

## WHILE DOCTORS DIFFER, SCARLET FEVER MARCHES ON AND SEIZES ITS VICTIMS.

Physicians Who Ignore the Board of Health and its Regulations—Coaches which Carry Infected Corpses and Ordinary Passengers on the Same Day.

Doctors differ and patients die. They are dying every week, simply because doctors differ.

The doctors differ as to the extent to which they should obey the law relating to infectious diseases.

This law imperatively directs that they shall report to the board of health every case of small-pox, cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid or typhus fever which they may be called upon to treat.

The majority of them pay no attention to this regulation. Among this majority are some of the best known family physicians. Many of them, with a large practice in diseases of children, have not reported a case to the board of health.

As a result, no measures are taken to isolate many of the infected ones or prevent the spread of diseases.

The doctors say that they will not bother with the reports, because they are not paid for it. Some of them claim that 20 cents a head should be allowed for every case reported.

Others claim, possibly in jest, that a strict enforcement of the law would materially check the spread of disease and diminish their practice.

They are liable to a heavy penalty for every case they neglect to report. They prefer to run this risk, while they dicker for 20 cents a head.

But, as it is nobody's business to enforce the law, there is very little risk about it for them.

And all this time patients die. All this time people go to and from infected houses and carry disease with them. Children take infection to the public schools and other children bear it from thence to their homes.

In the month of September six physicians reported sixteen cases of infectious diseases to the St. John board of health. Eleven of these cases were scarlet fever.

In the month of October eleven physicians reported 41 cases of such diseases, and 24 of them were scarlet fever.

There are 32 doctors in the city of St. John. Did the 21 who did not report have no cases of infectious diseases?

No one imagines this. Among the negligent 21 are some of the best known members of the profession.

What is the board of health doing? Well, it is sending out circulars and blank forms to physicians, hackmen, livery stables and undertakers.

These forms and neatly printed and contain some valuable information. The trouble is that the majority of the recipients pay no attention to them.

The board of health says that it cannot watch cases unless they are reported. This is true. Some of the doctors who do make reports say that in many instances the board pays no attention to them. The clerk of the board says that this is not true.

Somebody is lying—under a mistake. Thus while the two wrangle, the fatal scarlet fever marches on, practically unopposed, and snatches its little victims. What then?

Why, they are buried. The law says that no public funeral shall be held. As a matter of fact public funerals are the rule in such cases.

The law says that the body shall not be left unburied more than twenty-four hours. People suit their convenience in this respect. It further says that the body shall be removed in a hearse or open vehicle, which shall immediately thereafter be disinfected under the direction of the health officer of that district.

The appalling fact is that in the case of children, usually, the vehicle used is a public hackney coach. The coffin with its often putrescent burden is placed across the seats and four people occupy the spare space in the vehicle. The unhappy clergyman is usually one of the number. The coach moves at a slow pace to the cemetery, while the dead body sends forth its deadly taint. It permeates the clothing of those who are shut up with it. It saturates the upholstery of the vehicle, and there it lingers.

When the funeral is over, the thrifty hackman returns to his ordinary passenger traffic. He carries a load or two of people to the 5 o'clock train. There are children among his fares. They nestle their heads against the soft cushions and drink in the germs of infection left by the corpse which lay there an hour before.

And yet some mothers believe that scarlet fever "is in the air," and "goes where Providence sends it."

There is on the corner of Pitt and Britain streets a two-room shanty, owned by W. W. Turnbull. He gets \$48 a year for it. It is a wretched affair, which the neighbors would be glad to see burned out of existence. A week or two ago it was occupied by a family named Booth. Freddie Booth,

a boy of ten or twelve, died there of scarlet fever. Dr. Daniel was the attending physician. The body lay unburied for two days, and would not have been buried then had not some of the neighbors taken the matter in hand. Mrs. Booth, who was a drinking woman, was also attacked by scarlet fever, it is stated. She was removed to the public hospital, where she died. No report of the Booth case was made to the board of health. No measures were taken to disinfect the house, and immediately after Mrs. Booth was removed another family moved in. Luckily, this family has no children.

In the same neighborhood two other deaths from scarlet fever took place recently. Dr. Daniel Edgar Berryman, coroner of the city and county of St. John, was the attending physician. Up to Thursday last he had not reported a single case of infectious disease to the board of health. He having informed some reporters that he had 25 cases of scarlet fever on hand, Clerk Thorne, of the board, sent him a note on the subject. The result was that on Thursday Dr. Berryman made a report of five cases. Two of these were cases on Britain street.

Portland has an alleged board of health of its own. It is run by Dr. William Christie, who is said to think that there is a great deal of humbug about the regulations. Naturally, in health matters, as in other matters, Portland is much worse than St. John.

The broad, fertile belt of its fever district supplies a crop that never fails. The family of Joseph Cook, the blind basket maker of Portland, has had scarlet fever. Mr. Cook says it came from the Madras school. It had a fine lurking place in the abominable premises which Mr. Cook rents from Lawyer George C. Coster. One of the children died, and the body, in a state of offensive putrefaction, was carried to the grave in a public coach. Dr. J. H. Gray was the attending physician. Undertaker Brennan, who officiated, had a child's hearse at his warehouses. It appears to be reserved for those who can pay for it. A carriage which the public use was good enough for the body of Cook's child.

This also appears to be the theory of Undertaker Chamberlain of Portland. When he buried the infected body of a cousin of the Cook child, a few days later, he used a public coach instead of the gilt and white hearse which he exhibits in his shop.

The board of health in St. John and Portland has printed notices which it sends to schools, factories, etc., when infectious diseases are known to exist in the families of those attending such schools or working in such factories. Nevertheless, the schools have been and are the great spreaders of pestilence.

Only the other day a child partially convalescent, but still in a state to communicate the disease, appeared in one of the schools. Her face bore such recent evidence of her condition that she was sent home. Such a discovery was exceptional.

If physicians do not report, and if the board pays no attention when they do report, what is to be expected?

The board of health is prolific with blank forms, and the law fairly bristles with penalties. Neither of these seems to have much effect.

Something like active work seems to be wanted.

**He Asked for Change.**

"Change five cents, mister?" It was on Prince William street, Sunday evening, and the speaker was a small boy.

"What do you want change for?" "The boys are playin' one cent a corner and they can't play without change."

"The boys" were a gang of youths who were celebrating the opening night of their club-room on Prince William street by playing jack-pot and sundry other games. They were putting that very disagreeable evening through in a very pleasant manner; but they wanted change. A boy was sent out to get it. It is very probable that that boy was not a member of the club. He was too innocent.

Several policemen learned that the boy wanted change. They found him fulfilling his mission, and asked him to show them the club room. He did so. As the police entered the room they saw a lot of legs projecting from the windows, then suddenly disappear. The club room was deserted. Its members had fled. The game of jack-pot was unfinished and the police were in charge. It was an auspicious opening. The club-room's existence was short, and all because the wrong boy was sent to get change!

**They Must be Worth Seeing.**

"Talk about oil paintings," said Mr. Jennings. "Drop in and look at mine. There's something about them that pulls people right into the place. I'm convinced that I'll have to enlarge again if this continues."

**New Goods arriving daily at D. McArthur's.**

## ANOTHER OPERA HOUSE. CITIZEN PRESCOTT POINTS OUT A SITE FOR IT.

Several Other Citizens Agree With Citizen Prescott and Undertake to Form a Company—The Great Opportunity for Citizen Charles M. Bostwick.

Everybody says that St. John is to have an opera house.

If everybody's plan is carried out, it may have several of them.

The latest proposition is to utilize the interior of the block between Germain and Charlotte streets, north of Trinity church. Mr. Scott of the Sun, who is booming this movement in opposition to the Dockrill site boomed by Mr. Payne of the Sun, says that this latest idea "has long been a cherished scheme in the minds of many of our leading citizens."

The scheme, briefly stated is this: Some years ago Mr. Gideon Prescott foreclosed a mortgage on the Lester property and became its owner in fee simple. After the fire he erected two brick buildings on the Charlotte street front. Between them is an alley ten feet wide, by which access is had to the rear. The interior of the lot is at present a desolate piece of ground, of no earthly use except as a place of deposit for the refuse from the oyster saloon and bar-rooms occupied by Mr. Prescott's tenants. As this did not yield twelve per cent interest per annum, or any other interest, and as Mr. Prescott could not sell it, he determined, like a public spirited citizen, to offer it as a site for an opera house.

At the meeting Monday night Mr. Prescott's very liberal offer was submitted. He will give the lot and right of way to it in consideration of \$1,600 in paid-up stock.

Mr. Scott and ten other leading citizens were present. Among them were:

Mr. Prescott who owns the lot and the lots which enclose it;

Mr. George E. Fairweather, who is Mr. Prescott's solicitor;

Mr. G. Ernest Fairweather, who is Mr. Prescott's architect;

Mr. Levi H. Young, who runs the Nut and Bolt Works in conjunction with Mr. Bela R. Lawrence, Mr. Prescott's former partner and still a tenant-in-common with him in certain lands;

Mr. Charles M. Bostwick, who owns the Hotel Dufferin and other properties near the proposed site. Mr. Bostwick is also Mr. Bela R. Lawrence's tenant;

Mr. Fred. A. Jones, who runs the Hotel Dufferin, and who is Mr. Charles M. Bostwick's tenant;

These citizens were unanimous in their approval of the site.

There is no record that Mr. Scott of the Sun deprecated the zeal of Mr. Payne of the Sun in the matter of the Dockrill site.

Nor did Mr. Fred. R. Fairweather, who is the managerial half of the Micawber club, apologize for the indiscretion of Mr. Park Melville, the press-agent half, in becoming a corporator of the Dockrill company.

The architect submitted plans of a building to cost not more than \$20,000. No exterior ornamentation will be required.

If the new company means business there is likely to be a lively race. Those who favor the Dockrill site have already made a start and will probably continue to move. The result may be two opera houses.

These, with the Institute and Lansdowne rink as chapels of ease, ought to be equal to any emergencies in the local amusement world.

It occurs to some citizens that one opera house would be enough. They are also of opinion that such an edifice should be one which would be an ornament to the city.

The plan of building in the interior of a block has the merit of cheapness, and is worth considering where land is scarce and held at so many dollars a superficial foot. Such a building, however, would not add to the architectural beauty of St. John.

Real estate is not extravagantly high in St. John.

Could not the gentlemen who are not satisfied with the Dockrill site find a lot with a street front which would answer their purpose?

Mr. Bostwick, for instance, has a most admirable site on the King square. He bought several fine lots and the buildings on them for the trifling of \$12,000 for the whole. As his present activity proves him to be a public spirited citizen he would doubtless sell enough enough of the land for an opera house at a pro-rata figure. This would dispose of the objections, if any, to the Prescott lot.

What do the citizens say about it?

**IN THE FRONT RANK.**

The St. John, N. B., "Progress" stands in the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There is about it a good, healthy atmosphere which is inspiring. It looks steadily on the bright side of things, and its readers are the better of perusing it. Its news and sketches and social gossip are served up in a racy, piquant style, its editorials are short and sensible, and the printed page is a model of typographical excellence. It is a new comer, non-political and with apparently good staying powers.—Toronto Empire.

## THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT. Bumble and His Eccentricities—He Gets Three Square Meals a Day.

Bumble is a dog, and a very small, shaggy ugly and surly canine. He owns no master and no one has any particular claims upon his affections.

A good many people think that he belongs to Harry Godard, but then Bumble will follow any one in McMillan's. In his own peculiar fashion he has attached himself to the 62nd battalion and its officers. All state occasions see him present. He is never absent from a church parade. At the last one Bumble rested his head between his paws in the Mission church chancel and was as attentive as possible.

He is a courageous pup, which is hard to account for, unless association can afford an explanation. No other dog is too big for his teeth. Some fine morning Col. Blaine's thoroughbred bull proposes to breakfast on Bumble. When they parted last it was in anger.

Bumble manages to get three square meals in as many hours each day. He breakfasts at 12 with Fred Smith and on his return he calls at the Elliot row residence of a friendly officer and partakes of luncheon. He then returns to Prince William street to escort his master Mr. Godard to dinner.

Notwithstanding all these good points and knowing ways, the truth must be told, Bumble is a mongrel.

**A Good Investment and a Liberal Contract.**

Eighteen years ago Mr. J. B. Hughes, Waterloo, Ont., took, at age 35, an ordinary life policy for \$1,000 with the Ontario Mutual Life Co., premium 24.84.

Allowing his profits to accumulate he has now a paid up policy for \$1,000 which will yield him an annual dividend during his life. Or, he can continue his annual payments of \$24.84 till his reserve, dividends and interest amount to \$1,000 when the policy will be paid in full as a reserve endowment. Now or at any time after the 5th year of the policy Mr. Hughes was at liberty to withdraw the cash surrender value of his policy and his accumulated profits or to take a paid up policy for the amount. Mr. E. M. Sipprell, of this city, is manager for this company in the Maritime Provinces.

**A Call From Mrs. J. Mason.**

Mrs. Joseph Mason called at Progress office Saturday. Mrs. Mason was not pleased at a reference in that issue of the paper to St. Andrews street where she resides and is a property owner. She was inclined to doubt the assertion that it is a "rich plot" for scarlet fever. She says the street is well drained and is entitled to greater respectability than is given it. Mrs. Mason objects to the company in which St. Andrews street was placed—Brussels and Erin streets. No doubt some respectable residents of those thoroughfares have similar views. Everybody can't be suited. Yet Mrs. Mason's opinion is given for what it is worth.

**Only Three of Them.**

Only three St. John barristers declined to contribute to the testimonial to Chief Justice Allen. One of them, a comparatively young limb of the law, thought that His Honor had not acted just right in one case which the young limb had before him. Another who has had a wide notoriety as principal in an election case, felt aggrieved because His Honor had referred to his conduct in pretty plain English. The third, an old barrister, alleged that he was slighted and was not duly notified by the committee. These are the reasons these gentlemen give for saving \$5 each in the matter.

**Glad To See Him.**

Postmaster R. D. Boal of Sussex was in town Thursday for the first time in two years. Mr. Boal is one of the solid, respected men of Sussex. Newspaper publishers are especially friendly to him. He never fails to work up a large circulation for them.

**Mr. Miles is Happy.**

John C. Miles, A. R. C. A., is happy. He has received the bronze medal and diploma awarded him at the Toronto exhibition for pupil's work. He also got a cash prize. The amount wasn't large, but the fact of getting it is worth \$100.

**New Ink Stands at McArthur's King St.**

**Original Advertising.**

Anything that makes an advertisement attractive increases its value. The original illustrated portraits in Messrs. Turner & Finlay's announcement on the fifth page are the first of their kind ever published in the city.

**Lead Pencils Wholesale at McArthur's 80 King St.**

**The Brightest Paper in Canada.**

Walter L. Sawyer, a Portland boy, now editor of Progress, the brightest paper in Canada, is spending his vacation in town.—Portland Sunday Telegram.

Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by experienced mechanics Bell's, 25 King street.

## WHO IS TO BE BLAMED? THE COAL FOR THE SCHOOLS BOUGHT AT RETAIL PRICE.

The Contractor Cannot Supply it and the City is the Loser—There's no "Signed" Contract and the Dealer is Free to do as He Pleases—Who Pays the Cost?

The city lost about \$500 last year upon the city schools coal contract. If report be true, the city will lose another \$500 this year.

Last fall tenders were asked for the coal used by the schools in this city. Tenders were received from several dealers, responsible and otherwise. That of Mr. Scamell was accepted. Everybody knows that hard coal jumped to unheard of prices in a short time. Few know that the gentleman who was awarded the contract stated his inability to fulfill it, and the school board was forced to pay retail prices for hundreds of tons of fuel.

It was a lesson that cost hundreds of dollars. It should have been sufficient warning against other occurrences of a similar nature. It seems it was not.

Mr. William L. Busby secured the coal contract this year. Mr. Busby at present is unable to supply the coal and the school board is repeating its operation of buying at retail prices here and there, wherever the coal can be got.

The same mistake was made again and the cost has to be paid again.

The question the citizens ask is, who is responsible for these blunders?

The school board calls for coal tenders. Mr. — and Mr. — put in their lowest prices. There are generally half a dozen responses to the call. The board decides upon what it considers the best tender and awards the contract.

Here is where the mistake occurs. Instead of having a written contract by which the dealer who secured the supplying would be bound to do so at his own prices, there is not a scratch of a pen to bind the contractor.

Coal goes up. The price goes beyond the tender of the dealer. What, then, is there to compel him to supply the schools with coal at a price lower than the market quotations?

Simply nothing. He is not under bonds as other contractors are. He has not even signed a written agreement to carry out the conditions of his tender.

Somebody is to blame. Who is he? Do these costly mistakes occur because the school board does not attend to its business or because its officers are negligent?

In the meantime, before these questions can be answered or the mistakes remedied, the taxpayers bear their cost—some hundreds of dollars.

**Rubber Dolls at McArthur's 80 King St.**

**Where Was the Sexton?**

Where was the sexton of Trinity Thursday morning? No man wanted to find him half so badly as Mr. Pilkington of Britain street, whose little girl lay dead from scarlet fever. She died Wednesday afternoon and the funeral was to take place Thursday afternoon. No grave can be dug in the Church of England burial ground without a permit from the sexton of Trinity church. This was why Mr. Pilkington wanted him. Progress saw that gentleman at noon and up to that time the sexton was invisible.

Mr. Pilkington's distress can be imagined. There isn't much doubt that such a regulation needs changing if the sexton is invisible when his services are needed.

**Nothing Wrong With Our Climate.**

Mr. W. W. Wright Kelly of Colorado is a portly example of what St. John climate can effect. Mr. Kelly came here six weeks ago—for his health. The climate has agreed with him. The grumblers who have spent their leisure moments lately making nasty remarks about the atmosphere should be silent now.

**Their Paths Diverge.**

Messrs. J. R. Campbell and C. E. A. Simonds were in town Friday. Both gentlemen passed the recent law examination at Fredericton, and are ready for work. Mr. Campbell goes to Yarmouth, and Mr. Simonds starts in a few days for New Mexico, where he will remain for a year or two.

**English Goods For Sale.**

Frequenters of auction rooms will have a picnic next week at Lockhart's. Thursday morning he begins his great sale of fine English goods, particulars of which he announces elsewhere. The goods are of the best and the prices will be what they bring. Who asks for more?

**Fun For the Juveniles.**

Brayley's Mammoth Lilliputian Minstrels appear in Good Templar's hall Monday and Tuesday evening. If the attractive hangers tell any tale, there is going to be some fun. The boys can spend a quarter to see it.

**New Books for Children at McArthur's.**

## HOW THE BOOM HAS STARTED. Ready and Willing For the St. John Illustrated Edition.

"I'm glad Progress is going to boom St. John" said a leading merchant, Wednesday. "If we had had such a paper here 20 years ago St. John would be a different place to-day."

The responses to the boom has been general. But a few leading firms have been approached as yet, but they have entered enthusiastically into the idea and given Progress every encouragement. Here are a few of the houses which will be represented in the edition by handsome portraits of their buildings and advertisements of their business.

Turner & Finlay,  
Macaulay Bros. & Co.  
A. O. Skinner,  
Thorne Bros.  
T. McAvity & Sons,  
Harold Gilbert,  
Taylor & Dockrill,  
W. C. Pitfield & Co.  
Samuel Hayward,  
J. Vassie & Co.  
Jas. S. May & Son,  
T. H. Hall,  
Maritime Warehousing Co.

It is only fair to others to state that the firms above are all, save two, that have been spoken with. There will be room for everybody, however, and Progress believes that the number of those who prefer to be left out of such an edition will be small.

**Something for Smokers.**

A leading importing house in this city has received the first lot of samples of Jackson's patent asbestos pipe which the inventor claims supersedes meerschaum. To prevent the obnoxious oils and nicotine in the tobacco collecting on the inside of the pipe stem, which is so difficult to clean properly, the inventor inserts in the stem an asbestos brush, which, being an absorbent and very intricate, effectually draws in all moisture and prevents any particle of matter reaching the mouth-piece. This brush is easily removed, and may be replaced by a new one, or it may be cleaned and used again. To clean the brush, light a wax match, and move the brush about in the flame until the accumulation of dirt is thoroughly burnt and made quite dry, when the edge of a piece of paper will readily remove what dust may remain between the bristles. The brush will then be ready for use again, and may be served in the same way half a dozen times or more. The brush should not be cleaned until the pipe has been smoked some weeks. This pipe has not been placed in the St. John market yet. The demand has been so great in England that the maker has been unable to supply it.

**They Asked For Prices.**

The Joggins and Springhill coal agents at this port were agreeably surprised some time ago, by a visit from the ferry superintendent, Mr. Hugh Adam Glasgow. Mr. Glasgow wanted prices for Joggins and Springhill coal. The agents pulled themselves together and began to figure. About the same hour the Maggie M. arrived at Sydney, C. B. However it came about, nothing came of the request for prices. Neither the Joggins or the Springhill agents surprised their concerns by an order from the corporation. Chairman Lantulum did the surprise act, and as a result the Maggie M. had fuel in her hold for the ferry furnaces. Chairman Lantulum and Superintendent Glasgow seem to differ on some points.

**A Peripatetic Probate Court.**

Hon. B. R. Stevenson, judge of probates for the county of Charlotte, was one of the dead head party which travelled over the Grand Southern on last pay. While the train halted at Lepreau, the judge was called into the station and asked to grant probate of the will of John Boyne. He at once organized a court, with himself as judge, H. H. McLean as registrar, Hon. Thomas R. Jones as ministerial officer and R. C. John Dunn as audience. Oscar Hanson was proctor of the executors. Mr. Jones amended the ordinary practice of the court by introducing the feature of adjournment by proclamation. Peripatetic courts are no cheaper than courts at the shiretown. The fees amounted to about \$23, and the estate was a small one.

**Give the Boys a Chance.**

One or two of the wholesale merchants have been keeping open on late Saturday afternoons. It took the people some time to get used to the Saturday half holiday, but they are accustomed to it now and little if anything can be gained by returning to the old way. Give the boys a chance, gentlemen. When they have Saturday afternoon they enjoy themselves—and if a moral argument can be used—Sunday pleasuring is decreased thereby.

**He Didn't Impress Portland.**

Chief Marshall has been on his vacation this week. Tuesday night he called at the Portland, Me., police station, and paralyzed the men on office duty by the statement that he (Marshall) was over 70 years of age. "If St. John wants a real live, active chief of police," said an officer after the interview ended, "why don't the people dig up one of the old Loyalists?"