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WILL HAVE NO LICENSE.

A PROBABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS UNDER THE NEW LAW.

The Prohibitionists Carry Their Point, and the City of St. John Will Have to Pay for the Fun—The Liquor Dealers Will Fight—Some of the Results.

After PROGRESS had gone to press last week, the legislature, by a vote of 24 to 18 passed the amendment to the Liquor License Act. It did so on the petition of a small number of the electors of St. John, and in opposition to the wishes of four of the representatives from this constituency, the place most affected by the measure, and despite the protest of such recognized friends of prohibition as Dr. Alward and others, whose legal minds readily saw the danger of such a step. The attorney-general presented a judicial view of the situation in vain, and an analysis of the vote clearly shows that what may be called the horse sense of the Legislators was fully opposed to the step proposed. It was not a question of temperance principle fighting with the liquor interest, but of practical views against theories which unfortunately are not likely to be harmless in their results.

Messrs Stockton and Lockhart voted for the amendment, which is not a matter of surprise, especially in the case of Mr. Lockhart, who belongs to Carleton where the people are so strong against license. He seems to have voted to suit the people in his immediate neighborhood, rather than with reference to what was needed by the city as a whole. On Mr. Lockhart's behalf, however, it may be urged that he is a new member and as yet rather green in legislative matters. As for Mr. Stockton, he probably thought the occasion a favorable one to make himself solid with the prohibition element, and no doubt he has done so.

As the law now stands, the applicant for license is required to procure the signatures of one half the persons assessed on real or personal property in his district. This does not apply to the present year, but it will apply to the year 1897, and then the trouble will begin. It means prohibition in name, but not in fact, or in other words the curse of a law which will not be enforced. It will be out of the question for many of the present licensees to obtain licenses, and probably they will not waste their time in the attempt. One of them, a man who keeps a most orderly place, who has never been known to violate the law in any respect, says that he will not be able to apply, for the reason that many of the ratepayers in his district are non-resident. He could easily get half of the residents, but that will not do, and so he is likely to be shut out. "Serves him right," is probably the comment of the prohibitionist, but that is a one-sided way of looking at the fact that the best class of dealers may be put out of business and a greater number of the worst class will come in their place.

The outcome of the matter will possibly be that when the time for granting licenses comes, in 1897, no applications will be made. This will be no saving of money to the dealers, for each man may be called on to contribute the amount he would otherwise have paid for license into a defensive fund. In other words, instead of the money going to swell the revenues of the city, it will be diverted to a fund to fight the city in its attempts to have the law enforced.

The city's revenue from liquor licenses last year was about \$22,300. This is a pretty heavy gun to be taken away and pointed back at the pockets of the ratepayers. It does not, however, fully represent what the real loss will be.

It is not yet clear, however, that the effect of the law will be quite so sweeping. It may be that the worst class will only come as additions, while all who are in business now will remain there. The liquor interest is strong in St. John, and it does not propose to yield without a struggle. A Licensed Victuallers Association has been organized this week, and though no plan of campaign has yet been announced, it is understood that the organization has not been effected merely for recreation and social intercourse. It probably intends to fight when the time comes, and it will have what is a potent weapon in any fight of this kind, plenty of money at its command.

The stock of liquors held in St. John, and assessed as personal property, is believed to amount to about \$400,000. It is not less than that, and it may be more. At the present rate of taxation, \$15 on the \$1,000, the civic revenue from this is \$6,000. Under a system of prohibition this stock would not be assessable, and thus the actual cash loss in revenue would be, therefore, nearly \$30,000.

This, from a prohibition standpoint, amounts to nothing. "We do not care a snap for the loss of revenue," they say. "The financial aspect of the case does not concern us." Perhaps not, but it does concern the people as a body. It was Artemus Ward who said he loved his coun-

try so much that he was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations in defence of it.

In addition to this clear loss, the city will be put to increased expenses. The liquor dealers, combined as one man, will not take out licenses, but they will continue to sell, and under this state of affairs probably double the number of small dealers will go into business, as they did in Portland under the Scott Act. The prohibitionists say they want to drive the liquor traffic into the slums. They will probably have it there, and everywhere else. This may mean increase of the police force to cope with the increase of drunkenness, and increased sums for the maintenance of prisoners in jail. All this time the city will be piling up law expenses, put upon them by the action of a few of the citizens who have not been content to leave an already good law severely alone.

This may seem a dark picture, but it is not believed to be overdrawn. It is the view taken by most of the citizens who have looked at the matter from an impartial point of view. It is a view founded on the experience of other cities when the same misdirected zeal has been shown under the idea that the interests of temperance would be advanced.

St. John has had a singularly clear record in regard to the liquor question, considering its size and that it is a seaport. It is to be feared that as much cannot be said a year or two hence, if the present unwise amendment to the law is allowed to remain in force.

FOR CIVIC HONORS.

The Crop of Candidates Increases Little by Little Each Week.

The candidates for civic honors are coming forward slowly this season, and they are coming as individuals with no issue on which to fight, as there has been for the last two years.

Mayor Robertson having positively declined to be nominated again, Ald. McLauchlan is the recognized candidate for the office of the mayor, and as matters now stand his chances of success are excellent. During the last week there has been talk of two other candidates, but neither of them is yet in the field. One of the names mentioned is that of George W. Jones, but it is understood that Mr. Jones himself does not wish to run and that he is not so far, in the field. The other candidate is a prohibitionist, and it is put up he will probably be W. D. Baskin. The name of A. A. Stockton has been mentioned as an alternative, but it is hardly likely Dr. Stockton would consent to come to the front, especially as the chances of success are, to say the least, doubtful. Mr. Baskin, on the contrary, has had aspirations to the office for several years and would no doubt be very willing to take a nomination, whether there was a chance of winning or not.

With Ald. McLauchlan as a candidate for mayor, there will be a vacancy in Queens ward. The name of Dr. Daniel is mentioned as a candidate for the place, and there is also said to be a possibility that Mayor Robertson will have a requisition, though he has not himself given any intimation that he will be a candidate, or that having served two years as mayor he is anxious to return to the board in the capacity of an alderman.

The name of Geo. R. Ellis is mentioned for the vacancy in Kings, caused by the retirement of Ald. Copper, and there will no doubt be others, as Kings is a ward which generally has a fair supply of aspirants.

The daily papers this week have discovered that Ald. Seaton is a candidate in Victoria, as PROGRESS announced two or three weeks ago.

It is yet uncertain whether Ald. McRobbie will again be in the field in Prince ward. He had almost decided not to be, on account of the time the duties take from his business, but there is a wish among the electors that he should serve again, and he is expected to give a definite answer this week.

Gerard G. Ruel has been mentioned as a candidate either for Queens or Dukes, but it will probably be the latter if he decides to run.

No new names are mentioned in any wards of the north end except Victoria, and there is no intimation of any contest on the west side. The election all around promises to be a quiet affair this year, though possibly the advent of a prohibition candidate for mayor may make matters lively for a time.

Will Copy the Names.

The prohibitionists have at last succeeded in getting access to the applications for liquor license and the petitions of the ratepayers in favor of the respective applicants. It is understood that copies of these names are being made with a view to their publication as a horrible example of the depravity of many of the leading citizens. There does not seem any reason why a man who signs a petition for license should be ashamed of the fact in a free country, and the publication of the names do no injury except to the temperance cause, for it is likely to make opponents of prohibition where otherwise they might have been friends.

SHE GAVE HIM HER CASH

THE QUEER CASE OF A MINISTER AND AN OLD LADY.

Pastor Thompson of St. Martins Accepted the Money Mrs. McComb Handed Over to Him—He Was Called on to Pay It Back and Has Begun to do so.

The trials and tribulations of a good man have been exciting the people of St. Martins for the last six weeks or so, and they have not yet got done talking about them. The good man is Rev. W. J. Thompson, pastor of the baptist church, and as usual there is a woman in the case, though not in the sense which the use of the term generally implies.

Pastor Thompson is young, about 25 it is believed, while the woman is understood to be about 80. She is Mrs. McComb, nee Giffin, a sister of Mrs. Bradshaw of the celebrated Bradshaw will fame. Another sister is Mrs. Scott, with whom Mrs. McComb lived until the middle of January last, when her business affairs were committed to the minister's care.

Mr. Thompson is an Englishman who has been stationed at St. Martins a year or so, and who has been engaged to stay for another year. He appears to be an admirer and disciple of Justin D. Fulton, for when on a visit to Boston, some weeks ago, he delivered a red-hot address on A. P. A. lines, which was fully reported in the Standard of that city, which appeared to think that he was a representative minister in this part of the world. This Boston trip was after he had become Mrs. McComb's trustee.

The story goes that early in January, Mrs. McComb told him that she wished to hand over all her property to him. Just why she wanted to do so does not appear, but it may be inferred that she is of a somewhat eccentric nature. The pastor accepted the trust, and she thereupon handed over to him \$696, consisting of \$410.25 cash in hand and a bank book with a deposit of \$285.75. She also made a will in his favor, apparently to settle any questions in event of her death, for she does not appear to have had any further property than the money in question.

Having handed over her fortune, she went to the minister's house to live. It may have been her idea to thus find a home for her declining years, the pastor to provide for her out of the money she had given him. A few days later she fell down stairs and received some injury to her collar bone. Dr. Gillmor was called in and she received due medical attention.

Whether the fall made her more eccentric than she had been, or whether by this time the course she had taken in handing over her money seemed to Pastor Thompson a crazy thing for her to do, he seems to have got it into his head that she was insane. It so, she should be put where she would get proper attention. It would seem that the pastor was right in his diagnosis of her mental condition, for the doctor appears to have agreed with him, and at the pastor's suggestion, it is said, made out the necessary certificate to entitle her to admission to the Lunatic Asylum. The amount of money the pastor had received would doubtless have been devoted to securing the best of board and attention at that institution, and no doubt she would have been very comfortable there. The rumor of this intention having become current however, some of her friends strongly protested against such a course being taken, and so she remained where she was.

Shortly after this, about the 20th of January, Pastor Thompson went to Boston where he came into prominence as an advocate of the principle of America for the Americans. Before going, it is understood, he thoughtfully provided for the possible contingency of his aged ward's death by directing that, in such event, a suitable coffin be procured and the remains properly buried. The suitable coffin, in his opinion, should not be an expensive one.

Mrs. McComb was not dead when he returned from Boston, but in the meantime some of her relatives had become very much alive, and were insisting that she should get her money back.

The pastor, who had accepted it to oblige her, and virtually only borrowed it, heard all that was said and expressed himself as quite willing to do what was right. Some men in his place might have held that the transaction having been completed and the money passed it was too late to reconsider the question, but he was apparently quite willing to discuss the question from an equitable standpoint. Besides, some of the old lady's relatives were very determined to get the money back. Some of the people wanted the church to investigate the matter, but the pastor declared there was no need of an investigation, as he could settle it all himself. So the idea of an investigation was dropped.

Pastor Thompson said he was quite willing to pay back the money, but he did not produce it, and finally the claimants insisted on having the cash. Mr. Thompson was not

prepared to pay it just then, but he wanted to do what was right. He had not the money, but he would give his notes at one, two and three years, with interest at six per cent, which, he remarked was a better rate than any of the banks would give. While the truth of this was not disputed the proposition was not accepted. Mr. Thompson also stated that before going away he had paid back some \$300 of the money, but it is presumed that Mrs. McComb, in one of her eccentric moods, must have hidden this sum away and forgotten about it as she remembered nothing about it and did not appear to have the money.

After some further discussion of the matter, however, Mr. Thompson made a payment on account by handing over a bank book in his own name, with \$264 to his credit. No doubt the remaining balance due will be paid over in due time. Meanwhile, the matter is in the hands of a St. John lawyer, who is considered a pretty good collector.

While the affair has been a live topic of conversation in St. Martins for some weeks past, Mr. Thompson seems to have had the good fortune to come out of it not only without suffering in the estimation of his congregation, but with their renewed confidence in him. He has been engaged for another year with increase of salary.

The moral appears to be that ministers whom eccentric aged ladies want to make their bankers, trustees or legatees, should satisfy themselves that those ladies and their relatives are of one mind on the subject. Otherwise the ministers may be put to trouble and annoyance, and even have their motives questioned. In a world too ready to carp at and criticize the actions of good men, all may not come out of the ordeal so free from adverse comment as Pastor Thompson appears to have done.

NOT ROOM ENOUGH FOR BOTH.

Either Col. Egan or Capt. Dixon Will Leave the 62nd Rifles.

HALIFAX, March 5.—The long and bitter fight between Colonel Egan and the officers of the 62nd Rifles, particulars of which PROGRESS alone of all the papers in Canada ever gave the public any information, has at last come to a head. Lieutenant-Colonel Maunsell, D. G. A., and commandant of the Infantry school at Fredericton, was in Halifax this week holding an investigation into the internal management of the regiment. The colonel was sent here as an unbiased outsider, over the head of D. A. G. Irving stationed at Halifax. Captain Dixon charges Colonel Egan with favoritism inefficiency and nearly everything that is bad in a commanding officer. All the old sores were opened up and probed to the bottom. Adjutant C. D. Macdonald ranges himself on the colonel's side, but most of the officers, like Captain Dixon, are his enemies. Colonel Egan had his innings, too, at the investigation, for he brought a charge of insubordination against Dixon. The immediate cause of the investigation is the refusal of Colonel Egan to re-enroll H. D. Hallaway as quarter-master sergeant, an act for which most people think he might well have good reasons. Why he should refuse to re-enroll Pickford it is not so easy to see, but the Pickford matter shows how desirable it is often for people to think as much as they like but to say as little as possible.

Whether it will be Colonel Egan or Captain Dixon who comes out on top Colonel Maunsell, General Gascoigne, and the future, only can tell, but one thing seems to be sure, that if one wins the other will have to get out of the Rifles as speedily as his legs can carry him. There is barely room enough in the battalion now for both, but certainly, as soon as the decision of the authorities is made known, either the colonel or the Captain will have to go without standing upon the order of his going.

Those Delayed Mails.

It may be that the United States postal authorities did the best they could in forwarding the mails through Maine during the recent wash-out on the railways, but it does look as though something better could have been done. To have the Sunday mail not reach St. John until Thursday savors of half a century ago. It may be that the fact that the delay was away down east in Maine did not make much impression on the authorities, who left the railways to worry out of the matter in their own good time. It is hardly probable that such a delay would have been tolerated anywhere on the line between Maine and Washington. To have seventeen tons of mail matter piled up in the St. John office in one day, with more to follow, is something new in postal experience here.

Sorry to Have Him Go.

Mr. F. W. Warren has shown himself such a courteous and efficient manager of the St. John city railway that the citizens will regret his removal to Montreal, though the change will not be unpleasant to him. He made many friends in this city, and they were practically all with whom he was brought into contact.

FOUGHT TWO ENEMIES.

TROUBLE BETWEEN TWO HALIFAX FIRE COMPANIES.

The Way in which Some of the Firemen Fought off Old Scores—Black Eyes as Memoranda of the Late Fire—An Interesting Fight on a Burning Roof.

HALIFAX, March 5.—The bitter hatred that exists between the factions interested personally in the Halifax fire department was never shown more clearly than at the two last fires which have occurred in this city. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the hatred on those occasions was manifested not only between adherents of the Union Engine Company and Halifax Fire Department, but also at the same time between followers of Chief Ryan and Captain Connolly, the two leading candidates for the chiefship of the paid department about to be organized.

The first outbreak of hostilities occurred at the fire of more than a week ago on Union street. Captain Connolly was there, and the Union One Company members were there. The trouble was between the Union One Company and Captain Connolly. Orders were given by the One men which they openly and defiantly refused to obey. "Who is this who tells us what to do? Away with him!" they in effect cried. The building blazed away, while firemen argued the matter out, and men angrily ranged themselves on opposite sides prepared to use their fists if other means of settling matters of prerogative failed. Other means, happily, did not fail, and the would be combatants were separated without the striking of blows.

At the Gordon & Keith fire which destroyed \$175,000 worth of property, while the fire was at its height, two leading men among the fire fighters were engaged in deadly combat between themselves. The encounter took place upon the roof of the far-famed Orpheus club building. Lieutenant J. E. Burns was there with two others, holding the nozzle of a hose and directing a stream of water through one of the side windows of the burning building. Captain Connolly was in command on Barrington street, and Chairman Ryan on Granville. A portion of the walls had just fallen, and it seems that Captain Connolly shouted an order to Burns to change the location of his hose in order to make it more effective. Burns either did not, or pretended he did not, hear the order. By the way, though Burns is one of the Union Engine Company, he is neutral as regards the election of Connolly as chief.

Seeing Burns' opponent disregard of Captain Connolly's orders, John T. Murphy, who has no official position in the H. F. D., but is a branch man on the Chemical and is fire alarm electrician, hastened from Connolly's side and mounted the roof of the Orpheus hall. Murphy had no special reason to espouse Connolly's cause, but his love was by no means intense for Burns. He strode up to the lieutenant and told him in arbitrary tones to charge the hose in obedience to Captain Connolly's orders. Burns in most energetic language repudiated the messenger, it not also the man from whom the order was supposed to have emanated. Stung by insult, fancied or real, Murphy dealt Burns a heavy right-bander straight over the left eye, cutting it badly. Burns went reeling to the roof, and Smith, one of the others holding the nozzle, was flung almost over the edge of the building, 25 feet above the ground.

This ended the first round but there was less than the recognized set when the second began. Burns is a boxer of no mean ability. His bile was up, and he rushed at Murphy with blood over his eye (fire with it), and skin in his fists, dealing him a stunner in the neck, so that the electrician dropped to the roof like a fifty pound weight. There was no third round because the ball dozen men on the roof interfered and parted the combatants.

Thus this fight went on while Gordon & Keith's premises and stock, worth nearly \$175,000, were going up in smoke, and a whole block was in imminent risk of sharing in the destruction of the conflagration? Stipendiary Fielding was asked for a warrant on Monday by Burns for the arrest of Murphy, but the magistrate would grant only a summons.

On the roof of Orpheus hall thus, there was a fight, but elsewhere around that fire there was talk of "assault and battery," and more than one fireman said he was keeping his eyes about him not merely to do what was possible to stay the progress of the flames, but to resist the attacks of men who are alleged to have been watching a chance to make even old scores with old enemies.

Notwithstanding this state of affairs, the general opinion is that the Halifax fire fighters managed the operations they were carried on with skill and success. Except for the destruction caused to an adjoining building by the falling brick walls the loss of the fire was practically confined to Gordon & Keith's structure yet effective in one sense than the firemen's display of skill and courage was the dramatic exhibition of

hatred and temper seen on the roof that early Sunday morning. May its like not soon be repeated!

WAS A BALD-HEADED MOOSE.

This is Why the Doctor Does not Think He Ought to Pay for It.

HALIFAX, March 5.—Dr. Gow is one of the most popular of younger Halifax physicians. His brother medicals all like the jolly doctor. They sympathized with him in a recent case he had in the city civil court, not because they thought he figured in an unpleasant light as defendant in the suit, but because the poor fellow lost his case. But he has given notice of appeal and will doubtless come out right in the end. The matter in dispute was the payment of about \$15 for which Taxidermist Purcell sued Dr. Gow. The doctor is like many laymen, anxious to shine as an expert huntsman or in any other legitimate way. He purchased a moose head some months ago and sent it to Purcell to be mounted. This head was decomposed but the taxidermist undertook to make a good job of it. It had not hung long in Dr. Gow's house, and been pointed out as one of his trophies of the chase, when the moose became bald-headed. The doctor had paid \$5 on account to Purcell and the ugly appearance of the hairless moose head so enraged him that he flatly refused, after frequent calls from Purcell for money, to pay another cent. The taxidermist was defied to collect his balance of \$15. Purcell took up the challenge, carried the matter into the city civil court, and obtained judgment from Magistrate Fielding for the amount. But Dr. Gow is a hard fighter, and amid the plaudits of his friends he has entered an appeal.

Mr. MacKay's Diamond Ring.

HALIFAX, March 5.—Chief O'Sullivan and Sheriff Archibald have been served with notice of an action that is threatened against them for the recovery of a diamond ring. The law firm of Thompson & Rawlings are taking this initiation at the instance of a St. John man—John MacKay, Jr. It is understood that Chief and Sheriff are prepared to defend themselves and to give an interesting historical sketch of the ring when the case comes to trial. Mr. Dimock of this city, and MacKay, had some business connection which was related at the time in the courts. The ring which was a handsome one, fell into the hands of certain people in this city with whom it would not be creditable ordinarily to have a close acquaintance. Detective Power came across the ring, and in order that it might be available when the owner laid claim to it, became responsible for \$15 and took the jewel. The police held it safely till one day, after some legal preliminaries, an officer came to Chief O'Sullivan, in the interest of Mr. Dimock, and served him with papers which authorized the taking of the ring or failing that the body of the chief. The paper was genuine and as the Chief always prefers to take some one else's body to giving up his own, he delivered up the ring. Now MacKay the original owner, lays claim to it, alleging that the former proceeding were irregular, and it is in connection with this case that the interesting historical sketch is promised.

Dr. Hetherington's Offices.

Dr. Hetherington having resigned several of the offices he held on being appointed superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum, two of them have been promptly filled by the provincial government. The position of commissioner of the General Public Hospital has been given to Dr. H. G. Addy and that of coroner to Dr. T. D. Walker. The position of school trustee is one in the gift of the common council, and Dr. W. W. White and George E. Day are candidates for the position. There seems to be some feeling that doctors and professional men generally are getting too many offices nowadays, and there are many who think the ordinary citizen, whatever his occupation, ought to be given a chance once in a while.

Something New in Pies.

At a sleighing party, the other evening one of the most promising looking articles unpacked among the refreshments at the end of the route was a very tempting looking chocolate pie, got up in the most appetizing style. The sections into which it was cut were eagerly taken as the plate was passed, but when it came to eating there was another story. The chocolate on the top was all right, and there was plenty of it, but the rest of the pie was of wood, though so skillfully made and colored that an actual attempt at biting was necessary to detect the fraud. The people who got pieces of that pie are keeping them as souvenirs of the occasion.

Good Bye Sleighing.

Unless all signs fail, the sleighing in St. John—that is, sleighing that is really worth having—is over for the winter. It lasted just one month, and was good enough while it was here. There will be more snow of course, and it may be, so me heavy storms, but the era of sleighing parties and the like may be said to be done. The winter has been a short, i not a merry one.