

PROGRESS.

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BELYEA IS STILL FREE.

CURIOUS DEVELOPMENTS IN AND AROUND HAMPTON.

An Extraordinary Way of Dealing With an Information Which Charges Forgery—Three Men in Custody on a Charge of Arson—More to Follow.

The liberation of Brunswick Belyea from St. John jail was effected by PROGRESS on the 7th of April. It had apparently been the hope of his persecutors, that he would have to stay in prison until they could accomplish all they desired, but his unexpected release baffled them. They had not improved the time as they might have done. They had only succeeded in robbing him of the goods in his shop, in breaking the windows of his house, and in burning down a building in the process of construction. At this juncture they found Belyea a free man, and intent on finding out the incendiaries. They decided to baffle him.

Belyea remained in St. John for a day or two, and then went to Hampton. On Monday, the 11th, a very remarkable document was issued by Justice D. Beverley Hatfield. It was a summons for Belyea to appear on the 16th to answer a charge of forgery.

The crime of forgery has ever been deemed one of the greatest known in the scope of human laws. Until comparatively recent times, the English statutes affixed the penalty of death to it. It still subjects the man convicted of it to imprisonment as a felon. In such abhorrence it is held as a menace to the commercial health, that a bank will pursue a man to the most remote quarters of the earth to secure his punishment. When a forgery is discovered the instrument issued is a warrant, and on this the offender is taken, locked up, and kept in close custody until delivered by process of law. One would as much expect to see a mere summons served on a murderer as on a forger. Yet a common summons was served on Belyea, calling on him to appear (if he chose, of course) to answer the charge of having on the 19th of November last, forged the name of one James Cameron to a joint note in favor of Wilson & McLaughlan for \$95. What purported to be a copy of such note was set forth in this hybrid process, which, it is safe to say, is unique in the records of even the Kings county magistrates courts.

Belyea dutifully appeared at the proper time and place, but as the prosecution had no evidence against him the hearing was adjourned to the 2nd of May, the alleged forger going at large on his own recognition in the meantime. Did anybody ever hear of a supposed felon being treated with the same consideration?

The note was not produced at the trial, and so far as PROGRESS can learn, no such note is now or ever has been in existence. The only note given by Belyea to McLaughlan & Wilson was paid by Belyea's wife, who sent the money from Boston. It was not a joint note of Belyea and Cameron, and if it is in existence it is not in the hands of the prosecution. The whole affair is a bogus prosecution, in which James Cameron, a sick man, has been induced to believe certain things and to lend his name as prosecutor. Had there been a shadow of foundation for the charge, the ring would not have hesitated to imprison Belyea in jail, as any forger would be imprisoned. They dared not go to that length, for fear of an action for malicious prosecution. They contented themselves with charging the forgery, so that Belyea would be discredited in the public eye, and be handicapped in his work of obtaining redress for his past grievances.

In the meantime facts about the burning of Belyea's building, on the 6th of April, began to be known by interested parties. There were rumors that there was evidence to convict certain persons, and this week a new phase has been given to the affair by the arrest of Fred Fenwick, Edwin Elder, and Linwood Joyce as three of the incendiaries. All of these persons have been more or less in connection with Justice T. A. Peters's friend Scribner, the man who had the protection of the law in selling rum, while Belyea was hounded at every step. Fenwick kept the stable in the rear of Scribner's hotel. He left Hampton when matters began to look warm last week, and was arrested at Mrs. Perry's road-house, near St. John. Chief Clark and others had been on the look-out for him, in consequence of a telegram received from Constable McLeod, of Sussex. Elder ran Scribner's bar for a time, while Joyce is a lad who did various odd jobs around the premises. It is within the possibilities that other arrests will be made before PROGRESS reaches its readers.

The gentlemen charged with arson were not merely summoned, as Belyea was, but were collared and taken before stipendiary magistrate Wallace, at Sussex. Thomas A. Peters is the stipendiary at Hampton, but it is unnecessary to explain why they were not taken before him. Constable McLeod was in earnest. How far any of the men charged are

guilty is not, of course, for PROGRESS to say. The evidence will speak for itself. In the meantime there is consternation in the "Hampton ring."

THE MAYOR AND RODNEY WHARF.

Some Things His Worship Would Do Well to Think Over Again.

The council will not be called upon at once to decide on the merits of Sand Point as a site for harbor improvements. The time named in the notice already given has expired and another notice is required of 30 days. This will give the new members a chance to look carefully into the claims of the two sites, and to decide simply on the merits.

In the speech in which Mayor Peters so positively declared himself in favor of Rodney wharf first, last and for all time, his worship made a point that were the improvements to be made where he wanted them, the city would have the work on its own property. This idea would have more force as regards Rodney wharf if the property were not, as it is, yielding a revenue now, and if there were no damages to be paid Mr. Wilson and others. Besides, as a matter of fact, the city does own the land now under lease at Sand Point. As to the future, it is probable that Sand Point will give all the accommodation which can be wanted for the next century or so, and beyond that neither the mayor nor the people need worry. Posterity can look out for itself.

Another of the arguments is that vessels should lie in a slip because there is danger from freshets, spring tides, etc., when they are moored lengthways on the harbor front. This is in the nature of a libel on the port, for as everybody knows vessels lie lengthways with perfect safety, as they have for the last hundred years. The harbor is what its name implies, and to give the impression that a vessel of any size is only safe behind a breakwater cannot tend to raise the port in the estimation of those who read that such arguments are advanced. Besides, if anybody will look at a plan of the harbor he will see that Rodney and other slips are not at right angles, as one would infer from the mayor's words, but lie at such an angle with the current that it must be felt. With Rodney wharf extended 250 feet beyond its present line, as proposed, the argument as to the protection from currents, etc., would be shown to be of little weight.

The channel that a steamer has to take to reach a berth at Rodney wharf is not on the west side, nor in the middle, but on the east side. Following the channel on the east side to a point north of the ferry slip, the steamer then shapes a course across to Rodney wharf. It is along this course, to secure a depth of 27 feet to the head of Rodney slip, that some \$200,000 would be required for dredging. The tenders which named the largest figures were prepared with the knowledge that there was rock as well as mud to be removed, as was established by Mr. Perley years ago when it was proposed to bridge the harbor.

The comparison as to the cost between Rodney wharf and Sand Point has already been given, and is so largely in favor of the latter that no business man ought to hesitate as to which is the better investment. When a good site can be secured and the improvements made at less than one-half the sum required at Rodney wharf, it seems singular that the latter should have an advocate at the council board.

Unfortunately, the name of Leary entered into the matter, though Mr. Leary has washed his hands of St. John and its works. PROGRESS did not favor his plan, and would not favor it now, but the fact that he owns land at Sand Point seems no reason why all the advantages of that site should be ignored and the citizens be asked to pay twice as much at Rodney wharf.

The mayor's strong point was that the Rodney wharf site was preferable because the city owned property there. In almost the same breath he asserted that if the city owned all the land that was required at Sand Point, he would still be in favor of Rodney wharf. That is to say, while the main thing he contends for is that the improvements should be on city property, still his prejudice is so strong that even were all these conditions fulfilled at Sand Point, he would be against that site. Nobody can doubt that his worship's mind is fully made up on this subject.

A Larger Hall This Time.

The Snowflake Minstrels had an entertainment in Reform Club hall not long ago and made a grand success of it. The audience was delighted, and everyone present wanted to see them again, and in a larger hall. They will have an opportunity of doing so Friday, April 29, for the snowflakes have decided to give a performance in the Institute. The company is a good one, composed of well known city boys, two or three stages younger than the A. A. club minstrels. Nevertheless they give a good show.

OPENED A NEW ACCOUNT.

AND POSSIBLY HAVE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF.

The Old Aldermen Retire to Make Room for Their Successors—His Worship the Mayor Treats Them to the Longest Speech of the Season—A Good Start.

Easter brought a new council for the city of St. John. When the board assembled on Tuesday, his worship the mayor had for each member, new and old, an elegant white rose, symbolical of the sweetness and purity which should mark the actions of the civic parliament for the next year.

The old board retired gracefully. Those who were not to be of the new council made valedictory addresses, and it gives PROGRESS pleasure to compliment Ald. Allen on making the best of the lot. He spoke clearly and temperately on the topics he touched, and those who heard him could not but regret that he had been unable to foresee the mistake of a course which rendered his retirement advisable. Ald. Blackadar candidly admitted that he had not retired because his business required his attention, while Ald. Tufts spoke with evident regret of his own defeat. He announced that he would be ready to serve the next time that he was wanted. Ald. Baskin, the veteran of the board stood up for the rights of Carleton to the last, and intimated that in his opinion either a free ferry or a dropping out of the union was the manifest destiny of the west side in the future. Alds. Likely and Lockhart were the other valedictorians.

If the average citizen were asked to guess the number of constables in St. John, he would be likely to underestimate them. No less than eighteen, in addition to the high constable marched in and took their oaths of office.

The event of the day was the mayor's speech, to which fuller reference is made elsewhere. It was well delivered, and on most points, well conceived. Some of the aldermen who dine in the middle of the day thought it was a trifle long, as it took an hour and a half, but they listened to it with hungry interest. Ald. Lewis was the only man who protested, when the sarcasm of the mayor was levelled at his theory of reducing the taxes by cutting down the salaries, but the mayor was right in his opinion. PROGRESS has steadily held that the leakage is not in salaries but in the desire to spend money without a consideration of the fact that there must be a day of reckoning. The mayor made no threats, but he intimated that he intended to have order in the council, and if the aldermen insisted on fighting they would have to make use of the ante room. He also explained, what a good many did not know, that if he should leave the chair at any time and remain in the room, business would be at a dead lock until he saw fit to return. This caution may save some unpleasantness in the future. If the members want to have things their own way they will have to tie his worship in the chair before they begin.

There was not so much fun as had been anticipated in the election of the committees. As intimated by PROGRESS last week, Ald. Blizard retired from the race early, but Ald. John A. Chesley had his hopes until he saw that Ald. McLaughlan had a sure thing of it. Then he withdrew and Ald. McLaughlan was elected without opposition.

A little breeze came up by the rather unfair deal which proposed to put Ald. Baxter on both the public works and safety boards, to the exclusion of Ald. Davis from either. The protest of the latter was taken up by others, and an amicable understanding was reached by which he went on the safety board, while Ald. Baxter took the public works.

Carleton will manage the ferries again this year, Ald. Smith having been chosen as chairman of the committee. Ald. Barnes, as a matter of course, remains at the head of the lands committee.

The mayor compliments the council on its composition, but he is of opinion that eight of the members could be spared and the other eighteen would do the work without missing them. Nobody doubts this. Probably every alderman would vote for it if he was sure he was to be one of the eighteen.

A Big Congregation But No Collection.

Things got a little mixed in St. Andrews church last Sunday evening and as a result no collection was taken up, much to the consternation of some of the elders. Dr. Pope was the minister, and conducted the service somewhat different than usual. There was no interval for the collection, and after the benediction was pronounced, an elder made an effort to get the plates passed around before the congregation left the church. The organist, however, didn't notice the omission and began playing the voluntary. The congregation seemed to take this as a suggestion to leave, and did so; and the elders saw one of the largest congregations of the year pass out, and missed an equally large collection.

HE READ DIME NOVELS.

The Experiences of a Youth Who Found Life in a Drug Store Monotonous.

Fourteen-year-old Frank Wilson works in Moore's drug store, on Brussels street. When he is not working he reads dime novels. The hero of one of his latest stories was Fred Wetmore. Fred was evidently a dandy in the estimation of young Wilson, for after reading his exploits, work in the drug store seemed monotonous.

Wilson decided to seek a more exciting occupation. Just what that occupation was he did not seem to know, but running away from home, as usual, struck him as the way to find it.

Sunday, after eating his Easter eggs, he began to think of his new career. A younger brother was broached on the subject of going to Halifax, but home was good enough for him, and Frank kept the rest of his plans to himself. Monday morning early he proceeded to put them into operation.

He opened the drug store as usual and left for home to get his breakfast. At this point his career as a dime novel hero began. Instead of going home he went to the depot and boarded the train for Halifax. In about an hour another part of the plot began to develop. Mr. Moore wondered where his junior clerk was, and sent to his home after him. Of course he wasn't there. Being a hero, how could he be?

Then everybody began to make enquiries. The younger brother remembered what Frank had told him the day before. In the language of the dime novel and ex-chief Marshall, that was "a clue." Mr. Wilson acted upon it.

He telegraphed all trains east and west, to look out for a boy about Frank's size, bound for nowhere in particular. The conductor on the Halifax train got the telegram at Anagnance, stepped on board the train and walked into the car where young Wilson sat dreaming of false whiskers and seven shooters.

"What is your name?" he asked the boy.

"Fred Wetmore, sir," said young Wilson promptly, adopting the name of his pet hero. So far it was easy acting out a dime novel, but the conductor's next statement staggered the run-away.

"Oh, no, your name is Frank Wilson." About this time the bottom fell out of the adventure. The youngster found it easy enough to say his name was Fred Wetmore, but to deny that it was Frank Wilson was another matter. He concluded that heroes must only exist in books, and owned up.

The boy was taken to Moncton and sent home on the next train. He had had no breakfast, and was very hungry when he got home that night—something the dime novel he read did not say anything about.

RAWLINGS' LOG BOOK.

He Has a Record of Eventful Events and Answers Roll Call.

There is trouble in the police family. The chief and Capt. Rawlings are cooling in their tender regard for each other. How it all began no one knows, but the force was paralyzed one evening to see the chief assume the roll call duty and Capt. Rawlings in the ranks answering to his name and marching out with the men. This is as it should be, but it differs so widely from what has been going on that the men raise their eyebrows and ask, "What's up," and "Is the chief really going to be chief?"

Sometime ago a gentleman who knows Rawlings intimately remarked that he would wager a good deal that every act of Chief Clark since he has assumed the position, that was not in keeping with the chiefship, was down in Rawling's "log book," and would be ready for the witness stand some day.

The chief heard the remark and has satisfied himself that it is correct—so rumor says.

When They Begin to Grumble.

It the St. John fire department cannot get to a fire in quick time, it is not for want of practice. The men will earn all they get this year, and if the alarms continue to come in as often as they have done since the first of the year, the firemen will lose on their contracts. There have been nearly as many fires since the first of January, as there were in the twelve months of last year, and the fire alarm is becoming almost as regular in its workings as the laborer's bell. But when the department is called out to put out fires that a puff of water would extinguish the men begin to grumble. Burning sawdust and grass brought the department out twice this week.

It Should Be Worth Hearing.

Dr. J. D. Maher will lecture in aid of the Portland Serenade band, Monday evening, and has chosen for his subject "A trip to Ireland, England and France." The lecture will be illustrated with lime light views of the places described, and should prove interesting.

IS SOCIETY SO HARD UP?

HALIFAX FAILS TO ATTEND ONE OF THE PRETTIEST OF BAZAARS.

Nothing More Charming Than the Display Could Have Been Imagined, Yet Hardly Anybody Was There—A Description of What People Missed.

HALIFAX, April 21.—The rainbow fair was opened here tonight, and closed without the fashionable world being the wiser or happier through its having taken place. It was one of the most attractive bazaars ever held in this city, and was one of the most poorly patronized. Whether society is hard up, or whether it cannot appreciate the beautiful may be the query of a good many folks, but whatever was the reason, the fair was as great a failure in respect to attendance as it was a success in the completeness of its details. It had been advertised, but in Halifax such affairs are less dependent on advertising than on talk. Talk makes or mars everything of this description, and this bazaar seems to have been talked of in an exceedingly small circle.

The decorations were fine. A huge rainbow of tissue paper was suspended from the ceiling of the concert room in the institute, and under it, also in a bow, were arranged the tables in their proper sequence of color: violet, dark blue, pale blue, green, yellow, orange and red draping each in succession, the ladies behind each table wearing the same hues of nature.

The arrangements in every way were perfect. The refreshments could not have been better, the needle work was lovely, the flowers well worth buying, the homemade sweets delicious. Much that was good was to be had, but there was scarcely a buyer.

Taken all in all, a prettier sight, better wares, and more charming dresses could not have been imagined, and yet the public passed it by.

I add a list of the ladies interested. The yellow dresses and the pale blue were the prettiest, the violet the least successful.

Violet.—Miss Fairbanks, Mrs. Lepine, Miss Jones.

Dark Blue.—Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Gregor, Mrs. Cabot.

Pale Blue.—Mrs. Arthur Wiswell, Mrs. Stubbings.

Green.—Miss Wier, Miss Hensley, Mrs. Bowman.

Yellow.—Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Hamilton, Orange.—Miss Blanche Wiswell, Miss E. Anderson.

Red.—Mrs. Hesslein, Mrs. Croydon, Misses Forbes Bannister and Redmond.

By the time that Halifax has another rainbow fair, it is to be hoped society will rise—or come down, which?—to the emergency.

GONE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

A City Landlady Decamps with Her Auction Sale Proceeds.

It is not uncommon for a business man with too little credit—or too much—and too many debts, to make up his mind that the easiest way out of his difficulties is to get out of the country on the quiet, leaving his friends to wonder whether he will ever return. These little escapes have been varied within the past few days by a woman joining the unexpected exodus and leaving her friends to mourn her departure. To say that she kept a boarding house is to tell her name, almost. For some time it has been known that she was going out of the boarding house business and out of the country. Her supply people became somewhat anxious and began to press their claims for a settlement. She saw that something would have to be done to satisfy them temporarily, and so she told them that they would all be paid in proportion to her ability. She advertised her goods for sale and the auctioneer took possession. When he had gone, the landlady of the house, with the assistance of friends, succeeded in taking her trunks away unobserved. She also took away the proceeds of the auction sale, the amount being variously stated between \$800 and \$2,000.

This sudden move took the breath away of all her old boarders, many of whom, however, openly express their satisfaction, knowing as they do, how their landlady had been imposed upon by boarders who had left her in the lurch. Some time ago PROGRESS received an amusing letter bearing on this fact, since it was anonymous, was not printed. But there is no doubt that there was much money lost through decamping and defaulting boarders.

Nevertheless it is a great shock to find a woman adopting "shoot the moon" tactics.

Increasing Their Connections.

The Western counties railway has made a change in the running of the road that will be a greater convenience than ever to the travellers. Trains will connect at Yarmouth with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings.

ARE YOU MOVING THIS YEAR?

If So Send Your Present and Future Address to "Progress" This Week.

As PROGRESS likes to keep the track of its friends, and as those friends are pretty numerous in St. John, it has a word to say to those who have moved or intend to move from one house to another this year. If all such will send PROGRESS a brief memorandum, the names will be published for general information. A list has already been secured, but it is desirable that it should be as complete as possible, and that above all things it should be accurate.

Every city reader of PROGRESS who is moving or who has friends who are moving will confer a favor by sending a brief memorandum as near as possible in the following form:

McCorkindale, John, from — Princess to — Charlotte.

This when published will inform the friends of Mr. and Mrs. McCorkindale, of Princess street, that they will be found at a certain number on Charlotte street for the next twelve months. It is desirable that in every case the form should be followed as closely as possible, and the correct numbers given.

In order to guard against any attempt to play hoaxes, it is requested that the name of the person sending the information should accompany the item, in confidence.

Everybody who moves should send a memorandum, and no harm will be done if everybody's friend sends a memorandum to the same effect. The system of PROGRESS is such that there is no possibility of names being duplicated in print, and it is better that several should send the same information rather than that all should assume that it has been sent.

The value of such a list to the public is so apparent that PROGRESS is confident it will have the hearty co-operation of all its friends in the work.

The list will appear on the issue of May 7th, by which time nearly everybody will be settled down and ready to receive calls and congratulations. The information should be sent as soon as possible, in order that it may be properly compiled.

Send along the names, with your own names as a guarantee of good faith, and begin to send them at once, if you please.

ALD. CONNOR'S MOVE

Secures Ald. Knox's Recognition and Sustains His Reputation for Diplomacy.

When a new council is sworn in the first work of any importance is the appointing of the departmental committees for the year. The board of public works has always been considered the most important of the three and by some understanding it has been understood that when one alderman of the ward was appointed upon it, his colleague should sit upon the treasury and safety committees.

The department "slates" presented to the new council for approval differed in this respect for the name of the senior representative for Dukes, Ald. Blizard, appeared upon both public works and treasury boards while that of his colleague, a new member, Mr. Knox was honored with only one of the minor committees.

There is not much going on which Ald. Connor does not see, and when the "slate" was brought up for approval he arose and in his own original and seductive fashion entered a telling protest against the departure from usage. He enlarged upon the importance of the new members getting an intimate acquaintance with civic affairs and concluded by the rather unexpected but generous proposition that Ald. Knox should take his place upon the treasury bench. The amendment, for it was put in that shape, carried, and now Duke's is represented by both representatives in the financial board. It is not probable that the city will lose, for Mr. Knox is a keen business man and economical enough to suit good citizens.

But since Ald. Connor may be in a degree considered as the leader of a strong opposition at the board, his move must be regarded as a successful bit of diplomacy.

By the way, the ranks of those in favor of Sand Point as against Rodney wharf have been greatly strengthened in the recent elections—his worship to the contrary, notwithstanding, PROGRESS understands that Ald. Jack and Knox are strongly in favor of the more economical site, while the changes of opinion in the West and North Ends are decidedly in the same direction.

The Objectionable Features Went.

The same faults in Wednesday evening's operatic performance, noted by PROGRESS today on the third page which is printed Thursday afternoon, must have struck the management in the same light, for Thursday evening's rendition of the *Three Black Cloaks* was shorn of the features so objectionable in the *Mascol* and the opera was a decided success—save the caterwauling duet. The dance was also more satisfactory, or rather, the lights were.