

PROGRESS.

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SOME LACK OF HARMONY

MAYOR SEARS AND THE ALDERMEN HAVE A TILT.

The Mayor has not made himself acquainted with what the Old Council did and he gives the Aldermen a chance to get him right once in a while.

After PROGRESS went to press last week the common council had a meeting and it was well described by the daily papers as "warm." A number of the aldermen lost their heads and the mayor was worse than any of them. His worship stood upon his dignity and called forth such plain language from Aldermen Christie and Macrae that one involuntarily thought of the days of the old Portland "bear garden" and the scenes enacted there. The mayor has evidently not had an opportunity to post himself upon what the old council did, for he gives the aldermen a chance quite frequently to remind him that such and such an undertaking was determined upon by the old council. This was notably the case with the Prince William street curbing, which was determined upon long ago. The mayor thought he should have known something about the work before it was undertaken but he lost sight of the fact that granite is not quarried in a day and that the contract was given out months ago. This same might be said about his attempt to delay the Carleton water works. If he had followed the work of the council since the first of the year he would have become acquainted with the fact that the pipe was tendered for and ordered. He would have noted too why it was ordered so far in advance—in the fear of an advance in iron—and the opinions expressed at that time. In justice to himself Mayor Sears should make himself acquainted with what the council has done in the last few months. If he wants the dry official facts the minute book of the common clerk will furnish him with the information, if he would like to know how the aldermen regard these important matters and what was said about them the full reports in the Sun would suit him admirably, but if he wishes to learn of these important affairs and receive entertainment as well as instruction he should consult the files of PROGRESS and peruse the comments upon common council affairs. PROGRESS does not presume to advise his worship but if he would prowl around the wharves and ware houses on the west side and become acquainted with the place and the work that has been done he would be in a position to preside over that select committee, called by courtesy, the advisory board. It is a nice thing for a chairman to be able to comprehend a plan of the city engineer's when it is placed before him. Mayor Sears is far better acquainted with the voters in Carleton than he is with the wharves.

And yet Alderman Smith gave him a most polite intimation a few days ago that if the Carleton voters had been as well acquainted with his attitude on the water supply before his election as they were now the result might have been different. The mayor was discreet in his canvas and whatever his objections were to the increased water supply he said nothing about them until after he got in the chair. If he was in Ottawa and pursued the same tactics there somebody might arise and call him an obstructionist.

THE SMITHS SMILED.

But They Didn't Belish the Clergyman's Funny Remarks.

"What happened to him?" was the question on many lips last week. "To whom?" came the query in reply and then the would-be wit got a safe distance away and called back—"What happened to Jones." Everybody was talking of Jones and anxiety for his welfare penetrated even to the pulpits, for in one of the leading churches last Sunday a very amusing incident occurred in this connection. The clergyman who was supplying the regular minister's place was preaching on the frivolities of life and impressing upon his hearers the necessity of being in earnest in whatever they undertook. He said the tendency of present day christians was to think too much of the ball, the party, the theatre. This last amusement he scored heavily.

"Everywhere one goes this week they hear or see before them in big printed lines 'What Happened to Jones.' Next week I presume it will be 'What Became of Smith.'" A general smile, that developed into an audible titter went round, and

heads were craned in various directions to see what the eight Smith families who are constant attendants at that particular church thought of the remark. They smiled with the rest. Which all goes to show that there is nothing like advertising and keeping at it.

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY RAID.

Officer McLaughlin Gives Mary Ann O'Brien a Quiet Surprise.

Holidays are sort of "free and easy" so far as the police are concerned. They are supposed to be in a more lenient mood upon this day, to make allowance for the enthusiasm of the people and not to be too strict with those whose enthusiasm is mixed with beer.

That same feeling extends over the city to houses with a shady reputation and to others with no reputation at all. For, strange as it may appear, the police say that there are houses with a shady reputation in this good city of ours and one of them is on Duke street tenanted by a woman who calls herself Mary Ann O'Brien. It is time and custom has shortened that to Mary Ann that is of course nobody's business but the fact remains that for some years she has kept a house on Duke Street, near Pitt, where women not over particular about the virtuous attributes of the sex might meet men who were of the same opinion. The place was quiet and orderly. There was no liquor sold there but the fact remained that there was a larger number of calls of that particular house than at any on the street. This fact was brought to the attention of officer McLaughlin on the evening of the holiday by a groceryman named Macaulay who insisted that he had watched these couples go into the house within a short space of time and also said that they had not come out again. Mr. Macaulay made other statements to the officer such as he could not ignore and very reluctantly indeed he proceeded to visit the house. The word "reluctantly" must not be taken to mean that officer McLaughlin did not want to do his duty, but it is not an agreeable task for any policeman to enter a house of that sort and make an examination. He will be confronted with crying, pleading women, some of them perchance known and married, others young and terrified and all dreading the publicity of the affair and the sight of a police station cell.

But the officer made his call and he gave Mary Ann the surprise of the season. There were three men and three women in the house and they, along with the proprietress, were taken to the police station. Two of the men were strangers, one of them coming from a Western section of the province and the other from the North. The women with them also were strangers. The fines were fixed at \$100 for Mary Ann and \$25 for each of the others. The men paid for the women promptly and all went away in a short time. The strangers found no difficulty in raising the money—in fact one of them had a roll that would have paid all the fines twice over and left him something to spare after that.

A HANDSOME CLUB HOUSE.

How the Members of the L. C. F. Club Have Improved Their Property.

The members of the Log Cabin Fishing Club have good reason to be proud of their club house and buildings, the grounds that surround them and the privileges they enjoy on the front of Loch Lomond Lake. There is hardly a day when there is not some member of the club enjoying himself, and in many cases his friends with him, at this pleasant and beautiful spot. The club house is situated about a mile beyond the Ben Lomond house, perhaps two hundred yards from the Lake Front, and with its wide and spacious veranda and general neatness and good care, it presents a most inviting appearance to those who approach it as they drive or wheel by. Many improvements were placed upon the club house last summer. New hardwood floors, new furniture and the inviting veranda spoken of before adds greatly to the comfort and appearance of the club property. In addition to this the large barn was remodelled and the horses that are stabled there from time to time do not miss any of the comforts of a home barn.

The boat house is complete in its equipment. The boats are good and the sails such as delight those who prefer the charm of a skim on the lake to the lazier pastime of the gentle Isaac. Good fishing abounds

in the vicinity and there are excellent spots for bathing at hand. The members of the club are well known citizens, many of them married, and their wives and families enjoy a rare privilege when they visit the club house during the summer months.

A WORD MIGHT HAVE DONE.

What Captain Magee and Some Fusiliers Tried to do With Handcuffs.

"If that fellow's captain would speak to him quietly and tell him not to make a show of himself and his comrades, instead of trying to put those handcuffs on him, he would come along all right."

This was the remark of a bystander who witnessed the arrest of a burly Fusilier by his comrades in Fredericton. The Scott Act whisky of the place had proved too much for the stalwart volunteer, and he began to make himself conspicuous around the wharf of the Star Line company. Finally the attention of Captain Magee was called to the rumpus and he ordered his arrest. That went against the grain of his comrades in the first place but they had to obey orders and they made a sad pretence of trying to down their muscular friend. But he seemed to have strength enough to throw them around him in great style again and again, and once when the slightly built captain attempted to trip the unruly fellow he sang out to him "Don't try that on, Magee." He forgot his military discipline and the respect due his office at the same time but who could expect him to remember these fine points with half a dozen people pulling and hauling at him. An equally funny phase of the affair was when one of the company rushed in and tried to throttle the strong man. Then one of these endeavoring to effect the arrest drew off and struck the intruder and sent him half a dozen yards sprawling with a pain in his face.

About this time Captain Magee produced a pair of handcuffs that should have been in any museum long ago. They were too small for the man's wrists and anyway they could not down the fellow to put them on had they been serviceable. Then a Fredericton officer came to the rescue with a modern pair of cuffs and they were placed upon the Fusilier's wrists. He told them in a few minutes that if they would take them off he would go along quietly and he did so.

A Street Cleaners Findings.

Anyone who walks down through the business portion of the city between seven and eight o'clock in the morning may see quite an old man poking along the edge of the sidewalk with a good sized basket slung over one arm while with the other hand he picks up the loose paper that has blown or been swept into the gutters the day before. It occurred to PROGRESS that so persistent a search of the gutters should result in richer findings than old scraps of paper and sure enough upon inquiry the old man said he occasionally came across something of greater value. For example the morning before he had been fortunate enough to pick up a dollar bill, and it was not an uncommon thing to find small silver in the gutter. This would be, of course, only in the business portions of the city. The street cleaner did not seem to think, however, that with all his findings he was especially fortunate. It was weary work, he said, tramping the gutters from seven in the morning until five at night bending over all the time picking up the scraps that careless people dropped.

A Hint From the Government.

A gentleman prominent in aldermanic circles expressed the opinion—and he seemed to have excellent grounds for what he said—that the provincial government was in hearty sympathy with the council in the stand it had taken on the appointment of a policeman to wait upon the mayor. He gave PROGRESS to understand that an intimation to this effect had reached this city but he would not state whether it was an official statement or not. At any rate the recent action of the chief of police in assigning Sergeant Caples to the ordinary duties of an officer and withdrawing him from the mayor's ante room would give some color to the statement.

Their Plans are Upset.

Capt. Fleming says that the Manhattan Steamship company hopes to reach here next month but the scarcity of steamers in New York has upset their plans to a considerable extent. The war and the demand for all the available tonnage by the government has altered their plans considerably.

MR. HARRISS' TROUBLES.

IT WAS THE MANAGER'S BUSY DAY AND HE HUSTLED.

Bit Creditors Came Early and the Band Came Late—What the Musicians Thought of a Scott Act Town—They Liked Our Beer—Moncton Incident.

Evidently St. John's feeble efforts to honor Dan Godfrey's great military band were not appreciated quite as much as they should have been, for in the notices which have appeared in the Upper Canadian papers recounting the band's triumph in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there isn't even a hint that it honored St. John with a visit. Says one of these notices, "Halifax, Truro, Moncton, Montreal and Ottawa where the band has appeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded. People waved their hats and handkerchiefs and roared themselves hoarse in their delighted excitement." The fact that the audience here did not indulge in any of the "delighted excitement" described above may have had something to do with the omission. It was an enthusiastic audience certainly but St. John knows how to behave itself in public and is not given to "roaring itself hoarse" over anything.

Perhaps Mr. Harris didn't realize either just how pleased they were with the band, for he had no time for anything but the collectors who crowded round him thick and fast. Every one of those who had anything to collect from Mr. Harris were evidently individually impressed with the fact that they should "come early and avoid the rush," and this brought them all there at the same time, and as one or two capises were among the number the famous manager can scarcely be blamed if he overlooked the fact that St. John was enthusiastic—in a well bred way of course.

He had other things to contend with of which the public knew nothing. The required license had not been taken out for the band before its arrival, and when Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Harris were through with that necessary little performance, they began a more difficult one—hunting up the band. Wherever they saw a bear sign there were they sure of a brave Grenadier, so there is ample excuse for their late arrival at the Victoria.

St. John's cheap "beer" was a source of wonder to the musicians and passing along the square one of them was heard to remark to a comrade "I say, but this is a jolly good town, chappie; you can get a bloomin' good glass of beer here for five cents." They had struck a snap and were in no hurry to leave it.

The band had spent some time in Moncton, where even the water has a Scott Act flavor, consequently when they reached this city there was a hurried rush in search of a "glass" of beer. They got it, and something stronger besides, hence their late arrival at the rink.

It may be remarked incidentally that two of the daily papers declined the passes offered them at a late hour Thursday morning. They, as well as all the other papers had used Mr. Harris very courteously and naturally resented the slight to the press.

Godfrey's famous band arrived in Moncton Wednesday and was received most enthusiastically by the citizens. In fact royalty itself or vice-royalty could scarcely have met with a more cordial reception. Not only was the platform at the I. C. R. station crowded with eager spectators, but the approaches to the station were almost in a state of congestion owing to the extraordinary curiosity which seemed to possess the citizens regarding the celebrated band. Our own Citizen's Band had shown a graceful spirit of comradeship in deciding to meet the visitors and escort them to the rink, but evidently Godfrey's Band had not been in the habit of receiving such attentions, so the members were unprepared, and in their haste to secure tea before all the tables at Hotel Brunswick should be cleared, a number of them alighted on the wrong side of the train and sprinted with great agility towards that goal of the hungry man—the nearest hotel. Meanwhile the Citizen's Band which was stationed on the railway platform, burst forth with the stirring strains—not of "The British Grenadiers" as every one expected—but with "God Save the Queen," and those of the visiting bandmen who were not too hungry to be attracted by the strains of the National Anthem pined in their mad career and were escorted through the admiring crowd to their destination to the tune of "See

the Conquering Hero Comes." The procession was quite an imposing one headed as it was by the Moncton police force, the Citizen's Band in their smart blue and silver uniforms following, and last of all the handsome soldierly Englishmen in scarlet and gold, closely followed by a rearguard of small but enthusiastic boys. Arrived at the Brunswick, one of the visitors feeling that thirst was even a greater ill than hunger, and being accustomed in his own country, to regard a policeman as a sort of encyclopedia of miscellaneous information, turned to Scott-Act-Policeman Balyea, and remarked in stentorian tones—"I say Bobby where can I get a glass of beer, don't you know?"

"Can't get it at all" answered the Scott Act hero in a hushed voice, "don't you know this is a Scott Act town?"

"What kind of a blooming town did you say it was?" gasped the bewildered musician.

"Scott Act" growled the Scott Act enforcer ruefully, "can't get a drink at any price even if you are willing to pay for it."

It took the Englishman some time to understand the workings of a law which had the power to prohibit a free born British subject from taking a drink at his own expense, and from the expression of profound thought which enveloped his ruddy countenance when it was finally made clear to him, there is every reason to believe that he will go home and write a book on Canada, and the monstrous oppression and injustice to which the Canadian native cheerfully submits.

Perhaps it was the lack of the customary glass of beer, or it may have been the agitation caused by their unexpected reception which threw some of the bandmen off their balance, but when audience and performers finally met face to face in the chilly precincts of Victoria Rink it was suddenly discovered that four of the instruments had been left behind at the railway station. Was Mr. Daniel Godfrey of cosmopolitan fame "mad?" Well rather! He arose and apologized to the audience for the unexpected delay which, he explained was entirely the fault of the I. C. R. authorities. Just how the management of "The People's Road" were to blame has not yet transpired, but when Mr. Godfrey returns to his native land he will doubtless explain the matter fully in a letter to the "London Times," if he does not write a pamphlet on railway management in the colonies.

Special envoys were dispatched for the missing instruments, and the audience sat with praise-worthy patience and felt the blood slowly congealing in their veins, or passed leaden moments in furively tramping first on one set of toes with the heel of the other boot and then reversing the performance, in order to keep up the circulation. After a weary wait the missing instruments arrived, and then even the chill of the atmosphere was forgotten, in the glow of enthusiasm which warmed up the rink like a breath of the south wind, and the audience no longer felt the need of artificial heat. Hands and feet were too busily employed in applauding and hearts were warmed to summer heat. It was a delightful concert, and will long remain a pleasant memory to the citizens of Moncton.

There Is Nothing New Yet.

The Beverly inquest is not finished yet. Next Wednesday sees the case taken up again. Last Monday the widow of Mr. Beverly was examined and her evidence and that of Mrs. Nase—Mr. Beverly's daughter—which followed showed that the members of the family held different opinions as to Mr. Beverly's ability to carry on his business when he made the transfer to his son George. Some facts about life insurance came out but nothing was elicited to show where the poison came from. So far as PROGRESS can learn the city druggists have not been interviewed and their poison registers examined to find out who bought strychnine. No doubt all these things will occur to the coroner. Then that "black wallet"—did it ever reach Mr. Beverly and if so how did it get there? Who took it there? If the regulations of the asylum were carried out how could it be given to him without being examined? These are questions that will no doubt be asked and answered before the inquest ends. The provincial secretary who is the chairman of the asylum commission is looking into the matter very carefully and is bound to have a thorough investigation. It is probable that he will be present next Wednesday.