PROGRESS.

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IT MADE TOO MUCH TALK.

WHY THE BOARD OF HEALTH HAD TO CHANGE ITS PLANS.

The Appointment of Relatives of Two of the Board to Positions was a Mistake—How it was Rectified—Mr. John Kelly to the Front as Usual.

The St. John board of health has taken a tumble to itself this week. It has taken two tumbles, in fact, a tumble in and a tumble out again. It has been talked about a good deal and would have been the subject of considerable more talk had it carried out some of its intentions.

In addition to Inspector Watters, there have been six inspectors for the city who worked only in the summer season during May and June. They were paid $1.25 a day, and 60 days was the most made by any one of them last year, while 38 days was the least. In addition to these were inspectors for Lancaster and St. Martins at $50 each for the season. All these cost $467 last year, while Inspector Watters got an annual salary of $425.

Inspecter Watters resigned last week at the request of the board. PROGRESS in announcing the fact said that the reason assigned was unsatisfactory performance of duty, but that other things were hinted at. It was not considered advisable to specify what the other reasons were, though the talk around town was that relatives of two members of the board were after the place.

The board held a meeting last Wednesday and discussed the question of inspectors. It was pointed out that the service done by the summer inspectors was not in all cases satisfactory, and it was agreed that more efficient work would be likely to result if the system were changed. The idea advanced was to do away with all the inspectors in question and appoint two permanent men at an annual salary of $425 each. This would make the cost no greater than before, and would insure systematic work the year round. The idea was favorably received and the board then and there proceeded to appoint the new officials.

There were several applications for the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Watters, and the board chose out of the number Charles E. Reynolds and Louis Bruce. The first named is a son of Mr. James Reynolds, chairman of the board, and the other is a nephew of Dr. Wm. Christie, a member of the board. The announcement of their appointment appeared in the papers Thursday morning. Then people began to talk.

These were the relatives who had been mentioned in connection with the resignation of Inspector Watters, and now not only had one of them got the position, but an equally good position had been created for the other. On the face of it, the affair looked bad, though it may have been done in the most innocent manner possible. The members of the board of health are men of high standing, and that body is one of the last in which the public would be likely to suspect nepotism or any other ism pernicious in a corporate organization. Individually and collectively they enjoy public confidence. Especially is this true of Chairman Reynolds, whose time and energies have been given so freely for the benefit of the citizens for years past. No one could imagine him misusing an official position, and it is now known he did nothing of the kind in this instance. He did not press for the appointment of his son, and it may be argued that his son had as much right to apply as had any other man. Possibly he felt so innocent in the whole matter that the suggestion of a misconstruction by the public did not occur to him. It may not have been his place to object, and possibly the rest of the board felt that it was but a small tribute of their regard for their honored chairman to choose his son. So Mr. Reynolds was appointed.

It was the same, in a way, with Dr. Christie. He is looked upon as a straightforward man in whatever cause he may espouse. The citizens elected him to the reform council over a man who had not only a title but had been an early and active member of the Tax Reduction Association. No one asserts that Dr. Christie gave his nephew a pointer to try for the position, and certainly nobody can blame him for not opposing the application with the vehement rhetoric which illuminates his speeches at the council. So the board of health paid a small compliment to their esteemed colleague by appointing Louis Bruce as the other inspector.

Now the appointment of a relative of any member of the board to a position was not likely to provoke comment under ordinary circumstances. In this instance, however, the combination of incidents was unfortunate. Before Inspector Watters resigned, the rumor was current that his place was wanted for Reynolds or Bruce. This idea may have been utterly baseless. It may have been the mean suspicion of a grovelling mind, but it was the kind of a rumor that is apt to find credence. It was not quieted by the fact that not only one of these applicants, but both of them, were appointed. So it was that people began to talk.

Chairman Reynolds is the kind of a man who would feel keenly wounded by any suspicion of his motives in an official position, and he was around town as usual on Thursday morning. Later in the day it was announced that Charles E. Reynolds declined to accept the appointment, and in the afternoon another meeting of the board was held to fill the vacancy. This time the North End came to the front, and Mr. Daniel O'Neill was appointed.

Everybody knows Mr. O'Neill, and the appointment must be considered a good one. He is a competent man with the advantage of age and experience in dealing with all classes of people. This is an important qualification in an inspector who has sometimes a difficult duty to perform, which would not be easy for a young man with a limited experience.

So the board of health has resumed its wonted tranquility, people have stopped talking, and the North End is happy because another of its citizens has an office. It may be incidentally remarked that Mr John Kelly is a member of the board, and he generally gets there.

IS DOING A GOOD WORK.

The Quiet Way In Which Great Reformation is Being Accomplished

Many people read the accounts of the "cures" that have appeared from time to time in the press, and lay down the paper with an incredulous smile. They are willing to believe, but do not want their credulity taxed beyond a certain point. A few days ago one of these skeptics was invited to pass an evening at the sanitarium of the Bellinger Remedy Company at 78 Sidney street.

A modest place he found it, still pleasant and possessing all the attractions of recent visitations of carpenters and painters. While there he was introduced, with their cordial consent, to a number of the gentlemen who were in the sanitarium as patients. There were men who for years had been the slaves of morphine, who, for years, had not known an hour of natural happiness and who a short time ago could only look forward to a life of misery.

There were men there who for fifteen or twenty years had been the victims of liquor who had become so thorougly mastered by it that they hardly knew a sober hour. For days all these men had not tasted a particle of morphine or a dram of liquor. Almost from the hour they placed themselves under the care of Dr. Adams and the Bellinger treatment they were able to refrain from the use of the drug and liquor. A wonderful thing! But they spoke of the fact themselves with such gratefulness, with such gladness that he who failed to believe them must be more than skeptical.

They showed the writer the hypodermic syringes that they had used for years, they spoke of the fearful craving for the drug when by any mischance their syringe would not work, or their supply of the drug was exhausted, and more conclusive than anything else they pointed to the amount they had brought to the institute, not a particle of which had been used since.

These men had wives and families at home, and when they spoke of the miserable, anxious life they had and the pleasant prospect for them in the future, one could gain a faint idea of what their feelings were.

Dr. Preston of this city has not hesitated to come to the front and say what the Bellinger cure has done for him. He writes to Dr. Adams such a letter as a man might write who had suddenly been liberated from bondage, and who hardly knew how to express his thanks to his deliverer.

That letter has already been printed but it appears again today on the fourth page of this paper. It is worth reading.

To one who had heard so much about the cure there was a natural curiosity to see how the treatment was administered. There did not seem any way to have this gratified until one of the patients remarking that it was about time for his "dose" turned to the writer and said with a laugh. "The penalty for witnessing the operation is to take one yourself."

After all it was all over in half the time it takes to write this sentence. The arm was bared, an injection of liquid through a hypodermic syringe given and a small amount of medicine given the patient to drink. There was no pain, no nausea nothing that seemed at all disagreeable. Dr. Adams says that none of his patients have the dreadful sickness spoken of in some institutes. He does not encourage them to take liquor and then give them their dose producing what is known as a "cross shot" and fearful sickness. His patients have the freedom of the city. If they want liquor or morphine they are able to get it but he is confident that they will not want it.

A more interesting evening has not been spent by the writer for many a day. The spirit of content that hovered over the patients in that sanitarium, could not fail to influence any one who talked with them and listened to the earnest way they spoke of their recovery.

KELLY KEPT THE DRUM.

REPULSE OF A DETACHMENT OF THE GALLANT SIXTY-SIXTH.

On Occasion in Which Military Law Did Not Command Respect in Halifax—The Bold Mike is Likely to Hear More About It at a Later Date.

HALIFAX, May 17.—There was an amusing scene at the academy of music on Tuesday night during a performance of "True Irish Hearts,"—a scene not provided for on the bill. The principals were Colonel Humphrey, of the 66th P. L. F., Lieutenant Kelley Johnston, and Drummer Mike Kelly. The 66th were ordered out to practice on the common for the Queen's birthday review. Mike is a drummer in the band, as well as a drummer in the academy orchestra. He gets $1 per night for his services at the academy, but when he goes to the common with his regimental band his only recompense is a certain amount of glory. Probably that was the way he looked at the matter when Colonel Humphrey's order came to parade on Tuesday night. It was reasonable he should see it in that light, but then he should also have considered that it was a 66th drum, worth $100 or so, that he was using, and had used night after night and week after week, and that it was needed at the parade. Naturally enough, Colonel Humphrey viewed the situation from that standpoint.

When the battalion was ready to march from the drill hall it was reported to the Colonel that Drummer Kelly was absent again. Bandmaster Carleton was shorthanded. Colonel Humphrey considered it was time he should take a stand for the credit of the band and of the regiment. He accordingly peremptorily ordered Lieutenant Kelly Johnston to take an escort, proceed to the academy and bring up Kelly and the drum, or if not able to get the man to be sure and capture the drum.

The lieutenant took two men and fully armed they marched down the street to the academy, and up to the orchestra in front of the stage. Every eye was upon the soldiers and every ear was strained to hear what was said. The conservation was not carried on in audible tones; they didn't speak out as soldiers should, and only one or two in the front row knew what went on. And, true enough, nothing did go on, for Kelly positively refused to give up his drum, making some paltry excuse.

The lieutenant, strange to say, was satisfied with Kelly's ultimatum, "I refuse to give up the drum." So he marched his escort up the aisle and back to the common where, by this time, the 66th practice was half over. Military law would have borne out Lieutenant Johnston, if not in arresting Kelly, at least in taking the drum, but the meek officer did neither, and he left the drummer beating a tatoo of defiance to Lieut. Johnston and his escort, to Colonel Humphrey and the 66th P. L. F., and to the Queen's regulations. The satisfaction of the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo, may have compared to his own satisfaction as he watched Lieutenant Johnston's retreat up the Academy of Music aisle.

Col. Humphrey's feelings may be imagined as he received the message: "Kelly refused to give up the drum." His look of scorn at the lieutenant, who had failed even to capture a drum, with a force of three to one, and the adjectives he used, cannot be reproduced.

Mike came out ahead in this skirmish, but in the pitched battle which will follow, his chances of another such victory are very slim.

BANKS FOUND OLD FRIENDS.

But the Liquor Was All Out of the Way Before He Appeared on the Scene.

HALIFAX, May 17.—The boys are talking about a recent visit of Inspector Banks to No. 117 Grafton street in search of liquor drinking or illegal selling. These visits of Banks to Grafton street are becoming more and more frequent, and though he has not found cause for prosecution he is inflicting fatal blows on business there. The reason is that the young men and older ones too, who patronize those establishments are afraid that the inspector may sometime take it into his head to subpœna them for evidence he may need. One can easily see how uncomfortable it is to be in the power of an official who may at any moment issue a piece of paper that will compel attendance before Stipendiary Motton to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." And it may be mentioned in passing that Mr. Banks is said to have already secured, with the dates, scores of names of people who may some time be called upon in this way.

At the special visit referred to, at No. 117 Grafton, Mr. Banks found four or five old fellow-workers in political campaigns, men who had been shoulder to shoulder with him in lib.-con. ward committees. Two of them were well known young lawyers, and the crowd had much experience in handling the sinews of war at election times.

There is a very slight probablity that those men will be served with subpœnas, as not even a drop of liquor was found in the search which followed. The reason for the society probably was that the inspector arrived too closely on the heels of the men who were there on "pleasure," so that his "business" visit was largely a failure. It was a rather awkward position in which the merry-makers found themselves, but many other similar companies in the last few weeks have had a similar uninvited guest, and probably others will fare in the same way in the future while liquor license Inspector Banks continues his nocturnal dreaded rounds.

FUN FOR THE HOLIDAY.

A Big List of Entries for the Local Races—A Match Race.

PROGRESS is glad to note the fact that the Moosepath season opens this year on the 24th of May with two races and a match contest between Deceiver and Helena. The fact that there are fourteen entries for the "green race and seven entries for the gentleman's driving race disproves any idea that local races would not fill or be interesting.

Mr. Thomas Dean and Dr. Pendleton have the track and it is safe to say that it could not be in better hands. They offered good purses, local races considered, and the result is that in one race the entry fees will more than pay the purse by $5, while in the other they will amount to $45 of the purse. The correct list of entries is as follows.

GREEN RACE—PURSE $75.

Little Rocket,	Peter Carroll.
Dutchman,	W. Hamilton.
Jessie Mack,	W. McEvoy.
Harry A,	John Grimin.
Portland Prince,	John Rolston,
Westwind,	Dr. Pendleton.
Lady Laurier,	Geo. Carvill.
Island Grey,	W. Caine.
San Peur, jr.,	W. Gordon.
Mazouk,	S. Ewing.
O. Dick,	J. McKinney.
Roymont,	J. Huggard.
Dart,	A. Tower.
Roan Bird,	C. Colwell.

GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING RACE—PURSE $75.

Johnny Dick,	John Welsh.
Black Jack,	R. O'Shaughnessy.
Lady D,	W. McEvoy.
Teddy Goldleaf,	Dr. Pendleton.
Frank E.,	W. Campbell.
Eagle,	Thos. Haley.
Nettie G., (pacer)	W. Gordon.

It will be pretty hard to pick a winner out of either race, but the favorite in the green race at present is Jessie Mack with Little Rocket, Westwind and Roymont to be heard from. But this is mere talk, with fourteen entries the horse that is fortunate in the send off and level gaited will stand a good show for a place. In the gentlemen's driving race the first place should be between Johnny Dick and Black Jack. Nellie G., the pacer, is reported as an unknown flyer, and she will probably give the others a game race.

Helena and Deceiver should make a grand race. The mare is in good shape but Deceiver is big, strong and speedy.

The train leaves the I. C. R. station at 1.45 local time. Busses also run to the park. Admission is but a quarter and there should be a good crowd to witness a day's good sport.

MR. SHERATON'S HARD LUCK.

Furniture Seized Under Old Judgments for Five Thousand Dollars.

HALIFAX, May 17.—After A. B. Sheraton's ejectment from the Queen hotel he moved to the "Annex" on the opposite side of the street, which is held in the name of Mrs. Sheraton. There is personal property in that building, also in Mrs. Sheraton's name, estimated to be worth about $5,000. It was seized a couple of days ago by the sheriff, under executions on two old judgments.

One of the executions is under a judgment for $4,000, by Green Son & Co., of Montreal, obtained by that firm against Mr. Sheraton, while he was in the carpet business in St. John, previous to his coming to this city. The other execution was obtained by the bank of Montreal for $1,000. The goods are now in the possession of the sheriff, and unless replevined by Mr. Sheraton will remain there till the autumn, when the matter will be tried out by the courts.

What will become of Mr. Sheraton, should the decision of the full bench be against him in the appealed ejectment matter, is what people are asking. While condemning his recklessness in business, they speak kindly of him as an open handed generous man, and regret his misfortunes. It would have been far better for him to have kept out of law at least.

The Congregation Is All Right.

Rector Sibbald, of St. Luke's has gone on a vacation for the benefit of his health. Before leaving he requested the Sun to say that "the statement which had been circulated to the effect that he and his congregation were at variance with each other did not contain a particle of truth. "They are," he said, "a true and loving congregation, and as such we have always been able to get along without any trouble." This is quite true. The congregation as a body has been in accord with Mr. Sibbald, and as PROGRESS has shown all the little disagreements there have been have been caused by two or three persons who want to deal with both the spiritual and temporal affairs of the church.

THE END OF A LONG RACE

DR. MARCH WILL BE QUARANTINE OFFICER AT ST. JOHN.

He Appears to Have Had the Inside Track All Along, Though Others Had Claims and Promises—The Choice at the Last Between Him and Dr. Gilchrist.

It is announced that Dr. J. E. March has secured the position of quarantine officer at this port, and that the appointment will be gazetted in a few days. The position is worth about $1,800 a year, and as it does not preclude a doctor from general practice, it is considered well worth having.

That has been the opinion of several physicians in St. John, ever since it was known a year or two ago that Dr. Harding was to be superannuated and a new man appointed. Several contestants entered the race, but for some time past the contest has been narrowed down to three, all of whom had a certain amount of pull and relied more or less on the promises of political friends.

A sort of a side issue was raised last year by the proposition that Dr. Harding should continue to hold the office and have an assistant. Dr. W. W. White was brought to the front for the latter position, and a petition was circulated for signature. The project fell through, however, and the contest for the main place was continued as before.

Dr. Gilchrist had been one of the early applicants, and his friends thought he had done enough party service to entitle him to get a reward. It was understood that he long ago had the promise of Hon. Geo. E. Foster, and that Mr. E. McLeod was also pledged to work for him. This looked like a combination that ought to carry, and Dr. Gilchrist's friends were justified in their belief that he would eventually get a place. Perhaps he may, even now, but it will be after Dr. March is done with it.

Dr. March has been a red-hot campaign worker for the conservative party in St. John, and his ardor has not slackened since, he has been after this position. He was not with the mugwumps when Mr. Chesley was elected, but stood by the regular party and worked for all he was able. This did not secure him the support of Mr. Chesley, but it added to his previous claims, and he was understood to have Mr. J. D. Hazen at his back.

Mr. Chesley had a candidate in the person of Dr. Wm. Christie, his old time ally in civic politics and a warm personal friend. He was bound to stand by him if he wanted the office.

Dr. Christie did want the office for a while, but latterly he concluded that he did not need it. Perhaps he thought he had enough to occupy his time in his general practice to say nothing of the fact that he is an alderman, a member of the board of health and on the hospital staff. In a busy season he might be embarassed by the multiplicity of his duties. He retired from the contest.

This left Mr Chesley free, and he had one of two North End men to chose as his man. Dr. Christie and the Chesleys have never been conspicuously fraternal in their political affiliations, and Dr. Gilchrist was not one of those who supported the Chesley combination in the palmy days of the old city of Portland. Mr. Chesley had more reason to remember Dr. March, and apparently he joined with Mr. Hazen in urging that gentleman's appointment.

This gave a majority of the St. John members, but it is understood consideration was also given to the fact that Dr. March is a much younger man than Dr. Gilchrist, and all other things being equal, a young man would stand a better chance than an elder physician for the post of quarantine officer. Whatever may have been the reasoning Dr. March got the place.

He appears to have felt pretty sure of getting it for a long time past, as it is announced that during the year he has been qualifying himself by a study of the quarantine system of New York. He evidently got the straight tip from Ottawa a good while ago.

Did Not Ask for an Increase.

Reference was made last week to the fact that, from the lack of funds, the board of health did not increase the salary of Mr. McCarthy, inspector of plumbing. In justice to the Inspector it should be stated that he had nothing to do with the matter, and that he did not ask for an increase of salary. There was a feeling among some members of the board that his services were worth more than he was getting, and the proposition to give him more was in recognition of his efficient work.

Should Catch Them in a Net.

The police, in a sort of a way are trying to carry out the law in regard to corner loafing. They parade Charlotte street in the evenings and shoo away the groups standing on the sidewalks at the corners, but to make them "move on" is another thing. They simply step back to the roadway, and as soon as the police have passed they resume their line of observation on the edge of the sidewalk. Across the foot of Coburg street, there is sometimes a row of idlers three ranks deep. It may be a hard problem to deal with this problem of street loafing in all its aspects, but it is a serious nuisance which seems to flourish better in St John than in any city of like size in America. A net properly handled would scoop in hundreds of standing, staring loafers any night of the week. It is a pity something of the kind cannot be done.

THEY LIGHTED ON BRUCE.

Some Other Cases In Which Moncton Takes Matters Very Easy.

MONCTON, May 18.—The legal authorities of the city of Moncton, seem to be very slow in the performance of their duties. Some time ago the keeper of a house of ill-fame, named "Bill" Wilbur, struck a blacksmith with a pick-axe and disabled him for life, Wilbur was arrested, committed and convicted by the grand jury, and ran away to the States, but he returned to Moncton, and is today one of the leading political heelers in this city. The mayor of Moncton, and the W. C. T. U. and the Evangelical Alliance, and the committee on the purity of the city, are certainly aware of the fact that Wilbur is still employed in his nefarious and demoralizing business, and yet we hear nothing about the sheriff refusing to do duty—there is no complaint made by the mayor, that there is an escaped criminal in the city, there are no demands being made that he should be arrested, there is no Christian Worker uttering loud complaints to the city marshal, and "Bill" Wilbur, is as free as the most prominent Monctonian in the railway centre.

Bruce McDougall, who only seems to be guilty of writing up in his paper the dives kept by such men as Wilbur, is in jail on a serious charge, and has arrayed against him the mayor of the city, the evangelical alliance, the W. C. T. U., and the purity of literature. Besides, even while he is in jail, and waiting his trial, the mayor of Moncton makes an uncalled for attack upon him in his place at the council board, describing him as a "low blackmailer," and a "cancerous sore" in the city." Probably the aldermen, who did not at once call the mayor to order, are to blame for this serious contempt of court, which it certainly was, but while it may be a contempt of court, it will no doubt be allowed to pass, on account of the ignorance of the speaker.

Another case I might mention is the case of the Queen vs. D. M. Wilbur, who was arrested on a serious charge, and that also has been allowed to stand over for several terms, and it is said that the offence was condoned by the accused giving the complainant a certain sum of money and signing an agreement to leave the country. The mayor and the civic authorities, when they have an animus, can prosecute with great success, but when they have no spite at the one who is charged, they can make the punishment very light. The Wilburs and the Donnellys may steal and rob to their hearts content, and they still can enjoy their freedom. They may open and run in full blast, day and night illegal rum holes, and houses of bad repute, but the mayor is not disturbed, the police magistrate is not called in to convict them, and the sheriff is not criticised for refusing to do his duty. D. M. Wilbur who was arrested on a charge of criminal assault upon a young girl is a member of the conservative (political) club, and was a committee man with the present Mayor of Moncton, in several late political campagins, in the interest of the Lib. Con. party.

The reports of the remarks made by Mayor Sumner, as complainant in the case of the Queen vs. MacDougall, are not at all creditable to a chief magistrate who is merely acting in the capacity of a public servant. The case of Bruce MacDougall, is not between Mayor Sumner and MacDougall therefore the mayor should not make it so by his talk. WATCHMAN.

It Weighed With the Court.

Mr. E. H. McAlpine, referee in equity, has received a good many congratulations on the fact that the supreme court of Canada confirmed his report in the matter of the Nicholson estate. "It was just this way," he explains. "On the morning of the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson asked if the men had had their grog, and on being told they had, exclaimed, 'Then let the battle proceed.' When my report came before the court, they probably asked, 'Whose report is it?' The answer was 'McAlpine's,' and the order of the court was 'Then let it be confirmed.'

The Spike Is Still There.

Last year some peace loving resident of Carleton spiked a salute gun at Fort Dufferin with what is believed to be a file, and is certainly a peice of very hard steel. All sorts of ingenious ideas have been advanced as to how the obstruction could be removed, but as the only ones that were practical involved the destruction of the gun itself, the spike is still there and likely to remain. Another gun woke the echoes in honor of the Loyalists yesterday.