

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 681

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY OCTOBER 19, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR KING OF THE FUTURE.

Who will say that the people of St. John did not do justice to themselves, to their sovereign and his successor, to the gracious duchess and all who accompanied her on the Thursday and Friday of this week?

Not one can be found who will say that men, women and children did not do all that was expected of them.

From early morn until late on Thursday night there was an ever gathering crowd of eight seers. They represented every section, every part of the populace, every man who had an hour to spare and a cent to spend.

To speak of the arches, the reception, the glorious holiday features, space is not permitted but the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded.

The City's Address.

The city of Saint John, which, in its infancy, more than a century ago, received the Duke of Kent, an ancestor of Your Royal Highness, which nearly half a century ago greeted his present Majesty the King; and which has on several other occasions been honored by visits from members of the royal family, today extends a hearty and loyal welcome to Your Royal Highness and Your Distinguished Consort.

We would remind Your Royal Highness that our city was founded by a band of devoted people, who endured great hardships that they might testify their faith in and loyalty to British institutions by perpetuating them upon this continent. It is therefore with peculiar interest that we see Your Royal Highness today, not only as the heir apparent to the throne, but as a representative of that political system which guarantees throughout the world that the hand of oppression shall never be laid with impunity upon a British subject.

We rejoice at the enthusiasm which has been evoked by your progress throughout His Majesty's Dominions which have lately been so closely drawn together by the exigencies of war. Everywhere you have seen evidences of that material success which distinguishes our race and every where you have received a willing homage. To this we gladly add our tribute and the hope that the journey through life of your Royal Highness and Your Royal Consort may be as pleasant and as happy as the progress among the people of the Empire.

The Duke's Reply.

The Duchess and I sincerely thank the people of New Brunswick, who, through the addresses which have now been presented, offer us a hearty welcome to the province.

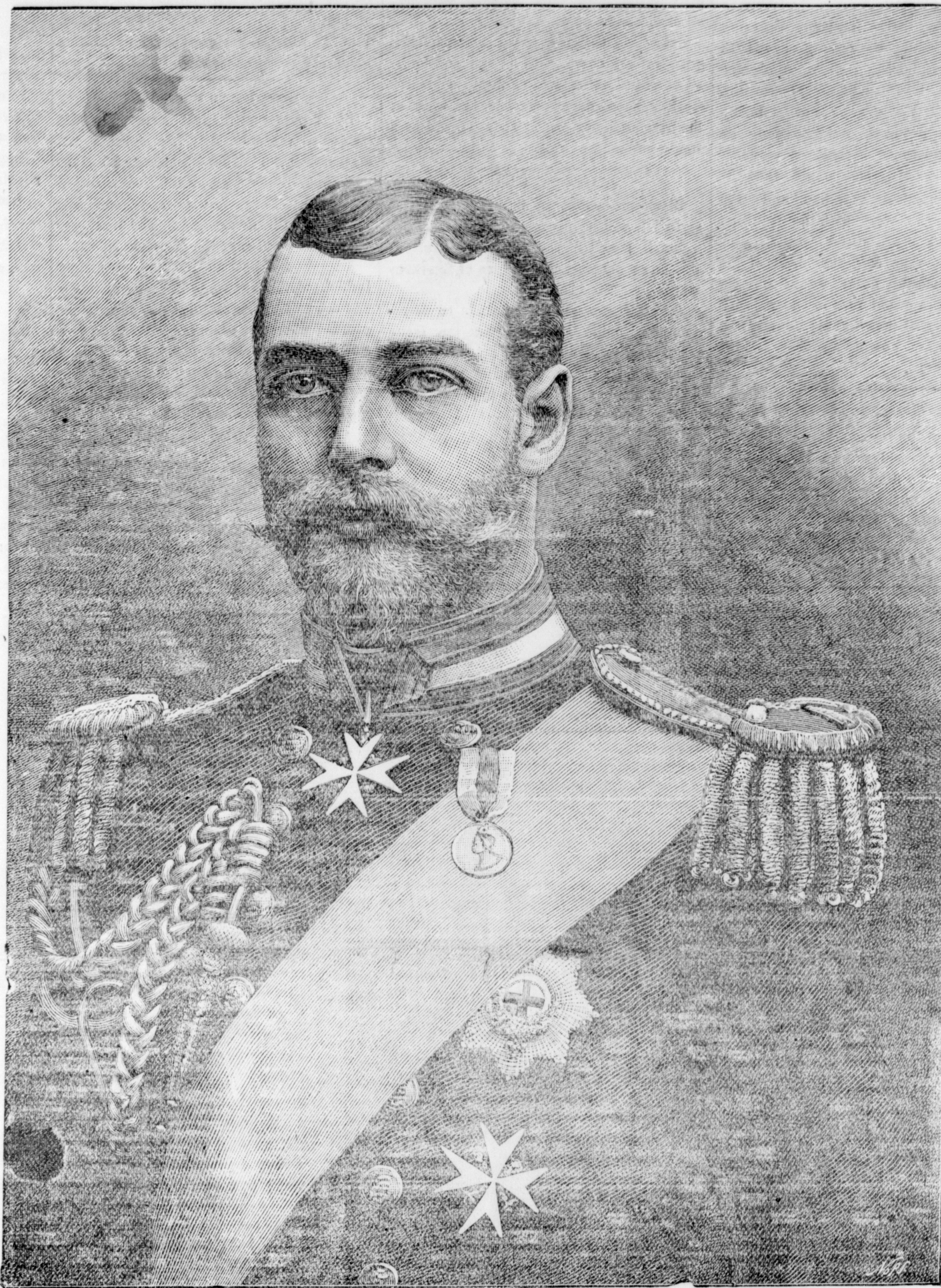
I am gratified to receive their endorsement of those loyal sentiments to the throne and person of my dear father, the king, which have characterized to the generous receptions accorded to us during our long journey through his Majesty's domains. I shall not neglect to transmit to him these assurances as also your tender expressions of sorrow for the loss of our late beloved queen, for whom the whole nation mourns and for the further bereavement recently sustained by our family.

Your forefathers, the founders of the city, gave proof of their loyalty to the king and attachment to British institutions by heavy privations and hardships, patiently borne. The same sentiment animated their descendants at the present day. They have emulated the example of their ancestors by devotion to their sovereign—by services gladly rendered and lives nobly sacrificed to uphold the principles of freedom and justice.

I am glad to find from the kind words of the address from the British societies and residents of Boston that though they have transferred their homes to a foreign land their hearts still beat in sympathy for the aspirations and ideals of the empire of their birth.

I rejoice to learn that the people of different origins in this province are living together under happy conditions, united under the old flag, vying with each other in fealty to the crown and in upholding those liberties which are the birthright of British citizens.

We regret that time does not admit of extending our journey to the provincial capital and to other parts of the province and to acknowledge personally the kind and sympathetic greetings which have



been so generally extended to us by its inhabitants.

EDITOR STEWART'S OPINION.

He Thinks the Government Goes Outside of Its Line.

The Chatham World makes an attack upon Premier Tweedie and one of his associates, we presume Mr. Pugsley, which seems entirely unwarranted.

Surely these gentlemen even if connected with the government of the province can continue their law practice without their professional honor being called into question.

The World's remarks are entirely uncalled for and appear to emanate from a local point of view.

When the Maritime Sulphite Fibre Co. closed down, and handed over the property to the mortgagee, the Royal Trust Co. of Canada, the property having been mortgaged to the latter to secure the holders of bonds that had been issued under authority of the Legislature, there was a good prospect of the mill continuing to run under new management. And then descended the lawyers on the mill, like crows on a carcass, and the Government of New Brunswick, two of whose members were the chief raiders, refused to permit a transfer of the Fibres Co's lumber leases to the new owners. This effectually closed the works, throwing two hundred and fifty Chatham men out of employment, and these persons are compelled to go abroad and seek for work. This is the direct result of the action of Mr. Tweedie and his associates. They crippled the concern by

dishonestly withholding from the assignees of the company the licenses that had been bought and paid for, and it closed down. They did this, as a Government, to aid two of the members of the Government in their professional capacity as lawyers. It is the most disgraceful episode in the history of New Brunswick.

THE McLAUGHLIN MURDER CASE.

The Victim's Wife's Testimony Apparently Acquits the Prisoner.

The trial of George McLaughlin for the murder of his cousin, Harris McLaughlin, in Charlotte County has attracted so much attention that the evidence of the wife of the man who was said to be murdered is of great interest.

As reported, her first statement was: I am the widow of Harris McLaughlin and first cousin of the prisoner. The sun was about half an hour high when her husband went away. The prisoner was in the yard. Heard her husband call Millen to bring him the horse. Had tea before her husband started off. He asked her brother to go to Billie with him and he said he hadn't time. Her husband went to Merrill's. He had within a few cents of a dollar with him. Next saw her husband lying on the side of the road. John Boone told her he was there. She had both her children with her. The little girl was taken in the team which took her husband home. Got home about the same time as her husband; fixed the lounge up; got soap and water for Mr. Milligan to wash him with. There was mud on his overcoat. Many neighbors came in. Harris was nervous after the

injury, would take crying spells. She inquired several times from him to how he was injured. He would say he wasn't hurt. On the first Saturday her mother was up, and she asked him how he got hurt. He said he wasn't hurt. He then told her that he thought he must have gone asleep. Her father questioned him. He said he wasn't hurt. Asked Henry McLaughlin one day to try to rouse her husband up and find out how he was hurt. She asked her husband lots of times how he had been hurt and he would reply he wasn't hurt. He had a bad tooth. He once said that he must have fallen asleep or fainted. There were bruised spots on her husband's right ankle and the skin was scraped. There was a green spot on his right arm, also on his neck. After the accident her husband was out. He was at John Scott's on the Sunday after he was hurt. Her husband used to take bad spells. He would shiver and twitch his hands and arms. This was just before he died. Her husband came home from the asylum on Tuesday and was hurt the next Tuesday. He complained of a pain in his stomach, said it was caused by a warden striking him. He would sometimes cry. After her husband went away, George went out to cover some potatoes. He was away probably ten or fifteen minutes, when he came home: then started for the pasture to bring the cows home. Was away about ten minutes. He milked the cows and then went into the house. She was lighting the lamp at the time. He stood in the door smoking. He went in the front room and laid down upon the lounge. Bella went to a neighbor for oil. She was away 20 minutes; came home when George

brought the cows in. She sewed part of the time during the evening; probably sewed until 11 or 12. Did not go to bed at all. Laid down upon the bed at half-past 12 and got up and listened for Harris. She did not lie down again until after the clock struck 2; went to sleep that time. When she woke up the sun was shining. George was lying on the lounge all the night until she fell asleep. When she got up George was still on the lounge. She called to him to make a fire. She told Bella to get her breakfast quick and they would go look for father. While sitting down to breakfast looked out and saw Harris team. She said, Why there is the horse, where's Harris? She asked Millen Scott where he got the horse. Just then John Boone came along and said Harris was at the foot of Skid Hill badly injured.

When John Boone came to house and told of her husband being injured, the prisoner was talking to Eli McLaughlin in the yard. She saw the spot the prisoner's shirt, first saw it on the day her husband was brought home. The shirt was hanging in the kitchen where everybody might see it. When her husband went away that night he said he would return home at 10 o'clock. When he did not come home she thought he must have gone to his mother's. Harris has stayed away at night lots of times. Some of the neighbors saw Harris alone in the house. Never tried to prevent anyone from seeing him. The day before her husband went away, the prisoner and Harris had talked of going bark-peeling together. The two men were very friendly. The inquest on her husband was held on the Thursday after his death. The prisoner went to Saint Stephen that day after her husband's casket. Her husband was laid out in the casket that night. William Thurston, her mother and others assisted. Prisoner was in the room. After her husband had been taken to the cemetery she visited his grave. The prisoner went to the cemetery the day after the funeral and helped to put up a fence around the burial lot.

An Incident of the Fair.

A curious incident is reported that will make some of those who were so anxious to meet the Duchess and converse with her a trifle envious. It seems that the positions of some officials entitled them and their ladies according to their opinion, to certain privileges that could not be thought of by others. It is not known that this was taken advantage of save in one instance when the head of a protective department found it convenient to have members of his family follow the Duke and Duchess from their official residence as they were leaving for Halifax.

An Up to Date Place.

Mr. M. A. Finn has surprised his patrons with a saloon that may well be said to be the best in the maritime provinces. The fixtures are all harmonious, yet solid and thoroughly pleasing. It need not be said that the shelves are well stocked but the close glass cabinets, the pumps and everything else are thoroughly up to date.

Mr. Marston Here Again.

Mr. Charles Marston, who was in St. John a few weeks last fall is again renewing acquaintanceship with those who had the pleasure of knowing him last year. Mr. Marston is an ardent sportsman and he may be counted upon to get what is going in the line of game.

An Old Friend Back.

"Johnny" Gorman, and some friends are making their annual trip to St. John. Gorman never goes anywhere else for his vacation. He was born and bred in St. John and, when the time comes, turns to the east just as naturally as a swallow goes south in the fall. He is always welcome—a good fellow, a firm friend and a safe adviser.

Dress Suits at a Fire.

One of the sights of the show just after the "Dook and Dookess" (to quote the small boy) arrived, was the chief of the fire department driving to a fire in his evening dress suit. One can imagine fires when such a costume would not stand long but he is in need of a laundryman at once. Still later in the evening when the chief was at the reception, his assistants were there as well and the eagle eye of his driver might have found it difficult to locate him.