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PRICE FIVE CENTS

GOOD YACHT DESIGNER.

GENERAL MANAGER McLEOD OF THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Asked to Design a Yacht to Defend the Canadian Cup—How He Learned the Art—His Triumphs as a Yachting Man—Many Victories Everywhere.

HALIFAX, May 18—The record of Mr. H. C. McLeod, the man who is about to give to Canada one of the claimants for the defence of the Canada Cup, is of peculiar interest in yachting circles just now. The different steps by which that gentleman has worked his way to the front rank of yacht designers of America mark a life of ambition which no obstacles could force into the background or even turn to one side or the other the breadth of a hair. Mr. McLeod is a native of Prince Edward Island and almost from his infancy has been thrown in contact with the toilers of the deep. As a boy he delighted in sailing model yachts and fishing smacks in the vicinity of his home, and it was not long before he could handle a boat with the most expert sailors with whom he came in contact.

Locating at Georgetown, where for years he was engaged in the banking business, Mr. McLeod was given an opportunity to cultivate his tastes for yachting. During the time he lived in that town he owned several boats, including a fast American centreboard sloop. Gradually Mr. McLeod's ambition grew and one day he determined to become a designer.

He started to read up Dixon Kemp's works. The practical knowledge he already possessed enabled him to readily grasp the hints thrown out by the writer, and by careful observation and years of study he acquired an insight into the theory and practice of yacht designing, which has enabled him to successfully compete with many of the most famous designers.

Mr. McLeod's first attempt at designing a racing yacht was in 1881, when the "Mentor" was laid down. She proved to be very fast, and won many prizes for her owner. The boat was constructed in Prince Edward Island, and was sailed in many races, and made such a good showing that she was purchased by a gentleman named Stone, who brought her to Halifax in 1883. Subsequently she passed into the hands of Dr. C. R. Fletcher, now a prominent New York dentist. During the season of 1887, Dr. Fletcher succeeded in winning most of the best prizes offered by the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. On leaving the city Dr. Fletcher disposed of the racer, which has finally passed into the hands of Mr. Ross, one of the officials at George's Island.

In 1885 Mr. McLeod was called to Halifax as inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia. He lost little time in making himself familiar with yachting affairs, and was soon recognized as one of the most active members of the Royal Nova Scotia Squadron. In the autumn of 1886 he drew the plans for the "Lenore," one of the most successful prize winners ever owned here. The keel was laid in Truro and when completed the craft was brought here by rail. She was then sloop rigged and sailed by Mr. McLeod in person. She carried off trophy after trophy.

At the close of the season of 1887 Mr. McLeod was removed to Minneapolis, but returned again in 1891, spending the entire yachting season here. During that year he changed the "Lenore" to a cutter and made other alterations which materially increased the boat's speed. Again he was a successful competitor in many of the events. The interesting races of that year between the "Lenore" and the then new Fife cutter "Youla," of the same rating, will long be remembered by Halifax yachtsmen.

In Minneapolis Mr. McLeod's real abilities as a yachtsman were brought to the surface in connection with the keen racing on the far-famed Minnetonka. His life in that city was a constant succession of triumphs. After having been elected a member of the Minnetonka Yacht Club, he took a deep interest in the affairs of the organization and figured prominently in its most important movements.

The yachts used by the Minnetonka Club were of a type adapted to shallow lake racing and in their construction the centre board played a prominent part. In designing these boats, however, Mr. McLeod was called upon to enter into competition with the leaders of the profession in America, notable among them being the late Edward Burgess and the Herr-

hoffs. Notable examples of Mr. McLeod's successful designing are the yachts "Varuna," 1888; "Dolphin," 1891; "Charlotte," 1894; "Breeze," 1895; "McLeod," 1896, some of which were decidedly faster than their competitors, each of the others dividing the honours with the winner of the majority of races for her year.

In 1892 Chicago claimed Mr. McLeod's services, he being appointed manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in that city.



GENERAL MANAGER McLEOD, of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

While there he continued to retrain a prominent place in yachting circles. In 1896 he was selected by the Chicago Yacht Club as one of the judges in the race at Toledo between the Canada and the Vencedor, which resulted in the winning of the Canada Cup by the former vessel. During the time spent in the great western city he presented to the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron the lines for their present fleet of knockabouts, or one raters, which have done so much to encourage yachting in this city.

In 1897 Mr. McLeod succeeded Mr. Thos. Fyfe as general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia and once again Halifax yachtsmen laid claim to his services. Last year Col. Isaacson, R. E., and Mr. McLeod gave orders for the Dione, the fastest yacht at present owned in eastern waters. The plans were prepared by Mr. McLeod, who personally superintended the building of the boat. During the summer of 1898 she carried off all the prizes offered by the R. N. S. Y. Squadron, with a single exception. She also won the Cluster and Yarmouth cups, defeating the Fife cutters Wym and Youla and several boats built from designs furnished by American professionals. At present the Dione is being overhauled for the season of 1899, and a number of changes which are being made are expected to give her more speed than ever.

Mr. McLeod, in addition to being a thorough designer, is the best handler of a boat in Halifax. None can take advantage of the little things as quickly as he and he always takes care to have associated with him a crew of more than ordinary ability. Halifaxians are naturally proud of the selection of one of their number for such an important task as the preparing of a defender's lines, and Mr. McLeod has been the object of many hearty congratulations during the past few days. It may be added here, that recently the Minnetonka Yacht Club has conferred on him the distinction of an honorary membership.

A COUNTRYMAN'S EXCURSION.

He took a short cut to the sidewalk and was luckier than a turtle.

A paragraph appeared in the papers this week, telling how a traveller—probably a countryman—who had registered at the Dufferin Hotel, found his way during the early hours of the evening, to the pretty lawn that forms part of the premises, and either being blinded by the rays of the electric light or from other causes, wandered through the hedge and stepping over the parapet that borders the lawn found himself on the sidewalk very quickly. When he came to, he did not know just how

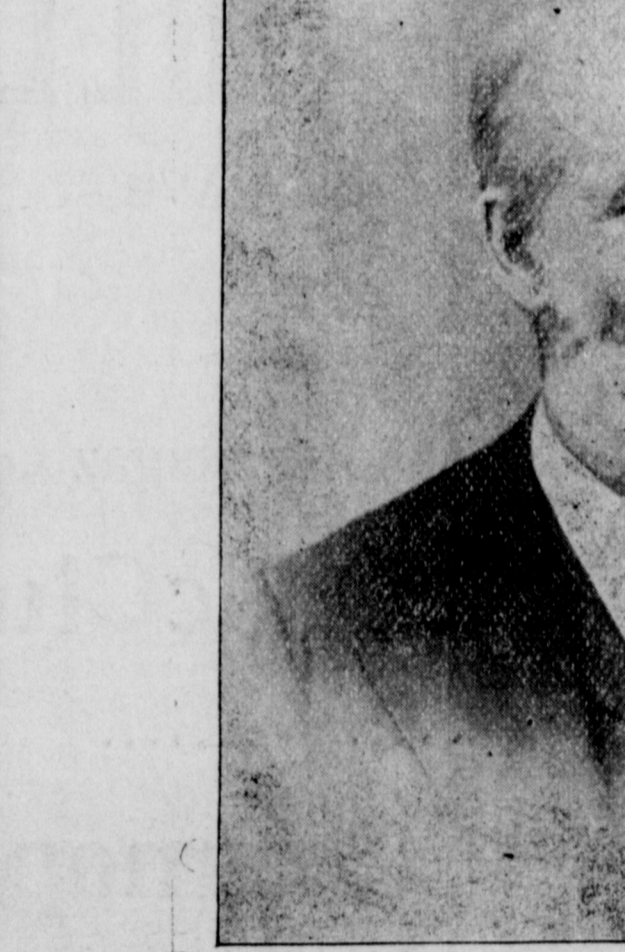
many bones were broken, in fact, was so much in doubt about it, that he went to a physician and was looked over very carefully. There is an impression that a man in his condition cannot get hurt very well and this idea seems to have been borne out on the present occasion. There were no bones broken, but he had the comforting assurance of the doctor, that he was likely to feel sore the next morning. He felt sore before that time because



THE LATE DR. CAREY.

when he went back to the hotel, he found that there was not any room for him. The clerk in charge is cautious as well as gentlemanly, and it did not seem to be worth while to take any chances with such a reckless individual as the one in question. For all he knew, his next trip might be out of a second story window.

The traveller however had better luck than a huge West India turtle, that arrived at the house sometime ago. Two or three of the hotels in town expect such arrivals as these every time a West India boat



THE LATE DR. CAREY.

Geo. Montgomery West Carey, born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1829, was educated at a boy near Belfast and came to America with his parents while yet a lad. Was further taught at Vankleek and Rochester, N. Y., University. Took degrees of B. A., M. A. and was honored with D. D. by Acadia University. Held pastorates in Ontario, England and New Brunswick and died at Ottawa last Tuesday. Was widely known as one of the ablest of Baptists. Was pastor of Brussel and Gersin street churches here.

comes in, and if they are not just ready for use, they keep them alive until they want them. The Dufferin's turtle was let loose on the lawn and of course began to waddle around in the slow uncertain fashion of all turtles. During the night sometime he had managed to get through the hedge, and there being no fence to stop his passage, he took a short cut to the street below. There was a dead turtle on the side walk next morning and his back was broken in a thousand pieces. The conclusion might be arrived from this that the bones of a man are tougher than those of a turtle.

A CONSTABLE'S TRIALS.

HE COLLECTED FULL AMOUNT AND CENTS AND RETURNED HALF.

How it was Found out—The Chairman of the Treasury Board Related the Story—Why the Bond of \$400 was Necessary—McSoley and Mullin did not Appear.

Constables are having a hard time of it these days. The usual idea is that they make it hard for other people but those who complain most about them and their methods are usually the first to employ them to make it just as hard for somebody else.

But the good constables—and there are some who bear that reputation—are suffering just now from the faults of those who are not up to the mark. One of them within a short time has left for parts unknown because he did not hand over the money he had collected. Hackett was his name, the same man, if PROGRESS mistakes not, who made himself obnoxious to a citizen in Lower Cove and lost his self respect and some papers in consequence. If this is correct he is well rid of and the man who lost by his departure can console himself with the reflection that the public is the general gainer by the transaction.

There is another man not in the business now. He belongs to Fairville and seemed to lose the esteem of the municipal council since the hour he chased a father from his child's grave in his endeavour to arrest him for debt.

It may be that these were some of the acts that suggested the amendment in the law making it necessary for a constable to furnish bonds to the extent of \$400 before he could be sworn in. It is a good provision and one that the best of the constables do not object to inasmuch as it has shut out those who are not in that list. One of the aldermen at a recent meeting of the treasury board explained why it was necessary. They were discussing the charges against Messrs McSoley and Mullin and waiting for those gentlemen to show up and give some explanation of what was alleged to be true about them. They did not put in an appearance and the chairman spoke of the case of a citizen who had a reasonable claim in the shape of a judgment against a man in business. He put it in the hands of a constable—one of the unreliable kind—and this officer pretended that it was next to impos-

the business man "why I paid Constable the full amount of your claim with costs the first time he called upon me."

This was an example, the chairman thought, of some of the abuses of the former constable system and one of the reasons why it was necessary for each man to furnish a bond.

JUST "PEG LEG" LITTLE WAY.

Something About the Last Ontario Murderer's Former Life.

"It's certainly strange how people you have formerly known, or known of, drop out of your recollection for years and then bob up in the most unexpected way, after you've even forgotten the fact of their existence," remarked a lady to PROGRESS this week.

"I don't know though as I should care to have all who have thus eluded me turn up in the unpleasant way a man I used to know did years ago. I mean "Peg Leg" Brown, the man who was hanged in London, Ontario, this week for the murder of a policeman.

"I had not heard or thought of that man for perhaps twenty years and when I picked up a paper on Tuesday evening and saw the word "Peg Leg," memory instantly supplied the name of Brown even before I saw it in the headline. I thought there would not likely to be two such men with the self same proper and nick names likely to commit a murder, and I was pretty sure of my name.

"It wasn't in Ontario I knew him but in a little Nova Scotia settlement, and when "Peg Leg" elected to take a walk down the one long way of the village every youngster gave him the right of way in double quick time. He was never known to kill any one of them outright, but there was a gruesome legend that if "Peg Leg" caught you he would do something terrible to you with the long spur or nail which was in end of the tin peg which did duty as a limb and from which he derived his sobriquet. He must have lost his leg before the days when science and surgery could make a man all right as good as new, or perhaps he couldn't afford an artificial limb. However that may be, it was a funny sight to see his wide trouser leg—and he always wore big checks—flapping around that peg.

"He was a bad man and he had about as bad a reputation as a man could have, and even then everybody used to say that the scaffold was "Peg Leg" Browns ultimate destiny.

"He had with him in those days a woman a forlorn creature whom everyone seemed to like but to whom no one dared be kind because they knew it would mean a beating for her. As a child I remember her face one solid mass of black and blue bruises and cuts dozens of times, and hearing the wild cries of distress which came from their home.

"A little girl of this woman's died very suddenly and there was a rumor that "Peg Leg" had given her an unlucky blow in one of his fits of drunken rage. The child was buried a few hours after she died and diphtheria was given as the cause of her death. No investigation was made and had there been perhaps it would have developed nothing; still there was a pretty strong belief that there was foul play. For days at a time he would lock this woman and the child in a cold room without food while he drank himself into the D. T.'s in another room.

"Once when somebody asked the woman why she lived with him, she turned a startled look on her questioner and answered, "You don't know him; he would follow me and murder me. I believe he is really the devil himself.

"Strange, isn't it, how all these things come up so plainly, but I can see the short thick set man, with the face which frightened every one, and the little brown crop of whiskers he wore as plainly as if it were yesterday, and even now I shudder to think what might have happened had Peg Leg happened to run up the ambuscades from which we children watched, in breathless fear, his march down the long village street."

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