

Board of Works 8 May 90

Events of City Life.

The generosity of the aldermen sometimes is quite affecting. This was illustrated at the board of safety this week when Mr. Rhinehart and the temperance delegation presented their cases. Both of them sought the same object—a reduction in rent.

Mr. Rhinehart is a cartman and he wanted his rent reduced from \$50 to \$25. He made such a fair presentation of his case that the aldermen acquiesced in a pleasant way.

Then came the temperance people. Mr. Woodburn was there and the Messrs. T. H. Mr. Everett, some others and Dr. Ellis.

It is not often that the latter finds his way into the common council committee room but he was selected as one of this rather formidable delegation. The aldermen settled themselves for something important. What they wanted it was hard to guess and when Mr. Woodburn arose and asked that the rent of the hall in the Market building be reduced from \$100 to \$50 a year a half smile crept over the countenances of his listeners.

The smile grew broader when he said that there were four meetings a week in the hall and that three temperance bodies united in paying the rent. These facts prompted some jocose remarks and Mr. Woodburn remarked incidentally that these bodies were trying to do good in the city though some of them might not think so. There was a good deal of laughter at this which the chairman renewed by hoping that there was no personal reference—as for himself everybody knew he took the pledge some time ago.

Mr. Woodburn was glad to hear this and he hoped that his good example was followed by all the corporation—mayor and aldermen. This made the laughter all the merrier and after some further remarks the delegation retired.

One of the aldermen with a passion for figures began to explain that four meetings a week meant fifty cents for each meeting and he thought that a small amount.

Then another explained that the same men belonged to all the temperance bodies and it came hard upon them to do all the paying.

Ald. Tufts however gave the true solution, as he said, of the case. He said that in these temperance bodies representatives could be found of all societies. There were Masons, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias, Foresters—

“Any Hibernians?” asked a voice.
“Yes there are” answered Ald. Maxwell.
“Orangemen” continued Ald. Tufts.

A Voice—any P. P. A.'s (Laughter.)
Ald. Tufts—and yet the fact appears as if these orders get along and the temperance bodies are so hard up that they have asked for a reduction of rent. It looks as if the temperance people were bad pay (Much laughter.)

Whether the aldermen came to this conclusion or not the request of the delegation was complied with.

The False Report Fiasco.

The Saturday night report starter “bubbed up serenely” again last week with his little yarn direct from the seat of war. This time it was that General Warren with ten thousand men had crossed all the obstructing rivers and marched straight into Ladysmith, relieving the brave little garrison. All day Sunday the city was agog with the interest the report starter had aroused by his whole-cloth fabrication and it is well for that personage that he keeps his identity a puzzle—at least so say the telephone—pestered C. P. R. and Western Union telegraph companies. It is now nearly six successive weeks, that Monsieur the report starter has been engaged in his Saturday night sensations and there need be no undue anxiety or exultation tonight if a startling rumor spreads about town after the evening papers have been born.

A Far-Seeing St. Johnite.

At least one St. John man has “taken the current when it serves” and is by no means going to “lose his venture,” and that is George Strang, formerly of North End and employed as a street car conductor until the Hesse accident. George went over to North Sydney, Cape Breton, some months ago and started a modest

little restaurant, but in order to keep stride with his mushroom growth of business in the favored twin towns, he has now quite an esting establishment and is making lots of money. He says great things about the two Sydneys and almost feels that he is an old citizen, the influx of strangers is so large. In the spring it is expected the rush Cape Bretonwards will be like the advance on Dawson City a year or two ago. Mr. Strang was in town this week and Mrs. Strang about a month ago.

Where are the Authorities?

It seems a shame that in such a civilized community as St. John vandalism is allowed to be practiced so incessantly and under the very eyes of the none too energetic police. Gradually the town has become a ‘sure thing’ for the burglar and safe cracker and petty thieving is on the increase. The wilful destruction of property is also getting to be more of a fact than ever among the malcontents. A notable instance of shameful vandalism is that of Frank Henrion's home on St. John street West End. Mr. Henrion, who is well known as the professional diver coming from Halifax to live here when the Sand Point wharves were building, rented a pretty little house in Carleton and coisly furnished it. Of late he and his family have been residing in the sister city, as Mr. Henrion's work takes him there for a time. Since his departure his home has been almost ruined. The windows have been broken and altogether, the house made a target for missiles. Of late the snow storms have ruined the carpets and furniture within. Water pipes have frozen and burst, flooding the dwelling. In short the house is not habitable, all through the unchristian acts of a horde of badly bred and evil intentioned boys, and it is thought, men. Mr. Henrion, who arrived a few days ago to look after the house thinks he will have to remain in Halifax on account of the way his house has been made useless.

A Radical Pastor.

Rev. Waring who has come to this city to assume the pastorate of Brussels street church is a young man who apparently does not intend to be bound by any formalities, at least as far as he thinks they will retard his work. On his second Sunday in his new church he, to the amazement of his flock, had had the pulpit, platform furniture etc. removed and nothing but the brass reading lamp left standing. At any rate the lamp is a fixture. The platform was bare save the carpet it had on it and the new minister moved about with ease and satisfaction. A small brass shelf attached to the reading lamp held his hand books. Mr. Waring promises more changes and his congregation are in a mood of anticipation.

The Talk of Civic Politics.

There are likely to be plenty of men out for the office of mayor. PROGRESS has been assured already that Mayor Sears will be in the field. Now it is said by a prominent alderman that Dr. Daniel will be a candidate this year and PROGRESS was informed this week by a close friend of Mr. W. B. Wallace that he would be a candidate again. In aldermanic circles there is little activity on the surface. Mr. Leah Holder will, it is asserted, oppose Ald. McMolkin and Dr. Smith's name is freely spoken of as an opponent of Dr. Christie's. Ald. Allan cannot offer for Kings ward again as he has moved his place of business to Queens and it is probable he will be a candidate at large.

Trying For Some Change.

Some of the aldermen hope that the city will be divided into wards before the next election. The opinions of the representatives differ and there is not likely to be much agreement by the time the house meets. It is said that if the ward idea is not carried out an attempt will be made to provide for minority representation. That means to present a bill to the legislature which shall name the number of protestant and catholic aldermen. PROGRESS could not verify the truth of this report but it is not the first time it has been heard.

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE TRANSVAAL.



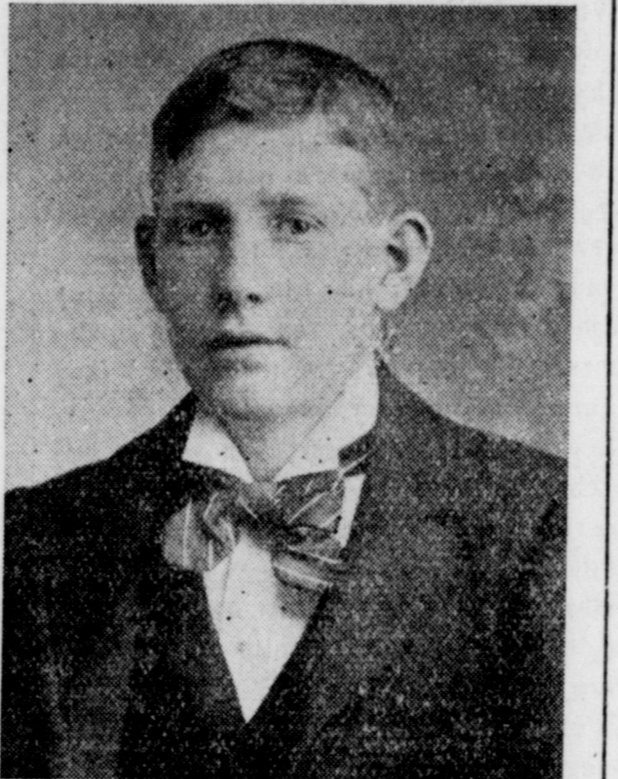
R. BRUCE McFARLANE.

Age 20. A big hardy athlete, and famous leader of the Fredericton Tartars, also a member of the 11st. battalion. With the first contingent.



JAMES TIBBETS.

Age 23, son of Deputy Provincial Secretary of Fredericton and with the Newcastle Field Battery, and captain of the Tartar Baseball team. “Dick” is very popular.



ADRIAN TIBBETS

Age 21, brother of James Tibbets, with the Woodstock Battery, a smart fellow and an athlete.



NORMAN McLEOD.

Son of Rev. Dr. McLeod, 21 years old and a student of 99 class, U. N. B. Captain of U. N. B. football team and winner of all-round championship trophy for athletes at this college in 1898.

Mr. John Foyle Heard From.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS—
A report has been circulated by some evil disposed person that I took of my hat and openly cheered for the Boers which is an absolute falsehood. Thanking you for your valuable space I remain
JOHN BOYLE
Fredericton Jan. 18th 1900.

A Week's Sleep.

For over a week past E. H. Baird, the seventeen year old daughter of Mrs. Baird, Princess street, has been lying in a sleeping state at her mother's home, opening her eyes about every twenty-four or twenty-five hours when nourishment is given her, and then relapsing into heavy slumber again. Her mother and other members of the household do not feel at all alarmed about her condition as she was stricken with such excessive sleepiness last year as well, lying in an almost dead state for an extraordinary length of time.

Dr. H. G. Addy, the attending physician, said on Thursday that little Miss Baird was doing very nicely and although the trance-like spell was still upon her, he could see very encouraging signs of improvement, indicating to her gradual recovery.

Overwork at school and study, the doctor says, and a temporary collapse of the nervous system, has caused the fair sleeper to become so helplessly tired and her sleeping off of this exceptional erui, is about the only good remedy. Many friends have looked at her as she sleeps peacefully without any indication of suffering or pain. On several waking occasions she has spoken to her mother about the medicine being given her, comparing it with doses taken before. The conversation of one day is continued by her when she wakes up on the following day, nor does she realize how long she has been sleeping.

Mrs. Baird says her daughter is certainly getting better and will soon be all right again. The report that it was another case like the sleeping lady in Montreal is entirely unfounded and has caused a lot of annoyance.

St. John Volunteers' Tent Back.

In last week's issue of PROGRESS mention was casually made, during the course of an article about the refusing of trooper Williams by the medical officers, to several in the St. John quota who were known to be physically deficient. The officials at Halifax made a close scrutiny of the Winter port squad when they arrived and discovered one man in particular with a glass eye. He and

several others were sent back to St. John, most of them however because the contingent as a whole was overstrength. The men naturally feel greatly disappointed at not having a chance to carry out into action the loyal spirit with which they entered into the ranks and they return to their home discontented, but satisfied that they were sincere enough in their desire to uphold their honor of St. John and of the Empire. Some of them are, owing to these adverse circumstances, out in the cold as far as work is concerned and a very excellent opportunity now presents itself to those truly British spirited employers who disperse labor so largely, to show tangible appreciation of our boys and their loyalty by giving them something to do.

WANTED TO SHOW HIS SCIENCE.

A Would-be Pugilistic car Motorman and his Inoffensive Victim.

The car conductors and motormen held a sleigh drive to Newcomb's and a dinner thereat on Wednesday evening last, and a right jolly good time they had too. Now our electrically inclined fellow citizens are hard working men and their only hours of leisure must be found between 11 30 at night and 6 45 in the morning, consequently when Vanwar's big sleigh got fairly under way with the jubilant party midnight was near at hand.

No thought was given for the peace and sound sleep of those citizens who have the misfortune to live in the track of belated sleighing parties and, although the night was cold,—bitter cold—the spirits of the car fellows were warm—very warm. The quaint old Clairmont House was reached about one o'clock and there the genial host had the tempting viands all awaiting. Needless to say, after a hard days work, the men were in a delightfully receptive state, and the fullest measure of justice was meted out to the good things “Billy” had prepared.

But, as often occurs at such occasions a few of the men became boisterous, one in particular, who wanted on several occasions to demonstrate to his mates what he had learned from his boxing master, the popular ex-pugilist, Jack Power. He ‘danced and fiddled’ for an opening, as the up-to-date sporting writer has it, but evidently he found himself in the company of other than would be scrappers, at least men who do not fight for the love of the thing, because nobody took him seriously.

However, this pugilistic pupil, who used to superintend the dining tables of one of Star Line boats, became very feisty, and when the big sleigh pulled up at the car shed at 6 30 next morning, he started in to finish his imaginary bout, and attacked a fellow motorman, who is a popular fellow, severely beating him. The scrap was stopped by the other men and a doctor called. Surgical aid was necessary and now the big raw boned fellow holds the car service belt for unpopularity.

Wanted a Plate of Beans.

A good story is told of a young man who works around a big office building on one of the principal streets. He was married some time ago. The event took place at 8 o'clock in the evening and much to the surprise of those who knew him the groom arrived at a well known restaurant two hours later. “Why Jack I thought you were to be married to night.”
“So I was” was the reply.
“Well what are you doing here if you were married.”
“Oh I just came down for a plate of beans,” and he had the beans.

Keeping Her Before the Public.

Many people will remember that versatile little actress, Lottie Williams, the wife of E. R. Salter, the manager of the W. S. Harkins company, that was in St. John last summer. Her husband is an indefatigable advertising agent for her. The latest reminder he has sent to the press is a very compact card calendar for the year with Lottie Williams Salter's portrait on the other side and the statement underneath: “During the past two years I have played every female character in Broadhurst's ‘Why Smith Left Home company.’”

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Ducal 17 Waterloo.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Look at the Articles around this List of Contents.
- PAGE 2.—Red Cross Work—Statistics prepared for PROGRESS by Lady Tilley. Bart Duffy in New York and a portrait of the champion at full skating speed.
Hay for British horses—Shipping from St. John for the “patient heroes.”
Our boys at Halifax—Trooper D. A. Morrison, of St. John, fully describes their stay in the Garrison city.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and theatrical affairs of the week and what is to come.
- PAGE 4.—Editors on the Fire Underwriters notice; Catholics on the Jury list; Fire escapes for School Buildings, and other subjects.
Striking poetry of the day.
- PAGE 5.—City Society—Wedding of Miss Holden and Miss Vassie—Personal of the week.
- PAGE 6.—Halifax and Nova Scotia Society news.
- PAGE 7.—St. Stephen, Moncton, Fredericton and other New Brunswick Society news.
- PAGE 8.—Society news and bright Miscellany.
- PAGE 9.—Ship Laborers Work—Describing the new Society and their organization.
The Cotton Mill strike—The story of the operators—Rudyard Kipling's portrait and his poem “The Absent Minded Beggar.”
- PAGE 10 and 15.—A Great Story “In Serpent Gulle,” continued.
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—Appropriate and carefully arranged matter for Sabbath day.
- PAGE 12.—A Nashwan Romance of olden days written by Lieutenant Edwin Oliver, of Fredericton—Miscellaneous reading.
- PAGE 13.—Women's Page—The latest fashions and topics interesting to women.
- PAGE 14.—How the Boers fight and other interesting war reading.
- PAGE 16.—Short story “A Young Hero” Births, Marriages and Deaths in the Maritime Provinces.