

PROGRESS.

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RID OF HIM AT LAST.

THE ECCENTRIC CHIEF AND HIS DISCHARGES.

Weatherhead Among the Number—No Reason Assigned to any of the Men—Hamilton and Laskey Also Sacrificed—Laskey Could Not Spell.

The plan of the chief of police to invite six of his force to step down and try private life, as outlined in PROGRESS, was carried into effect even while the paper was being printed and before it was on the streets. There were no waste words in the message, and no time was lost in presenting it to the chosen half dozen. John Weatherhead's particular slip was sent to him by his particular friend, Capt. Rawlings, who presented it to him at his residence, in view of Weatherhead's illness.

The action of Chief Clark did not prove the surprise it would have been months ago. In fact, it would indeed be a very remarkable action of his that would cause any surprise to the citizens now. They have grown used to his moods and his eccentric ways, and have not the time to comment upon them. The opinion is quite general, however, that while the chief has lots of rope, he is using it somewhat extravagantly, and will come to the end pretty soon.

It seems quite clear now even to those who have supported Clark in his past mistakes that the end and aim of his work for the past few months has been the dismissal of Weatherhead from the force. When he dismissed the man there was some surprise that he assumed the duty of a patrolman when he had been second only to the chief himself. Weatherhead's conduct at that time won him many friends. He has done his duty since, reported regularly as a patrolman and refused only to do as the chief wished when he asked for his resignation. Weatherhead's plain outspoken talk has not pleased the chief, and he has not lost an opportunity to catch him in some statement that would be indiscreet. He has accused him many times of giving information to PROGRESS, which, by the way, is strictly against orders from headquarters. He has even been at some pains to ascertain whether or not Weatherhead has given certain information. When the evangelical alliance made its protest against the Sheffield street ball, the chief of the police asked one reverend gentleman if he did not get his information from Weatherhead. "I do not know the man," was the prompt reply.

It so happened that Weatherhead was upon that beat that night and knew all about the coaches. After the protest of the alliance and Chief Clark's negative statements about coaches Weatherhead was called into the chief's office and asked if he had any report to make about the ball. Weatherhead wanted to know what kind of a report was necessary.

"Were there any coaches down there that night?" asked the chief.

"Yes, there were three," answered Weatherhead. "Two of them were within ten feet of you when you were standing there."

"Do you know who the drivers were?" "Yes."

"Do you know who were in the coaches?" "Yes."

That was apparently too much information for Clark for he then asked Weatherhead for his resignation and was refused.

It was about this time that the chief propounded the question of Alderman Lewis as to how long the council proposed to hang on to Weatherhead. Lewis replied that just so soon as Clark found that he neglected his duty he ought to dismiss him. The dismissal has arrived, but the cause is withheld.

PROGRESS has just a word to say about dismissing any man without assigning a cause. It is not done in any establishment in this city nor, so far as can be found out, is it done anywhere else. Apart from the propriety of discharging a man without assigning any specific reason for doing so it is most unjust. He goes forth from the force with a certain stigma upon him which cannot be effaced until the reasons for his dismissal are made known. An applicant for a commercial position would stand a hard show if he had been discharged from his old place without any cause being assigned. Just so with the six policemen: if Weatherhead was discharged because he was troublesome or disobedient he ought to know it; if Laskey was discharged because he was not a good speller he ought to know it; if Hamilton was discharged because he is too old or not active enough he should, at least, be told so. It may not be generally known that these men are old timers; that the best years of their life have been spent upon the police force, and to be now bounced from it without a days warning or any reason whatever, seems utterly unjust.

Poor Laskey did indeed seem to be unfortunate in his spelling: he could not get around the name "Michael," and that was a perpetual source of irritation to his chief. He is a most inoffensive, quiet

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

HOW AN EDITOR RESEMBLED A POLICE SERGEANT.

They Both got Excited, but Under Different Circumstances—Mills' Body at the Morgue, and James Hannay in Mr. McCready's Room.

There is nothing very pleasant or inviting about any of the great stone buildings on King street east. They have a cold chill air about them that will knock the humor out of anybody. And the dead house is the very heart of this great stone pile. It was the centre of attraction Sunday afternoon. The unfortunate man Mills was on exhibition there for awhile. Stretched out on the long, zinc table, and covered with a patchwork quilt, he was not a sight that one would want to gaze upon long. He was in the same condition in which he had been found; the mud on his clothing and the water running off his mishapen hand; the great hollow, sightless eyes looking upward, the hair wet and straight, and a cut on his forehead, all made more unpleasant an experience that most people do not like—looking upon the dead. But if there is one place where the surroundings are thoroughly in keeping with such a sight, it is the morgue on King street east. It is a cold, damp place with a dry air about it that makes one feel as if he were in the presence of death, even though all the tables were empty. When a person gets in the morgue, he usually wants to get out again as soon as possible, and is thankful that he is capable of doing so unaided. This was probably the matter with the police sergeant who was in charge Sunday afternoon. He had no desire to linger in the morgue, and on being compelled to do so, he got excited. The lock on the door was rusty from want of use, and wouldn't work, and all the efforts of the sergeant seemed unavailing. He tried the key on one side, then on the other, and again on both sides. Outside the door he was subjected to the inspection of a large crowd of curious sight-seers, and when he tried the lock on the inside he was alone with the corpse, and when he got the door between his legs and twisted and turned the lock, there was the unpleasantness of having a score of eyes turned upon him from one side, and a man who was fearfully uninterested on the other. It was no wonder that the sergeant got excited and longed to get back to his easy chair in the police station.

Mr. McCready and Mr. Hannay Pass the Time of Day.

One of the past election anecdotes that has not been told refers to a meeting between two great leaders of opinion of the city, Messrs. J. E. B. McCready, editor of the *Telegraph*, and James Hannay, historian and supposed editor of the *Gazette*. Mr. Hannay was once an employee of the *Telegraph* and knows the ropes of the present building quite as well as Mr. McCready. Neither of the gentlemen have, however, wasted valuable time in calling upon one another. Any compliments they pass are somewhat one sided, for, no matter what Mr. Hannay thinks of Mr. McCready, the latter has not yet publicly expressed his opinion of Mr. Hannay.

This seeming lack of appreciation did not deter the historian from finding his way to the sanctum of the *Telegraph's* marine editor to that of the editor-in-chief. Mr. McCready was in and he was busy. Mr. Hannay passed upon the threshold, then passed in without invitation and remarked, "Well, Mac, we had a hard fight and we gave you a good licking. I don't see any use in carrying on this war any farther. An election do stir up a man so that he says a good many things that had best be forgotten. But we gave you a proper licking, didn't we?"

By this time Mr. McCready was aware that Mr. Hannay was in his room. He regarded the intruder with severe dignity. Mr. Hannay stood quite unabashed and listened.

"Mr. Hannay! After the very ruffianly and backguard fashion you have written about me in your paper, I consider your presence in this office an unwarranted intrusion."

"Come, come, now, Mac, let bygones be bygones. We gave you a good licking, but that is no reason why we should be enemies."

Mr. McCready arose in all his dignity and extending his right arm and index finger said: "JAMES HANNAY! There is the door." The historian vanished.

He Must Have Got Some of the "Elizer."

One of the new policemen appointed recently is a remarkable man. He is getting younger every day, at least he did up to the time of his appointment. When he applied for a position on the force some time ago, he was over 45 years of age, and did not get the position on that account. When he applied the second time, however, he gave his age as 35; and he now wears the buttons.

Why not have long sides? A Case in 909 Chateaux: Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 909 Union street.

OUR ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS.

Something About the Amherst and Truro Pictorial Issues.

A protest comes from our representative at Amherst complaining that all of the names of those whose portraits are to appear in the Amherst illustrated edition did not appear in the article in the last issue.

That is quite true, and it was so stated in the article; but a complete list will not come amiss today. Apart from the street views and the engravings of store fronts, there will be portraits of Mayor Thomas Dunlap, James Moffatt, N. A. Rhodes, of the same firm; Geo. W. Cooke, of Dunlap, Cooke & Co.; Jock M. Lusby and N. Steele, of Messrs. Lusby & Steele; R. C. Fuller, town councillor; Mr. Hamilton, town councillor; A. D. Taylor, James Currie, Geo. D. Fuchs, C. R. Casey, Editor Bryenton of the *Press* and "some others," to use the words of PROGRESS representative. There will also be handsome engravings of the residences of Messrs. Casey, Rhodes, Currie and one or two others whose photos have been delayed, to say nothing of the illustrations of factories and other lives of industry.

The writer has never been in Truro and there are before him eleven beautiful views of the town taken in all seasons. They are the work of an artistic photographer and show the town at once to great advantage. As the majority of them will likely appear in the near future in PROGRESS, some description of them will not come out of place here. The first view is taken from Terrace Hill cemetery, and with broad level ground for a foreground shows the greater part of Truro as clear and distinct as it could be seen on a bright, sunny morning. Churches stand out in bold relief, and clusters of trees can be seen here and there marking, as it were, the streets. One who has never seen the place cannot fail being impressed with the fact that the residences and buildings appear well and handsomely built.

Another view is of Prince street on a bright day when the trees were throwing shadows across the way. The scene is very attractive, and will look well engraved in any style. Two other photographs show two public buildings, St. John's church with its neat surroundings, and the Normal school with its background of trees and buildings. It is seldom that such a structure as this can be found in much larger cities.

There was also views of the "picnic dell" in Victoria park, "Joe Howe Falls," "The Brook," "Lower Fall" and some others. It will not be difficult to choose a number of scenes that will amply illustrate the scenic and architectural beauty as well as the business prosperity of Truro.

An Intelligent Youth.

When a well known St. John man was leaving home for the office one morning this week, his wife asked him to send word to the family washerwoman asking her to come up and scrub a room that day. Unlike most men who would have forgotten all about the matter for a week or so, the gentleman in question sent a boy to the woman—as he thought. But there was another lady who was intimate with the family, and to her name the boy had often been sent. Her name was the same as that of the washerwoman, and the intelligent youngster turned his footsteps in the direction of the lady's home. Arriving there the door was answered by the lady in person, and the boy delivered the message, which was to the effect that "Mrs. B. wanted her to come up and scrub the dining room floor, as the painters were waiting." The lady recognized the mistake, however, and pleasantly remarked that she "couldn't possibly go today."

Might Make the Best of Their Time.

One of the attractions on King square Sunday afternoon, was an evangelist with long whiskers. Some of those who listened to him, apparently, did not enter into the spirit of the service, and made repeated allusions to the preacher's beard. He stood this for some time, but at last felt that he must deal with what seemed to have become a timely topic, and in almost the same drawn out and sonorous tone of voice, in which he read passages of scripture, he addressed his audience something like this: "You may talk about whiskers here, gentlemen, but when you come before the great judgment bar, whiskers won't bother you."

It's a Healthy Locality.

The Salvation army opened a Home of Rest at Robesay this week. There are only three such places in the dominion, the other two being in the upper provinces. The object of the home is to afford a place of rest and retirement for sick officers and others connected with the army. The building at Robesay was donated by Mr. Myers, or rented at a very nominal sum to enable him to still retain the ownership of it. There are five on the sick list at present.

Have Wilkins & Sands Agure on your Paintings, inside and outside—Trinon st.

WILL FIGHT TO THE END.

THE GAS COMPANY WILL NOT COMPROMISE PRICES.

Their Side of the Story—Renewed Their Contract with the City until July 1st—They Did Not Begin to Cut Rates, but They Will Keep It Up.

The gas company says that it will be war to the knife and war to the finish. There will be no compromise. They have not gone into this fight without due regard to results and they are prepared to stand by their decision until the end. One of the stockholders of the company thinks that PROGRESS did not get both sides of the case in its last article. Some of his facts and figures are interesting to say the least. The gas company is in rather a jovial mood over the failure of the city and the Calkin people to come to any understanding or sign any agreement. Before that is signed the New Brunswick Electric Light company, managed by Mr. Calkin, cannot go ahead and put up their poles, and if the contract is not signed pretty soon there will be electric lights for the streets this summer.

The contract with the gas company expired the first day of May, and although the company claims that it is losing on the city gas supply, they consented to renew it on the same terms until July 1st. Then it the electric light people do not come to time the gas company will have an opportunity to charge current rates on the gas supplied to the town.

The corporation had, however, to make a concession. For some time in return for the privilege of erecting poles, the gas company has been furnishing six electric lights free of charge—one on Queen square, one in the old burial ground, one on King square, one at the ferry floats and two others. They have felt that to pay for the privilege of poles as they, and the city council has recognized the equity of the claim by releasing them from the obligation.

A further statement of the gas company is to the effect that having lost the city lighting, the fixtures and lamps are all thrown upon their hands without any consideration. It was their intention to store them May 1st and dispose of them, if possible, but that day is now deferred to July.

There is a rumor to the effect that the New Brunswick company has not the power to enter into a contract with the city without the legality of it being questioned. This should of course be looked into, and it would seem a matter easily remedied if such proves the case.

The gas company denies that it was the first to cut the prices of incandescent lighting and claims that representatives of both rival companies have offered lights at far below their prices, and in some cases even caused their lamps to be removed. This was too much for even the placid and cool directors of the gas company, and they issued an order "to meet all competition." They went further and carried the war into the field of arc lights, reducing the price to fifteen cents. The N. B. Electric Light people have now to meet the assertion that they made the first serious cut and gave lights for one cent a night.

In the meantime the people are reaping the benefit. That it will be for their ultimate good is more than PROGRESS believes.

A Record of the Disaster.

Mr. R. A. H. Morrow, with commendable enterprise and remarkable industry, has already compiled a book of about 300 pages on the Springhill disaster. Mr. Morrow's special fitness for the task can hardly be questioned, because some time ago he became thoroughly acquainted with the working of the mines through his work as a newspaper correspondent. He has supplemented this by complete plans showing the interior of the mine and where every dead body was found. The illustrations are faithful and the letter press and appearance of the volume, so far as can be judged at present, does much credit to all parties. The work will sell for \$1 and will be handled and pushed in all quarters of the provinces.

A Reward for Long Service.

The dismissal of old Sergt. Hamilton from the police force has created considerable remark. It is thought that an officer who has served the city as long as he has, in a position in which the salary was too small to make it possible for him to save any money, should have been provided for as others in like circumstances have been. Sergt. Hamilton could have performed the duties of office man in the north end station, but as Capt. Jenkins proposes to live there, perhaps an office man will not be necessary. The city has not yet provided the captain with a bed, and he may have to follow Capt. Rawling's example and furnish one himself.

Easily Settled.

The newest way to investigate a supposed murder case, is to get the supposed murderers before the investigator, and ask them if they committed the crime. If they say they didn't, why it's all right.

HIS LITTLE GAME.

How a Chinaman Tried to Make a Dollar When Buying a Ring.

The Chinaman who has opened laundries in different parts of the city seem to be doing a good business, and are adding to their facilities. One of them bought a wrenger the other day at an up-town hardware store, and paid \$5 for it. He returned next day and began abusing the wrenger with all the English language he could command.

"Wrenger, no good," he said, "me puttee 'way. No good, wrenger no good."

"What is the matter with it?" asked the hardware man. "Bring it up and perhaps we can fix it."

"No goodee. Me puttee 'way," repeated the Chinaman in disgust.

"Well, we'll send a man down to look at it?"

"Me puttee 'way. No good; no good." Then he put his hand on one of the wrengers in the store and asked "How much?"

"Five dollars," said the clerk. "No goodee," was the response. "Me puttee 'way. Me give \$4."

The hardware man couldn't see it, and said so, whereupon the chinaman again recited his piece, and ended by offering \$4.50. But nothing less than \$5 would take the wrenger.

"No goodee," said the chinaman, "won't take \$4.50, me go out," and out he went, but after standing on the door steps for a moment returned, and offered \$4.75. It wasn't enough, however, and the Chinaman made another break for the door, after signifying his intention of doing so, and repeating his "no goodee; me puttee away," etc. He again returned, this time with a grin as he said, "Me give five dolla."

"Will we send it to the same place that the last one went to?" asked the hardware man.

The chinaman grinned, shook his head, and pointed in the direction of Mill street. The first wrenger had been delivered to a lower cove establishment. It probably worked so well that the Mill street Chinaman decided to get one like it, and the enterprising celestial from lower cove evidently wanted to make a dollar on the transaction.

The Horse Settled the Question.

Horseback riding is a pleasant pastime, when one has the right kind of a horse, but when the animal takes it into his head to share the fun, he usually has the best of it. A young man who went out for "a spin" the other day was made fully aware of this fact. The road he selected for the ride was lined with telegraph poles, and at every one of them the horse stopped, rubbed himself against it, and then went on to the next. This became very annoying to the rider, who after jerking the horse's mouth, and using every means he could to keep the animal in the middle of the road, was at his wits end what to do next. The horse, however, decided the question in a moment by throwing the rider over his head into a very deep ditch, where he left him to consider the matter more fully.

He Supported Harbor Improvements.

Mr. S. Schofield usually gets all the privileges possible in the way of wharfage. When Messrs. Wm. Thompson & Co. applied for room for one of their boats at the corporation wharf, some time ago, they were informed that it had been reserved for Mr. Schofield on the order of Ald. Baskin, who was one of Mr. Leary's chief supporters. They did not get the wharf on that occasion. A steamer arrived here the other day, however, for this firm, and application for wharfage was made to the new corporation. The result was that the Leary man's order was rescinded, and the steamer got a place at the wharf.

Going to be a Sure Thing.

The readers of PROGRESS will be interested in knowing that the preparations for the enlargement and rebuilding of a new hotel upon the Dufferin hotel will be begun in September, just as soon as the summer travel permits it. Mr. Jones says that the preparations are going forward smoothly, and the plans and specifications are under way. It may be possible, he also states, to go on with a portion of the work during the summer.

The Chief was On Hand, Too.

People who saw the free fight between half-a-dozen police and two intoxicated individuals on King square, Wednesday, say that the difficulty did not lay so much in the handcuffs as in the men who were trying to use them. The police had a hard time of it before the roughs were arrested, especially when a policeman had to deal with one of the prisoners alone.

The Country is Safe.

The fusiliers have begun their summer drill, and every night there are more or less red coats seen around town. St. John boys seem to like the military idea, for the fusiliers are always pretty well filled up, and this year one company, at least, on its first night only lacked one or two of its full complement.