

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A Christmas Eve Arrest.

Some officials do not perform their duties in a happy fashion. Constable McSorley seems to be one of them. He has been before the public and the council several times for various reasons which in any other less lenient city would be enough to bar him forever from the ranks of constabulary but "influence" has always managed to regain him his position.

Last week he had an execution to serve upon an old man in the city market and the time he chose to serve it was Saturday evening. It was not the day before Christmas but it was the legal Christmas eve and an arrest for any reason so soon before that great festive day created a great sensation in the market. From a physical point of view alone McSorley has no business to be a constable. He is not a man that anyone would have much difficulty in getting away from but he knows how to invoke the assistance of the law and he had a policeman with him. The officer was standing alongside when he made his arrest.

No doubt the prisoner was astonished at the constable's act. He did not like the idea of spending Christmas in jail and he naturally made some objection to going. His friends tried to arrange the matter but in vain and finally the constable told him to go along with him.

"I can't walk, I'm sick," said the prisoner "you will have to get a coach," and he leaned heavily against a stall.

McSorley would not listen to that kind of talk but when he found that the old man persisted in his statement he called upon the officer to assist in getting him to the jail.

The policeman did not relish the job and the locks he cast upon McSorley were not of a friendly nature but he knew that he could be called to account for not assisting him and so he tried to persuade the old man to go along without trouble. "I'm sick and you must get me a coach," said the prisoner. Just then the tall form of another policeman loomed up in the crowd, which by this time surged around the trio in much the same way as it did about the soldiers the day they went to Africa, and when the prisoner saw that more assistance had arrived he slid to the asphalt and would not move.

Expressions of pity were heard on all sides, "Let the old man go," "This is Christmas Eve" and so forth. But the constable had no such idea. He hung on like grim death and with the aid of the two officers got him up and half carried, half dragged him to the market entrance.

There never was such a mob in the country market Saturday night and the news of the arrest having spread to the streets by this time there was a rush of people to see the fun. Among those attracted to the gathering was Sergeant Campbell who did not care who he thrust aside in his eagerness to be on the scene. The necessity for his presence was not apparent but he was there and a young countryman who was looking at what was going on found that the sergeant's arm was strong for he went back like a catapult. "I'm not doing anything," he gasped, but as Campbell made for him again he vanished. Somebody said, "That's a sham" and the sergeant, somewhat wild by this time, turned around and seeing a man named Fox, a brother of the man he gave so severe a mauling to at Red Head, he bit him a smash that staggered him.

Fox had not said or done anything and the action of the sergeant was so out of place that a well known citizen who knew him intimately called out, "Held on Jim, you're wrong there."

Fox started to say something and Campbell was going to arrest him, whether or no, but some friends hurried him away and the sergeant followed the procession. Fox was bound to go to the station and lay a complaint against Campbell whom he declared had killed his brother, but his friends persuaded him that it would be of no use.

McSorley landed his man but he had to be supported through King Square in the arms of the policemen and the spectacle of such an arrest on Christmas Eve was not a pleasant one for those who saw it.

### Good Feeling Between Them.

A pleasant custom prevails in the Victoria hotel which shows the warm feeling existing between the proprietor, his esti-

mable lady, and the employes of the house. Mr. McCormick, being an ardent horseman and the owner of some of the best and fastest animals in the city, takes a pride in their natty equipment and every Christmas for some time the people connected with the hotel have presented him with something that will add to his comfort and enjoyment. This year it was a splendid musk ox robe which is as handsome as it will be comfortable. Mrs. McCormick was also remembered. The Christmas dinner at the house was one long to be remembered, a credit to the hotel and a treat for all who sat around the table.

### Probably the Last Claim

Nearly all of the damage claims that arose from the laying of the new and larger water main from Carleton to Spruce Lake have been sent in, but there is one to come yet, that of Mr. W. A. Quinton, who perhaps has greater claim for compensation than the most of those submitted to arbitration.

From the head of the dam to Holman Brook the pipes are laid in Mr. Quinton's land and it is claimed that by reason of the work the water in the brook has been lowered, making the site of a rotary mill about to be erected less suitable, and consequently, less valuable.

That Mr. Quinton's claim was not rushed in at the start is much to his credit. He was confident then as he is now that he would get fair play and reasonable compensation for the use of his property and the injury to his mill site. The time has now arrived for the consideration of his claim and the quicker it is brought to the front and settled the better for the city.

### All About an Open Door.

There is more trouble in the McLaughlin building on Germain street. This time it is not about a sign but the main entrance. One tenant who is on the top flat wants the front door open all the time while another tenant lower down objects on account of the cold. It would seem to be reasonable that if she wanted the door shut her wishes should be complied with and no doubt there are other tenants who agree with her, but so far the up-stairs tenant has the best of it in spite of springs and other appliances that have been introduced. But then one is a man and the other a woman.

### An Appropriate Idea.

The Menu Card of the Dufferin hotel Christmas day reflected credit on the taste of the management and the skill of the printer. The appropriateness of the design was striking and the idea was admirably carried out. The first page has an illustration representing a bugler in a British camp sounding the call for dinner, the correct music for which is printed in the upper right hand corner. The patriotic idea is further carried out by a reproduction in half tone of H. M. S. Terrible under full speed. The menu was enticing in other respects for it indicated that the choicest products of the home and foreign market were to be served. And this was done in first class style. Mr. McCaffrey has reason to be proud of the success of his first Christmas as a hotel manager.

### Remembered Away From Home.

The pleasure of being remembered Christmas is all the greater when one is far from home—a comparative stranger in a strange land—and the donors include those who have been under the recipient's control and direction. This was the case with Superintendent George Boyd of the American steam Laundry when he was surrounded last Saturday and presented by the employes of Messrs. Godose Bros., the proprietors, with a handsome umbrella with a silver mounted handle. Mr. Boyd is an American and this remembrance from those with whom he has been associated in work for the year or more he has been in this city must have been very pleasant.

### Bound to Get Even.

PROGRESS noted last week a visit of Sergeant Campbell to a beer shop kept by Nellie Richards and a complaint she made at the police office which was afterward withdrawn. It seems he was not daunted by his lack of success on that occasion for he went back the next Saturday night and found half a dozen bottles of Jone's ale on the premises. Then he reported her for

keeping liquor for sale. The defence, PROGRESS understands, was that the ale was a present from the brewery to her as a beer customer and was not for sale. But that is neither here or there. The action of Campbell seems to bear out the impression that prevails with a certain class that it is no use "bucking" against the police for they are bound to catch you some time.

### THE COATS WENT TO FRASER & CO.

Scovil Bros. & Co's. Tender Voted Down by Five of the Aldermen.

There was an interesting contest between two clothing houses for the policemen's coats at the Safety board on Thursday. The contract which was awarded to James Kelly by the board at a previous meeting was not accepted by him and the council, placing a limit of \$24 on the cost, sent them back for fresh tenders.

Now some of the aldermen suspected that there was a colored gentleman in the woodpile and they made up their minds to vote for Fraser, Fraser & Co., whether or no. They tendered 25 cents lower than Scovil Bros. but Ald. McMullin declared there was no comparison in the value of the goods. Still this did not prevail on Messrs. Slater, Maxwell, Tufts, Keast and Sackhouse who gave the tender to Fraser & Co.

One of them told PROGRESS that he voted that way as a rebuke to the rumor that there was a job in the business and that Mr. Kelly retired from the contract that Scovil Bros. might get the work. He would not be a party to any such understanding. Still the five aldermen who voted nay to Scovil do not differ often on public safety matters and by standing shoulder to shoulder they have made it awkward upon several occasions.

Before the coat business came up Chairman McGoldrick made a neat little speech noting that this was the last meeting of many pleasant ones held during the year. He thanked them for the courtesy they had shown him, and that the same pleasant feeling would exist during the next year. He had been chairman for some years now, perhaps longer than any member of the board but he had always been well treated by the aldermen. He might not be chairman again, but in any event he would give cordial attention to the affairs of the department. His concluding remarks were greeted with applause and the business went on.

Chief Clark was also present and he spoke about more policemen. He wanted another special or so for Sand point, and yet with that wonderful spirit of obedience that always characterizes the chief, he was quite willing to take men from the East side and place them on the West if the council said so. These "specials" are additions to the regular force and an easy way of getting over the number the police are limited to by order of the council. There are two now but when Officer Macdonald resigns the first of the year one of them will take his place. No authority was given the chief, but instead he was asked some questions about men on special duty. According to his statement there is but one "detective" on the force, Officer Ring, but officers Killan had for the past six months been doing detective duty in addition though the title of detective had not been given to him. Ring was supposed to assist Capt. Jenkins, Hastings and Sergeant Ross when called upon and Killan was on nights.

A slight smile passed around the room at this explanation but nothing was said and the meeting adjourned.

### More Popular Than Ever.

The uncertainty of the rink season was well illustrated this year when the opening day Christmas passed off so pleasantly and rain began to fall before the morning of the next day. Still, Manager Armstrong of the Victoria wore a contented smile because the patrons of his favorite pleasure resort were better pleased than ever and the sale of season tickets had been large. He has not wasted the time between seasons and the paint brush has done its share toward making a popular place more attractive than ever. Carnivals and races are already being talked of and Mr. Armstrong may be relied upon to provide the best that is going.

### Refitted and Remodeled.

The old Slater saloon on Union street has been remodelled, refitted and restocked and is now run as a branch of M. A. Finn's retail business. D. Dias is in charge for the present. The stand is an excellent one and the place presents a handsome appearance now.

## Were Not Invited.

There was an outing to the Alms house Tuesday. The affair has an annual flavor and sometimes is quite largely attended. It was originally intended to be considerably official and somewhat social. This year it was very social and slightly official.

Some of the commissioners were there and their wives and daughters. The secretary was there and his lady friends. There could be no possible objection to that. The newspapers said that a small orchestra was present, but there was no music. A guest told PROGRESS.

There were some invitations issued—to the press and the Mayor said that one reached his office on the day that the affair occurred but the councillors of the county nor the warden were not favored.

The alms house commission is appointed by the government but the county pays the bills. This curious state of affairs has existed for some time though why it should no one appears to be able to explain. Mr. Geo. A. Knodell is chairman of the commission and with the secretary is considered to run the business of the institution. He is responsible to no one but the government for his acts and the government takes but little interest in the alms house business of St. John. All they want is the patronage and if their appointee does not turn out all right they are in no hurry to worry themselves about it.

This negligence on their part encourages an inclination on the part of the commission to act somewhat independently of the councillors but it was hardly to be expected that this would extend to the dis-courtesy of not inviting them to the annual outing to the county institution.

As an alderman said to PROGRESS: "I may not have gone, for the visit would not have been pleasant, but as one of the members of the council I should have been invited. If the warden had been asked as representing the municipal board the omission to the aldermen as councillors might have been overlooked but as it is I cannot pass over the fact that the commission has ignored the representatives of the people. It looks to me, from what I can see in the papers of those who went as though it was an afternoon picnic for the commissioners and their wives and friends."

The mayor said when PROGRESS asked him why he was not there, that he did not get his invitation until Tuesday. "I think it was mailed Saturday but it was not delivered at my office until Tuesday. It seems to me that invitations of this sort should be sent to public men a few days ahead so that they could make arrangements to attend."

The warden said he had heard nothing of the affair and none of the aldermen whom PROGRESS talked with had been honored with an invitation. The affairs of the alms house have received some attention in the past and the commissioners course in this affair is not likely to make the councillors ignore them in the future.

### A Good Time at the Hospital.

Monday was a very busy day for the hospital commissioners and the staff, for the Christmas dinner was given to the patients. Some of them had excellent appetites and there was a good deal of carving to do. Building Inspector Maher labored at a bird that was of generous proportions but he was not in it with Commissioner McGoldrick who could not miss a joint. He handed the carver in a way that would lead one to think he had served as steward on a steamship. Everybody had a pleasant time and the staff went away as happy as the patients even if they were late for their own Christmas dinner.

### Indignant C. P. R. Employees.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are sure paymasters though those who sell them often think they are slow. This was shown a few days ago when an anxious crowd of employees waited at the station for the pay envelopes for November to arrive. They thought surely that they would come before Christmas, and Friday the 22nd they waited with some anxiety for the arrival of the train from Montreal. The train came but the checks did not and the ears of paymaster Sweeney must have burned about that time. The remarks about him were not of a complimentary nature. The pay was for the month of November, not December, and the indignation at the delay especially

at that season was such as to lead to complaints to the heads of the orders to which the men belong. The fault does not lie at all with the local management because it is understood that Manager Timmerman particularly requested that the checks should be here in time for Christmas.

### A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

A Sequel of a Story Told in Some of the Daily Papers.

The evening papers of last Wednesday told a sad tale of neglect, and suffering which had been discovered by Secretary Wetmore of the S. P. C., in a house on Leinster street that day. The story as told by the papers is in effect that a Mrs. Carran was ill and that an infant died shortly after its birth while the husband and father slept the sleep of drunkenness. The family had no food or fire and a little fellow of four years was going around in the cold barefooted. Before the item appeared in the daily papers a lady related to PROGRESS a pathetic little incident having a bearing on this affair, though at the time nothing was known of the family destitute circumstances. The story is best told in her own words: "I had rather a pathetic little encounter to-day on Leinster street," she said; "I was going slowly along and near the corner of Wentworth street, I saw a forlorn looking little mite of humanity digging in the snow. As I went near him he looked up and called out 'Well, how are things going your way.' He was so very small and the question struck me as so funny coming from the little fellow who looked about four years old that I couldn't resist the temptation to stop and have a little chat with him.

"Oh, said I they're all right with me, how are they going your way?" He promptly responded "fine" and appeared such a thoroughly happy little chap, despite his half frozen condition, that I was greatly taken with him. His next remark was 'yesterday was Christmas; did you have a good time?'

"How about yourself, I asked him, did Santa Claus come to you?"

"No, no," was the cheerful reply, "I suppose he'll come next time. He brought me a baby but its don away aden. 'Gone where' I asked, and he said 'to the draveyard; me mudder's doen to the draveyard too. I guess, she said, but she's tum'n back some day to see me."

"When leaving I offered him some cents for candy; at first he didn't want to take it but I finally coaxed him to do so, and then he went on digging away and telling me in his lisping baby voice about his 'mudder and the draveyard.' I felt as though it were a case that needed investigation but impulse is not always a safe guide and as I was in a hurry I bid the little chap good bye and went on my way, after a polite request from him to come round that way again some day and see him shovel snow. Perhaps PROGRESS will be able to discover what the family's circumstances are."

### The Proof Reading of a Speech.

Quite a good story is current in newspaper circles regarding the discharge of a proof reader who was supposed to have read the proofs of a political speech delivered by a cabinet minister. The minister was full of wrath when he saw what the proof had made him say or failed to eliminate and the word came quick and sharp that the man's services could be dispensed with. Now it happened that the proof reader was not the person who read the proofs of that particular speech and with them in his inside coat pocket he awaits the arrival of the minister to vindicate himself and get somebody else in a hole.

### Admiral of the Port.

Some flatterer of a sea captain called the mayor once the "Admiral of the port" and once in a while his particular friends have some fun over the phrase. One day this week when going out to the steamer Montrose on the Flushing his worship's hat fell a victim to a puff of wind and in spite of the efforts of the crew to recover the somewhat buoyant bouncer it filled and sank. Then with a cap of the captain's, one with regular trimmings, the mayor boarded the incoming steamer and this time there seemed no doubt as to his right to the title "Admiral of the port."