

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Dry Dock Scheme.

Mr. Geo. Robertson has not got his dry dock scheme through the council yet. The special meeting of the aldermen called for the first of the week was for the purpose of passing the agreement and giving the promoter all that he wants to go to the old country with but an unexpected obstacle cropped up in the person of Mr. Baxter representing Major Gordon and the granite workers, Messrs. Sleeth, Quinlan & Co.

These gentlemen evidently came to the conclusion that they should look after their interests. They lease land from the city and have done so for years, and when they found out that they were to be removed to make room for the imperial dry dock company they concluded to make a protest.

Their lease expired last November and like all other city leases it must be surrendered if the Corporation wants to pay for the improvements. The "improvements" these parties contend are practically nothing save the shells of old wooden buildings in which their business is carried on. To simply pay them for those structures and order them away would mean a great loss to them.

This was the position that Mr. Baxter placed before the council and it came as a surprise to many of the aldermen who had a spirit of fairness in them. Mr. Baxter was wise enough not to take the council by the throat and demand a renewal of his clients lease. Instead, he gave the dry dock scheme a lot of talk while at the same time he impressed upon the aldermen that it was in no sense a reality as yet. He made as much use as possible of the fact that his tenants had not asked any reduction in water rates, that they paid their taxes and other city charges. They had been on this city lot for years and to be summarily removed now was not fair. He asked that there should be some delay and that Mr. Robertson, representing the Dock company, a committee of aldermen and the representatives of his clients meet and come to some arrangement whereby they could continue their operations and make some plans for the future.

It was interesting to note just how this struck the council. Ald. Christie was particularly indignant that the plans of the council should be interfered with and the ex-mayor delayed on his trip to the old country. He became somewhat abusive of those aldermen who favored a fair hearing for the gentlemen Mr. Baxter represented and, as usual, he and Ald. Colwell had a tilt and expressed how little they cared for each others opinion.

The chairman of the Board of Works has not the same grip (as he used to have). The council does not always say yes to his proposition as they used to. He made short work of the water extension to Spruce Lake two years ago and pushed the Cushing contract through, but it has been so costly to the city that the people are beginning to ask who is responsible.

The agreement that Recorder Skinner has drawn up is something wonderful in its way. It took him nearly two hours to read it one day and the aldermen were very tired of it before he was done. Two thirds of them did not understand half of what he read and only one of them attempted to follow him on the plan. If Mr. Robertson suggested all the things that Mr. Skinner touched upon in that agreement he has been a very busy man. The generosity of the city was never shown in quite so marked a degree. Wharves have been given away, railroads and elevators passed over to foreign corporations but the rights and privileges given to the Imperial Dry Dock company are so remarkable that it is little wonder they want to rush the agreement through and say nothing about it.

The interruption of Mr. Baxter's clients was fortunate. There was another chance to air the subject. Mr. Robertson was present and he was heard. His style of speech would not suit Ald. Christie it that gentleman was opposed to him. He was so plain with the council as to surprise those who had not heard him talk before. In his positive way he laid down the condition's and they simply amounted to this "I must not be hampered." He impressed one with the idea that instead of getting great favors and concessions from the council he was conferring one upon them and all the citizens in undertaking the dry dock pro-

ject, yet up to this time he has succeeded in keeping all information concerning the probability of the success of his scheme from the mayor and aldermen. Certainly this state of affairs is remarkable. The city is not only giving away its land but its rights about the proposed site and those who have questioned the wisdom of this wholesale gift say that the city is providing itself with a legacy of litigation that will put Spruce Lake in the shade.

In spite of this the project is being railroaded through even more rapidly than the Spruce Lake project was. It will be remembered that Ald. Christie had the extension in charge. He wanted a pulp mill at Union Point and the city was to supply it with water at a ridiculous price. The agreement had to be signed by the city before the promoter could get the capital to erect the mill and day after day the aldermen dined away at the aldermen to undertake the work and sign the contract. It was done. Mayor Robertson was in the chair during the early stages of the project and he protested against too much rush, but in vain. The aldermen were then as now so crazy. Their cry was "Industries," "Industries," and now it is "Dry Dock."

Well, Chairman Christie succeeded in getting the council to chime in with his views. He had some opposition from Mayor Sears but he brushed that aside and went ahead. The city is paying for his acts now. They have spent nobody knows exactly how much, to pay land damages. The first bill was between thirty and forty thousand dollars and since then a score of claims have been settled and there are many more to come. Only the other day Mr. Dean got \$25.00 and anybody who knew just now his land was affected stood aghast at the amount. The arbitrators had to be paid too in addition. What a snap they have had out of Spruce Lake water extension!

Nearly one hundred thousand dollars were spent months before for the iron pipe. The pipes have been laid and the bills paid and probably some \$75,000 paid already in claims and yet not a drop of water has come through the new main yet.

Now ex-mayor Robertson is promoting a scheme far more chimerical than the Cushing Pulp mill was. He has not given the assurances those gentlemen did and he is getting privileges that are the most valuable on the West side. To consider the manner in which the aldermen dispose of the city property on that side of the harbor one would think that the water front was unlimited. The end is very near and the council is hastening it by their eagerness to pass the dry dock agreement.

Up River Etiquette.

A short time ago, in fact just before the late heavy rain robbed us of most of the snow, two up river young men, fellows living in the Washademoak district, shot a moose and hid the meat in a big bank at the aforesaid snow in the New Caanan district. The hiding of the meat picked the curiosity of Game Warden Belyea, who suspected the animal had been snared and not killed in a true sportsmanlike way.

Accordingly he sought about to dispense law in a disagreeable form to the owners of the meat whereupon they became very wrathful and pummeled the official outrageously, finally convincing him that the moose had been shot and that they had only put it in the snow to preserve it. Mr. Belyea upon this explanation became quite cooled off and invited his would be prisoners, but upon their refusing he grew angry for the second time and laying complaint at once had the discourteous hunters arrested and fined for assault and battery.

Most Unique Hockey.

A most interesting hockey match was held in the old Loyalist Burying Ground on Tuesday afternoon, in which a horde of shouting street urchins participated. The contest with its tin can (puck) and scuffling (hockey sticks) was perhaps the most unique in local history of the popular sport. Most unusual were the surroundings to say nothing of the merits of the icy battle. The headstones of two of the town's most revered forefathers were used as goal posts at one end, parts of a broken tomb serving as the opposite objective point.

the tomato can singing a merry time between. With ruthless step the urchin spurned the resting places of the city's pioneers and perched contentedly on a nearby sarcophagus a dozen smaller Chimie Faddens dangled their feet and screamed their delight as the game progressed. Fiddish travellers may hold their five o'clock teas on the pyramids of Egypt, and the less sensitive may experience novel sensations in eating luncheon among Italian catacombs, but coming right down to St. John a hockey match over the sacred bones of the city's founders is indeed a novelty of more than sporting interest.

Another Local Boy.

One of the city's sweetest and most popular local heroes was the little ground. The Boy Scouts were able represented by a prominent contractor, and the British cause had as its champion an equally prominent man, a hardware manufacturer and worthy citizen. The South African war was at length approached in their conversation over the wine, when a scowl swept over the florid features of the contractor and emitting an oath declared "The British soldiers should be swept off the face of the earth!" Friendship and courtesy here took flight in the being of the hardware manufacturer. He shot out his brawny arm and caught the local Boy full on the face, sending him to the tiled floor in a heap. It was no boxers tap but heavy weight's knockout and it required several friends of the contractor to help him to a coach. He stayed home a couple of days.

The Park Next Summer.

The St. John Horticultural Association holds its annual meeting on Wednesday. Gardener Knott will submit his report which will tell of the plans for next summer at Rockwood. The garden area will be sown with lawn grass seed and the mazes of walks and paths laid out as on the plans of landscape architect Vaux of New York. Another new fountain will be placed in position and the greenhouse removed to a position outside the gardens. The bog of the way to the lake from Burps Avenue is to be reclaimed.

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Unbranded Made, Re-covered, Reprinted Bound in Watercolor.

The Trustees' Mistake.

The St. John School Board can hardly be accused of being a far sighted body, as several occasions of late years have demonstrated. Their latest business stroke of questionable cleverness is in connection with the Aberdeen school on Erin street. Pretty nearly everybody knows that Messrs. Peters' the tanners have purchased the old Fraser shipyard adjoining the school, swallowing up in the purchase all the land to the south of the Aberdeen building as far as the railway track and up close to the school itself, going around the rest of it and including several broken spaces nearer Marsh Road. In short they now own all the available ground in that vicinity with the exception of the educational institution. The School Board hardly own the land their building stands on.

The fact of the School Board's shortsightedness in 1895 when they purchased the small block of ground for the school will cost them a cool thousand of dollars at this later stage—a result of the false economy so often practiced by civic bodies in St. John.

When the land was bargained for the School Board made no provision whatever for a playground. They apparently thought this a matter of no concern whatever. Glazing no doubt over the prospect of an almost unlimited area for recreation in the shipyard adjoining and the streets about, all of which would be free, at a solutely free, they ignored one of the most important factors in the school, its playground. It never occurred to them, perhaps, that in future years the shipyard adjoining would be bought up and used and the school compassed about, so as to choke off even the smallest breathing place for the children. But this is exactly what has occurred.

Messrs. Peters have secured the whole of the Fraser yard, paying \$3500 for it—said to be a mere song. In '95 the School Board paid \$1000 for the Aberdeen building plot of land, and just at present they are down on their knees, so to speak, begging an easy agreement with Messrs. Peters, for enough ground to allow the hundreds of pupils in that district breathing room at recess hours. It is safe to state the price they will have to pay will be nothing less than the cost of the land and the building now stands on, one thousand

what is left of Chipman's field; St. Peter's, a rocky slope of no length nor breadth; Indian town school, Victoria Square dump; Winter street, a fairly good space, and Douglas Avenue school, on the outskirts of town, a pretty good area for the children to play in. St. John boasts no carefully made recreation grounds, nor is it ever likely to, until the boys of today who are suffering for such, become the Common Council, the mayor, the S. P. C. A., the School Board, and the girls constitute the Womens Council and other influential organizations.

A FOUR ICE CROP.

Ice Cream Going to be High Next Summer.

Unless Jack Frost soon wakes up and gets down to steady business again the ice crop for 1900 will be almost a complete failure and to quote a humorous paragrapher, "we will be having our ice sent by mail next summer," so tiny will the cakes undoubtedly be.

Just at present the ice harvesting season should be at its height, but instead of that it is fully three weeks, or perhaps a month behind hand. Very little ice has been cut on Lily Lake and still a lesser quantity on Hazen's Lake where Messrs. Law got their supply. Unless the weather becomes steadily colder and the winter drags out longer than usual those interested in the cooling business will be in a much perturbed state of mind, as well as demoralized financially.

Several attempts at cutting on the lakes above mentioned have been other than well repaid, in most instances the ice hardly exceeding eleven inches in thickness. Two feet is the desired depth of a cake and as a general rule the sizes hover about this mark. What the ice dealers want beside a cold spell just now is plenty of snow in order that their hauling may be facilitated.

Just fancy next summer paying as much for your ice and your ice cream as you would for the richest of delicacies!

The ice men are distracted, how would you like to be that personage now?

They Can't Keep Him Down.

H. B. Hetherington of Queens County, the well known Conservative organizer and supporter of Hon. G. E. Foster's interests in that county, seems to be a much thought of man by even some of the biggest toads in the Liberal camp puddle. Only a short time ago the Hon. J. Israel Tarte was so taken with some of Mr. Hetherington's speeches that he had them published in his little French paper La Patrie. The object of making so much of these addresses was to try to prove that away down in Queens County the Conservatives were making a canvas on religious lines, but the attempt was not a howling success apparently.

However Mr. Hetherington is still engaged in what he terms the "good work," converting old and time-tired followers of the government party into logical adherents to the cause upheld by Sir Charles Tupper and his believers. Upon the next general election he claims the county of Queens will return an opposition member by 300 or 400 majority. The recent municipal elections of the county, which were run on federal lines, turned out to be a clean sweep for the Conservatives and close observers, says Mr.

Hetherington, say this is a promising indication of how the big voting contests will result as soon as the day arrives.

Did You Get a Notice?

Thursday was "notice day" with land lords and tenants, did you get yours? or did you, all the man who knows all about rent days that you were going to look for another house? Now that this preliminary stage of the household question is passed the next thing to do is to go "house-hunting." The great uncertainty of securing a new home is settled and follows that culmination of all that disagreeable, moving day.

Correspondents Wanted.

Progress would like to secure society correspondents in Kingston, Kent, Harland and Newcastle. Please send sample letter with application.



J. F. HAWKINS.

Age, 22 years, student at law in the office of F. H. F. McLeod, Fredericton. An excellent rifle shot and accustomed to roughing it in the wilderness of New Brunswick in pursuit of game. A member of Capt. McLeod's Company No. 7 71 B. Co. with the Mounted Rifles.

dollars. Indeed that will be an easy price and the Peter's have no particular love just at present for the local powers, so they may "tuck on" a little. At any rate they are the masters of the situation. If no agreement about a playground is reached and the pupils are barred out altogether, the street with its railway crossings, its passing teams and other elements of danger to primary scholars will be the alternative. And yet isn't there a law against this? The whole affair is a muddle, and the city is the muddle! party.

Referring to playgrounds, what school building in the city enjoys a real good spot for the recreation of its pupils? Victoria school has a cooped up yard, so has St. Joseph's adjoining. Linster street, a ruin of the big fire; Centennial has a few feet of iron railed land, the High School,