor called him up by telephone and somewhat peremptorily ordered him to attend, at the same time remarking aside, that if he did not come he would see whether a telegram from Ottawa would bring him. Mr. McCordock thereupon attended. The object of the meeting was to see if they could not put the dredge Cape Breton on night duty at Sand Point; and the reason why Mr. McCordock did not wish to attend was because he knew the dredges could not go on night duty owing to faulty machinery. His worship after the meeting telegraphed Hon. Mr. Tarte asking for the use of the dredge at night, and the honorable member has not deigned to reply. Mr. McCordock may have told his chief of how the department representative was "called down" by the city's representative and Mr. Tarte probably resented it; and this leads to the observation that though the Minister of Marine is tart at all times in this case he is Tartar. Anyhow it has been shown that Mr. McCordock was right and that the dredge was not fit for night duty.

### A COALITION CREW.

Why the Dredge Cape Breton Sometimes Gets into Trouble.

At a recent civic meeting the Mayor hinted that there was more friction on the Dominion dredge, Cape Breton, than was created by the bucket rubbing against the mud banks. It was, however, shown at the meeting, and this is confirmed by enquiries made by PROGRESS—that there is as much harmony on this representative of the Canadian fleet as is consonant with a good liberal dredge being manned by a conservative crew. In view of this it is not to be wondered at that the dredge makes a break occasionally and refuses to work. The whole crew are not conservatives, however; among the eight or ten there are two liberals, one of whom is known as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on account of his sturdy championship of the great Canadian. He is not afraid to air his convictions and a few weeks ago he and his brother liberals threw up their job because the department require them to live on the dredge, and pay their board to the government. This they refused to do at the time, and they carried the day for they were reinstated without having to live aboard. They said at the time that the reason why they were put out was because Mr. McCordock and the dredge captain being conservatives wanted to get them out to make way for conservatives. This is a statement, however, that might be taken with several grains of salt.

### A Momentous Dispute Settled.

The big sergeant, George Baxter, had quite a joke told about him a few days ago in connection with one of Margaret Shepherd's lectures. The sergeant is a good orangerman and as he was present for a time at the lecture some of his excellent friends started the story that he was acting as usher and showing his appreciation of the speaker's sentiments by vigorous applause. But George says that he did not have the honor of being an usher only to the extent of giving up his seat to a lady who was standing and he thinks he knew enough not to show approval or disapproval of what was said. "More than that" he continued, "it was my duty to call there on my round and my report of that date will show that I did so and found everything orderly and quiet." Surely the "policeman's lot is not a happy one."

## A TOWN SWEEP BY FIRE.

HISTORIC AND BEAUTIFUL WINDSOR A MASS OF RUINS.

The Fire Fiend Devastates the Town and Makes Nearly 3000 People Homeless—How Halifax Came to the Rescue—Thrilling Scenes Graphically Described.

HALIFAX, Oct. 21.—The thrilling sensation of the week, not only in Halifax, but throughout all the maritime provinces if not the Dominion, is the fire that in a few brief hours obliterated the fair town of Windsor. At 3 o'clock Sunday morning the prosperous town slept peacefully, at 9 o'clock, six hours later, the town was a place of the past, four hundred houses in ashes, 2,000 people homeless, and according to the conservative estimate of insurance adjusters Jarvis and Butcher, one and a-half millions worth of property gone up in smoke. But the sad story is now well-known over the length and breadth of the land.

There are some incidents that have not been related. One feature of the relief measures that has not been fully appreciated was the promptness of the military in coming to the rescue. General Montgomery Moore was not informed of the catastrophe till after 10 o'clock Sunday morning, as the troops were preparing for the church parade. Yet he gave orders that at 12.30 a stock of supplies should be at North street railway station consisting of hundreds of tents and blankets, axes and so on. The order was carried out, and the men went to church too. This does not look as if the army commissariat were weak as is so often the case. Immediately after church two detachments of men were sent out to have the material at the station by the hour appointed, while 100 men were marched to barracks, given their dinner and without a minute's delay sent to North street to accompany the stores and make them available at Windsor. The British army is invincible on the field, but it is no less useful in times of peace as this emergency proved. General Montgomery-Moore, the stern soldier who could not brook a gospel tent on the common because he thought it an infringement on what he considered the rights of the military, joined heart and hand with Mayor Stephen in affording succor to the stricken people of Windsor.

It was a military train that left North street with those soldiers and supplies. But there was a great throng of curious sightseers who were determined to accompany it, as free passengers to the scene of desolation. There were many exciting episodes as the soldiers handed these would be passengers from the cars, and many more similar incidents at Windsor while the soldiers were trying to find room for themselves in the cars on the return at night. The cars were cleared and those who would not leave them voluntarily were taken off expeditiously by force. When the soldiers were seated what room was left was given to the civilians.

There was no crowd at the Windsor conflagration. The reason was a good one: every man stood in despair watching the disappearance of his own once happy home. May we in mercy be spared the seeing again of such a spectacle of woe. It was a common sorrow. The destruction of many a humble home meant absolute penury for its inmates, and the burning of more pretentious abodes of opulence was poverty equally as great. In hundreds of cases the fire meant destitution to the poor but it also signified poverty to some hitherto well off.

Man is a selfish animal. It is the ego he seeks. This was exemplified on Sunday evening when the relief train arrived in Halifax. It was selfishness in Church matters but that may be as intense a rule of life as any other selfishness. As the crowd from the train emerged to the street, the first question a prominent Methodist asked an acquaintance was this: "Are the churches gone?" "Yes, all but one." "And is the Methodist church gone?" "Yes, gone with the rest." "Too bad, that the Methodist church should be taken. And the only church left of the five is the Episcopal!"

This was the fact; was it as R. v. D. Willetts, said, the survival of the fittest. Seventy five thousand dollars will be required for the Windsor relief fund. Halifax has already given close on to \$15,000.

Society circles were shocked last week when a city paper published the statement of the petition for divorce brought by Mrs. Arnold against her husband

Major Arnold. The publication was regretted by many, and there is much sympathy for the couple most directly interested. Major Arnold is a good-hearted officer, who would do anything for a friend, and the domestic infelicity is probably traceable to but one cause, and that an offence that is often considered a light one—a shortcoming that is shared by a countless multitude—a too great fondness for the wine cup. In fact this is the main reason allged in the petition that has been lodged with Registrar Bars.

Nothing to advance the suit has been done since the petition was filed, and it is stated the action will never be brought. It is hoped that peace will prevail, even despite the fact that firms of lawyers have been engaged on either side.

The details set forth in the petition formed a subject of interested discussion by fellow guests at the Queen Hotel, for that was the place of their sojourn. The parties came of very good families in England and the names of the minister who performed the marriage ceremony, the maiden name of the lady and all such facts are set out in minute detail in the petition. The newspaper that first published the story wound up with the statement that if a counter petition were brought, as was threatened, there would be caused a still more startling sensation. This might or might not be the case, but people have their opinions. However, it is sincerely to be hoped that a settlement will be reached; as it now looks it is quite within the range of probability.

Times and customs are evidently changing fast, and perhaps not in all cases for the better. What calls up this remark is a mild sensation that has been caused within the walls of the training school for nurses of the Victoria General hospital in this city. It seems there was a large dance at the Masonic hall a few years ago that numbered among the guests a half dozen of the fair embryos nurses at the training school. Most of the nurses at this institution are young ladies, strangers in the city, far away from their homes and home supervision, hence they should be more careful even than others in their conduct. This is the principle that is recognized and acted upon at ladies colleges, where the conditions are not dissimilar to those prevailing at the training school for nurses.

Yet at the latter institution we find that a number of the pupils go to this dance unprotected and unchaperoned. That is it the following letter from one who describes herself as "interested in the training school of the N. G. H., and anxious that its reputation should not be stained," be correct. The letter follows: "Mr. Editor—Is there anything wrong in the management of the training school of the V. G. Hospital, when six or seven of its pupils are allowed to go to a dance in the masonic hall without proper, or in fact any chaperon? Who and what are the nurses of the school that they should do such a thing. Not another training school in the world would allow it, why not raise the ideas and aims of the pupils and encourage the superintendent of nurses in her work. Six or seven young women out late at night alone! And these are they to whom we trust our sick?" Such is the letter. If there is any truth in its statements there is surely reason for some little inquiry.

### THE CHIEF'S GALLERY.

An Efficient Registration System for the Benefit of the Police.

Two of the fruits of Chief Clark's tenure of office are a thorough system of registration of the misdeeds and punishments of rogues and criminals, and a young but growing Rogues Gallery. Precedent is as valuable to policemen as to lawyers and judges, and the knowledge of a criminal's past is very helpful to the wielders of the baton. The chief can now turn to the record of any one who has come under his official notice and take steps accordingly and the information is also valuable to the police magistrates. Moreover, it is a good thing to possess the true presentments of those who have accepted of the hospitality of civic or Dominion officials. Chief Clark has a neat cabinet, with leaves swinging on hinges, containing the features of the fair and the brave, who have boarded with the government as a recognition of services rendered in burglary, theft, assaults, etc. The Chief is sufficiently interested in the work of his department to furnish the cabinet at his own expense. There are about 50 represented in the collection, and it is increasing. Besides this, of course, he has hundreds received from other police departments.