

## PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

## OUR BRITISH FAIR PLAY.

British justice is something we Canadians are apt to boast of, to take pride in, and to think that, on this side of the ocean at least, we have a monopoly of the article. Sometimes we get a shock but our belief in the tradition remains unshaken all the same.

In our own city within a short time there have been two kinds of British justice and those who know all the circumstances are not inclined to think that much judgment was used in one case at least. An information was made against a prominent citizen charging him with a most serious crime. The information was sworn to, the warrant was made out and the arrest was made. Every precaution was taken to keep the affair a secret. Nothing was placed upon the books of record, the press could learn but little and that unofficial, the accused was given the most comfortable quarters possible off the guard room; in fact everything was done to guarantee the custody of a citizen who though charged with a crime was not yet proven guilty. This was well enough. No one could find any fault with the kindness shown to a gentleman who had for many years had the respect of his associates.

But another case came up. Some months ago a young man came to St. John from Nova Scotia. He was from quite as good a family there as our own citizen is here. He was doing business here and so far as is known behaved himself. A telegram comes from the chief of police of another city saying that a warrant is out for his arrest and asking that he be detained. He did not have any intention of going away as he was in his office when called upon. He was told he was under arrest but for what the officer could not say. He asked to see the warrant but there was none; might was right and discretion the better part of valor. He went with the officer who took him to the police station and promptly placed his name upon the books. That night he was placed in one of the cells in the basement where drunkards and criminals are confined, where the stretch is such that no decent man could remain without the greatest physical discomfort. He remained there until morning and was then brought before the judge and placed upon the drunkard's bench. There was a hardened looking wretch alongside of him, but that was nothing in the eyes of the officers; that was British justice. Then the judge told him that he had no business to be locked up; that, while the police were quite right in keeping him under surveillance he need not have submitted to be locked up and would not have been had he applied to him.

The question that seems to arise from this is do the police treat one man differently from another? Had not the Nova Scotian the same right to be treated decently as the St. John man? Both were under suspicion with this difference that the St. John man was arrested on a warrant while the Nova Scotian was held on a warrant said to be on its way, issued out another court, and of no value here until backed by the judge of the court. Is this British fair play? We say not and are confident that the great majority of people will agree with us.

## VIEWS OF A SUBSCRIBER.

PROGRESS has received the following letter:

I think you are so kind to keep FRED WHITTAKER'S name out of the PROGRESS—for he is such a nice honest young man and his father is so

honest too. FRED did nothing that was low or dishonest; he only took fifty or sixty thousand dollars that did not belong to him, but he is so nice and respectable—but I was so glad you put that woman in the paper that smashed the window in that elegant house, you done right to expose her; she ought to have been put in the penitentiary for life and you did right to put it in your paper; I wish you had put her name for she done a terrible crime and I hope you will look after people like her and don't say anything about nice respectable people like FRED.

Somewhat sarcastic, is it not? "Subscriber" assumes that PROGRESS knew all about the WHITTAKER business Thursday night a week ago while as a matter of fact so little was known that it was dangerous for any newspaper to speak of what was not surely known. The first paragraph about the matter appeared in the daily papers of the next Tuesday, so the accusation of "Subscriber" falls to the ground. The letter is anonymous and is perhaps not worth attention but for the fact that reference is made to another incident in which a woman figured as a window smasher. Now, with all due respect to "Subscriber," whose identity it might not be difficult to guess, we contend that the window smashing incident was a good piece of news and that PROGRESS was fortunate in being able to secure the exclusive publication of it. It is quite true that the owners of the window and the property offered a reward for the discovery of the culprit and it is surely said that they paid the amount when the information was given. Was not this a fair item of news? We cannot however agree with Subscriber when he, or she, says that the woman ought to be put in the penitentiary for life for breaking the window. That would be too severe and there are other and more effective ways of punishment which it is not necessary to mention here.

In conclusion, Subscriber, don't be a fool again and rush into print, and when the passion for anonymous letters comes over you learn to use a typewriter—the handwriting of a person often reveals his character.

The question of the reduction of newspaper postage is again before Parliament and there has been much discussion over it. Since it was imposed the newspapers have been under extraordinary expense. The price of paper has advanced 25 per cent. Material of all kinds is higher in price while the cost of the power that drives the printing presses is nearly twice as great as it was. It would seem an opportune time to abolish newspaper postage.

The St. John Electric Light company tendered for the lighting of the city this week, and offered to furnish the North End lights for \$75 a year while they want \$85 for the South End. Why is this? It is because the city has an electric light plant in the North End. The committee to which the tenders were referred should inquire into the reason of the difference.

## THEY HAD A GOOD TIME—NIT!

How The Police-men's Moonlight Excursion Was Spoiled by an Over Cautious Captain

Capt. Taylor of the David Weston was the recipient of many left handed compliments Monday evening when, with Green Head light in plain view and in but a medium fog he anchored his boat and kept between two and three hundred people who had attended the policemen's moonlight excursion, out all night. Caution is all right but a little judgment is a good thing too. The sail up the river was splendid and everyone was happy until the anchor dropped. Then consternation reigned. "What will I do" said one woman who it was learned had left her happy home for an hour or two to chat with a friend. "I see your finish" said a pert young thing as she made a dive for a soit corner with a soffer fellow. There was a rush for good positions. Chairs were used for pillows, tables for beds and benches for lounges. The top of the furnace was a cosy warm spot for the soiled small boy. Nice white starched dresses became limp and bedraggled and later in the evening one young lady was discovered in her despair trying to recur her dampened locks with borrowed curling tongs. The C. C. band, though they knew they were booked for Silver Falls on the next afternoon, seemed happy and contented. There was little to drink and less to eat but anybody who was fortunate shared with his neighbor. Ice cream and psanuts had a hard time of it when midnight arrived and the crowd resolved to have as good a time as possible. Songs and stories followed. The Harmony club was in evidence and the famous (locally) female impersonator, James Mahony, furnished fun for many of the crowd. The seven or eight policemen had nothing to do but attend to their wives or sweethearts; in fact this latter duty took up the attention of a large number of those on board. Restraint was thrown to the wind and as the night advanced sleepy heads with uncurled bangs were pillowed upon the manly breasts of their attendants.

And then the walk from Indiantown in the early dawn was something to remember the excursion by. Truly everybody had a great time—but they won't go again.

## A DOG KILLER ABOUT TOWN.

Over 26 Household Pets Have been Slain Since Spring.

A mysterious dog killer has been at work lately plying his death dealing trade, or amusement, in the northern end of town. His last victim was a valuable black spaniel belonging to Roy Kincaide of Indiantown. It was found on Thursday morning lying in an alley with its neck broken. There were no scars no marks about it, but evidence of having been kicked under the chin. The killing took place between 1 and 4 o'clock a. m. as the canine was seen alive before the former hour. This does away with the supposition that the cars or a team had injured it. The dog was a kind, affectionate brute, and of no trouble to the neighbourhood, and no reason can be assigned for its removal.

Charles Huggard of Main street, Indiantown, has a dog which is gradually recovering from a dose of poison administered by an unknown person. In fact since the spring and summer has set in no less than twenty-six dogs have come to untimely ends through shady circumstances. It seems as though an organized attempt is being made to kill off all these household pets. The poisoning of the Wilson brother's valuable hounds is still a mystery. Should not the police or S. P. C. A. take a hand in trying to track down these inhuman slayers. Most of the dogs so far killed have been licensed, and can claim the protection of the law.

A strange acting man, big and burly and wearing a tight-fitting cap is suspected of being the dog murderer in Indiantown. He has been lurking around in the back yards of Main and Metcalf streets for over a week now.

## A NORTH END HUSBAND.

Objects to His Wife Calling after Church—A Family Scene and the Police.

"Help! police! father's beating mother!" is what Officer Covay heard shouted into the silence of Sunday night last about 10:30 o'clock in the vicinity of the Baptist church on Main street. He hustled in the direction the female voice came from, and located it in a highly respectable home, where the enraged head of the house was in truth trying to come the Czar of Russia over all within his hearing.

"I'm boss here yet awhile!" he thundered, "and will have no persons entering my house at this hour of night!"

The officer explained that it was not so very late, and even if it was, he had no right to disturb the peace of the neighborhood, or abuse his better half. Then the frightened daughter cried and told that she and her mother had made a few calls after church and coming home found all the doors locked. They climbed through the window, and then the toiled father got high. He went so far as to beat his wife, and the daughter sought aid.

In the scenes which followed the daughter was ordered from the house forever, and some really excitable things said. Now that the neighbors have heard of the family jar they all sympathize with the woman who is afflicted with such a piggy-minded husband, not to say jealous, and they pity also the daughter.

## The Poor Gambling Outnamen.

The poor heathen Chinese is in disgrace. He was caught playing fan-tan or some other game for a few coppers last Sunday and he and his chums had to pay \$40 to the city as a fine. A good many people have laughed over the activity of the police and while they have no affection for John Chinaman they have an idea that there are some people nearer home playing for dollars every night while the orientals gambled for cents. Gambling is not an unknown vice in St. John but it does not prevail to any great extent. Nevertheless much the same kind of a game so far as cash went was going on during the moonlight excursion of the policemen and nothing was said. Capt. Jenkins and his squad thought no doubt that the boys were not doing much harm by losing or gaining a few coppers while the boat waited in the fog and they said nothing. But the Chinamen can't do these things. Poor John! What an idea he must have of British justice.

## Editor O'Brien Was Active.

Editor Timothy O'Brien of the Monitor was an active man early in the week. He had the laudable idea of doing full honor to the distinguished delegate, Mgr. Falconio and so on that bright Monday morning he determined that all the bunting he could persuade should float to the breeze. He started out down King Street and by pointing out the fact that flags were waving to the kindly breeze succeeded in calling the attention of many merchants to the fact that they were behind the times. Consequently the flags increased. The city authorities failed to respond and the newspapers were singularly negligent. But all the same Mr. O'Brien got in some good work and no doubt will get due credit for the same.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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## FIFTY THOUSAND GONE.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

to his lawyer. The Nova Scotian witnesses having given their evidence the accused was remanded until this morning when the examination will be resumed.

The rumors placing the amount of forged paper at \$51,000 appear to be well founded. So far as PROGRESS can gather the amount is divided as follows:

Bank of New Brunswick	\$25,000
Bank of Nova Scotia	\$7,000
Union Bank of Halifax	\$19,000

The amount of the notes shown in the court on Wednesday was about \$3,500 but there are others to come. At one time the Bank of Nova Scotia did not think it was interested but since then it is understood that it is. The Union Bank of Halifax it appears has for one of its directors a brother in law of Mr. Whittaker and, so the story goes, upon his introduction the firm opened an account there. Their liability upon names said to have been forged is alleged to be \$19,000. The Bank of New Brunswick is the heaviest loser. Ms. Whittaker kept his principal account there and of course did most of his discounting in this institution.

Whether the charge of forgery can be proved or not, the fact remains that the papers passed through his account and were endorsed by him. The wonder of his friends is why it was necessary for him to use such an amount of money and what became of it. Mr. Whittaker has always been known as the quietest of men, industrious and methodical. That he was interested with the late Mr. C. A. Palmer and the Ossekeeg Stamping Company was well known but nothing more. Now it is stated by his friends that his business connection with the former cost him \$11,000 and that he has \$25,000 in the Ossekeeg Stamping company and beside that has a credit of \$8000 loaned money on the books of that concern. Other relations they also say cost him a great deal of money and these all together may account in a measure for the expenditure of the large sums as noted above.

The stories set afloat to account for the money Mr. Whittaker is alleged to have received on these forged notes are in many instances highly improbable. A deceased brother of the accused has been blamed for using much of the money needed to keep the firm afloat but this is indignantly repudiated by those who knew J. F. Whittaker well. He was one of the firm here some years ago and was in it when the Phoenix Insurance company found fault with the management of its affairs and as a result came down upon the firm for a considerable amount in premiums. Much of his property, if not all, it went to satisfy the claim. F. S. Whittaker was a member of the firm at that time. Then came the North Queensland trouble. A large amount in premiums was due this excellent company and in the end, failing to get a settlement, the London agent was sent to St. John to arrange the matter. After much difficulty the Queensland got notes from Mr. F. S. Whittaker endorsed by the late Charles A. Palmer and went away. One or two of these notes were paid and then the maker and endorser refused to pay. No doubt it was because they could not but they claimed that the North Queensland had broken its agreement by sending the notes through the Bank of New Brunswick for collection. On this ground—that his credit had been injured by this course—Mr. Whittaker started a suit against the North Queensland and those who have read the Circuit Court dockets for years past must remember the entry, "Whittaker vs the North Queensland Insurance Co." The claim was for \$15,000 damages. The insurance company did not sue the notes because it seemed like throwing good money after a poor account. So the matter stood at the time of Mr. Palmer's death.

Mr. Whittaker was next in the Universal Marine Insurance company. He obtained one large shareholder's stock for a nominal sum, but there was a large amount due upon it in unpaid calls and that under the winding up act would be a first claim upon anything that he had. This company was wound up and since then Mr. Whittaker has represented the Merchant's Insurance company of Bangor, a good concern and one well liked by

shipping people.

In spite of all these circumstances Mr. Whittaker seems to have stood well enough with bank managers to make them depart somewhat from their usual methods of doing business. When policies are issued for a year on bulls the custom is for the company to get a six months' note for the amount. The note is usually made out payable to the company and is forwarded by the agent to the head office. It is not discounted but held and sent forward for collection. To think of an agent only getting from five to seven and a half per cent commission, discounting a six months note, paying at least three per cent for it and assuming the responsibility of the obligation being met is something out of the usual course. Yet the banks seem to have been willing to accept these notes made payable to the agent instead of the company and to have discounted them freely.

Mr. Whittaker was associated with his brother in the hardware business on King Street succeeding Sheraton & Whittaker. Mr. C. A. Palmer was a special partner to the extent of \$10,000. This concern was wound up and the manufacturing business at Hampton was the outcome. A larger amount of money than it was dreamed the plant would cost was required and the friends of all the parties, believing in the ultimate success of the enterprise contributed their share. Mr. Whittaker seems to have paid there in one way or another between thirty and forty thousand dollars.

"There is more forged paper afloat than you have any idea of" said a business man to PROGRESS one day this week, when talking about the Whittaker case.

"What do you mean? Surely not with the knowledge of the bank managers" was the reply.

"Not with their actual knowledge perhaps" answered the gentleman "but certainly with their suspicion. They know it will be looked after and if the amount is not large it goes."

The man who made this statement knew what he was talking about no doubt. Not long afterward a man who is well to do and much in the eyes of the people told the writer how his name had been forged but a short time ago. One day he received a notice from a broker that his note would fall due on a certain date. He knew he had not given such a note but he went to the private banker and requested to see the piece of paper. Sure enough his name was there but he said the imitation was a poor one. With the remark that the signature was not his he left the office and that was the last he heard of the matter.

A similar story was told PROGRESS by a professional man who lost between one and two hundred dollars as a result of his experience. The imitation to his signature was almost perfect and the forger had skipped out. Rather than expose the family he paid the amount upon the promise of future settlement.

These stories are not uncommon now and they revive the history of former forgery cases in St. John. James Robinson is perhaps the most recent. He was brought back from Mexico after a sensational escape and got a sentence of five years for his forgeries. He only served three and got clear with the aid of good conduct and a petition. The Bank of New Brunswick has not been a sufferer in this respect since the days of Melick who got a more severe sentence. Since then they have adopted the system of notifying people outside of the city when their names appear on a discounted note either as maker or endorser.

## The Course of True Love Etc.

Good looking Miss May Donovan of Carleton got a lot of free advertising this week when the report was published of how she insisted on a recalcitrant suitor giving her a drive even though she was thrown down by the wheel and got her face scratched in the attempt. She said next night in the same paper that the report wasn't true but that the young man, Mr. Hunter Brittain, had asked her to go for a drive and that when getting into the carriage she had tripped and fallen. This seems to be the reasonable view since the young couple have been observed bicycling together and enjoying themselves as they used to. Both of them however can console themselves with the adage "The course of true love never did run smooth" though agreeing that the only time they might wish to see their names in the papers would be when they met the clergyman and started on the journey of life together.

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