

HE CAN SAVE HIMSELF

BY WALKING THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH.

Mr. Clark's Greetings to Mr. Marshall—The Owner of the Coat Talks—Mr. Joseph McNeill Heard From—The Troublesome Captain's Fall.

It was only a few weeks ago that PROGRESS described a Saturday night in St. John with rum; last Saturday night was a night without rum.

It made a great difference. So great a difference, in fact, that a description of it can hardly be written. It is a difficult task to talk about nothing, and there was nothing going on about the bars last Saturday night.

The cause of it all may be conjectured. Some say it was on account of the exposures made in PROGRESS; others say that he chief inspector awoke from his trance and passed the word to "shut up." There may be some truth in both ideas. PROGRESS is in a position to know that the orders sent out from headquarters to "close until ten," and closed until ten the bars were.

After that —? Without a doubt, a blank. Many of the faces usually found on the streets, pacing to and fro, entering here and there, jovial, jolly, free-and-easy, thinking of nothing but so-called pleasure, were absent. They were home Saturday night with their week's earnings in their pockets!

Sunday morning the three days' suspension of Capt. Rawlings went into effect. This is the third or fourth time the troublesome captain has been relieved from police duty for a season. The occasions are pointed out elsewhere. The favor of his superior officer, seems to have descended upon Rawlings to a remarkable degree. He is the one man on the force who gained an exception to the chief's oft-repeated rule, "I suspend but once, the next time I discharge." This is a very good rule in its way, but it should be applied equally. If it is applied to some of the former members of the force, it is worth repeating again and again in those "ten minute lectures," it surely should apply to Rawlings.

The charges against the man were sufficient to warrant his prompt discharge. They were more than sufficient when his former record is taken into consideration. That he was not discharged and only received the nominal suspension is no surprise to those who know the ins and outs of police affairs. Is it not too much to say that the chief of police is in no position to discharge officers of his force who need looking after; he is in their power, and they are perfectly well aware of the fact.

This is not a pleasant state of things for any citizen with an interest in his city to contemplate. It is not a pleasant topic for PROGRESS to give so much space to, but there ought to be a change for the better in this department of the city service; there must be a change for the better. Not one tenth of the charges that might be made have been made. The daily newspapers (some of them at least) are in possession of facts that must show them the necessity for improvement. They have chosen to be quiet for political or other reasons. To the morning journals at least the safety of a political friend has always been of greater importance than the interests of the city. Naturally enough, too, they dislike following the lead of another newspaper, one that comes out but once a week. For these reasons they are quiet. Yet some of the most damning facts are known to them.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the law was observed last Saturday night until ten o'clock. Let us give the chief of police credit for that even if the intimation was accompanied by the warning "PROGRESS may be around tonight." Do not be alarmed. PROGRESS has done its duty and does not propose to keep a staff for the purpose of watching the bars. Neither has it the inclination. Ordinary slighting of the law is not likely to bring about exposure by a newspaper. But such open and flagrant violation should be condemned by the press.

The personal charges against Mr. Clark made here and there and everywhere, talked about by scores of people, discussed at every corner, could not fail to reach his ears. They did not surprise him—he knew something about them before—but he was at a loss to know how they got out. He even went so far as to say that he would give \$200 to find out who put PROGRESS on to all these things. He need not spend so much money. The people who give PROGRESS the facts are not ashamed to give them to the chief of police. But it is quite dangerous for the patrolmen to open their mouths. The two poor fellows who caught their chief scolding around the block and standing in a doorway on Germain street and mentioned the fact were threatened the roll call following the issue of PROGRESS. "Only two of you could have told this story" shouted the

chief "and I will remember it." One of the turnkeys in the jail was complained of as one who gave information to PROGRESS but the chief was laughed at for his pains. No new accusation comes out however but what he blames ex-chief Marshall for. Mr. Marshall, no doubt, takes an interest in police affairs—it is but natural that he should from his long connection with the force, but that he goes around seeking out and circulating charges against the present chief is absurd. He was therefore greatly astonished when, a few days ago, Mr. Clark met him on the street, and stepping in front of him said, "Did you say I was drunk—" Before he had finished his sentence Mr. Marshall turned and left him without a reply. Later Clark met him again and called to him as he passed, "You will have a chance to tell all you know in the supreme court." "All," everybody knows, would fill several issues of PROGRESS.

The board of public safety has been given authority to inquire into the enforcement of the liquor law and certain other matters in connection with the force. The council was prompt in its action, and the public safety committee should be equally thorough.

All the charges made have been brought forward in the public interest. It is a significant fact that there is no man seeking an office who is pushing the charges. PROGRESS has no other opinion than that the majority of the people would be only too glad to see Mr. Clark retain his position if he walks a straight path. A plain warning may be given him. There is sufficient evidence in black and white, supported by reliable witnesses, to warrant the appointment of a commission by the government to enquire into his conduct. No one desires to push matters to such an end, and Mr. Clark has the remedy in his own hands. If he desires any further assurance on this point, PROGRESS will give it to him privately or publicly.

"TIGHT AS A DRUM"

Are the Words a Halifax Paper Applies to St. John's Bars.

The Halifax Mail, in its St. John letter, contains a reference to St. John's bars last Saturday night. Here it is:

The chief of police is in trouble again, and the common council is after his scalp. A few weeks ago a newspaper man walked around Saturday night and found all the principal bars, with four or five exceptions, wide open and doing a rushing business. They are supposed to be closed at 7 o'clock. He was after a story and he got it, five or six columns, descriptive of the bars, and the policemen paced backwards and forwards in front of their doors. The publication of the facts in PROGRESS created a sensation which has not subsided yet. The paper suppressed no names, but gave the leading hotels the benefit of a free advertisement as well as the others. Two of the hotels have, as a consequence, withdrawn their patronage from the fearless newspaper and were, I understand, meditating dire revenge upon publisher Carter and his interests. The latter kept up the bombardment, however, and last Saturday night there was not a hotel or any other licensed bar open. I do not believe such an agreeable condition of things can be permanent under the present inspection, but still it is a great victory for any newspaper to compel the liquor interest to observe its wishes even for a night.

But had the liquor boycott been put into operation only half of the dealers would have joined in it. I saw Mr. Carter a few days ago and asked him if there was any truth in the hotel keepers' boycott. "I heard something about it" was his reply, "and two of my largest advertisers have told me that they were asked to withdraw their patronage. They do not intend to do so, and so far as I can gather, there does not appear any further inclination to fight it out on such a basis."

"How would such a fight end?" I asked. "In the victory of right, I believe," he replied, "and in such an increase to the circulation of PROGRESS that it would be kept alive comfortably without a single advertisement. But," he continued, "there won't be any fight. The council has taken up the violation of the law and PROGRESS's work should be fairly well completed in that direction. It is the duty of a newspaper, I think, to point out the wrong doer or the law breaker and not to keep him covered. I have not the telegram at present, but will take my oath those were the words in it."

The idea that Mr. Carter intended to convey when speaking was that he did not believe in a newspaper prosecuting offenders after pointing out their wrong doing.

Mr. McNeill is Heard From.

Mr. Joseph McNeill sent PROGRESS a letter last week, which arrived too late, after the press was at work. In it he says: "I received your letter this evening (Friday, December 11th); was not in Richibucto before, so that accounts for my delay in answering. I received a telegram from chief of police Clark containing these words, 'Not caring, don't know, body in charge of brother.' I have not the telegram at present, but will take my oath those were the words in it."

Now, Mr. Clark, it is in order for you to produce copies of all the telegrams you sent. PROGRESS will give them the same prominence as this one.

"Progress" Calendar Gallery.

Some of those who have kindly sent PROGRESS calendars are making for a notice of them. Wait a while. PROGRESS is making a "calendar gallery" from their collection and when it is complete there is a good article in it—if nobody appropriates this idea.

GIBSON VS. SNOWBALL.

THE LUMBER AND RAILWAY MAGNATES PARTED.

And Mr. Snowball Takes Mr. Gibson's Place as Manager of Their Railway—An Interesting Squabble and How the Senator is Making Out.

The news from the interior for a week past has been exciting. It amounts to this:

That Count Alexis von Gibsonoff has thrown up the sponge as manager of the Canada Eastern railway.

That Senator Jabez B. Snowball has assumed the reins of power.

That the officials of the road with singular unanimity have thrown up their positions.

That they have been folded in the fatherly arms of the out to the tune of "Bless you my children."

That the Fredericton and St. Marys Bridge company, in other words Mr. Gibson and Mr. Temple, are at loggerheads with the Canada Eastern Railway company, in other words Mr. Gibson and Mr. Snowball.

That Fredericton is side-tracked and all orders as well as all supplies for the road will hereafter be issued from the senatorial headquarters at Chatham.

Are we to have a total eclipse of the hot Gibson sun, by the sallow Snowball moon? Is the long, flowing beard of the Nashawak colossus to be profanely plucked to stuff the Senatorial pillow? If so, why so?

In the beginning Mr. Gibson and Mr. Snowball pulled off their coats one day and started in to build a railway. Mr. Snowball threw in the Chatham branch, already constructed, at a valuation of \$200,000, and built the road from Chatham Junction to Doaktown. Mr. Gibson built the remaining and more difficult portion of the line, from Doaktown to Gibson.

Perhaps it was a hazardous experiment, Mr. Gibson has contracted the habit, somewhat, of having his own peculiar way. Mr. Snowball is a genial, affable, benign and polished personage, but strange to say, he has fallen into precisely the same habit. Of course, Mr. Gibson growled at times, and Mr. Snowball whined at times. But taking all into account, things went along surprisingly smooth.

When the road was completed a large and respectable meeting of the Board of Directors was held. Mr. Gibson felt large and Mr. Snowball felt respectable. So Mr. Snowball was elected manager by Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Gibson was elected to the highly ornamental, but less important office of president, by Mr. Snowball.

The world wagged on a year or so in respectful silence, and then Mr. Gibson concluded that he would like to manage the road. So Mr. Snowball elected Mr. Gibson manager and Mr. Gibson elected Mr. Snowball president.

For several years more the world has been rolling humbly along with Mr. Gibson as manager of the road, while Mr. Snowball has filled the role of president and inspector. It was lucky that Mr. Snowball inspected the road, because it had a most abnormal propensity for changing its identity. When he inspected it first it was the Miramichi Valley Railway. He inspected it again, and presto! it was the Northern and Western Railway. The next time he inspected the road it was the Canada Eastern Railway. At the last inspection it was the leasehold property of the New Brunswick Railway Leasing and Trafficking Company (Limited.)

But all this time it appears that Mr. Snowball had been growing more and more dissatisfied. Of late, especially, Mr. Snowball has been manifesting an alarming tendency of wanting to know, you know. He has expressed the view that more frequent and regular meetings of the directors should be held. In his tours of inspection he has deemed it advisable to criticize warmly the way in which the officials of the road discharged their duties. He has even had the unparalleled audacity to criticize Mr. Gibson.

About a week ago a meeting of the Board of Directors was held. There was no lack of a quorum. The count and the senator met and expressed their views with force and freedom.

Now, Count Alexis von Gibsonoff is a man of impulse. Those who have had dealings with him politically have learned this sometimes in a costly way. In local politics he first supported Mr. Fraser, then Mr. Blair, and then Mr. Gregory. In the Dominion field he has been Liberal freetrader, Commercial-unionist, Mugwump, and old-flag Conservative in turn. On this particular occasion Mr. Gibson felt an impulse to throw up the sponge and let Mr. Snowball steer the hog himself. And he did it.

What followed, perhaps, did not surprise Mr. Gibson, but it must have rather surprised Mr. Snowball. When Mr. Gibson threw up the sponge Superintendent Thomas Hobbes threw his little sponge up too. And so did Auditor Waycott, and Treasurer Wetmore and Mechanical Super-

intendent Philip A. Logan, and one or two of the train-men on the line. All these patriotic gentlemen have been loyally looked after by Mr. Gibson. They have been pensioned. Mr. Hobbes has been made outside manager, whatever that is, at the cotton and saw mills: Mr. Waycott has been made book-keeper at the general store; Mr. Wetmore has been translated to the cotton mill office, and Mr. Logan will find scope for his genius in the repairing shop connected with the cotton mill.

The senator may have been surprised, but he was not scared. He smiled as a father might smile at the pranks of a wayward child and then went right ahead as though he had had faith in the capacity of the world to move along without Mr. Gibson's aid at all. He replaced Mr. Hobbes with Mr. Watters, Mr. Logan with Mr. Alcorn, Mr. Waycott with Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wetmore by a gentleman with the suggestive and euphonious name of McAloon.

The little row with the Fredericton Bridge company is simple enough. Mr. Snowball went to Mr. Temple and wanted a reduction in the tolls for crossing the bridge. The road had paid \$1,500 a year originally for this service, but latterly had pooled in about \$3,000. Later advices from the capital are to the effect that peace has been proclaimed and that the cars will continue to cross the bridge.

The senatorial manager has a wide field of usefulness before him. Among other things he might explain to the public why the train which leaves Fredericton at 11 o'clock and occupies seven long hours in reaching Chatham, makes no stop en route for either dinner or supper. He might say why the train from Chatham to Fredericton is run with a like disregard to the claims of nature. He might explain also why, since his appointment, the first-named train connects at Chatham junction with neither day nor night express, north or south, on the Intercolonial. Is this designed to force all passengers to run into Chatham over the senator's branch in preference to hanging round hungry, weary and cold, during the long night-hours at the junction?

In the meantime it appears that Mr. Gibson is determined, if he cannot run the road successfully himself, he will not allow the Senator to do so. He has adopted the singular plan of boycotting his own road, by having all his freight hauled from Fredericton by teams to Marsville.

And still the world is staggering aimlessly along.

ANOTHER MINISTER SPEAKS.

A Falling Off in the Interest of Young Workers.

The rector of St. Paul's church had some remarks to make last Sunday that were not of a pleasant nature. He deplored the lack of interest manifested by the young people of the church in regard to church decorations. A few years ago St. Paul's had enough enthusiastic young people to form a society of church workers that was hardly equalled in the city. Long before Christmas the work of decorating the church was begun, and during the holiday season it was one of the most beautifully decorated edifices in the city. The rector referred to this, and called attention to the fact that this year only five or six young people had shown any activity in the way of church decoration.

"The fact is," said one of the congregation to PROGRESS, this week, "the young people are drifting away from the church, though for what reason I cannot say, unless it is the fact that the older members of the congregation do not give the young people an opportunity to take an interest in the work of the church. I believe there has been some dissatisfaction expressed in regard to the use that is being made of the chimes which were put in recently. They were purchased at considerable cost, but as yet very little use has been made of them. On Sunday, the sexton manipulates them, but his knowledge of chimes and harmony is not very extensive, and the result is not what the people who contributed toward them hoped for."

"After all," he continued, "the success of a church, or any other institution depends upon the young people, and when they are shut out, or the older, and more influential men show an indifference in regard to their wishes, the church is going to suffer by it."

One of Santa Claus' Places.

Little boys and girls who are counting on Santa Claus bringing them a sled, have been hovering around Everett & Miller's selecting what they would like. The firm has a good stock to choose from, and many of the boys and girls' parents find it desirable to patronize them at all times, and especially at this season.

An Attractive Shop Interior.

Speaking of advertisements elsewhere PROGRESS should have mentioned that of Mr. Coughlan who shows an interior view of his jewelry store. Mr. Coughlan has many beautiful things in stock among the most attractive of which is the Tetsumaware which is well worth inspection.

FOSTER HAD HIS SAY.

BUT THE CROWD WAS NOT ENTHUSIASTIC OVER IT.

The Finance Minister Speaks Against Odds at the Institute—Others Speak also and are Hushed out into the Street—Applause that was not Encouraging.

Although the meeting at the Institute Tuesday evening was not a great success by any means, it must be admitted that Hon. Mr. Foster did wonderfully well under the circumstances. There was none of that enthusiasm which encourages a speaker, but on the contrary there was apathy enough, aside from the disturbance, to discourage a less experienced man. The institute was crowded to the doors, but the number of people who thought it worth while to applaud the speaker's best efforts was remarkably small. When Mr. Hazen compared the meeting to one of those held during the last campaign, he must have forgotten the applause on the two occasions.

Tuesday night the crowd went to the institute simply out of curiosity. They did not know what to expect. Nothing would have surprised anybody. Nevertheless the way Mr. Foster skipped over matters that were of vital interest to every man in the hall, was very disappointing.

When Mr. Everitt sat down after introducing the finance minister, there was every evidence of a repetition of the Boston hall riot of some years ago. Mr. Foster's speech was prepared. The first sentence of it was intimately connected with the second sentence, and unless he began at the beginning he could not speak at all. The first part of Mr. Foster's speech received more attention than any other part of it. He repeated the first sentence four or five times. But as there was another orator in the dress circle who attracted as much attention as the minister of finance, the latter had to repeat while the other went right ahead, until Capt. Jenkins landed him on the sidewalk.

The captain of the northern division took a very important part in the meeting, performing several feats with would-be orators that were more interesting than anything Mr. Foster said.

But all this had its effect on the speaker of the evening. It took him nearly an hour to get over it, but when he had disposed of the scandals at Ottawa to his own satisfaction, and got deep into the "uniform tariff" argument, Mr. Foster was at his best. Even then he could not awaken enthusiasm, the only time that anything like what is termed in the reports "great applause" was heard being when he quoted the Opposition watchword "turn the rascals out." Then there was some good-natured enthusiasm, but not the applause one hears in the heat of a campaign. Neither was it applause that caused the speaker to feel satisfied with himself. That particular article was sadly lacking. Notwithstanding all this Mr. Foster accomplished what would have been an impossibility to many a speaker. He held the audience until a late hour and said all he had to say—and nothing more.

From One Who Was There.

"Observer" writes an interesting letter to PROGRESS about an "after hour" incident, correcting some things and throwing light on others. That part of his letter which refers to the paragraph in question is published:

In the paragraph in your issue of the 9th December, headed "Glad it was after hours," there are a few errors I would wish to correct. It was stated that the victim's hair was singed before he discovered the trick that was being played upon him; such was not the case. And, secondly, I feel sure that the jokers could have raised a little more than 25 cents, as one of them not long ago bought a government steamer, the copper bolts of which, I understand, cost more than the place where the affair occurred. However, I think it is about time the nuisance referred to was stopped, as this was the fourth gentleman's coat which has been burned to my knowledge in the same house "after hours." The last victim, I believe, did not intend to inform the authorities of the affair until it was denied that it ever took place there. To aggravate the matter the manager attempted to fill up the burned holes in the last coat with a blacking brush, laughing at the time. The case mentioned was given to the police, but withdrawn when the manager paid \$5 to repair the overcoat.

The Captain Didn't Know.

Capt. Rawlings was somewhat ill at ease when he met a south end alderman of an inquiring turn of mind recently. The alderman had heard of a visit that the captain had made to a bar-room with the chief of police, on which occasion the head of the department was seen wiping off his mustache as he was coming out. The alderman wanted to know what made the chief's mustache moist, and asked Capt. Rawlings what they had had to drink. "I didn't have anything," said the captain.

"Didn't the chief?"

"Of course he wouldn't let me see him drinking," said the captain.

"Well, don't you know that he had something while you were in there?" was asked.

"I can't say," was the reply, "the chief went behind some cases and I don't know what he was doing while there."

TURNED HIS BACK TO HER.

The Way the Chief of Police Received An Anxious Mother.

There are people to whom a summons to the police court is almost as great a shock as the news of a death of a relative. Yet the most law abiding citizens are liable to be brought into court in one way or another, from no fault of their own. This sometimes happens by accident, and frequently by coming in contact in some unaccountable way with people to whom the police court has no terrors, but is on the contrary a most desirable place to settle even the smallest differences.

Some of the officers of the court and police department have apparently become so well acquainted with the law, its ways, and the people it deals with, that they accept all comers on a common basis. This seems to be especially so in the office of the chief of police. Many of those who call upon him respecting their cases are treated as though they were criminals not worthy his consideration. The sex of the visitor makes no difference. He seems to think that in his capacity of chief of police it would be very much out of place to be courteous at all times.

A woman who had her first—and what she hopes will be her last—police court experience, last week, has not a very exalted opinion of the chief of police. Although her thirteen year old son was before the police magistrate for assault, and she had to undergo the excitement of a trial, it was nothing compared to the reception she received from the chief in his private office where she went to ask him what her boy was wanted for. She knew nothing of the affair—it arose out of child's play and was dismissed by the magistrate—her first intimation of it being from a north end policeman, who called upon her with the information, that "Chief Clark wanted the boy to chastise him severely." That was all he knew about it. The message had come over the telephone. There was no warrant, or anything to show what the boy had done.

The boy's father was very sick, and needed constant attendance, yet the mother had to leave him and accompany the boy. She found the chief of police in his private office looking over some papers. The woman asked him if there was a charge against her boy. Without looking up the chief answered in a way that startled his visitor:

"Yes, there's a charge, and a very serious charge."

"What is it? Who could make a charge against him?" asked the astonished mother.

"Who could make it?" repeated the chief, gruffly, without looking up, "anybody could make it. I don't want you any way; I want the boy," and he continued to sort over his papers, without giving the woman the least satisfaction.

"I don't want you, I want the boy," he said again. The woman was both astonished and indignant, but could get no satisfaction. She was forced to appeal to him as the boy's mother, and claim it as her right to look after his interests, and was compelled to ask the chief if he would not consider it his duty to do the same, before he would condescend to give her any information whatever.

"It was the first time I ever was in the police building," said the lady to PROGRESS this week, "and I have nothing to say about the examination before the magistrate, but I never received such discourteous treatment from anyone as I experienced in the office of the chief of police. I felt bad enough about having to appear in the police court, although it was through no fault of my own, but I expected that I would receive gentlemanly treatment, which I cannot say about my reception from the chief of police."

New Instruments for the Fusiliers.

The Fusiliers band has been working hard since its reorganization, and its young members are rapidly becoming musicians. They have been under difficulties, however, in the way of instruments, those now in use having been considered unfit for use by members of the old band. The officers of the battalion have decided to make improvement in this direction, and have already subscribed about \$1,000 for the purchase of new instruments.

Have You Been There Yet?

It would take more space than even PROGRESS can spare to describe C. Flood & Sons' store. Such a thing will not be attempted. Those who saw it last year can hardly understand how it excels this year. But it does. There are more goods—a greater variety of them, and they are perfectly displayed. To those who love to look at pretty things, at rich goods and at the latest novelties, a walk through Flood's would be unalloyed pleasure.

Bound to Make It Popular.

The Victoria skating rink opens this year under circumstances which should make it as popular as it ever was. It will be under new management, a number of well-known, energetic and popular young men having become interested.