

# PROGRESS.

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## LAW BREAKERS FIRST!

"UNCLE ABE" IS A NOTORIOUS ONE AND GETS A LICENSE

From the Mayor, While Men Who Observed the Law Are Left Out in the Cold—An After Hour Scene in the Bar Mayor Peters Licensed.

"Uncle" Abraham Whitebone has a pull! He has a long and a strong pull, and no one knows it better than his worship, Mayor Thomas William Peters.

The reason why his worship held back the licenses so long is partly explained. He says he waited for an answer verifying the census figures of Prince ward, which statement is now considered a trifle gauzy in view of the facts that have come to light since it was made. When it was known that the census figures required that the number of liquor licenses in Prince ward should be lessened by two there was a good deal of speculation who the unlucky ones would be. However when the list was gone over, and the records of the past year reviewed, but one just conclusion could be arrived at—"Uncle" Abe and the "Opera" would have to forego business.

That was the rumored decision of his worship and there seemed to be an idea that his conclusion was perfectly just. Whitebone's record for after hour and Sunday selling was well known and the sins of the "Opera" could not be forgiven.

There was a good deal of surprise, therefore, when it was whispered that there was a long and a strong pull from somewhere, and that J. Power, of Brussels street, was to be sacrificed. Now, Power has always had the reputation of learning his license and its conditions by heart, and acting right up to the law. Ten o'clock found his lights out and the doors and shutters put up Saturday remained just so until Monday. There was not a black mark against him on the books of the inspector; his application for license was made out in regular form, and no just cause appeared why he should be selected as the victim.

Power had plenty of friends to stand up for him. The warmest supporters of Peters, men who took off their coats and worked for him through the election and put him where he is, went to him and asked that the license should be granted. Even the chairman of his general committee, who conducted his election made it a point to ask that right be done. The aldermen of Wellington, both representatives from Prince, the aldermen from Dufferin and many others went to him and asked that right be done.

But notwithstanding all this influence, all these requests from men who elected him, from representatives of the people, and from personal friends, Mayor Peters preferred to renew a license for Whitebone, who is a notorious violator of the liquor laws, than give it to Mr. Power, who has always observed the law.

PROGRESS does not need to cite instances of Whitebone's violation of the law. The record of the chief inspector goes against him and this paper published a description of his after hour business not many months ago. It is reprinted just to show what kind of a place Mayor Peters prefers to a law abiding saloon.

Of course we couldn't miss calling on "Uncle" Abe Whitebone, and seeing the mysterious workings of Tivoli hall. We were standing at the north west corner of King square when "Uncle" Whitebone was pointed out to me. He was walking up and down the street wrapped in a large overcoat with long sleeves, then stood in the doorway of Jackson's oyster house for a while and took a glance up and down the street. A group of half a dozen or so were standing at a door that one would imagine opened into a very dark alleyway, but when "Uncle" glided over, there was a gleam of light for a moment and the little group disappeared. "Uncle" then resumed his stand in Jackson's doorway. There was another gleam of light and a little crowd filed out. I was one of the next assignment that went in. "Uncle" gave us one of his pleasantest bows as we passed him, and after a moment sid up, sneaked a key into the door in a way that showed practice, and told us to get in quick. And we did. Along a narrow hall, past an oyster counter and we entered Tivoli hall, filled with smoke, billiard tables, domino tables and all necessary adjuncts, and a fair crowd of customers. Down at the further end the billiard balls were flying in good shape, and quite a number lounged around watching the play. At one of the small tables half a dozen Carleton men were playing dominoes, while a younger Whitebone supplied them with tall glasses filled to the brim. The next table was surrounded by a party deeply engaged in a game of dominoes, while four or five old gentlemen with bald heads and grey whiskers talked to each other over the tops of half filled glasses, which to all appearances had been filled and emptied many times before. At several other tables men lounged about smoking and talking, but business has been better and the crowd larger than it was last Saturday night.

But the bar was pretty well crowded. On the half open door that revealed the mob inside was a good sized card with the printed inscription:

BAR CLOSED.

This struck me as being one of the best jokes of the evening, for it was one of the liveliest bars I had visited. It was made more so by the young Jew who was serving customers with his sleeves rolled up, slipping about in the liquor that had been spilled on the floor, to the apparent disgust of the crowd; although he was in danger of sustaining a fracture at any moment.

There isn't much room to move around in the bar of Tivoli hall. It is long and narrow, the door at one end opening out into King square, on every night but Saturday, and the door at the other end with its humorous label, opening into the pool room. But the bar was crowded and the Whitebones were hustling in good shape. It was not such a crowd as I found in the Royal, nor as

respectable looking as that in the pool room. A noticeable feature of it was clay pipes and cheap tobacco, while the discussion carried on between several of the men who found the wall an absolute necessity in the way of support, was not what the members of the law student's debating club would call brilliant.

Yet everything was carried on in an orderly way; there was no loud talking, but a general drowsiness and an air of business everywhere.

On our way out we found a man standing at the oyster counter waiting for a consignment to be made up for export. We furnished the necessary number, and Jake Whitebone on his way to serve a customer at the far end of the hall told us that he would "be with you in a moment to let you out." He turned the key and got us on the street in a twinkling, and "Uncle" gave us a parting smile as we walked away.

Now that the decisions have been given there is no longer any doubt why his worship delayed giving them to the public. It is safe to say that if they had been announced before nomination day he would have had opposition of the most determined nature.

But who has the pull? Is it "Uncle" Abe or his landlord?

In the same number of PROGRESS that depicted the scene at "Uncle Abe's" was a description of the hostelry of William F. Danaher, on Prince William street. Mr. Danaher has had a "wholesale" license for the last two or three years, but has paid a good deal into the treasury in the way of fines for violation of the law. His license was revoked a few weeks ago, but the inconvenience, if any, caused by the exercise of authority, was of short duration. Mayor Peters has given him a "wholesale" license for another year. Everybody who knows Mr. Danaher will understand that a wholesale license is just what he ought to have. He has been accustomed to dispense by the wholesale every day in the week—including Sundays.

Danaher had been convicted three times when his license was taken away. Section 116 of the act reads:

"When not otherwise provided, a third conviction of a licensed person under this act for any violation or contravention of the provisions of this act, shall ipso facto operate as a forfeiture of his license, and disqualify the person convicted from obtaining a license for three years thereafter.

Danaher's license was forfeited on March 16. He did without a new license, not for three years, but three weeks.

Haley's place in Prince ward, also received a wholesale license, though Power did not. Haley sells oysters to some extent and is open at all hours. Nobody has ever noticed many packages going out as in the ordinary wholesale places, but plenty of people come out with the wholesale limit—a quart—in their interiors. This place was open on election day, through every other liquor store in the neighborhood was at least ostensibly closed.

The voters appeared to require a good many oysters that day, if the number of visitors to the place is any indication.

There are a number of other instances that might be quoted to show that so far as the spirit of the law is concerned, the issue of licenses this year has been a good deal of a farce. The mayor may have tried hard to please some of his friends, but he has stirred up a pretty lively hornets' nest among others. And the worst of it is, everybody is asking, why is there a "pull," and what is at the bottom of it?

### THE READ IT IN "PROGRESS."

Belyea's Daughter in Boston Hears of His Trouble and Helps Him.

The story of Brunswick Belyea's persecution and imprisonment in the St. John jail was fully told in PROGRESS last Saturday, and excited a deep interest among thousands who had known nothing of the man or his case. Belyea has friends in Boston, and his daughter also lives there. She had known nothing of his commitment to jail, nor would she have been likely to learn it had she not been a subscriber to PROGRESS. Last Sunday morning she got her copy of the paper from the Boston post office, and learned for the first time in what straits her father had been. She was a passenger by the next train bound east, reached St. John on Monday and proceeded directly to Hampton. On Wednesday she returned to St. John and called at PROGRESS office to express her thanks for what the paper had done. She also insisted on repaying to the office the money that had been advanced to secure her father's freedom. Mr. Belyea will remain at Hampton for the present in order to prevent, if possible, further incursions on his property by his neighbors who constitute the "ring" that has been bent on persecuting him.

The maritime province people who are abroad find that PROGRESS is the one paper which tells them of the people in whom they are interested at home. No wonder so many of them have ceased to feel that they cannot do without it.

Would Be Safer With Pea Shooters.

The man who did not know it was loaded, this time, is a policeman named Harrington, who has luckily escaped killing a brother officer by fooling with a revolver. Considering what has happened the last year or two, a pistol seems about the last imaginable thing that ought to be trusted in the average policeman's hands. Next

THE MEN WHO "FUNKED" THE BRAVE ONES SAY WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT THEM.

A Lively Time at Celebration of the Halifax Battalion's Departure for the Northwest—No Plates for the Timid Ones at the Annual Dinner.

HALIFAX, April 14.—The officers of the provisional battalion which went to the Northwest during the last rebellion, annually celebrate the day of their departure from Halifax by dining together. No guests are ever invited, it being strictly a family affair. The dinner this year took place at the Halifax Hotel, on Tuesday evening. It was certainly expected that nothing would occur to disturb the harmony and pleasure of the occasion. But the unexpected happened.

Most Halifaxians know that shortly after the rebellion broke out the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, under the command of Colonel Bremner, were ordered to proceed to the front. It looked as though they would see some pretty sharp fighting. Some of the officers funked, the result being that the 66th could not go, and instead a provisional battalion under the command of Colonel Bremner went out.

The officers who had not the courage to face the enemy were pretty sharply criticized at Tuesday night's dinner, and it was proposed by one of the speakers that the annual celebration be made a brigade dinner instead of a dinner for Northwest officers only.

Lieut. Fairbanks was among the officers who opposed this suggestion. He made a speech which created quite a breeze. He objected strongly to the officers who had declined to go to fight the country's battles when called up, assisting in celebrating the anniversary of the departure of the regiment for the seat of war. He asserted that had some of the 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers officers not funked there would have been no provisional battalion.

Col. Humphrey took objection to Lieut. Fairbanks' remark, which he said was not true. The 66th, he alleged, had not been ordered to the seat of war. Captain King spoke in a similar strain to Col. Humphrey. Then came the bombshell.

Col. Bremner arose and remarked that he was surprised to hear officers of the 66th state that that regiment had not been ordered out. It had.

This statement from the commanding officer threatened to create a war, but Surgeon Tobin, who was presiding, called the company to order and shut off further discussion of the subject. Col. Humphrey and Capt. King left the table and the room. The remainder of the party carried out the programme of the evening, but there were no further hostilities.

### TWO PAIRS OF DUKES.

Their Owners Were Stripped and Ready to Fight When Mr. Burns Interfered.

Half a hundred school boys flocked into the vacant lots between Charlotte and Germain streets Thursday afternoon. They all went over the ground with a hop, skip and jump, and the uneven ground and ash heaps presented a varied collection of short trousers, arms and school bags all mixed up together.

They shouted and pounded each other playfully until a level spot was reached. Then a number of them set to work to clear a prize ring, while two youngsters took off their coats, as if they meant something. They were in for a fight.

The loose stones and lobster cans were thrown to one side, and then everything was declared in apple pie order. The pugilists faced each other with blood in their eyes and four tightly clenched fists assumed the horizontal, and began moving in and out like the piston rod of an engine.

Finally one of the pugilists let out, and the other slid down the hill. The crowd scattered to give them room, and they went at it again. But nobody was hurt.

About that time Mr. Burns came out of his marble making shop, and caught one of the juvenile pugilists by the collar. He squirmed. The rest of the crowd scattered, and from a distance looked at Mr. Burns with evident displeasure. They showed it by making a piece of barrel hoop whirl over his head. Others paid their compliments with hanks of dirt.

Mr. Burns made a move and the boys raced down through the Germain street alley to a two-story gait. But they didn't stay long. There was somebody in that direction more to be feared than Mr. Burns, and the boys scampered up over the hill again and out into Charlotte street. No blood was spilled in the vacant lot.

Are the Relations Strained?

Dr. William Goodfellow, of Sussex, has been having a dispute with the local government in regard to the mining laws, and now it is announced that his resignation as a justice of the peace has been accepted. Whether the doctor hopes to bring the government to terms by this rash act, or whether, in view of the way some justices run courts, he does not want to be known as a Kings county J. P., is not stated.

THE CHANCES FOR A RACE.

St. John Yachts Talk About a Brush With Halifax.

The article in PROGRESS on the yacht race between St. John and Halifax yachts has given an added interest to yachting matters in New Brunswick. Mr. Stewart, the yachtman of the North, and the editor of the World, has something to say about the matter. His article has provoked some amusing comment since he says such a boat as the British Queen could be sailed around the coast or towed by some steamer to the port of Halifax. PROGRESS said it would have to be taken by rail, and it appears that Halifax yachtsmen agree with this view. To sail around the coast might be possible, but it would be decidedly unpleasant. Mr. Ross agrees with other yachting men that the Queen could not stand the strain of towing.

These things are, however, only differences of opinion, which do not amount to much. One of the owners of the Queen, Mr. Fairweather, has a better suggestion than any yet made, and that is to place the boat on the deck of a Furness line steamer, which would probably be the most inexpensive and safest way. But Mr. Fairweather, who is an active member of the Rothersey Yacht club says he is not at all sure that the British Queen would be the representative of the yachting people in New Brunswick. Several new boats are being built. Mr. Fowler has one, Mr. Thomson proposes to have something that will make the others look about them, to say nothing of Mr. Troop's new boat, or that of Elijah Ross. The question of supremacy will likely be settled early in the season and the victorious yacht should go to Halifax.

The Rothersey Yacht club has increased wonderfully in numbers and at a meeting held this week there was a decided approval of the proposition to erect a club house at a cost of several hundred dollars. The subscription fund is buoyant and the prospects are that the club house will go up very soon.

Mr. Stewart of Chatham, says that "If the Halifax men will offer a good purse for an interprovincial race the St. John men will undoubtedly send a competitor. The Miramichi yacht club's boats are not big enough to enter the contest on even terms. A race between Lenore, Youla and either the British Queen or Elijah Ross's new boat, would be a battle of rival types as rival ports. Lenore is a moderate draft lead keel sloop designed by H. C. McLeod of the bank of Nova Scotia, Youla is a deep draft cutter designed by Fife, the celebrated Scotch designer, and Mr. Ross's boats are wide and shallow centreboard craft with inside ballast and wide stems. We suggest that Halifax offer a purse of \$200 or \$300, and that the owners put \$100 each into a sweepstakes."

Every sporting man PROGRESS has talked with favors the idea of a race and there does not seem any reason why there should not be one.

Elijah Ross is one of the best known yacht builders in the province, and his remarks about how a boat could be taken to Halifax from St. John were interesting:

"The easiest way to get the British Queen over there," said he, "would be to send her by rail. She is just the length of a car and could be carried easily. As regards sailing her around, or towing, that would be out of the question. She is too small a boat to sail such a distance safely. It might take her a month to get there."

Towing would also be out of the question. The straining of the rope would have its effect on the yacht, for it is not large enough to stand it. When it reached Halifax it would hardly be in racing condition.

"The yacht I am now building would have to sail over. She is too large to go by rail. The new boat will be 13 tons, with a water line of 28 feet, which is four feet more than the Queen. She is built upon about the same model."

"What am I going to call her? Well, I haven't decided yet; but my little girl wants me to call her the Mayflower, and I suppose that settles it."

"I would like to go in for yacht racing," said Mr. Ross, "but I haven't the time or money. If some of the boys would club together and send a boat over to Halifax it would awaken an interest in yachting, and the result of the race would be eagerly watched for. The Queen, Lenore and Youla should make a good race, and there are a number of other boats that might sail last enough. The British Queen is probably the fastest yacht here, although some don't seem to think so. Last summer she held her own, although Mr. Fowler brought a yacht from New York to beat her. By the way, he told me that if the Queen could beat his boat he would give me an order to build another for him. The Queen won, but I haven't received the order yet. However, I think the new boat will beat the British Queen."

### Fredericton Will Have Him.

It is stated that Judge Hanington will not take up his residence in St. John, but will remove to Fredericton in the autumn. He ought to feel at home there, if anywhere.

Alderman Chesley Thinks the Place is Suited For a Man Just About His Size—So Does Ald. McLaughlan, Whose Prospects Are Fairly Good So Far.

The mayor was elected by acclamation, when the time for filing nominations expired, last Saturday. This means a saving to the city of from \$700 to \$1,000, the cost of a civic election contest. Next Tuesday the new council will be fully organized and the committees for the year made up.

It is in regard to these committees that some of the members of the council have been hustling ever since the aldermanic election. The general feeling is to leave the present condition of things unchanged, except where vacancies have been made by members retiring from the council. The most important place thus left vacant is that of chairman of the treasury board, left vacant by the resignation of Ald. Allen. No less than three men have been after it hot-footed, and nearly every man in the council is pledged to one or the other of these.

The original main John Glazier of a candidate has been Ald. John A. Chesley, who has urged his claims with a large amount of energy and eloquence. Nobody has disputed his qualifications, but a few of the board have ventured to intimate that, with all due respect to the North End, the city proper ought to have something to say about the management of affairs. With Ald. John A. Chesley at the head of the treasury board, Ald. Lon Chesley at the head of the safety board, and Ald. Kelly running the public works, the weight of the North End might tip the city over and cause an earthquake. All John A. thinks that the fact of his name being Chesley should be no bar to a recognition of his merit.

"I suppose it would be all right if my name was Jones," he remarked with keen sarcasm, the other day.

"But your name is not Jones," said Ald. McGoldrick. "I know it to be a fact that your name is not Jones, but Chesley."

In spite of the name, he got some good pledges, but later, some of those who had given their word to him began to wonder whether they had not promised not wisely, but too well. Ald. Blizard was in the field, and so was Ald. McLaughlan. The men who had promised Chesley felt that they must keep their word to him, but some of them declared that there could not be two of the family at the head of two out of three departments. They were not pledged to continue Lon Chesley at the head of the safety board. So it began to be noised about that while John Chesley would get the vote promised, Lon Chesley would step out of the chair he had filled and wanted to fill again. It was a choice of Chesleys, and under these circumstances a proposal was made to keep Lon in his place and put Ald. McLaughlan at the head of the treasury board. This new deal seems as adverse to Ald. Blizard as to John Chesley. At the present time the chances are in favor of Ald. McLaughlan.

It has been intimated that Ald. Kelly would be glad to be chairman of the board of public works, in place of Ald. Shaw. So far as now appears, however, the latter will continue to hold his place.

There has been some pulling and hauling among the Carleton men as to a division of responsibility. The most notable event has been a discussion between Messrs. Baxter and Davis of Brooks, in regard to which should be on the public works and which on the safety. Baxter has professional relations with Chief Engineer John Kerr, and thought that it would look more proper if he were not on the safety board, to which that official is responsible. He wanted to go on the board of works and so did Davis, as the latter desires to see that Queen and St. James streets, West End, are properly gravelled and otherwise kept in order. The debate led to some fierce words and the result was that Davis laid information against Baxter for abusive language. The case was settled and the status in quo ante bellum restored. As Mr. Davis remarks, "compromise is the essence of politics."

Mr. Baxter will go on the board of works.

A chairman is wanted for the ferry committee, to take the place of Ald. Stackhouse, who has been relegated to private life. The West End claims the right to leave Ald. Smith in the chair, but Ald. White is also a candidate and his friends are of the opinion that the east side should have the chairmanship. Ald. Barnes is likely to stay at the head of the land committee.

The elections to the departments are by the whole council. The other committees choose their own chairman.

The question to be decided next Tuesday is as to how far the North End is willing to allow the rest of the board to have a say in the affairs of the departments. The general impression is that two Chesleys as chairmen will be one too many, though if there has to be a choice between them there are

some who believe that John A. is better fitted for the treasury than W. Alonzo is for the safety board. The latter department has left a great deal undone in the last year.

Ald. Blizard now says he is not after the place.

Tuesday will settle the matter, and after that the new members will have a chance to undertake the reforms they have advocated during the elections.

### MR. WATTERS REDUCED.

The Board of Health Makes Two Moves on the Quiet.

There was some wonderment around Ritchie's building a few days ago when all the members of the Board of Health showed up at meeting time. An impression that something was up spread through the building. This was heightened when, soon after taking the chair, chairman James Reynolds requested clerk H. G. Watters and Inspector Burns to leave the room as the board had business of a private nature to transact. When they were summoned back the chairman with a preface remark about the servants of the board, read a resolution, that had been passed in the "servants' absence, to the effect that H. G. Watters was reduced from the position of clerk to that of inspector with a salary of \$425 instead of \$600, while Inspector Burns was promoted to the chief inspectorship and clerkship at a salary of \$500—an increase over his former pay of \$100—and that the salary of plumbing Inspector McCarthy be increased \$100 and made \$500.

Mr. Watters upon whom the brunt of all these seemingly unnecessary charges has fallen is a son of the late Judge Watters who was chairman of the board for so long a time and who devoted much of his time to its interests. He was appointed secretary less than a year ago, upon the death of Mr. Thorne, and so far as PROGRESS knows has done his work well. The board, in reducing him, had no fault to find with him, no reason to assign for the change, which was made without any notice whatever.

The board is composed of "Boss" Kelly, James Ready, James Reynolds, Ald. William Christie, and Gilbert Murdoch, and the only reason why the change has been made seems to be the preponderance of influence in favor of Mr. Burns.

Some explanation is due the public from Chairman Reynolds why the change was made.

The instructions should be changed. The number of persons who visit the depot on Sunday nights out of idle curiosity makes it necessary that the gatekeeper should do his duty in preventing the access of the crowd to the train shed. He has, doubtless, strict instructions on this point, but they should not be so strict as to cause positive hardship by the exclusion of those who have legitimate business inside the gate. Last Sunday night, a young girl, a member of the household of an invalid, desired to pass to bring back two children and to bid him good bye, but was stopped by Officer Stevens. She could not help crying a little, and the invalid's wife then came from the train to the gate, explained who the girl was and entreated that she might pass. The request was refused and the train moved off without the farewell word being said. It may be that Mr. Stevens is simply faithful to his orders, but in such case the instructions should be changed to allow him some discretion in such cases. There is a vast difference between instances of this kind and those of the ingress of mere curiosity seekers, and some distinction should be made.

Among the Surprised Choirs.

It is announced that the surprised choir of Trinity church is to be strengthened by the addition of several paid singers, who will be chosen on account of their voices, without regard to the rule, which obtains in some churches, that all adult singers must be in the communion of the Church of England. St. Paul's choir will receive an addition, after Easter, in Mr. Davis, now of the Mission, and the latter choir now has Mr. Crocker, late of St. Paul's.

Is Chaplain Sherman Now.

Rev. F. F. Sherman left for Lawrence, Mass., on Friday evening of last week, and will in future be known as Chaplain Sherman, U. S. N. Prior to his departure the teachers and boys of the Davenport school united in presenting him with a handsome testimonial of their esteem. A number of the boys and other friends were at the depot to bid him good bye, and to wish him good luck in his new work.

Who Will Get the Reward.

The provincial government offers a reward of \$200 for information that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the persons who set fire to Belyea's building, at Hampton, last week. There must be several, apart from the principals, who know about the matter. Here is a chance for them to make some money in a very easy way.