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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IT IS SETTLED AT LAST.

HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS WILL BE AT SAND POINT.

Leading Merchants and Ratepayers Endorsed the Views of "Progress," and the Council Saw Its Duty—How the Opposition Came to the Scratch.

In his inaugural address, two months ago, Mayor Peters announced that "the consensus of public opinion was very strong in favor of Rodney wharf, as a site for harbor improvements, while as for Sand Point, he did not hesitate to say that if the city had all the property there was required he would not vote for it." A committee appointed to consider his wharf's address has not yet made a reply to this section of it.

But the common council has, and because the unmistakable "consensus of public opinion" was not in favor of Rodney wharf, the Sand Point site has been selected for the proposed improvements. Progress intimated to his worship at the time that he had mistaken his own opinion for the opinion of the public. His voice was emphatic for Rodney wharf, but the voice of the people has been louder against it.

Many friends of Progress are congratulating it on having won what seemed at the outset a fight with small hope of success. The course taken by this paper, months ago, was to give the people the facts and figures, and from time to time to refresh their memory on the subject. Many people knew little about either site, and prejudice so largely entered into the feelings of some of the aldermen, that nobody could easily find out the merits of the case.

Progress took the view that if the citizens knew the facts their good judgment would soon find an expression. It has done so. They have spoken in favor of Sand Point and the council has yielded to their wishes.

The meeting on Thursday was a tame affair to what had been anticipated. There was a little over an hour and a quarter of talk, but no attempt at a debate. The only man who spoke against the Sand Point site was Ald. Christie, and he did so frankly and on the depths of his conviction. He voted against the site, and so did Ald. Barnes, who sat in solid, sullen and sepulchral silence during the entire discussion.

When Ald. Baxter made his motion for the issue of \$150,000 debentures for Sand Point, Ald. Chesley wanted to know if Ald. Colwell's motion referring to Rodney wharf should not be the first in order. It was then that Ald. Colwell announced that he did not, for the present, intend to move in the matter. There were looks of vivacious indignation among the Rodney wharf advocates, but Ald. Colwell smiled serenely and still smiled when he rose to second Ald. Baxter's motion. Then he explained that while he still favored Rodney wharf, would take no action in the absence of Ald. Baxter's motion. It was time for the council to wake up, and if Rodney wharf could not be chosen, the right course was to do the next best thing, and choose Sand Point.

The members occupied the next hour in explaining themselves. Those who had favored Rodney wharf admitted that they expressed wishes of the merchants and ratepayers was that something should be done, and that "the consensus of public opinion" was in favor of Sand Point. "What are we to do?" they mournfully asked in effect. "We want Rodney wharf, but the public does not. If we vote against the motion before us, we will be put on record as obstructionists and opposed to harbor improvements. We are in a box out of which we must crawl with as much dignity as possible. We don't want to give in to Sand Point, but we can't help it. That is all there is about it." Whereupon they swallowed the medicine with as good a grace as possible, contenting themselves with casting reproaches on Ald. Colwell and his change of base. Ald. O'Brien gladly embraced the opportunity to abuse the dominion government for its broken promises. He added that the Sand Point question had been fixed in such a way as to satisfy him. Ald. Blizard said he had no intention of voting for Sand Point when he came into the room, but he could not afford to be regarded as an obstructionist. Ald. John Chesley chanted a requiem for Rodney wharf to the same setting, and Ald. Vincent, who had been taken to Rodney wharf by Ald. Chesley and had decided it was the proper site, admitted that as the people were bound to have improvements there was no choice but to vote for Sand Point. Ald. Lon. Chesley charged Ald. Colwell with treachery, whereupon the latter said Ald. Chesley was one of the men who had influenced his course, by backing out of the Rodney wharf scheme. When the vote was taken 22 men stood up, while two kept their seats. Ald. Shaw failed to materialize at this meeting.

Some of the aldermen were glad there was a big fire to go to when the council adjourned. It gave them something else to think about.

ONLY A LITTLE COLLIE.

The Story of His Death in a Backyard on Orange Street.

Robbin is dead. There is no doubt about it. Every youngster on Orange street, whose mother was not aware of the impending tragedy and had taken him home by the collar, heard Robbin's shrieks of anguish as he gave up his life. All who were fortunate enough to get room enough to stand on the fence which surrounds the yard where the tragedy occurred, saw the whole performance from the jovial smile on the face of the policeman to the last kick Robbin made in this world.

Robbin was a Collie dog. He was a harmless little fellow when the small boys let him alone, and was a great favorite. His master did not treat him well, but he found friends in a family on Orange street, and spent most of his time with them. As they did not own him, and his master was indifferent to his existence, his being on top of the earth did not increase the funds in the city treasury.

Since Abner Secord lost all interest in ownership canines, Robbin has been comparatively safe, and roamed the streets at will. But he made the mistake of his life this week. He put his teeth in the wrong boy. The lad's parents feared hydrophobia, and thought Robbin's death the only safeguard. So they stated the case at the police station Tuesday.

No trouble was found in getting a policeman to send Robbin into another world. The officers have a weakness for emptying cartridges, and are not particular whether the mark is a dog, a brother policeman, or anybody else, so long as they hear the report.

Brass buttons are not common on Orange street. It is not so aggressive as its name might imply, and the people who live there are eminently respectable. It is a great place for children. Everybody has as many as can comfortably be attended to, and it takes very little out of the ordinary to attract more youngsters than some of the largest Sunday schools can boast of.

The appearance of a policeman had this effect, and the man of buttons had a following, which for numbers would have made a ward politician sulk with envy. When the officer asked for Robbin at the front door of the family who were his particular friends, that canine was not at home. The officer's detective instinct was aroused. He would find him. During the search youngsters of all ages and sizes, boys and girls in skirts, and dozens in knee breeches tagged after the policemen, and shouted and yelled and made suggestions.

At last Robbin was found. The officer dragged him into the back yard of his best friends, locked the gates and prepared to enact a tragedy that startled Orange street, and "cast a gloom over the entire community."

The lady who had been Robbin's friend brought the children in off the street and locked them in a back room. Then she and a friend sat in the hall of the house in a high state of nervousness. A number of other mothers did the same. But the decrease in the number of spectators was hardly perceptible. The fence was lined with faces and small boys clamored at the gate.

The policeman was cool. He drew his revolver, took aim, and fired. The bullet lodged in Robbin, but he still lived. Shrieking shrieks that sent a chill through the women in the hall, and the other residents of Orange street, proclaimed the fact. Robbin's last moments on earth will be remembered. Again the revolver started the youngsters on the fence. This time the aim was a good one. Robbin rolled over—dead.

The officer went away with a satisfied air. He left Robbin where he had fallen—in his best friend's back yard. The dog lay there until evening, when a young lady passed, and at him, became faint and turned away.

There was another caller at the police station. This time it was the friend of the late Robbin. He wanted the dead animal removed from his back yard. The request was complied with. During the evening a cart came along, and Robbin was taken away.

The Effect of a Vice President.

"There he is again," and the young gentleman turned from the livery stable he was about to enter and passed along at a rapid gait. He was about to patronize a well-known stable and hire a team for an afternoon's drive, but it appeared that the vice president of the bank where he does his business was the ogre who frightened him off. He said, afterward, that he never went to that stable without meeting the said official, and, as he did not want the bank to think he was neglecting his business, he went somewhere else for his horses.

They Were Not Weaned.

A good story comes from Rothesay which would indicate that the "two babes in the woods" in a recent entertainment were not altogether weaned and their nursing bottle met with a serious mishap during the performance.

DOES IT BY AUTHORITY.

THE SOFT SNAP OF A MAN WHO IS NUMBERING THE HOUSES.

He is Said to Have a Partner and a Pull in the City Engineer's Office—How He Can Get the Numbers When His Rival Has to Wait for Them.

An effort is making to have the houses in the North End numbered in accordance with the city bye-laws, and there is a good deal of kicking in regard to the way some of the numbers are arranged. There is supposed to be a number every 20 feet, but this rule, in some streets, seems chiefly remarkable for the notable exceptions to it. Why Dr. Smith's premises, Main street, should run from 39 to 55, for instance, is something that nobody can find out. There are a number of other peculiar numberings which puzzle people who do not understand the system.

When the apportioning of numbers began, the city engineer started at the east end of old Portland and carefully marked the numbers on the houses with a colored pencil. This was discontinued when Harrison street was reached, and no marks were made to the westward of that.

The owners of houses were obliged to have the numbers put on their premises when notified, under a penalty of \$1 a day for each day's neglect. Edwin E. Fisher has been trying to earn an honest dollar by arranging with people to put numbers on their doors. He is supposed to get the right location of each number from the city engineer, though when that official used to put his pencil marks on the houses it was not necessary to apply to him, as the figures showed for themselves. Beyond Harrison street, however, Mr. Fisher has had to get his information from the engineer's office. He says that Mr. Peters has always given him what he asked, but when Mr. Peters is, he has to apply to a Mr. Boyd, a clerk. Mr. Boyd does not give him the numbers on such occasions, but tells him he will have to wait until Mr. Peters returns—a period of time very difficult to determine.

The other day he applied for the numbers of Douglas avenue, but was told they had not been located, and was given to understand that he would have to wait until they were. He thought nothing strange of this until a day or two later, when he found that a competitor in the numbering business had got ahead of him on that avenue. On enquiry he learned that this man claimed to have authority from the city engineer's office, and asserted that Mr. Boyd, of that office, was interested in the business. Mr. Fisher began to wonder if that was the reason he could not get the location of the numbers when he wanted them.

Mr. Fisher is of the opinion that if his rival in the partnership with Mr. Boyd, of the engineer's office, he has considerable of a scoop on him in getting the location of the numbers, to say nothing of the effect of the canvass that he is authorized by the office to put the numbers on the doors. He seems to think that there is a suspicion of unfairness about the matter, and perhaps he is right.

ALD. KELLY SAYS IT IS A LIE.

Mr. Gleason Did Not Give Any Pointers About the Tenders.

The little breeze that enlivened the meeting of the council, on Thursday, arose over the first section of the lands committee's report, recommending that a lease of the Methodist church lot, Fairville, be granted to Michael J. Collins. The chairman of the committee, Ald. Barnes, moved that the section be referred back, and explained that he did so because there was some hard feeling over the matter. Further enquiry developed the fact that tenders were called for the leasing of this lot, and that one Jeremiah Stout put in a bid of \$47. On the 6th of June, the rate being \$1 a foot. On the 13th Mr. Collins put in a tender for \$57, and the committee decided that he should have the lease. Then Mr. Stout made the claim that somebody with a knowledge of his figures, had "given away" him. Ald. Davis said that he was informed that the revealer of secrets was no less a person than Mr. Patrick J. Gleason, the collector of land revenues. This expression naturally made a sensation, and Ald Barnes and others defended Mr. Gleason as a trustworthy officer. Ald. Kelly accused Ald. Davis of making a false charge, whereupon the latter alleged that it was not his assertion but the statement of Mr. Stout.

"Then he lies!" exclaimed Ald. Kelly with considerable vigor. "Well, I did not say it was true," responded Ald. Davis.

Then the enquiry was made whether the contents of Stout's tender were known before the tender of Collins was sent in, and the members of the committee were of opinion that both were opened at the same time, and that it was out of the question that Mr. Gleason, even if so disposed, could have given pointers. It did transpire that Stout had asked him the current value of lots, and

he had naturally enough answered that it was \$1 a foot. Mr. Stout seems to have accepted this as a pointer, and tendered accordingly, but Mr. Gleason would probably have told Mr. Collins the same thing, had he been asked. There seemed to be an impression that Mr. Stout wanted to upset the matter because he had failed to get the lot.

There was a good deal of talk about the duty of the council to stand by the principle of accepting the best tender, but after half an hour's talk over the matter the section was referred back to the committee.

AS A CITIZEN AND LAWYER.

Some Notable Points in the Character of the Late Mr. James J. Kaye.

The death of Mr. James J. Kaye removes another of the old-time lawyers whose names have given a lustre to the profession in this province. In practice in St. John for more than half a century, his record in all that time without the suspicion of a tarnish. While no barrister was better known in legal and commercial circles, none was more thoroughly respected for the qualities that made him not only a good lawyer but an upright man and good citizen.

More than 50 years ago, when resident in England, Mr. Kaye chose law as his vocation, and began his study. Coming to St. John he was admitted to the bar in New Brunswick, and from that hour devoted himself to his profession with a zeal which continued to his latest days. He had what he would term "a legal mind," or one which took a positive delight in the true science of the law. To him his profession was something more than a means of livelihood, for he was absorbed in it to the exclusion of almost everything save the simple pleasures of his home. He was a most industrious worker, and what he did was sure to be done well, for to be thorough was with him a sacred duty which nothing could tempt him to neglect. As a consulting lawyer, he was a peer among his equals, and his opinion, once given, could be relied on as correct beyond peradventure. There have been instances where courts have differed from his views, but there is probably no instance where in the courts of highest resort his opinion has not been sustained. A written opinion from him could be relied on as the law, whether the local courts accepted it as that or not.

That this was so was due to the fact that Mr. Kaye had a logical mind and made sure of his premises. He took nothing for granted and left nothing to chance. There was no guess work. A title of property examined by him could never be defeated, and those who were his students and remember the rigid exactness with which the records were searched can understand why this should be so.

In the same way a man whose will was drawn by him could die in perfect peace so far as the affairs of earth were concerned. Mr. Kaye was scrupulously, perhaps unnecessarily, exact in the smallest details of whatever he undertook to do. He always saw the possibility of trouble and amply provided against it.

When in partnership with the late Hon. John H. Gray, who died a judge in British Columbia, an enormous practice was done. The partners were so opposite to each other in their characteristics that the combination was an admirable one. The firm had a high reputation on both sides of the ocean. The English clientele embraced the leading houses of Great Britain which had any business with this part of the world. So, too, the local practice was large, and there were few of the great lawsuits in which Gray & Kaye were not retained.

Mr. Kaye's opinion was sought far and wide. A year or two ago a firm in San Francisco became interested in a matter involving Canadian shipping. They had heard of Mr. Kaye and wrote to him. He responded with a written opinion for which he charged a moderate fee. At a later date a member of the firm happened to be in the east and came to St. John for the sake of seeing Mr. Kaye, and to tell him how well the firm was satisfied. The opinions of lawyers in the United States and Montreal had been asked for and had cost many times the amount charged by Mr. Kaye, but his opinion had been shown to be the clearest and most satisfactory of all. Had Mr. Kaye always charged as the leading counsel of the present day charge, he could have been a very wealthy man. He was satisfied to receive what he felt he had justly earned.

Scrupulously exact in his own affairs, he detested whatever savoured of dishonesty or deceit. If a man told him a lie, he would never place any confidence in that man again. He had a high sense of honor in private life, and was jealous of aught that infringed upon the dignity of the profession. He was brought up in a school where it was creditable for a lawyer to chase after business or even to advertise himself, after the methods of the present day. All in all, he was a fine example of an honorable man and a thorough lawyer. There was much in his life that it would profit the younger members of the profession to imitate.

THEY NEED NO LICENSE.

AUCTIONEERS ARE PRIVILEGED PEOPLE IN ST. JOHN.

Other Classes of Citizens Are Made to Pay a Year in Advance—Auctioneers Can Get in Arrears and Pay by Instalments, if They Pay at All.

There are just two licensed auctioneers in St. John at the present time, and their names are George W. Gerow and E. H. Lester. They have six months licenses, dating from the first of May, while the others, or a portion of them, are only paid up to that date.

There are a number of men who sell at auction in this city, but most of them appear to take their own time in which to procure licenses. There is no hurry about it, so far as the city is concerned, and the auctioneers are naturally not in haste to pay out cash which they can utilize for other purposes. When they do pay, they have the privilege, accorded to no other licensees, of taking out license for six months. Everybody else has to pay for a full year, and pay in advance into the bargain. A liquor dealer who neglects to take the proper precautions is brought up at once with a round turn, and stands the chance of a heavy fine. A poor man whose means of livelihood are in a horse and cart has to be equally prompt. A man, woman or child who owns even a worthless but cherished yellow dog, finds a policeman at the door with a summons unless the fee is forthcoming at an early day. Several hundred owners of dogs have already been reported to the police, and nearly 1,000 citizens have already paid their dollar each for fear of having costs put on them. The auctioneers are in a different position.

The cost of an auctioneer's license is \$84 a year. The custom is to pay \$42 to cover six months. That is the amount credited to Messrs. Gerow and Lester respectively. Ex-almern Lockhart and T. T. Lantulum have no licenses at the present time, unless, as is improbable, they have taken them out since PROGRESS went to press.

There are other men who sell at auction without license, and apparently under the idea that no license is required. One of these is James Crawford, the newdealer, who has a sale of goods every year. It is advertised in the name of "W. A. Lockhart, auctioneer," but the latter's share of the work appears to be in pocketing a commission for the use of his name. Mr. Lockhart is not around when the goods are sold. Mr. Crawford is the orator, and his voice utters the "going, going—gone!" which proclaims that some lucky citizen is on the way to wealth by securing goods at less than the original cost.

John Kerr, the dry goods man, is another auctioneer who claims to have no need for a license, and does not take one out though he is described as "auctioneer" in the city directory. He holds that he sells only his own goods, and that a man has a right to do that, by auction or otherwise. J. W. Montgomery is not an auctioneer, and his store and that of Mr. Kerr are separate concerns, yet not long ago he advertised that the business connection between him and Mr. Kerr had been discontinued. What was that connection? Had it been the custom of Mr. Kerr to auction goods from Mr. Montgomery's bargain counter, or what? If Mr. Kerr has been doing a quiet auctioneer business for profit, why should he not take out a license as Mr. Gerow is obliged to do?

If a widow tries to make a dollar by selling a little high-proof hop beer or low-proof whiskey, without license, she is reported, summoned and fined. The police feel it to be their duty to watch for cases of this kind, and they are applauded for their vigilance. In the contemplation of the law, one kind of a license stands on precisely the same footing as another kind, whether it be to run an auction business, sell blue gin, drive a cart or own a yellow dog. Yet all are not treated alike. Why not?

Two Disappointed Philanthropists.

As one of the boarders in an uptown house was about retiring Tuesday evening, he happened to look out of the window. There is a lamp post across the street and on the sidewalk near it a large dark object tumbled about unceasingly. The boarder looked at it for a while and concluded that some fellow had taken more than he could carry, and was too drunk to get along. He aroused one of the other boarders and they decided to dress themselves and take him home. The two left the house, crossed the street to where the man was supposed to be. Two of the most disgusted men in town stood and gazed upon a large black dog with white face and paws.

May Get Bricks, Sticks or Sawdust.

The Globe innocently remarks that "American counterfeiters are endeavoring to get agents in this city," and goes on to describe one of the time honored circulars. If the writer of that paragraph wants to find out just how green he is he had better try to get an "agency" or buy some of the counterfeit money. If there is anything he will not get, it is bogus bills.

ROBBED AT THE BRIDGE.

A Gang of Roughs Waylay a Pedlar Near the Asylum Grounds.

The road leading to Fairville from the Suspension bridge is the camping ground of a gang of the worst roughs that Carleton and Fairville can produce. The green bank outside the fence of the asylum grounds is particularly inviting, and on a fine day hard looking individuals, more or less under the influence of liquor, are lying around in all directions. Fights are a common occurrence, and loud, noisy brawling is their principal amusement. People are stopped on the road and asked for money, and are lucky if they get away without having to furnish the price of a drink.

One day this week a young pedlar had crossed the bridge on his way to Fairville. He had his box on his shoulder. Several roughs approached him and demanded money. The boy said he had none.

"What is in the box?" asked one of the roughs.

"Bread and meat, I am taking to the men at the mills," said the pedlar, hoping this answer would satisfy them. In this he was mistaken, for the men soon had the box on the ground, opened it and began helping themselves to silk handkerchiefs and everything they could get into their pockets. The boy protested, but it was no use. Then he called for help, whereupon he was led to understand that it would be to his advantage to keep quiet. A man turned the corner of the road about that time, and the boy shouted to him. The new comer started to run, and the roughs made off with all they could comfortably carry.

The pedlar has decided to patronize the Fairville line of omnibuses in future. Walking is too expensive.

Make the Street Passable.

Everyone who tried to reach the City road by way of Pond street this week had an experience, and the number of "indignant taxpayers" has been increased to alarming proportions. The street is in a disgraceful condition, and there has been a union of the sidewalk and roadway in which the two mingle more harmoniously than the representatives of the east and west ends in the common council. People living or working in that vicinity have found plenty of amusement during the week, watching the street tanks, and the people who used them in trying to make their shoe leather look presentable after wading through what is described by one man as "a mixture of original mud and fish glue in about equal parts."

They Found the Body.

Mr. John Montgomery has recovered the body of his son, who was reported drowned in Spruce Lake on Wednesday. The body was walking into town when discovered, and the young man was evidently of the opinion that the anxiety he had given his parents and the trouble he had given the searchers made a very good joke. Mr. Montgomery is a veteran school teacher, and as such has had an opportunity to observe the effects of forceful discipline upon bad boys. His knowledge ought to serve him in good stead in the present instance.

Why They Gave Up Marching.

On the 20th June, 1878, the corner stone of the Oddfellows' hall in this city, was laid. For several years afterwards the day was observed as a festival occasion, the feature of which was a procession headed by a brass band. The general public, however, got the idea that the Oddfellows were celebrating the big fire of the 20th of June, 1877, and naturally made comments on the bad taste shown in rejoicing over such a calamity. The Oddfellows tried to explain matters until they got tired of being misunderstood, and finally the idea of observing the day was abandoned. It is the same as any other day to them now.

Why Not a Typothet?

"Doctors differ" is an old and trite saying, but there is a recent instance which would indicate that "printers differ," or at least, their estimates do. A job of printing worth about \$45 was estimated upon by twelve different printers and the figures ran from \$40 to \$100. Fifty dollars was about the correct estimate with the usual profit, but it could have been done for \$45 and still something have been made. But the accepted tender was lower than that. The "boss" printers need organizing.

He Can Enjoy Dominion Day, Now.

Master Walter Taylor, of Cliff street was at PROGRESS office bright and early, Tuesday morning, with two new subscribers to the paper. He was the first boy to arrive, and received the handsome bamboo fishing rod which was on exhibition in PROGRESS counting room.

Will Reside in Fredericton.

Mr. T. William Bell, who has been negotiating for a residence in Fredericton, secured the Ketchum cottage, and will shortly take possession. Mr. Bell thinks the climate of the capital is all that can be desired for those who are in search of health and pleasure.