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THE BILL WAS TOO HIGH.

THE CITY DELEGATION DISPUTED HOST SHERATON'S ACCOUNT.

He Charged Them From the Time He Reserved the Rooms for Them—The Mayor and Aldermen Left the Bill Unpaid and the Council Will Decide.

The St. John aldermen who were at Halifax last week say that the funeral was a grand one but it was not as big as the "little bill" which mine host Sheraton of the Queen presented to them on their departure.

They exhibited no great display of emotion when they looked upon the decorations of the state chamber and the cathedral and upon the funeral cortege, but they were struck dumb with surprise when they saw that bill. They afterwards expressed their surprise and the culmination was that they left without paying it and the matter is now in abeyance.

The way of it is that the rooms were reserved for them and Mr. Sheraton charged them for the time they were reserved. They arrived at the hotel on Wednesday night of funeral week and remained until Friday morning. Mr. Sheraton charged them a good round rate for the time and also for a day or two extra. The result was that his bill was double what they expected and for the four or five men amounted to about \$50.

A day or two before they left, Mayor Robertson telegraphed to the Queen that a delegation was going over on Wednesday and asking for accommodations. To this Mr. Sheraton wired in reply that he had reserved rooms for them.

All went well until Thursday night. The delegation arrived, were pleasantly greeted by Mr. Sheraton and with the other guests of the city admired the beauty and impressiveness of the funeral pageant.

At length the settling time came round. When Mr. Sheraton gave His Worship the figures the representatives of the dignity of St. John looked floored. They demanded explanations which the hotel man readily gave. He said that he had reserved rooms for the St. John men. On account of the crush at the hotels on Tuesday and Wednesday he could have filled the rooms up over and over again. He therefore thought that they should pay for the use of the rooms, for they were using them just as much as if they had been occupying them. He added that he had given them notice in an indirect way that he was going to charge them, for he had wired to the mayor that he had reserved rooms for them. In a case like this when there was a rush reserved rooms were always charged for.

The mayor did not see eye to eye with the hotel proprietor and he did not recall the telegram from him. There was an alteration and another St. John man was referred to. He advised them to pay the bill without remark.

Had they been there privately no doubt they would never have said a word but as the corporation was paying their bills they felt it their duty to object. They therefore concluded to give the bill more mature consideration and left the hotel with it still unpaid.

It was an unpleasant incident and has probably estranged Mr. Sheraton and the ratepayers. One of them said that the rate per room was too high anyway for the accommodation provided and was above what he charged others. Whether the full bill will be paid is not yet known. It was stated that the matter was to come before the council meeting of yesterday.

There would not be a unanimity of opinion among the members. One alderman says that the bill should have been paid. When the rooms were reserved for them they were obtaining value during the time it was reserved.

A RAILROAD SMASHUP.

Mr. Code Escaped Because the C. P. R. Couldn't Kill a John A. Man.

"Talk about railroad accidents," said a gentleman who is travelling for an Ontario agricultural implement company, whom the reporter met at the Stanley hotel a few evenings ago, "I guess one of the most remarkable railroad accidents that ever occurred in Canada, or, in fact, anywhere else, took place on the C. P. R. just out of Smith's Falls, Ontario, a little over a year ago."

"Well, you might tell us about it," said the PROGRESS representative, as the traveller had paused for a longer time after making these introductory remarks than most travellers do when they start to tell a good story.

"It was about nine o'clock," said the traveller, solemnly, "when Tom Acton and Bill Code, two prominent farmers of the Smith's Falls region, were driving along, dreaming of home and mother, and their best girls, when suddenly they realized that they were on the railroad track. It was pitch dark, you see," said the traveller, apologetically.

"I see," said the representative of the press.

"The first intimation that Mr. Code had that he had been driving over the railroad

track was when he found himself on the cowcatcher of a C. P. R. express. He was kind of dazed, even then. But Acton was even more surprised. He was pitched right through a barbed wire fence, and landed forty feet away. Except that his clothing was torn and he was considerably scratched by the barbs, he was as good as ever. The horses, realizing that the team was smashed into kindlings, put for home as tight as they could make it, carrying the front wheels with them. There was one awfully comical thing about the affair. When the train stopped and Herb Pye—that's the engineer—ran forward to see what kind of a cyclone they'd struck, he found Code on the cowcatcher. He was as surprised as could be to find a man there, but he was more surprised still when, after he had said to his fireman, 'Why here's a dead man,' Code replied, from his comfortable corner against the end of the boiler, 'No, not by a sight; the C. P. R. can't kill a John A. man.'

"How the accident occurred, nobody could tell. Acton had been driving, and Code had been taking a snooze in the bottom of the wagon. The wagon was hit in the centre, and the horses must have been going to beat the bulliest kind of a brass band when they struck."

"This is true?" asked the reporter.

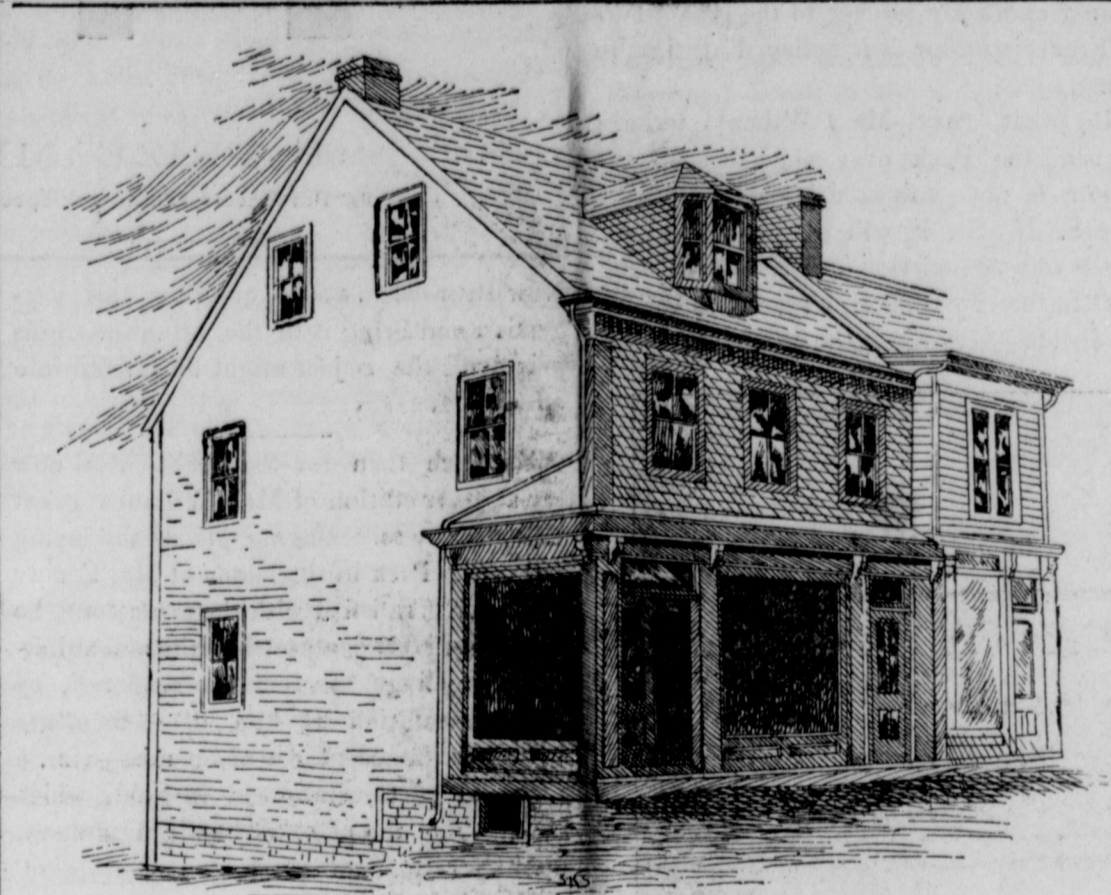
"True!" said the traveller, with an injured expression in his eyes that left no doubt, as to his veracity. It's perfectly true. Ask anybody about Smith's Falls if it ain't true. Telegraph the Smith's Falls operator. And now come out and have a drink—at your expense. I guess the story's worth it. Talk about the evils of drink. Why, if Tom Acton hadn't been drunk, he'd have been up with the angels at this present moment. That's just as true as my name's Bill Code."

THEY WANTED MR. QUIGLEY.

Delegations Wait Upon Mr. Hazen Urging his Appointment.

There was an impression that the county court judgeship was settled long ago and that either Mr. Forbes or Mr. Curry would get the coveted appointment with the odds largely in favor of the former. Still there seems to have been a decided effort, all along, on the part of the friends of Mr. R. F. Quigley to bring him to the front. From what PROGRESS can gather this was done on the ground that Mr. Quigley was the representative of a denomination that is not perhaps as much remembered in judicial appointments as some of the others. It is a significant fact that Mr. Quigley, in his efforts to get the judgeship, was backed by representatives of both parties. Only a few days ago a delegation including such gentlemen as Messrs. James Reynolds, Thomas Campbell, T. L. Coughlan, Florence McCarthy and others waited upon Mr. Hazen and urged him to press the claims of Mr. Quigley for appointment. A second delegation, it is understood, also waited upon this same number. The body was somewhat mixed, for it was composed of both liberals and conservatives. It might be said, belong to the same denomination as Mr. Quigley. They went so far as to intimate to Mr. Hazen that there was no reasonable objection to Mr. Quigley obtaining the appointment and that if he was so remembered, the conservative party could count upon a very large, united and loyal support from that particular class of voters who were all friendly to the selection of this gentleman. But it seems that while some catholic friends of Mr. Quigley thus urged his appointment, there were others who not only did not think he should be selected, but on the contrary gave such reasons as in any ordinary case would convince the members and the government that his claims were not such as would entitle him to the judgeship. PROGRESS has noted before that at the last election Mr. Quigley was not so good a conservative as to go out and vote and work for his party, but, on the contrary, he did not vote and it is even intimated that his passiveness was injurious to the welfare of the conservatives. This is only one of the reasons that are urged against him, for it is well known that when the minister of finance was dined here and in the interest of the conservative party, it seemed necessary that there should be as representative a gathering as was possible, that Mr. Quigley not only refused to attend the banquet, but persuaded some of his friends who had decided to go, not to do so.

Of course these little facts found their way into influential quarters, and, no doubt, when they should and, under other circumstances, would have been forgotten, they are remembered not to the credit of the applicant. The position that the influential catholic conservatives of this constituency seemed to take is, after all, a very proper one, namely, that a man's religion should not be the only qualification necessary for appointment, but that with it he must have good party standing and be a royal party man.



The House in which Sir John Thompson was Born.

A RICH MAN IN JAIL.

Mr. Mott's Trouble is the Result of a Feud With a Truro Man.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—The law sometimes is merely an engine to grind down poor offenders against its majesty, but it can also strike the rich. Charles F. Mott, the well known soap manufacturer, of this city, is experiencing the truth of this. He has for some days been in jail on a commitment issued by Commissioner Ritchie. Mr. Mott's trouble is the result of a feud with George W. Stuart, of Truro, over a gold-mining property at Salmon River. Stuart and Mott were interested in the mine with others. The partners divided and in the settling up there were differences between Mott and Stuart which they could not settle themselves, and the law was invoked. Stuart won the suit, and a verdict for about \$15,000, when it is alleged, Mott assigned in order to present the successful litigant from securing the amount of damages awarded by the court. Both Stuart and Mott are very determined men and hard fighters. Stuart was not to be outdone by Mott in this way, and he had him arrested and brought up before Commissioner Ritchie, charging a fraudulent assignment. Ritchie sent Mott to jail for three months as a result of his examination. On Tuesday the matter came before the supreme court bench in an appeal from the commissioner's sentence. Henry and Cahan argued for Stuart and R. L. Borden for Mott. The count took the matter into consideration. Not long ago Mr. Mott was reputed to be worth, including a share from his brother, the late John P. Mott, about \$170,000.

THE PROXIES WERE NO GOOD.

Chairman Peters Ruled That They Could not Vote at the Meeting.

The president of the Exhibition association at the meeting this week decided against proxies—a conclusion that is strictly in accord with the by law (which required them to be witnessed and filed the day before the meeting) but contrary to the precedents of that body.

Mr. Peters has not been a huge success as president of the exhibition association. He has not proved to be a live president or an interested one.

The passing of the time of the annual meeting last year without a meeting being called is still fresh in the minds of the people and even this year there is great doubt if there would have been a quorum present had not some members of the association, enthusiastic workers, interested themselves in seeing that a good representation of stockholders were present.

But there was more stock represented than appeared on the surface. Many members, unable to attend, gave a proxy to their friends to vote for them. This was so in the case of firms, one member of which attended with proxies from the other members. In all there were more than 100 proxy votes present, all bound to have an exhibition and to elect a directorate for that purpose. But the president ruled the proxies out and the absent members were not recorded in consequence.

The report of the directors was upon half a sheet of foolscap, type written. None of them could have been proud of it. In fact it was evidently prepared at the last moment. But the fact remains that there was a decided sentiment in favor of an exhibition, even if it was not allowed to be expressed.

AN ERRING MINISTER.

A Sensation in the Quiet Little Town of River Heber.

A paragraph in the Per sboro Leader notes that a council was held in the Methodist church of Rever H. Bert to try and find out the guilty party in the Robinson-Croase scandal. The verdict was not known, as the conference sat with closed doors. Rev. Mr. Robinson was the minister at River Heber. Some of the facts of the story are as follows.

During last September he attended (as delegate) a S. school convention in Am-

herst, as did also one of his fair parishioners, a married lady in good standing in his church. She during convention was a guest at one of the best hotels. The Rev. Robinson, though entertained elsewhere, spent most of his time with the lady in question and was seen to enter her private room late in the evenings greatly to the scandal of the proprietor. When the story leaked out the Rev. gentleman confided to an intimate friend that it was time for him to "skip" and instantly decided to take a two weeks vacation in Boston and was supposed to depart at once for that city. It now transpires he went via the home of the president of the N. S. conference, from whom he obtained letters of good standing. He also preached two Sundays in one of his former parishes, then he went to Boston. Meanwhile his deserted parishioners, wondering at his continued absence after "the two weeks" had expired, were surprised to learn (by letter from him) that "the Lord has work for him in other fields."

The captain of Mt. Allison's foot ball team now ministers to their spiritual needs. Some years ago Mrs. Robinson ran away to the "land of the free" with a youthful swain. Great sympathy was expressed for the bereft husband, which is considerably modified since numerous stories of his immoral conduct during the past year come to light.

THE SONS OF ENGLAND.

How They Started in Canada, and in the City of St. John.

The Sons of England are as jolly as they are brave, wherever you find them, which is everywhere; and the symposium of the patriotic society known as the Sons of England in the International Cafe, on Thursday evening was as merrie a gathering as ever assembled in merrie England. Speeches and songs, recitations and clog-dances, kept the diners at the table long after "the walnuts and the wine" had been freely proceeded with. Good accounts of the proceedings at the dinner have appeared in the daily press, but a story that Mr. Brownhill, past president of the Victoria Jubilee Lodge of Montreal, gave, of how the brotherhood originated should be told to a larger audience of Sons of England than those present on Thursday night.

In the year 1874, a man who was just from the land so long known as "the old country," was in Toronto looking for work. He saw in a paper an advertisement for a groom, which he promptly answered. His apparent ability in that line was recognized, and he was engaged, but when the employer asked him of what nationality he was, and received the proud reply, "I am an Englishman," the Toronto man decided that the groom's tenure of office was ended.

The groom told of a few other Englishmen in Toronto who had similar stories to tell. So he and his friends decided to found a society of British born. The Sons of England started with eleven members—and now there are thirteen thousand of them in Canada. And the order is growing yet.

One wet Sunday last August Mr. Brownhill and another upper province gentleman tramped around St. John, looking for Sons of England. They found eleven, just the number that was first found in Toronto. Now there is a membership of about fifty—and they are worthy sons, too, as a stranger could easily perceive last Thursday evening—and Friday morning.

The Customs and the Press.

HALIFAX, Jan. 10.—There is some commotion in the newspaper fraternity on account of the order from Ottawa forbidding the customs people giving the reporters for publication the names of shippers and the destination of the goods. All that can now appear will be the quantities shipped, unless the reporters find out the destination and other information for themselves. The reason for the order is that merchants and manufacturers have found that rivals have used the newspaper reports to cut into the markets sought out by them and have induced the government to issue the new order. The local boot and shoe export trade is a business that has been mentioned is anxious to prevent the publication referred to.

CHOIR GIRLS MUST GO.

THIS IS RECTOR MCKEIL'S ULTIMATUM TO THEM

Because They Placed Their Alms in the Tin Pan of the Unofficial Alms Collector—There Was no Service in the Church Last Sunday Evening—Warden vs. Rector.

The church of the Good Shepherd at Fairville does not seem to be through with its troubles. Its new rector, Rev. Mr. McKeil, is now in difficulties, somewhat of a personal nature, with a portion of his parishioners. The facts, so far as PROGRESS can gather them—and it has them from very reliable sources—do not at this stage of the case reflect the utmost credit upon the reverend gentleman.

When Mr. McKeil went to the parish of Fairville he knew by personal contact that a large portion, in fact, a large majority of the parishioners, were opposed to the high church customs that had prevailed in the reign of Mr. Titcombe, Mr. Huggell and others. More than this the sentiment was emphasized afterwards by a public meeting of parishioners, at which a motion was carried, almost unanimously, to abolish candles, candlesticks and all such paraphernalia from the church. At that time Mr. McKeil claimed that he would make no charges in the church for he had not the power, but when he found that the people would not support him unless he did, the power came to him, and he swept away the candles, and all that was left were a few sticks. After that matters seemed to go on very smoothly, and the support that any minister would expect from his parish was given to Mr. McKeil, until all at once the very basis of the agreement upon which he came was broken and the obnoxious candles restored to their places. Then the trouble began again, and a large number of people either withdrew their support or allowed their interest in the church to become so lukewarm that the affairs of the congregation were not in the same satisfactory condition as they had been.

The difficulty now appears to be the result of an antipathy of Rector McKeil to one of his wardens, Captain Hamlyn, with whose low church ideas he was perfectly well acquainted from the start. Up to a short time ago Wardens Hamlyn and Lordly had been collecting the alms and presenting them to the rector in the usual way. To many readers of PROGRESS, perhaps not accustomed to the different modes of presenting alms in the church of England, it may be said that in those churches that are called "low," the warden or other member of the congregation who collects the alms takes them to the rector and, simply handing him the plate, returns to his seat. In some churches the alms collector, after presenting the plate to the officiating minister at the altar, remains standing until the clergyman walks to the communion table and leaves the plate and then returns to his seat. With his low church ideas Captain Hamlyn was not inclined to follow out this latter practise, although Warden Lordly did not object to doing so. So, when at one service the one warden would present the alms, he would turn upon his heel as soon as he had done so, and stand at his seat, while at the next service the high warden presenting the plate the little formula so pleasing to the rector was gone through with. It is understood that Rector McKeil objected to Captain Hamlyn's abrupt method of leaving him at the altar rail, and though he did not say anything, the warden himself about it, in some way or other it came to the ears of the captain that he might be requested to follow out the new custom. What the captain replied then was not very certain but it is quite evident that he expressed considerable dissent from doing this if he had been asked. But the rector never had any conversation with him upon the subject, and the first intimation that Captain Hamlyn had that he was not desired to present alms was one Sunday morning a few weeks ago, when he and his colleague, Mr. Lordly, met in the aisle and had a little heated conversation over the matter. It appears to have been Captain Hamlyn's turn to present the alms, and when he, as usual, went to Mr. Lordly for his plate, the latter endeavored to take the captain's, and exclaimed, when he met with some opposition, "I won't let you take them up, the rector told me not to." As soon as the captain heard this he released his hold upon the plate and the suddenness of that act caused part of the collection to be spilled upon the floor. In spite of this, however, at the next service Warden Hamlyn took up the collection as usual and carried his part of it up to the altar. The rector, however, took the strange course of refusing to receive the plate and pointed to the floor as the place for the warden to leave it.

At the next service Capt. Hamlyn was absent, and the rector made the announcement from the altar that he would not be permitted in future to take up the collections, and he appointed a Mr. Armstrong in his place. Hearing of his dismissal in

this summary manner, Warden Hamlyn called upon his rector the next week for some confirmation of the fact, and it was given him. He then asked Mr. McKeil whether there was not a chance for them to arrange their difficulty and have matters go on smoothly in the parish. Mr. McKeil replied to his warden that there was no way an arrangement could be made, since he would not stand at the altar while the alms were presented. Then it was that Captain Hamlyn reminded him that he had never been asked to stand at the altar, and he received the somewhat amusing reply that he would not have done so if he had been asked.

So far from the difficulties being arranged when he left the rector's house, they were, if anything, intensified and the next Sunday morning Warden Hamlyn went to church as usual. Thinking, perhaps, that he might be somewhat embarrassed in taking up the collection if he did not have a plate to do so, he carried along with him a tin vessel for that purpose, and when the usual time for collecting the alms came around, and Warden Lordly started on one side of the aisle, Captain Hamlyn was on the other. It may be said that the congregation, or a great majority of them appeared to side with the dismissed alms collector, for, instead of depositing their alms in Warden Lordly's plate, the most of them waited until Captain Hamlyn came along with his unique offertory dish and put their money in it. This was so marked when the two alms collectors went past the choir, the members of which allowed Warden Lordly to pass without offering anything, and afterwards placed their alms in Captain Hamlyn's dish, that the rector was considerable exercised, and, coming to the front afterwards, announced that the services of the choir girls who had committed this breach of discipline, would be dispensed with, and that they need not take their seats in their usual places in future. He made some other remarks which brought Captain Hamlyn to his feet, but the rector would not tolerate this for an instant, and, stamping his foot ordered him to sit down. This ended the morning service.

The congregation assembled in the evening as usual. The choir girls were in their places, and everybody was looking forward with considerable expectancy to what might develop before or during the service.

But it appears that the rector has made up his mind what course to pursue, and he turned the vials of his wrath upon the offending choir. Coming to the front he repeated what he had said in the morning about their breach of discipline, and noted the fact that they had not paid any attention to what he had said. The question before the congregation in his mind was whether the rector was going to run the church, or Warden Hamlyn. Taking out his watch with cool deliberation he announced to the assembled congregation that if the choir did not vacate their seats in five minutes that there would be no service that evening. Several of the congregation also took out their watches, and the time was well kept for the next ten minutes. Five minutes passed and there was no movement on the part of the girls, or on that of the rector. When ten minutes had gone Mr. McKeil announced that there would be no service.

Apart from the illegality of this, in not holding service when the people had assembled for that purpose, the question naturally arises as to the propriety of the rector in taking such an extreme course towards those who had served the church so faithfully not only under his regime, but under that of the former rectors.

At a meeting of the vestry during the week the matter was well thrashed out. After the routine business a motion was made to adjourn, but before this was put to the meeting a resolution was offered exploring the course events had taken and upholding the rector in his course. The motion to adjourn was carried and the resolution of confidence in the rector died a natural death.

More Discourteous Treatment.

PROGRESS has spoken before of the lack of courtesy Mr. Cowan of the savings bank, has shown to some of the ladies who go to that institution. Two instances of this have been reported again this week and both of them will likely be inquired into. The savings bank is a public institution and the clerks there are really the employees of the public. At the very least they should show them the same courtesy as would be extended to customers in a private bank. There is no bank in the city but is willing to show any one ignorant how to fill up a deposit blank how it can be done. But Mr. Cowan was of a different mind when a lady about to deposit some money there this week did not know how the blank should be filled in. She was gruffly told that she should know and in fact received such discourteous treatment in this wise that she left the building and reported the matter to her husband—a business man on Prince William street. It did not take him long to reach the bank and to have a plain talk with Mr. Cowan. The matter, it is not likely, will end here.