

THE MAYOR RAISES THE SALARY OF INSPECTOR CLARK.

THE COUNCIL DID NOT ASK HIM TO DO SO, BUT HE HAD THE POWER—HIS REASONS ARE NOT SOUND—SUGGESTIONS FROM WHICH HE CAN LEARN SOMETHING MORE ON THE SUBJECT.

Under the provisions of the Liquor License Act, the mayor of St. John is a whole county in himself. That is to say, his powers are equal to those which require the assembled wisdom of the councillors in the ordinary municipalities.

This is not from presumption in law that a man who is elected mayor of St. John is equal in wisdom and discretion to a quorum of any ordinary county council.

There might have been some ground for such an idea had George Robertson been mayor when the act was passed, but he was not, nor at that time did anybody suppose he ever would be. There is another reason for this exceptional state of affairs.

The license act provides that there shall be a chief inspector for each municipality to be appointed by the council, but that in the city of St. John the chief of police shall be such inspector.

The act also provides that the salary of the inspector shall be fixed by the council. It further provides that, in this city, the powers vested in county councils elsewhere shall be vested in the mayor. The reason for this is that liquor licenses were always issued by the mayor, prior to the passage of the act, and therefore is simply confirmed in the powers he always exercised. Did he not issue the licenses, the work would be that of the aldermen in common council assembled.

There are some who have thought there was a question whether it was not the original intention of the act to make the chief of police do the work of license inspector as part of the duties of his office, without any extra salary.

As the law has been construed, however, an extra salary has been allowed, and the mayor, acting as a concentrated extract of warding and councillors, has fixed the amount of such salary.

There appears to be an understood limit of \$500 for the amount available for inspectors' salaries in St. John, and of this \$500 goes to an inspector for the West end, where no licenses is issued, and where liquor is sold only to sober people who won't give the snap away.

The West end inspector is Sergeant Ross—so called because he commands a squad of one man—and he earns his money about as easily as anybody in the city employ, with the possible exception of the harbor master. This leaves only \$150 for the rest of the city, and until two years ago the whole of that amount was allowed to the chief of police, in addition to his other salary.

In 1893, when there was more or less talk about reducing civic expenditures, the common council passed a resolution requesting the mayor, who was then T. W. Peters, to reduce the salary of the chief inspector. Whether this reduction was or was not necessary is not the question. It was the expressed wish of the council, who were supposed to represent the wishes of the public, and as such the mayor recognized it. He made the reduction of \$150.

No indignant protest was heard from the press and the people, nor has there been any since that time. The chief with his combined salaries was still in receipt of \$1,500, so that he did not really suffer any great hardship. A good many people seemed to think he was well enough paid, even then.

Probably the chief did not like it, and nobody can blame him. If the reduction was an unjust one, however, he had ample opportunity to prove it such, and to seek his redress in the proper quarter. That is to say, his remedy lay in getting the council to recognize his claim and express their wish that the salary should be restored to the original amount.

If he did this, it is not of record. The celebrated investigating committee which undertook to wake up snakes in the civic departments generally and ended by unintentionally reducing the salary of the harbor master's clerk, do not appear to have considered the subject of increasing the chief's pay. The only recommendation they did make in regard to the chief inspector is in these words:

"That the chief of police be requested to instruct the members of the force to use greater diligence in preventing the sale of spirituous liquors on Sunday."

This is about as little as they could decently say on the subject, if they touched it at all. They did not attempt to refer to any other violations of the Liquor License Act, nor did they seem to have any objections to bars being run on Sunday for the sale of ale or other malt liquors.

The very little they did say, however, cannot, under the most liberal reading, be construed into a recommendation that the inspector should have his salary restored because he had proved himself an efficient officer.

The salary of the inspector is fixed each year by the mayor for the time being. After the expressed wish of the council,

DONE BY HIS WORSHIP.

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THAT CASE IN NEW YORK.

WHY MISS HANSON AND OTHERS WERE ARRESTED.

The Strange Story of the Death of a Lovely Girl With a Crank for a Father—The Persons He Charged With Complicity Are Released From Custody.

The daily papers have had such brief references to the arrest of a former resident of St. John, in New York, that some further particulars will be read with interest. The whole proceedings were most unusual and it is satisfactory to learn that the people under suspicion have been released without even a specific charge being laid against them.

These people were Miss Amelia K. Hanson, formerly of St. John, Henry T. Champney, vice president of the Bovine company, and a Dr. Thomas J. Biggs. Miss Hanson is a daughter of Vernon Hanson, formerly of Carleton, and is described by the New York papers as being over 40 years of age.

She was here on a vacation trip about three years ago, and was accompanied by Mr. Champney, described as an elderly man with a meek respectability. The New York papers, however, make a serious blunder in describing Miss Hanson as the daughter of a Methodist Episcopal clergyman. Mr. Vernon Hanson is in the lumber business when in St. John, and was a baptist. A sister of Miss Hanson is the wife of Rev. W. J. Stewart, formerly pastor of the Brussels street baptist church in the city.

On the morning of Tuesday, July 29, the body of a very beautiful girl of 19 was in a glen at Washington Heights with a bullet hole in the right temple. By her side was a revolver with one chamber discharged, and near by were a number of cartridges. The body was removed to the morgue. The only possible clue to the identity of the remains was contained in the following note found in a pocket:

Glendale, L. I., May 23. Dear Baby Chickoo: How can I thank you sufficiently for the delightful little epistle and lock of raven hair you so thoughtfully sent me? The shock to my very delicate nervous system on receiving so much sweetness has been a most serious one, but being surrounded by my dear family and many sympathizing friends, I hope in time to partially recover, but fear I cannot do so these charming sisters. Take good care of your self and think always of your big brother.

TOMMIE.

On the following day the body was identified as that of Lillian Low, daughter of James Low jr., described as a gentleman of leisure, belonging to a well known and wealthy Kentucky family. Mr. Low recognized the remains and exclaimed, "It is she—my poor Lily! They have finished their awful work!" He then made a remarkable statement.

His daughter had killed herself, he said. She had been lured away from him by a scoundrelly person who had at last discarded her, and she was ashamed to return to her father. The mother of the girl was a French Italian woman Mr. Low had met in Italy, and who had murdered all the other children born to her in Europe. This woman finally went to the bad altogether, and Mr. Low brought his daughter to America and settled in New York four years ago.

After trying several boarding houses, and finding the associations not proper for his daughter, Mr. Low went to the boarding house of Miss Hanson. He had not been there long when he decided to move, for the same reason that he had left other places. He did not like the landlady, nor did his daughter like her. The anti-party to Miss Hanson was founded on her general conduct. Mr. Champney was one of the boarders at the house. Mr. Low and his daughter found another residence.

When leaving, Miss Hanson told Lillian to call upon her if she ever needed a friend.

One night soon after, his daughter left the house without a word of farewell to him, taking nearly all her clothes with her. Mr. Low believed that she had been lured away and at once suspected Miss Hanson. He learned that Lillian was at the Hanson house and went there, but could get no satisfaction. He went again and had a stormy interview with Miss Hanson, in which he accused her of having lured away his daughter. Miss Hanson retorted by calling him a rascal, and said his daughter had fled because of his brutal treatment of her. She then called Dr. Biggs who knocked Mr. Low down and put him out of the house.

He then sought to get from his daughter a written statement of why she left him. Her reply was a long letter charging him with having made her life a burden from childhood. She wanted to be free to do as she pleased, and said Miss Hanson was prepared to take her to the mountains. Mr. Low subsequently saw his daughter driving around the city in company with male acquaintances.

Dr. Biggs was supposed to be the "Tommie" who had written the letter found in the dead girl's pocket. Lillian had told her father that Biggs was in love with her but that she did not return his affection.

On the strength of the statements made

SILENTLY STOLE AWAY.

THE HALIFAX CLERK WHO LIVED NOT WISELY BUT WELL.

He Cut a Big Dash on a Small Salary—The Result Was an Usual—Eight Dollars a Week Could Not Keep the Circus up for All Time—What Finally Happened.

HALIFAX, August 1.—Almost daily we hear of robbers or peccations by employees of Halifax business houses. The epidemic began with the stealing of large quantities of liquor from the warehouses of John Tobin & Co., and it ends in the meantime with the discovery of wrongdoings among the clerks of a large Water street hardware firm. Extravagant living is doubtless the cause of this general dishonesty. Young men cannot live in the style many of them attempt, upon the meagre salaries they receive.

A young man in receipt of \$500 a year cannot spend \$1000 and be honest. Yet many of such men spend the \$1000 a year sure enough. Nowadays the question when a young man wants anything, too often is, not, "Can I afford it?" but how can I get it, for get it I must." They dress well, live well, and have all that's going from a bicycle to a boat. How is it done, except by stealing. It cannot be accomplished otherwise.

The career of William J. Carrington, an \$8 a week clerk at W. J. Hoggood's grocery store is an instance in point. This young man came here a few years ago from Newfoundland. He was a young fellow of good address and it was not difficult for him to obtain employment. Finally he got behind the counter in Hoggood's store. His aspirations for distinction as one of the young men of good social and financial position were greater than his earning ability however. His salary amounted only to \$8 per week, but he wanted people to think he commanded at least \$20. His first move was to engage one of the best rooms at the fashionable Lorne house, where he paid \$7 per week. That left \$1. With that amount Carrington was able to ask his friends in for a drink wherever he met them and the opportunity afforded. He gave an occasional champagne supper as well, and he dressed in the height of fashion. The \$1 per week went farther still. Groceries worth between \$10 and \$20 a month were sent to a house in the city, and Mr. Hoggood's stock was diminished to that amount with no corresponding increase in the cash. A fine piano was purchased and its music delighted the ears of listeners when some one else than he performed upon it. Of course he has to own a bicycle, and last season's make would not do, for this spring the old wheel was disposed of at a big sacrifice and a new one obtained. And all upon that one dollar a week left in Carrington's purse after his board bill was paid.

Apparently all this came out of \$8 a week, but the fact is that really it came dishonestly out of his employer's till. Mr. Hoggood sometimes thought the cash was surprisingly small, and could not understand how it was that trade was so dull. His clerk, with his plausible tongue and so far as he knew exemplary habits, was above suspicion. But not for ever, for at last Mr. Hoggood came to the conclusion that Carrington's usefulness was "gone and the 'gentlemanly clerk' dismissed. He lost no time in leaving the city. It was not till after his departure that the full extent of his thieving was known, (and perhaps it is not known yet), or he would have been arrested for embezzlement. Mr. Hoggood estimates his clerk stole \$2,400 from him.

One of Carrington's most daring schemes was the borrowing of several hundred dollars to pay as a deposit on a fashionable house he said he was purchasing. He paid down \$100 on the house, and kept the balance. The house seller took back the property, but the lender of the money never again saw his ducaats.

This smooth-tongued grocery clerk was heard from in Toronto the other day. He wrote a friend here about the "good time" he was having in that "Queen city," but never referred to his dishonesty nor the circumstances of his departure. He kept up the fiction of his enormous salary which had so long been made to do duty while yet he was with his well cronies. With a very irony of independence Carrington wrote to a particular friend of Mr. Hoggood, saying it was Saturday night and he was "thinking of his old employer." Carrington has with him in Toronto a highly complimentary certificate of character from one of our largest wholesale grocery firms.

This Carrington story is given as a type of other cases in Halifax today. Too often the clerks of this city live beyond their means. This style is too fast and too hard to last. It would be well for such "call halt" while yet there is time. It is not always they go so far as Carrington, and seldom indeed they get off as easily. After all, there is more pleasure in plain living with an easy con-

HIT HIM WITH A HATCHET.

Two Kentville Hotel Keepers Engage in a Decidedly Hot Argument.

KENTVILLE, Aug. 1.—This beautiful, and occasionally rather fast town, came near being the scene of a horrible tragedy some time ago, and that more was not heard of it was owing to the desire of the principals to keep it quiet. The proprietor of one of the hotels had recently been fined heavily for selling liquor. The evidence upon which convictions were secured was the testimony of a jeweller of the place. The fines ran up to over \$200. One day, not long ago, the suffering hotel man armed himself, with a bottle of good brandy and called upon the virtuous jeweller. After some preliminaries the men began the discussion of the merits of the brandy. A few glasses warmed them up. They became confidential. Then the jeweller informed his visitor that the evidence he had been giving was not altogether voluntary on his part. He had instituted the proceedings at the instigation of a rival hotel man who also kept the ardent on sale, but who was not having all the patronage he would have liked. At this news the hotel man's good nature turned to wrath. He determined to secure satisfaction.

A personal visit upon the plotting rival hotel keeper was soon made and the peridy if such conduct as that of which the brother host was guilty, or supposed to be guilty, was spoken to his face in plain language. It proved so aggravating that the man accused lost control of himself so completely that he grasped a hatchet near his hand and brought it down upon the head of his worthy assailant. The aim was not perfect or the result would have been fatal. It was feared a frightful gash was inflicted. It was feared the wounded man was carried home and a deposition taken before a magistrate. The skill of the physicians brought the man round, however, and he recovered sufficiently to go about. Then it was decided to swear out a warrant against the hatchet-wielding hotel man. But other measures prevailed. Some \$300 changed hands, of which the lawyers took considerable, and the affair was called square.

No Inspector Appointed.

The contract for Newman's Brook bridge has been signed and the work is under way, but the board of works has not appointed an inspector. There is a general impression that it will not do so, as the aldermen find that public opinion is opposed to anything of the kind. Nobody outside of the council can be found to favor the appointment, and some of the aldermen who voted for it are now wishing they had stayed away that day.

Good value in *Wife Paper*, *Envelopes* and *Wall Paper*. *McArthur's*, 90 King St.

IS A ZEALOUS PROSECUTOR.

Though the County Does Not Make Any Money Out of the Prosecutions.

The license inspector for the county of St. John is George R. Vincent, clerk of the peace and county secretary. The salary attached to the office is not large, being only one hundred dollars a year, and to make the position worth anything the secretary has to hustle with great energy. He appears to have been doing so, for there have been a number of prosecutions, and the friends of law and order rejoice to see the illegal liquor traffic stamped upon with a pretty big foot.

Whether these prosecutions pay the county or not is a different matter. That is not the inspector's business. It is enough for him to know that they pay him, and that the majesty of the law is maintained. They did not pay the county last year, because the expenditures exceeded the receipts by more than \$40. The amount collected for fines was \$340, while the cost of prosecution were about \$384. Much of this went to increase the remuneration of the prosecuting officer.

For attending court at various times Mr. Vincent received \$229, of this \$130 was for the prosecution in the Nugent cases. He also received about \$55 to reimburse him for horse hire and similar expenses, and of this over \$40 was in connection with the Nugents. It required a good many attendances at court at \$5 a day to make this \$229, so that it will be seen the inspector was a pretty busy man. Yet with all his vigilance the inspector did not secure any conviction for selling liquor without license. There were sixteen cases of keeping liquor for sale, yielding \$20 each, and one case of a licensed dealer selling within prohibited hours, which cost him a \$20 fine.

It will then be seen that the inspector was not idle last year, nor did his zeal go unrewarded. He got more than twice the amount of his fixed salary in fees for attending court as prosecuting officer. In a number of instances no convictions were secured, and in the case of Nugents there was a vigorous fight in which the county was considerably out of pocket.

It is quite possible, however, that the inspector does not make all that he appears to make. "There is a belief that he devotes a part of it to a secret service fund. A Mr. Riggs, is credited with saying that he makes more or less by giving the inspector pointers as to places as to where there is a chance to prosecute. If this be true, the remuneration of Mr. Riggs must come out of the inspector's pocket, for no such charge is made in the county accounts, unless as is most improbable it is somewhere among the items of "horse hire and expenses." The probabilities are, however, that, if any arrangement exists, it is wholly a private one between the inspector and the informer.

If Mayor Robertson had the control of matters in the county, he would probably raise the inspector's salary on account of his efficiency, and as a matter of justice.

Military Recognition of the Wheel.

One of the recent additions to the rank of local cyclists is Major Hugh H. McLean, of the 62nd Fusiliers. The major learned to ride on a velocipede many years ago, but did not take seriously to the bicycle until lately, despite the fact that his battalion has a bicycle brigade as an annex. In an editorial in Progress of June 22, however, the suggestion was made that the officers of the Fusiliers should adopt the wheel instead of the charger, as being cheaper, safer and not liable to take a colic at a critical moment. This seems to have set the major thinking, and shortly after he began private practice by riding out to Douglas avenue in an army work which carried his wheel to the desired seclusion. He has now attained such proficiency that he can wheel as far as Spruce Lake, returning by the Shore Line train. Whether Col. Tucker is also in training has not transpired.

Has the Colonel a Press Agent?

Both the Sun and Telegraph of Thursday had a good account of the battalion parade of the 62nd Fusiliers, which took place the evening before, and of the colonel's speech. The remarkable feature about both accounts were that from the beginning to the end they were exactly alike. This would seem to show that the reporters of both papers see local events in precisely the same light, or that some officer of the Fusiliers has a typewriter which duplicates very well indeed.

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