

OUT OF THE PILOT FUND.

THE COMMISSIONERS SUCCEEDED IN GETTING A SALARY.

There was no Law for It and They Had to Push It at Ottawa—How the Fund Can Be Diminished—What the Pilots Get to Support Them in Their Declining Years.

The pilot commissioners ought to be happy. They have received permission from Ottawa to grab a hundred dollars a year apiece as salary for their arduous labors. They have been striving for the golden prize for more than a year, but there have been difficulties in the way. Not the least of these was that the law did not allow anything of the kind.

PROGRESS referred to the matter some time ago, in the hope that the commissioners would see the impropriety of their demand, but they have clamored at the door of the Department of Marine until they have got what they wanted. It is a small affair, in one sense, and it is not so small in another.

The pilot commissioners are eight in number. They are H. V. Troop, Charles McLaughlan, jr., R. C. Elkin, W. E. Vroom, E. Lantaulm, Capt. Wm. Thomas and James Knox. Mr. Knox was appointed when Capt. Chas. S. Taylor resigned. All of these gentlemen except Mr. McLaughlan appeared to have wanted the salary. He voted against it when the subject was first broached, as did also Capt. Taylor. The fight over the question of salary was one of the reasons why the latter resigned. It is said he had heard people were talking about his being one of the number who wanted to rob the widows and orphans of pilots. He was an old sailor and such a suspicion hurt him.

Before he left the board, however, Capt. Taylor made a vigorous protest against the salary grab. He contended that all the commissioners had been appointed with the distinct understanding that they were to get no pay. He took legal advice and found they could not vote themselves a salary, and he sent them a written notice forbidding them to appropriate any of the funds for such a purpose.

Defeated in this attempt, and with the law clearly against them, these gentlemen appealed to Ottawa. No doubt they have made out a good case, not the least feature of which is that salaries are allowed pilot commissioners in other parts of Canada.

The contention of PROGRESS was that in appropriating \$800 a year for salary the commissioners were not only violating the understood condition that they should serve free of charge, but that they were taking money from the funds held for disabled pilots, their widows and orphans. The reply of one of the commissioners to this was that there was more than enough money for the pilots, and that nobody could suffer by the allowance of salaries. There is about \$10,000 on deposit in the fund, it is true, and the interest on this amounts to \$550 a year. The interest is not half enough to pay the salaries, supposing the pilotage current receipts were sufficient to pay running expenses and superannuations.

The receipts last year from the shipping were not enough to pay the salary of the secretary, office expenses, superannuations and annuities. It was necessary to draw upon the interest of the \$10,000 to make up the deficit. This year the receipts are likely to be less than they were last year.

Plainly then, in drawing \$800 a year from the deposited funds, the latter will be exhausted in a dozen years or so. There is where these pilots are apprehensive.

The commissioners hold monthly meetings. They have no personal expenses in connection with their position. An allowance of \$8.33 a meeting is therefore not bad pay.

What do the pilots get? A pilot who has done his duty and is unfit for further service is allowed a pension of \$200 a year, to support his declining days. A pilot's widow is allowed \$80 a year, and a pilot's child is allowed \$20 a year. These figures are supposed to allow for their comfort and support. The amounts are not extravagant.

If there was any money in the funds to spare, one would suppose that it should have been devoted to increasing the amounts of the now small pittance of the disabled veterans and those they leave to the world when they are dead.

Instead of doing that, the commissioners give an allowance of \$100 a year to themselves, when they had agreed in the first instance to work for nothing.

Who Will Pay the Costs.

It looks as though the case against C. Bruce MacDougall, who is now in jail at Dorchester, will soon roll up a big bill of costs for the municipality. The order for a habeas corpus granted by Judge Hanington was opposed by two lawyers, at the expense of the public, viz. Messrs. W. B. Chandler and W. H. Chapman, and now Messrs. Smith and Emmerson, for the accused, are calling upon the crown to furnish the defence with a bill

of particulars, and the prisoner in an affidavit declares that unless it is granted he is not in a position to instruct his counsel to prepare a proper defence in his case. He complains that the indictment does not set forth any charge and requests the crown to instruct him as to what they rely upon for a case. The application will be made to Judge Wells under a section of the Canadian criminal code of 1892. This means more costs.

NO INCREASE OF PAY.

The Municipal Council Practices Economy on the Board of Health.

The under currents have been setting in in lively style in the county council and the local board of health, and the temperature should be rather warm pretty soon.

Positions and salaries are usually the primary cause of these currents and they are so in these cases. The positions and salaries of the inspectors of health and plumbing and of secretary of the board of health are the ones concerned.

A few days before the recent civic election a meeting of the board of health was held. At that meeting the question of increasing the salaries of board of health Secretary Burns, and of plumbing Inspector McCarthy was considered. It was thought that these two gentlemen should receive \$125 each, increase of salary.

Ald. Kelly and Ald. McCarthy were just then supposed to be utterly hostile to one another, being on opposite tickets, but this fact did not prevent Ald. Kelly from promising Ald. McCarthy to do his best in the county council to have the salaries increased.

Accordingly the Board of Health sent a requisition to the finance committee of the county council asking that the assessment for the board be this year \$3,000 instead of \$2,400 as it had been in the past. The finance committee considered the matter but decided to recommend the council to make the assessment the same as in previous years.

The increased salaries, therefore, did not materialize. Secretary Burns gets about \$150 and Inspector McCarthy \$425, so that it may not be considered out of the way for them to desire an increase. The moral that may be drawn, however, is that sometimes men, who desire reform and diminished taxation, find themselves touched by it, and also that, as in the case of Ald. Kelly and McCarthy, the lion and the lamb sometimes lie down together.

The members of the board of health would not say anything about this to the reporter. This would indicate that there was something that would not bear repetition.

But this is not the whole tale, for the next meeting of the local board of health brought forth new events. That next meeting was held Wednesday evening. At that time the position of inspector of health was considered and it was decided to ask Inspector H. G. Watters to resign. While the discussion was going on Mr. Watters was in the inner room where he had gone by request. He was called out again and his decision was announced to him. He will hand in his resignation before Saturday, to take effect the first of June.

This is a brief and but partial history of the "Queen" hotel and its manager—the man whom the bondsmen have spent a week trying to eject—up to a year ago. In April of last year the directors, heartily sick of the hotel business, leased the hotel to Mr. Sheraton for \$175 per week. At the end of his tenancy he was about \$1,700 behind; the mortgage of \$11,000 had been foreclosed by Mr. Archbold, and the property had been bought in by Donald Keith, on behalf of the men whose names were on the mortgage bond, for \$37,000. How it came that Mr. Sheraton and the directors brought about such a state of affairs it is not the purpose of this letter to point out, except to explain it in two words: "Extravagance; carelessness."

The question that next confronted the bondsmen was: "What shall we do with the Queen hotel, now that we have it in our own names?" They decided to sell it possible, or to lease with ample security for rent. Anyone willing to pay \$65,000 can own the Queen. Mr. Sheraton had the first offer. He was willing to take the hotel, but could get no capital to buy nor could he provide the security for the rent. Accordingly, purchasers in other quarters were looked for and it was determined that Sheraton must be got rid of. At the end of April he was told to leave. He refused. The order was repeated, and again disobeyed on legal grounds which Mr. Sheraton considered rendered him secure in the possession for a year or six months, despite the worst the bondsmen could do. They determined to eject Sheraton, forcibly if necessary. He went to Chief of Police O'Sullivan and asked that men be stationed in the hotel, to protect him against the bondsmen, in case of attempts at forcible ejection. The chief would only consent to allow four men to remain on the sidewalk and preserve the peace there; they had strict orders not to interfere with anything that might go on inside. Then Sheraton made another move. He

obtained an injunction from the supreme court restraining the bondsmen from interfering with him in his possession of the "Queen" hotel.

The injunction was argued by an imposing array of talent on Tuesday afternoon, before Judge Meagher—almost any other judge would have been preferred,—and judgment was reserved. On Thursday the injunction was dissolved.

Thus stands, awaiting the last scene in the drama, an enterprise through which was lost in nine years or so, over \$100,000 of good money. Whether it is Lomas of the Lorne Hotel, the man from Boston who is said to want the hotel, or whoever it is, the hope is sincere that in the coming nine years the management may be lucky enough, or sagacious enough, to make in profit nearly that amount of money. It should be possible. The bar alone yields a profit of \$10,000 a year.

IT TOOK FIVE ROUNDS.

How the Halifax City Council Elected one of the Minor Officials.

HALIFAX, May 10.—The meeting of the city council last night was of course attended by every alderman. The whole eighteen were there, because a civic official was to be appointed. True it was only a \$12 per week job, but even if it were only half that amount it would be a matter of sufficient importance to fill every chair within the rail. The council received its infusion of new blood for John Geldert, jr., took his place as representative of Ward one. He was there, too, to take part in the all-absorbing aldermanic game of civic-office filling.

SHERATON MUST GO OUT.

THAT IS THE DECISION IN THE QUEEN HOTEL CASE.

The Story of a Losing Game—The Early Idea of Big Money Which Did Not Materialize—What Has Happened in the Later Phases of the Exciting Fight.

HALIFAX, May 10.—Perhaps the most interesting subject of the past week has been the Queen hotel fight, though practically nothing has been said about it in the papers. PROGRESS as usual was in advance in giving the news that all was not smooth between A. B. Sheraton, the lessee of the hotel, and the directors or bondsmen, who now control the property. The shareholders, directors and bondsmen are in anything but a pleasant mood when they think of the hotel, and Mr. Sheraton probably does not look upon it with very much delight except that he has had a good time those years. It has been a sink-hole, so to speak, for more than \$60,000 hard money; some of it taken out of the pockets of our shrewdest business men. When they took hold of it they thought big money was in sight, but soon even the mirage of wealth disappeared and for a couple of years it has been nothing but a monotonous and hopeless calculation how much the shareholders and creditors stood to lose in the "Queen."

A. B. Sheraton has played a prominent part in this losing game, and now he is being made the scape-goat while he has to bear, in addition to his own share of the blame, the sins of carelessness or worse, committed by the directors. If Sheraton has been so wasteful and extravagant that was little less his fault than theirs for permitting it. Some nine years ago Mr. Sheraton came from St. John, he has been heard to remark, with less than \$100 in his pocket. He secured the old International hotel and made it "The Queen." In four years he failed for some \$60,000. Then S. M. Brookfield came to the front with a big scheme. It was that he could form a syndicate, or that he knew of a syndicate, of foreign capitalists who would buy the "Halifax" and "Queen" Hotels if they were combined, and that there was a fine thing for the local men who should control those establishments and sell to the syndicate. The "Halifax" was to be put in at \$175,000, and the "Queen" at \$100,000. It was the hope of reaping a harvest in that direction that made ten Halifax business men put up \$45,000 between them. They put up their money; the big syndicate never materialized; some of those men never have seen and never will see a cent of their money again; the remainder—the bondsmen—have but a slim chance of getting much of it back; many smaller shareholders have come in since get nothing at all and a host of creditors are in the same position. Sixty thousand dollars of Halifax money has vanished in the "Queen" in the few years since the failure of Sheraton, and the re-establishment of the hotel by the company with him as its managing director. When the company took hold of the enterprise Mr. Sheraton was given \$18,000 in stock. Most of that, now worthless, has been disposed of to "friends" and others.

This is a brief and but partial history of the "Queen" hotel and its manager—the man whom the bondsmen have spent a week trying to eject—up to a year ago. In April of last year the directors, heartily sick of the hotel business, leased the hotel to Mr. Sheraton for \$175 per week. At the end of his tenancy he was about \$1,700 behind; the mortgage of \$11,000 had been foreclosed by Mr. Archbold, and the property had been bought in by Donald Keith, on behalf of the men whose names were on the mortgage bond, for \$37,000. How it came that Mr. Sheraton and the directors brought about such a state of affairs it is not the purpose of this letter to point out, except to explain it in two words: "Extravagance; carelessness."

The question that next confronted the bondsmen was: "What shall we do with the Queen hotel, now that we have it in our own names?" They decided to sell it possible, or to lease with ample security for rent. Anyone willing to pay \$65,000 can own the Queen. Mr. Sheraton had the first offer. He was willing to take the hotel, but could get no capital to buy nor could he provide the security for the rent. Accordingly, purchasers in other quarters were looked for and it was determined that Sheraton must be got rid of. At the end of April he was told to leave. He refused. The order was repeated, and again disobeyed on legal grounds which Mr. Sheraton considered rendered him secure in the possession for a year or six months, despite the worst the bondsmen could do. They determined to eject Sheraton, forcibly if necessary. He went to Chief of Police O'Sullivan and asked that men be stationed in the hotel, to protect him against the bondsmen, in case of attempts at forcible ejection. The chief would only consent to allow four men to remain on the sidewalk and preserve the peace there; they had strict orders not to interfere with anything that might go on inside. Then Sheraton made another move. He

BOTH CHIEFS WERE SMART.

Col. Clark Did Not Succeed in Surprising Chief Kerr With His News.

William Macaulay, turnkey at the jail, died on Wednesday, and there was at once a hustle for the position. The place, which is worth something over \$500 a year, is in the gift of the sheriff, who, from his own past experience in hustling for vacant offices, should be well qualified to use good judgment in the disposal of patronage now. On Thursday he chose William Cunningham, driver of No. 2 hose carriage.

Col. W. Walker Clark, chief of police, heard of the appointment and thought it his duty to notify Chief Kerr of the fire department. So he called him up by telephone.

"I say," shouted Col. Clark, "there's a vacancy in your department."

"No, there isn't," replied Chief Kerr.

"Oh, but there is, I just heard of it."

"I know a blamed sight better. I say there's nothing of the kind."

"But one of your drivers has resigned, and—"

"Yes, I know he has," interrupted Chief Kerr, "and I have appointed another driver in his place. Is that all?"

"That's all," sadly responded Col. Clark, as he returned to his double-entry book-keeping in connection with the liquor license law.

THEY HAD A BIG SHOW.

BICYCLE CLUB MINSTRELS MAKE FUN FOR A FULL HOUSE.

Everybody Enjoyed It and Said the Jokes Were Modern—Those Who Took Part in the Show and How They Acquired Themselves—A Big Success for the Boys.

Laughter reigned at the opera house Thursday evening the occasion of the first concert of the Bicycle Club Minstrels. The house was crowded and with an audience good natured and enthusiastic which evidently had assembled there determined to be pleased with anything and have a really enjoyable time. They had it. Sometimes they might be a little slow in seeing where the laugh came in—just at the right moment, that is—but the laugh came in later all right so as to encourage the joker, as it were.

The curtain went up in good season, disclosing the well arranged circle, containing about thirty individuals in orthodox minstrel dress. The jokes were nearly all new, and many of them were valuable, as laughter provokers because of their local application. One of the local hits that was received with a veritable outburst of applause was that referring to the recent ball of the bicycle club, when one of the end men said he did not have a good time there. Being asked the reason he did not enjoy himself, he replied, "oh! there were too many of Manchester, Robertson & Allison's dry goods clerks there."

The singing was not up to the standard of the original Snowflakes and at times there appeared to be a rivalry between the chorus and the orchestra as which would come out ahead. The solo voices too were principally weak, apparently handicapped by the size of the hall, and in some respects it is not much to wonder at that the accompaniments were not in exact time with the singer. It is somewhat a matter of question if even the members of the orchestra could always hear certain parts of some of the solos. The song of the Mascot, Master Brook C. Peters was the first of the sentimental songs that had any special merit and afterwards the song of Mr. Noble. The end men were happy in their songs and were encored in every instance, Joe Fox being particularly mirth provoking. This young man who is in the employ of a well known south wharf house, had a funny bit in the olio with Will Ward who a short time ago in "Pinafore" was the cause of not a little mischief between the lovers on board that good ship.

The grand amazon march was a very interesting feature of the programme and was performed with remarkable precision and accuracy. The song and dances of the two little Leaman brothers was also well done and were applauded to the echo. The burlesque "H. M. S. Kurlew," was well conceived and some of the characters well sustained. Special mention may fairly be made of Ralph Rackstraw (Jumbo) by Joe Fox, Paraphine by Jas. Duffell, Butter-tub by Murray Olive and Cousin Herbe (a light part) by Mort Robertson. Allowance should be made for more or less timidity among the new members of the minstrels and therefore it may be said all things considered, they acquitted themselves fairly well. They should not be particular however about their cues and thus avoid any awkward waits. The hits in this burlesque were all well received, the allusions to Halifax having a "pull" with the minister of fisheries learning the heartiest applause. The burlesque might easily be strengthened and made a little longer. It would improve it very much. Mr. Wm. Wheeler was an efficient musical director.

The stage settings, the rapid changes, the decorations of the hall, showing bicycles and the colors of the club in conspicuous places, were all well conceived, and reflect much credit on the ingenuity and good taste of Mr. J. McCaffry, upon whom devolved this not easy duty. The business manager is Mr. R. L. Johnston, who must have worked assiduously for his club, and he too has good reason to look pleasant over the result of his labors. The bicycle club is a popular one, and its popularity is established by the large audiences that have patronized their entertainments.

SOME MORE BANK INCIDENTS.

The Relation of a Few Bring Many More to the Front.

The story in PROGRESS last week, of Mr. Harvey's method of conducting the business of the branch of the Bank of B. N. A. in this city, excited unusual interest and incidents have been coming to light ever since which do not throw any favorable light upon his relations with the public.

One of these occasions is told by a gentleman who is very well known in this city. He has not been invariably successful but still conducts a large business and has occasion to use the banks. He took a note into the British bank which he had not endorsed. Going to the writing desk he proceeded to do so and while thus engaged Manager Harvey came along and noticed it. Taking up a pen, the manager, before the note had been offered to him, scored it through the endorsement with the remark, "That name's no good. Come in here and I will show you some judgments against you." The sequel of the story with some men whose actions follow impulse, might have been interesting to Mr. Harvey but as it was he escaped.

Major McLean's Defence.

Major Hugh H. McLean rushed into print in the Globe and Record Saturday night, to say that the story of his disagreement with typewriter Sanford was only in part true. PROGRESS admits that so far as the amount of the original bill was concerned, the amount should have been stated as \$20, instead of \$30, and that the work was delivered Sunday night instead of Monday morning. Whether Major McLean said Mr. Sanford could not recover because the work was done on Sunday, or whether, as he alleges, he said nothing of the kind, is a question of credibility of witnesses. Mr. Sanford said in the presence of several witnesses, that the story told by PROGRESS was substantially correct with the exception of the amount of the bill. Mr. Sanford is supposed to

BE A RELIABLE YOUNG MAN, AND MAJOR McLEAN CLAIMS TO BE "AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN."

The Public can decide as to which is the more credible witness. It may be added that Mr. Sanford got \$15 from Mr. C. H. Ferguson for typewriting the same matter, on a week day, even though it had not the corrections and additions made in Major McLean's documents by Major McLean's solicitor.

CLUBS WERE NOT TRUMPS.

Two Lawyers Have a Tussle and There May Be More Fun in the Courts.

Clubs were not trumps in a little game played by two lawyers Thursday, and now one of the prominent barristers of St. John is likely to stand in the position of defendant in an action for trespass vi et armis brought by another barrister, many years his junior in years and professional experience.

The elder lawyer was retained by a client to secure from a young man in this city settlement of a matter in which it was averred he had illegally obtained money from the client in question. He wrote a very sharp letter, and the young man there upon secured the junior lawyer to have the matter arranged. The junior lawyer called on the senior lawyer to have a talk over the matter.

The senior lawyer is a man who is very positive in his opinions and emphatic in his language. He denounced the defendant in severe terms as a blackguard. The junior lawyer protested that "blackguard" was too harsh a term. The senior lawyer repeated the remark and added that the junior lawyer was also a blackguard for having anything to do with the defendant's actions. Thereupon the junior lawyer retorted that if he was a blackguard the senior lawyer was a scoundrel.

Few things irritate any old lawyer so much as to be called a scoundrel. The same idea may be conveyed in other terms and he will laugh at it, but "scoundrel" with a lawyer is even more offensive than "nigger" with a colored man. It was more than the senior lawyer could stand, especially in his own office. Seizing his cane, he aimed a blow at the junior, and followed it up by pursuing him around the room. The junior is an athletic youth, and watching his chance he closed with his assailant and sat him down in his chair. Then informed him that if it were not for the difference in their ages he would throw him out the window. This ended the active hostilities and the junior lawyer retired.

The heat of passion having subsided, the senior lawyer began to feel that he had been rather hasty, and that it was his duty as a gentleman to write to the junior lawyer expressing his regret. Apparently, as he wrote he fought the battle over again in his mind, and the result was a letter which the recipient was likely to consider more aggravating than the original language. It is now understood that he intends to bring a civil action for damages for the assault.

SOME MORE BANK INCIDENTS.

The Relation of a Few Bring Many More to the Front.

The story in PROGRESS last week, of Mr. Harvey's method of conducting the business of the branch of the Bank of B. N. A. in this city, excited unusual interest and incidents have been coming to light ever since which do not throw any favorable light upon his relations with the public.

One of these occasions is told by a gentleman who is very well known in this city. He has not been invariably successful but still conducts a large business and has occasion to use the banks. He took a note into the British bank which he had not endorsed. Going to the writing desk he proceeded to do so and while thus engaged Manager Harvey came along and noticed it. Taking up a pen, the manager, before the note had been offered to him, scored it through the endorsement with the remark, "That name's no good. Come in here and I will show you some judgments against you." The sequel of the story with some men whose actions follow impulse, might have been interesting to Mr. Harvey but as it was he escaped.

Another incident may perhaps come to light in the courts since it concerns a note for quite a large amount which had been endorsed as accommodation by a well known firm. It was placed in the British bank for collection, with instructions to the bank to proceed if the note was not paid. The note was not paid, and the endorsers learning from the bank that the note was not discounted, but only in for collection, did not pay it. If it had thought that the bank had any interest in its payment their action would probably have been different. This is one of the things that banks guard jealously, the knowledge of whether a note is in for "collection" or discounted.

But columns of this paper could be given to the relation of such incidents were it worth while. Enough have been told to show either that Manager Harvey does not suit the place or the place does not suit Manager Harvey.