

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

SOME OF THEM NOT IN IT.

LIQUOR LICENSES ISSUED FOR THE COMING YEAR.

Mr. Roop Again in Despair—Some New Names on the List and Some Surprises About the Refusal—Changes in the Restaurant Bars.

The liquor license commissioners have submitted their report and those who were in doubt are relieved from their suspense but whether agreeably or not is another matter.

There are some new names on the list and there are some names one would expect to find there who do not seem to have found favor with the commission.

According to the report the licenses this year had to be brought down to the regular number of 75 and in consequence there are some names which as not appear upon the list.

But there are some new names and this is one of the things no fellow can understand. The new people in the business are six in number including, James McInerney, Mrs. Stack, Harry Elmore, James Dalton, John T. Power and David Speight.

"Jack" Power can hardly be called a new man in the business, because he was a partner with Birker & Power and has remained in the same place ever since in the employ of the present proprietor. Moreover he takes the saloon vacated by Joseph Cain and so does not add to the number.

James Dalton too has been in the business for a long time but last year was running under the three month method. This year some one else will have to do that and Dalton will be sure of his selling privilege for a year.

Mr. J. W. Roop of the Central hotel is placed upon the shelf again. There is another hotel license to be issued but it has not been given to Mr. Roop nor to John Sims of the Belmont. In the first case perhaps the reason is that there is a fine of \$200 standing against Mr. Roop for violation of the law. The penalty has not been collected and perhaps this is because Mr. Roop has declared in plain language that he will lay out the forty days in jail rather than submit to what he considers most unjust to him. The fine was, as PROGRESS has stated before, the largest in the history of the court and the magistrate was good enough to intimate to Mr. Roop that if he was caught again this fine would be doubled. At the time it was imposed the weather was not at its best. Slush and mud were the order of the day and the time spent in jail would have been no great hardship to anyone, provided he was permitted to supply his own comforts, but now when the days are sunny and warm and all nature waking up the period of the sentence would hasten slowly.

There are others who are on the black list. First of all Tammany Hall may be mentioned. This resort fell under the notice (and displeasure) of the inspector once during the year and contributed an additional \$100 to the license revenue. That could hardly be the cause of the present refusal but it is said that the commissioners or some of them do not look with the friendliest eye upon Tammany and have a keenness of vision, so far as it is concerned, which does not extend to some of Mr. Driscoll's associates in the business.

If three months licenses are issued it is probable that John McManus and W. Peacock will be upon that list. Perhaps all who were refused will be. There is a tendency on the part of the commission to get as much revenue out of the business as possible, and the extension of these three months privileges in the same manner as last year, will mean something over \$3,000 for the city—and the government.

Perhaps the most remarkable refusal of the lot is that of Charles T. Ward at the one mile house. Ward is nearly out of the city but practically he is in it. He realizes this when he has to pay his license or taxes. He pays as much for the privilege of selling liquor as the man who does business on Charlotte street. He pays for fire protection and the nearest alarm box is three quarters of a mile away. If his premises took fire, by the time the alarm could be sent in and the apparatus arrive his buildings would be in ashes. He pays for police protection but the sight of a policeman is one of the novelties in that section. When he had neighbors in the same business they were not more than 50 yards from him but they paid \$70 or nothing at all for a license while he contributed \$300. Reason—the

invisible county line ran between them. But now Mr. Ward has no license. He may accept the three months compromise and look smiling which after all, perhaps, is the only thing to do.

PROGRESS understands that there are some conditional licenses—the conditions being a change in the premises. These apply to at least two of the three restaurant bars that have enjoyed licenses. The restaurants in connection with the bars are kept open after hours and the commissioners and inspector have been trying to devise ways and means to present any possible violation of the law. To this end they want such alterations made in the premises as will suit them. The changes outlined for one of these in particular would be very expensive—the proprietor says they would cost \$350—and they were not expected. In fact the highest officials in the city visited him after their completion and were pleased with the arrangement, since by it the bar was wholly shut off from the saloon after hours.

But under a new law and new officials there are many changes.

HOW A LIFE WAS SAVED.

A Young Man Hung From a Window Till the Fire Laddies Came.

When the fire alarm struck Thursday morning no one who heard it thought for a moment that a young man's life was in great danger and that it was a question of minutes—yes seconds—whether he would be dashed to pieces on the sidewalk or rescued by the firemen.

He was rescued, but it was a close shave. The young man, who was living with Mrs. T. W. Daniel on Charlotte street, just below the Singer rink, was sleeping quite late in the upper flat of her residence, when he was awakened by the thick and suffocating smoke that poured into his room. A fire had started outside in the hall or some adjoining room and escape was cut off for him down the stairway. Quick as thought he threw up the window and climbing through hung from the window sill with both hands and his feet resting on a small projecting ledge. He was forty or fifty feet from the sidewalk and the smoke was pouring from the window in such a thick black volume that he was in great danger of suffocation. He was on the wrong side of the window where the smoke blew right in his face and hid his body—clad only in a night gown—from the people and the firemen. But shouts of encouragement went up to him to hold on and the boys would save him. Fireman O'Leary of the hook and ladder company was first on the scene. He lives near and was at his breakfast when the alarm sounded. Then Capt. Charlie Jackson rushed up but as yet there was no team with the ladders. And when they did appear they were going at a snail's pace and only rushed when they saw that something was wrong and that they were wanted. It did not take long for the long ladder to go up the side of that building. Many willing hands were there to send it aloft as quickly as human strength could do it. And then Capt. Jackson went up. The captain is no light weight and the ladder was very straight, yet the lad was rescued—true, almost exhausted from his long and painful hold, but still rescued and guided down the ladder to his friends below.

Then after all was over there was a good deal of talk about the necessity for something that a person could jump into from a burning building. St. John's fire department is all well enough so far as it goes but such life saving appliances as nets and mattresses are lacking. The sooner the advisability of procuring something of the sort is considered the better.

MONEY AND REASON GONE.

The Sad End of a Misspent Life of a Well Known Woman.

A paragraph appeared in the daily papers this week noting the fact that Grace Walker had been arrested and that Dr. Berryman was inquiring into her sanity. There is a strong probability that she will be—if she has not already been—sent to the asylum.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world and Grace Walker was well known in that section of the community to which she belonged. Needless to say it was not respectable. The police knew her but they knew her more favorably than women of the demi-monde are usually known. Robbery was unknown in her place and an open purse and generous hand for those in want or need of assistance is the repu-

tation that police officials give her. Grace Walker came from Nova Scotia some 15 or 20 years ago. As time passed on she accumulated considerable money but spent it with the prodigality that belongs to that class.

In later years, a police official told PROGRESS, her aim was to get enough cash together to leave the life she was leading and seek new associations in another place. But an event occurred which not only made her plan impossible but was such a shock to her that she began to lose her reason and sink into that state of dementia in which she is at present. Her money went rapidly—there were plenty to take advantage of her mental condition—and thus weak, homeless and friendless, she was arrested by the police as stated above.

MR. STOREY HAS RETIRED.

The Dry Goods Merchant and His Civic Aspirations.

John K. Storey has figured before his "fellow citizens" to a considerable extent of late. He has been on the fence of doubt as to what course to pursue in regard to a possible civic career. There was an alarming rumor that he proposed to run for mayor and that a requisition to that end had been presented to this enterprising and genial merchant. But Mr. Storey is not the sort of a man to suddenly spoil the chances of Messrs. Daniel and Sears and he put aside the temptation of even such an urgent request from so many of his "fellow townsmen." There was a distinct sign of relief from the mayoralty candidates when this popular gentleman sent a letter to one of the morning papers expressing his thanks and appreciation and at the same time his declination.

Mr. Storey rents business premises from the Sears estate, which is managed by Mr. Edward Sears, one of the candidates, and he wanted additional room up stairs for living purposes. Mr. Sears did not seem to entertain the proposition with favor and it is hinted that Mr. Storey in his disappointment was inclined to meet him and thrash out the issue with the aid of the electors. Still Mr. Sears was firm and Mr. Storey thought better of his idea, but he still thinks he would like to live above his dry goods.

Walter Chestnut's Death.

No death that has occurred in New Brunswick for many a year is sadder than that of young Walter Chestnut a member of the Fredericton Klondyke expedition—which took place at Skagway on the 4th instant.

Judging from appearances Walter Chestnut would perhaps be taken as the last one of the party, who started out on that perilous journey on March 1st. for the gold fields, who would be likely to succumb to disease in such quick order as the advices received would indicate. He, was the very picture of health, and whom one would feel satisfied would stand almost any amount of hardship. But there it is, and the fates willed it otherwise—and in the prime of life, energetic, persevering and possessed of indomitable courage this young man was suddenly cut down when thousands of miles away from home.

But although many days journey separated him from home, it must be a source of comfort to those nearest to him to know that everything possible was done for his welfare and that his last hours were peaceful and happy. The remains will be brought back to Victoria B. C., where they will be interred by friends of the family residing there.

The present instance calls to mind two other most sudden and tragic deaths which occurred in the same family some years ago, when Mrs. John Babbitt (a sister of Mrs. Henry Chestnut) and Miss Chestnut, her only daughter, were drowned whilst bathing in the St. John river a short distance above Fredericton. Miss Chestnut had gone beyond her depth when Mrs. Babbitt made a desperate effort to save her and in doing so—she also went down. Both were found shortly after embraced in each other's arms. Such afflictions are certainly hard to bear.

Nothing the Matter With This.

There seems to be a grand future in store for Ole Theobaldi if his manager who brought him here succeeds in carrying out his plan. The warm welcome the violinist received at the Titus concert this week has so encouraged the management that a grand western tour is planned and a start will be made from this city Monday. Then after the large American cities have heard the artist London and Paris and the continental towns, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg are on the list. There is no rosin on this programme.

GROWING EXCITEMENT.

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS ARE CREATING A DEAL OF INTEREST.

The Payment of Taxes May Defeat Some and Elect Others—Good Organization is Getting in its Work at the Present Time—The Result on Tuesday.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of interest in civic parties at the present time. The contest is getting warmer every day and, since Tuesday and Wednesday when the actual voting lists were made up each candidate has, with the help of his friends, been calculating his own strength or his weakness.

The making of the list caused a considerable change of mind with many civic aspirants. In wards where certain men had the most strength it was found that the taxes were badly paid. That meant a loss and perhaps in their opponents strongest ward the taxes were well paid up.

As a matter of fact the taxes are not paid as well as usual this year, and in some wards this is particularly true. Of course there are changes every day if rumor is to be believed. The men who are making a systematic canvass and have their friends eager for their success are no doubt improving their chances. But there has been no real systematic aldermanic canvass in this city since the year G. G. Ruel ran against Ald. Blizzard, when the younger man, by means of a splendid organization not only beat the veteran from Dukes but had more votes than any candidate in the city.

PROGRESS canvassed the chances of success in its last issue and does not propose to do so again. There have been some evident changes in the temper of the people. The organization of Capt. Keast is beginning to tell and Dr. Smith, who, by the way announces his candidature in this issue of PROGRESS, is making a most energetic canvass.

Perhaps the closest fight will be between the mayoralty candidates. The followers of each are confident of victory and will no doubt work hard toward that end.

EASTER MONDAY WAS A GREAT DAY.

The Taxes Rolled Into the City Building and Voters Were Made.

Easter Monday was a bank holiday but it was no day of idleness or play in the Chamberlain's office. It was the last day for paying taxes to entitle a citizen to vote at the civic elections and the result was a surprising rush to the counter of the chamberlain. If the amount paid is indicative of the interest in the elections then there will be a warm time next Tuesday when the polls open. For, strange to say, the amount of taxes paid last Monday was between seven and eight thousand dollars, nearly twice as much as went into the hands of the chamberlain the corresponding day of last year. What was the reason? That is hard to say. No one would suspect either Ald. Daniel or Mr. Sears of being so anxious to get into the mayor's chair that they would start in to liquidate taxes. They will find the expenses of running an election heavy enough without incurring any such obligation as that. The real truth of the matter probably is that the number of delinquents was larger this year than usual and the rush of procrastinators all the greater in consequence. Then there was another reason. Through the efforts of some of the council, the resolution moved by Alderman McGoldrick at the last meeting of the council to abolish the charge of 50 cents on tax bills paid before election (and which was ruled out of order by the mayor) was placed before the chamberlain in such a light that he consented and there were no constable fees paid on any of the seven thousand odd dollars that went into the city building on Easter Monday. The city marshals were mad—why shouldn't they be?—but the tax-payers were glad and paid with an alacrity and willingness that more than compensated the chamberlain for his generosity.

He Voted Against his Argument.

Honest confession is good for the soul. So Alderman Christie must have thought when he arose and began to oppose the motion to send the mayor to England to represent all the good qualities of St. John as a port. He began his remarks by saying that he was sore—felt sore because he had not been consulted by the mayor before the project was placed before the council. He thought from his position at the board, his age and experience that something should have been said to him about the matter. He did not mince mat-

ters and argued with all the skill that he possesses against the mayor's trip. But it took a good deal of persuasion to make him move an amendment. He did so however in the end but withdrew it and voted for the motion to send his worship forward. The only thing he accomplished was the appointment of a joint committee of the council and the board of trade to advise with the mayor.

HOW THE BALLOTS ARE PRINTED.

The City Gets Them Cheap Enough and so do Some of the Aldermen.

The civic ballot, since the T. R. A. brought about general representation throughout the city, is rather a formidable affair. That of this year is nearly a foot long and three and a quarter inches wide. The city orders 10,000 of them and each and every one has the official signature of the Common clerk in fac simile. None others are legal. And the city calls for tenders for this 10,000 and the price to be paid this year for the whole business is \$350. Cheap enough, is it not? Then the printer is compelled by his contract to furnish this official slip in 1000 lots for 35 cents per thousand. One or two candidates came to PROGRESS who secured the tender this year and wanted 500 ballots for 18 cents. They were all right, quite within their right but it shows how cheap printing is in these days and how cheap some other things are too.

Then there were others with an eye to business who ordered enough to give a few to their friends to distribute but they took the precaution of having their opponents name scored out. It would not have been worth while to distribute ballots which he could use. Of course the erosion of the name means more work for the printer and a bigger price but they are cheap enough in the end. At the same time PROGRESS will bet a big apple—and apples are dear these days—that there will be plenty of memorandum slips around town after election day and they will be about a foot long and three and a quarter inches wide.

THE HIGH CONSTABLE NO MORE.

George Stockford's Death, After an Illness of a Few Days.

High Constable George Stockford has attended his last council meeting. He died Friday morning.

A week ago today he was present at the last council meeting of the civic year. He looked the same as usual and attended to his duties in the same manner as he always did. He went from the council meeting home and to bed. Congestion of the lungs followed. No physician saw him until Tuesday night when he was past all hope of recovery.

George Stockford was one of the best known men about town. He was descended from a well known family and the name is a familiar one to all of the older residents. Fortune was not so kind to George as it might have been under other circumstances and the time came when he was glad to accept the office of high constable of the city. The office is an ancient one and carried a fair emolument with it. Beside that there was a certain honor that clung to the position. It was a curious fact that before the day of such an office as deputy mayor the recorder of the city assumed the position of chief magistrate in his absence. Next to him came the high constable. Under these circumstances Stockford was mayor of the city for four days once. He always spoke of this with pride and nothing could deprive him of the honor that had fallen to his lot. But at the same time George was keeper of the dead house, a position that yielded him a small revenue every year.

The Sudden Death of Capt. Campbell.

Captain Campbell of the Royal Mail Steamer Lake Ontario died suddenly the day after the steamer left Halifax. Two days before, he stood at Chubb's corner an hour before sailing and said good bye to many old friends here. This was to be his last trip to St. John this winter. He was in a cheerful mood and apparently as well as usual. But those who knew him said that he could not walk a hundred yards away without resting. His heart was seriously affected and he made voyage after voyage against the wishes of his friends and physician. It is said that he has been more unwell than usual ever since the collision of the Ontario and the shock resulting from it. Moreover he has been a victim of rheumatic gout which, combined with his weakness, is always sudden in its action.