

PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 528.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

NO PATROL WAGON YET.

THE LADIES ARE MAKING INQUIRIES ABOUT IT.

Perhaps They Will Get an Answer Next Week—Why the Work of Building the Wagon Hung Fire—No Place to Put It—The Expense.

Where is that patrol wagon?

That is the question in brief that Miss Frances E. Murray, on behalf of the Women's Council, asked the safety board at its last meeting and it has not been answered yet. This board meets again next week and perhaps the reply will be made then. It will, no doubt, be in the nature of a surprise, for the patrol wagon is not yet in the hands of the builder.

It will be remembered that some time ago the energetic ladies of the women's council resolved that there should be no more public exhibitions of incapable prisoners being dragged to jail, but that there should be a patrol wagon on call at all times, in which the helpless drunk should be driven to the station. They set about to raise the money for this laudable object and held entertainments and so forth, to secure the necessary funds. Some two hundred dollars were the result of their labor, and armed with the possession of this a representative committee had an interview with the safety board and made the proposition to donate two hundred dollars for this purpose.

It was all very simple on the face of it and so one or two aldermen thought for their rush for acceptance was so great that before the delegation had time to retire a motion was made and seconded that the board should fall in line with the views of the ladies and have the patrol wagon built at once. Then there were plans consulted and committees appointed and the wagon seemed assured in a short time.

Then one of the cautious men at the board asked the question—what are you going to do with the patrol wagon when you get it? This was a poser. There was no room in any of the fire stations and private stabling would be too expensive. That is probably what the hitch is today—the council do not feel like erecting a building costing perhaps three or four thousand dollars to contain a patrol wagon worth, say \$300.

But that is not all. The wagon would have to have a horse and the horse a driver or perhaps two horses would be necessary for men or horses cannot be expected to be on duty twenty four hours in the day and seven days in the week. That would mean money to the extent of thirty or forty dollars a week. Is it any wonder then that the council hesitated and delayed such an additional expense for the police department? The chief of police has been asking for more men from time to time and the board has refused him again and again on the ground of economy. Here then was a proposition to increase the expense of the department about equal to the salaries of three policemen to say nothing of the cost and maintenance of the building.

Another reason why the aldermen hesitated was the knowledge that if they did have a patrol wagon there was no way of summoning it quickly. Without the police alarm system the wagon would have to be summoned by telephone. Well suppose an officer arrested an unruly or helpless man. First he has to get to a telephone and notify the patrol wagon station but telephones are not always at hand and assistance not always to be had in such an emergency. If on the other hand, the police alarm telegraph was in use he could have the wagon there in a few minutes at the most. Now, when a man or a woman is drunk, and helpless, they are taken to the nearest street lockup and remain there either until a coach or some team can be secured or until they get sober. If arrested at night the early dawn sees them on their way to the station before people are abroad to gaze upon their wretchedness.

St. John is remarkably free from such scenes as the ladies think the patrol wagon would make impossible. The lock-ups in every district are near enough to put a prisoner in until he or she is able to walk to the jail, and if unable a team is called to take them there. Much discretion is used by all the officers and sensational scenes following arrests are rare indeed.

The patrol wagon would be a necessity if the police alarm system was installed, but without this system its use would not

be commensurate with the expense it would entail.

This, no doubt, is the feeling of many of the aldermen, and perhaps some of them will express the view the next time they meet.

But what will the ladies think?

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THIS?

A Citizen who Obtained Unexpectedly Welcome Financial Relief.

Telepathy is the term that Mark Twain applied to that curious phenomena of human minds which impels two persons widely separated by distance to think of each other and the same subject at the same instant. Twain was a careful student of this subject and sought to discover what prompted what might be called twin thoughts. He collected many examples of telepathy from his friends and had them related with all possible accuracy. There are many of course that he did not get and one of them was told to PROGRESS this week when the subject of telepathy was being discussed.

"My grandfather" said this gentleman, "kept a store on King street many years ago and, like a good many of the merchants in those days he lived over his place of business. He was not in the most flourishing circumstances when he started but his trade was increasing and he was about clear of worry of finances and that sort of thing when one day an old, and as he thought a responsible friend induced him to go security for £70. That was a good deal of money in those days and he did not endorse the note without some compunction. To make a long story short it was the same old tale repeated—the friend failed to pay and the endorser was called upon to make it good. But he hadn't any £70 and in due course of time the sheriff appeared and notified him that he would have to go to jail. He had until three o'clock that afternoon to pay up or go with the officer. As he stood in his door dejected and with worry written on his face he saw an old friend who lived in St. Andrews approaching him. They greeted each other and then the visitor said, "John, you are in trouble." My grandfather looked at him in surprise because no person but himself knew of the difficulty he was in. "I am indeed" he said, but how did you know it. I was thinking of you and your good wife last night but that could not have told you. "I can't explain it" his friend replied "but yesterday we were worried all day about you, my wife declared that you were ill or in some trouble and we decided that I should start this morning and see you. And she made me bring a bit of money we had on hand for fear you should need it. You are welcome, you know" and he handed him a small bag containing £70 in gold. How gladly it was accepted I cannot tell you, but the old gentleman never wearied of telling me and others the story and puzzling over the mystery of how his good friends were informed of his plight.

A Bad Business for Taylor.

Taylor, the young man who signed Mr. G. C. Coster's name to a check, and yet did not try to imitate it, is a young man with a varied experience. His work has been mainly in the hotel line. To be a clerk in a hotel was seemingly all he cared for and he vibrated from one house to another. He drank too much whiskey to stay long in any one house and that, no doubt, was the ultimate cause of his downfall, for when he was arrested he was in a half stupid state from the effects of liquor. Taylor was rather a good appearing fellow. He looked younger than he was, and had a low voice and was soft spoken. Despite the hard luck he was in at times he managed to keep up a fairly respectable appearance and imposed upon the credulity of many people who should have known better. He will probably be sent up for trial for forgery.

A Man in a Trying Position.

There are some men who can get married and in the course of time raise a family of a dozen or two—more or less—without much, if anything, being said about the fact, but there are others who cannot have a first born in the house without everybody has the knowledge and some remarks to make about it. Mr. Jack Fraser, connected with the Victoria hotel, is one of these. He can boast of a son and heir this week, and he had a serious notion of putting his right arm in a sling on Thursday, so vigorous and so frequent were the congratulations of his friends and acquaintances. Still, embarrassing as

these congratulations and condolences must be, "Jack" has learned to bear them with that equanimity becoming to a man in his trying position.

TOO GOOD TO REMAIN UNTOLD.

How a fun Loving Citizen Becomes an Ambulance Driver for a Time.

The practical joker is not dead yet. He was very much alive a week ago and still has a whole skin to his body. In company with two or three others he was eating a lunch at quite a late hour last Saturday evening. Perhaps it was Sunday morning, but at any rate it was late enough for the streets to be practically deserted by all save policemen and belated barbers, who never close on that evening before the clock strikes twelve and sometimes have been known to keep open a little later. But that is another story. The lunch proceeded with considerable success but one of the party was not as well as he might have been and at length the joker suggested that he would be glad to order a coach for him as he had a long distance to walk. This being agreeable the obliging fellow started out to hunt up a coach. Now, coaches, as a rule, are easy enough to find at 12 o'clock or even 1 a. m., but there were none around, so he went to a livery stable and began the tattoo upon the door. At length the stable door opened and a sleepy man answered the summons. Nobody can blame him for not being in the best of humor. Consider the hour. Therefore when he said that a coach or any sort of a conveyance would cost two dollars he was not too long in making up his mind.

"But my friend is very ill" said the citizen, "and must be cared for. Cannot you do better than that?"

"If your friend is as ill as that why don't you take the ambulance?" said the stableman.

"How much does the ambulance cost?" inquired the citizen.

"One dollar" was the reply.

"Then I will take the ambulance" said the citizen "and will you please take your pay out of that," tendering him a \$50 bill.

"What do you think I am—a bank. I can't change that" said the stableman. "Anyway I have no one to drive and I don't think I can oblige you."

"I am a citizen and a ratepayer" was the indignant protest of the citizen "and I have a right to demand the ambulance. If it will be any convenience to you I will drive the vehicle myself."

To this the man consented, and in a few minutes the ambulance turned the corner with a new driver who was bubbling over with laughter as he thought of the surprise it would be to his friends when they saw the coach he had hired. And so it was. And it was a surprise to others as well. Policemen stood and wondered what the ambulance was out for. Late stragglers gazed after the rapid moving and cumbersome wagon and speculated who was ill or what had happened. The consternation of the practical joker's friends as they saw what was before the door can well be imagined. But the sick man could not be prevailed to move quickly, and while they were waiting for him the stable man, suspicious now, arrived and drove the ambulance to the stable again. It will be the last time probably that any private citizen will get the ambulance, but the opportunity for a joke thus presented to a fun loving man was too good to be resisted, and the result too rich to remain untold.

Home on a Pleasant Visit.

Mr. Fred V. Doherty is now of New York but a few years ago he was well known in St. John as a popular young man and excellent company. For a few days he has been visiting friends in this city—Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Worden—who on Wednesday evening gave a musicale which was greatly enjoyed by all present. No doubt the gem of the evening was the "Ave Maria" composed by Mr. Doherty which was finely rendered by Mrs. R. T. Worden, Mrs. I. J. D. Landry and Miss Landry contributed much to the success of the evening which was much enhanced by the tasteful decorations about the house.

A Well Conducted Affair.

There was a good deal of interest in the sparring contest of Thursday and the crowd was large in consequence. These affairs are usually noisy, but a Boston gentleman who was present said it was one of the best conducted and most orderly meetings he ever attended. Referee Keeffe had perfect control of the audience and gave such satisfaction as to draw praise from all. The bout ended in a draw and Connolly and Robinson will probably settle conclusions later.

SCENES OF CITY LIFE.

MANY THINGS INTERESTING AND WORTH READING ABOUT.

His Last and Fatal Spree—How the Tartars Went Down—Percy Lewis Goes Free—Judge Hanington Talks—Ald. White was Mayor—The City Law Suits.

A few days ago a young man who had been engaged in the agency business was taken so ill upon King street it was considered advisable to send him to the hospital. He died an hour later and the cause of death was set down as "acute alcoholism."

He came from Lewiston, Me., and his employer wired that city with the news of what had occurred. In a day or two a gentleman who said he occupied some official position in the town arrived to take charge of Mr. McGillicuddy's body. He said that the young man had no friends in Lewiston or if they were any there they were distant connections who refused to recognize this branch of the family. He came to St. John however by some authority and was under the impression that the unfortunate young man was interested in some degree in the concern for which he worked, the R. W. Connor agency. But Mr. Connor had no difficulty in showing that he was simply an agent and had no interest whatever in the business save his commissions on sales. It appears that he was an adept at making sales and good money followed his efforts. Twenty-five dollars a week was nothing uncommon with him. Ordinarily he was a sober man but about twice a year the mania for strong drink came upon him and then all his accumulated savings were spent. When "broke" he would stop and go to work again. Those who have seen him imbibing say that no glass was too large for him and that one drink of his was enough for three or four ordinary men. No wonder he could not stand it.

There would almost seem to be a plea of hereditary failing in this case. According to the story of the gentleman who came to take the remains back the father of the young man had pursued an evil course and had served five years for murder or attempted murder. The body was shipped home on Wednesday afternoon.

THE TARTARS WERE NOT IN IT.

Two Fairly Conducted Games won by the Alerts.

The Fredericton Tartars have come and departed minus a couple of scalps and are heartily crestfallen at the results of Wednesday's and Thursday's games. From the tone of the celestial press for several days prior to the visit of the once thought invincibles one would judge the visitors were going to annihilate all St. John, and yet one journal thought it perhaps a little on the safe side to surmise that St. John could surely put up some kind of a contest if "the Roses, St. John's, Alerts, Lone Stars and Pender's Bull Dogs" were drawn upon for picked players. No such draughting was indulged in Messrs Tartars!, the reds themselves proved amply sufficient to cope with the capital's baseball cracks in a manner surprising to all concerned.

It is doubtful if ever in the history of the Fredericton club's play, that they experienced such hard opposition as on Wednesday afternoon, when seven toughly contested innings were struggled through before they could force one man over the home plate. In the meantime the Alerts had nine scores to their credit and were playing a swinging game. Batting, fielding and base-running, with excellent battery work completely routed the Tartar forces in both games, and the visitors themselves were forced to acknowledge their inability to keep up with the pace set by their garnet coated hosts. It was pure and simple baseball without any kicking, umpire roasts, brawling spectator scenes, or bad feeling and every time an agile Tarter played a swift play, he received his due share of commendation from the grand stand and bleachers.

Fredericton papers seem to be more antagonistic than the baseballists hailing from that town and frequently indulge in unfair criticism and sarcasm, but once in the atmosphere of fair play and just dealings on a St. John diamond players of the national game from the sister city feel at ease to put forth their every effort and win a victory which will either be a bona fide "win" or a defeat of the same stripe.

Probably a Surprise to Lewis.

It was a genuine surprise to a good many

people to hear that the colored man, Lewis, was clear on his own recognizance. It will be remembered that some time ago Lewis attempted to kill his wife, and did succeed in wounding her and then tried to kill himself. He pleaded guilty to assault and in consideration of his previous good character the judge gave him another chance but at the same time intimated quite plainly that it would better for him to keep clear of his wife.

Judge Hanington Won't Wait.

Judge Hanington does not spare the St. John lawyers when he gets the chance to talk to them plain. This time the delay in bringing on the cases was the occasion of his remarks. It has become a habit with at least some of the lawyers to put off the day of trial as long as possible and to make the judge await their pleasure. Judge Vanwart was very severe upon this some time ago and now Justice Hanington is following in his steps. The judges say they have come from a distance to preside over the court and there is no reason why they should be kept waiting the pleasure of some lawyers who live here and are under no expense in attending the court. It is not likely after what has been said by these judges that the St. John lawyers will take the risk of not being ready another time.

Ald. White Mayor for a Day or Two.

His worship, Mayor Seers, went away the first of the week. His final destination was Halifax where he was invited to a dinner in celebration of the natal day of that city. On the way he stopped at Rothesay where he made a speech to the students of the Rothesay schools. Ald. W. W. White is the deputy mayor and by all the unrecorded rules of the city building the mayor should have notified him that while he was absent he was to attend to the duties of the office of chief magistrate. But the mayor was too busy to remember this and the deputy mayor was promoted unconsciously. Some of the aldermen joked him upon the subject but he bore his new honors with that aplomb that characterizes a medical man and an alderman.

Appeals Affecting the City.

There were four judgments affecting the city delivered by the Superior court a few days ago, and a correspondent calls attention to the fact that three of them were against the city and one in favor. The question is asked if the legal adviser of the city is careful enough because he lost the three suits he had charge of. The answer might properly be that any lawyer is liable to make a mistake. He should however be pretty sure of his ground before he adds additional expense and costs. The city does seem to have a lot of appeals.

Foreman Macaulay was Firm.

Foreman Macaulay of the street department is not an aggressive man and avoids all the trouble he can, but an alderman who tried to tell him how to do his work the other day found out that he was in the wrong. Laying the blocks for the street pavement requires to be done in a certain way and Mr. Macaulay was following out the custom of the department. This did not suit Ald. Hamm and he began to be somewhat interested and to suggest and direct the foreman what he should do. That was but natural, perhaps, but the alderman found out that he had the wrong man to deal with, for he received a very plain intimation that the foreman looked for instructions not to the aldermen but to the department of public works.

A Unique Pleasure Trip.

Mr. Vincent Featherstone of Boston, with two friends Messrs. Wagner and Meyer arrived in the city Thursday on a trip through the provinces. This is Mr. Featherstone's third summer trip here which shows his appreciation of this summer climate. This time his trip will be somewhat unique. Friday morning the party went to Fredericton by the river boat. They will return Monday and take the St. John City of the Furness line to Halifax from which city they will return via the Dominion Atlantic and Prince Rupert and return to Boston by boat. This will give them plenty of time on the water which is what they are after. But the route is rather unique.

An Old Story.

Correspondence from several provincial towns has been received too late for publication this week. Letters of this kind must be received on Thursday noon at latest.