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THE BIG HOSPITAL ROW.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF AN INTERESTING CHARACTER.

The Young Women Objected to Doing Work Which, They Claimed, Should be Done by Males—Did Dr. Reid do Wrong in Catechising the Nurse?

HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—The row in the Victoria general hospital between the nurses on the one side and the lady superintendent and Dr. Reid on the other has temporarily calmed down. It is a drawn battle with the advantage in favor of the nurses over Miss Elliott. The trouble, it will be remembered, originated in a rule introduced by Miss Elliott, under which the lady nurses were asked to do objectionable work—work which they contended should be done only by the male nurses of the hospital. One day it came the turn of a nurse to perform this operation which had been objected to. She refused to do it and was suspended. The house surgeon had been a party to the refusal and he, too, was suspended. An investigation was held by the government inspector, Dr. Page of Truro. As a result of it the house surgeon was reinstated, on his signing an agreement to abide by the rules of the hospital. Seventeen out of the twenty nurses employed in the hospital resolved to refuse to do the same operation as had the suspended nurse. This made the situation rather alarming. Dr. Page wrote to various hospitals on the continent asking whether there the objectionable duty was required. Some replied that it was and some that it was not, generally the latter. Then finally Dr. Page reported that he saw no reason why the nurse should not be reinstated on signing an agreement to obey the rules of the hospital, as the house surgeon had done.

But the hospital authorities, so it seems, were bent on this lady's destruction as a nurse, and she re-held her position but for a brief period. She was called up by Dr. Reid and put through a renewed catechising—questions which it was known how she would answer. She answered; and forthwith was dismissed, notwithstanding her reinstatement of a few hours before. A technical advantage was taken of the nurse, and she was told to go. But this dismissal was of short duration, for the local government, in deference to both influence and argument, quickly reversed the hospital mandate and sent the nurse back to full duty.

Yet though this is victory for the nurses, the advantage is not all with them, for Miss Elliott has also made her mark. She insists that if the young women will not do all that is required of them in the male wards they shall keep clear of that part of the hospital altogether, and that new nurses, as they join the hospital, shall come with the understanding that, unlike those now on the staff, they shall obey every order to go anywhere or do anything demanded of them.

The old nurses remonstrate against this, and ask that their sphere of usefulness be not so definitely circumscribed. They don't want to go out of the hospital with only a partial certificate of competency. The government has yet to decide fully upon this point.

Why is it that there is almost constant trouble, of one kind or another, in the Victoria hospital? Peace is the exception and war is the rule. In some quarters or other is the rule. Despite it all, the hospital is a well conducted institution. The secret probably is in the fact that it is supported by the government, whom many people think they will be able to bulldoze; and also that medically and surgically, it is "run" by physicians who are volunteer workers. The medical board receive no pay. There is a divided authority in the management of the institution.

The medical superintendent of the hospital, Dr. Reid, will soon have to meet Dr. McKay, one of the medical board, in an investigation before the government, which the latter has demanded. Dr. McKay charges the superintendent with having attempted to place Mrs. Chipman, of Middleton, a patient who came to the hospital, on the medical side rather than on the surgical, in order to deprive Dr. McKay of the opportunity of performing the operation which her case required. The doctor alleges that Dr. Reid in thus doing knew he was acting wrongfully, and that his motive simply was while depriving Dr. McKay of a patient, to put one in the way of other members of the medical board who are greater favorites with Dr. Reid than Dr. McKay is. Dr. McKay believes himself well fortified with proofs in support of his charges, and he is pushing the government to order the investigation.

Was it a Money Vote?

HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—The city council on Tuesday night spent a session of two hours in a wrangle with Mayor Keeffe. Nothing was done that night but fight, and the time was clearly wasted. The issue was whether a resolution of the council to ask the legislature to give it power, a year hence, to increase the city's assessment from \$110,000 to \$120,000, was a "money vote."

His worship decided that it was a "money vote" and he vetoed it. The aldermen refused to see the matter in that light, and ordered the veto "message" to lie on the table. In the meantime Recorder MacCoy is peremptorily ordered to present a written report at the next meeting, stating whether or not the mayor's veto is legal. Here are the names of the seven anti-tax-reform aldermen who say the veto is all right: Alders Mosher, Eden, O'Donnell, McFatrige, Hubly, Outhit, Creighton. Mayor Keeffe means well, but latterly he is unfortunate in having only a minority of the council at his back. He is finding that, even with himself at their head, seven aldermen cannot rule ten.

MR. J. W. Y. SMITH'S POLITICS.

He announces his conversion to Conservative Principles.

A rather good story is being told of how a youthful New Brunswick politician—none other than the son of the late Sir Albert Smith—announced that he was a conservative, or rather that the liberal party was not in line with him. It had been fairly well understood that his sentiments were changing and that the son would probably not fight under the same political flag as his father had, but there had been no cold announcement that the young M. P. had gone over.

In fact the liberals hated to say anything about the rumor or fact and the conservatives were not sure enough to claim him. The fact that he had graced the platform at a recent conservative meeting and other signs pointed to the conclusion that he was no longer a gritty grit but until the funeral of Sir John Thompson in Halifax there was no certainty that he was a loyal tory.

The night of the obsequies there were a hundred or two people in the big office of the Halifax hotel who did not want to retire. The fun was fast and furious. Conservatives and liberals were together and politics was the theme.

Finally a number of St. John men, among whom figured the representative M. P. of the North End concluded that there would be much amusement if there was a little speechmaking. The towering form of Chesley arose and he began in slow and deliberative fashion to address the noisy audience. For a few minutes none save those in the joke listened to him but soon the circle of attention widened and before long the crowd was listening to a discussion of Antigonish and who should be returned to succeed the late premier. Mr. Chesley posed somewhat as a liberal but not plainly enough to convince all the grits in the room.

To his query "Who shall succeed Sir John?" one old gentleman, evidently a prosperous farmer, responded promptly. "The son of Sir John Thompson." This was the first suggestion of the sort that had been made and, perhaps, accounted for the story in the newspapers the next day, that the son of the premier was being put forward as a candidate.

Mr. Chesley had hardly resumed his remarks and claimed that the party would carry the constituency, before a giant in stature appeared before him. Any one would have wagered that he was the biggest man outside of a museum. At any rate a fair idea can be formed of his size when it is said that he towered above Chesley who looked like a pigmy beside him. Chesley looked at him for a moment and then stopped talking.

"Sir," said the big man, "I have listened to you patiently and I rise to say that I will not have Antigonish slandered. I am the Mayor of Antigonish and am ready to defend it against any such slanders."

Mr. Chesley did not lose his presence of mind but immediately said that no matter what side of politics the speaker favored he was with him because he was too big to disagree with. "Yes I am a liberal," said the man from Antigonish. "Shake," said Chesley. And then they agreed that Antigonish would be the next election.

About this time Mr. Smith found his voice and he made a speech and declared his change of convictions. He was in earnest—very much so—and he was followed by others in the same strain. The melancholy of the two or three days before had been too much for the spirits of the party and they rose after the funeral with the above result.

PROGRESS' attention was directed a few days ago to the fact that a taxpayer who, from some reason or other, did not find it convenient to pay his taxes by the date required to save the discount, explained the matter to an alderman in order that an execution might not issue and he be called upon for the additional half dollar. So when he went to pay his bill he was confident that everything was all right. To his surprise he was asked for the half dollar. The execution was issued; he was told he would have to pay it. His story is that no constable ever came near him nor his house and he thinks the extra half dollar an imposition in view of the circumstances. More than that he is one of the few dominion officials who have never taken advantage of the law that does not permit their income to be taxed.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

WILL HON. W. S. FIELDING COME TO THE GROUND?

The Vacant Probate Judgeship—Mr. Fielding's Personal Friend Not as Sure as He Was Last Week—Hon. A. G. Jones Wishes His Son Appointed.

HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—If ever a man regretted he had power, that man is Premier Fielding this week. Life for him the last few days must have been miserable on account of the vacant probate judgeship, and the necessity of filling the office. The fight for the place is extremely interesting if not exciting. As told in PROGRESS last week, Frank H. Bell thought he had a sure thing for the succession. He relied on his personal friendship with Hon. W. S. Fielding, and he smiled serenely at the very idea of a rival. Now he finds he has indeed a competitor, and one who is making him fight like grim death. And the opponent is not F. T. Congdon, whose claims on the liberal party were outlined last week, but he is none other than young H. T. Jones, who was mentioned as a third candidate. Congdon is out of the race by this time.

Nearly half a dozen liberal lawyers besides those named last week, asked for the position. Among them were W. B. Wallace and M. U. Lenoir. At this date Ald. Wallace stands a good chance for the place as a compromise between Jones and Bell.

Jones' only recommendation is that he is the son of that old tried and trusted political war-horse Hon. A. G. Jones, and that recommendation should certainly go a very long way to secure the same man success. The liberal party, and Mr. Fielding personally, are under tremendous obligation to Mr. Jones. He has worked hard and never before asked high but easy favors. Now he has set his foot down and said, "My son must get the probate judgeship." It is that dictum which makes the appointment a very serious matter for Premier Fielding, who was once Mr. Jones' protegee, in fact Mr. Jones gave him the start which placed him where he is.

The fact that on Monday twenty or more liberal lawyers of Halifax, headed by such men as W. B. Ross, B. Russell and Arthur Drysdale signed a memorial to Mr. Fielding protesting against H. T. Jones' proposed appointment, lends a very interesting feature to the fight. That was a pretty rough proceeding, and good party laymen, when they find out what was done, will sympathize with their old leader in a score of hard fought political battles.

Hon. Mr. Jones met Premier Fielding on the street early this week. Unfortunately the premier's companion just then was Frank H. Bell. The scene that followed was lively. Mr. Jones told Mr. Fielding in the plainest kind of language what he would think of him if he ventured to appoint the friend who had done practically nothing for the party, and pass over his son, ignoring the first request of any consequence he (Mr. Jones) had ever made. The premier seemed to lose control of his fluent tongue, and Mr. Jones took full advantage of the opportunity to express his mind. Bell came in for a good share of Mr. Jones' catechising, and he was not at all prompt in his answers.

Thus the matter stands, Premier Fielding weighing the consequences of Hon. Mr. Jones' displeasure on the one hand, and the request of the liberal lawyers of the city and his regard for his personal friend, Mr. Bell, on the other.

Mr. Lenoir's "coquent and convincing" arguments on his own behalf will certainly avail him nothing; but it is said that if Premier Fielding does not appoint either Jones or Bell, he may, as a compromise, make Alderman W. B. Wallace the judge of probate. Or again, it is said he will promote John T. Ross from the position of taxing master, worth \$600 per year, to that of judge of probate, worth \$1,200, and give the taxing mastership to H. T. Jones.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." Mr. Fielding is finding just now that the possession of power is less desirable than utter weakness. He is bound to offend somebody. To night he is weighing the present and prospective wrath of a grand political fighter like Hon. A. G. Jones, who has spent his money and his time for the party, and the claims of Frank H. Bell backed by twenty liberal lawyers.

There's no doubt it's interesting. Meanwhile cases are filing up for adjudication in the probate court.

An Express Agent's Fitting.

Superintendent Creighton of the Canadian express company has appointed another agent in Amherst. The former official of the company was Amos Purdy and he went away upon a sudden journey without telling his friends about it. He also neglected to tell his auditor and they perhaps mourn his absence more sincerely. One of them happens to hold a bill of sale upon his furniture, his horses, and turnouts. Perhaps the people who have a right to feel more aggrieved than others over his

sudden departure are those who kindly lent him \$100 the day before. He promised to return the amount the next day, but when that time came he was on his way to the safety land of Uncle Sam. It is difficult to tell what the amount of his shortage to the company is. The officials are reticent, but Purdy lived well, spent plenty of money and it must have come from somewhere.

AN UNCALLED-FOR ATTACK.

Mr. Bubb's Reference to Price Webber and His Company.

There is a company playing at the Opera House this week known as the Bubb Comedy company. The name of the organization up to the time their announcement appeared was an unknown quantity in St. John. It is what is called a ten-twenty show. Its limit is extended here one-third and it appears among us as a 10, 20 and 30 show. They opened last Monday night and as there were upwards of five hundred tickets of admission given away they opened to a large audience. Their method of business is unique, they always distribute a large number of passes for the first night with a view to secure an audience and they rely upon their visitors talking favorably of the performance and thus obtaining business during the rest of their stay. Before the play of the first night is ended Mr. Bubb, who seems to like the sound of his own voice, makes a speech not short by any means, during which he refers to the excellence of his "orchestra" and candidly tells those present that the house is largely papered, a great many complimentary tickets having been given away, and that they do not, as so many other companies so mistakenly do, give their best play the first night. During the delivery of his speech on the occasion of the opening performance, there were judicious pauses which were filled in with applause—gratitude would compel this—and the speaker in recognizing this said, "That was very good. I expect more." I guess—yes—there can be no doubt of it—he must be a comedian. He considerably explained that the company had "tripped" without sleep and that they had \$700 worth of music destroyed in a fire, that the "orchestra" landed in this city—"beautiful city" he called it—without a single bit of music such as they have with them on the road, and solicited the indulgence of his hearers towards the "orchestra" on that account, assuring them that that want would be remedied the next night. He should have gone further and told his hearers that "A Kentucky Home," the name given to their opening play, was really the same play [that is known as "Lynwood" which was [produced at the Mechanics' Institute here more than once same time back—being a "war play" it is now old enough to vote—Any one would wonder why they altered the name of this play. It looked like deception. Of the company in the cast last Monday evening the only one that was at all equal to the pretensions of the management was Miss Arkwright, while it is fair to say Miss Fuller improved her work in the last act. Loss of lines was not so much to be wondered at when it is recalled that they had no sleep the previous night.

This comedy manager also takes occasion to tell his audience that he hopes to see them all again in their beautiful theatre and if there is not room enough he will have the plaster removed so as to make room. Such cleverness as this is found interspersed through his remarks. There is a feature called shadowgraphs between acts—one picture showing the refined act of the shadow of a lady member of the company with thumb at nose and fingers extended towards a gentleman shadow. This is really elegant in the opinion of the management, else of course it would not be exhibited—it is something rarely seen. It must be edifying—yes, is a ten cent show right enough. It is cheap.

This talkative manager in his speech, also announces the bill of fare for the next day. He will probably know more about province people before he gets back across the line than he does now. On Wednesday last in making up his announcement of Thursday's bill, he had the bad taste to speak contemptuously of "East Lynne" as done by H. Price Webber's company in the opera house last New Year's day, saying in substance that it was a failure and his company would not put it on that way. It is surprising the local management permitted this remark to go unchallenged. So far as Mr. Webber is concerned his reputation in all business circles here, is A 1 and all insinuations, or low down attacks, by a rival manager, cannot for one instant undermine the good character that is enjoyed by Mr. Webber and everywhere there is no hesitation in saying that there is no one in that company who can begin to compare with Miss Edwina Grey, of Webber's company, as Lady Isabel in "East Lynne."

The Crowing of the Cock.

A citizen of St. John was passing one of the best known barrooms in town about seven o'clock on Wednesday morning, when he distinctly heard the crowing of a rooster coming from within. Was this prima facie evidence of a return to the old cock-fighting days, in which St. John sports were particularly prominent?

HE DROVE MR. BLAIR OUT.

THIS IS WHAT REV. MR. MULLIN CLAIMS TO HAVE DONE.

Nevertheless, the St. John Presbytery Deprived Him of His Pastorate—A Case Similar to that of Rev. Mr. Little—Mr. Mullin Found Guilty of Falsehood.

This week is not a happy one for two New Brunswick clergymen. It brings to them the sting that the disciplining rod of the church imparts. Rev. Mr. Mullin, of Stanley, York county, has been deprived of his pastorate by the St. John presbytery and Rev. Mr. Little, of Sussex, has been disposed from his office in the church of England by the board of triers of the synod of this diocese.

In both these cases the suffering ones have the balm of sympathy and the hope of appeal. Rev. Mr. Mullin proposes to appeal to the courts of the country. Both cases have been long before the public and both are what may be termed celebrated cases and ever their whole history is told they may become still more celebrated.

There are many points in which there is a parallel in the matter of these two cases. Besides those mentioned another point consists in the fact that both disputes have been productive of much dissension and have hurt very much the interests of the churches where these divines labored. When such troubles arise the cause for which churches are built and ministers are trained does not prosper.

It is some six or seven years since Rev. Mr. Mullin and his flock at Stanley began to see things differently from one another. It was all because of a church picnic. His parishioners were willing to accept the services of some Fredericton ladies who offered to aid them. This was not agreeable to Rev. Mr. Mullin, who said that his wife and daughter were competent to look after things without assistance. But his workers had their way, the Fredericton ladies attended the picnic, and Rev. Mr. Mullin and his family didn't. They made \$274 at the picnic and told Mr. Mullin of the fact. "Oh, no, you didn't," he replied. "You made over \$300." They assured him that they didn't. "Well, that was what my boy Jim told me and he must know."

This started the breach between Rev. Mr. Mullin and some members of his communion and congregation. He did not appear to have as much tact as he might, and remarks such as the above was apt to make enemies. Some found fault with him on political grounds and said that he made himself too conspicuous in politics, that at a public meeting he would interrupt speakers, call upon them to prove their statements, tell them that they were wrong and make himself too prominent generally. Of course those who were opposed to him politically did not like this and some of those who were on his side did not like it either.

The St. John presbytery have been trying for some years to get him to resign but he has refused to do so and though many have left his church and those who remain are indifferent, he has held on and put up with a diminutive salary. At length extreme measures were decided upon. A committee was appointed to make a presbyterial visit to Stanley. They did so and this week reported to the presbytery in session at St. John recommending the dismissal of the reverend gentleman from the field.

Rev. Mr. Mullin was present and made an eloquent defense. His bearing and gestures were dramatic and would do credit to an old Athenian senator. But his enunciation was not excellent, his tact in speech was not pronounced and his argument was weak. The recommendation therefore carried, though the ballot was close and was only decided by the casting vote of the moderator.

One of Rev. Mr. Mullin's lines of defense raised quite a laugh and is worth repeating. It was in regard to the charge respecting politics. He said that he had only spoke once at a political meeting and that was when the school question was up. "And it was of great benefit, too," he added, "and I drove Andrew G. Blair out of the county."

Another interesting point in his defense was his answer to the argument that so many had left his church. "Oh, well, I didn't want them," he replied. In many of these cases he told why he did not want them and had some accusation to make against them. For instance, he said that Dr. Moore, of Stanley, who used to be one of his pillars, was a Swedenborgian.

Rev. Mr. Mullin now purposes to bring the matter before the general assembly. He entered his protest then and the ground of his appeal is that there was not sufficient evidence to justify his being dismissed from that pastorate.

Rev. Mr. Little has had a much severer penalty imposed than had Mr. Mullin. He has been disposed from his office in the ministry. This comes rather in the nature of a surprise to those who had been following the case.

It was thought that his prosecutors had

not produced a strong case against him. It was agreed that there was plenty of ground upon which to bring a charge against him, but the limitation of time during which complaint could be laid gave them command of only a small part of that ground. Their case was therefore thought to be a weak one. However, it appeared to be otherwise and was sufficient to justify the court in imposing the most extreme penalty in their power.

The charge upon which they found him guilty was that of making false statements respecting Rev. Roy Campbell to one Joseph Hornbroom.

And yet the case brought good to some. The stenographer had a bill of \$60 for services rendered.

The sentence was quite a shock to Mr. Little and he has concluded to appeal if he can.

The evidence will be submitted to him and either he or a court of triers will decide whether it justifies a sentence.

A GENEROUS ESCORT.

And the Present his Best Gift Won at the Institute.

A young gentleman was generous enough to take a young lady to see Wallace Hopper the other evening. That pleasant feeling that steals over one when he has done a particularly meritorious action no doubt increased his enjoyment of the play. But this, as a subsequent event showed, was not his only reward. The young man and the maiden were both given envelopes at the door, each of which might contain a blank, or else a slip of paper with a number on it. In the latter contingency, it was the intention of Mr. Hopper that the holder of the printed slip should draw one of the prizes that are given away at the close of the performance every evening.

The young lady was happy indeed when she found that the slip of paper she found in her envelope entitled her to a prize. And the generous young man on her side was equally delighted.

When the time for the distribution of tickets came, the young cavalier gallantly took the lady's ticket, in order that she would not be compelled to get up before the fierce gaze of a large audience in order to procure the premium. It happened that the lady's ticket had won one of the most valuable prizes. The young man took the present to the seat and showed it to the young lady, who was very much delighted with it. She reached out her hand for it, but the young man gave another instance of the nobility of his character. He quietly put the prize in his pocket. The lady smiled, because it was evident that, out of consideration for her, he was going to bear the burden to her home.

But after he parted with her at her father's gate, the present was still in his pocket. Several days and nights have passed away since that night, but the young man still has the present in his possession.

HE WANTED A POLICEMAN

To Keep Order in Church While He Held Service.

Perhaps the funniest thing in connection with the Fairville church trouble was the request made by the rector, Mr. McKiel, last week for police protection at his service Sunday. It is not known whether he wished it in case the choir girls made their appearance again and took their seats as usual or whether he wished to awe the gallant captain into submission.

At any rate he made the application in the first place to the local officer who presides over the peace of Fairville and when he could not understand why there was any necessity for his appearance in a strange church in his blue coat and brass buttons, the rector came to the city and interviewed the chief of police.

Perhaps there is no official more ready to listen politely than Chief Clark but this request was as strange as any in his experience—a rector of an English church asking for a policeman to keep order during service. When Mr. McKiel had finished he did not have to wait long for his answer. Chief Clarke told him that he had known Captain Hamlyn all his life and could not recall a much more peaceful citizen. There was no call in his opinion for a baton and brass buttons.

So the rector went away disappointed and the service passed off quietly. So far as PROGRESS can learn nothing to disturb the rector has happened since save the expression of opinion by churchmen who cannot understand why there should be any difficulty in the parish again.

An Embarrassing Situation.

A man who is inclined to snore every-time he drops off into a doze should be careful when he attends church lest he should forget where he is. This applies more particularly at present to a well known young man who began to dream in one of the city churches a Sunday or two ago. What made it worse was the fact that he occupied one end of the long pew and his companion the other. When his snore became pronounced there was no help for it—he had to be awakened—and the journey from one end of that pew to the other under the eyes of a devout congregation was long and weary. But it was made and the snore died away.