

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THAT BASE BALL GAME.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALBERTS AND THE TARTARS.

Fredericton is Dissatisfied With the Treatment Said to Have Been Accorded Its Crack Team—Rowdyism Charges Made by the Celestial Papers.

The Fredericton Tartars have made their second visit to St. John, this last time returning to their so called celestial home with all the satisfaction of having earned a glorious victory over their keenest rivals, the Alerts of this city. The game of Tuesday last was a very uninteresting one from a baseball standpoint, to say the least, and had not the contesting teams been representatives of the sister cities, little or no prominence would have been given to it by the press. It is quite true the visitors put up an almost faultless sample of the national game, outplaying their opponents in every particular. They are a very strong combination of young men and can be depended upon by their supporters to win if there is an inkling of a chance so to do, but they have their faults as well as others.

Capt. Tibbitts took the cream of the Tartars so to speak by his incessant kicking. He is a regular mule at that business and he is being played on an American diamond his fines for unwarranted interruptions, and questioning of the umpire's decisions, would have run up to an amount far beyond the length of his purse. The crowd in attendance was what has been unanimously termed "an old time one," ladies being present in large numbers, and while applause was at times bestowed on both teams nothing of rowdyism stamp marked the afternoon's proceedings.

The first, last and only regrettable feature of the whole contest was the decidedly unfair and unsportsmanlike criticisms of the game by the Fredericton papers. The language used by the sister city journals was not only prejudiced and biased but bordering on the scurrilous.

The Gleaner says:—"Every disgraced epithet that the disappointed and vulgar admirers of the St. John team could think of was unceasingly hurled at the Fredericton boys. No term was too mean, no name too vile to apply to the players who were crushing St. John's hopes, and blighting its expectations. Neither the umpire nor the Alerts made any endeavor to stop the disconcerting fire of railleury, and the St. John papers of this morning say not a word of censure."

The Herald says:—"There was no fog in St. John yesterday and the Tartars won. But they had an uphill road; not against the Alerts, for they can beat them every day in the week under fair conditions. Our boy, had to face the noisiest and most insulting "rooters" who ever occupied a grand stand, and they had the disadvantage too of at least two very rocky decisions by Umpire Connolly."

As well as being decided novelties in the journalistic line the statements above do a great injustice to St. John. The visiting players were never used better in their lives, than they were at the hands of the large crowd in attendance. Their every good play was loudly applauded all over the grandstand and on the bleachers, and while it must be admitted the childish pranks of Captain Tibbitts brought forth deserved, but good natured censure, nothing as bad as the up river papers say was spoken. Umpire Connolly's veracity is also questioned by the angry journalists, when both Frederictonians and St. John spectators joined hands over every one of his decisions.

It would be policy on the part of the Tartars and Fredericton sportsmen generally to say as little about unfair treatment and rowdyism, as possible. Football reminiscences and memories of pelting sods, tin can and mob rule are still quite fresh in the minds of St. John people, as well as the scorching abilities of Umpire Phillips and McDonald and the almost fatal toss given bicyclist Jones a couple of seasons ago.

The six dollars telegraphed from the capital on Wednesday to release the Tartars curly-headed catcher from the county jail where he had been undergoing treatment for that "tired feeling" came along at the right time. Before going home, however, the man with the mit hit his initials on Umpire Connolly's nasal organ as well as picking rows with other peaceable citizen.

Mr. Cornwall's Death.

The death of Mr. Ira Cornwall by drowning, on Friday morning of last week called forth very sincere sympathy for his family

and relatives in their peculiarly sad bereavement. Mr. Cornwall was well known throughout the province and was usually to be found in any movement for the good of his native city. His funeral on Tuesday afternoon was attended by members of the Board of Trade and other representative bodies.

THE CASE POSTPONED.

Because of a Legal Difficulty the Trouble is Stayed.

MONCTON, July 27.—The case of Messrs. H. C. Hanington, and George C. Peters against Moncton's too officious policeman came up before Sitting Magistrate Atkinson in the council chamber last Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Hanington appeared in his own behalf, and the accused policeman was represented by his brother-in-arms Officer Belyea of revolver fame. Mr. Hanington himself was the first witness called, and related the occurrence of the memorable Sunday evening, when he and Mrs. Hanington and their guests were placed under police supervision for engaging in social converse on their own veranda. It seems that in addition to reprimanding them for taking such a liberty, he also informed this group of young ladies and gentlemen that he thought that they were a dozen drunken men. Mr. Hanington's evidence was substantially what has already been published; he added that there was no singing on his veranda that evening. At the close of his evidence he was cross examined by the amateur counsel for the accused, and reiterated his previous statement that his guests had not spoken above the tones used in ordinary conversation even after reaching the street.

Two of Mr. Hanington's guests Mr. A. A. McLellan, and Mr. A. D. Cotter were next called, and being sworn, corroborated Mr. Hanington's testimony. When the witnesses, and the young ladies who accompanied them, reached the corner of School and Botsford streets on their way home, after leaving Mr. Hanington's house, Coisack stopped them with the remark:—"Now I've got you people where I can talk to you." He then added that he would lay a complaint against both the witnesses, and he followed them down the street on the opposite side until they reached their destination. Messrs. D. I. Welsh who spent the memorable Sunday evening at the residence of Mr. C. D. Thomson only about forty feet distant from Mr. Hanington's residence, W. H. Faulkner, who resides on the same street about one hundred feet distant, and J. H. Marnie whose residence on St. George street, is but a block distant—all gave evidence proving that they heard no disturbance or noise of any kind on the evening in question. As Mr. Hanington had other witnesses to call who were not present at the time, the case was adjourned at this stage of the proceedings until Monday.

The interest taken in this cause celebre is naturally very great, and the result anxiously awaited. Until it is definitely settled, no man feels that he is quite safe beneath the shadow of his own vine and fig tree, and there is an uneasy consciousness than one of the bulwarks of British liberty, the time honored theory that an Englishman's house is his castle, has been assailed and must be defended if need be, to the death—or dismissal, as far as Officer Coisack is concerned. Whether the theory mentioned, will hold good with regard to a Canadian's veranda and how far that pleasant summer lounging place may be considered a part of the house, is a question which has not arisen in the controversy but it is quite possible that it may yet be raised by that distinguished legal luminary Attorney-General Belyea; in which case fresh legal talent may have to be called in to settle the knotty point, and fresh complications ensue.

Since writing the above the complications predicted have arisen as per programme. The case was called promptly at eleven yesterday morning, when it appeared that for some reason or other Officer Coisack had changed his legal advisor, as Mr. C. Oscar Rowe, president of the Law and Order league of this city, was now occupying the responsible position of counsel for the accused, Mr. Belyea having apparently retired from the contest.

It seems hard upon Mr. Hanington—rubbing it in as it were—that the president of an association whose mission is supposed to be the maintenance of law and order, and the punishment of all offences against the same, should be called upon to side against him, but it is to be hoped that the young disciple of Solon will bear up

against such odds and not allow even adverse circumstances of this description to intimidate or discourage him.

After the opening of court, Mr. Rowe created a decided ripple by arising and informing the sitting magistrate that he had no jurisdiction in the present trial. Mr. Atkinson responded that it was not a trial but merely an investigation for the purpose of collecting evidence to lay before the city council, who would then deal with the case. The question raised by Mr. Rowe was Mr. Atkinson's power to administer an oath, all evidence taken having been under oath and the oath specifying the police magistrate as the person to administer it. Mr. Atkinson himself being slightly uncertain on this point, and the police magistrate having died only last week, there was every appearance that matters had come to a sort of dead-lock for the present. Mr. Hanington solved the question by announcing that if Mr. Atkinson could not, and would not take the evidence the matter would have to come before the city council.

At this point Mr. Atkinson expressed a wish to have the opinion of the city council on the subject, and the accused officer himself was dispatched in search of the chairman of the police committee Alderman Wallace; who, it was hoped might possess some magic which would aid in untying the Gordian knot into which the case seemed to have tied itself. To him when he appeared the sitting magistrate addressed this query—"Do you think I had better go on with this investigation?" and after a moment of earnest self communing Alderman Wallace responded in these weighty words—"I don't think I have anything to say about it."

Mr. Rowe objects, on the ground that I am not the police magistrate" explained Mr. Atkinson.

"I think we had better have the opinion of the city solicitor" advised Alderman Wallace. Mr. Atkinson added that of course he was not acting in a judicial capacity, and Mr. Wallace who seems to have already consulted the city solicitor on the subject, said it was the opinion of that gentleman that Mr. Atkinson could not act in a judicial capacity. Mr. Atkinson fully concurred with the city solicitor that if the police magistrate were alive, there would be no question about his hearing the case, and added that now he was dead there was no police magistrate. No one dissented from this decision and Mr. Chandler being out of town the case was further adjourned until this morning at ten thirty.

Amidst the mass of conflicting opinions which have been expressed in connection with this matter, Mr. Hanington's has not yet been recorded, but unless that gentleman is more than human, it is just possible that his opinion is still in the hands of the printers, being kept on ice until it has cooled sufficiently to trust the type in close proximity to it without danger of melting.

DIDN'T WANT THE TICKETS.

But They Finally Fald up to Avoid Further Trouble.

A little incident in connection with the dramatic recital of last week caused considerable comment in social circles. The recital was cleverly worked by the management and the list of patrons included about every name it was possible to get, provided they were willing to pay a nice little sum for the privilege of appearing as one of the patrons or patronesses. The list therefore contained the names of many who are in society, and a very large number of those who decidedly are not. A certain number of dollars entitled the holder of a ticket to a certain number of tickets of admission and doubtless many, with the delightful prospect of having their names on the programme list, subscribed on impulse.

On the evening of the recital it looked not quite so alluring when it came to paying up, but in most cases there was nothing to do but give the money and look pleased.

In one case, however, a decided effort was made to return the tickets by persons well known in the city. At about 6:30 that evening a number of the card boards were returned to the gentleman in charge, the parties sending them deeply regretting that a pressing engagement would prevent their attendance at the recital and saying that no doubt the management would be able to dispose of them. The management however had disposed of them once and didn't propose making any further effort in that direction, particularly as the tickets returned by the different parties amounted to sixty dollars. The man in charge quietly sent them back with an intimation that they had been sold once, and a quiet settlement was desirable. The angry subscribers paid up rather than have any further trouble, and it was only right that they should have done so.

SAND POINT TROUBLES.

WHAT CAUSED A STRIKE AMONG THE WHARF BUILDERS.

Some Unbusiness Like Transactions in Regard to the Purchasing of Ballast—A Man who Made \$259 in a Week—The Difficulty Settled on Thursday Night.

There was trouble at Sand Point this week, but this time it is of a nature easy of settlement. Some sixty-nine wharf builders dissatisfied with the low rate of wages allowed them made frequent requests by petition and otherwise to have their pay raised but of no avail. Two dollars and a half is what is paid a ship carpenter for a day's work in this city but those working on the west side improvements received on an average only about half that amount. The claims of the dissatisfied men were therefore quite just and it the great and good work across the harbor is to go on it would not be well for city officials to display a wantonness of authority and allow it to be retarded where a little discretion will set matters right at any time.

In referring to the Sand Point trouble, mention might be made of the fact that considerable comment has been made of seemingly unbusiness-like transactions of the West Side powers in the purchasing of ballast for the new wharfing. From the start an enormous price was allowed by the city people for the stone, which is indeed of a very common grade, and with-out any apparent reason the price was raised ten cents per yard.

So remunerative became the occupation of gathering broken stone and transporting it to the point that in a little over a week a man named McInnis cleared \$259, others lesser amounts, and yet the hard-working wharf builder was cut off with a pittance.

Late Thursday evening however the whole difficulty was amicably settled, the men unreasonable requests of the striking men being acceded to.

LIVELY TIMES IN THE COUNCIL.

Alderman O'Donnell and Mitchell Have a Friendly Squabble.

HALIFAX July 29.—Alderman O'Donnell may be a very good city father, but one thing is certain he is not popular with his fellow laborers for the city's good within the council rail. Those men practically boycott Alderman O'Donnell. He was an ardent supporter of Mayor Stephen in the contest for the Mayoralty and he obtained his reward in an appointment, among other committees to the commission on the public gardens, of which Ald. Mitchell is chairman. On no other committee, it seems could the alderman's presence have been more distasteful. Alderman O'Donnell had fallen into a habit, as it were, of charging that chairman Mitchell used his position to get flowers from the gardens to decorate his store. This he stated and insinuated in a prominent and aggravating way. With this record Alderman O'Donnell got a place on the committee.

It is the practice of the commissioners to hold evening concerts in the gardens when an admission fee of 25 cents is charged. After a recent concert one of the papers came out with a somewhat sensational article stating that ald. O'Donnell had stood on the sidewalk passing in very many of his friends or others whom for various reasons he wished thus to favor. The thing was said to have become so barefaced that even the gate-keeper remonstrated, or felt like doing so in an emphatic manner. So the matter stood up to a meeting of the committee the other day, when affairs took a new turn, and when Ald. O'Donnell made an attempt to get in his words in reply.

He practically charged with theft any commissioner who received a bouquet from the gardens and he talked of dismissing superintendent Power for having been a party to this disposal of favors to members of the commission or others. Chairman Mitchell is not a man to endure anything like this without a remonstrance and he let out on Alderman O'Donnell in good style, who wilted under the characterization of "Blackmailer" with ad adjective or two prefixed.

At Monday night's concert the result was apparent in the absence of Ald. O'Donnell from the affair. Not only was he not present at the gathering of the commissioners but he was not even in the gardens. There were no dead-heads there of any kind, at least this was the understanding, and such citizens as members of the police force, who were exclud-ed, were busy thanking Ald. O'Donnell for this fate that had befallen them.

By the way, what harm is it for the chairman of the commission, or any member thereof to receive flowers, when there are so many in bloom, and when the plants undoubtedly are improved by plucking them. It is a good thing that there are commissioners available in such cases. Then it is surely the smallest recompense that can be given a commissioner who devotes time and thought and labor to improving the gardens to be presented occasionally, or frequently, with surplus flowers. This is particularly true of chairman Mitchell who is indefatigable on behalf of the gardens and who is the most enthusiastic and successful chairman the gardens commission has ever had.

En passant, there is no better gardener on this broad continent than Superintendent Power, of the Halifax public gardens.

THEIR WEIRD ADVENTURE.

How Two St. John Men Spent a Pleasant Evening Lately.

It is not a very pleasant experience to spend a dark, dreary night in the "city of the dead," where, under such circumstances imagination has its fullest scope, and tombs and monuments array themselves in ghastly battalions. Such however was the lot of a well-known city railway official and his aide de camp one evening last week.

They drove out from the city late in the afternoon after the duties of the day, and upon entering the cemetery and securing their team, spent over half an hour in finding the last resting place of their friend.

Over an hour was passed in making some slight repairs to the grave and its surroundings before the two men were prepared to leave for home. It had grown dark and overcast, and rain was commencing to sprinkle. Retracing, as they thought they were their steps the railway official and his friend started to leave the cemetery, but they were not the first to become bewildered by the puzzle-like plan of the burying ground's drives and walks. Following an avenue which they thought would surely lead them to the main exit, they were only doomed once more to disappointment, and for over another hour they wandered about until at last they struck the right path.

It was about nine o'clock and the big iron gates had been locked, the rain was pelting down and the wind held high carnival among the trees and monuments. The weird situation was commencing to tell upon the two men and according to their own story they were not as easy in their minds as they would have been under other circumstances. The keeper was awakened but referred the prisoners to his assistant, and the assistant again directed them to his understudy. Nobody could be found to let them out, so rather than spend the remaining hours of the night in the earthy home of the departed, the city couple took desperate measures and passed out between the forced gates with a sigh of relief.

DIDN'T LIKE CAPTIVITY.

And so Collector Grant Lost his Driving Companions.

HALIFAX, July 29.—Collector Grant, of the Inland revenue department may be a very good detective in hunting down illicit stills, but he is a very poor police officer in jailing his captives. This was illustrated the other day in his adventure with two men named Fraser. He captured them at their contraband business out the Margaret's Bay road, and had them on the way to the police station. But when they had secured a free ride in as far as the city's suburbs they quietly left the collector and went their ways. He gave chase, of course, but has not yet come up with them. The collector had with him some good men in their own way but not the calibre to keep a prisoner when once they had him. Where collector Grant made a mistake was in trying to do the work and keep all the glory to himself instead of sharing a little of it with the city police. The result is that he failed to keep his prisoners and that the blue-coated men are heartily laughing at the ludicrous ending of the exploit.

Then after the battle was fought and lost the plan was to say nothing about the capture, in the meantime at least, but there, too, there was a mis, for one of the collectors helpers told the whole story that very night to a crowd of open-mouthed listeners and thus found its way into the papers very next morning.

Try it again with improvements, Mr. Collector.

RAILWAY.

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