

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 519.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ALDERMEN TAKE OATHS

TO DO THEIR DUTY FOR THE CIVIC YEAR TO COME.

And They Listen to the Mayor's Inaugural Address and a Letter From the Police Magistrate that Surprises them and Causes a Lot of Warm Talk.

Tuesday was a field day in the common council.

Instead of meeting at the usual hour in the afternoon the gentlemen lately elected to represent the citizens appeared at the old court house at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. They were there to wind up the business of their predecessors—that is themselves—with the exception of two men.

The last meeting of the old council and the first meeting of the new board are simultaneous, as it were. There may be some odds and ends to wind up that the new council could not or would not accept the responsibility for and the old aldermen and the old mayor assemble and either dispose of these matters or refer them to their successors to deal with.

Some of the aldermen attach a good deal of importance to this farewell and inaugural meeting and they plume themselves accordingly. Consequently it was no surprise to see many of the aldermanic citizens appear with Prince Albert coats and white neckties. These may be called frivolities of the occasion but there is no doubt that ceremony has its effect at times. There are occasions when even aldermen should recognize the dignity of their position by appearing at their official stations in their Sunday best.

Still PROGRESS did not observe that very many of the aldermen took sufficient cognizance of the fact. There was a time when an inaugural was incomplete unless every alderman wore a white rose in his "button hole" and it did not seem a bit of extravagance to present the press representatives with a similar boutonniere. This year these were absent with one exception. Ald. McGoldrick appeared with a beautiful white rose for the fifteenth time, and he seemed surprised that there was not a second one there for him. But the mayor elect had either forgotten or else wished to abolish this sentimental custom along with many others that his radical nature advises. Thus it happened that the only representative at the board who wore the usual decoration was the representative for Stanley.

There was something of minor importance to dispose of before the new council opened—that is all the alderman thought there would be nothing more than that. But they got a genuine surprise. After a few minor communications the common clerk began to read a formidable document from the police magistrate which almost threw the aldermen into convulsions. It was amusing to watch the eager interest on the different faces as they listened to the impertinent declarations of the man to whom they had addressed a courteous request but a few days before. The letter as it was read is printed in full on the second page of this issue and those who have not read it before will find it worth perusing. There were some of the aldermen eager to discuss it the moment after the common clerk had finished it but it was referred to the new council.

But before the new council was sworn in there was one member present—Ald. Daniel—who had to take his farewell of his colleagues. He had been a candidate for the mayoralty and suffered defeat. He spoke of that smilingly, congratulated his successful opponent Mr. Sears with the greatest courtesy and in every respect made a model farewell address. He touched upon those features that his experience in the council had told him were faulty and suggested certain remedies. He referred with much feeling to his kindly associates and made a sharp point when he reminded the mayor elect that the people had relegated him to the position that Mr. Sears had occupied for some time—the critic of the common council.

Alderman McPherson was not present. He is a busy groceryman at this time of the year, and while he could give the citizens a valedictory did not think it was necessary to explain why he was not elected, or expatiate on what he had done. And yet Ald. McPherson has been a useful member of the board. Any member who has such an intimate acquaintance with any department as Mr. McPherson has with the fire protection, can use his practical knowledge with great advantage to the city. He was a valuable member

of the safety board—probably the only old fireman upon it—and always knew of what he was speaking upon those matters.

But the deputy mayor after Ald. Daniel's remarks and a formal motion or so, made a neat address in which he referred to the ex-mayor's arrival in Europe and the fact that he had had the city in his charge for a certain time, after which he introduced the new mayor, Mr. Edward Sears, to the council and invited the common clerk to swear him in. The common clerk of the common council is a very nice spoken gentleman when you meet him in his office. He talks as plain as can be but when he is reading the minutes of the board he is as unintelligible as clerk Willets of the



MAYOR EDWARD SEARS.

Supreme court of this city and county. Therefore the oath of allegiance and the various other oaths that the new mayor took were listened to with the utmost respect by the standing aldermen and audience but not understood. It is doubtful if Mr. Sears himself understood what Mr. Wardroper said but he stood there, a picture of humility with Dave Sockford, the acting constable, holding the bible which he kissed from time to time as the clerk paused. The costume of Mr. Sears was in keeping with the time of day. He had light pants and a black morning coat with such a tie as was suitable to the complexion of all nations. There seemed to be a becoming seriousness on the face of the mayor as he was motioned in a graceful manner to his seat by the deputy. Then came the aldermen and Messrs White and Maxwell were the only new men to place their fingers on the book in the several groups. There were three or four of these little gatherings around the room and when the common clerk paused, the bibles passed rapidly from lip to lip in different circles. And if some of the aldermen didn't touch the binding it was not because they were wanting in loyalty but because they could not reach the good book.

Then the chamberlain had his turn and he was all alone, like the mayor, when he promised to discharge the duties of his office faithfully. But after him came the constables, one for every ward in the city beside all the specials. Oh, what a motley throng was there! A group photograph of the party would have been worth many dollars to the man who succeeded in getting an effective one, but, huddled as they were, each seeking to cover a small portion of the Bible with the tip of the finger, it was impossible to get any kind of a glance at them. Those successful collectors of tax shakels, Messrs Prince and Smith were the foremost among the throng. There was a good deal of amusement as these delinquent hunters went forward but it is only once a year that the people get a chance to pass a joke at them. The other 312 days the constables have the laugh on their side.

"Cut and dried" would in brief express what happened in the next few minutes. Each alderman who made a motion knew what he was going to do and who would vote for him. There was about eight members of the board included in the caucus that fixed matters so comfortably and if the others looked aghast at the sharp way motions were made and passed they had themselves to blame. The cohesive element of the council got together and they carried things their own way. The ball

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

A BIG ROCK HIS WEAPON.

Dr Varian Floods That St. John Police Object to It.

Last Sunday was an agreeable day, and among those who sought an airing "out the road" was a stalwart young man, of much swagger and self-importance, who has called himself Roger Varian in this town, and pursued, from time to time, the occupation of a veterinary dentist. Varian came in the road quicker than he went out, for in the meantime he had met Mrs. Sloan at her house about four miles out and split her head open with a rock sixteen and a half pounds in weight. He came for a doctor and took him back with him.

It appears that there were two or three social companions with Varian and they called at a house this side of the "iron bridge" which is kept by Mrs. Sloan. There were others there and in some way Varian and Mrs. Sloan began to have some words. The result was that the latter received a slap in the face from Varian. He is a man who will weigh over 200 pounds and young and active enough to take his own part against any man, let alone a woman but it seems he was not able to stand his ground for the woman drove him out of the house. Only for a moment, however, for Varian looked around and found the rock referred to and taking it in both hands he returned and struck Mrs. Sloan a terrible blow on the head. The result was terrible—a ghastly wound that seemed as if it would cause death in a few minutes.

Realizing what he had done Varian drove to town and secured the services of Dr. Baxter who dressed the wound and made the sufferer as comfortable as possible.

In the meantime, the young fellow who works about the place had rushed to the city and told his tale to the police officers. Captain Jenkins and Detective Ring made a quick trip to the scene of the assault and got all the evidence they could but they did not get Varian. He had returned to the city. So did they and along with the chief and others they started in different directions to locate their man. The chief was lucky enough to meet him on Charlotte street, made the arrest and Varian has been behind the bars ever since awaiting the result of the wound he gave Mrs. Sloan before he can be brought up for examination. For a day or two the woman was in great danger but the doctor says that she will recover unless blood poisoning sets in.

Since his arrest he was charged with another and very serious offense—no less than taking a horse from Richibucto without leave or license of the owner. That is called stealing by the law, but Varian's excuse was that he was treating the horse and brought him along to complete the job. At any rate the horse has been returned to the owner, who will not prosecute under the circumstances.

Varian's life in this city during the nine or ten months he has been here has not been such as to recommend him favorably to the notice of those in whose charge he now is. He came here from some point on the border last summer during the races and cut quite a dash around town for a time. He was a stranger and as such could do things that residents of this city would not dare or care to do. He was hail fellow well met with a few associates and it was not until he changed his place of abode from an hotel to a house of ill fame that these began to shun his company. Since then he has made this resort his abiding place except when going through the province as a horse dentist.

The report was quite current that he had married Miss Brown who keeps the house referred to, but it was not authenticated. Perhaps what give color to it was a trip they made to St. Martins where Varian registered their names as man and wife. There were a number of good people at the same hotel from St. John and vicinity—it was the time of the races there—and they did not relish the idea of associating with Varian and his companion. So a scheme was laid to get rid of them. With the aid of prominent residents of St. Martins, an imaginary warrant was procured and Varian was arrested for doing business in the place without a license. An examination was held and the matter postponed. After this the constable seemed to connive with Varian at an escape and it was managed quietly but as the pair drove off quickly there was a good deal of quiet laughter at their departure. The owner of the span of horses said they came to town very quickly and it was no doubt they did.

RECEIPTS BY A CHECK.

HOW THE POLICE COURT FUNDS REACH THE CITY BUILDING.

A Few Facts That are Rather Startling in Their Nature—The Law That Should Govern the Magistrate's Action in These Little Matters Pertaining to the City.

Who is the "protestant citizen?" and who the alderman who waited on the police magistrate with reference to an appointment to the office of mayor's messenger? That is a question that is being much discussed, especially the "protestant citizen's" identity. The magistrate has introduced the issue of religion because he says a "protestant citizen" made a remark against the appointment of Caples because he was a catholic. And now the people want to know who this nameless citizen was.

There is no doubt that if the police magistrate had known the adverse and scathing criticism his letter would receive, he never would have penned it, much less sent it to the council. But he has made the mistake of doing so and must bear the consequences. One of the first of these will no doubt be the questioning of his authority to make any such appointment as he has. PROGRESS talked with the leading members of the board late in the week and the majority of them favored testing the act in this particular. If it was found they said that the magistrate did not have the power then the passage of an act to repeal the objectionable section of 13 Victoria would not be necessary.

There is no doubt that whatever action is taken will be very unanimous. There was not a voice in favor of the magistrate's decision and the impression of the council is that this official has placed himself in a most awkward situation. Notwithstanding his alleged independence of the aldermen and the fact that he would not regard their representations as of any greater account than those of any sixteen citizens—as he expressed it in his letter—the fact remains that he has important relations with the common council as it has had occasion to remind him of in the past. It is not so many years ago that the council found it necessary to make an inquiry into the returns of the police office, how often they were made and when and what the law said about it. That had not been necessary before and the aldermen had quite a vague idea of what the law was on the subject. For the benefit of those who have not read it before PROGRESS quotes that portion of the section referred to. It is as follows:—

50 section Union Act, 52 Vic.—All sums of money received by the said Police Magistrate, or at the said Police office, or by any other magistrate sitting at the Police office, for fees, fines, penalties, forfeitures or costs incurred and paid, receivable on any account whatever, shall be paid over by the said Police Magistrate immediately after the first day of every month.

That is clear enough. Still, when the committee began to inquire into the matter the fact was revealed that the returns were largely in arrears and the matter bore a very serious aspect. The council did not wish to press the magistrate and a very reasonable arrangement was made with him, provided the returns were made promptly in the future. Thus it will be seen that the attitude of the council toward the police magistrate has not been arbitrary but rather lenient. Now he is paying them back in another kind of coin.

But how do matters stand in the office of the chamberlain now with respect to the returns to-day? This is a question that has been looked into by several of the aldermen since the bold assertion of independence made by Mr. Ritchie this week. And what they discovered was rather startling and made them put on their thinking caps. The law is very explicit when it says that the returns shall be paid over immediately after the first day of every month. That would mean the second or third day of May, for example, when the chamberlain should receive the returns for the month of April. The fact is, however, that it was not until April 30 that the chamberlain received the returns for March with a check of the police magistrate's on the Bank of Nova Scotia for the amount \$372.72, and up to and including the greater part of Thursday May 5 there were not sufficient funds in the bank to pay the check.

Now where are the returns for April? This is something for the council to inquire into. Even if Magistrate Ritchie was in receipt of a small salary, there would be no excuse for not making prompt returns

of the money of the city, but he gets the largest salary of any civic official. He has an allowance of \$2,750 at present, and, according to the law, after ten years of service, which will be next year, his salary will be \$3,000.

Everything is paid in cash at the police office. Liquor license fines may be allowed to stand a few days, but a very few, and other fines, judgment fees, etc. are paid on the spot. So there is no credit business. The council may well consider whether another plan might not be adopted for the landing of the police receipts.

In the light of these circumstances one would naturally think that the magistrate would endeavor to get along with the city as amicably as possible and to carry out their views so far as they did not conflict with the dispensing of justice.

But there is another section of the Union Act that is worth quoting, not that PROGRESS thinks that any great objection can be made to the magistrate on this score, but still as there are certain sections defining his duties they may as well be known. This is the section.

45 Sect. Union Act, 52 Vic., 1892.—The Police Magistrate shall attend at the police office every day excepting Sundays, Christmas day, Good Friday, and other legal holidays, between the hours of 10 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and at all such other times as urgent necessity may require, to hear and dispose of the different complaints that may be brought before him.

If this was carried out to the letter the magistrate would have to remain in the office from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. every day, but the machinery of the office is such that this is unnecessary, and when the magistrate is not there the deputy, Mr. Henderson, usually is. If there was no greater complaint than this the office and the official would be very satisfactory to all the people.

LIQUOR LICENSE REGULATIONS.

A New Rule to Apply to Restaurants and Bars and Hotels.

There is considerable talk about the action of the liquor inspector and license commissioners in requiring that all hotel bars shall only have one door and that there must be a separate entrance to restaurants and bars where they are under the same roof. It means a lot of expense to the restaurant men and a deal of inconvenience to the hotel proprietors but the license men seem to be firm, and the liquor dealers who come under the new regulations will have to comply with the law. The expense will fall especially heavy upon the restaurants. The same help that assist in one business have assisted in the other and under the new regulation different staffs will have to be employed. Mr. Walsh has two excellent entrances and in this he is lucky but he must close up all the doors between his bar and his restaurant which means that if he wants to pass from one to the other he will have to go out on the street to do so. How William Clark is going to make two entrances and make them such as he and the public would like in respect to appearance and width is going to puzzle the brain of an architect.

But M. A. Harding is required to bring his bar from the rear of his premises where it is parallel with the street, to the front where it can only be at right angle. His oyster bar and eating stalls are now in front where they have been for all time and to move them means a huge expense. Mr. Harding was so proud of his arrangement that soon after Mayor Robertson came in power, and when he and the chief of police had all to do with licenses, that he asked them over to inspect it. They did so—though of course the chief had inspected it many times—and were eminently satisfied. Now he must undo all he did and go to a greater expense than ever. The inspector's excuse is that he wants all bars at the front of the street. It is a wonder he don't say as much to the hotels. In the meantime he is bound to have the law observed and the restaurants have all to be closed at 10 o'clock since the first of May. That business is done mainly between 10 and 12 p. m. and the proprietors are not in good humor in consequence.

The Yankee's Want it too.

"I want a bottle of flavoring—I—I—forget what kind," said a little six year old girl to a grocery clerk the other day. "Is it lemon you want?" asked the clerk. "No—no—oh, yes I knew, its manila." When a bottle of vanilla was produced the little one declined it on the ground that "Manila" was the newest and what every one was talking about now. She had evidently had a good dose of Spanish American war news.