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St. John and its Sensations

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This has been a sensational week in St. John. Many events sensational and important have transpired, chief among which has been the famous case at the police court, where clubs are trumps. As is well known to our readers, Mr. D. R. Jack recently laid information against the members of the Woodbine Club in the Jardine building on Prince Wm. street. The matter was brought up before the court last Saturday afternoon, when the magistrate had his lead and clubs were trumps. It was a crowded court room, many prominent citizens being members or officers of social clubs showed up in response to the summons of the police, who said they were carrying out Judge Ritchie's instructions. The magistrate indignantly repudiated the action of the police, said he had never issued such an order, and that any statement to the effect he had done so was an infamous falsehood. The magistrate refused to hear Chief Clark or Sergt. Hipwell in their own defense, and after scoring a Globe reporter, who, it appears, put about the same construction on Mr. Ritchie's remarks as the police had done, summarily closed the incident. The Globe reporter is able to take care of himself and will probably do so, while it goes without saying that the next time the police act on the remarks of the magistrate they will receive a certified copy of what is required of them. Clubs are trumps at the police building.

It is a well-known fact if not a tradition that our Hebrew friends are not fond of pork, so it can never be said—to use a slang expression—that they are on the hog. That they are fond of other animal flesh was simply proven in this city as the following incident will show.

Scott E. Morrill was requested to use his utmost endeavors to recover from a number of members of the Jewish congregation the sum of thirty-seven dollars, said to have been taken by them from a fellow Israelite. The man who lost the money, told a story to the effect that a number of Jews had formed a lodge which met in Corbett's hall on Mill street. They claimed to have secured a charter from the Grand Lodge A. F. and A. M. and under the authority vested in them were enabled to initiate members into their lodge.

On Thursday eight three applicants for admission appeared and were compelled to undergo all sorts of rough treatment. One of them had his boots removed and while blindfolded, pails of icy water were thrown on his bare feet, causing him to contract a severe cold. On Sunday night the man who applied to Mr. Morrill for assistance, had gone to the lodge with two others, and after being blindfolded had been ill treated in many ways. He was pulled and hauled around the room for fully twenty minutes. When the initiation was over, beer and liquor were sold, and these present drank. After leaving the hall the complainant discovered that thirty-seven dollars, which he had in his possession was missing, and Monday morning he demanded from the officers of the society that it should be returned to him at once. This not being done, he went to Mr. Morrill, but on returning to his place of business found that the money had been sent to him.

The members of St. Phillip's church have had their troublous times in church matters recently. The matter came to a climax recently when the old board was deposed and a new one chosen.

Some of the brethren's remarks were choice and entertaining bits of literature. We repeat a few—

R. H. McIntyre gave the people to understand that affairs would no longer be continued in the same old way. The board of trustees would be elected annually and would report each year. They would be the servants of the people of the church and in future the authority would be placed where it properly belonged—with the people.

Charles Morrison pledged himself to see that the functions of himself and brother

trustees would be properly discharged. The rents would be promptly collected and the necessary repairs made to the church.

James Cox followed and in his turn promised to do all he could for the welfare of the church.

Andrew Lane said that in his position as trustee he would try to be honest and would see that the other trustees were also honest.

Rev. J. O. Morley referred to the position of the church during his pastorate. He found it in debt and now it was absolutely free. The election of the new board he characterized as a clean sweep for the people. The conduct of the old board had absolutely made the people sick and this was the result. The new board was prepared to deal fairly and would bind itself to the people by any means desired.

R. H. McIntyre thanked those present for his election and said that although the old board had been displaced the matter was by no means ended. 'There is some thing else behind the fence,' said he, 'and we're going to have it out. We've not done yet. There's a pile somewhere and we're going to find it. This statement was greeted with prolonged applause.

Rev. Mr. Morley thought the board should demand from the old board all books pertaining to the office. This was decided upon and it was also announced that on Sunday notice would be given when the trustees would sign an agreement to deal fairly with the people. The meeting then adjourned.

These have been busy times for that good citizen, D. R. Jack. What, with the old matter, vaccination, etc., he may be pardoned for calling the 20th century a very speedy one.

The last few days of good sleighing have attracted to the Marsh road every afternoon the usual speedy array of teams and the usual crowd of pedestrians, who in their eagerness to witness the brushes between the would be champions get as usual very much in the road of the same.

The speedway on the Marsh road from the One Mile House to the Three Mile House has been all that could be wished for by horsemen and nearly every horse in the city with speed was on deck during the week and there was some lively brushes down the road.

The driver's have not yet allowed their horses to go at it hard but are gradually getting them into shape and if the going continues good the horses may be let go without doing themselves injury.

The mayoralty contest is a vexing question just now. Mayor Daniel will not be in the field, Aids. White and Colwell are in the field to stay to a finish. Other dark horses may have, however loom up in the near future, Mr. Wallace is talked of, then there is a North End alderman. However, it is all mere speculation at present.

That all good Samaritans are not yet gone to the other world was simply exemplified this week when a pitiful sight was witnessed on the north side of King square Wednesday afternoon, two boys under the age of 10 years, dirty, ragged and almost without shoes, might have been seen walking along shivering with the cold, although the weather was mild. Among those who pitied the little fellows was Fred E. Driscoll, No. 15 King square. He called the little boys into his shop and in a short time had fitted them with dry stockings and new shoes and gave them extra stockings to take home with them. The little fellows were not half clothed and when asked their names would only give Arthur and George, stating that they had no other name; their mother was at home and the father was out of work. The boys left Mr. Driscoll's store very happy with warm dry feet and the proper persons may

find a chance to do a lot of good by looking after them.

Within the past few weeks, Chief Justice Tuck has asserted himself. His speech from the bench at the Board of Health, and certain critics was widely commended on. The Chief Justice has rendered another decision this week in the case of the soldier desert, McDonald who enlisted under age. A contingent of Halifax soldiers were in this city awaiting the Judge's verdict in order to take the prisoner back to Halifax. They got sadly left. McDonald was discharged.

The fumigating of the Gourley house on Queen street, this week, was the cause of a mild mannered sensation. The guards Flewelling and Kelly got into an altercation and it is said guard Kelly was worsted. Some citizens and papers were unkind enough to say that alcoholics were indulged in during the day to a great extent, by one of the guards. The fact remains, however, that a free fight occurred, that several of the people in the vicinity of the quarantined house were under the weather, had, as a finale, the citizens—the good citizens of St. John—were just saved the expenses of an additional tax by not calling out the constabulary. Neighbors on adjoining fences enjoyed the spectacle from a distance while the Board of Health men waged war one with the other.

The story of the missing brother, the Boston pilot found by the efforts of a kind and beneficent Catholic clergyman of the South End was reported to his sister and raised after an absence of nearly half a century would fill a volume if it were rightly told. The facts read like a chapter of fiction instead of a romance in real life. The search for the lost one, his subsequent life, the work of the good priest, the Sisters of Charity and their efforts, all tell a tale of happiness and reunion in the South End home—began in the nineteenth century and ended in the 20th.

Police affairs are still a mystery to the good people of St. John. What with sensational statements, innuendoes, defts and verbal battles, the public are certainly on the qui vive of expectation. The chief and the magistrates are still at daggers'ends and the finish is not in sight. Citizens are daily expecting an outbreak in one quarter or the other. The press harp on the subject daily, some on one side, some on the other. Ridicule and contumely have been heaped in measure upon measure upon the police department bodies, they all have the same unavailing effect. In the meantime everything goes on in the same old rut, with the end not even in sight.

Taken all in all, this has been a sensational week in staid old St. John.

As The Carpenter Saw It.

The carpenter looked like a man with no nonsense about him, and he behaved accordingly. It was a small job, the laying a plank walk from the back door to the street, but he planned it carefully, did it thoroughly, and wasted neither time or lumber. The woman of the house watched him with delight and the man of the house complimented him.

Yes, the carpenter answered, meditatively. There are some queer people handling tools these days. I heard about four interesting specimens a few weeks ago, but I did the cleaning up after them.

It was a nice house they were at work on. It hadn't been occupied for quite a while, and when the owner found a good tenant there was considerable repairing to be done. The mechanics were notified in plenty of season, but they came to work just when they got ready.

First was the paper hanger. He papered

one room, did some patching—and upset a bucket of paste in the bathtub and stole a coil of lead pipe from the cellar.

Next came the painter. He painted the floor of a room and touched up some wood work. Then he went off and got drunk. He carried away a key to the house, and his stepladder and paints are there yet.

The glazier had three panes of glass to set. He came and set one, and took the measure of the other two. A week afterward he brought the two, but one of them turned out to be too large, and to set the other he needed a long ladder. He started down to the shop to get the ladder and a glass-cutter—and it was seventeen days before he appeared again, and then they had to send for him.

The plumber was the best of the lot, yet he made such a job of relaying the floors he had ripped up that they had to get me to fix things shipshape.

For all the work there was in it, that house might have been put in repair in less than a week. But the way those fellows fiddled around it was upset for a month. And they were constantly bragging about being union men, too! Next time that owner and them tenants hear anybody talking about the rights of labor, what kind of a face do you suppose they'll make?

'I'm a union man myself. All the more reason, I say, why I should have some pride about keeping my engagements and doing good work. I don't have to nurse a job till another one hatches. I stick to business sticks to me.

'If I had my way, the unions wouldn't say a word about higher wages or shorter hours for the next ten years. The levee headed men would just spend that time educating the hetchers and trying to breed a conscience into the loafers and shirks. If we could do that, the matter of wages and hours would settle itself.'

TRAVEL ON SD RAIL ELEVATED.

Electric Train Runs for Six Hours and Does a Big Business.

The first electric train for the public service was run on the Second avenue line yesterday without any frills or celebration ordinarily incidental to such 'first' events. All of the festive features of installing electricity in place of steam on the elevated were attended to on the trial trip last Thursday.

The train put into commission yesterday made four round trips between South Ferry and 129th street, leaving the uptown terminal for the first trip at 10:14 o'clock in the morning. Each one way trip was made in the regular schedule time of the steam train—41 minutes—and there was no hitch at any time in the six hours that the electric train was kept in operation.

The train was made up of three cars, a motor car at each end and a trailer in the middle, and the crew consisted of the motor man, a conductor and two guards.

More electric trains will be put on as fast as the men can be properly trained to operate them, and within a month it is probable that there will be more electric than steam trains on Second avenue.

The reason that the electric train was operated for only six hours yesterday is that only one of the big engines in the power house at the foot of East Seventy-sixth street is ready for use, and it is not good power-house economy to operate one engine more than six hours on a stretch. As soon as the second engine is set up and ready for use the electric train will run all day.

The new train was comfortably filled yesterday on all the trips although they were made at the time of day when traffic is comparatively light. That was due to public curiosity and a desire on the part of hundreds of passengers to be among the first to enjoy the change in motive power. Lots of folks on the various station platforms let empty steam trains go by because they wanted to wait for the electric cars and a lot more who ordinarily travel on the Third Avenue walked a block east to try

the motor cars. The electric train will be run again from 10 o'clock this morning until 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Rich Man's Gift.

Before the selection of a certain small town in Massachusetts would vote funds for a suggested improvement they used to say to each other, 'Better wait and see if Mr. Blank won't do something.' Mr. Blank was a wealthy man who made his summer home in the town. He had not spent a great deal of money on his own place, but had built a church and a school, and had contributed generously for all the public needs.

To a member of his family who loved the town more wisely, perhaps, and quite as well, it seemed that the relation between the Blanks and the community was not altogether natural or wholesome. The people were becoming too dependent. They needed to be stirred to do something for themselves. As a first step toward self-help she organized a village improvement association.

That was a turning-point in the history of the town. In the four years that have passed the little society has embellished the common, helped to rebuild the roads, and established a new ideal of beauty for private houses and grounds. But the best of its achievements is a revival of public spirit. Nowadays the people do not forget to show strangers the church that Mr. Blank built; but neither do they fail to point proudly to other improvements and say, 'We did that.' They love and honor the rich man as their generous friend and benefactor, but they are no longer in danger of elevating him to the position of a feudal chieftain and becoming his humble retainers.

Better so for rich men must die: they cannot always make permanent provision for all who have relied on them, and the more absolute the dependence has been the more helpless is an individual or institution or municipality when the rich man is suddenly withdrawn. The best way to show gratitude the only safe course for the beneficiary to take, is to accept every such gift not as an excuse to wait for another, but as a fresh incentive to personal effort.

New Canadian Enterprise.

On another page of this issue is found the prospects of a new company, which it is hoped will prove the pioneer of an exceedingly important Canadian industry. We refer to that of the Ontario Sugar Company, Limited, an enterprise incorporated to grow sugar beets and to manufacture and sell sugar therefrom, etc.


The company, as will be observed, starts out with a remarkably strong directorate, and another favourable feature of its prospects is the fact that the capitalisation includes no watered stock. In fact, new shareholders will come into the company on the same basis as the directors, who have given their time and labor gratis to the venture.

As many World readers already know, the beet sugar industry has grown to enormous proportions in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, the United States and other countries, in which hundreds of factories are required to handle the product. Why, therefore, should not the industry become a successful one in this country? At present Canada consumes each year upwards of 890,000,000 lbs of imported sugar. The present contemplated factory could hardly turn out more than 16,000,000 lbs per annum, so that it should have an ample market for its output.

It has been proven that Ontario is naturally adapted for sugar beet culture, and this company has secured as its agriculturalist Prof. Shuttleworth, Ph.D., who has had charge of the experiments conducted by the Agricultural Department of the Ontario government in the various districts of the province during the past few years.

Prof. Shuttleworth considers the Berlin district the best naturally adapted to the industry, and the factory will be erected at the town of Berlin.

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