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MONEY TAKES WINGS.

How One Portion of the Charity Moore Fortune of Fredericton is Said to Have Been Spent.

FREDERICTON, N. B. July 26.—With- in the last few weeks the people of Fredericton have been talking more or less of the strange actions of a certain young married woman, an indirect beneficiary of the Charity Moore fortune—that sudden and unexpected wealth which arrived at the capital some eight years ago—and even yet the financial straits of this young woman and some of her relatives is town talk. The sudden rise of the Charity Moore heirs in Fredericton from very moderate circumstances to exceeding comfort and luxury caused a furore in the Celestial city a few years ago, and ever since the people have naturally been interested in the prosperity of the families benefitted by the big inflow of money. It might not here be amiss to give a brief outline of history of the fortune as it came to these people.

There died at Fredericton on the 18th of October 1893 an old lady who had the distinction of being New Brunswick's first millionairess. Mrs. Charity Moore, as she was known, had a life which embraced both very meagre means and affluence. She was born in Belfast Ireland in 1810. Her parents were rich. Mr. Carlisle, her father, was a gentleman farmer and one of the richest linen weavers in that country. His daughter had all the advantages which wealth afforded, and her home life, till she became acquainted with James Moore, was pleasant as a summer stream flowing through smiling meadows.

Mr. Carlisle's mills, one at Belfast and the other at Brooklyn, employed many hands, among which were some fine fellows and it is not strange that instead of marrying a rich farmer of the neighborhood, Charity Moore should wed the man of her choice James Moore, though he was not largely blessed with this world's goods. They were married and as the father had not been consulted he did not present the bride with a very large dowry, and after her first child was born Mrs. Moore resolved with her husband to cross to America where money was supposed to be plenty. Nothing could be said against James Moore, he was an honest upright farmer and a man who after his arrival in this country made a host of friends.

After a few days residence near St. John Mr. Moore and family removed to Sheffield, thence to Fredericton Junction after thirty years had been spent in the pretty little river hamlet. The family was now considerably larger than when Sheffield was chosen as a home. At that place John, Robert, Thomas, Mary Ann, Edward Sarah, Isabel and Christine were born. Two other children died in childhood. At Fredericton Junction Mr. Moore and his boys engaged in farming and got out lumber in winter. They were all willing to work and their home was just as cosy and dear to them as the average farmhouse, although worldly good were not overly plentiful. Little did any of the household imagine that a letter was then on its way from Ireland which was to lift them from their struggling existence to positions of peace and plenty. But such was the fact.

Fairworth & Jardine, lumber agents in Liverpool, heard of the search being made for Charity Carlisle, or Charity Moore, and through them a letter was sent to Sheffield, the old home of the family. Mr. Alex Gibson, the lumber king, it may be said, knew of the Moores, as John and Edward had worked for him. The glad tidings reached Sheffield and soon it found its destination at Fredericton Junction. The sensation the reading of the joyous missive created can well be surmised. Picture to yourself the large family drawn up around the mother, the father was dead at this time, as she told them that her brother had died in Ireland leaving her all his property worth \$400,000 yearly to her.

There were doubts mingled with joy. They might not be the people named. True their mother was Charity Carlisle and had a father and brother linen makers in Belfast, but that was years ago. Such were the thoughts expressed by the family. It was then decided that Edward should go to Belfast and carry proofs of his mother's

identity and to investigate the fortune. Establishing the family's claim was not at all a difficult matter, so the property was made secure for Mrs. Moore.

The immense amount of money now handed over to the aged Mrs. Moore was sub-divided in equitable shares among her children soon after her death. Mrs. Fraser of Fredericton received what was due her which was quite a snug yearly income, and it is alleged the lavish expenditure of these funds that brought about the present straightened circumstances of this branch of the Moore family. Mrs. Fraser's daughter, Mrs. William Dunbar, went with her husband to live with her monied mother. A beautiful residence at the southern end of town was erected for the combined households at a cost said to be \$18,000. Nothing was spared in its erection, neither design, elegance or individuality. Several of the apartments were made particularly gorgeous, many of the details of construction being most intricate and costly. Only a short while ago this palace was sold at public auction to satisfy a mortgage and brought merely \$5,000, although it was only four years old, and as good as ever.

A few years of wealth and affluence made great changes in the Fraser home. Naturally the very best of everything was available from a financial standpoint, and indeed nothing was ever wanted. A son, James Fraser, was sent to Mount Allison University, and later married a very prepossessing young lady, who came to live with her husband's people in Fredericton. Since her marriage she is said to have been more or less entangled in the financial complications of the family, often to a sad degree.

The business men of Fredericton have some queer tales to tell of one of the members of this household, especially as to her modes of raising funds. Some are said to have even alleged forgery. It seems that she had so far overstepped her financial abilities as to become deeply involved with various people. In fact the whole household are said to be greatly debt-burdened. Judgement for a \$200 millinery bill, is one instance. Although the yearly income was still being received it seemed far from sufficient to meet the pressing demands of a host of creditors.

Some really curious paper was tried to be



MRS. CHARITY MOORE.

floats through the banks, it is said, and several front street merchants make no bones in telling how they were approached with reference to cashing other suspicious notes. Of course this all common talk and PROGRESS forbears from referring any further to this phase of the matter, although investigations were made.

On Monday last the furniture was removed from the big Fraser house, and it seemed as if the creditors were bent on doing something desperate. Those merchants who are said to be "scorched" are highly incensed with the actions of their debtors, whom they claim refused to pay when their money was plenty, indeed would have considered it an insult if asked to settle, and who now are unable to do so, through overwhelming liabilities.

There are said to be a whole lot of little side incidents in connection with the winged flight of the money in question which would take the breath from a person of ordinary means. At anyrate the whole story seems to be public property in the town of Celestials, and PROGRESS has only

briefly outlined the allegations and vouchers for statements made.

To cap the climax it was reported about ten days ago that one of the members of the Fraser household attempted suicide by wading beyond her depth in the river. This, some put down as pure rumors, but others assert a man says he prevented the suicide.

The rapid rise of the Charity Moore heirs above referred to, their lavish living and financial downfall has been the chatter of chatterbox Fredericton for weeks. The daily papers up there have hinted at queer paper float and other such phases of the case, so that a knowledge of the inside facts is pretty general.

Honduras Lottery Still at it Here.

At the last drawing of the Honduras Lottery, that famous concern with which

THE WHITTAKER FORGERY CASE:

A facsimile of the real and forged signature of Mr. N. C. Scott as produced in the police court. The real signature is the first.

N C Scott
N C Scott

the famous Mackay episode occurred, it is said several St. John people drew some snug sums. A young man working in the Country Market is said to have won \$500, and quite a number of others were successful in extracting five, tens, twenties and fifties. Still the Chinese are not allowed to play a quiet game among themselves.

The Baby Mystery.

The "baby mystery" has become something of a chestnut. There is a good deal of jocularity about the affair and without a view of seriousness. The mother is not unknown and a fair idea is prevalent of the other party most interested. The mistake appears to have been that the child was left on the wrong doorstep—a public institution being the place, the police say, it was intended for. The exposure has done much good and there will be more care exercised in the future by those who find themselves in such a difficulty.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

PAGE 1.—Another big budget of exclusive local matters, pertaining to St. John, Fredericton and other sisterly cities.

PAGE 2.—Jags That Make Manics—telling of the maddening drinks of times indulged in. General miscellany.

PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.

PAGE 4.—Editorial, Poetry, Joys and Woos of Other Places. And a lot of bright local matter.

PAGES 5, 6, 7, 8.—Social items from all over the three provinces.

The city personal column include a full account of Thursday's garden party at Mr. Codner's with names of those present etc.

PAGE 9.—Town Tales, including: A Motorist's Job no Soft Soap. Its "Empire" Nowadays not "Umpire." Thought Gov. Roosevelt was in Town.

A Face Slapping Affair in Fredericton. Fredericton Paardebergers before a Camera.

The Seeds Triplets of Queen street. It Made Local Pool Players Stand Aghast. The Gardens in the Park. A Fact About Sausages not generally known.

PAGES 10 and 11.—A new two instalment serial, "Wild Darrell of Dare."

PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading, including a goody-goody story, "A Lad of Mettle."

PAGE 12.—Adventures of an Aged Indian Hunter.

PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir, Fashions fancies from all the big style centres.

PAGE 14.—Russia's Great War Exhibit at Paris.

PAGE 15.—"Acy Little 'Un"—A real good Western story about a horse. Deaths, Births and Marriages of the week all over the Maritime Provinces.

Talked About in the City.

Topics That Are Discussed From Day to Day on the Streets— A Whole Lot of Funny Incidents This Week.

Here are two new stories about the irrepressible Price Webber, who like the Sphinx of Egypt weathers each succeeding generation with wonderful soundness of mind and constitution. Price is now in town and as PROGRESS saw him walking home to tea with Alderman Seaton, his old foreman, the other evening it was hard to tell them apart. Of course the alderman's hair is a little nearer the color of Mount Blanc and his frame a shade longer, but

C. P. R. and leaves St. John at 7.15 local time furnishing music at the races while at the border. The train is advertised to return at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the tickets which are good to return the next day, have been placed at \$1.50.

A King Square "Garden Party."

PROGRESS has received a most amusing description of a 'garden party' at the Grand Central Hotel one evening this week. Just why the affair was called a 'garden party' is not quite clear but no doubt the proximity of Kings square may explain that away. According to the correspondent the gathering was quite impromptu and for that reason was the more enjoyable. The guests took their own refreshments and the music it may be assumed was also provided by them. The market contingent turned out particularly strong and it was a close contest for popularity between the happily known junior and his friend "Con." The party who christened Doey "the elevator boy" must have been in a pleasant frame of mind. An ex-policeman was an interested spectator and his neighbors in the same business, looked on with him. The floor manager was right in his element and even when the fun stopped kept it up on his own account and it is rumored had some slight difference with the police. The affair could not be considered in the light of a house warning since the auctioneer had been in evidence in the afternoon but called by any name, "garden party" or any old thing it seemed to have pleased those present.

Celestial City's Wonderful Bicycleist.

There is a well-known young man up in Fredericton who is somewhat of a wonder as a bicyclist. Not only does he carry one empty sleeve, but he is unfortunately possessed of a wooden leg. Still he speeds along on his silent steed as if he were complete in every part of his anatomy. To strangers in town this young man is somewhat of a phenomenon, but by this time the people living up there are quite used to seeing him.

Too Pretty a Uniform for the Klondike.

The returned Klondike soldiers are rivalling the Paardeberg heroes at Fredericton in popularity, not because they captured any Cronjes or Bothas, but on account of their very nobby uniform. With heavy tan boots laced up almost to the knees, navy blue riding breeches, scarlet tunic and rough rider hats, they look handsome. Their belts and other accoutrements add greatly to the general nattiness and gaiety of the outfit.

Fredericton's Wandering Cows.

The people up in Fredericton have a new grievance. Ever since the enterprising Tourist Association requested the people to remove the fences from in front of their pretty houses and lawns, the cows of the community have held high carnival. Instead of grazing in their accustomed pastures on the outskirts of the town, or in their own backyards, these frolicsome kine meander up and down the prettily shaded streets and eat to their heart's content of the good things they find in the many vegetable gardens, not to mention the damage they do flower beds, well-kept hedges and velvety lawns. You can almost discern a merry twinkle in their eyes as they slowly but designatedly wander toward some succulent patch. Such a snap they never dreamed of, and in cowdom nowadays the "happy hunting ground" is Fredericton, so the efforts of the Tourist Association in having that place advertised have not been wholly in vain. The authorities have been interviewed on the subject of bovine invasion, and all the satisfaction the people can get from them is this: secure the cow, find its owner and lay a formal complaint. Some citizens are suggesting the importation of a wild western cowboy to round up the wandering herd once or twice a day, but as yet the people have not altogether caught on to the idea. Some however have stuck out this warning:

.....
"Any Cow Found on these Premises ..
..... Will be Severely Milked ..
.....

otherwise the erstwhile printer's imp has grown to greatly resemble his old boss in Day's establishment.

Coming down from Fredericton Junction on the train the other evening a small boy passenger soon after he got aboard, commenced the usual round of questions, which are so indispensable to paragraphers on the funny papers. It was not many minutes before his watchful gaze was directed towards the trowly head of the only Price, as it lay resting on the top of the third seat ahead like the sun just peeping above the horizon. The youngster was not so young that he could not remember pictures, so he startled his father with,

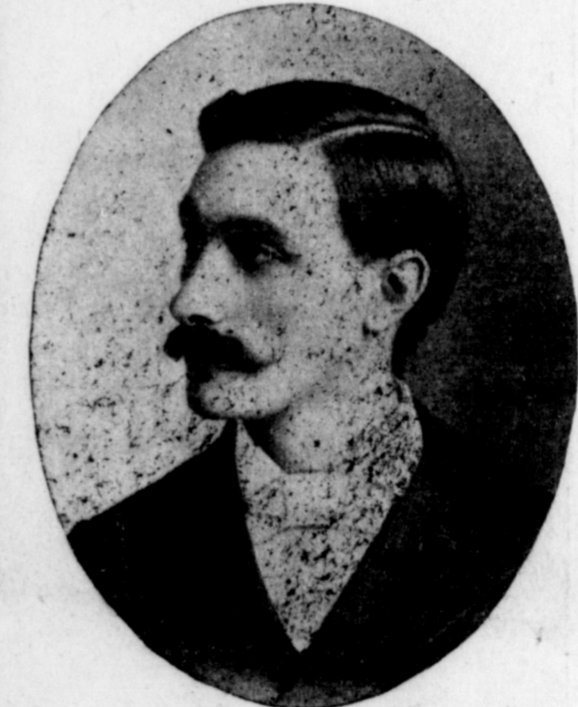
"Papa, there's Mr. Laurier in that seat ahead, ain't it?"

His father looked and was about to agree with his observant progeny when the ever-awake comedian "rubbered" around and smiled his own special blend of smile, which differed somewhat from the Ottawa premier, although quite as bland. The luxuriant side locks were there, but they didn't belong to Laurier.

Another funny thing into which Mr. Webber's name was dragged occurred in an evening newspaper office, where a brand new reporter hearing the rest of the staff talking of Price Webber in a familiar way said,

"Oh, yes, that's the evangelist. Why I know him, I saw him up home."

"Well then," said the city editor," you



REV. J. C. B. APPEL.

Pastor N. E. Christian Church—(See Page Eight.)

go out and interview him on the number of souls he has saved since his last visit here. He'll treat you right."

The new reporter went straightway to hunt up his man, and after finding him was led into the paths of rectitude by the "evangelist" who laughed until his mezzotone voice almost cracked.

A Good Time at the Border.

When Mr. J. M. Johnson was in St. John there was always good race meetings, frequently, it must be said at a loss to him. Now that he is on the border St. Stephen and Calais are getting the benefit of his enterprise. Next Wednesday is the first day of August and the Calais races are on. The 2 19 class has choice entries, ten starters being named and there are nine in the 2 30 class. The 62nd Fusiliers band has an excursion going by the