

STOOD BY HIS CLIENTS.

TWO STOOLES BETWEEN WHICH
ALD. ALLEN HAS FALLEN.

The Scheme Which Was So Nearly Accomplished—A Card Which Has Not Yet Appeared, but Which Would be in Order—The Elections Next Week.

The war cloud has hovered darkly over the city this week. Hardly had the public mind begun to feel at ease in the hope of a peaceful solution of the West End question of a free ferry, when the threat of a resort to the arbitrament of arms was heard in trumpet tones from another quarter. This time it came from the common council itself, when Lieut. Stephen G. Blizard, R. N., and Ptes. Wm. Lewis and Patrick McCarthy vowed to lead an army to tear up the track of the street railway company and throw it into the harbor in case a certain bill became law. The loyal men would back them, they said, and all but one of the council seemed to think so. That one was Ald. Allen, of Queens.

The bill committee of the council has been the target for a good deal of sarcasm in the past. It has had plenty of fun and spent a fair amount of the city money. This year, however, it earned its expenses. It happened to be in Fredericton when an effort was being made to put through the bill of the Consolidated Electric Company, (limited).

This bill, as advertised, seemed a very innocent affair. Until the bill committee discovered the fact, nobody knew that it proposed to give the street railway concern a monopoly of passenger and freight traffic over the streets on which its track lay, and to give it a most extraordinary control over the streets in sundry other ways. With one exception the mayor and council were as innocent of the matter as babes. The exception was Ald. Allen, who knew all about the matter and held his peace. The Consolidated Electric Company (limited) was his client.

When the bill committee did find out the facts they hustled for all they were worth. Their alarm was not the less when they were told that a telegram had been sent to New York stating that a majority of the legislature would support the measure and that success for the company was certain. It looked then like a pretty deep kind of a plot.

The special meeting of the council held to nip the scheme in the bud provoked what the fact is wont to describe as a burst of indignation. Ald. Allen alone defended the bill and stood up for the clients who employed him as a lawyer against the citizens who had elected him as an alderman.

The picked contingent who went to Fredericton by the next train had blood in their eyes and the data for an injunction in their pockets. They proposed, if necessary, to restrain the legislature by a mandate from the supreme court in equity. It was not needed. The company's opportunity had lain in the chance of getting the bill slipped through quietly. In the face of the representations of the council, the legislature would scarcely have dared to pass it. The company's scheme is in the soup, and so, it would seem, is Ald. W. Watson Allen.

For when the committee appeared at Fredericton to oppose the bill, Ald. Allen was there as the defender of it. He had chosen between the people and the Consolidated Electric Company, in favor of the latter.

It is quite possible that after Tuesday next he will be in a position to act for his clients without violating any obligations to the citizens.

The following card has not yet appeared in the city papers:

TO THE MEMBERS OF QUEEN'S WARD: GENTLEMEN—In accordance with the wishes of a large number of the ratepayers, I will not be one of the members of your ward for the ensuing year. I regret that such is the case, but I am in the hands of my friends, and at the present time they constitute a painfully apparent minority of the electors.

Public office is a public trust, but when the interests of the people clash with those of remunerative clients, so much the worse for the people. Business is business, and it cannot be expected that any ideal sense of duty should lead me to consider that the beggarly \$100 a year paid me as an alderman is a retainer to guard their rights. My account against the Consolidated Electric Company (limited), is for a much larger amount. If the people have trusted me in vain, I am sorry, and I am satisfied they will never do so again.

Gentlemen, I part with you with even more regret than you can feel in losing me. I do so only because you have no further need of my services. My loss is your gain. You have expected me to make a name for myself; I have done so. It was your hope that in any crisis I would show of what stuff I was made. I have done that also, and it is very evident you are aware of the fact. I leave you with reluctance, but with the firm conviction that I have done my duty to the Consolidated Electric Company (limited).

Yours no longer,
W. WATSON ALLEN.

There is a general impression among the public that some such announcement as the above would meet the facts of the case. The logic of events would seem to make it difficult for Ald. Allen to imagine that the electors will endorse his course in acting as attorney for the company while the people trusted him to guard their rights. The facts need no comment. Everybody understands them, and no amount of explanation can make them any better.

In the meantime a number of the electors have brought out Mr. D. R. Jack to oppose Ald. Allen. Mr. Jack was in the council two years ago, and lost his place by the casting vote of the polling officer. He is handicapped in the present race by the fact that he has made no canvass and has been brought out at the last hour. Should he be elected under such circumstances, it will prove that Ald. Allen's position is fully understood by the electors.

The triangular contest in Kings is proceeding quietly, but all of the candidates have been hard at work. Mr. O'Brien's friends express great confidence in the success of their man, and some assert that he will lead the poll. The Barnes-Blackadar men, on the contrary, say that if one of their men goes the other will go also. They count on a square vote.

There is more street canvassing seen in Prince ward than anywhere else. Ald. McKelvey is at work and is afoot early and late, while Ald. Nickerson steps around with what is—quite a—rather rapid gait. The new candidates, Bell and Ryan are equally diligent and each is understood to be figuring on taking the head of the poll.

So far, Mr. Hamm is the only new man out for Wellington ward. In Brooks, where the contest between Messrs. Wright, Stackhouse, Baxter and Davis is progressing with unabated vigor.

A good many people supposed there would be no opposition in Dukes ward, but Mr. James Knox is out to try conclusions with Ald. Blizard and Tufts.

Ald. Likely has decided not to run for Dufferin and Mr. Thos. Millidge is to the front for the place. Mr. Millidge has been an aspirant in previous years, and it may be that he will have no opposition this time.

There have been rumors that Ald. Allen had refused to offer again for Queens ward, but so far no announcement to that effect has been made and it is believed he will be in the field.

The fun next Tuesday will be limited in respect to area, but there may be a good deal of it in spots.

Heresy in Berryman's Hall.

PROGRESS has been asked to give a gratuitous notice of the fact that Dr. Macdougall will lecture in Berryman's hall at 3 o'clock tomorrow on "What is the seat of authority in religion: the Church, the Bible or practical reason?" The lecture is at the invitation of the secularists of St. John, and a collection will be made at the door. Dr. Macdougall was formerly a presbyterian minister, later he formed what he termed an independent presbyterian church, then he became a unitarian, and it would now seem that he is in accord with the secularists who follow after the precepts of Charles Watts. The doctor appears to have a hard time in satisfying himself as to the seat of authority, and there do not seem to be more than one or two steps which he can take before reaching the conclusion that he does not believe in anything under the sun. The rapidity of his evolutions must be slightly fatiguing to those who have been trying to keep up with him from the start.

Director Wisely's Party.

Mr. Robert Wisely, director of public safety, decided to have a few friends at his house, North End, last week, and fixed on Friday evening for the happy occasion. The invitations were written and dropped in the letter box at Hoben's drug store on Wednesday evening. Thursday evening arrived but no word was received from any of the invited guests, and a chance remark made to one who was met disclosed the fact that no invitation had been received. Further enquiry showed that nobody had received an invitation, nor did they reach their addresses until Friday morning, barely in time for some recipients to get ready for the party. Others received them too late. The next time anybody in the North End has letters which ought to reach the neighbor within two days, he will put his trust in something besides the average letter box.

Thought They Were Advocates.

During the trial of the Burns-Landry election case, at Bathurst, a Frenchman wandered into the court and seeing the two judges become possessed of the idea that they were arbitrators. Judge King he imagined was the man chosen by Landry while Judge Tuck was the champion of Mr. Burns. When he came out he remarked: "I don't think much of Mistaire Landry's man, because he did not say much, but I like de order man because he fought hard for Mistaire Burns."

Can They Have a Pilgrimage.

Some of the Knights Templars of Halifax talk of a project to invite the Encampment of St. John to make a pilgrimage thither at an early day. There is probably no reason why the latter body could not put on its good clothes and go. It is now several years since it had a pilgrimage, and the uniforms are sorely in need of an airing. A trip to Halifax could be very easily arranged.

WHY NOT A YACHT RACE.

PROGRESS HALIFAX CORRESPONDENT
MAKES A SUGGESTION.

An International Yacht Race Between the Crack Yachts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—The "Lenore," "Youla" and "British Queen."

HALIFAX, N. S., March 31. There has been considerable talk here in a quiet way among those who own yachts and are deeply interested in yachting over the possibilities of bringing about a friendly race between the Queen of New Brunswick yachts, the *British Queen*, and the crack boats of Nova Scotia, *Lenore* and *Youla*, which sail under the colors of the Nova Scotia Yacht club.

For Halifax people yachting is an exciting and pleasant pastime. A series of local races arranged to take place every summer, and as the crack boats are pretty evenly matched there is much speculation over the result. The women take almost an equal interest with the men, and the wharves and banks of the harbor are well crowded with interested spectators whenever there is a race.

But it is poor fun, racing at all times with the same boats and knowing pretty well just what the result will be. If the breeze is strong and in a certain direction one yacht is bound to win, and if the conditions are different the other yacht will cross the line first.

The *British Queen* is the champion yacht of Southern New Brunswick, and I am not in a position to state whether Commodore Stewart of Chatham has anything the Miramichi that would make her throw out an extra reef. If he has, so much the better, for the invitation would surely include any representative yacht from the North Shore.

Mr. Fred Murray, head clerk in the Queen hotel, is the owner—or one of the owners—of that good boat, the *Lenore*, while Mr. Harry Wild, the secretary of yacht club, owns the *Youla*. They stand at present on pretty even terms, for it is always a toss a toss which will win.

PROGRESS hears from both of these gentlemen that they are not only willing but eager to see what the *British Queen* can do in Halifax waters and will do all in their power to bring about race. They are disposed to race for fun, for money or a trophy. The main difficulty in the way is the fact that there are nearly 300 miles between the two cities, and the *British Queen* would have to be transported to this city by rail. That is by no means impossible, and there is very little doubt that those who are interested in the matter would look after such incidentals as freight and expenses.

PROGRESS Halifax correspondent sends the above at too late an hour for Mr. Ross, the owner of the *British Queen*, to be seen and his views heard and expressed. But there should not be any difficulty in giving the Halifax yachtsmen a race. Interest in yachting matters has increased in St. John of late, and there are very many persons who would welcome the news of an inter-provincial contest.—[ED. PROGRESS.]

He Strikes at the Right Time.

A Halifax life insurance agent had an eye to business when he gave the issuer of marriage licences desk room in his office. As soon as the prospective benedict has procured the necessary document he is asked if he carries any life insurance, and if not the agent gently persuades him that that he ought to be in justice to his future wife, etc. The victim has probably more solicitude for his wife's future than he will have at a later period, and therefore easily falls in with the agent's ideas, and he is insured before he realizes how much the agent has been his benefactor. The agent says, it's no use to ask a man again to insure his life if he won't at this stage, but, as he represents a good company, he secures a good many risks in that way.

He Believes in "Progress" Now.

Probably there is no man that believes so thoroughly that PROGRESS is the "best advertising medium in the maritime provinces" than Mr. W. L. Temple, late of Halifax. He found that PROGRESS arrived at Pueblo, Cal., almost as soon as he did, but to make sure that the people of that town should be aware of the famous man who was to reside there, his friends (?) here secured every copy of PROGRESS that could be obtained and mailed them to the banks and business men out there, so that Mr. Temple will not want for credentials in starting business in that bustling town.

Cannot Stay in Dorchester.

Before Hon. D. L. Huntington was appointed judge, he was required to give a guarantee that he would reside either at Fredericton or St. John. This is not because Dorchester is deemed unworthy of the honor, but because there is an order-in-council on the subject. A judge must be where he is accessible to the majority of the profession, and where a motion made returnable at his chambers will not compel the parties to travel from the city to the country.

THE SERIES CONCLUDED.

The Articles by "Historicus"—Their Value and Interest.

With this issue the series of articles which have appeared in PROGRESS since November under the heading of "Random Recollections Joseph Howe and His Times" written by "Historicus," will end.

That they have been entertaining, instructive, and interesting very many indeed will acknowledge. Their worth, in fact, from a historical standpoint has appealed so strongly to many that the editor of PROGRESS has been asked frequently if they would not appear in a more substantial form. The majority of the anecdotes related in that series appeared for the first time in print; the scenes and incidents were described by an eye witness—perhaps the only person living who was in a position in those days to know the "ins and the outs" of politics and public men, and who is now able to tell the story so interestingly and with such attention to detail and accuracy. "Historicus" is not a new contributor to these pages, as many have guessed, though his *non de plume* is strange. Very many of the older readers of PROGRESS have not failed to recognize the facile pen and graceful diction of him who fought the fight of responsible government in this city and province in days gone by, who surmounted every obstacle in his journalistic path and made his newspaper popular, successful and influential.

Several interesting series of articles have been written by him for PROGRESS, and all of them have been eagerly welcomed and read by its readers. All of them of a historical turn are worth preserving in a more substantial form—which PROGRESS trusts will be an accomplished fact in the not distant future.

At the Davenport School.

The statement of PROGRESS that Rev. F. F. Sherman had "accepted an appointment as chaplain in the U. S. navy" was a little misleading. The place was secured by hard work through the influence of Mr. Sherman's father, Judge Sherman, of Massachusetts, and the application was made four years ago. There were about 400 other applicants, and Mr. Sherman, in taking charge of the school, did not feel that it would be necessary for him to take the appointment should it come, as seemed unlikely. He now finds it imperative that he should do so, but it may be several months before he is required. There will, therefore, be plenty of opportunity to secure a head master to take his place at the school. The position will, of course, be filled by a clergyman, but whether he will be found on this or the other side of the water is as yet uncertain.

A New Fad in Hard Hats.

"Have you noticed the number of men who are wearing a dent in their hard hats?" was the query put to PROGRESS this week. "I won't say that they are conscious of the fact, but it is a fact just the same, and it certainly does not make a favorable impression." PROGRESS hadn't noticed it, and on saying so was further enlightened. "I imagine the reason is that people are not buying their spring fitouts yet and their hats have become soft and easily dented, being about to throw them aside their owners do not give them much attention. If you want to see broken hats look around you at the Opera house some night after the show. The way it is done there is by placing the hat in the rack under the seat and then sticking your heels into it. Nearly every other man does it."

Blind Performers at the Opera House.

An audience that would make the heart of a theatrical manager glad filled the Opera House Tuesday evening, but with the performers it would have made no difference if the hall had been empty. They were a number of pupils from the School for the Blind, Halifax, and gave an entertainment that was a revelation to those present. There were, solos, choruses, brand new recitations and addresses, and it was hard to realize that the performers could not see how they delighted those before them.

This Year's Assessment.

The estimates of the treasury department for the assessment for the current year fix the amount to be raised at \$311,250. Last year it was \$301,450, and in 1890 it was \$294,562. The special assessment for ferry purposes is \$10,000 this year, instead of \$5,000 as it was last year. The latter amount was found to be too small, and it was considered that a mistake was made in not levying for the full amount of \$10,000 authorized by the act.

The Number of His Reasons.

It is understood that a St. John politician has 162 good reasons for regretting that he played a little game of draw poker in Fredericton the other night. That was the number of dollars. The gentlemen in question is said to be very apt with a flush at most times, but a bad man from Boston loomed up and wrought disaster in the camp.

SAYS HE GOT NO MONEY.

THAT IS, AS FAR AS GATE RECEIPTS WERE CONCERNED.

Breen's Friends do Some Talking, and Claim that the Champion Wasn't Treated Fairly—They had a "Dead Sure Thing," and Knew It.

The friends of Fred Breen, the skater, have been doing a great deal of talking lately. Breen himself says very little. It is a way he has, and his brothers are a good deal like him.

The champion's friends say he was not fairly treated by his backers in the recent skating races, and his brothers bear them out, although somewhat averse to going into details.

Those who saw the first race of the series will remember the crowd on that occasion. Nobody doubted that it was a paying event, and Breen probably felt as pleased with the large audience as anybody. The larger the crowd, the more money for him, as it was understood by every one that the winner was to get all the gate receipts after paying the legitimate expenses of the rink. Each man seemed to think he would win. Breen's backers felt as sure that he would win, as they were certain they were living, and bet all the money they could get hands on, while some of them went so far as to offer to wager their property on the result. They thought they had a "dead sure thing." And so they had.

But when a proposition was made to McCormick to divide the gate receipts, Hughie rejected the offer. He, too, felt sure of winning. The old arrangement was adhered to, and the winner was to get the net gate receipts.

Breen's friends and relatives say that the arrangement with him was: That he should get the stakes and gate receipts, his backers being willing to depend upon their private bets. They also looked after the trainer and paid Breen's board while in town.

The evening of the race it was thought that the gate receipts would be Breen's greatest gain, as the crowd was without doubt one of the largest, if not the largest, that ever filled the rink.

But Breen says he never received a cent of the gate receipts.

That after the race one of his backers offered him \$30 as his share.

Breen's remark was, "If you want to keep the rest you'd better keep that too." He would not take the money.

Breen is not in the city at present, but his brother Hudson Breen is, and bears out the story.

Another Prince George Anecdote.

Another good story is told, somewhat at the expense of Prince George when in Halifax. He was by no means a stranger in the stores and moved about with such freedom that the people were not long getting used to the idea that royalty has much in common with them. There is one young lady who is not apt to forget the visit of the prince. She looked after the pictures in an art store, sold them when she could, but oftener showed them and quoted prices. One day a smart looking naval officer paused at the window and looked at a picture of the queen shown there. He passed into the shop and inquired the price. "Ten dollars" was the answer. "Indeed, so much," said the prince. "So much!" said the indignant saleswoman. "If you think ten dollars too much for a picture of her majesty you are not fit to wear your uniform."

The prince bought the picture, and when he left, the proprietor of the shop told his assistant who her customer was. It took her some time to get over the shock.

The Passengers Enjoyed the Trip.

The car was coming from the North End and was well filled. One of the last to get in was a woman. She passed her fare to an old gentleman near the box, expecting him to drop it in, and was somewhat surprised to see him pass it out through the slot to the driver. The driver looked at it, opened the door and dropped it into the box. Then the old man looked surprised. He was indignant, and began to remonstrate, saying the lady should get her change. Everyone in the car saw the transaction, and smiled, but said nothing, while the lady looked confused. Still the old man talked and argued, and only the statement of the lady could convince him that an outrage had not been committed. She had handed him a United States nickel.

What is the Name of the Bank?

A Quebec paper is authority for the statement a quantity of worthless money was put into circulation during the recent election, and the worthy *habitants* who accepted it in payment for their votes are now offering it at the stores. This money is said to be "in brand new bills, of various denominations, of a perfectly solvent New Brunswick bank, but of no value whatever, as they are unsigned by the authorized officers of the institution." The question is, of what bank are they, and how were they procured?

ALD. WHITE IS NOT WISE.

He Owes An Apology to Both the Legislators and Reporters.

Ald. W. W. White appears to have got himself into a snarl with a very little effort. In the short space of two days, he succeeded in offending both the legislature and the newspaper men. At the meeting of the council on Monday he spoke to the effect that any bill could be passed through the legislature by the aid of money. That he did say this is proven by three independent accounts, one of them a stenographic report. When cornered by the legislators, he denied he used the words, and ascribed them to the reporter's ignorance or malice. He took occasion to make a general charge of ignorance and malice against the St. John reporters in connection with the common council.

Ald. White is not wise. He has not made the legislature believe that he did not insult it, and he has mortally offended a class of men to whom he owes a great deal. They have had very little to say about him during the past year, and he should be more than thankful that what they could have said was not said. He should have the grace to make an apology to both the reporters and the legislature.

He Couldn't Find the Gum.

Penny-in-the-slot machines that slip out a piece of tutti frutti are common in St. John, but Tom Crockett has the only one in the province which scents a handkerchief for the same sum. The machine is new and has many patrons, but the old idea of getting gum for the copper seems to be firmly embedded in the minds of the boys who pull the spring. The other day a little fellow with a handkerchief that he had evidently been using for some time, proceeded to operate on the machine. He pulled the spring, and got the handkerchief scented to an alarming degree, but he didn't seem satisfied. He viewed the machine all over, then made a minute examination of all its points. The proprietor saw him, and was somewhat amused, but before he could ask what the matter was, the youngster burst out, as though he had given the conundrum up. "Say, mister, where does the gum come out?"

Zeal Led to Overwork.

Rev. J. H. Geare, of the Mission church of St. John Baptist, is obliged to take a complete rest from his labors for a time, and will go to Boston for that purpose. His brain has been overtaxed by the enormous amount of work which he has had in hand since he became priest in charge, and the result is a breaking down which may necessitate his refraining from active work for some time. He has of late had 27 regular services each week, in addition to various meetings of organizations connected with the church, as well as assisting in the visiting of the sick and needy. Rev. F. F. Sherman will have charge of the services tomorrow, and there will be matins at 11 o'clock instead of the usual high celebration.

"Oratory" in the West End.

One of the latest attractions in the West End is the "Irish orator." Where the oratory comes in is hard to determine, but in many respects he leaves all the candidates for Brooks ward in the shade. He is quite popular with a number of city officials who have leisure time and like to enjoy it by witnessing his wonderful feats. These consist in eating raw beef and tallow candles. He is said to be an expert.

Liable to Take a Tumble.

A landslide which will make work for somebody on the old Portland police building is looked upon as one of the probabilities of the near future. A great deal of blasting has been done on Fort Howe lately, and much of the rock loosened was not taken down. If it comes of its own accord there will be a scene more exciting than pleasing.

The Day at Ottawa.

Yesterday was All Fools' day, and it was begun at Ottawa by bogus messages, summoning the members from their beds to an imaginary division of the house of commons. Those who were deceived have the satisfaction of reflecting that after all the members can never be any bigger fools than the crowds who howl themselves hoarse at election times.

Look Out for the Sweeper.

The director of public works has been authorized to procure a champion street sweeper for the use of the city. It comes on trial and is returnable if not satisfactory. The steam roller was not bought on these terms and has been relegated to a state of innocuous desuetude.

What Dr. Barker Got.

Dr. Barker did not succeed in getting the judgeship as he and his friends hoped. Mr. Hanington got that, but Dr. Barker was instructed by the government to defend John C. Ferguson in the police court, if that was any consolation to him.