

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893.

THE CROP NEVER FAILS.

PANIC OR NO PANIC, JAGS ARE AS PLENTY AS BEFORE.

Massachusetts Tries a New Law for the Suppression of Intoxication—The Result is a Corner in Jail Accommodation—The Commercial Depression.

Boston, Aug. 15.—With the first of July a new drunk law came into effect in Massachusetts. It is considerably like the one which Magistrate Ritchie dispenses in St. John, but the effect has been surprising here during the past month.

Under the old law all new offenders were locked up in a cell one night, and discharged by the police in the morning, without going before the court, but under the present law, every man woman and child arrested, must face the judge.

The result of this has been an enlargement of the docks all over Massachusetts, and after a month's trial, the magistrate of the land are considering whether it will, or will not be necessary to enlarge the jails to double their present capacity.

The jails of Massachusetts are filled to overflowing, while the police courts are paying institutions, a direct benefit to the towns and cities in which they are located, as the cities and towns receive the fines.

Just now the subject of fines is receiving no consideration whatever, while the jail problem is what the museum people would call a "James Dandy."

This is the busy season in the police courts, as the officers say that it takes less liquor to entitle a man to a ride in the patrol wagon in summer than in winter, and that instead of staying indoors like they do in winter, everybody wants to be outside, and those with a jag on who do not, are helped out by the bar tenders, so that the police are kept busy.

Talking with a police magistrate the other day on this matter, he suggested the idea, that instead of allowing a prisoner to his fine any time within the 30 days of his imprisonment, imposing the condition that unless the fine is paid within ten days after he is sent to jail, he must remain the other ten days. This would give the jails speedy relief; so that those sent there, may get through as quickly as possible and make way for new comers.

One of the disadvantages of the present system—that, when a jail becomes overcrowded the surplus is shipped to some other jail ten or twenty, or thirty miles away. These are all short terms prisoners, as the jailers want the "long termers" to work in the jail, and do not want to be bothered with men and women who will just begin to be of some use, about the time when their term is up. So when a man is shipped away from his own town or city, it is hard to communicate with friends, and his chances for serving out the sentence are excellent.

I saw a curious incident on Portland street the other day, which goes to show how prone people are to do that very thing they are not wanted to do.

One of the buildings on the street is occupied by a stone yard or stone shop, or a place where they make tombstones and the like indoors.

Men work in the basement, receiving light from half windows above the sidewalk. It is such a place that five in every ten people will look in to see the men at work. Passing there the other day, I saw a whole row of men gazing contemplatively down into the basement. I stopped also. The most conspicuous thing in the place was a sign in large letters which read as follows:

PLEASE DO NOT STAND AT THE WINDOW. WE NEED THE LIGHT.

There was a row of men disregarding that request as contentedly as if the sign did not exist.

About the only thing talked about up here is hard times, and there is good reason for it. There is no change one way or the other, except that people who are out of work are beginning to feel the pinch, and those being off, who think anything about their more unfortunate neighbors, are considering ways and means of affording relief.

One of the Boston dailies offers to insert advertisements of "Situations wanted" free, during the hard times, and it has already filled a page with them, set in very small type. The chances are that an enlargement of the paper will be necessary.

Although Jordan, Marsh & Co's was one of the places pictured in the engravings intended to show that times were not so bad as rumored, I believe that firm discharged several hundred of its employes this week. Nothing, however, has been printed about it.

The mills and factories in the great manufacturing cities are still shut down, and tens of thousands of people are idle, and without money. Reports show that in boarding houses, which accommodated over 100, they have discharged 80 per cent of them, because they could not pay their board. Those more fortunate carry out food to the others, and one story tells that

a boarding mistress found 16 of her former boarders enjoying a meal in the back yard, where the food had been taken to them by other boarders. In some places the doors of the boarding houses are guarded.

One of the busiest mills in East Boston is owned by St. John men, Jewett Bros., and their residences are buildings such as attract attention. They are in the wood-working business, and their head book-keeper is a St. John man, Mr. John Boyd, who formerly lived in the North End.

Mr. Tom Brennan, whom everybody knew in St. John, especially that part of the population who have to climb Church street hill, is in Boston, looking better than ever, and an ardent admirer of the hub.

MASONIC NOTES AND NEWS.

Items of Interest to the Craft in this Province and Elsewhere.

Six lodges in Pennsylvania bear the name of Washington.

It is estimated that in the world there are fully 2,000,000 Masons.

The Masonic fraternity in New York have \$250,000 at interest. Ten years ago they were in debt \$604,686.

The Grand Lodge of New Brunswick will meet at Moncton next Tuesday in annual session, and the Grand Chapter on Wednesday.

Freemasonry is in a flourishing condition in India, as the following list of lodges under the grand lodge of England show that there are in Bengal, 42; Bombay, 24; Burma, 8; Madras, 22 and the Punjab, 22; total 118. Under the Grand Lodge of Scotland there are also thirty-three lodges, raising the grand total of 151 lodges.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of New Brunswick had its annual session in the city last Monday. Among the visitors were Dr. D. E. Seymour of Calais, Past Grand Master of Maine, and Messrs. W. H. Steeves and J. L. Thompson of St. Croix, Calais. Dr. Seymour, who has always taken a deep interest in Cryptic Masonry, installed the Grand Master elect, and was made an honorary member of the Grand Council of New Brunswick. It may not be generally known that St. John is the home of the Cryptic Rite in Canada, the councils in Ontario having originally received their warrants from the parent body here. Chebucto Council, No. 4, of Halifax, also holds its warrant from here.

The London Freemason says that the Sovereign College of Allied Masonic and Christian Degrees of the United States, at a recent High Convocation, held at Richmond, Va., conferred the academic Degree of "Doctor of Universal Masonry" on the following distinguished Masons: Prince Demetrius Rhodocanakis, of Greece; the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Euston and Wm. James Hughan, of England; and the Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, of Maine, U. S. A. Doctor of Masonic Laws and other Degrees were conferred on a number of prominent Masons. The Sovereign College is the only Masonic body in the world conferring academic degrees, and it is proposed to give them very sparingly. The Rev. Hartley Carmichael, D. D., 33°, is the Sovereign Grand Master of the College and Bro. William Ryan, 33°, is Deputy Grand Master. The body is in amity with the Grand Council of Allied Degrees of England, and the Earl of Euston is its Grand Representative. The Earl is also representative of the Grand R. A. Chapter of New Brunswick near the Grand Chapter of England, and Grand Sovereign of the Order of Rome and Constantine.

WILL PLEASE THE REPORTERS.

The Earl of Aberdeen Likes to Oblige the Newspaper Men.

The Earl of Aberdeen, the new Governor-General of Canada, has always been a popular man among journalists, says London Tit-Bits. He makes an admirable chairman at public meetings of all kinds, discharging the often onerous duties of the post with judicious tact and courtesy, and a business-like knowledge of, and attention to, details that greatly facilitate the progress of business. These qualities can only be fully appreciated by those who understand from experience how much time is wasted, and the completion of a programme or agenda of a meeting retarded by the presence "in the chair" of an undecided or ineffective controller of the proceedings.

Like all men who are willing to sacrifice themselves for the philanthropic or other causes to which they lend their aid, Lord Aberdeen has sometimes to revolt against secretaries and councils or committees that, perhaps innocently, put too great a strain upon his genial desire to render them effective assistance.

An instance of this kind occurred some time ago at a meeting in aid of a missionary enterprise, held at the Holborn Town Hall.

The earl was the principal speaker of the evening, but the secretary had placed a number of items, including the singing of some hymns, reports by the society's missionaries, and other interesting but time-consuming features, on the programme to precede his address.

Seeing that if the proposed arrangements were carried out it would not only be late in the proceedings but late in the night as well, before the earl's turn to address the meeting would arrive, the reporters present handed up a round robin to the earl, begging him to have the programme altered, as they wanted to leave after his speech. The earl smiled as he read the request and handed back the robin, with the footnote—"Right, exactly my own idea"—and in an aside with the chairman the programme was accordingly altered, greatly to the joy of the reporters, but very much to the chagrin of the secretary, who had purposefully desired to have the earl's speech to the end of the meeting, as a sure means of keeping the hall full to the end.

THEY GOVERN HALIFAX.

GRAPHIC PEN PICTURES OF THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN.

The City Council is Divided into Two Classes—Men Who Are There by Accident—Prominent Points in the Characters of The Civic Rulers.

HALIFAX, July 27.—The people of this city do not feel all the interest in civic politics the importance of the subject demands. Our taxation is rapidly running up; the expenditure yearly is increasing; people are crying out that their taxes are becoming one of the heaviest items of business outlay and domestic economy. Property is appraised at its full market value in nearly every instance, and the rate of assessment for civic revenue has gone up to \$1.61 on the \$100 this year. The expenditure this year for all purposes in connection with the city government will be fully half a million dollars, and the direct taxation will be only a little less. Such being the case, it is remarkable that more interest is not taken in the doings of our city fathers. The public, except on rare occasions, does not attend meetings of the city council, and when election time come round not more than two-thirds of the ratepayers take the trouble to come to the polls. The comparative lack of interest in civic matters, or on the other hand, lamentable want of enterprise, is evidenced by the reports of the Halifax daily newspapers on the doings of the city council.



Seldom do the daily papers give more than a mere outline of the routine business transacted, and almost never is an alderman's speech reported in more than the very briefest form.

For the most part the personnel of the city council is composed of ordinary material,—the best men in the community do not, and will not, spend the time and energy, in the first place to get into the council, and in the second place to attend to city business if they did get there. The aldermen now there are fairly honest, well-meaning men, but it is a regrettable fact that far more interest is manifested by most of them in making some petty appointment than in transacting important business which has long waited attention. It is the voters' own fault better men are not in the council. Notwithstanding what has often been said Halifax aldermen for the most part are honest. Their boodling has never been known to be much worse than the using of their positions or influence to secure improvements on the street and sidewalk past their own private property, or to accomplish some such little scheme. The city council is composed of two classes; first, those who take an active interest in the business of the city and have an intelligent understanding of its affairs; and secondly, those who have no such knowledge and take but little interest in civic matters. They are there because they are hail-fellow-well-met, because they happen to be catholic or protestant; because they are temperance men, or for some other reason no one exactly knows what.

Mr. E. Keefe, a cut of whose good-natured features is given above, is in the second year of his mayoralty. He is a self-made man, formerly a journeyman carpenter, and now does a good business as a builder and contractor. Despite his success, the mayor can do more violence to the Queen's English in a shorter time than any who has yet occupied the mayor's chair. But his Worship's lack of grammar does not conceal the large stock of common sense with which he is blessed. Mr. Keefe is an aspirant for a seat in the Dominion Parliament.

Beside his Worship, in the Council Chamber sits Recorder MacCoy, the legal advisor of the city. The council frequently express confidence in the Recorder by setting at defiance his formal advice and elaborately prepared opinions. On a recent occasion he was gravely requested to verbally explain one of his written opinions. He attempted the task.

Take the aldermen by wards. From ward 1 comes Alderman W. J. Stewart, of M. S. Branan & Co. He is one of the most intelligent and promising men in the council. Only there one year he already has a clear grasp of civic affairs.

Alderman Morrow is a member of the firm of Stairs, Son & Morrow. He is a fairly young business man; is a good judge of horses, rides well at a race meeting, is a leader of "society," but it must be said,

The Fashionable Fabrics for Ladies Costumes:

HOPSACKING

In all the leading shades—Navy, Black, Cardinal, Brown, Myrtle, Castor, Tan, Seal, Eminence.

FRENCH TOULE AMAZON CLOTH.

PLAIN SHADES IN FINE CHEVIOT SERGES, 50 ins. Wide.

This line we have imported for several seasons. A complete assortment of shades to select from.

SHOT DIAGONALS, FANCY MIXTURES, FANCY CHEVIOTS.

A Superb Range of Fine Homespun Suitings.

Purchasers of Plain and Fancy Dress Materials will find a large stock in our Dress Department of suitable Goods for Mid-Summer and early Fall wear.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON, St. John.

Good to have a whole lot of boys in the family. They're such a help to you when they grow up. Girls are good too.

We take that boy of yours from the time he puts on Pants (and before) and keep him in good clothes all his life.

Whenever you find out what a good place this is, you'll buy all your clothes here---your money back if you wish.

Two Big Stores

Oak Hall.

SCOVIL FRASER & Co., King St. St. John.

he has proved himself a light weight in aldermanic affairs.

Alderman Allen is the head of the firm of T. C. Allen & Co. Notwithstanding the high sounding professions with which he entered the council, it must be admitted his career as an alderman has turned out a dismal failure. He has carried out no reform, nor has he so far left his marks for good in any way.

Alderman H. V. Wier runs a good retail grocery business and he has attained considerable notoriety by riding the Protestant horse. He is the leader in the crusade against the Archbishop in the school dispute. Whether the results of his efforts will be good or bad, the alderman, it is said, will not be in Halifax very long to see, for he meditates leaving the city and settling in the great west. He is a hard working city father.

Alderman W. B. Wallace is a "silk stocking." He is a genial fellow, one of the four catholics in the council, and is possessed of much ability. He entered the council for one thing, to improve his chance for a candidacy for a seat in the local legislature. He has been the short-hand reporter of the House of Assembly for some years.

Alderman Dennis represents Ward 2 for the second term. He is the only professional newspaper man who has been in the council for twenty years. He is a young man, considered by his colleagues altogether "too fresh," and with rather too much to say and too many questions. He has been pronounced a "weak-kneed Protestant" by the Wesleyan newspaper, and enjoys the distinction of being the most unpopular man in the council. He is openly charged with having secured the expenditure of large amounts of city money to improve the value of his property in the suburbs where he is interested. Why Alderman Dennis was allowed to secure a second term without opposition, is what "no fellow can understand."

Alderman J. T. Hamilton, the tailor, is the senior member from ward 3. He is arbitrary and imperious, and when vested with a little brief authority uses it for all it is worth. He is a back number today, not only with the council but the public. He is a man of independent character, and when his mind is made up, and when the alderman is not controlled by rings and family influence, he has considerable backbone.

Alderman Duggan is a son of a late mayor. He is a Roman catholic and that is about the only reason he reached the council. He is "here today and there tomorrow," and does not know his own mind for much more than ten minutes at a time.

Alderman "Ton" Mitchell is a level headed business man who has made his confectionery establishment a success. He is the enthusiastic chairman of the public gardens commission, and is one of the most popular members of the council. He never makes a speech but appears to do a lot of thinking.

Alderman Andrew Hubley, grocer, is from ward 4, and is undoubtedly a crank pure and simple, who is always in as hot water as so straight a temperance man perhaps should be.

Alderman J. F. Ryan is a butcher. He was educated for a priest, but found the

meat and commission business more to his taste. He is a Roman catholic and an Oddfellow, and is a liberal minded man. As chairman of the board of firewards he is at work which he likes very well indeed.

Alderman "Neddy" O'Donnell probably would not consider it any disparagement to find himself described as the representative of the tough element. He has a special antipathy to the city prison and Governor Murray. There are personal reasons for this hatred which it is not necessary to enumerate again. Alderman O'Donnell is in the council because many of his supporters, who are ashamed of the votes they cast for him, would rather see him there than the man he defeated last May. It was a choice of evils.

Alderman Foster is in the tea business. He is a man whom common report credits with a more consuming desire to be on the winning side than on the right side. His chief aim is to find out where popular success lies and to be with the tide. In matters political Alderman Foster has not even the confidence of his own friends. If he has a candidate for office, however, Foster will fight hard, and he is full of resources.

Alderman William McFatridge is a junk dealer. He is a kind-hearted man, and exceedingly generous in the expenditure of tax-payers' money.

Alderman Eden, as an alderman, is a nonentity except in name. He is the fourth catholic in the council. His words are few and his knowledge even less. He can vote.

Ald. Outhit, from ward 6, is a successful commission merchant. He does not attend half the meetings of the council. When he makes up his mind to do a thing he does it, but it is an awfully hard thing for him to make up his mind.

Alderman Creighton is a presbyterian elder, and a party "boss" in Ward 6. He is a respectable, well-meaning man, but it is very hard for him to look at a question in any other way than, first in point of importance, from a party view, then from a church standpoint, then from a temperance standpoint.

Alderman Saul Mosher for about ten years has been an alderman. He has made \$40,000 in the business of wharf building. Now he spends his time attending to civic affairs and discussing ward politics in corner groceries and on the curbstone. The alderman can talk longer and say less than any other member of the council. He and Alderman Dennis are cranks on what is called the "unexpended balance" fund, of which none knows anything except themselves. Whatever they know they have never been able to make intelligible to the council. So Progress, of course, is ignorant, too.

What's to hinder a council like this spending citizens' money by the half million yearly?

Aluminium Horse-shoes.

In the Russian army aluminium horse-shoes are said to have been tried with remarkably successful results.

A few horses in the Finland Dragoons were first chosen, and shod with one aluminium shoe and three iron shoes each.

The experiments showed that the aluminium shoes preserved the foot better than the iron ones. No aluminium shoe broke, and they were used over again for re-shoeing.

BITS FROM BUTLER.

Martin's Note and Comment on Happenings up the River.

Butler's Journal for August gives evidence of continued prosperity and the editor announces that the one hundred extra copies printed last month were insufficient to go all the way round. Another hundred extra copies have been printed this month.

The table of contents is as usual varied and interesting. The editor appears to have been favored with a pass to Quebec, and the Wayside Warbles Department contains the first instalment of a paper descriptive of the journey. Here are some extracts:

Brother Editor and Cripple.

Boarding the early train, I proceeded to Hartland, where I interviewed my old subscribers securing most of their renewals, and crossing the river take dinner with my brother editor and cripple, Fred H. Stevens, of The Advertiser. Freddy is even worse handicapped in the race of life than myself, but he has got grit and has piloted the little Advertiser through storms that would have sunk a much larger craft.

Old Mr. Thibodeau's Philosophy.

I asked him why he did not get married again and have some one to keep him warm on winter nights and prepare him his porridge and potatoes? He replied that an old woman, one of his age would be of no use around the house, and a young girl would be too foolish, and added that two fools in one house were too much; I agreed with him.

Martin's Philosophy.

That afternoon the four of us took an affectionate farewell of our genial host and started on the train bound for Edmundston. To enliven the journey we provided ourselves with a stock of the exhilarating beverages that are so plentiful in this locality, and before we reached our destination were all in a happy frame of mind, making ourselves very free but not at all troublesome to our fellow passengers, a liberty which they did not in the least resent, in short we felt well satisfied with ourselves and the world at large. What's the use of being poor when 20 cents will make you rich?

A Being Who Was Born to Love.

When we reached Edmundston we proceeded to the large hotel of Magloire Hebert [pronounced he bar] and ordered supper. A smart young French girl, who could understand and speak English waited on us, to whom we made love alternately and who received our advances with good nature and composure, not at all coy or reserved or cold-blooded as the beings of our own city, but an angelic and transcendent being who was born to love.

His Impressions of Grand Falls.

In regard to the falls, nearly every one of our readers have either seen or heard of them and it is needless to describe them.

The social and personal news in this number of the journal is as interesting as usual. Here are some society items from Fredericton:

"Gasher" was "loaded" as usual up to the muzzle, on Saturday night last.

The "Doctor" hasn't much experience, but has conceit enough for a dozen.

It was amusing to see the tears chasing each other down the furrows of the smoke tanned visage of old moccasin face in the meeting house (Kewick) last Sunday night.

Religious News from Kewick.

A man by the name of Hutchinson has been carrying on what he calls religious meetings in New Zealand during the past week, but we are sorry to say that some of them partake more of the nature of a riot than anything decent. When a man of that stamp collects around him the rowdy element of a community and takes off his coat and endeavors to pound his backwoods ignorance under the guise of religion into their heads it makes one think that Christianity must be at a low ebb indeed. It is very evident that the morals of the place are not elevated by such conduct.

"Progress" in Boston.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.