

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1893.

O'SULLIVAN IS AT WORK.

HE UNDERTAKES TO ENFORCE THE LICENSE LAW IN HALIFAX.

The Peculiar State of Affairs Under License Inspector Mackasey.—How the Bars Have Had Their Innings.—Some Features of the Situation.

HALIFAX, June 21.—The liquor question in this city, or rather the enforcement of the license act, is one which has been much discussed, and more thought about by the public for some time past, than any other local question. In Nova Scotia the license act has three prime features. First, to obtain a license to sell, the applicant must obtain the signatures of three-fifths of the rate-payers of a polling district; secondly, he must close his establishment at nine every week day evening except Saturday, when the doors must be locked at 6 o'clock; thirdly, the dealer is absolutely prohibited under any circumstances from selling liquor, to be drunk on the premises—he must not sell less than a pint and it must be taken away in a bottle to be consumed elsewhere. The bar is illegal in the city of Halifax, and province of Nova Scotia. This local license law is applicable to every county in the province except those where the Scott Act has been adopted. What kind of a law-abiding population have we here in Halifax, judging by the manner in which this rigorous license law is carried out. It must be pronounced very far indeed, from being a law observing community to any extent whatever. There are one hundred and twenty liquor shops in Halifax and probably not in a single case is the law observed—at least so far as selling by the glass is concerned. And most of the places have disregarded the law as regards the hours of closing as well.

But a different era is dawning, at least a temporary change is coming about. The newly organized police force is the factor which is bringing about the altered state of affairs. Since the law was enacted the city of Halifax has had an official called the "license inspector" whose duty it was to see that the law was carried out. John A. Mackasey has been that officer. As already stated the result of his administration is that open violation is apparent on every side. It is universal. Perhaps another occasion for the wholesale disregard of the law is, that the statute is impossible of enforcement in all its particulars. That, certainly, is partially the case. But Mr. Mackasey has made no attempt whatever to enforce the law. He has had his friends, too, who were particularly favored, and, above all others, felt that they had complete immunity from molestation by minions of the law. That the liquor dealer as a class had not the slightest fear of the inspector was evident to the most casual observer. At the same time there were some pre-eminently secure. The following is a statement of what everybody who is on the inside circle says is the case, whether it be so or not, and "what everybody says is true must be true" the old adage goes. It is that Inspector Mackasey may visit some establishments as often as he likes and will invariably find everything "all right." It would be a simple matter to have a secret electric button at some point known only to the inspector and the bar-keeper, and for the inspector's sole use. That button might be touched by the inspector when he was about to make a call and ample time be afforded for evidences of infraction of the law to be completely concealed. It may not be so, but common report has it, that a dozen or so of the leading saloons in Halifax are thus provided with those convenient official secret signal buttons. The license law of Halifax has ever been a dead letter, while the inspector has flourished financially. Both facts are certain. The one is apparent to the man who looks about him for an hour, and the other is made obvious to the investigator who sees the palatial south-end edifice Mr. Mackasey has built for himself, and who observes other evidences of his increasing wealth.

But the police force in its re-organized form, and with Chief O'Sullivan at its head, is a new feature of the situation. The ex-City Marshall and Mr. Mackasey were most excellent friends, and so would Detective Powers have been, had he received the coveted position of Chief. But Powers was far from being "in it," and the position fell to O'Sullivan. There is not an atom of love lost between Inspector Mackasey and Chief O'Sullivan. It is quite natural, therefore, for the chief to set his men at work in a campaign of liquor law enforcement and by that means show how great has been the dereliction from duty of his "friend" Mackasey. That is about how it stands, and the way things are going. Hardly a day passes but Chief O'Sullivan has dealers before the courts for selling after hours, and for Sunday selling. Every conviction thus secured is a stab at Mackasey, who said he was powerless to enforce the law. He might have had the assistance of the police had he wished it, so that there is no excuse of that kind. In the four weeks or so that have elapsed since the election of O'Sullivan to the chieftainship

he has secured twenty or thirty convictions, and more are daily to follow. The big hotels and the larger saloons are in a high state of excitement for fear their turn will come next,—after the smaller places. So far, Water street has been chiefly attended to by O'Sullivan, and it is claimed by him that Sunday drinking has been reduced almost to zero there, on account of his exertions. The liquor dealers charge that Chief O'Sullivan devotes himself too exclusively to offenders who at least observe the license law so far as to pay for a license, while they allege that he winks at unlicensed sellers. There are certainly as many of the latter (and there are more) than of licensed vendors, but Chief O'Sullivan says that to charge him in that way is most unfair. He urges he is doing just as much to ferret out the unlicensed seller as to bring before the courts the licensed dealer who fails to observe the law in all its particulars. To prove the unlicensed places are not so numerous on Water street, for instance, as the licensed liquor men, who want the Chief to turn his attention in that direction, say they are, Chief O'Sullivan states that he has done little but close the licensed houses there, and as a result there is now no Sunday drunkenness on that street.

So far, the police have been mainly seeing that the prescribed hours are observed by the licensed dealers, and paying some attention to unlicensed sellers. When they begin to attack the dealers on the ground of selling by the glass there will be wholesale fun. Chief O'Sullivan says in future he is determined to subpoena every man found in any shop after hours. If he carries out this threat, the number of pseudo temperance men, church members and others, who will come into court to give evidence will be thrillingly great—thrillingly, at least to their acquaintances. There is not much doubt the chief will be as good as his word in carrying out his promise to give some people a little notoriety, and if he does, Progress will be kept posted, no matter if the local press be as silent as the grave in the matter, as it generally is when any real news of this kind is abroad.

HOW PHOTOGRAPHS ARE MADE.

The Optical Lantern and the Process of Making Slides for It.

The optical, or as it is commonly called the magic lantern, is really about the same thing as a camera with its properties reversed, that is, where the camera decreases, the lantern increases. You can easily make one for experimental purposes with a common oil lamp.

Set the lamp in a box, behind it place a reflector, and in front a condensing lens. For want of something better an ordinary reading glass will do for this. Now, on the front of the box attach the lens of your camera in such a way that the slides will come between it and the condenser. This of course is its very simplest form, and will serve only to illustrate its principle.

The lanterns, or as they are called stereotops, used for exhibition purposes, are much more complicated than this, and as a general rule use the oxy-hydrogen or lime light. This is produced by combining a flow of oxygen gas with one of hydrogen at the point of burning, and throwing the flame on a cylinder of lime.

The slides are made photographically in two ways. They are made the same as negatives and differ only in the fact that they are positives.

When the negative that you wish to work from is the proper size, they may be made by contact, in a printing frame; but when it is necessary to enlarge or reduce, it will be necessary to copy by transmitted light.

In the first case, place the negative in a printing frame, and on it place an unexposed plate precisely as you would a piece of paper for printing. This of course will have to be done in the dark room.

Now expose it before a lamp or gas jet for from 2 to 5 seconds, according to the density of the negative, and the developed plate will be a photographic positive or lantern slide. If on the other hand you wish to make a slide from a larger negative—and just here I might say the standard size of lantern slides is 3 1/4 inches square—suspend the negative before a window or opening and before it adjust your camera until the image is the required size on the ground glass. Now over the space between the negative and your camera throw a heavy black cloth to exclude the light, and expose your plate in the ordinary way.

The developer recommended by the Stanley Plate Co., gives very good results for transparencies, it used a little more acid than the formula. I, however, add another developer that I have found to work more successfully, on account of the clear, brilliant, high lights which it gives.

No. 1.	Oxalate of Potash,	4 oz.
	Water,	12 "
No. 2.	Pure sulphite Iron,	5 "
	Water,	12 "
No. 3.	Bromide Potassium,	2 drs.
	Water,	8 oz.

Take No. 1. 3 oz.,
" 2, 1/2 "
" 3, 4 or 5 drops.

Fix and wash as you would a negative. When the plate is dry lay on it a piece of clean glass of the same size, and bind the two together with narrow strips of heavy paper or linen gummed along the edges.

Very pretty window transparencies can be made in this way by gumming to the positive a piece of ground glass, and suspending it in some place where the light will pass through it.

ROYALTY IN AUSTRALIA.

VISITS OF NOTABLE PERSONAGES TO THE ANTIPODES.

The Duke of Edinburgh at Bendigo.—Among the Gold Diggers.—Champagne Four Hundred Feet Underground.—Interesting Reminiscences of an Old Timer.

Some weeks ago I read a paragraph in Progress stating "that Lord Salisbury is the only Premier of Great Britain that ever visited Australia." It is over forty years since that illustrious statesman, known then as Lord Robert Cecil, after completing his university course and before entering upon his parliamentary career made a tour of the world. His visit to the Colonies was ostensibly for the purpose of noting colonial constitutions and forms of government. In 1852 while in Victoria he paid Bendigo a visit, a newly discovered gold field then in all its pristine glory. During his brief sojourn on Bendigo he would gain an insight into the life and occupation of the digger. It is generally understood that he donned the digger's clothes and worked below ground himself, and also baked his damper and lived generally like others of the class. A weather board building in which he resided part of the time may still be seen at the White Hills. I have seen it often. It was built by the Colonial Gold Company for their manager, and there a future Prime Minister of England lodged for a time as the guest of Mr. Comer, the manager.

The building, as can be imagined was not a very imposing structure—about 30 feet long and twelve feet high, with three rooms and a chimney at one end—quite in advance of the times. In appearance—a cross between a New Brunswick lumber camp and an Irish cabin. I have before me at present a picture from a photograph of it taken two years ago. It shows the wear and tear of forty scorching Australian summers. The ridge pole is sinking in the middle. The shingles on the roof showing a disposition to part company, under a dilapidated verandah sits the proprietor in his shirt sleeves, through an open doorway can be seen his wife preparing the meal and at his feet repose two sleeping dogs, the whole scene suggestive of happy contentment, he evidently enjoying his staid possibly as much as its once lordly occupant does now his stately mansion in England.

Bendigo has enjoyed the honor of several distinguished visitors—royalty, representatives of the crown and many notables. The Duke of Edinburgh visited Bendigo in 1867, great demonstrations being made in his honor. Every one vied with each other to do him homage. As a visit of royalty is a rarer occurrence there than in this country they as an offset make up in enthusiasm. Loyalty bubbled over; though in that distant realm of Her Majesty's dominion the quality is not strained, but pure and unqualified, unlike as it is at times in Canada, measured by circumstances, and becomes a merchantable commodity.

This being the first appearance of royalty in Australia the desire to see a real live prince was naturally very intense. Both sides of the street from Golden Square to View Point, three miles in length, was lined. There was no one more determined to see the dear "bairn" than an old Scotch dame who had often seen the Queen at Balmoral Castle. As the procession passed, headed by the Mayor drawn by four prancing greys, in all the dignity of furred robes and cocked hat, she, pointing to the Mayor said to a neighbor, "There is the dear boy, God bless him; how well I ken him by the likeness to his mother." When informed of her mistake and the real Duke pointed out, she threw up her arms and exclaimed, "Ma conscience!"

One of the prettiest features of the Prince's reception was the singing of the "national anthem" by six thousand children in the Camp reserve. I mention this circumstance to show the rapid increase in population, being reminded of an event that occurred there just thirteen years previous, namely that of the first child born on Bendigo to parents who were married there. The welcome accorded to this young home-made digger partook of a practical nature. Six hundred pounds was raised by subscription and invested in his interest to be drawn when he would arrive at years of discretion. Of the many sights the royal visitor was introduced to, perhaps none was more interesting and profitable than a visit to the rich, deep gold mines. The first visited was to Messrs. Latham & Watson's.

After being shown the plant and process of crushing the party descended the shaft. At the 400 feet level they stepped into a chamber 37 feet long and 20 feet wide. At the south end near the roof were two stars with a crown between, in gas, while behind the dark space where the cap of the reef had been taken out was lighted for 100 feet in length with candles. Champagne was handed round and the owners then presented the Prince with a pyramidal stand ten inches high and six inches in diameter at the base, having five sides, each of which was filled with rich specimens.

Three Leading Waists.

"ECONOMIC."

Manufactured by M. R. and A. Guaranteed durable and shapely.

No. 7. For Infants. 50c. each. In width only 19 to 24 inches.
No. 8. For Child 18 mos. to 3 years, 55c. In White and Drab, 20 to 25 inches.
No. 9. For Boys or Girls 3 to 7 years, 65c. In White and Drab, 20 to 27 inches.

"Economic" Waists wash and wear well and give better support to the child than ordinary waists.

Special Prices to the Trade.

FERRIS "GOOD SENSE" WAISTS.

Style 229. For Infants 1 to 4 years. In White only.
Style 212. For Boys or Girls 4 to 6 years. In White and Drab.
Style 215. For Girls and Misses 7 to 12 years. In White and Drab.
Style 217. For Young Ladies 12 to 17 years. In White and Drab.
Style 218. For Ladies Medium form. In White and Drab.
Style 400. A Shoulder Brace for Girls, Misses and Ladies. In Drab.

Orders taken for any of "Ferris" numerous Styles and delivered in 10 days at regular price.

"EQUIPOISE" WAIST.

A Corset substitute, hygienic and comfortable.

Three Garments in One—Corset, Waist, and Corset Cover.

Patent Pockets allowing bones to be removed without ripping. It can be washed as easy as a piece of cotton.

In White and Grey.
For Ladies in Medium and Long Waist.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.



We want to sell you and your boy all the clothes you wear—and we want to very bad.

The way we want to clothe you, and the way you want to have your clothes—the right way.

We've tried as hard as we can to get together the stock we have; we've hunted high and low for the best cloths and have used our best judgment in making them up.

That's how it is we've so good a lot to show you.

TWO BIG STORES, OAK HALL, Scovil, Fraser & Co., King Street, St. John, N. B.

On reaching the surface the Prince was invited to pick and choose from a case of splendid specimens which he did to the tune of a dozen or so, exhibiting a remarkable knowledge of values for a "new chum."

Even ladies have tried their luck at digging in the same way. Six years previous to the Prince's visit, Sir Henry Barkly, the governor of Victoria, with his lady visited Bendigo. Lady Barkly was lowered down a shaft 300 feet on a chair and distinguished herself by knocking out an enterprising digger with a pick, while the Governor, doffing for the once his super-fine coat and his vice-royalty, donned the ordinary blue shirt and the dress of the miner, while inspecting the works.

Away back in the fifties the celebrated Lola Montez visited Ballarat and descended a deep shaft and handled the pick to profit, receiving "high dividends" for the time employed.

The rejoicing and demonstrations on the first evening of the Prince's visit was marred by a sad accident; during the progress of a torch light procession, either owing to the fire works or the careless use of the torches, the Volunteer Fire Brigades' rigged ship "Galatea" manned by young citizens in sailor costumes, caught fire and before an escape could be made four of the occupants were most severely burned. With the assistance of the bystanders, the flames were extinguished, but so severe were the injuries sustained by the lads that they had to be conveyed to the hospital. One of the four recovered, but the other three died shortly after the accident. Strange to relate on the following evening fire, again interfered with the programme of festivities. That evening a ball was to be held in honor of the Prince's visit. A temporary ball-room had been erected adjoining the Town hall. It was 150 feet long by 60 feet wide. Unfortunately as this building was being lighted previous to the ball a portion of the decorations caught fire, the flames ran along the ceiling composed of materials as inflammable as gun powder from the heat of the weather, (it being Christmas week and corresponding to our midsummer) and before a couple of minutes had elapsed the whole of the decorations were in flames and bursting through the roof. This was the fate of the Prince Alfred Hall and the only consolation was that the accident had not occurred when the building was full of people.

The Duke of Edinburgh took his departure on the following morning. The day was one of mourning on Bendigo, for the flags which had been fluttering in the breeze in honor of the royal visitor were hoisted half mast out of respect to the memory of the three boys of the "Galatia."

The Duke subsequently donated £50 to the monument fund. On the following March when the news was received of the attempted assassination of the Duke at Sidney intense indignation was aroused, and public meetings were held expressing the public feeling. The news of the recovery of the Prince was hailed with great satisfaction on Bendigo, thanksgiving services being held in the churches. The would-

be assassin of the Prince was a young crank named O'Farrell. It was about the time of the Feman craze and he imagined he was doing Ireland's service by taking the life of a young irresponsible scion of Royalty. As an evidence of zeal for the cause that he had espoused, and his desire for notoriety he was willing to sacrifice his own life, and no surer way could he have adopted than the means he chose of deliberately firing at the Prince during the progress of a procession in open day. A month later he had an opportunity of displaying his heroism on the scaffold. There the government do not allow a man any length of time to brood over an act of folly particularly when he assumes the prerogative of taking life and that of the sacred person of Royalty when intrusted for safe keeping for the time being in the hands of well known true and trusty subjects.

J. E. WILSON.
WHEN UNCLE THOMAS TALKS.
The Many Themes to Which He Can Apply Quotations.
FREDERICTON June, 21st.—As an after-dinner speaker Uncle Thomas, the eloquent member for York, is a brilliant success. Not only is his mind stored with the legends of the Shogomoc, the varied themes which have their habitat round Munroe's Point and the political regions of Nackawick, but in the realms of French history he is without a peer. He can point out with burning illustrations the indentations made in Sherman's wharf by the vociferous tones of Villebon, Baptiste and Sissiboo-onis as they cheered their warriors to the conflict; he knows by instinct perhaps where the Milicete "wickey-ups" were erected on the placid terraces of New Maryland. To adorn his speeches and point his many humorous tales, he can readily draw from his wonderful stock of New Brunswick history. Abraham Lincoln was an apt all-round speaker and was full of anecdotes, historical, pastoral and social, but his radiant star pales when placed beside the brilliancy of Uncle Thomas' diamond.

A case in point: When Prince Roland Bonaparte was here, a short time since, he was invited to dine with Lieut. Col. Maunsell and the senior officers of the garrison.

Uncle Thomas was also invited with the Mayor and other dignitaries. Then began "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and Uncle Thomas, in his element, was supremely happy. Here was an opportunity to show the Prince that York produced great men, versed in all the learning of the ancients, who could rattle off the history of the dynasty of Bonaparte as easily as falling off a log. His turn came. He told the prince that his mightiness was within touch of the grandson of one of Napoleon's guards at St. Helena. Although the prince with a deprecatory wave of the hand, ejaculated: "Don't want to hear about that! Don't talk about such things!" yet Uncle Thomas had fired his shot and shown Bonaparte that he was right at home, in the midst of those who knew his family

affairs and where no general airs would avail him. Although not a poet yet Uncle Thomas is poetically inclined. Rarely does the occasion pass when he does not throw in a quotation from Burns, dressed in a new garb perhaps, yet fitting as neatly as a snow-shoe track in a ten acre field. Dr. Moore of Stanley, who is without doubt, the best all round quoter—if I may be allowed the word—fails dimly when compared with Uncle Thomas. No subject can be mentioned having its scenes laid in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth that does not at once remind him of an apt quotation which he can sling in crossways.

For instance, he graced the late St. Andrew's dinner and occupied one of the prominent places. A speech had been made. Hardly had the speaker seated himself when Uncle Thomas rose to the occasion: "Gentlemen," said he, "that reminds me of what Robbie Burns said." He halted, looked helplessly at the company, he stammered for a time and then, in a wee small voice, meekly enquired, "What did Burns say?" Dr. Crockett helped him out of the hole. It is believed that the expression he was after was: "Wad some power the gittie gie us, etc."

Martin's Arrival in St. John.

I was particularly fortunate in having for a travelling companion, Mr. Nelson Brown, but I soon had far less agreeable company, for a man who was in a high state of exaltation came and planked himself down alongside of us and began a lengthy and incoherent dissertation upon his personal prowess and family history. He several times threw away his ticket, which Mr. Brown through a spirit of kindness reclaimed for him, until the conductor shouted out: "all aboard!" and he watched the counties fly past behind the fleeting foot of the iron steed. Arrived at St. John I entered an electric car, valise in hand, but the driver told me that I would have to pay for that too, when I jumped off, telling him that he could go to the devil, and started up Union street on foot.—Butler's Journal.

Moving a Newspaper Office.

Our big brother, Ephraim, staid home a day to help us move, and old Watters moved two loads for us, and after getting his pay for it failed to come back, and left us in the lurch, when we had to get Aaron Smith's man to finish the job.

Ephraim is a good hand at moving heavy furniture, but when it comes to putting a stovepipe together he "isn't in it." He worked away at it for about two hours; tore and raved, sweat and groaned, and came as near swearing as a good Methodist can, when at last, giving it up in disgust and desperation, Mr. Little the soldier and Mr. Ketch took pity on us, and soon put it together.—Butler's Journal.

Sunday in Fredericton.

In this town a person can hardly get a loaf of bread on the Sabbath—cannot get a shave if his whiskers are stiff as shingle nails, and could not get a letter out of the Post Office if it was a matter of life and death.—Butler's Journal.