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THEY ARE TOO TRUSTING.

AND AS A CONSEQUENCE HALIFAX GETS EASILY TAKEN IN.

Two Instances in Which the Natives of the Fog Bound City were Gulled by Smooth Tongued Visitors—John T. Bulmer to the Front With a New Scheme.

HALIFAX, Aug. 9.—There are some very gullible people in this city and it seems but little trouble for any stranger who comes here to take them in. The people of this city always take kindly to visitors and as a rule they welcome them whenever they come. Of late several mistakes have happened whereby many of our citizens were duped, and are now much sadder, and considerable wiser for their little experience. Some weeks ago a polished young man, good looking and well dressed made his appearance in this city, and through his genial manner and off-handed way he made the acquaintance of a number of well known young men. He put up at one of the leading hotels, and represented himself as an agent for a large tailoring house with headquarters at Toronto. He told his newly formed friends that the house had an agency at St. John, and intended shortly to open a branch of the business in this city. He carried with him an extremely fine lot of samples of cloth, from which he would take an order for a suit, and he would make the terms quite easy, and give good value for the money. As a guarantee of good faith on the part of the purchaser he requested that they give him twenty-five per cent of the price of the suit in advance. Of course the price was so low that many of them thought they were getting a snap, and jumped at the figures at once. After securing quite a large sum of money, and taking all the innocent ones in he left the city, and up to the present time nothing has been heard of him, or the suits. One of the parties who was so badly duped took the trouble of writing to Toronto for information about this large "tailoring house," and he has received a reply that there is no such firm in existence there. Those who ordered suits are keeping their mouths closed over the matter, as they do not care about letting their friends know that the smart stranger got ahead of them.

Another instance of the Halifaxians open heartedness is shown by the way that a coal customer played havoc with several of our merchants, and boarding house keepers last week, whom they put great confidence in. A leading merchant was approached by this individual who wanted to purchase one of his vessels. The terms were considered by him as satisfactory and all arrangements for the sale were completed. The schooner was not in the best of condition but it was to be put in through repair before passing into the hands of its new purchaser, and a gang of men were soon at work caulking her. The stranger in the meantime to make himself solid engaged a number of men to manage the vessel, when everything was in readiness for the trip. Stores were also necessary for the extended voyage which he said he proposed to make, and the wholesale houses were then favored with an order from him. He had no credentials of any kind, and did not make any display of wealth, but he was going to get the goods all the same. The goods were all hastily got together and the large orders completed, and were about to be delivered, when the owner of the vessel became somewhat suspicious that everything was not going as it should. Inquiries were made concerning the individual's standing, and it was ascertained that he was not genuine, so they shut down on him immediately. He evidently got wind of the move on the part of the local firms, and made a hurried exit out of the city. The firms who came so nearly being victimized have left no stone unturned on their part to locate this enterprising customer, but their every effort has proved of no avail. This same thing is liable to happen again any day, and it just goes to show how easily the trick can be done by anyone who knows how.

HE MAY LAND IN PARLIAMENT.

John T. Bulmer Hard at Work on Another Political Scheme.

HALIFAX, Aug.—There are some prospects in this city now for a new political party which when properly organized will be known as the Labor party. The prime mover in the matter is John T. Bulmer a well known solicitor who enjoys quite a lucrative practice here in criminal cases.

It has long been Mr. Bulmer's aim to get into politics, and perhaps the opportune time has arrived. What brought the matter to a head at the present time is the strike in the office of the Herald publishing company. Mr. Bulmer is the counsel for the members of the Halifax Typographical Union and he has been trying various moves to better the position of the men who are on strike. Of course this was a very favourable and opportune time for him to propose his scheme which he has long sought to have placed before the public and with this end in view a meeting was held in Upham's Hall at Richmond on Thursday evening. It was well attended by the laboring classes, and the speech of the evening was made by Mr. Bulmer. He is quite a good speaker, though some what erratic at times. He said he entirely disapproves of any institution dismissing men wholesale and giving employment to a lot of "rats" from New York. The whole trouble is that labor is not organized, and there ought to be a solidarity of 2500 men in this city to stand up for the rights of labor. In the above paragraph he got in his fine work. He expects by clever manoeuvring to capture the votes of those 2500 laborers, when he receives the nomination and becomes their candidate at the next general election. He is extremely over anxious to get into parliament. It appears to be his ambition to reach this position in life. Some twelve years ago, he contested the county of Cumberland in the interests of the prohibition party. This attempt on his part was unsuccessful as he lost his deposit. He has a good heart however, and like "Bruce and the spider" he believes in trying again, and perhaps may succeed at last. After this defeat he joined the Conservative party, and at the last general election he went over with the Liberals. Neither of those parties gave him the desired opportunity of coming to the front, and as a result he is now trying to organize a Labor party. He will have a hard road to travel but with patience and perseverance he may succeed in gathering the party on a sound footing but it is very doubtful if ever a third party candidate could be elected in this county. The laboring classes of this city as a rule do not take very much interest in schemes of this kind, while those of the county take less. However time alone will tell and as patience is a virtue one must only wait and watch for future developments.

DON'T WANT A FALSE IMPRESSION

The Companions of Floodiey did not Know Who and What He was.

A young man—a traveller—called at Progress office a few days ago and related an experience he and several others had in St. Stephen a short time ago. He looked like an athletic young man but in spite of his strength and general appearance of being able to take care of himself he was evidently not anxious to go back to St. Stephen until he had persuaded the merchants there that he did not intend to do any harm.

And this is the story he tells. He with five others, some from St. John and some from Toronto, were stopping at the Queen hotel in St. Stephen. They were all on business for different concerns and went about it in the day time, but in the evening they "chatted" around with Mr. Floodiey whom they found to be a good fellow. They did not know him then, for as they went along Floodiey would ask this or that one to go into a certain store and buy him a package of "Sweet Corporal" cigarettes which sells for five cents a package in Calais and seven cents in St. Stephen, but all Mr. Floodiey wanted was to find out who sold them. He did so in the way mentioned above and not one of them knew that he belonged to the inland revenue department and was looking for offenders against the custom laws. But if the commercial men did not know it the border merchants did, and very soon the knights of the road found that they were getting a cool reception. This ended in quite a gathering in front of their hotel one evening. The crowd gathered to see them but not in their honor and though all of them were not walking around town with the detective pointing out the points of interest—to him—namely the warehouses and the factories and such places as he had reason to think might have some American goods on which the duty had not been paid, still they waited patiently for their return. The travellers came in by one and two and those who

knew them quickly gave the one to the crowd and such a hustling as they got. Such small matters as eggs were not in it. There was rougher treatment than that and one poor fellow who really had not much to do with the business found himself on the broad of his back in a jiffy making the acquaintance of boots other than his own. When, at last, they all got to the hotel and assembled in one room—the detectives,—they were a bruised and sorry lot. But as they had got into trouble on Floodiey's account they proposed to make him guard them during the night as he was the only armed man in the party. Strange to say he was not touched. Whether that was on account of his revolver or out of deference to the law is not stated.

Next morning all of them went to see Mayor George Clark who assured those anxious for the safety of their lives that law and order would be maintained but that since they had fallen under suspicion, perhaps the best thing for them to do would be to continue their trip and drop in and see the good people of St. Stephen at some other time. At the same time he gave them a delicate hint to the effect that commercial men were supposed to pay a license—a fact that they had failed to remember. And the next morning and that day they went but at the same time they wish to assure the St. Stephens people of their ignorance and innocence.

WHY SAM ABBOTT CAME TO TOWN.

He had Been Having Rifle Practice and it Ended Disastrously.

Sam Abbott of Loch Lomond came to town Thursday. He did not bring in any spring chickens or raspberries but the only pig he had in his possession. Now fresh pork is a rarity at this time of the year and Sam's offering should have gone off like hot cakes, but it didn't. Some peeping, inquisitive fellow who knew something about killing pigs discovered that Sam's pig had not departed this life in the usual fashionable manner. Again there is always a suspicion in summer time when a stray pig comes to market that that particular piggy had strayed into the potato patch and partaken of bugs and Paris green, which is not considered suitable for that clean domestic animal. The result is always about the same and there is sure to be fresh pork in the market. But Sam's pig did not meet this fate. If the Double X club had been practicing in that vicinity there would have been a just suspicion that the grunter had strayed within gunshot of them for he had a bullet hole in his body, but that is out of the question for the range of the club mentioned is far removed from Sam's place. When that individual was interviewed he solved the problem. He had a rifle of his own, and by putting it to the unusual use of rat killing he managed to destroy his chances of salt pork this winter. The fact was that Mr. Abbott used to be visited by a company of rats with considerable regularity. He could not get rid of them and so determined to practise with his rifle. He did so and fired at the first rat that showed his head through the hole in the floor. The rat escaped but piggy stopped the bullet and died. And that was the reason that Sam left a lot of hay in the rain and hurried to town to supply tourists or any others who wanted it with fresh pork.

He Sent Back the Bandits.

The bad young man Cooper who took a flask from Mrs. Corkery's a few nights ago proved himself no mean sprinter and caused Officer Collins to have an inclination to kick himself. The policeman was too decent. When he handcuffed Cooper he allowed him to walk in front of him. And there is where he made the mistake for Cooper took to his heels and led Collins a lively chase around this and that corner finally disappearing altogether. Then he added insult to injury by returning the handcuffs a short time afterward. But he was captured before daylight and had all his worry and work for nothing.

Disappointment and Compensation.

The charms of the Washdemoak were so impressed upon one young man who went upon the excursion last Sunday that he did not give himself time to catch the boat upon its return trip. He remained until next day and made the trip back in a less companionable manner than he otherwise might have done. Still he was no doubt compensated for that loss of sociability by the pleasant hours he spent studying the beauty of the Washdemoak.

STEPPED DOWN AND OUT

THAT WAS MAYOR SEARS LATEST CURIOUS MOVE

At the Common Council—He Would not Stand Aid, Christie's Abuse and Left the Chair and the Council—Still the Aldermen Went on With the Business.

The few citizens who gathered in the council chamber Monday morning to hear the report of Ex Mayor Robertson had a rich and rare entertainment served up for them in the shape of a wordy war between Mayor Sears and Alderman Christie which ended by his worship deserting the chair and the business of the council going on as usual. Whether the business transacted without him in the chair is legal or not remains to be seen.

If this is a specimen, Monday morning council meetings do not appear to be a great success. If one was to inquire into the reason no doubt the manner of spending Sunday would have something to do with the humor of both Mayor and aldermen. Those who might be included in the list of Sabbath desecrators appear to be as good as the others who cook their own meals and refuse to use their street car passes on the Sabbath. Mayor Sears should have been in the best of good humor coming as he did from his pleasant summer home at Westfield. There, any man could not fail to be at peace with himself and the common council; even an uneasy conscience or a tax constable could find rest on the shores of Grand Bay and if, like the Mayor, they were favored with an occasional visit from the "Polymorphian" their contentment would be complete.

There are some members of the council who do not know what temper is, at least they never show that they do, but Alderman Christie is not one of these. He should have accompanied his north end colleague Alderman McGoldrick up the river on Sunday and found the peace of mind that distinguished the alderman from Stanley at the meeting on Monday. But instead of that he was as erratic and unruly as the logs that went adrift from the raft in the falls this week. He did not like the mayor's reference to the action of the old council but in saying so he used extreme language and would not take his seat when his worship arose to explain. He forgot what was due to himself and to the chair. The mayor has said since that if a high constable had been there he would have instructed him to put Ald. Christie out. That would have been a mistake, but just imagine it—poor George Stockford alive again and trying to put Dr. Christie out of the council. There's a subject for a comic artist.

But instead of Alderman Christie going out Mayor Sears got on his dignity and went out. But that did not make any difference, the advocate of the water supply for the pulp mill talked to the cushioned back chair and blustered about what could not be done to him and what he would not permit to be done to him. It was the days of the old Portland bear garden over again. Ald. Christie must have imagined himself there fighting the battles of yore.

The row was all about a motion of Ald. Macrae's to go ahead with the laying of the new water pipe in Carleton. When he made the motion Ald. Macrae sent a speech with it. He wasn't standing on the Opera house platform, but one would have thought so. From his declamatory effort one would not have imagined him in a small room talking to a dozen aldermen and two or three large tax payers. Aldermen Macrae makes the mistake of talking too often. He has a lot of good ideas but speaking too often lessens the attention given to a man when he really wants to say something.

SOME REMARKS OF TOURISTS.

Men who Enjoyed Themselves—A Letter From a Tourist.

It is a singular trait of St. John people that they know little or nothing about vanity so far at least as it relates to their city. If they did the complimentary remarks they are used to having every day now from American tourists would turn their brains. Perhaps the reason is that the people are so used to having nice things said about this beautiful city that they do not appreciate the fact that this is "God's Country." Still some others do if they do not and notably among them last week were Messrs Scott, Ritchie and Ebberts of the Aquatic Pleasure Club New York. They had been out three weeks seeking pleasure and relaxation—relief

for their overworked and nerveless bodies—in the swales of Nova Scotia and the dusty highways of Prince Edward Island. When they came to St. John they began to enjoy life and put on flesh and when they left they were kicking each other for not getting here sooner. They made many friends—for they were just the sort of people to do so—and, as a consequence they found other attractions beside those of nature in the town. Their day upon river was, they declared the most enjoyable of their whole trip—quite a compliment from gentlemen so observant and critical. While here they remained at the Dufferin, but they were at home wherever they went.

Quite different from those kind remarks is contained in the letter "Tourist" sends PROGRESS. But "Tourist" is talking about Moncton and draws a pretty long bow in some of the statements. Moncton has always been noted for bad water and worse whiskey but there is no need of either so long as cows graze on the uplands of Westmoreland. Here is "Tourist's" letter:

I thank Heaven I have reached a civilized community, and I assure you I can appreciate it after my experience of last evening, when I had the misfortune to get off at the town of Moncton. I knew nothing of the place, further than that it had a "bore"—whatever that may be. Being somewhat thirsty I asked for a glass of water, and was brought a compound resembling in appearance a glass of Liebig's Extract, but the stench arising therefrom surpassed anything I had ever dreamed of, though I have more than once been in the vicinity of some hundreds of corpses, when the carrion crows have been holding high revel; in order to get my drink, I tried the experiment of melting ice, but this seemed to be first cousin to the water. I then asked for a glass of beer. After a furtive glance at a brass-buttoned individual who was near, the waiter informed me that "this town was Scottack" and such a thing could not be had. Without the refreshment of a wash, for the liquid was to vile even for that, I packed up, and made tracks for the train.

At the depot I heard that the trouble was due to a dead cat or horse. But I am certain it would require the putridity of a whole menagerie to scare up such an effluvia. It is possible the natives may be so inoculated with the stuff as to be able to use it without injury, but to strangers it must be more deadly than a gatling.

It is a question if a criminal action would not lie somewhere for allowing unsuspecting travelers to venture into such a locality unwarned.

With this exception, my wanderings through the province have been more than pleasurable, and it is in order that others may have nothing to detract from their pleasant recollections of your beautiful country, that I think it my duty to mention these facts.

He Did Not Welcome Them.

Groceryman Williams can be found at his establishment at the lower end of the North Wharf most every day. Four Americans located him the other day when they wanted shelter. Their yacht was lying in the stream and they were to go on board when a very heavy shower came on. They sought the first place of shelter, which was Williams' store. The place, or Mr. Williams, was too hot for them and they sought the shelter they wanted in the next store where they were treated with all courtesy and kindness and the proprietor was anxious to convince them that Mr. Williams' treatment of them was not a specimen of the hospitality of St. John's citizens.

The Boys and Girls Together.

The career of Clement Martin, the young man who was second in the Matriculation examination and of Miss Emily McAvity who was first will be watched with interest not only by their friends but by those interested in the high school. This is one of the first results of the experiment to which there has been so much opposition. That however has died away and the boys and girls rivalry has resulted this time in the triumph of the latter. It is understood that Miss McAvity will pursue her studies in Boston while Mr. Martin will go to the University.

Will Go to Jemseg.

If the weather be fine the Steamer Victoria will make a trip to Jemseg on Sunday. These weekly outings are very popular and enjoyable.