

If you wish to be up-to-date you can read no better literature than Munsey, McClure's and Cosmopolitan which we are giving you as a combined premium. Read ad.

PROGRESS.

We would like to know what a lot of you people are thinking about—can't you see the "cinch" in our premium offer?

VOL. XII., NO. 576.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A Thousand Homeless.

"Only in the North End."

These were the words that greeted the fire alarm that sounded between one and two o'clock Thursday by several persons at the head of King Street.

North End fires have never been of a serious nature and when yesterday a second and then a general alarm followed the first warning then there was some hurrying to get to the scene of the conflagration.

Ten minutes after the flames started the outlook was very serious. The fire department did not get to work as quickly as some thought it should and when all the apparatus was working there was not enough water to supply the engines.

The stocks in the warehouses of the Messrs. Nase, Horncastle and the McAlary company were very large. The season of the river boats has just opened and their stores were filled with stock for their orders. When the oil and tar caught in these places it was a forgone conclusion that it was a case of fighting for the homes of those in the near vicinity. There was no chance to save the business houses near the wharves.

What Thursday at noon was a thriving bustling place three hours later was a waste of ashes. The rapidity and fierceness of the conflagration was such that men and women rushed forth from their homes glad to save their lives and nothing else.

In the confusion and terror of the people some forgot those nearest and dearest to them and a few minutes later were hurrying here and there trying to locate their Mothers in two in times forgot their little children only to return to find the home in which they were left being eaten up by the flames. Fortunately in both cases the little ones were rescued though it was a close shave for two of them, as a citizen who had just arrived on the scene went into the house thinking to save some furniture or render some assistance before the flames reached the interior. He heard the cry of a child and running up stairs found two almost infants; with one under each arm he gained the street but just in time for the doorway was on fire.

Steamers lying at their wharves made preparations to leave and it was well they did for it was only a few minutes before all the warehouses were on fire. Clerks rushed here and there trying to get a safe place to put their books and yet not knowing where they would be safe.

Steamers sought refuge in the stream where they found anchor. Woodboats got out of the way with assistance of tugs and saved themselves and their cargoes.

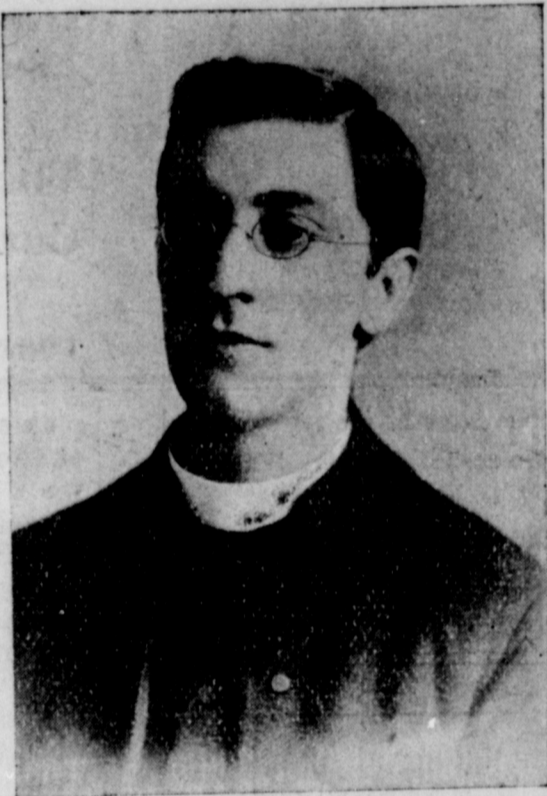
Piles of furniture were heaped upon the street only to be moved again and again as the flames advanced. The number of poor people burned out was large and they were eager to save everything they could of their small belongings. So on the hill side of Marble Cove they at last found a retreat where the fire could not reach them but it was a pitiable sight to see women and children hovering around their furniture, uncertain where to go and what to do as night came on.

Of course there was much anxiety, much sorrow, but it was remarkable to notice the manner in which the people bore their misfortune. The writer met one man whom he knew standing quietly on a side street with his wife and child looking at the progress of the fire. "You live over here don't you?" was the inquiry "We did" was his reply "but everything is gone. No insurance and nothing saved—but thank God I have these left" and he held up his two hands.

There were so many worse off than them. Widows with small children wandered here and there as it were not knowing what to do or where to go. To the credit of all the people there was no lack of willing hands to help them. The men and women too who went to look on remained to work and furniture was removed as by magic. Carpets, pianos and all that went to make a home beautiful were moved and placed upon the slovens sent over from town. The confusion on Main street was indescribable. Thousands of onlookers crowded to the ropes. Fire engines whuffed and panted, once in a while uttering their shrill signal whistles. Coal carts carried to and from the city supplying them with fuel. Women and children rushed toward the city for safety, while salvage corps wagons changed their

bells and drawn by galloping horses added to the general confusion. The heaviest teams in the city all tried to get into one street and there was many a block that could not be broken save by almost endless backing.

This was at Cedar street. Meantime the fire had mounted the hill. The pretty dwellings on top of the rocks on Indiantown hill were heaps of ashes—all except the Jordan house which was saved—no-



REV. MR. EATOUGH.

The Curate of Trinity who Died This Week After an Illness Lasting Since the Death of the Rector—Archdeacon Brigstocke.

body knew how. The heat and flames around it were terrible but though much demolished so far as windows and doors go the house stands scorched but little damaged.

The post office went, too. Old Mr. Brown was moved to a place of safety and his son remained to protect the property as best he could. The letters were saved, but it was a hard sight to see the wonderful collection of postage stamps Mr. Brown had on the walls of his room go with the rest.

Dynamite was resorted to to stop the progress of the fire but the explosions had but little effect on the wooden buildings. Two brick buildings it may be said stopped the flames in their course on Main street. Those were the buildings of Mr. J. E. Cowan, not quite finished and that in which Mr. Myles lived on the opposite side of the street. The Hayford residence went with the rest and an immense pile of firewood and shingles added to the intense heat all night long.

Two women in child labor were hastily removed during the fire and one of them it was reported was in much danger from the shock. Mrs. Mowry, in delicate health, died from heart failure as her house caught fire and the firemen and friends removed her corpse from the house with what furniture they could save.

They led her from the house at one time and cautioned her not to return. Miss Cunard found her way back again and perished before the firemen could reach her.

Many acts of heroism marked the day, but they passed almost unnoticed in the bustle. The chairman of safety Ald. McGoldrick with All. Allan and Macrae were on the spot all the time. So was the mayor and while they did not interfere with the chief of the department they were ready to assist him in any way possible.

Many hundred dollars worth of horse was burned up and one fire engine came near being caught but scores of willing hands pulled it from danger.

A boiler shop on the water front was saved in a curious way. The building next to it was on fire and the firemen were all busy elsewhere. A tug was lying in the stream and the suggestion was made that a line should be thrown about the small burning building and that it should be towed over the wharf. No sooner said than done. The tug took hold, the building went over the wharf and the boiler shop was saved.

From the bluff above where the warehouse of the steamer Star used to be and upon which a brick building stands—practically the only one in that district—the sight was one not to be forgotten. Where the place an hour or two before had been thriving and prosperous nothing but smoking ruins met the eye. There were

some chimneys standing—not many and a safe or two here and there showed itself through the smoking ashes.

Fire, though most dreaded of the elements is truly grand in its awfulness. A PROGRESS representative witnessed the seething and dominating mass of flame as it issued from the Horncastle—McCann—Keast block of buildings. It licked up everything within its reach and far beyond its limits the intense heat caused spontaneous combustion. The Horncastle house also the McCann building with large stores underneath, towered high above the surrounding buildings and have always given to the busy corners of Indiantown a very "towny" and substantial look. When these were wrapped in one unending shroud of yellowish red fire tanned by a gale from a southerly direction, it was a sight long to be remembered, and a few moments never to be forgotten by those who stood near enough to feel their cheeks almost blister in the face of this veritable furnace. Plate glass shrivelled and ran like water into gutters, molten lead from the roofs added to the hellish stream, while less than pigmies were the vigilant firemen and mere toys their screaming engines. The strongest stream of water was frizzled off before it even reached the flames, reminding one more of a perfume spray than a fire-fighting apparatus. The Cunard and McAlary Co. building opposite were in flames, but a few moments later consumed in as quick order, and by this time the blistering heat became so intense that it was unsafe for a person to pass within fifty yards of it.

Could anything withstand the fearful onslaught of the fire fiend! It seemed as if theimps of Satan had mustered for a gala day, and were indeed having it. From Horncastle's store with its gunpowder, cartridges etc., the flames sucked up the large wooded dwellings above it on Main street as far as the Lorne Hotel and there started in at destroying the whole line of dwellings and business places on the other side of the street from C. B. Pidgeon's tailoring store to the public steps at the head of Indiantown Hill. Bridge street with its Court Block of prominent business branches, Robertson's wharf and its large structures on Hammond street, lower Victoria street; running in an easterly direction, lower Metcalf, a parallel street, Victoria Square and Holly street. Nor were the flames checked in this direction until the fields beyond were reached and the waterway leading to Stetson & Cutler's milldam. It was an awful sweep for the fire to make. To the east and south its hungry tongues snapped up many buildings on Kennedy street and along Bridge street.

A constant roar, commingled with the loud cries of firemen, the excited hum of a frenzied populace and sobs of homeless women and children, converted easy going Indiantown into a most unnatural place. Property owners watched the fiery charge with anxious eye, uncertain as to whether it would include their belongings in its bill of fare, and then when a sudden alight of flame darted their way ordered "all hands to" and remove what stock it was possible to move in time. Scarcely succeeded in saving considerable but nearly everybody escaped with merely their books and cash. Goods were removed only to be burned as they lay on the street. Dynamite was used for blowing up buildings in hopes of baffling the scourge, but no gap was too big, nor chasm apparently too wide, for the far-reaching element.

Death, the direst of all calamities, was carried in the wake of the fire and in the burning of old Miss Cunard of Holly street and the young son of Alderman John Keast, the whole disaster takes on the garb of the gruesome. It truly was a remarkable blaze and one to be placed in local archives along with the conflagration of '77 and burning prior to that date. In points of fierceness and speed it would have been hard for any fire to have exceeded it and while the department from all St. John and Fairville too, did their noblest yet the blaze thoroughly satisfied itself before deigning to surrender.

Outside of the fatal phases of the catastrophe many sad sights and incidents might be noted. Marble Cove with its knots of homeless men women and children and their few saved belongings, the dismal clang of the hospital ambulance, fathers arriving from work to find their homes in ashes, comfortable people

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

That Stanley Tragedy.

A shocking tragedy and one which reveals a depth of human depravity occurred recently in Greenhill, near Fredericton, in which Alred Gover took the life of one McLean, in a fit of jealous rage.

The crime occurred last Friday morning just as the first rosy streaks of dawn were appearing in the east, at a time when all good citizens were beginning to dimly realize that a new day with its joys and sorrows was at hand.

Conflicting stories of the causes which led to the event have reached the public, and only one thing seems very positive, that the murder was preceded by a wild all night orgie and debauch on the part of the Gover family and the men who visited them.



GOVER AND HIS WIFE.

The story told is that on Thursday night a number of young men all of unsavory reputation repaired to the home of Alfred Gover carrying with them their own welcome in the shape of a plentiful supply of liquor. This was not only for the special delectation of Mr. Gover but for his better half who seems to have no been over scrupulous in any direction.

It was somewhere near midnight when Mrs. Gover decided that she had had enough of male society and the ardent for the night, and so repaired to her room leaving the men in the kitchen.

They were "Major" McLean, the murdered man, Charles McGivney, Clark Sutherland, "Bub" McNeil and James Malone. About half past twelve the men left for their homes, Gover himself at that time being in the best of good humor and speeding the departing friends with all sorts of good cheer.

McLean seems to have been the uneasy one of the party, for an hour after taking his departure he was back again at the Gover house seeking admission for the night. According to the primitive habits of the natives the kitchen door was on the jar, and after entering the house McLean went direct to his host's bedroom and asked to be allowed to share his bed for the night.

The permission was readily granted and the two men conversed for some time in the most friendly manner.

It was sometime after daylight when Gover got up and went to the barn to feed the stock. A few minutes later McLean also left the room and proceeded to the one occupied by Mrs. Gover. For what object he went will never now be known. Never probably will the entire truth of what followed. Mrs. Gover contends that McLeans visit to her apartment was solely for the purpose of offering her a glass of liquor before leaving her home. Mr. Gover says that when he returned and missed McLean he went to his wife's room where he found McLean occupying the same bed.

The truth of this would seem to be borne out by the story of a little girl, Mabel Logan, who was spending the night with a member of the Gover family and who says she heard Mr. Gover upon his return call out several times to be let in to the room, which would of course give the impression that the door was fastened on the inside.

Gover by this time had worked himself into a fit of ungovernable fury which nothing but blood would appease.

He hastened to the kitchen and there procuring a large butcher knife returned to the room occupied by his alleged

faithless spouse and McLean. By this time the former had decided that discretion was the better part of valor and made a hasty exit from the room, going to that occupied by her children and from there jumping out of a window to a sled below. In her rapid flight to the ground her ankles were sprained which for the time being settled one of the principal actors in the domestic tragedy. In the meantime Gover had returned and finding McLean still in the room called out "I'll kill you, I'll kill you," to which the latter fearlessly replied "Oh, no you won't." But the next moment the children in the adjoining room heard a cry of distress and the words, "I'm killed, I'm killed" echoing through the house, followed by a heavy fall. Then the infuriated husband started out to find his wife and according to the story of a married daughter who lived at home, was brandishing the the knife over the prostrate woman when she and others arrived on the scene and succeeded in getting the knife away from him.

Mrs. Thomas the married daughter referred to was separated from her husband and with two children was living at home with her parents. She does not seem to have the most spotless of reputations, and it is even said that on the night of the murder "Bub" McNeil was an inmate of her apartments, which accounts for the fact that he was the first on the scene. He has since disappeared from view, fearing no doubt that he would be called as a witness against Gover. Mrs. Thomas made an effort to shield her mother from blame by talking freely of her father's ungovernable temper, and recounting instances of attempted murder on his part and of times when he had to be tied hand and foot to prevent his killing members of his family. The people of the vicinity speak of Mr. Gover on the other hand as quiet and inoffensive and say that Mrs. Gover was the one in the family who ran things to suit herself, giving the old man very little show. When he found employment in the neighborhood she used to collect his wages most of which went for drink. The house seemed to be the meeting place for the toughs of the village.

For an hour or two after his crime Mr. Gover went about his duties, and then went and gave himself to the authorities remarking as he left his home that he had lived all his life in hell and the real place couldn't be much worse. He was taken to Fredericton and his examination took place the first of the week when the coroner's jury returned a most extraordinary verdict which was that McLean "came to his death by a stab in the heart from a knife in the hands of some one." It would be interesting to know what their idea was in doing this for certainly there doesn't seem to be much doubt as to whose hand gave the death blow. The verdict at least has the all distinction which originality can give.

The unfortunate victim of the tragedy was about forty eight years of age and unmarried. He was born at Lake George but when three years old came to Greenhill where he has since resided with an uncle and aunt; apart from his love of strong drink he seems to have been a quiet enough fellow and was liked by the people of the settlement.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$400 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

Going to Get a New Bicycle Suit?

Yours only wants cleaning or dyeing. Send it to UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING & CARPET CLEANING WORKS, Waterloo street, Phone 58.