

# PROGRESS.

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## LEVIED ON THE SUGAR.

CAN THE MAYOR GET REDRESS FOR THE ACTION.

A North Wharf Merchant is Sued for Water Taxes but Failed to Pay and the Constable Levied on His Goods Among Which was a Lot of Sugar Belonging to the Mayor.

The merchants of Prince William street and vicinity, and the officials in the city building, have been thrown into considerable excitement this week through the action of a member of the constabulary force, who has levied on sugar, stored by Mayor Robertson, in a north wharf warehouse.

The circumstances connected with the case, are of a very peculiar nature, and the mayor has threatened to take action against the city, if his goods are not returned to him immediately. The banks are also deeply interested in the affair, and are very strong in putting forth their claims.

The affair which at this early stage, has created such a sensation in the outcome of a north wharf merchants taxes not being paid. Constable French plays a prominent part in this little episode, which threatens the city with a civic fight.

In discharge of his duties, the city chamberlain found it necessary to issue a writ against the north wharf merchant whose water assessments are said to be in arrears, and consequently constable French was chosen to serve the warrant.

Armed with the necessary papers, he went to the premises of the merchant, and demanded the money due the city for water rates.

Whether the merchant was short this amount or not, he at once refused to pay, and the city official decided to levy on certain goods stowed in the warehouse.

Of late sugar speculations have caught the fancy of many of the St. John merchants, and his worship the mayor, who has long been interested in the grocery business, saw a good chance to speculate, so he accordingly purchased one hundred barrels of sugar. Being somewhat crowded for space in his own business house, he decided to store the sugar, on the premises of the north wharf merchant, and that is how the mayor is concerned in the affair.

When the constable visited the warehouse, the many barrels of sugar stored therein caught his eye, and being ignorant as to whose property it was, he decided to levy on it.

After considerable talk with the merchant the constable returned to the city building to make known to the chamberlain the proceedings he had taken against the merchant.

The chamberlain was of the opinion, that the action was a just one, and it was not until he had talked with the mayor relative to the matter, that he learned the true facts of the case. Mayor Robertson is naturally very much annoyed, at what has taken place, and has threatened the city with an action unless his property is at once restored to him.

It is not positively known just how the banks are interested, but it is evident that they are, for a warfare is being vigorously waged between them and the north wharf merchant. The constable claims that his action in the matter was perfectly justifiable and legal, and claims the fees due him for his services. It is not known just what will be the result but the case will be watched with much interest.

## WILL HAVE TO PROVE THE CHARGE.

Mr. Hebert has a Difficulty With the Commissioners.

A Richibucto correspondent writes PROGRESS as follows this week:

A lively meeting of the liquor commissioners was held here last week to deal with the application of Pascal Hebert, who is well known throughout Westmorland county, where he has resided for some years. Mr. Hebert came to Kingston, three miles from here, recently, and opened up "shop" to carry on a wholesale liquor business. A small petition was presented to the commissioners against Mr. Hebert being granted a license, but the petitioners had not complied with the law and the petition was worthless. Two local evangelists, who were present, then undertook to attack Mr. Hebert's moral character, but the latter proved more than a match for them by showing that his character was as good as the average. The commissioners are opposed to Mr. Hebert getting a license and they have made a charge against him for selling without a license, which they will be expected to

prove at another meeting to be held in a few days.

The Scott Act agitation which started here a few weeks ago has about subsided. A great majority of the clergymen, temperance folks and the solid people generally, are opposed to the Scott Act, as they consider it does more harm than good. Few counties can show as good a moral standing as Kent County, and if the Scott Act should be introduced all would be changed, for there is no law in existence that can breed more crime, disturb more communities and cause more persecution than this same Scott Act.

## GOT HOLD OF HIS WHISKERS.

I. C. R. Gatekeeper Stevens Loses a Portion of His Flowing Beard.

Whiskers are not usually accounted an expensive article of adornment or use, but this week Mary Ann Young was asked to pay \$28 for just one little handful of I. C. R. gatekeeper Stevens' long flowing beard. Sometimes when rude travellers ask silly questions Mr. Stevens gets very angry and at such times the offender is made to feel that the gatekeeper has enough whiskers and to spare, for all ordinary talking purposes; but in the future he will find the feat known as "talking through his whiskers" less difficult for Mary Ann thinned them out considerably last Saturday. It might be remarked that the great increase in the price was not caused by any tariff changes.

Mary Ann Young is a young quaw whose one great weakness is for "fire water." She has long been known to the trainmen and depot officials as a bad and vicious member of the dusky tribe to which she belongs, and in the past they have had trouble with her at various times.

For many years Mary Ann lived at Apohaqui but lately she has taken up her residence at Welsford, and when at home she is very industrious. She cannot, however, withstand the temptations of the wicked city, and a visit to town usually results very disastrously for the dusky maiden. Last week she arrived here laden with baskets, which she managed to dispose of at a good figure. Early Saturday morning she was noticed to be considerably under the influence, and was in a fairly playful mood when she reached the depot on the evening of that day.

Her exuberant spirits found vent in several blood-curdling warwhoops that caused much consternation and fear among the assembled travellers, and led to an attempt, on the part of the depot officer, to pacify the noisy damsel. His efforts in this direction were unavailing for soon he and Mary Ann were in a clinch; the fear of the many who had heard the whoops gave place to the excitement attendant upon a fight and many were the speculations as to which would come out best in this particular bout.

Mr. Stevens' whiskers seemed to be Miss Young's objective point, for after several unsuccessful attempts to get a good hold of them, she at last got her strong fingers implanted in them and held on with a regular death grip. When she at last came out of the fray she had a handful of whiskers, and officer Stevens had a bare and painful spot on his chin. Mary Ann was finally placed in the "cooler" at the end of the train shed in spite of violent resistance.

Monday she was brought before Magistrate Ritchie, the charge being drunkenness and resisting the police. Her sentence was a fine of \$28 or two months in jail. In default of payment of the fine she was sent to jail and it is to be hoped that when next she feels particularly hilarious she will have sense enough to leave gatekeeper Stevens' whiskers alone.

## THEY DIDN'T GET THE RAT.

But One of the Young Men Got a Blow That Laid Him up.

Last Wednesday evening two young clerks in a King street clothing store started out for a little evening stroll after the store had been closed at the usual hour of 9 o'clock. They bent their steps in the direction of Reeds point, and were quietly discussing personal matters when a rat made its appearance on the street just ahead of them.

With the intention of having a little quiet sport the young men began a chase after the rodent, separating so as to head it off. Suddenly the rat made a turn as though to leave the sidewalk for the street, when the young man nearest the dwellings made a dive at it with his cane; instead of hitting the rat however he brought the full force of his cane across his friend's knee. The blow was sufficiently hard to break the

cane. The injured man fell to the ground with a howl of agony, and before either had fairly realized what the trouble was they were surrounded by a crowd who were prepared to see a regular fight. In this they were disappointed however, for matters were quickly explained and both young men were allowed to depart in peace, but one of them had a difficulty in reaching home and has not been able to attend to his duties since.

## INVOLVED IN MANY SUITS.

A Halifax Man Who is Having Plenty of Law Suits.

HALIFAX, May 20.—There is a much law suited man in Halifax today, with whom, however, the public have much sympathy. He is E. B. Sutcliffe of the Metropole building. He changed the building which now bears the name mentioned from a commonplace edifice into one containing offices that would be credit to almost any city, though in doing this he sacrificed other interests. It is unfortunate that such a man should find himself so tangled up with law, especially when it is remembered that up to the present he knew nothing of the law's devious ways, never before having been even so much as a witness in a court of law. S. M. Brookfield, the contractor for the metropole has a suit with Mr. Sutcliffe, so has the architect, and so had McDonald & Co., who put in the hydraulic elevator. The Macdonalds won their suit, and then the hydraulic elevator was taken out and replaced by an electric.

Hattie & Mylius, druggists, are the latest to enter the regal lists for a contest with Mr. Sutcliffe. He had dreams of a big drug trust and he entered into negotiations with the firm referred to with this end in view. Then there was a withdrawal and now a suit is pending for damages.

There is not to be a law suit over Mr. Sutcliffe's negotiations for the purchase of Sherwood, because the order of sisters who own the property never enter law courts except to defend themselves. Sherwood is a historic and beautiful place on Bedford basin. Mr. Sutcliffe became filled with the idea that on it could be established a magnificent hydropathic institute that would draw patients from the whole American continent. So he made all the arrangements for buying it, but the balance of the money was never paid. When came a white elephant on his hands, the institute idea faded into thin air, the property became a white elephant to the would-be purchaser, and he was at last glad to lose the money he had paid down, the improvements he had put on it costing \$600 or \$700. And Halifax thus failed to get its great hydropathic hospital.

It is unfortunate that one so enterprising as the owner of the pioneer office building in Halifax should be so beset by the law as he finds himself, for the suits that have been mentioned are not the whole of this kind of trouble that could be enumerated.

## Published His Own Banns.

HALIFAX, May 20.—It is not the usual thing here to make the marriage ceremony legal by publishing the banns. The customary way is to obtain a license. Still more unusual is it for a minister to publish his own banns, yet this is what the rector of St. George's church in this city, did last Sunday. The procedure caused a mild sensation especially with a half dozen maiden ladies in the congregation. These could hardly suppress a titter.

This rector's course in all things is manly and courageous, however, and it is precious little he cares what such critics think of his conduct. When he thinks a certain course is right he takes it, and allows consequences to look after themselves. Congratulations, Rector!

## REAPING HIS REWARD.

The Dishonest Trustees Being Summarily Dealt With.

HALIFAX, May 20.—One of the "Committee men" who had gone wrong in financial matters, as reported by PROGRESS two weeks ago, is finding the hardships of his course. He has been expelled by St. Mary's young men's society, and on Monday night a similar fate in the Charitable Irish society. More than this he was given a week to pay up the \$243 which affidavits that were produced went to show he misappropriated, and preminent legal firm has been instructed to institute legal proceedings, which promise to be serious.

At the last meeting of the city council the man in question was unanimously reappointed to his position in the civic employ.

## HE CARRIES PISTOLS.

AND DISCHARGES THEM PROMISCUOUSLY IN A CROWD.

A Moncton Police Officer who is Very Zealous in his Work is Bound to get a Victim Even if he Kills or Maims Other Citizens of the Railway Town.

The way of the transgressor is proverbially hard! Perhaps it is not always quite as hard as practical justice would lead us to suppose; but then taken altogether the evil doer is apt to have at least an anxious time of it endeavouring to keep clear of fleet footed justice in the shape of the blue coated minions of the law; and he frequently gets more exercise in that way, than is altogether good for a delicate constitution. This is especially the case in Moncton at the present time and if the new police force keep up the extraordinary zeal in the performance of their duties, with which they seem overcharged now, the chances are that the Moncton man who strays from the path of rectitude will become such a skilled acrobat that he can forsake his evil ways at any time, and take a leading position in a travelling circus.

Of course, as said before, zeal is an excellent thing in its way, especially when it is intelligently directed, but when it is coupled with such recklessness and disregard of the rights of the citizens in general, it is time to call a halt lest the police force instead of fulfilling their duties as guardians of public safety, should prove a worse menace to the public, than the criminal classes they are employed to suppress.

A very forcible exemplification of this danger was given in Moncton on Saturday night by the manner in which some members of the new police force endeavored to effect the arrest of a man who was suspected of being concerned in counterfeiting. They visited a house on Telegraph street which does not enjoy the best of reputations, at the comparatively hour of ten o'clock, in search of the man wanted. Finding the house closed and the doors locked, and being refused admission, they were considering what should be their next move, when a young man with every appearance of belonging to the more respectable class of citizens, was seen to spring from a second story window, recover himself rapidly from the shock of alighting, and depart for the trackless wastes of the elsewhere at a speed which would have put the fleet footed foe to shame. Unable to overtake him, and utterly without proof that he was the man they were in search of, one of the number decided with great presence of mind that something must be done, so he acted on the decision at once, by firing three or four shots from his revolver after the flying figure regardless of the fact that numbers of people are likely to be abroad at that hour, and death is no more desirable because it comes at the hands of a hard-brained policeman in the discharge of what he considers his duty, than if it came in the ordinary course of nature. It is not known where any policeman would find legal authority for shooting down a man at sight merely on the suspicion, which in this case proved to be quite unfounded—that he is the person named, and as it is against the law to discharge firearms within city limits, it would almost seem as if policeman who persisted in doing so, placed themselves in the grasp of the law which they are employed to enforce. As it happened no one was hurt, though several natives of that town have asserted that they had narrow escapes, and the young man whose agility had stood him in such good stead will be quite within the mark in asserting he had a very narrow escape indeed, though it is scarcely likely that he will feel inclined to say very much about his performances in the acrobatic line that evening.

Later the same night, the above mentioned policeman was the hero of another Texan frontier, Buffalo Bill episode which took place on Bonnacord street and was more in keeping with the civilization of the Wild and Woolly West, than that of a city like Moncton. It is a dull day for this particular member of the force when he does not succeed in asserting someone, so he started out in search of fresh game after his first failure, and succeeded in bagging a young man named Welch whose offence consisted of breaking out of the lockup nearly two years ago, and who has apparently not been molested since. The capture was effected by stealing around a corner and suddenly pouncing upon the victim with an

ear splitting war whoop, which was heard by residents several blocks away, pointing a revolver at his head and commanding him to put up his hands. After some hesitation young Welch complied with the courteous request, as most any one would do under the circumstances, and with the assistance of a bystander who was attracted by the unearthly racket, handcuffed him, and led him triumphantly to the police station. That this policeman does what he looks upon as his duty fearlessly, is a fact none can gainsay, and he also displays a personal courage for which he is entitled to due credit, but at the same time it would seem in the light of his recent performances that the chairman of the police committee would do well either to take his revolver from him, until he learns to be more cautious in using it, or else see that it was loaded with blank cartridges. People would feel safer when obliged to be on the streets at night, and would be willing to dispense with Wild West shows in consideration of the greater security they would then enjoy against being accidentally shot, in mistake for some fleeing criminal.

## HOW HE LOST HIS GIRL.

They got Separated at the Theatre but met at the Ferry.

A young man residing in the west side visited the Opera house on Monday evening in company with a young lady friend, and before the evening ended were the principal characters in a little scene that was more interesting to them than any they had witnessed on the stage.

The weather on that evening was rather threatening and the couple referred to, were like many others, well armed with wraps and umbrellas. Their seats were near the centre of the house and though they were very much interested in the performance, they were obliged to leave a little while before it ended in order to catch the last trip of the ferry boat. The young man stepped into the aisle and allowed the lady to pass out after which he stooped to secure his overcoat, hat and umbrella. In some way it was a little difficult to extricate the articles in question, so it was two or three minutes before he had his overcoat on and was ready to start. The young lady, meanwhile, thinking the young man was just behind, kept on until she reached the vestibule when she discovered that she was alone. Not knowing just what had become of him, and being a little excited perhaps, she rushed down the stairs. Just about this time the young man found that the young lady was nowhere to be seen. He started to go out the centre door but changed his mind and after a slight pause made a dash for one of the side entrances. The girl was of course nowhere in sight and the young man hastened back to the seats they had occupied, to enquire of a friend sitting near if he had seen the lady. The friend had noticed her leaving the seat but nothing more, so the by this time thoroughly excited young man realized that there was a mistake somewhere, and he too decided to do what seemed the only wise thing under the circumstances, hurry down to the ferry boat in the hope that he might find her there. Breathless he arrived at the ferry, about the same time as did the lady, who had taken a different route. Fortunately both were agreed as to just how the mistake occurred, so they still bask in the sunlight of each other's smiles.

## A WELL EQUIPPED HOTEL.

The Victoria is second to None in New Brunswick.

The Victoria Hotel, King street, of which Mr. D. W. McCormick is proprietor has for a long time been recognized as one of the leading hotels in the province and under its present management has done a thriving business for many years.

Guests at the Victoria are treated in a very cordial manner while the "table" at this hotel compares favorably with those of the leading hotels of America while, other accommodations at this house are first class.

Many improvements were made in this hotel last spring. An electric elevator was placed therein, a tile floor laid in the corridor, a plate glass front added to the building and a neat and attractive barber shop opened. Mr. McCormick has expended a large sum of money on the upper apartments of the hotel this year. The spacious dining room parlors and writing rooms on the second floor have received handsome ornamental steel panel ceilings which are very unique in design and are finished in glowing colors. Many of the bedrooms have been re-carpeted and re-painted, and the interior of the hotel has been otherwise greatly improved. As a whole the hotel which has received the usual spring house cleaning presents, a very attractive appearance.