

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 479.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE MAINE HOTEL STORY THROWN IN THE SHADE.

A Moncton Physician and a Trained Nurse Deceived by the Sudden Rise in the Thermometer—The Cause Which Led to the Situation—Other Happenings.

An item has been going the rounds in regard to a Maine hotel man who keeps his guests cool during the holidays by working upon their imagination. He conceals an ice chest near the thermometer on the piazza and the guests seeing it register only 75 and 80 degrees regulate their feelings accordingly and keep cool. In regard to this story a gentleman in this city writes PROGRESS as follows:

I find that wherever that story of the Maine man and his device for keeping his guests in a state of good humor with the climate, and with his own particular hostelry is read, it creates a smile of incredulity that the imagination could be so worked upon; but I should like to tell you of a case that occurred, to my certain knowledge, and that deceived even medical men and others not given to any useless indulgence of imagination. The incident to which I refer happened to a lady who has many friends in this city and Fredericton; she was teaching in Moncton at the time and there are several who can vouch for the truth of the story.

While in the railway town she was stricken with fever, which developed very serious symptoms, but finally succumbed to skilled medical treatment and careful nursing. During the early stages of her convalescence it was particularly desirable to keep the temperature of the sick room at about 80 degrees. Upon this, in a large measure, depended the patient's recovery, so that the nurse, physician and the family in which the young lady boarded were deeply interested in the movements of the mercury in one particular thermometer which hung several feet from the foot of the sick bed.

One Sunday evening the nurse returned from a little walk, and after performing various duties looked to see if the temperature of the room was all right; with an incredulous stare, she rubbed her eyes and looked again—the thermometer registered 90. This was all the more unaccountable in view of the fact that the nurse fancied she had found the air a little chilly during her walk. She looked at her patient who had fallen into a doze—induced no doubt by the heat of the room, and then started in to remedy the undesirable state of affairs—a window was lowered, a screen being placed in front of the bed to guard against draught, the nurse, and a member of the family vigorously wielded two large fans, but it was no use—up crept the mercury to 95 degrees.

The doctor was hastily summoned and the matter explained. Yes; the room was too warm altogether; the doctor mopped his brow, unbuttoned his vest, ordered another window opened, and that all the fires should be extinguished. After a while the mercury dropped a few degrees, but still, with surprising stubbornness refused to go back to where it had started from, half an hour before. It still registered in the vicinity of 95 when the patient awoke, drew the clothes closer up around her neck and complained of feeling cold.

The doctor made a dash for the thermometer, but as he reached for it his hand came in contact with the wall, and with an expression hardly suited to the sanctity of a sick room, he retreated. The nurse's examination left her in a similar state of charge; and the cause of the sudden fall in their temperature was fully explained when an investigation showed that the family occupying the first floor had lighted a fire in their sitting room, which was directly under the sick young lady's bedroom, and that it was against a chimney, through which ran a pipe, that the thermometer was hanging. The story is true in every particular, and to some would seem much funnier than the story of the Maine hotel man.

DIDN'T GET ALL HIS PAY.

And Now the Cornet Player is Out With St. John Musicians.

A cornet player, belonging to Halifax, who returned to his native city from St. John a few days since, tells a story which reflects a great deal on the character of one of our band masters. According to the musician's tale, he received an offer from the band master, in question to come over to St. John Jubilee time and display his abilities as a cornet player in the band. The amount offered for the time was \$10, so said the

band master. As the cornet player was not otherwise employed he readily accepted the offer, and came to this city. He played in the band during the demonstrations; but at the close his money was not forthcoming. After several attempts to secure it, he received \$1, but the balance he could not get. The only satisfaction he says he received from the bandmaster was an offer to procure him a situation in a factory of the salary of \$5 per week. However the musician returned to the Nova Scotia capital just \$6 poorer than he expected to have done.

IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

Life Does Not Always Glide on With Undisturbed Happiness.

Although far inferior to their urban brethren in point of numbers the residents of country districts quite frequently furnish material for items of real live interest, sometimes of a marked romantic nature, occasionally in connection with matters scientific, and quite often they bob up in a bubble of worldly trouble, socially or otherwise. The culmination of a long standing disagreement serves as the text to this particular writing.

A good many miles up river the proprietor of a large and first class summer hotel, has been entertaining everything but golden opinions of one of his nearest neighbors, for some time past, the two residents disagreed in politics, in school matters they fought, and although both professed the same religion, they thought, under the circumstances, it would be more christian-like to vary in opinion. The breach grew wider each day and even when the children of the unneighborly neighbors met on the roads, there was sure to be a tilt, either wordy or fisty.

It appears that the nearest steamer landing in the district is that belonging to the hotel and attended to by the hotel proprietor or some of his many sons. The privilege of boarding a boat or disembarking is generally conceded to be public at this point as well as anywhere else, and although the greater part of the traffic at the landing in question is done in connection with the hotel business, yet many of the residents round about make use of it also.

Returning from market a few days ago one of the principals in the disagreements above cited was pretty roughly handled as the outcome of the disputes of yore. He had with him the usual complements of "empties," barrels, baskets, firkins etc., making in all a big load for a small boat. When the steamer blew for the landing the people at the resort did not know but what it might be some new boarders about to arrive and consequently the best boat in the flotilla was rowed out to receive whoever might come off. What was the angered dismay of the hotel man's big son to find the families "dearest" friend and his freight ready to come off. Lots of lightning looks were exchanged and objections high-strung made to the alleged imposition but the steamer's deck hands piled on the stuff and shoved the small craft and her unfriendly passengers adrift.

Reaching the shore, where the hotel proprietor and his squad were in waiting a fee of fifty cents was asked for the attendance upon the steamer. The request was refused and after very few minutes of hot words, blows were exchanged. After the hotel people were satisfied that they had taken a half dollar's worth of satisfaction out of their neighbor, gauging it by imperial measure, they allowed him to go home, badly used up. Such is one of the advantages of having a big family of full grown sons who in order to pay for their "keep" are willing to do most anything.

THOUGHT IT WAS NO GOOD.

And Now the Mine Turns out to be a Big Bonanza.

TRURO, July 22.—Some Halifax people are about as slow and unenterprising and as easily discouraged as it is possible to imagine. Everything must prove successful from the very start if they are to go in to it and keep in it. This is particularly true of our richest men. An instance of it came to light the other day, which is furnished by a syndicate of Halifax men, among whom were T. E. Kenny, ex M. P. president of the Merchants' bank, Michael Dwyer who is worth a good half million, J. F. Stairs and a lot of others. These men examined a new gold mine at Goldenville and they handed from it G. W. Stuart, of Truro, at \$50,000 paying a cash deposit forfeit of \$10,000. What they did in the way of working the mine was not much.

They soon lost faith in it, probably because some one who professed to know all about it went to them and told them the mine was no good. Acting on this they threw the mine up. They wanted Stuart and the others to "throw" the \$10,000 back to them, but this was out of the question from Stuart's point of view and he would not do it.

Meanwhile one George Hirschfield, of Halifax turned up and asked for the privilege of working on tribute two of the areas out of the very many included in the property. He was allowed to proceed. The first month Hirschfield took out barely enough to pay expenses: the second month he got a good deal more and at the end of the third month he made a great find. The bar he brought in was worth money equal to 6 per cent per month on the whole \$50,000 which the rich but easily disheartened Halifax syndicate would have had to pay for it. The feelings of those men can be imagined when they learned of this. The fact is that the gathering in of large bank dividends with very little effort, merely calling at the bank to receive them, is not apt to be conducive to enterprise on the part of such fortunate men.

Before Hirschfield's success became known the Halifax syndicate had entered an action to recover the \$10,000 forfeit deposit. Stuart will fight, and what the court will do is, of course, a question, but it will require some pretty strong evidence to meet that shown by Hirschfield's success.

THEY ARE NATURAL ENEMIES.

There is Likely to be Trouble Between the Tramway and City.

HALIFAX, July 22.—There promises to be a long and bitter war between the Halifax electric tramway and the city of Halifax. Both sides are developing symptoms which shows them to be "natural born enemies". The tramway company seems to have a policy of ignoring the city council's officials who are invested with the duty of looking after the city interests in its relations with the street railway. The city council became highly indignant on Monday night when it was learned from a statement of alderman Lane, that the tramway people had made their Windsor Street extension and had deliberately omitted to put down asphalt paving on the turn-out. This asphalt was a positive condition of the permission to make the extension without the city engineer, too, on Jacob and Agricola Streets: the company had changed the level of the tract, leaving it about six inches above the street in places.

Ald. Mitchell, Lane and others brought this home very pointedly to the mayor and city engineer and asked them why they had allowed it. The mayor said that such conduct was new to him, and the engineer said he was sick and tired of trying to get the company to follow his instructions or to obey the law. It was no use for him to say anything, for his words were as idle wind which General Manager Brown and the street railway respected not.

All this came to light in connection with a request from the company to lay double track in some districts where now there is but a single track. After a fierce onslaught on the company the permission was granted, but with the proviso practically that the whole width of the street where the changes are proposed shall be paved with blocks and that this paving shall keep pace with the laying of the rails, otherwise the city engineer is at once to stop further work, even if all the police force of the city, aided by general Montgomery Moore and the troops at his disposal are required.

Another order that the engineer received will likely cause some exciting times. This is that the city engineer forth with remove the tramway company's rails from Jacob Street, Windsor Street Agricola Street or any other street where they have been laid down without carrying out the stipulations as to the grades and paving. Manager Brown is a good railroad man doubtless, but he has succeeded admirably in arousing against himself and his company the hospitality of the city council and citizens of Halifax.

Professional Ethics.

It was when Dr. J. H. Morrison the specialist was reading one of his excellent papers before the assembled medical men on Thursday morning last that a North End practitioner walked unconcernedly into the hall and turning a chair directly round sat down with his back toward the speaker. Whether it was absent-mindedness or not he was promptly called to order, by not only the gentleman having the floor, but by several indignant members of the society.

AN OFFICER'S MISTAKE.

HE THOUGHT HE COULD BULLY A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN.

Lawyer Hanington of Moncton and a Party of His Guests Ordered from His own Piazza by an Officious Policeman—The Lawyer's Action in the Matter.

Respectable people really are getting a little ashamed of Moncton, and if things grow any worse will be driven to deny their country, in other words to hail from Lutz Mountain or Boundary Creek instead of the city of Moncton, when they visit abroad lest haply people from other places should jeer at them and the knowledge that they lived in the railway city should militate against them in business. The fact is that Moncton people have a good deal to contend with lately and the discredit brought upon them by those whose business it is to protect their lives and properties, is becoming a burden too heavy to be endured much longer. The meetings of that grave and responsible body the city council are rapidly degenerating into a series of free fights and it would not be a great surprise to the majority of the citizens of the wordy war which usually goes on, should prove too insipid for the mettlesome gentry who manage Moncton municipal affairs and they should resort to fists, in the near future. No doubt the council meetings are most exciting and enjoyable to the aldermen themselves, but then the constant quarrels must retard business and besides that they make other people laugh at, and bring our civic government into disrepute, which is decidedly unpleasant. As for the policemen—well there is a dim recollection of mentioning some time ago in these very columns that certain new members of the Moncton police force were suffering from excessive zeal, in its most violent form, and prophesying that they would get themselves into serious trouble if they were not more moderate in their display of that very desirable quality.

But one of the members referred to, has proved the truth of the remark in the last day or two, by an act of stupidity and officiousness which goes beyond the wildest day dreams of the Metropolitan police force of New York, who have hitherto held the championship of the world for tyrannical officiousness.

The officer referred to, is policeman Cusack, who would seem to be envious of the laurels won by his colleague Belyea, and desirous of distinguishing himself equally; and the victim is a young professional man whose business and social standing are above reproach.

Last Monday evening this gentleman, his wife, and several young people who were visiting them, were seated on their own veranda enjoying the cool evening air, and laughing and talking as young people will, when suddenly, at about half-past ten o'clock, the imposing figure of an officer of the law loomed up, and not content with merely looming, he deliberately stopped at the gate and pulling out his watch remarked—"Now it's half past ten, and its about time you were all in the house."

To say that the master of the house was astonished, is to express his state of mind but faintly—he was literally speechless, but the first use he made of his breath when he recovered it, was to request the too-officious guardian of the peace to go about his business. This excellent advice the doughty warrior declined to take, replying "If this house was on Vulcan or Telegraph street there would be a big touse raised about it. People have been arrested on those streets for less noise, and I don't consider one man any better than another." Wisely keeping outside the gate, and therefore out of the jurisdiction of the athletic young lawyer, Policeman Cusack hung persistently around the house, and when some of the guests took their leave, he followed them, even accosting them, and telling them that now he had got them where he wanted them, and actually followed some of the guests to their homes.

In consequence of this little ebullition of zeal Officer Cusack finds himself today in water, which is decidedly too warm for comfort, and it is more than likely that there will be a vacancy on the force ere long. He told a friend shortly after the episode referred to above, that he had been kicking himself all the way down town for not having arrested the young lawyer, but he is likely to take a leading part in something similar to an arrest sooner than he would like, the insulted lawyer having laid a formal complaint

against him and demanded an investigation.

It is no secret that the gentleman in question is Mr. H. C. Hanington, and the following is the formal complaint laid by him before the public committee:—

To the Chairman and Members of the Police Committee of the City Council of the City of Moncton.

GENTLEMEN:—

I regret that I have to complain to your Committee of the misconduct and insolent behaviour of one of the members of the city police force, Harris T. Cusack, against whom I hereby prefer the following charges:—

1. Having on the evening of Sunday, July 18th inst. wilfully and insolently, and without any just cause interfered with me in the enjoyment of my property;

2. Insulting Mrs. Hanington, her guests and myself, on July 18th.

3. Leaving his beat without leave on July 18th.

4. Conducting himself generally in a manner unbecoming an officer. I ask that an investigation of this charge be held at the earliest possible date, when I shall attend with witnesses to substantiate the same, and shall insist upon Cusack's dismissal from the police force.

Respectfully yours,

(Sgd) HENRY C. HANINGTON.

Moncton, N. B., July 20th, 1897.

Since the matter has come to the ears of the public, complaints against Officer Cusack are literally pouring in, and things look decidedly blue for that member of Moncton's finest. Two young ladies was returning from a party a short time ago, when they were stopped by this same policeman who informed them that it was time they were at home as they had no business on the streets at that hour. Mr. George C. Peters has laid a formal complaint that last Tuesday evening when his children were swinging in the hammock on their own lawn on Alma Street, Cusack ordered them into the house, and also that he insulted other members of Mr. Peter's family by following them last Sunday evening and using unbecoming language to them. Cusack's account of the Sunday night incident is that he was coming up main street on Monday evening when two men came up to him who were he does not know—and told him he had better go up and stop some noise near the Mountain Road. Standing as a main steed the zealous officer declared that he could hear the noise and traced it to Mr. Hanington's house. He described the disturbance as "screaming, yelling and singing". Mr. E. D. Thomson who resides next door to Mr. Hanington, and Mr. D. I. Welch, who were both sitting in Mr. Thomson's house at the time contradict this statement flatly, the windows were all open they say and though the houses are not a hundred feet apart they heard no noise whatever. Altogether it looks as if it would require more ingenuity than Officer Cusack has given evidence of possessing to extricate that gentleman from the very unpleasant predicament in which he has placed himself by his imprudent and most unbecoming interference with the private affairs of citizens whose conduct is, and always has been perfectly above reproach.

THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.

The Magistrate Found Though It Was Better Left Open.

Civil court day is usually a very busy one for Magistrate Ritchie, and during the proceedings on that day he naturally desires that no noise shall interfere with him in his duties. Leading from the court room is a flight of stairs, at the bottom of which is a door that leads into the guard room in police headquarters, where the telephone for the convenience of the occupants of the building is located. This telephone is a source of very great annoyance to his honor, on civil court days, as the lawyers which crowd the courtroom are continually running downstairs to use the phone, to say nothing of the newspaper reporters. A week ago the judge decided to put an end to this disturbance, and gave orders to the sergeant to have the door leading to the guard room locked. Of course the barristers were not aware of the fact and as usual started to make their weekly trips to the telephone, only to find themselves barred out. They said never a word, but quietly returned to their seats in the court room. The days business was nearly over, and the time was well on to noon hour, when the magistrate suddenly recollected that he had a message to deliver which pertained to his mid-day meal. He hurriedly left his seat, and started for the telephone but like the lawyers he found himself locked out. He called to the sergeant inside but in vain, as the police officer who is somewhat deaf mistaking him for one of the lawyers took little or no notice of him. Finally the chief appeared on the scene, and had the door opened. It has not been locked since.