

PROGRESS.

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MAYOR SEARS EXPLAINS.

WHY HE DID NOT OFFICIALLY ATTEND THE OPENING.

The Mayor and Common Council were passed over by the Association—Mr. President Pitfield Talks in a Different Strain and Speaks His Mind.

Progress found his Worship Mayor Sears in his office in the city building, Wednesday morning. He looked placid and happy as is his wont, and didn't seem a bit disturbed with the discussion that had taken place in the newspapers about his differences with the exhibition association. When asked what all the fuss was about, he did not seem particularly anxious to talk about the matter, but finally expressed his views in a conversational way.

"I do not suppose," said Mr. Sears, "that this matter would have been called to the attention of the Exhibition Association at all, had it not been for the fact that on the morning of the arrival of Sir Charles Tupper in this city, I met Mr. Geo. Robertson, the ex-mayor. Mr. Robertson ventured to remark that he supposed that I was going down to the station to meet Sir Charles, and when I stated that I was not, because I had not been invited to do so," he remarked, "you do not mean to say, your Worship, that you have not been invited to meet Sir Charles Tupper? I will speak to the directors of the Exhibition Association at once about it." After assuring him that that was not necessary, and that an invitation at that hour was a little late in the day, we parted. Other gentlemen, who were about starting for the station to meet Sir Charles, learning that I, as the chief magistrate of the city, had not been invited, expressed their surprise at the action of the directors of the Exhibition Association as well as their disappointment that the city should not be represented by the Mayor.

"Sir Charles arrived in the city on Monday, and it appears that that afternoon one of the aldermen met Manager Everett of the Exhibition Association and asked him if he didn't think that it was about time that they were sending out their invitations to the Mayor and Common Council to attend the opening ceremonies at the Exhibition. Mr. Everett's reply was to the effect, I understood him to say, that they were not issuing any invitations. In that, of course, he was mistaken, as the premier of the province, the Hon. Mr. Emmerson, was invited. Some person, probably Mr. Robertson, must have drawn the attention of the exhibition directors to the oversight, for, quite early Tuesday morning, when I was out of my office for a few moments, a delegation or committee from the association called upon me, presumably to explain the matter. Still later, while attending a meeting of the yacht club committee in my inner office, Mr. President Pitfield of the association called me out and extended a verbal invitation to me to be present that afternoon at the opening of the exhibition. I felt then, as I told him, that the distinguished guest of the occasion having arrived the day before, and having been received without the city being represented, it would not be in order for me, as chief magistrate, to accept an invitation at that late date.

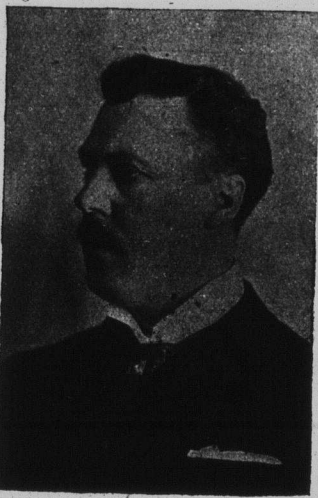
"I told him that I proposed to attend the opening as a private citizen, but not in my official capacity. I was not the only one who was overlooked in this manner. Even the Governor of the province didn't receive an invitation, the Sheriff of the county was in the same position, and I doubt very much if the Governor would have received an invitation to meet the Governor of Maine had not the attention of the directors of the Exhibition Association been sharpened with the affair with me.

"However, though not invited to meet Sir Charles in a formal way, I, in company with Alderman Barclay Robinson along with Sheriff Sturdee and Mrs. Sears, called upon Sir Charles and Lady Tupper Wednesday morning and spent a very pleasant half hour. Unfortunately they were unable, on account of previous engagements to accept of some courtesies I wished to extend to them; but so far as I was able, in that manner, I did what I considered to be my duty as the mayor of the city.

"The fact that I was not invited to meet the Governor of Maine is not of much consequence in itself, but it shows, apparently, a disposition on the part of the directors of the Exhibition Association to dispense with those courtesies that are usually extended to the Mayor of the city. I care not a jot for these matters in my

personal capacity, but as chief magistrate of the city, as the representative of the people, I consider such an oversight can hardly be excused. How pleasant it would have been had the directors of the Exhibition Association been thoughtful enough to extend an invitation to all the distinguished visitors in the city on the day of the opening of the Exhibition. The Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance; Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways; Hon. Mr. Patterson, Minister of Customs; were all with us and no doubt would have been pleased to have been on the platform at the opening ceremonies. They attended in their private capacity, but not otherwise.

"I have felt all along that while the exhibition was being held and a large number of strangers and visitors in the city, it would



MAYOR SEARS.

not be becoming in me to discuss the lack of courtesy on the part of the directors of the Exhibition Association, or to air any differences I might have with them. I am sorry the matter has been discussed during the exhibition by the press, but now that the show is over this statement may not come amiss from me."

Mr. W. C. Pitfield, the president of the Exhibition Association, was not a well pleased man at the action of His Worship the Mayor in regard to the opening ceremonies. Explaining himself to Progress in quite a general way, he said that no matter how hard the directors of the exhibition worked, or how strenuously they strived to do everything that was right, and to meet the views of all right thinking citizens it appeared that they were not able to do so. For years they had given their time, attention, and some, at least, their money, towards making the exhibition a success, and it was an unpleasant thing that this year when everything seemed to be going much better than in previous years, such a small question as to whether a formal invitation went to the mayor or not, should have been brought before the notice of the public. He did think that Mayor Sears should have regarded the matter in a broader light, and knowing them all as intimately as he did, when he found that he did not receive a formal invitation, why did he not express himself in a friendly fashion to some of the directors? How willingly would they have met his views and how cordially would they have extended a formal invitation to the chief magistrate and the members of the common council.

As soon as he found out that there was to be any difficulty, he called upon the mayor personally and extended a verbal invitation to him to be present. If Mayor Sears thought he acted in the proper spirit by refusing to co-operate with them to make the exhibition a success and make the show go along without any friction, he could not agree with him.

"Why," he asked, "didn't the common council, when they heard that Sir Charles Tupper was coming here, resolve to present him with an address as they did Premier Laurier, when he was here last year? Would it not have been a fitting recognition of the services of the greatest statesman in Canada, a pleasant tribute to a man, who has done so much towards making this young country of ours what it is today?"

Mr. Pitfield spoke generally of the effort that had been made to criticize their entertainment of the Governor of Maine. He

felt that the representatives of the people should have considered it their duty to have called on the Governor and not have waited for a formal invitation to meet him. When the Globe stated that the Governor and his party spent the evening quietly at the Royal Hotel, they must have known that they were wrong, for they were their guests at the Union Club and were in charge of Mr. W. H. Thorne, one of the members of the Exhibition Executive. With a final remark, that politics had too much to do with anything and everything of a public character that went on in St. John, Mr. Pitfield hurried away and took a car for the Exhibition grounds.

MAKES SOME EXPLANATION.

The Trustees of the Police Fund Should Make a Statement About It.

Nothing has come to light as yet concerning the police fund. Of course during exhibition times there was too much else to think and talk about for the policemen, and those interested in it who are not on the force, to talk much about it. Still they have not forgotten it and there is no likelihood of the fund passing out of their minds until there has been some explanation of its whereabouts and present condition. Why the officers, who have charge of it, should be so reticent concerning it, is as unexplainable as it is suspicious. There is no reason, whatever, why the people who contributed to the fund and the men who are entitled to a share of it should not have the fullest knowledge of how it stands.

The chief of police may, like Caesar's wife, be above suspicion, and Progress would be very sorry to make any reflections upon his probity, but as this paper stated before, he owes it to himself and the men under him to make a full and explicit statement of the funds that are in his charge.

The manager of the Savings Bank, Mr. McLeod, cannot of course give any explanation of the condition of any deposit, public or otherwise, that is in his charge, and so he told Progress the other day. He was perfectly mute when approached on the subject. But when asked what effect the loss of the Savings Bank book would have, he replied "that upon making a certain application, any depositor who had lost their book could obtain another." And he said that while the book of the police fund might have been lost, that he had not been informed to that effect, and no application had been made for another.

Now is it not in order for the chief of police and the trustees of the fund associated with him to give the people some idea of how the police fund stands?

Good Races But Not Paying Ones.

The races at Moosepath were interesting but not successful from a financial point of view. The management has not succeeded in getting the people to go three miles to see a horse race and they never will succeed. The feature of the meeting was the good work of Nellie Eaton, Special Blend and Clayson. This is Special Blend's first real race since the operation was performed on his throat and his work surprised and delighted his owner and friends. The day was dusty and windy and those were drawbacks to him. But the heat he won was well fought out. Clayson proved the sturdy little wonder he is and delighted the strangers. It seemed a pity that those who did not know the horses should not have been provided with some information upon the race score card as is usual. The sex and color of the horse is always shown and the number of the driver has been given of late but at this meeting all these were lacking. In fact the score card did not do credit to the track.

His Dog Isn't Licensed.

Mayor Sears likes a good dog and he provides him with a license to roam about like other free and independent dogs. So does A. Chipman-Smith director of public works. His dog is small but worth paying a dollar a year for in the opinion of the owner. Magistrate Ritchie on the contrary has a great big unlicensed dog. He takes up a lot of room at times in the police station and make a lot of fuss but his owner has forgotten to pay the city dues upon him. Progress begs to remind him of the fact because some fine morning when a lot of delinquent dog owners are before him he might feel like leaving the bench and taking his place among them. That would lessen the dignity of the court and bring a reproach upon it which the magistrate will surely avoid.

NURSING THE WOUNDED.

TWO ST. JOHN LADIES WHO ARE AT LONG ISLAND.

They Tell of Their Life in Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, Long Island With all its Strange Experiences—Extracts From Their Letters, and Photos.

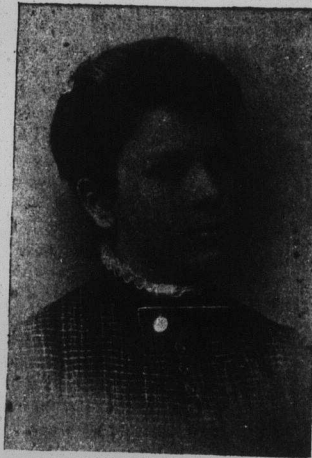
Among the nurses who are caring for the sick American soldiers at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, Long Island, are two St. John young ladies, the Misses Ida and Emma Marsh, whose family resides on Elliott row. The Misses Marsh spent the summer here and immediately upon their return to New York were engaged by a very wealthy lady to go to Montauk point and assist in the care of the sick soldiers. Since going into camp the Misses Marsh have written interesting bits of experiences



MISS EMMA MARSH.

to their friends here; and an extract from a letter written the day after their arrival at Camp Wikoff says: "We left New York at 3 p. m. yesterday and reached here at seven. We staged it for two miles before we reached camp, and here we are safe and sound; imagine an escort of five soldiers to conduct us to our tent if you can. For miles and miles, or as far as the eye can reach there is nothing to be seen but tents; the thousands of soldiers, all of whom are ill or convalescent will claim all our time now and give every nurse here plenty to do.

"We are very comfortable and have beds with a mattress, and grey army blankets to roll ourselves in—and by the way we are going to try and get those blankets for souvenirs—but this morning we look



MISS IDA MARSH.

like Indians. We had to wash in alcohol as there was no water around, but such is camp life. It is terribly cold now, quite like November, which makes it a trifle unpleasant.

"The girls are somewhere around but we cannot find each other. We may meet while here and we may not. We have not reported yet for duty but will do so at 10 o'clock this (Sunday) morning. We are in new tents, and 250 sick boys are coming to us so I thought it better to write this a. m. Do not worry if you do not hear from us very soon again, for we are in charge of two very able physicians who will look out for us, and the nicest little orderly imaginable. It seemed so funny to be awakened by a bugle call this morning and to have a sentry walk round the tent all night."

A day or two later one of the young ladies writes: "What shall I say of our experience here. There is so much that is intensely interesting to write about that

one hardly knows just what to say. I would not miss being here for half the money in New York, and that is saying a good deal, isn't it? It is the experience of a life time, and such as may never come to us again—in fact is never likely to do so. We are here to assist in the nursing of the sick soldiers for Mrs. Nicholas Fish, in memory of her son's connection with the army. We had other offers of engagements in New York but accepted this unhesitatingly. You cannot faintly imagine the scene here. An almost level country, with miles of white tents stretching everywhere, and the ocean dashing and booming against the shores of Montauk Point. We started out last night to find Ida. We walked miles I am sure, going here there and everywhere in our search for her. When we finally found her it was within a quarter of a mile of out (CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

DRIVEN TO THE ASYLUM.

Demented Capt. James Made Worse by Thoughtless Jokers.

That unfortunate fellow, Capt. James, went from the police station to the asylum a few days ago, for upon the opinion of Dr. Berryman he was not in a fit condition to be at large. It is quite right that he should be where he is at present but the fact that he is there should be a warning to a lot of thoughtless youths—some of them it may be, aspiring to manhood—who have largely assisted in the overthrow of his reason. A man or woman with a tendency to unsoundness of mind should always be regarded as an object of pity rather than a subject for sport, and the absurd and ridiculous jokes played on the demented captain proved it to be like the frog in the fable, "death to him but sport for the boys."

Capt. James was once an enterprising seafaring man, well acquainted with his business and fairly well to do. Only a few months ago he began to attract attention on this side of the harbor by wandering around somewhat aimlessly with a silk hat and carrying an umbrella, no matter how fine the weather. The writer has seen him walking along one of the principal streets on a beautiful day with his umbrella in hand. While it might have been sufficient to provoke smiles on the part of some, it proved to be enough to make the captain an object of sport on the part of others. He was made to believe that one or two young ladies were seeking his affections. He was handed what was called a picture of Miss Anna Gould and persuaded thoroughly that she not only intended to leave him all her money, but to look after him and care for him. According to the reports that he received from hour to hour from these lively "sports" she was now in this street, or that she was arriving by train to-day or to-morrow, that she had just passed down King street and had lost a favorite dog, (which was enough to set the captain chasing every canine on the street) all of which excited the poor man and kept him in a continual state of agitation. This culminated a few days ago, when he was told on Charlotte street that it was a great shame that Miss Gould had been waylaid, while having a satchel with his name on it, that violence had been used towards her, the contents of the satchel, a large amount of money, had been abstracted, and that she was in danger of her life. The captain immediately ran to the nearest policeman informing him what he had heard, and that a foul murder was being done and upon no attention being paid to him started for the police station. There his demands were so urgent, his state of mind so agitated that the chief of police decided to hold him for examination. As a result of this he is now in the asylum, whereas if the young men, who met him from day to day had been thoughtful and kind, he might have been still enjoying his freedom.

A Good Advertisement for Them.

If Mr. Sterling Lordly, who was in charge of the Lordly Manufacturing exhibit at the Exhibition this year had placed the imprint of the firm upon those cute little hive banks that they were making for children in the machinery hall, they would have had quite a permanent advertisement. The exhibit was a novel one and interested very many people. Perhaps it was, the only one that attracted the little ones. It is too late to see it now for the Exhibition is closed but it will no doubt be there again or something equally as taking.