

PROGRESS.

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THEIR LOT IS NOT HAPPY.

THE HALIFAX MEN ARE HAMPERED IN TRADE.

By the "Independence of Council" Act That Prevents Them From Selling to the City—Offences That are Very Trivial and yet may Cost Seats.

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—Members of the Halifax city council have something to talk about this week besides the usual staple matters of discussion and gossip. Some of the aldermen very likely, are not displeased at a chance to relieve their mental strain and take their minds away from the problem of how to get the greatest possible expenditure on the streets in their particular district, or what is their best course to make their election sure for another term. The incident that now engrosses them is the possible disqualification of several members of the city council for longer holding their seats.

There is not very much *esprit de corps* among the city fathers. Further than that, there is very little love lost between a number of the aldermen. They look as if only waiting for a chance to place one another in an awkward position—as if they would rejoice at any misfortune happening their fellow members in the council chamber. The opportunity for satisfaction of this kind has now come to the aldermen who want it; and to others there is occasion for smiling pityingly on less fortunate comrades in civic rule.

The law provides that a member of the city council cannot receive money for any kind of service to the city. If a man enters the council he must cease all business relations with the city. The "independence of council" act has cost several members their seats, and often for trivial offences. The council numbers eighteen aldermen, and one third of them are now more or less implicated in charges that have been made of violation of this "independence of council" act. No names have been publicly mentioned up to this date, though the matter was expected to partially come at a meeting of the council to-night (Wednesday).

The beginning of the trouble was when attention was called to a bill that came in for payment from Andrew Grant for less than \$20 worth of potatoes furnished to the poor house. The question naturally rose: "Who is Andrew Grant?" It was soon found that he is clerk to Alderman Duggan, the well-known auctioneer. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the potatoes were the property of Duggan, and it looked very much then as if he were trying to evade the law by selling them to the city in the name of his clerk. Duggan may claim that the goods were sold to the city by Grant unwittingly, but why then, they can ask did Duggan send in the bill for payment in his clerk's name. The chances are that the \$20 lot of potatoes for the city's poor house may cost Alderman Duggan his seat in the council.

Another case which will probably be made out without much trouble is that against Alderman Stewart, from Wealthy ward, No. 1. It is alleged that M. S. Brown & Co., of which firm Mr. Stewart is a member, furnished some badges to the police at a cost of sixty cents. The bill was sent in without any attempt at covering up the transaction—a clear proof that no infraction of the law was intended, and that it was purely an oversight on somebody's part. The facts show, indeed, that Alderman Stewart may have known nothing of it, and probably did not. But even such a triviality as this would be sufficient to vacate his seat. The alderman is one of the best men in the council, he is always in the lead of any reform movement either within or without the city hall. It is a small matter and does not reflect much credit on those who have made the most of it.

Alderman Dennis has been charged with going security for a friend who had a contract from the city, but it is also said that he is safely sheltered behind technicalities which will prevent the possibility of endangering his seat for Ward 2.

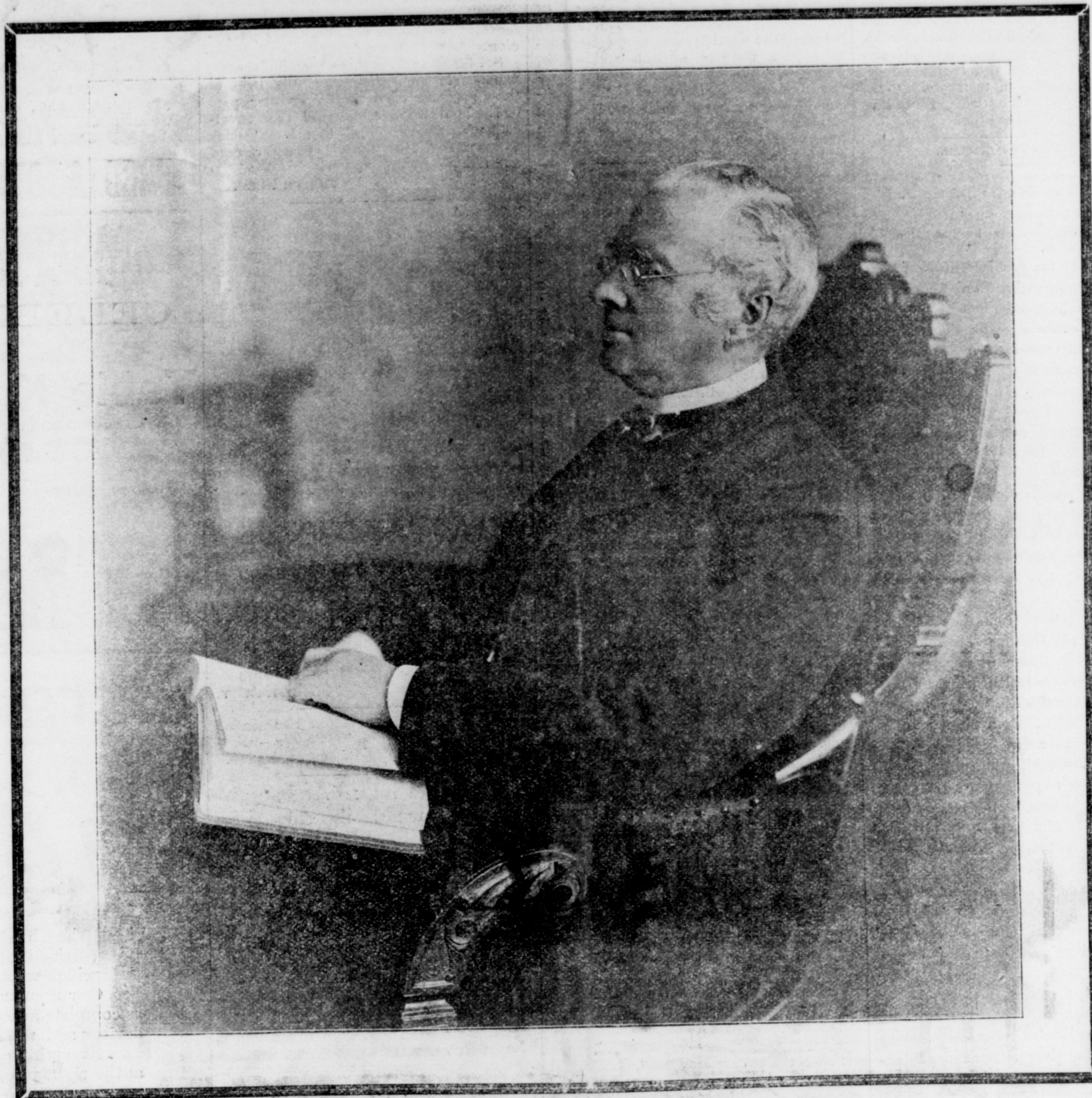
Alderman Outhit represents Ward 6. He is largely engaged in the produce business and has great quantities of potatoes for sale. There are nearly 350 inmates in the poor-house, which is managed by the city. But Alderman Outhit cannot sell to the poor-house and remain in the council, any more than any other alderman. Adjoining Mr. Outhit's shop is the victualling establishment of W. A. Maling. Maling has sold large quantities of potatoes to the poor-house. There are those who allege that Outhit sells the potatoes to Maling to sell, and that he is a go-between in transactions with Outhit and the city. If this rumor should come up for investigation, those who have been making it will have an opportunity to furnish proof.

The prime cause of all this trouble is Ald. Hubley, who started the ball-rolling against Alderman Duggan. Now Alderman Hubley's enemies are whispering around that he is not above reproach either in using his civic influence to further his own business interests. Hubley has not been heard from, but he doubtless soon will be, pretty effectively.

At the meeting of the council held after the above was written and sent forward,

THE LATE GOVERNOR JOHN BOYD

Who Died on Monday Morning, December 4th, After an Illness of Only Six Hours.



Only a few weeks ago, one bright morning, when the then Governor John Boyd was walking along German street, a newspaper man met him and spoke of the sad news that had just come over the wires of the very serious illness of Chief Justice Allen at St. Andrews. It is pleasant now to recall the generous and unrestrained praise of the eminent jurist that came from the lips of the Governor. "No man could have spoken warmer words of another, and then he went on in his inimitable way to tell pleasant anecdotes of the Chief Justice, where he had first met him, and under what circumstances the acquaintance was continued. How little he or any others thought on that day that John C. Allen had a greater chance of life than John Boyd!

There was no story teller in this part of Canada that could equal Mr. Boyd in any degree. If, to complete the anecdote, it was necessary to drop into mimicry, how thoroughly at home he was in that strain! Or on the other hand, if pathos was needed, it was equally familiar to him. The writer remembers very well when Mr. Boyd returned from Ottawa after having been sworn in as Governor, and the droll and laughable way in which he spoke of the accident that came so near being serious with him on the station platform in one of the upper province towns. It was a dark and rainy night and, hurrying along the platform to catch the train, he tripped over a wire or rope that was stretched across it, somewhat out of sight, and, for the moment, was stunned with the fall he received. His right arm was injured, but while he was prostrated his sense of humor did not desert him, and it was thoroughly aroused by the pitying expression that came from alongside of him "Oh, father, father, are ye kilt entirely?" and a middle-aged son of Erin helped him to his feet. Mr. Boyd was dressed in his usual style, but having a long mackintosh on, he resembled in appearance, with his smooth shaven face, a member of the priesthood. At any rate, though he assured his kind friend that he was not much injured, the hurt to

his arm prevented his signing the official documents he had to sign with his usual flowing hand, and as he remarked rather ruefully when he returned home "I am afraid that you would never have recognized my signature."

Who in this city does not remember him on the streets after his appointment, the countless persons who shook hands with him, how difficult, indeed, it was for him to get from one end of the street to the other, so many times was he stopped to listen to expressions of congratulation. Every day's appearance with him must have been very pleasant, though exceedingly tiresome. Hundreds of his old friends stopping him everywhere to assure him of how gratified they were because of the honors he had received, and scores of men whom he could not call by name had an additional interest in him now that he was their governor.

The first journey that he took was to Fredericton, and his first public visit was to his old friend, and almost comrade, Alexander Gibson. The story of that visit he told the next day to two or three hundred Normal school students in Fredericton, and the substance of that speech was afterwards printed in *PROGRESS*. Governor Boyd was so pleased with what he saw and heard at Marysville, that when he returned to St. John, he told the writer in his pleasant half-humorous way that, when he found time, he proposed to write the life of Alexander Gibson, to tell the people just what a poor boy from the north of Ireland, "like myself," he added, had done since he came to this fair province, and, he continued, "I am going to start his story with a little essay on the value of a good mother, for to that most desirable possession both Alexander Gibson and myself owe much of the success that has attended us in our lives." Incidentally he spoke of Mr. Gibson's love of Shakespeare, and how, when he had quoted a line from that author, the great mill-owner and lumberman, had gone right along without any hesitation, and repeated stanza after stanza.

people profess to be positive that they know who the writer is, they have got him down fine, and they say he might just as well sign his name and be done with it. Those people who know all about it one day say it is so and so, and next day some one else. They go roving over such a list as the subjoined, and as many more names are often mentioned. This is the standard list:

J. W. Lonsley,
M. N. Lenoir,
C. B. Burns,
A. M. Hoare,
J. F. Monaghan,
Asst. City Clerk,
P. D. Henderson,
Dr. Jacques,
Alderman Dennis,
Hiram Wier,
Alderman Wallace,
W. McCurdy,
"Lady Jane"
J. A. McKinnon.

With such a corps of writers *PROGRESS*' great popularity would certainly be yet

Perhaps the most interesting stories that he delighted to tell were the incidents connected with one of the last trips to the old country, during which he had again met the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and renewed the friendship begun some years before at Ottawa. He loved to recount how delighted the princess was with that good story that is told of John Finan of this city, and how she made him tell it again and again, not only for the benefit of the lords and ladies who surrounded her, but so that she might repeat it to her mother the Queen. Then in that humorous fashion in which he was such a master, he related the predicament in which he found himself when he received an invitation to Kensington palace to dinner and he had not a dress coat with him to wear. However, having gotten over the difficulty a pleasant evening spent with the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise furnished him with a pleasant half hour's tale that he retold again many a time for the pleasure of his hearers.

But that is all past now, and John Boyd is dead. The man and governor who a week ago walked the streets as full of life and energy as he ever has done in his latter years, was buried on Thursday with all the magnificence and pomp of a state funeral. He was stricken by death on last Sunday night, and six hours from the time he felt any illness he was dead. The immediate cause of his death was rupture of the heart. It is not for *PROGRESS* to speak at any length of his life, or the work he has done, which has been told again and again in these pages; it is not for it to speak of the universal regret and sorrow that pervaded the city and province, and indeed all Canada, when the news of his sudden taking off was heard, but simply to give an idea in this short sketch of the companionable side of the man who was known to more people as friend and governor than any other in this part of the Dominion.

Among the many friends of the late Governor Boyd none expressed greater sorrow when he heard of the sudden death, than Mr. Alex. Gibson of Marysville.

more pronounced throughout the maritime provinces. What particularly distresses *PROGRESS*' correspondent is that he cannot lay claim to the abilities possessed by any of the writers in the list above. He is "not in it." That is his misfortune, however, not his fault. The man who wants to know will have to yet further exercise his imagination, though whether or not he does so; is a matter of no moment either to the correspondent, or to *PROGRESS* readers, who want the news from week to week truthfully stated in plain English.

In this connection an incident occurred last week which is worth mentioning. Few

He and Mr. Boyd had been intimate friends for upwards of thirty years. They were closely allied, their tastes being almost similar. Mr. Boyd was a lover of poets, especially Burns and Thomas Moore. He was fond of lively company, an admirer of music and always most happy in the happiness of those around him.

When Mr. Gibson began business at Marysville, nearly all the large supply of dry goods he handled, came from the establishment of Daniel and Boyd, St. John.

This trade continued without interruption while Mr. Boyd was in business.

Years ago on Mr. Gibson's invitation Mr. Boyd visited him at his home at Marysville, and while there lectured in the hall to a crowded house. There, as elsewhere, his lecture was received with the greatest appreciation. He made many visits afterwards to the busy cotton town, and almost his first visit it will be remembered, after he became governor was to Marysville and the home of its owner, the Lumber King.

Whether their deep and lasting friendship grew out of the fact that they were both self-made men, one has only to consider the lives of both to see in them many points exactly alike and which had a tendency to draw them together.

Neither had help from friends in the battle of life. They started as poor boys and what they achieved was but the result of their untiring zeal and large business capacity. As they grew up, though in different lines of commerce, yet their friendship grew with them and as brothers they met and as friends they discussed the various topics that were engrossing the best minds.

One particular in which they resembled each other very closely was that they found their greatest happiness in seeing those around them happy. Mr. Boyd did not believe in amassing wealth for wealth's sake but he believed in using the good things of this earth to their fullest extent in furthering the object for which they were made, the greatest good to the greatest number.

Among those who will mourn him none will do so more sincerely than Mr. Gibson, as they followed out in the friendship they had for each other, the noble significance of "brother" in the deepest sense of the term.

men who are "worth their salt" can get through this world without making some enemies, and the more enemies of a certain kind a man has the better he is likely to be. Mr. F. D. Henderson, of the Bank of British North America, evidently has one such enemy in this city, who is worth far more in that capacity than as a friend. Last week this desirable enemy, whoever he is, made an underhanded mean attempt to injure Mr. Henderson in the eyes of Mr. A. E. Ellis, the manager of his bank, by anonymously addressing to Mr. Ellis a letter stating that he is the correspondent of *PROGRESS* in this city.

PROGRESS does Engraving of all kinds.

GAVE THE CAST AWAY.

THE PERVERTED PROGRAMME WAS ALL A MISTAKE.

But It Filled the House Just the Same and Raised Trouble for the Rehan-Clarke Combination—What Mr. Roberts Says—The Result.

The air was colored about the opera house when the Sun appeared before the cast so distorted as to point directly at a prominent citizen. The management had given its consent somewhat reluctantly to its production because of the localism said to be in it and only withdrew their objections when assured that there was nothing in the play they could find fault with.

Then with this assurance when the cast appeared as it did there was fun in the near and immediate future. Mr. Rehan and Mr. Clarke protested their innocence of the perversion of the cast and laid the blame upon the stage manager, Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts told *PROGRESS* that as he was going to leave the city he was a good man to get the blame; but he laughed at the idea of his knowing sufficient about St. John people to place their names and occupations against them in the cast of a play. He was not too well pleased that Mr. Rehan had made him the butt of blame and he related how he had worked days on the piece "to lick it into some kind of shape" as he expressed. It was a mere dialogue, a mass of words, without a situation or a climax, without any part that required acting and the stage manager had a veritable job ahead of him. The bucket and the hose scenes, the dode dialogue and many other variations were introduced by him. The dialogue was shorn and every attempt made to make the piece "go".

This was important because the Rehan company were virtually stranded and something had to be done. The suggestion of a local play with local hits was a perfect treasure to them that they made the most of and the result was three houses that brought in more than \$800.

But the characters in the play were named simply "Bung," without any christian name, and when the energetic young man went to Mr. Roberts for the cast, he had no christian names or explanations to give him. He supplied those from his imagination, and this accounted for the newspaper rendering of it.

Mrs. Shattford In Court.

Mrs. Shattford told her story in court on Monday and supported it by the stories of her relatives. It did not show Jefferson D. Shattford up in a pleasant light—in fact the very reverse. She was in the court room as calm as it was possible to be and had one of her children with her. The other was too ill to be present and Shattford obtained the consent of the judge to see it that afternoon. It is said that he did so and he spent some time with the sick child. Monday, he makes some affidavits to combat those of his wife and there will be some more privacy aired. A Halifax statement intimates that Shattford may get some evidence from that city.

Who Will Get the Governorship?

Perhaps before *PROGRESS* is printed New Brunswick will have a new governor. Almost before the people were over the first shock of the late governor's death, speculation was rife as to who would succeed him. Many names were mentioned, and politicians queried with the fates of Palmer, Fraser, Burns, Wood and Adams. But all agreed that whoever was chosen would find it difficult indeed to win the favor of the people so completely as John Boyd did.

They did not Give the Information.

Messrs. Colwell Bros., of Halifax wrote to *PROGRESS*, asking that it assure the public that they did not give any information respecting their transactions with a customer, mentioned in the last issue. That is easily done. These gentlemen would be the last to give any newspaper such facts but when other parties are mixed up in a transaction of that kind it is not a difficult matter for a newspaper to get the facts.

A Chance for Christmas Groceries.

Christmas without groceries would be like winter without coal—there would be no cheer to it. Bonnell's grocery on Union street emphasizes that fact in this issue. Mr. Bonnell hardly needs an introduction to grocery buyers in this city—his goods will speak for themselves, and that will be an advertisement of itself. But his stock is varied and complete, and housekeepers can choose to please themselves.

For Christmas.

German Linen Christmas buyers will be especially interested in the advertisement of Messrs. Daniel and Robertson today. Nothing is more appreciated than something nice in the linen line. A grand window and store display of these beautiful goods will be made on Tuesday next.