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WAGE WAR ON WIDOWS. BUT PLENTY OF LENIENCY OR OTHER LAW BREAKERS.

How the Liquor License Law is Enforced in St. John and How It is Not Enforced—The Farce of Granting Wholesale Licenses to Men Who Sell at Retail.

Sunday after Sunday, the police go through the solemn farce of reporting a certain number of tobacco stores and beer shops for violating an old law on which the courts have not yet pronounced judgment. They have been doing this for many weeks, and it has become as much a matter of routine as used to be the reports of the number of street lamps not lighted on this or that night. They know, and everybody else knows, that these people will never be fined for all these alleged offences, even if the court finally affirms the law, and that they are wasting pen, ink and paper in scrawling the reports on the books. They should be better employed, and they could be not only on Sunday, but on every day of the year.

Every day of the year, the Liquor License Act is openly violated and treated with contempt, with the full knowledge of Inspector Clark, of every policeman on the force, and of every citizen who has eyes to see as he walks along the streets.

It is true that reports of violation of the law are not uncommon, but the inspector and the police take precious good care that the wrong people are not caught. They strike at the small game, and the results are worthy of the spirit in which they set to work.

They recently reported Annie Guthrie for selling liquor without license. She does laundry work and has a small shop in the lower part of Prince William street. She has not and does not run a bar. The suspicions of some of the public were excited by seeing men going in and out of the place, and they made a search. They found a pint flask partly filled with rye whiskey, and therefore had the woman brought before the court. She swore that there was twenty cents worth of liquor there which she had procured for personal use, and that none had been sold. There was no evidence of any sale, and judgment in the case was suspended.

The other night they found a licensed tavern open a short time after the hour the law said it should be closed. It was a respectable place, kept by Mrs. Bradley; a widow who has an aged mother and several small children dependent on her for support. They reported it, of course, but judgment in the case has not yet been given.

The police can always find widows who violate the law, but they are as blind as bats when they pass a shop kept by a prosperous man who breaks the law every hour of the day in plain view of the public. When asked why they do not report him, they say it would be no use. He is supposed to have a "pull," whatever that may mean, and they would only get themselves into trouble. Other people say the police sometimes have a "pull" themselves, when they make an early morning call on an illegal dealer and get their drinks for nothing. Whatever is the cause, the illegal liquor dealer flourishes under the eyes of the chief and his men, and in some instances he has not even the gratitude to keep his money in the country, but invests it in United States bonds.

When Mayor Robertson increased the salary of Chief Clark, as inspector under the liquor license law, he did so, he says, as a matter of justice, because of that officer's efficiency. One of the papers in referring to the matter questioned his worship's motive, and said it was a case of "I scratch your back and you scratch mine," whereat His Worship is said to have felt grievously. PROGRESS did not say anything of the kind. It did not accuse the mayor of anything but an unwarrantable exercise of his authority, based upon an ignorance of the facts. It is believed that even this liberal view of the case did not please His Worship as much as some things that have been said about him in the past, but it was the best construction that could be put upon the matter.

The mayor is better informed now than he was then. He has heard complaints of licensed dealers that the law is openly broken by the permitting of men with wholesale license to carry on a retail business, and has admitted the justice of the complaints, but confessed himself powerless to remedy the evil. His defence has been that there was no limit to the issue of wholesale licenses, and that he merely acted on the recommendation of the chief inspector. The latter official then appears to be the individual on whom the whole responsibility rests.

The number of retail licenses in St. John is limited to so many for each ward, in proportion to the population. The number is more than sufficient for all practical purposes, and was so limited in order to fully meet the requirements of the drinking public and yet to restrain the traffic within reasonable bounds. There is another aspect of the case, that the retailer having to

pay pretty well for his privilege should be allowed a fair chance to make a profit out of the business. Both of these objects are utterly defeated by the issue of wholesale licenses to almost anybody who chooses to apply for them.

A wholesale license costs \$300, or just double the amount asked for a retail license, and the presumption is that where a wholesale business is done it is of sufficient volume to warrant this high figure, which would be a large amount for some petty bar-rooms where liquor is sold by the glass. A wholesale license does not permit the sale of less than two gallons at a time, and the liquor must not be drunk on the premises. It therefore seems like a mighty farce when a retail shop does an open and notorious business under a wholesale license.

Yet there are "wholesale" places on the most public thoroughfares, where nothing but a retail business is done, with the full knowledge and permission of the mayor and the chief inspector. It is believed that some of them do not sell two gallons by wholesale in the course of a year, and it is possible that some of them would be astonished if a stranger went to them for as much as two gallons at a time. A sale of two of this kind might, in some instances, so deplete their stock that they would have to send out and get a new supply.

Is it necessary to name these places? It is not. There are too many of them to warrant an attempt at enumeration unless they were taken one at a time, week after week. They stare the police and the public in the face in the most frequented parts of the city. They have the most eligible sites where the crowds pass in getting into the city or out of it. The traveller by rail has one staring him in the face as he arrives and departs, there is another under the shelter of the Water street lock up, and another on the King square. These are mentioned, not because they are any worse than others, but because each of them is so situated that it can be seen from a long distance and has not even the pretext of being down in a basement or on a back street. People going in or out of the doors of these places may be seen easily from all points in the vicinity.

Closed by each of these shops are corners where the police saunter and cool their heels, while people go into the "wholesale" liquor dealers sober, and come out not sober. Not one of the customers purchases a jug, but many a one gets a jug, and if it is after dark, the lolling policeman gets a snap by arresting the man who cannot walk straight. This gives the policeman a chance to get off duty early so that he can appear as a witness in the morning. If this internal device for encouraging unnecessary arrests were applied to the reporting of violations of the license law, there would be a different state of affairs.

Some of these wholesale places where liquor is sold only at retail have been in the business for years. Others have just started. The former having been tolerated so long, may cause no surprise, but why should new license be issued each year in localities where liquor stores are not needed? There may be instances where, when the number of retail licenses is already complete, public convenience may demand the issue of these wholesale licenses, but to start up a fully equipped bar-room with no pretense of even a restaurant business, is another matter. One of the wholesale licenses issued this year, and certified by the inspector as being required for "public convenience," was granted to a wholly new man who had worked at another trade all his life. The place licensed in this instance was directly alongside of a retail dealer who has been in the business for more than a score of years, and was within a stone's throw of other retail dealers. The wholesale license being granted a first-class retail bar was opened and is running a big trade, so big indeed that, by reducing the price of ale by the glass it brought down the receipts of the old established retailer to the extent of from \$50 to \$100 a week. The retailer went to the mayor and chief inspector, but got little satisfaction.

There is a "wholesale" bar room on King square, the proprietor of which formerly had a retail license. He sold it out at a big figure, and resumed business under a wholesale license, which does him just as well.

Another wholesale, in Lower Cove, was reported so often last year that his license was forfeited, but he seems to have had a pull of some kind and got it again. He is said to do a pretty big business. A Mill street man also had his license forfeited, but got it again. One man was fined twice last year and reported a third time. A third conviction would mean forfeiture, but he dodged it by leaving the city on urgent business and remaining away until after the licenses were granted and his name was on the list. Then his case was brought up and he was duly fined.

The wholesale places which are neither hotels nor restaurants are fitted up with all

the paraphernalia of bar-rooms. The ale pumps are in good order, there are decanters, glasses and all the evidence of a flourishing retail business. It is said, however, that in at least one case, the most conspicuous bits of evidence are removed an hour or so before the inspector comes to inspect, and the customers are kept out that day until after he has made his visit. If this is the case, who gives the tip that the inspector is coming to inspect?

There is no need of giving names. The chief inspector knows all the places where a plain everyday barroom business is done in defiance of the law, and on which he reports that the terms of the license have been fully complied with. He may claim that he has no official knowledge that the law is violated, and that somebody should make a complaint. Why does he wait for somebody to make a complaint when Annie Guthrie buys twenty cents worth of rye whiskey and takes it into her house, or when the widow Bradley happens to keep her shop open for a few minutes after the time it ought to be closed.

Now PROGRESS has no ill feeling against any of the wholesale dealers, nor does it blame them for trying to make all they can, so long as the law is so administered. Some of them keep respectable enough places, and some of them do not, but that applies to retail dealers as well. The man who is to blame is the chief inspector and chief of police who virtually aids and abets in the violation of the law he is paid to enforce, and for the alleged enforcing of which his salary was increased by an admiring mayor.

Are they never reported? Of course they are, once or twice, and sometimes three times in a year, but that does not affect the business. The public does not always hear of the reports, for they are made and the fines imposed "on the quiet," as far as the daily papers are concerned, and this is also said to be the case when an open bar business is done without any license whatever. When a licensee cannot dodge a third conviction in the course of a year, he has his license transferred and avoids the risk of forfeiture by doing the business under the name of somebody else.

Meanwhile the police are diligently at work every Sunday, and find no difficulty in showing that this shop sells cigars or this one beer, but they stand around the doorways of illegal bar-rooms, day after day and night after night without an apparent suspicion that there is any need of action. It is enough for them to watch the men who come out of these places and arrest them when they have too much liquor aboard to walk straight.

If the law is wrong in not allowing enough retail bar-rooms in St. John, it ought to be amended. The fact that the city gets a revenue of \$3000 from each wholesale bar-room, to say nothing of the revenue from fines, is no excuse for its connivance at open violation of the law. If the law is bad let it be changed; if good, let it be enforced.

There should be one law for all. At present, there seems to be one law for the widow, and another for the man who has a pull.

A CHANCE FOR SPEEDY WORK.
Some Flyers to be on Moosepath Track on Labor Day.

It is a nice thing to have the fastest horse in the Maritime provinces in town, but the fact that Pilot Jr. stands always ready for a race has made it a difficult matter for the Moosepath management to get any fast horses to enter in their free for alls. But that class was re-opened for the Labor day races and the result is since Pilot Jr. is off to Danforth and Lewiston that a number of the best ones have entered. There is Clayton the sensational pacer owned in Pictou, and Sir William of Bridgetown and Hamlet the Galois pacer that has been watched and timed and yet goes, nobody knows how much faster than 2.21. Katrina and Ardlight will do what they can for the home people and that should be a pretty respectable attempt. Ardlight has been such a short time in the trainers hands that he may not be fit for a bruising race, but there is not much doubt but he will make some of them put up a heat or two. Katrina should be in the best of shape. The pacers, however, are slippery and the trotters may have all they can do to hold their own.

The races come off Monday afternoon—Labor day. The crowd should be good and there is not much doubt but with the 2.45 and free for all events that the sport will be excellent also.

The Season Opens To-day.
The patrons of Mr. Thomas Dean of the city market will find sausages in his stall this morning and they will also be able to get their demands in this respect supplied by the retail dealers. The preparation of Mr. Dean's sausages is such they command a steadily increasing sale when the season is on. The season lasts until May and during that time he is kept busier than ever attending to this growing branch of his business.

DAVIS DID NOT RETURN.

THE TALEXICITED FRIENDS OF A FORMER CITIZEN.

There Were Many Looked for Him to Welcome Him Back from Honolulu—How The Telegraph Nearly Got a Big Scoop on the Sun—the Origin of the Rumor.

There was a buzz of excitement around the city this week, caused by the rumor that Mr. George A. Davis had returned from Honolulu, and with new ideas and fresh vigor was about to inaugurate fresh reforms in civic and legal circles. One of the daily papers got a scoop on the news, and had an appropriate personal notice in type, which was hastily snatched from the forms on the strength of later information, received just as the paper was going to press. This however, did not stop the rumor from spreading and for several days of this week the enquiry around Prince William street for Mr. Davis was nearly as general as the search after the celebrated traveller, Captain Teakles, a year or two ago. PROGRESS has taken some pains to trace the rumor to its source and has learned the following facts. Last Sunday two gentlemen at the Bay Shore engaged in conversation with a reporter of the Telegraph, and asked him if he heard that Mr. Davis was back from Honolulu. He had not heard it, and at once saw the prospect for a valuable piece of news for the paper. By gradual questioning he learned that Mr. Davis had found Honolulu no field for an energetic young man. The people had no law and did not want any, while the fortune of a millionaire was required to engage in the sugar business. Under these circumstances Mr. Davis had decided to come back to New Brunswick and look after his costs in the case of Campbell vs the Corporation, not one cent of which he has received, though the case was tried last November, because the matter is now on appeal to the supreme court of Canada, and is not likely to be decided until next November. Mr. Davis had therefore concluded to come back and see his old friends in the meantime, and was likely to be given a dinner at which police magistrate Ritchie would take the chair and recorder Skinner the vice-chair. For the present, he was sojourning at Darling's Island on the Kennebecasis.

The reporter went away somewhat unexpectedly, before the time came to say that the story was only a joke. The gentleman who had told the little bit of romance busied himself with other affairs, and the hours rolled by until evening came.

Then it began to dawn upon the joker that the Telegraph would appear in the morning with a bit of news which was an outrageous hoax, and his conscience began to trouble him. He resolved to repair the injury and prevent the news from appearing.

The easiest way to do that seemed to be to tell a certain telephone operator to inform the reporter of the unsubstantial character of his news. He saw the operator, who promised to tell the reporter, and the joker went home with a clear conscience.

The reporter, having written the paragraph, ceased his labors, the compositor set up the news and the proof reader read it. The telephone operator, busy with his duties, forgot all about the matter until half past three o'clock in the morning. Then he hustled, and somebody around the Telegraph office hustled as well to save the hoax from getting out in the early edition. They succeeded, and thus the Telegraph failed to have a scoop on the Sun that time.

Nobody found Mr. Davis. He is still in Honolulu, and the latest advices from him are that he prefers a republic to a monarchy and will stay there.

The news had spread around town, however, and it continued to spread for several days thereafter. Lots of people were looking for Davis, and many were predicting livelier times in civic affairs, which have been pretty quiet for the last few months. As the rumor spread it was added to, until it was no uncommon thing to meet a man who said he had met another man who had just met Davis on Prince William street. One report had him in company with Hon. William Pugsley, another that he had just gone into Hon. C. N. Skinner's office, while still another was that he was attending a conference on the Manitoba school question in company with Grand Master Kelly and Major Armstrong, in Grand Master Kelly's shop. A further and improved version was that he was at the police court, calling on Magistrate Ritchie to show cause why he should rush to the telephone during the hearing of a case, come back and adjourn the hearing, leaving the case to go over, the crowd to go out, and the magistrate's salary to go on. F.T.B.

Tennis Customers for Edeet.
HALIFAX, Aug. 29.—These are the days of the tennis player, when the lady or gentleman devotee of the game goes forth daily armed with racket and ball. By the way, this city can boast of some ladies who dearly love to promenade the streets at all hours of the day carrying with them their tennis racket and shoes just as if they were fresh from the court. Frequently the fact that they carry about with them the implements of the game, is no evidence that they have been playing tennis or that they can play. "It looks the thing, you know," to base the tennis racket and shoes, and they base them on every occasion for the "effect" produced. Carrying about the tennis racket and shoes is an innocent form of amusement after all.

ARE STILL KILLAMITES.
But the Word is Not Pronounced Just the Same as Before Election.

Orator McAlpine is credited with doing just work on the liberal side in the Westmorland campaign. He is also credited with the following fit of humor in regard to the result of the campaign.

"Up to Friday last, we worked nobly, gloriously, for the advancement of the principles of purity and the raising of the standard of reform in the grand old county of Westmorland. We enrolled ourselves under the liberal banner, we worked as one, with heart and hand, and we proudly called ourselves K-i-l-l-a-m-i-t-e-s. What does that spell?"

"Killamites," ventured a listener.

"Yes, Killamites, of course, and we fought as men will fight who have a principle at stake and are willing to sacrifice themselves for it. All day Saturday we fought, and well into the calm hours of the holy Sabbath day were the echoes of the conflict heard. We did well—all of us did well—but when the votes were counted we were not there. No gentlemen, our candidate was not elected. He was defeated, but today, still proud in our glorious heritage, and still standing by the noble principles of our party, we are with heart and hand as one man, and we still call ourselves K-i-l-l-a-m-i-t-e-s. What does that spell?"

"Why, Killamites, of course," says a listener.

"No, it spells Calamities, that's what it spells and that's what we are today, Calamities."

IS A UNIQUE SYSTEM.
The Utility of the Fire Department as a Life Saving Service.

The St. John substitute for a humane society and life saving service is one of the most unique institutions to be found in America, if not in the world. It consists in ringing the fire alarm and bringing out the entire fire department and salvage corps, as well as all classes and conditions of men, women and children among the citizens.

This brilliant idea was evolved at a time of great public excitement caused by the drowning of the lads Young and Munde, in Courtenay Bay, four years ago. It was shown at the time that Young could have been rescued had there been the proper appliances at hand to reach him, instead of which a crowd looked on and saw him drown. It was an extraordinary and exceptional case, and it may be that generations will be another in any respect like it.

In the talk consequent upon the tragic occurrence, a good many people were impressed with the idea that if the hook and ladder company had been called to the scene, with ropes and ladders, the lad might have been saved. Thereupon the regulation was made that in future the alarm should be rung from the nearest box in any case of accident where life was in danger. This did not mean the simple calling out of one piece of apparatus, but of everything which responded to that particular box in case of fire. It meant, usually, the calling out of three engines with fires afloat and steam up; of as many hose carts, of the hook and ladder truck, the salvage corps team and the chief's wagon with its furious horse and ever clanging gong. It meant the bringing out of all the permanent and call men, and a crowd of people so large that they would have to be kept back by ropes stretched across the streets. The custom is still in vogue. Whenever anything happens that excites the people in the vicinity they can call out the department, and they very frequently do so.

Early in the history of the new scheme a horse got its leg down a coal hole in a sidewalk, and all the department and most of the citizens were summoned to get it out. Since then several horses have run away and gone into the harbor, and the same expedient has been resorted to in order to get them out. Seldom has the fire department been called to do anything which could not have been done by the people near at hand. In some cases the horse has been drowned, and in others it has simply swum to where people could get hold of it.

Last Sunday a man swimming in the harbor suddenly sank, and was drowned. The alarm was rung from the city hall box, one which was found to draw an immense crowd, and the engines, hose carts, trucks and everything else rushed to the

scene. All the departments in America could not have saved the man, or even his body was not found until the next day. The department should not have been called, but at such times men get excited, lose their presence of mind and do all sorts of things with the idea that they will be of use.

There are times when prompt aid is needed when the life of a man, or a horse is in peril, but the calling out of the whole fire department whether it will be of use or not is one of the most absurd of ideas. In cities where matters are on a better basis, humane society appliances, such as ropes and life preservers, are found on every water front, easily accessible in case of an emergency. All that is needed is help from men, and there are usually more than enough around for such purposes. There may be cases where ladders are needed, but in this age of telephones authority to bring out the ladder truck could be had nearly as quickly as an alarm would bring it. There was plenty of time to have used a telephone to save Fred Young, had everybody thought about it.

Clearly some better system of aid in case of accident should be devised. The council should give the matter attention.

WAS TALKING SPOT CASH.
A Lawyer who Objected to an Adjournment Until He saw the Money.

Mr. H. A. McKeown had a case in the city court on Thursday, and Mr. Hugh H. McLean was counsel on the other side. It was an action against the City Railway company, and Mr. Charles D. Jones was one of the witnesses.

When the case was called, Mr. McKeown was about to proceed with it, when Mr. McLean objected, on the ground that there had been an agreement that it should be merely called and adjourned. The agreement had been made that the costs, \$3,500 for counsel fees and \$1,500 for witness should be paid by Mr. McLean.

Mr. McKeown said the money had not been paid and he intended to go on with the case. Mr. McLean got angry and appealed to Mr. Jones to support his statement.

Mr. Jones said he had heard an agreement between the two that they should make a bluff of going on with the case, but would not go on with it, and that Mr. McLean was to pay Mr. McKeown five dollars.

At this statement of affairs, as regarded the "bluff," the plaintiff appeared very much interested and not by any means pleased.

"Didn't you agree to take \$5 and consent to an adjournment?" demanded Mr. McLean.

"Yes, I did," replied Mr. McKeown, "but I haven't got the five dollars yet."

"Didn't I promise to pay you the five dollars?"

"Yes, you did, but do you suppose I am going to take your word for it," retorted Mr. McKeown hotly.

Mr. McLean got very indignant over this imprecation of his good faith, and a lively war of words followed. A truce was finally made and the matter arranged to the satisfaction of both the lawyers.

HAD A PRECEDENT FOR IT.
Not the First Time That the Tax Collector Has Been Very Prompt.

Mr. W. Hamilton Hegan's affairs came to the front again this week. Having got his furniture and other effects back from the people who had sought to absorb them, Mr. Hegan was to have an auction sale at his late residence. On Wednesday, however, Constable Bond stepped in with an execution for taxes to the amount of \$194 and here was another phase to what has been from the first a remarkable state of affairs.

Mr. Hegan's bill was for both real and personal assessment. He did not own the house, in one sense of the word, as there was merely an agreement for the sale to him and no deeds had been recorded. He had asked to be assessed in it, however, and he was assessed, as well as on his personal property. Under this state of affairs, there was no avoiding the liability, despite of the protests of the lawyer, and the arrangement was finally made that the taxes should be paid out of the proceeds of the sale. The auction took place yesterday.

The assessment law permits an execution to be issued at any time after ten days from the time the bill is served. It is never done, however, until after the first of October, unless there is danger of the city losing the amount as there was in this case. In ordinary cases, where a man pays his taxes before the first of October he gets five per cent discount, but when an execution is issued this rebate is lost, as it has been Mr. Hegan's case.

This is not the first time the chamberlain has taken time by the forelock in getting the taxes where the assets were on the point of vanishing. On one occasion the sale of the stock of a prominent crockery store was advertised, the business being wound up, but the chamberlain stepped in with an execution and got the cash in hand.

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