

PROGRESS.

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Rivals in the Field.

These stirring times in the newspaper field of St. John is to have two more journals and both of them will be weeklies. Mr. W. K. Reynolds will be the editor of one of them and the other will be guided by a hand new to journalism, that of Mr. T. O'Brien.

To say that Mr. Reynolds' friends were surprised when he sent in his resignation as chief of the press department of the Intercolonial railway is to put it mildly. The possibilities of journalism had not appeared so bright to them that a man would be warranted in leaving a good position and a good salary in order to enter the newspaper field again.

The Sun has appeared to know more about Mr. Reynolds' venture than even those journals that supported him when he was a candidate for the local house. At any rate it has given more space to the matter and has either been better informed or is disposed to be more generous towards the new venture. At the same time it has not failed to point out some of the reasons why Mr. Reynolds was unwilling to remain in the service of the government. As everybody knows he was selected as one of the government tickets in the last local election and as representing the catholic section of the party. Three of the tickets were elected but Mr. Reynolds failed by a very few votes. The circumstances attending his defeat were unusual and a great deal of sympathy went out to the defeated candidate because for some days the impression prevailed that he was elected and the error was not corrected until declaration day.

At any rate Mr. Reynolds was "provided for" as they say in politics. An office was created on the Intercolonial and shortly after Mr. Reynolds was made advertising agent of the road. If it was necessary to have such an office the government made a good choice of the man to fill it. For years Mr. Reynolds had been doing special press work of the I. C. R. and almost every summer had a roving commission to go to all the charming spots along the line and describe them in a readable fashion for guide book use.

But, about the same time that he was appointed to this position Mr. George Carvill was made city ticket agent of the road and then politicians began to hint that these two appointments should be sufficient to satisfy the catholic liberals. It is said rightly or wrongly that the campaign organizer, Mr. C. J. Milligan, had made some remark to that effect and that it was taken promptly to Mr. Reynolds. This was some time ago; and ever since he understood that he stood in the way, as it were, of further catholic appointments he has been looking forward to the venture that he had intended to embark upon before he entered the political field. That was the publication of a weekly newspaper. Mr. Reynolds says in the "Sun" that his paper will be non partisan in politics "under the control neither of political party nor individual politician" but at the same time he says that he confidently expects those who stood by him in the fight last February to give him their support in his present undertaking.

The announcement of Mr. Reynolds' resignation and some disclosure of his plans it seems were almost co-incidental with the bow that Mr. T. O'Brien made to the public as the future editor of the "Monitor," a weekly paper, to be published in the interests of the catholic party in this city and province. The "Globe" made this announcement and at the same time pointed out that Mr. O'Brien was well fitted to undertake such work as he had been the correspondent of several catholic papers in other cities. At the same time the idea was given that the newspaper had been promised generous support and that some persons "with a laudable ambition of 'mering public life later on'" were behind the publication.

In his letter to the Sun Mr. Reynolds quotes this phrase and says that no person with any such idea will be interested in his undertaking. The opposition has begun already and there are promises of lively times in this particular field of journalism.

For a long time—since the death of the Freeman—the catholics of St. John have had no newspaper; that could be said to represent their views. Now there are to be two of them and the prospects are that the

views of all the catholics will be given. For, it is well understood, the catholics are not united upon their representative men. Some want one leader, some another and it does seem possible to unite upon any one man. Nearly all of the aspirants for leadership are young men and they have been in the race for some years. Mr. O'Brien of the Globe was always regarded as the most probable candidate for the favor of his people but he was not, it seems, acceptable in a political sense to the local government party. This is how Mr. Reynolds came to the front and his candidature was a great surprise not only to Catholics but to protestants as well. It is not strange that he is not disposed to relinquish the honor so suddenly placed upon him. Still it was impossible to keep in touch with his supporters and remain in Moncton. And this, it may be assumed, is largely the reason of his resignation and proposed newspaper.

On the other hand there are plenty of catholics who do not relish the idea of Mr. Reynolds as a permanent leader. They say, in spite of the fact that he ran an election, that he is not known to the masses of people. He has not been long enough among them to know the people like those who were born and brought up in the church.

Whether their reasons are valid or not will no doubt be settled by the Monitor and Freeman, for that, it is understood will be the name of Mr. Reynolds' paper. They can argue out such questions with far greater propriety than an outsider and at the same time make the dispute interesting.

It is passing strange that within a short time it has been proposed to revive the names of two of the old newspapers of St. John—the News and the Freeman. The News was to be Mr. Blair's new paper before the purchase of the Telegraph was negotiated and a company bought a charter under that name.

The Telegraph does not seem to have changed hands yet, and all the reforms and alterations that were promised are not accomplished as yet. Still these things take time. The new machines are at work and a few columns of new type appear every day alongside of the worn type that the people have been used to. The same staff is at work and the "upper province editor and manager" have not appeared. Time may produce them too but at present the old paper is in line on all the questions of the day and is no longer an organ of the Canadian Pacific railway.

It is understood that one of the gentlemen interested in the renewed paper is opposed to having the office on Canterbury street. His ideas are on a larger scale than any St. John publisher has dared to take up and he wants the office of the Telegraph to be on a front street. It is thought that a paper which is supposed to take the leading place among the dailies should be on a front street. Several buildings have been spoken of as in the market but their suitability is another matter. The Troop building was spoken of first but that is quite a distance down Prince William street and apparently the conclusion has been reached that it was out of the way. The Jardine building has also been spoken of and a building near the head of King street is on the list.

There used to be an impression that the more newspapers there were together the better for all concerned, but this view evidently does not obtain with the new company. They have, it is said, plenty of cash and propose to spend it. That is good. Nobody objects to that and newspaper men are apt to think that they will have a chance to spend quite a large bank account.

A CASE FOR CHARITY.

A Young Lad Illused by His Brother Sleeps out in the Cold.

Winter came with such startling suddenness this year that very few were prepared for its advent and much inconvenience and discomfort was experienced in consequence. That the change also brought suffering with it there is no doubt and one of the most pitiable tales recorded was that of the twelve year old boy, Harold Shonaman who was turned adrift by his half brother a couple of weeks ago and who until this week has been wandering around all day, picking up a

bite wherever he could get it and sleeping at night in alleyways, barns and outhouses. When the boy was found on Tuesday by officer Lee, his condition was indeed pitiable and the spectacle he presented would move the most hardened to pity. The little fellow looked as if he had not known for a long time what it was to have half enough to eat and the clothing he wore was old and of the most mesgré kind.

Young Shonaman lives with a half brother on Fort Howe but claims he was put out of the house and otherwise ill treated. He may have been disobedient and hard to manage, and probably was, but there can be no excuse for sending a child adrift at this time of year.

The S. P. C. A. was notified, and the matter will be inquired into. In the meantime it would seem that right here at home there are excellent opportunities for those who are charitably inclined and while many good ladies were busy last week preparing luxuries for those who perhaps will not have the time or opportunity to appreciate them properly, a helpless child was staring, right here at home. He is not the only one either and PROGRESS knows of five children who are being fed daily by people who can ill afford to disperse charity, and yet it is quietly and unostentatiously done. That is charity indeed and not one of the many deeds committed in its name.

SOMETHING TO DISBELIEVE.

An Enemy Who Did Her Best to do an Injury.

I am going to tell the readers of PROGRESS a story—a true story—as true as the miserable scandal in it is false. Way it should have originated is known to only one person and she will no doubt regret it before the end.

My friend has a daughter, a bright, beautiful girl, so innocent and loving that it is little wonder that one of the sons of a man we talk about and respect should aspire to her hand. He was accepted, finally, and after months of betrothed happiness the friends of both parties were surprised at the estrangement that arose between them. There was nothing unusual in this all will admit. Young people have a right to change their minds and it is well that this is so, for it is the prevention of much unhappiness afterwards, but, I submit, that because my friend's daughter and her affianced agreed to disagree that it was no reason why their names should have been connected in an offensive manner. It was no reason why when young people—friends of both parties were working together for charity's sake—dread gossip should have entered the circle and started a story that was as injurious as it was false.

I do not state the reason or pretext but the writer—who is neither kin or kind—knowing all the circumstances, may feel it necessary to disclose the motive that originated such a contemptible yarn.

HE WAS ENGLISH YOU KNOW

And He Succeeded in Letting Everyone Know It.

A chappie, one of those genuine sloping faced dudes with everything else but the massive brow and nobly poised head, created quite a little sensation in the Opera house on Tuesday evening last during the performance of "Mikado" by the Robinson company. Not satisfied with the furore he created in coming in late and troubling people with his seating operations, he ogled and gaped about until the curtain went down on the first act. An idea of some sort must have by mischance lodged in his head, for he arose to go out, like so many real men do. But his exit was quite novel, not to say unique. Tossing his nether limbs over the chair backs in college hurdle-racing style, he vaulted, not ungraciously, as many as half a dozen rows of seats. He then merged into the centre aisle, and the lobby was next honored with his presence. The indispensible cigarette soon followed. Up went the curtain and with the company singing, the dude returned. He took another seat and laid out full length with his legs in the aisle. Honors were even between the low comedian behind the footlights and the unconscious fun provoker in the audience and when it came time to leave the theatre he made as much ado about departing as if an emblazoned barouche were awaiting him at the door.

It was whispered the Johnny was from across the water; if so his actions will have to be half forgotten, as these days all Britons look alike to us, for the common causes of the Empire. Nevertheless he was awfully funny, "d'ontcher know."

Captain and Witness.

When PROGRESS went to press the investigation into the treatment of Mr. John McKelvey by Chief Clarke was not ended. It was expected that last night would end it. The case of the plaintiff was closed Wednesday night and some of the evidence of the defence was given. The chief was not on the stand that night but two or three of his officers were and Captain Jenkins as well. The captain seems to have had quite a hand in the affair all through and his evidence under the seductive influence of Mr. Pugsley's examination was somewhat startling.

This time Mr. Pugsley was there. So was Mr. Skinner. Both of these gentlemen are always worth listening to. They do not hesitate to score each other in their pleasant fashion and to any one who knows them well it is as amusing as a play.

When Mr. McKelvey obtained a post mortem of the inquiry he felt that he was at a disadvantage without a lawyer. He was right and when he obtained Mr. Pugsley he found a gentleman who could handle his case. It is no disparagement to him to say that he was not a good witness. He knew his facts and he gave them but he was not content to stop there and sometimes added things that could not be admitted as evidence.

Though PROGRESS has stated the story in a general way, in Mr. McKelvey's own words it is direct and interesting. He testified:

I am a customs official. Remember the night the troops left for Quebec. I was at the depot, going there about 5 o'clock. I drove down there with a friend, and the troops having gone in I entered the station by the door where the hackmen stand. There was an immense crowd of people there. The doors had been opened wide so that the people could get in. I was carried by the people down towards the cars which the troops were to board. I was near the second car. It was a good natured and orderly crowd. I was watching the cars, looking at the men in them, when I heard someone call out to open up and make room. I turned around and saw soldiers coming in. There were a dozen or so of them. I with others shook hands with the soldiers. I knew and wished them Godspeed. My attention was attracted by a man being helped in through a window when I heard some one call out "That's a shame." I looked round and saw the police pulling a man out. The police came along for the purpose of opening up a passage for the troops. The chief was at the head of the men. He acted in an excited way. The crowd surged against the chief and I was pushed against him. The chief came back and one of his heels found a resting place on my toes. I put out one of my hands, placing it on him and told him he had better look out. The chief took hold of me and said: "You get out of the building." I remonstrated saying there was no occasion for this. I said I would not get out of the building, stating that as a citizen I had a right to be there. The crowd surged up and down. I went against the chief and he against me. Then the chief asked where his men were. Two or three of them came along and put me out. The chief had hold of me. One man grabbed me by the shoulder and neck. He used me brutally. I found no fault with the men. The policeman said it wasn't his fault, that he could not help it. I was forced rapidly to the door and out of the building. As I went out a man put his hands up against me. I don't say that I would have fallen but for that, but I was thrown rapidly out. I was not at all excited when the chief caught hold of me.

When Mr. Pugsley asked the witness if there was any occasion for the chief to act so toward him the fun began and Mr. Skinner rose in an indignant manner and protested against such a query. He would not consent to its being put even subject, to objection for, he naively said that such a court was no place for objections; but at any rate the witness succeeded in saying that he knew of no reason save that he had been an applicant for the office of chief of police. Mr. Skinner frowned at this and then Mr. Pugsley blandly suggested that Mr. McKelvey give no more evidence in that direction. The result of which was this statement from the witness:

I know of no reason except what I have told. When I told the chief he had better look out, I meant that he had tramped on my foot. The chief appeared to be very much excited. He acted more like a maniac than a sane man. There was no reason why he should have been so excited. The troops had all passed in before this occurred. The police were pushing the people back on the side of the passage-way opposite to where I stood. I was not treated any differently up to that time from anyone else. The crowd was so dense when I went in that I was carried along with it. I was carried to the place from which the police put me by the pressure of the crowd. I heard the call to make room for the troops, and a dozen or so came in. The police found it a difficult matter to make room for them to get in. I never knew them to have such a hard job. I heard Chief Clarke say, "Keep back; keep back." That was just what the chief should have done. When he tramped on my foot I said, "Hold on, chief." I made the remark because of his having stepped on my foot. I will not say that he did it intentionally; in fact, I don't think that was the case. Then the chief turned round and grabbed me, saying, "You get out of this building. He grabbed me by the shoulders. I tried to reason with him, asserting my right as a citizen to be where I stood. The chief called out "Men, lay hold of him; out with him; out with him." I cannot swear what policeman put me out. I put my hands on the chief and said, "Hold on." I thought the chief and I were friends up to this time. I didn't think there was any ugliness about it until the policemen put me out.

Colonel Markham is a military man and as he was present when the soldiers left he was called by the chief's counsel evidently with the idea of proving that the police were necessary at the station. He spoke of the good natured orderly crowd, but when Officer Crawford went on he differed from the colonel in this respect and said the crowd was not good natured. They were bound to see what was going on and some bad language was used. He described the density of the crowd and saw Mr. McKelvey put out. He even heard him say to the chief, "Stop, chief, I've got a right here."

Officers White and Crawford seemed to agree pretty well and both of them saw McKelvey put out. In fact White, assisted by Jenkins were the men who responded to the chief's call and put him out. The evidence of the captain so far as the ejection was concerned was much the same but Mr. Pugsley went further and asked him about seeing a witness and trying to persuade her not to attend the enquiry.

It seems that Mrs. Earle, the wife of a baker was in the station that day and was put out, and according to her story roughly handled. She said her arms were black and blue and that this was due to the chief's grip upon them. She spoke to Officer Burchill about the matter and asked what she should do. He mentioned the fact that Mr. McKelvey had made a complaint and later on she told him what took place. It also appears that Mr. McKelvey thought of calling her as a witness and that the chief learning of this sent Capt. Jenkins to Mrs. Earle to persuade her to stay home. She says that he used threats to endeavor to make sure that she would stay home, but at the time of writing that is not in evidence. The important and startling fact comes out however that at the request of the chief of police, Capt. Jenkins went to a probable witness of McKelvey's and advised her to remain home.

The introduction of Officer Burchill's name in the business was regretted by his friends who know him as an officer who minds his own business and does his duty in an acceptable manner. The evidence of Capt. Jenkins was very damaging to the chief and did not reflect credit on anybody. He was an easy mark for Dr. Pugsley's cross examination. The chairman Ald. McGoldrick, and the aldermen listened patiently; the rulings were fair and the investigation was finished with much decorum.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo.