

# PROGRESS

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## TO HAVE A CURFEW BELL

MRS. MACMICHAEL TELLS WHAT THE WOMEN WANT.

They Propose to Have the Children off the Street at Nine o'clock at Night—The Details of the Plan to be Arranged Later—Some Suggestions.

"Curfew shall not ring tonight," but it will ring some night at no distant date, and keep on ringing every night of the year, at nine o'clock, in the good city of St. John. That is, provided the ladies of the guild of the King's daughters and the local council of women can carry out the intentions they now have in mind.

The curfew is a more ancient institution than the moneyed aristocracy of this part of the world, for it goes back to the time of William the Conqueror, while some of the plutocracy do not go back as far as the early days of their own fathers for society purposes. The curfew, as a legal requirement, was abolished in England nearly 800 years ago, but the custom of ringing the town bell to let people know when it was time to go to bed has been found here and there ever since. It is still preserved in some parts of New England, and it used to be one of the great events of each day in St. Andrews, where, except at court time when there were strangers in town, the sound of the 9 o'clock bell found most of the natives in bed and asleep.

Within the last year or so, the nine o'clock curfew bell has been revived in some live cities of the western states, and in Ontario, for the purpose of warning children off the streets. That is the idea of its proposed introduction in this city.

The matter came up at a meeting of the Local Council of Women, the other day, when Mrs. MacMichael offered a resolution favoring a curfew bell to be rung at nine at night to prevent children being on the street after that hour. The consideration of the matter was deferred until the next meeting of the council.

The views of Mrs. MacMichael as to the necessity of such an addition to the civic machinery have been asked for by PROGRESS, and she explains that there are many children, some of them very young indeed, found on the streets at all hours of the evening, in the vicinity of the Opera House and other public places who are simply learning bad habits, hearing and seeing much that is not good for them. She thinks the police ought to see that they are sent home. Even the news-boys, she says, ought to be able to sell their papers before that hour, and be sent home if found on the streets later.

So far only the necessity for a curfew has been considered, and the details are to receive attention later. It was thought there may be some unrepented and almost forgotten law which might be invoked, but as this does not seem probable, new legislation may be sought. This will probably be in the form of a civic by-law, and the city would provide the machinery for having it carried into effect, in the way of ringing a bell and having the police instructed as to their duties. The big bell on the police station might be used, or it would not suffice all the fire-alarm bells could be sounded with a number not to be mistaken for that of any box. A curfew bell, or number of bells would be necessary, so that due warning could be given for children to repair to their homes to avoid the police.

Mrs. MacMichael was asked what the police would do when the children persisted in violating the law. Her reply was that she did not favor having them locked up in a jail or police office, as that would injure their self-respect and have a bad moral effect on them. She thought the fear of the police would make them obey the law in most cases. Where they did not they should be taken home, or if really persistent offenders they might as a final resort be locked up. All these points, however, are yet to be taken into consideration and the details of the plan perfected. At present there is only the central idea upon which to build.

A good many people agree that something like this is needed, and it may be in order for PROGRESS to suggest that the definition of who are children in the contemplation of the law should be made perfectly plain. In these days it is pretty hard to tell where children leave off and men and women begin. In what class are to be ranked the youths who dress half like boys and the rest like men, who wear caps on the back of their heads and bangs on the front, and who smoke cigarettes and otherwise make a show of themselves? There are a good many of this class who ought to be sent home at nine o'clock, and there are still larger numbers of mere slips of girls who ought not to be allowed to roam the streets at any hour of the evening. It is to be hoped these will have due attention in any regulations that may be made. The classes of young people to be kept off the street at night are very different from a larger group.

The police will manage their end of the matter, remains to be seen, but this is

probably one of the emergencies with which they can grapple even though the chief may have to add to his already onerous duties of keeping books of record and filing away documents. The duties of the force will be greatly simplified should the city become the possessor of an ambulance wagon. This could start out at the stroke of the curfew, with one of the spare sergeants in charge, and take in the town as rapidly as possible scooping up stray children in its course and driving them to their homes or the station as the circumstances might require. Without some such auxiliary, there might be occasional difficulty in capturing the kids who undertook to run up alley ways and dodge around blocks, and it would be as hard to keep children off the street as it has been to keep dogs off the squares. They could be chased, it is true, but like the dogs and the historical cat they would "come back" as soon as the coast was clear. The patrol wagon seems a very necessary adjunct to the curfew bell.

Far and above any light suggestion which may be made on the subject, there is a sound principle involved in the idea of keeping children off the streets at night. There are too many of them, big and little wandering around and learning evil at hours when they ought to be at home. The progress of the new idea will be watched with interest.

ALL ABOUT A TUMBLER.  
The School Trustees Called on to Settle a Matter of Words Spoken.

Dr. J. H. Morrison and one of the teachers of the Victoria school have been having a little misunderstanding which will have to be settled by the teachers, and which is now under consideration by that body.

The doctor's little girl is a pupil at the Victoria. Not long ago, while she and another pupil were getting a drink of water, or trying to get one, the tumbler fell from the hands of one or the other or both of them and was broken. It was not a very expensive affair, and could have been replaced for a few cents, but as the teacher thought the doctor's daughter was in fault, she required that the doctor should replace it. The question of which of the girls was to blame came up, and as there some uncertainty about the moral responsibility for the damage, it was thought that both were equally to blame. The doctor, however, finally sent ten cents to settle the matter but this, for some reason, was not satisfactory, and the tumbler was not replaced.

During the course of the contention, it is asserted, the teacher fiercely expressed her opinion as to Dr. Morrison, so as to place him in an unfavorable light in the eyes of the pupil, and much to the discomfort of the daughter. The final and exasperating climax is said to have been reached when the teacher took the pains to explain that the Dr. Morrison of whom she had been speaking was not the Dr. Morrison of Coburg street, who was a nice man, but Dr. Morrison the specialist. When this was reported to the latter gentleman, he proceeded to make a complaint to the superintendent, who called upon the teacher to make an apology. This she declined to do, and so the matter has been laid before the trustees for their decision. The matter came up at the last meeting, but was not dealt with and will be a subject for consideration at the next session of the board.

RETIREES WITH HONORS.  
The Fire Department is About to Lose One of its Well Known Veterans.

With the first of December the fireman's year begins, and at that date changes are made in the department when required. This year the important event will be the retirement of Captain W. H. Bowman, of No 1 Hook and Ladder company.

Captain Bowman is a man about 63 years of age, and has been a fireman for the last 35 years, or more than half his life. He now feels that he has done sufficient service, and wants to take a rest and give way to a younger man, though he is still as good a fireman as ever and fully competent to carry out the requirements of his position. His retirement is wholly voluntary, and he leaves the department with all the honors he has acquired by years of good service. It is understood that, following out the principle of promotion, the position of Capt. Bowman will be given to his assistant, C. H. Jackson, who beyond question is fully qualified by ability and experience to make an efficient head of the company.

Robert Magro, of No 1 Hose company has also resigned, on account of poor health.

Say It To His Face.

A paragraph comes to PROGRESS from Halifax commenting upon the conduct of one of the young men who came to this city with the Wanderers. The writer omitted his name and while the young man in question may have been exuberant there is greater excuse for his mistakes than for an anonymous and injurious communication such as that received by PROGRESS, the bouquet incident in which the writer of this paragraph knows to be incorrect.

## IS A VERY BAD BREAK.

SERIOUS RESULTS FROM A LATE HALIFAX FAILURE.

Farquharson and Forrest Come to Grief Through Having Too Many Irons on the Fire—The Effect on People Who Put Their Trust in the Firm as Bankers.

HALIFAX, Nov. 27.—The failure of Farquhar, Forrest & Co. in many respects is the worst in the history of Halifax. It is worst because of its fearful effect on widows and orphans, and on the aged who had saved a pittance to support themselves in declining years. Poverty and impoverishment are staring in at many a humble house today, where, before the failure, the exercise of strict economy was barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

Farquhar, Forrest & Co. carried on a banking and broking business on Hollis street. But besides this they were engaged in a variety of other enterprises. The firm held the agency of the Royal Fire insurance company, which at one time did a good business in this city, but latterly its benefits to Farquhar, Forrest & Co. were not much more than sufficient to pay the salary of the clerk they employed to do the work. The firm was engaged in a wholesale tea business. Whether or not this paid is a question. The salesman who handled their stock says there was money in it for the firm. Lastly, Farquhar, Forrest & Co. ran a tannery at the Three mile house, near this city. That establishment, it seems, was a "sink hole" to waste the capital of the firm, help to bring ruin upon it, and, saddest of all, to reduce to penury or pauperism many a widow and her fatherless children, scattered over the length and breadth of the province and scores of them in this city. No statement has yet been made by the assignees or by the surviving member of the firm—Alexander Forrest—but the truth seems only too well authenticated that about \$120,000 on deposit with the firm, much of it representing the hard-earned savings of people some of whom will now have to seek the refuge of the poor house, has every cent of it been swallowed up by the insolvent bankers and brokers.

The banking business conducted by the firm for some time past has been growing less and less, and the losses from the tannery have year by year become greater. What aggravates the case, if aggravation is possible to poor people who have been ruined or who have suffered more than they can stand, is that the crash of Farquhar, Forrest & Co. is apparently not due to any unexpected losses that came upon them, but because they have all along been doing an unprofitable business; a business which the continued small deposits of the poor have latterly rendered possible. The question is asked: "How long has the firm been insolvent?" "Has it been bankrupt for ten or fifteen years, or when was it solvent?" The opinion expressed is that for many a long year Farquhar, Forrest & Co. have been hopelessly insolvent; that at least ten years ago they should have closed up their business and thus saved their own reputation, and escaped the cry against them which today is going up from many a widow's heart and lips, and finds utterance on the tongue of many an honest old man who intrusted his all to them now to find himself either ruined, and perhaps a pauper, or reduced to the verge of penury.

The Presbyterian church also is a heavy loser. The faithful ladies of the "women's foreign missionary society" had been successful in raising some money to send the gospel to the heathen. After paying their obligations for the past year there was a surplus of \$3,000 which was to be paid into the general foreign mission fund. Grove Presbyterian church, this city, loses \$700, the amount of its building fund which was on deposit. This, too, is gone with the rest. While the total liabilities of the firm will reach the enormous sum of about \$200,000, there will not be assets sufficient to pay the preferences of \$45,000.

Here is one instance of the grievous hardships of this failure and the firm's way of doing "business": A Presbyterian minister on the shore died not long ago leaving a widow and four young children. A small sum of money was bequeathed to them, not more than \$1,000 or so. The widow heard that she could get six per cent if she deposited her money with Farquhar, Forrest & Co. She placed \$700 with them on a deposit receipt. The interest looked so well that she made up her mind to give them the balance of her money and would have carried out that intention had the co-executor, a kindly minister, not dissuaded her. His level head made him suspicious of a business which these days could afford to pay six per cent on deposits.

The case of Dr. Legge, an old man in this city, and his wife, is particularly sad. They were too old to work. Their savings of a life time, and which they depended on to keep them independent for the few years that remained to them on earth, amounted to only \$1,200. Every cent of it was

placed on deposit with Farquhar, Forrest & Co., and every cent of it is swept away. What a grim outlook there is this winter for poor Mr. and Mrs. Legge. Scores of such instances could be enumerated, and telling the same sad story.

Some time ago the treasurer of the Dalhousie college board of governors, with commendable sagacity, became alarmed and determined to withdraw the college account from Farquhar, Forrest & Co. and place it with a regular bank. After much difficulty he succeeded in affecting the transfer, and \$1500 of college money was saved, or at all events, there was that amount to the credit of the college when the change was made.

The losers will as a general rule, fall upon presbyterians in the city and the province. The members of the firm belonged to that denomination, and there was an air of presbyterianism about the place. For that reason many church accounts were kept there, and members of that religious denomination thought that their deposits were in especially good hands. What an ill-founded hope it was! Bankrupt for years; liabilities nearly \$200,000; assets insufficient to pay the \$45,000 preferences; \$120,000 of unsecured deposits. These tell the sad story of mis-placed confidence and of the ruin which follows.

Charles Munro the great publisher of New York, is looked to from some quarters as a possible means of help in this extremity. He is related by marriage to the surviving member of the bankrupt firm. The hope is a slim one it is feared.

TOOK OFF TWO COATS.

A Halifax Worshipper who Created a Mild Sensation in a Prominent Church.

HALIFAX, Nov. 28.—Brunswick street Methodist church is the largest and most influential church of that denomination in this city. There was a large congregation present on Sunday forenoon. Besides the good sermon and the fine music the occasion was marked by the peculiar absent mindedness of one of the pillars of the church who is also one of the leading wholesale dry goods merchants of the city. The gentleman in question walked with his usual measured tread up to his pew. That caused no surprise for he is always in his place. But there was a mild sensation in the congregation when the people saw the newcomer take off his overcoat and his undercoat before he sank back into the pew. He was in his shirt sleeves. The good man's wife was at his side and her nudging was sufficient to call his attention to the fact that he had removed one garment too many. With as little appearance that a mistake had been made as possible, one of the coats was quickly again donned. It was only a small matter to be sure, but the people could not be blamed for smiling slightly.

This story reminds one that about fifteen years ago Rev. A. Townsend, one of the most popular garrison chaplains ever stationed here, was delivering a series of evening discourses on "heaven and hell." The Garrison church was crowded, except the space reserved for army officers. Just as the service was about to begin an officer entered in civilian's clothes. In a similar fit of abstraction that experienced by the Methodist worshipper, the officer took off his two coats and took a seat in his shirt sleeves. There was a titter there, too, as the coat was hastily returned to the back of the gallant officer.

Mercy Properly Extended.

The release of Albert Dodge from Dorchester penitentiary is a step which will meet with general approval. Three years ago, Dodge was a clerk in the Intercolonial freight house, on a small salary, and foolishly kept company which demanded larger expenditures of money than his salary permitted. Through what appears to have been the looseness of the check kept upon him by his superiors, he was tempted to put into his pocket money which he should have handed over, and when the discovery was made he was dealt with in a severe way by the late Judge Peters, who sent him to the penitentiary for five years.

It was felt at the time that a much lighter sentence would have been sufficient punishment for the trifling embezzlement, but the judge probably took the view that on example in these instances would deter others from going to greater lengths. Since Dodge was sent to Dorchester, and within quite recent times, much greater offenders have been let off with sentences so light as to surprise even the most lenient minded public. Dodge's friends have worked long and faithfully for him, and this week J. D. Hazen M. P. received word that the prisoner was at last to be set free. There are other convicts in Dorchester, to whom a similar leniency might be extended if they had friends to work for them.

Arrived too Late.

Society notes from New Glasgow and Bridgetown, N. S., were received too late for publication this week.

## PLOT FOR COMIC OPERA,

THE SCOTT ACT WAR IS RAGING IN KING'S COUNTY.

Two Men Who Swear To Two Very Different Stories of Different Character—One of Them Gets in Jail and Two Magistrates also Get There.

If the versatile Mr. Gilbert of comic opera fame had been in Hampton during the last week or two, he might have found a rich field for the exercise of his talents. There has been a lively amount of hustling, hard swearing and arresting, such as has not been seen, even in King's county in the palmy days of the Scott Act in the past.

What is known as the Scott Act War has raged in Hampton for several years past, and has been the cause of more hard feeling, hard swearing and hard usage than it is probable even free rum could have created. In the celebrated Belyea case, which was fully dealt with by PROGRESS at the time, Brunswick Belyea lost his property, his liberty and finally his life. This seemed to satisfy, for a time, the people who wanted law and order at any cost, but the war has never ceased, breaking out in skirmishes here and there, until at last another battle has been fought.

The central figure in the conflict has usually been W. T. Scribner, proprietor of the Vendome hotel, who had a good deal to do with the Belyea trouble. Scribner had sold liquor with more or less regularity for years past, but a few months ago he was appointed the licensed vendor under the Scott Act, the idea being that he would henceforth be a good boy and sell no liquor except when duly authorized to do so for medicinal, mechanical and artistic purposes. He is not charged with having done so yet, but he has recently been called on to answer to a charge of having sold liquor as long ago as the 10th, of August, before he was appointed vendor.

The information was made by a hired informer, a man named Peck, who makes a business of going through the Scott Act counties and laying information. Peck had, as he alleged, about eight cases in Kings county this time four of them which were against Scribner was not made at the time the offence was said to have been committed, but just in time to come within the limit of the three months allowed by law. Scribner was brought before Justice Piers and McLaughlan, and Peck made oath that he had got liquor from him on the night of the 10th, of August.

Scribner had another story to tell. Peck had sworn that he got the liquor from Scribner in person, but the accused swore, and adduced corroborative evidences, that he was not in Hampton that night, which was Saturday. He had gone to Springfield, twelve miles distant, on Friday the 9th, and did not return to Hampton until Sunday morning.

On the strength of this statement, Magistrate Thos. A. Peters, who will be remembered in connection with the Belyea case, issued a warrant for the arrest of Peck for perjury, and the arrest was made when the informer was about to continue his testimony in the court of Piers and McLaughlan. The next remarkable proceeding was the arrest of these two magistrates as witnesses and their lodgement in jail, at an hour when they were about to resume their hearing of the Scribner case.

Had the magistrates been kept in jail, the proposition was to have the hearing of the case resumed within the prison, but they were released in time to get back to their court within the hour named for the hearing to begin. This would have been one of the most extraordinary things in the history of courts in this or any other country, and there is a good deal of question as to how far a prisoner in jail can have the prison thrown open to the public for the purpose of holding a court and trying a case while he himself is in custody. Supposing it were necessary to commit a prisoner in such a case, all the justice would have to do would be to ask the offender to remain and share his quarters, thus combining the duties of judge and host in a way that strongly reminds one of Pooh Bah in the "Mikado."

The Scribner cases have yet to be dealt with, and Peck has been released on bail, by a judge's order. If Peck is guilty and Scribner is also guilty, the question will be which court is the more entitled to be believed.

The Scott Act War is a very serious thing for the morals of the community, but the varied completions it assumes from time to time are anything but serious. It has ranged in its scope all the way from a farce-comedy to the worrying of a man to death.

Mr. Tremaine Hard to Please.

A correspondent writes from Halifax that Lawyer Tremaine had a busy day last Saturday seeing that PROGRESS bulletins were torn from where they were posted. Mr. Tremaine should have thought of all this when he took up the case for the

Lears. He objects to seeing his name in print and especially to seeing it decorate the dead walls of Halifax. Hence his activity. But since the paper contained his defence in extenso and his wonderful bill against the Lears he should rather have been pleased to see it printed and himself given the benefit of all he had to say. Some people are hard to please.

CALM AND RESIGNED.

Wells Has Been Accepting the Situation With Great Philosophy.

The trial of John P. Wells was to take place in the circuit court yesterday, the grand jury having found a true bill against him early in the week. Wells did not succeed in getting bail after his committal, and from all accounts has not been anxious to do so. For him, so far, "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. Minds innocent and quiet take that for a heritage." He has been accepting his fate with true philosophy.

According to the statement of the policeman who went to the house on the night the girls were found in the room of the old man, Wells was sitting up, partly dressed, with his glasses on, devoutly reading the bible. This has been one of his lifelong customs, and his knowledge of scripture has been something wonderful. He could quote texts for all sorts of emergencies, and especially for the purpose of admonishing the thoughtless and improvident who come to him to borrow money at one-half per cent a day interest.

Since he has been in jail he has shown the utmost calmness, and has apparently given himself no uneasiness over his position. So far as anything in his manner or conversation indicated he was about as much at ease mentally as if in his own home or in the office of the Bank of Emergency.

Just what points may be taken by his counsel, Mr. Macrae, remain to be seen, but Wells himself has evidently been of the opinion that there was nothing to worry about as to his future.

HIS WAS A HASTY EXIT.

A Falling Body Said to Have Broken a Semaphore Wire.

On a line of the railways running out of St. John there is a station house. This is not a remarkable or a startling fact but near the station house is the residence of a railway employee and in that household a pretty woman resides.

There are times when the husband of this pretty woman is away and it was during one of these temporary absences that an incident occurred that has caused much mystery and not a little talk.

On the night in question a train was approaching this station when the driver discovered that the semaphore barred his way and he stopped the train and began to sound the locomotive's whistle. No reply being received he walked to the station and a short investigation proved that the semaphore wire had been broken.

The train proceeded and the fact was reported to headquarters. The official whose business it is to inquire into such matters proceeded to investigate but so far has not been able to discover why the wire was broken.

Several theories are advanced to account for the strange accident but it is all very well to theorize. One of the most amusing of these explanations is that a heavy body fell from one of the windows and struck the wire, breaking it, and causing the semaphores to change its position. Possibly the inmates of the residence could explain this and how it was that the exit of one of them was so hurried and unceremonious.

One Less on the List.

The retail license held by P. O'Regan, who died recently, has been transferred to Edward McGuigan of Water Street. Mr. McGuigan appears to have been something of a prophet, for when he got a wholesale license last May he flitted up a bar for retail business, greatly to the annoyance of his neighbors who were running a retail business in the same neighborhood under proper license. Mr. McGuigan has shown now that he wants to comply with the law, and will no longer be in dread of a visit from the vigilant chief inspector.

Another Exciting Week.

The daily papers have been kept busy this week in recording the blowing down of fences around town and the discovery of holes in the sidewalks. The most startling piece of news of this kind appeared in Wednesday's Sun, when the announcement was made that "a barrel of rotten apples and rubbish was found by the police yesterday at the corner of Union and Crown streets." All honor to the vigilance of the police. The Sun has not yet reported whether it has learned who lost this valuable parcel.

A Christmas Hint.

The appearance of Messrs. C. Flood & Sons advertisement upon the fifth page is a reminder that the holiday season approaches and a hint to look through their varied and attractive stock.