

## SEVERAL ALARMS RUNG. AND A NUMBER OF BOXES PULLED AT THE SAME TIME.

The Result Was a General Mixing Up of Matters—The Council Climbs Up a Hill Which It Ran Down in November—Ald. Davis to the Front.

Cushing's Manual, the acts of the general assembly and a report of the department of public safety dated Nov. 13, 1891, were the sources from which the orators of the common council drew their inspiration at Thursday's meeting. The report was the only authority in which they seemed versed, at least had taken about six months to get at the true inwardness of that. They had awakened to the fact that they had voted to turn out certain members of the fire department, and that following out their order the chief engineer had made dismissals which he did not want to make and nobody else wanted made. They wanted to kick at somebody, and they kicked at the chief engineer. As a popular author would remark, anatomical reasons prevented them from kicking themselves.

The safety board, in the report in question, recommend that after the 1st of May no one be appointed to, "or allowed to serve on" the force of the fire department, who was under the age of 21 or over 55. The report was discussed at the time section by section, and the adoption of the last section containing this particular provision to abolish the veterans was moved by Ald. W. A. Chesley. Among others of the present council who discussed the report and were supposed to understand its meaning were Alds. Smith, Law, Seaton and McGoldrick. Ald. W. A. Chesley spoke in moving the adoption and also in closing the debate. The report was adopted. Last Thurs da Ald. Chesley stood up in the council and declared that he had not understood that men over 55 were to be dismissed. Several others seemed to be surprised that they had voted for such a measure. Ald. White alone asserted that he had known the clause was in the report. He had, in fact, been the mover of it in the committee, but he had not intended that it should apply to the men then in the department. How he could have expected it to mean anything else was not explained. Ald. Chesley, in the course of some warm remarks gave his opinion that Ald. White did not know what he was talking about.

The fact that the words were in the report, that the report had been adopted and that some valued members of the department were out in the cold in consequence, could not be denied. The next thing was to fix it, and then came a pretty jumble of ideas and motions. Ald. Shaw moved that the words be struck out and the chief be instructed to reinstate the men who had been dismissed. The mayor sat upon him with the remark that the council had nothing to do with the dismissals. Alds. Connor and McCarthy each had a motion to reconsider, while W. A. Chesley made his motion that the objectionable cause be rescinded "and the rest of the section remain." After a good deal of talking, which covered a wide range and was wholly out of order, the section was reconsidered and the words struck out.

During the debate, if the series of wrangles merits that title, the most sensible statement made was that of Ald. Law, who freely admitted that the council had made a blunder of which he for one was willing to take his share of the blame.

The fire department came to the front again, and with a louder noise, when Ald. W. A. Chesley rose to move a resolution beginning, "Whereas John Kerr, chief engineer of the fire department has given dissatisfaction, etc.," and asking that the whole matter be referred to the safety board. The mayor objected to the council committing itself to the assertion that the chief had given dissatisfaction, whereupon Ald. Chesley inserted the words, "it is said." This got him into a worse tangle, for then some of the council took the ground that the council had no business to base its actions on rumor and gossip. If there was anything against the chief a definite charge should be made. Besides, the whole matter of appointments was already before the safety board.

It was over this motion that the mayor and Ald. McCarthy came into collision and had a discussion which threatened to end in a dead-lock. After the motion had been made, Ald. McCarthy rose to speak. The mayor objected on the ground that the motion had not been seconded. The alderman refused to sit down and continued to speak. "As long as you keep within the rules of order, I will do so, but you have as much right to respect me as I have to respect you," he told the mayor. The mayor ruled against him. The alderman demanded his authority, and the mayor named the inevitable Cushing's Manual. Then Ald. Law took the point of order that Ald. McCarthy was out of order. The latter asserted that he would keep the mayor there all the week if it were neces-

sary. "I can do without my supper as long as anybody," he exclaimed. Then the mayor threatened to leave the chair, and the alderman intimated that it did not matter if he did. The mayor triumphantly retorted that such a manoeuvre would put an end to all business. Finally, after the mayor's ruling had been sustained on an appeal to the council, Ald. McCarty resumed his speech, pointing that there were no specified charges, and that the resolution gave the committee power "to enquire into everything under heaven and earth—in the department and out of it."

Ald. Davis has not had much chance to speak at the council. He generally jumps up when he is out of order, and has to sit down before the close of the opening sentence. He had a full swing on Thursday, however, when he appeared as the ally of Ald. Chesley, and he improved the occasion with a speech less long than it was loud. When Ald. Davis starts a speech his voice seems to provoke him as much as it ought to subdue his opponents. He gets louder and louder as he rings out his rounded rhetorical periods. "Let us not be torn asunder by internal factions," he shouts with a rising inflection on each word up to the antepenultimate, and "We are the guardians of the public interests," cannot be improved by Ald. John Chesley's paraphrase of "We are the conservators of the public rights." It is of no use for anybody to try and imitate the orator from Brooks ward.

The fire department and all that "is said" in connection with it is now in the hands of the safety board, which is bound to report to the council.

## LACROSSE ALL OVER.

What the Enthusiasts are Doing in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Lacrosse is having a boom all over the provinces, and there is likely to be plenty of it this summer. The formation of the maritime association was the big move of the month, and Truro has had the honor of sending in the first subscription to the fund.

The Y. M. C. A. of Moncton have bought out the amateur athletic association, and are now turning their attention to lacrosse. As they have a number of good players, the club will probably go into the association.

Fredericton has also good material for a lacrosse team, and the chances are that one will be formed. J. P. Phelan, at present in Fredericton is one of the best goal keepers in the province. Then there is Crowe, an upper province man who knows a good deal about the game; while Mr. W. R. Racey could give some of the boys pointers if he wanted to. The Halifax clubs want to come to St. John, but by the present train arrangements they would have to lose three days for one game. They will come, however, when the time table changes.

The Springhill lacrosse club is one of the most active in the provinces. At present they are talking of a grand ball and are sure to make a success of it, if it comes off.

## Mayor Peters Objects.

Capt. Hamlyn, of Fairville, is evidently a practical gentleman. When he saw the need of the Fairville fire sufferers, he started out to see what he could do among the people he knew, and by Thursday morning had collected \$397 for the fund—notwithstanding the objection made by Mayor Peters to his moving around among St. John firms. It would almost seem as though his worship "lost his head" over the matter, since he not only objected to Capt. Hamlyn's work, but also the authority given him. It would have been more to Mayor Peters' credit had he shown his co-operation in the same practical fashion; writing letters is one way, but it is a slow way.

## A Sight-Seeer's Umbrella.

One of the incidents of the Fairville fire that caused some amusement among some of the spectators was the burning of an umbrella. Its owner was a visitor from the city, who had come prepared for a rain storm. He was simply a spectator and did not take any active part in fighting the fire. The umbrella was a good one, until a spark got among its folds and burned rapidly until discovered. By that time the umbrella was useless and its owner consigned it to the gutter. His loss was not so great as that of many Fairville people, but it was, perhaps, just as aggravating.

## Be Careful on the Bridge.

The suspension bridge has been patched and repatched of late until it is one of the sights. Deal ends, edgings and every available bit of lumber about has been used to cover the holes in the planking. Only a few days ago the writer saw a horse punch a hole through a weak spot and sink through to his knee. Progress understands that repairs are contemplated in the near future, but it is very evident that no time should be lost, for heavy horses are in hourly danger of breaking through and the damages might cost more than the repairs.

## WORK ON A SHORE LINE.

LATER DEVELOPMENTS IN THE CARLETON CHURCH WAR.

Pastor Shore Resigns, But People Think He Will Remain—Another Phase of the Secession Spirit—A Proposition to Establish a Congregational Church.

The troubles in the First Presbyterian church of Carleton were told by PROGRESS last week, and gave the public, for the first time, a clear idea of the situation and the causes which led up to it. The church is still running on the "Shore line," but whether it will continue to do so or not remains to be seen. In the meantime, Pastor Shore has resigned.

Some time ago, Mr. Shore told some of the people that he should resign, unless a petition asking him to remain was signed by a majority of the congregation. There was an induction at St. George on Tuesday, and at the meeting of the presbytery held afterwards, Mr. Shore's resignation was received. Action on it was deferred until the next meeting of the presbytery, which will be held at St. Stephen.

In the meantime, Mr. Shore's friends, acting on his suggestion, as previously mentioned, are circulating, or intend to circulate a petition asking him to remain. They will secure a majority of the congregation of course, and thus vindicated, Mr. Shore can score a victory, retain his place, and point out the fallibility of the presbytery in passing a censure on his treatment of Mr. Montgomery. In this way Mr. Shore will, it is hoped, continue in a sphere of usefulness and the troubles of the past will be forgotten.

It needs not a prophet to predict that should Mr. Shore remain, "in compliance with the requisition of a large and influential majority" of the congregation, Mr. Montgomery will withdraw. This will make it inconvenient for him. He is a true blue presbyterian, and the first church is the only one of that creed in Carleton. He would have to come to the city to worship, and there would be an additional reason in his mind for a free ferry across the harbor. St. George's church is near his house, it is true, and it is evangelical enough now-a-days to suit almost anybody, but Mr. Montgomery is not likely to go there.

It is the opinion of some folks that Mr. Shore has no idea that his resignation will take effect. Even his opponents—including Mr. Montgomery—are of opinion that it is the interest of the church that he should remain, unless there is a guarantee that he will go to another field of labor. There are good reasons for this.

These are rumors, not very well defined, but of the "I have heard something about it" style, that in case of Mr. Shore's resignation there would be a secession. It is a peculiarity of the Carleton folks that when they do not like the way things are run they threaten to back out. They talk quite freely of secession from the city if the ferry continues to exact a cent a head from them when they cross the harbor, and the same "secess" idea has taken possession of Mr. Shore's friends. They propose to withdraw with him and found a church of their own, free from the yoke of the presbytery. The idea is to have a congregational church, which is a self-governing body and can do about as it pleases. Such a withdrawal would mean the loss of possibly two thirds of the congregation, leaving some 30 or 40 to run the church as best they can. The minority do not feel equal to the contract, for the church is in debt.

Mr. Shore is not responsible for all this debt. There was about \$500 owing when he came, but the expenditures incurred since then have run up to some \$1,500. It was in regard to these expenditures by the board of deacons that the first troubles arose.

It is, therefore, desirable that Mr. Shore should stay, both to keep the church together and to aid in getting rid of the debt. Besides, say some, if Mr. Shore founds a congregational church, there is no knowing what it may turn into before he is done with it. When a presbyterian once does break away from his creed, it seems hard for him to find anything else that suits. One pastor, who quarrelled with the presbytery a few years ago, has been looking for a religion ever since, and does not seem to have found one yet. It will probably be different in the case of Mr. Shore, for he left the methodist body to become a presbyterian, and the transition to congregational principles would be simply returning to his old faith without having the incubus of a conference to call his acts into question. He would probably be as good a congregationalist as he has been a methodist or a presbyterian, and would enjoy a good deal more liberty.

In the meantime, there is an earnest desire among the lovers of peace and good will that the differences may be adjusted in some way and harmony restored. Nobody wants to see a rupture if it can be avoided, and least of all is it in the interests of religion that an opposition church, of any kind, should be started. Let us have peace.

## JEALOUS OF MR. TITCOMBE.

Two Fairville Pastors who Say a Relief Fund is Not Needed.

Rev. J. C. Titcombe has been very cordially aided by the public in his efforts to relieve the distress among the people of all creeds and sects in Fairville. His unselfish devotion to the work night and day appears to have provoked the jealousy of some of his neighbors, two of whom have sent the Sun about as mean spirited a letter as has appeared in the press for some time. The signers are "C. H. Martell, baptist minister," and "W. W. Lodge, methodist minister." It is a pity these gentlemen give their titles, for PROGRESS cannot believe that the people of either denomination share in the feeling to which their pastors have give utterance. The letter answers itself, when it endeavors to belittle Mr. Titcomb and to hint that donations sent to him will be "misappropriated." It gives the lie to all who have been aiding the sufferers when it implies that there is little or no destitution among the people. It bears every evidence of a superabundance of envy and uncharitableness, provoked because of the prominence given to a clergyman who is trying to do his duty. The fact that Mr. Titcomb was busy with the poor while "the time of the pastor of the methodist church was taken up in helping influential members of the church to save their property," seems to be something that cannot be overlooked. The publication of such a letter, denying the reports of distress on the morning of the day when a concert in aid of the sufferers was to be given, does not reflect much credit on the authors. It will now be in order for them to find a convenient hole to crawl into, and a pretty small one ought to be big enough to hold them both.

## Remarkable Results in Numbering.

In March the common council woke up to the fact that all houses in the city should be numbered. The dead walls were covered with posters containing the startling announcement that every person who did not comply with the law in this respect would be fined \$1 a day for every day their houses remained unnumbered after the time specified. This seemed to have the desired effect on many. Everyone who had a number handy, evidently put it on, and the result has been remarkable. On some streets the "odds and evens" are on the same side, while on others 18 is on one end of the street and 19 on the other. On the City road some of the most startling combinations have been arrived at. A house that claims to be away up in the hundredths has one with a modest number of two figures alongside of it. And thus it is in many localities.

## Leave the Old Man Alone.

PROGRESS' attention has been called several times to the fact that Richard Ashton, an old pedlar, is the subject of a persistent system of annoyance at the hands of men who should know better. It appears that Ashton minds his own business and pays no attention to the jeers and jibes flung at him, but human endurance has a limit, and Ashton applied at the police court for a cessation of these annoyances. His friends claim that he got no satisfaction from there, and have handed the names of his tormentors to PROGRESS. From what the writer knows of the people complained of not one of them would care to be known to the public in this particular way. It would be a good idea for Ashton to be left alone.

## Let us Have the Truth Again.

"PROGRESS has no season compliments to the Opera house" was the remark made by Mr. Mitchell of the managing committee of the Opera house, this week, when the arrangements were being made for press tickets for a local show.

Quite true, Mr. Mitchell, but you omitted stating that PROGRESS returned its tickets voluntarily to the president of the company, because the chief stock owner did not relish the truth about the Aborn company's performances. PROGRESS did not propose to be under the suspicion of a compliment to the Opera house company under the circumstances, and consequently returned its passes with a note stating the reason.

## Ald. Lewis is on Deck.

Concurrently with the adoption of the government's plan for railway extension around the harbor front comes the intimation of two suits for damages. One of these is from Ald. Lewis, who claims that his property will be injured. As the alderman generally gets what he wants of the dominion government, the belief is that his present claim is likely to be treated with a most fair and liberal spirit.

## Repairs Needed Badly.

That good road maker, Mr. John Jordan, should cast his eyes upon the Marsh road from the city to the three mile house. PROGRESS doubts if, ever before, it was in such a disgraceful condition. Heretofore the "Marsh" has been rather the pride of the average citizen, but it is something to avoid now.

## "I SAY MISTER MACK!"

AND THE ENDMAN CRACKED HIS LITTLE JOKE.

The St. John Minstrels Furnish Fun and Music at the Opera House to a Large Audience—Local Gags of the Endmen, and the Musical Farce.

Tinkle, tinkle, went the bell and up went the curtain.

It was at the Opera house, Wednesday evening, and the St. John amateur minstrels faced a crowded and fashionable house. A half circle of chocolate colored dandies in tennis jackets and white trousers, stood before their chairs and finished the opening chorus; the end men in abbreviated dusters, six inch collars and a white strip up their black trouser legs came in from the wings at a quick march, and the company sat down.

Then the audience saw one of the prettiest minstrel circles that ever monopolized a Canadian stage. The circumference of Plum Jones' mouth was perhaps out of the beauty line, and Bud Mann's neck too stiff to be elegant, but the whole effect was striking.

Instead of the old time indoor scene with the orchestra perched on high red boxes, where they were in imminent danger of sustaining a fracture; the minstrels sat in a shaded grove. The chorus discarded evening dress, and in tennis jackets, representing perhaps every club in creation, but of colors that harmonized wonderfully with the scene, sat in a circle, while the orchestra in linen dusters filled in the rear. It was the essence of "nigger minstrelsy"—the darky at home, in all his picturesqueness, and the songs and choruses carried the audience further down south. For the singing in the first part was the great feature of the evening.

The company sat down, while the audience applauded. Then Fred Blackadar opened the ball.

"I say, Mr. Mack; can you tell me what boy was rocked in the cradle of the deep?"

Of course Mr. Mack hadn't the least idea, and said so very deliberately; whereupon Tambo said, "Why, the bell buoy at Partridge island, ob course."

Then Bud Mann broke out with: "Here's one for you, Mr. Mack."

"Well, Bud, what is it?"

"It am, can you tell me what's the difference 'tween a law stamp and Hon. Mr. Pugsley?"

"No, Bud, I'm sure I cannot tell you what the difference is between a law stamp and Hon. Mr. Pugsley."

"Well," says Bud, "I'll tell you. The difference is that one is stuck on a bill and the other is stuck on Billy."

The audience saw the point.

Jim Thomas laid his cheek on his collar and claimed attention. He wanted to know why fainting ladies were like good resolutions. Mr. Mack gave it up. That's what he was there for, you know.

"Well," said Jim, with an air of satisfaction, "they're bote alike, 'cause they bote wans carryin' out."

Plum Jones opened his mouth and the audience laughed. Plum is the life of the company, and everything he does goes. It was his turn to say something. He said it was a joke on Harry McKeown, and the young liberal conservatives, but the audience was very English about that time and did not see the point for about two minutes, when the applause began to ripple and then burst out. The orchestra began its accompaniment for Mr. Lindsay about that time, however, and the applause died out.

Mr. Lindsay's song, "I'll Come Back Again," was well received; and after he had responded to an encore, Mr. Mack and Plum had some by-play about black crows, which kept the house in good humor until Plum began telling his story of a boot black that blacked a black boot black's black boots until he was black in the face, and then the audience roared. Plum was at his best and merriment ran high until the end man suddenly stopped just about where he began and coolly remarked, "That's all."

The end songs were all good although none of them were catchy, but Jim Thomas' "Rooster in the Barn" was one of the best, the imitations of a whole barnyard by the chorus being funny enough for all purposes as well as good from a musical point of view. He finished it amid great applause; whereupon Endman Blackadar began his story of the St. Stephen barbers. "Curlers," corrected Mr. Mack.

"Well, don't barbers curl. You know anyhow the ones dat played the Thornes."

"The Thistles you mean, Fred."

"Yes I knew it was something sharp; but anyhow, Jule Whitlock and Jack Chipman—an—an you know all them fellers."

Then he told how they drank Spa water and were going home, when three cops came up and were going to run them in.

"But Jack Chipman wasn't scared, oh no, he jest looked at them and said, 'you couldn't put me in,' he says 'there's only three of you.' 'Well,' says they 'what of that,' 'What of that,' says Jack, 'what of

that, don't you know that a Jack full beats three of a kind,'"

Jim Thomas was slow and deliberate, as usual. He had a conundrum to ask, just a simple one, he assured Mr. Mack.

"Why," asked James, "is a telephone girl waiting for a message, like Silas Alward in the house of assembly."

Mr. Mack didn't know, and Jim told him it was because "the telephone girl is waiting for a call, and Mr. Alward is always calling for a halt."

Then the orchestra struck up, and Plum Jones stepped to the front, to sing "By and Bye," and he sang it until the audience tittered all over, introducing local hits in plenty. In response to an encore he sang "his masterpiece" "I Aint Sponsible."

Mr. Mack, Plum and Endman Blackadar claimed the attention of the audience while they did a piece of financing that was one of the most amusing features of the show. Plum came out on top.

Mr. Olive's song "Man the Lite Boat" followed; and then Bud Mann had a conundrum to ask. He wanted to know why a flock of wild geese flying north resembled an election in St. John. Nobody knew, and Bud told them. "Because it usually takes the form of a V."

More singing and bye, play, and then Endman Blackadar recognized a resemblance between the late leader of the local opposition and the proprietor of the Victoria hotel. Nobody else did, whereupon the endman furnished some light on the subject in this manner.

"Well, it's 'cause one Dan has a high stepper and the other took a step higher."

About that time Plum Jones got mixed up in Shakespeare, and when Mr. Mack had got him untangled, made the discovery that when Othello killed "Desdemona" with a pillar, he killed her mother, too. Yass! How was dat? Well, when he smothered his wife with a pillar, wasn't dat his wife's mother."

It was pretty bad, but Plum got it off all right, and the audience laughed.

Alphabetical Stockton, as leader of the opposition came in for the next hit. Bud Mann referred to the chill in the atmosphere in Fredericton during the last session, and said it was caused by Mr. Stockton trying to raise the wind by the Balcom draft.

Mr. Starr's tenor solo "Only to See Her Face," was good enough to make the audience applaud him to the echo; Endman Blackadar's song bristled with local hits, and when the curtain dropped on Mr. Ruel's solo, "Good Night," the audience was in very good humor.

The first part, however, did not go with the swing that characterized the club's last performances. It dragged at times, and some of the jokes were not sprung on with the best possible effect; but a great deal of this was undoubtedly due to the audience, which insisted on encores that were unlooked for on the part of the company.

Before the curtain went up again Harrison's orchestra gave "Soldier's Life" as an overture, and pleased the audience so well, that only the going up of the curtain prevented an encore. The minstrel quartette came on then, and had hard work to get off again. Mr. Custance in a character song was the next to put in an appearance and he made a hit. Esson and Blackadar furnished some fun in their character sketch, which had the excellent quality of brevity. The same cannot be said of Mr. McMann's stump speech, which evidently lacked rehearsal, and this with bad enunciation was the cause of its failing to make the impression that it should have made, for it was a speech that contained many good points, as will be seen from the copy of it published below.

Bad enunciation on the part of the soloists also detracted somewhat from the effect of the burlesque, as it was hard for many in the audience to get the drift of it. But the element of fun was so prominent in it from first to last that smiles were in order always. When the bride and her maids came on, smiles were nowhere. Unadulterated laughter took possession of the house, and held it until the curtain dropped.

## THE STUMP SPEECH.

Delivered by Mr. J. B. McMann, at the Opera House, Wednesday Evening.

Feller-Citizens, City Fellers and Other Fellers.—I ax you to excuse de simple-taneous abrupton of my disappearance here dis evenin'. Fact is I jess been comin' from a funeral. O, de obsequies was the most obsequious I ever saw. George Washington is dead; Julius Caesar is dead; William Spokeshave is dead; Doctor Dryden is dead, and now Dry Dock is dead; and I aint feelin' well myself. And General Grant is dead, too—jess from gettin' in a draft. I don't mean the General Grant fer diggin' down McLellan hill. That was in a draft, too. It ain't dead, but its very odoriferous. Do you hyar me?

Human Critters, Hemale Humbugs, Shemale Victims, Comely Ones and Homely Ones.—Actuating in concordance with you'r stringent aggrawashun I have dissented to