

# PROGRESS.

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## THE DAYS GREAT RACING.

### MOOSEPATH OPENS THE SEASON WITH A BIG CROWD.

Little Rocket Proves to be a very speedy Rocket and Wins in Good Time—Peter Carroll in Luck He Drives a Winner and a Good Second—The Day's Successful Racing.

Of all the holiday events none was more successful than the races at Moosepath. The crowd was big and the races well contested. Such a day's sport so early in the season has not been seen for many a year. PROGRESS has always held that it was possible to hold successful local races and its prediction has been proved correct beyond doubt by the energetic gentlemen, Messrs. Dean and Pendleton, who took charge of the affair and made such a success of it.

The day could not have been improved upon. The track would have been better for rain but was as good as it was possible to have without sprinkling. Still it was slow, though in spite of that the pace and records exceeded the expectation of everybody.

There were fourteen entries in the gentlemen's driving race and it is to the credit of many of the owners whose horses were wretchedly out of shape that they started and made the day as successful as possible. Josie Mack was the favorite in the gentleman's driving race. She had shown a mile to a high sulky in training in 2.48, and they were few outside of the silent Peter Carroll who thought there was any horse in the race that could lead the chestnut mare. Yet the fact that Peter Carroll was driving Little Rocket, and that he was going nice, left so much room for speculation that but few wagers were had with the field against the favorite.

The field was a good horse as it proved, for Little Rocket showed a pace that paralyzed the crowd, and was too hot for Josie Mack.

Both were in good positions in the first heat, being in the first rank in second and fifth positions. Portland Prince, with Mr. Tower weighing 240 pounds, in a road cart, had the pole. The gallant little gray made a grand fight for a piece of the race, but with such odds what wonder was it that he did not succeed! Little Rocket did not get squared away in the first heat until he was in the back stretch. Then he had to overhaul Josie Mack and Lady Laurier, the latter at the pole with George Carvill reining her. He gained quite steadily and speeding around the upper turn swung into the stretch on even terms. Then for the rest of the heat he had no need to rush and when he jogged in under the wire in the slow time of 2.57½ these who knew the horses were satisfied that Josie Mack could do so much better that the race was not won yet.

This proved to be true enough for the next heat saw the speedy Josie Mack chasing the steady son of Olympus all the way. She hung to him like a leech though breaking occasionally from the pressure. Little Rocket came from the quarter pale home like a whirlwind but eased up within 50 yards of the wire and jogged in in 2.44½. This was the time hung out by the judge though competent timers in the crowd agreed upon 2.43½. It is certain that had the little horse been pushed right to the finish 2.40 would not have tied him up. Considering that it was his first race and that he was handled but eight days by Carroll, this was a great performance for both horse and driver. The best gait he showed last year was 3.00½. If he continues to improve he will be a speedy horse.

The third heat was a repetition of the second, and was won in the same manner at the same time. Of the other horses it is hard to place them. A snap shot with a camera at every quarter is about the only way positions could have been taken surely. Lady Laurier took third money easily. She was steady and held her gait well. Everything considered the big mare's work was very creditable. Island Grey followed her in the first heat in the opinion of the judges, who gave it to him for square trotting, though O'Dick finished ahead of him. Sans Puer, Jr., Portland Prince, Mazouk, Harry A., Dart, and Raymont, were all pretty evenly matched and bunched in the finish. Sans Puer, Jr., took fourth place in the last two heats. In the second heat some were drawn and others distanced so that there were only seven starters in the third heat.

There was considerable interest in the named race where Lady D. 2.52, Johnny Dick, Eagle, 2.53, Black Jack, 2.34, Teddy Goldleaf, 2.48½, Nettie G. (a pacer) and Frank E. appeared. Lady D. was a winner in two events before and had an ice record of 2.48; Eagle won the fall race last year in 2.53 and Black Jack and Teddy Goldleaf are both good performers when right. Johnny Dick was a favorite because of his work on the ice at Hampton, where he is said to have trotted under 2.40 and there were many who expected the big brown horse to give a good account of himself. Lady D. was in nice shape and Eagle never looked better. Nettie G. came to the score speedy and level. Frank E.

was very sore and short in his usually trappy gait and acted very badly on the score. He had only been a few days in Peter Carroll's hands and it was impossible to work him much owing to a sore foot. But, considering how he was outclassed, he made a showing that was more than satisfactory to his driver and owner. Lady D. was speedy and, in the main, very steady. She was not headed save for a time by Mr. Gordon's pacer in the first mile and had the roan mare kept her gait she would have made a great race but a bad break on the home stretch gave Lady D. the lead. Behind, a few yards, Johnny Dick and Frank E. fought for second place, but the big brown horse got in ahead by half a length. Frank E. did not get to work until the last half and then he showed enough speed to come in as he did.

The second heat Lady D had the pole with Johnny Dick, Frank E. and Black Jack fourth. They got a ragged send off Frank, E. some yards in the rear and the pole horse also handicapped but on the back stretch the face of things changed. Johnny Dick and Lady D. while fighting for first position broke and Frank E. sped past them and entered the stretch on the finish of the half mile in the lead with Lady D. on his wheel. This position was maintained on the turn and on the back stretch Frank E. gained a little more, but the mare soon shoved her nose into its place again and on the turn they kept their positions swinging into the stretch for the finish with but a yard difference. For an instant as they passed the gate Frank E., faltered and the mare had him by a neck. Then he was at it again, and as they sped by the line of shouting spectators, no man could tell which was ahead. Ten yards from the wire Carroll dropped the whip on his game little horse, and Frank E., springing under the touch won by a neck. Time 2.45. It was a great heat, so close that many not in line with the wire thought it a dead heat. Johnny Dick acted badly, and was distanced, while Teddy Goldleaf and Eagle shared the same fate.

Frank E. had the pole in the next heat and kept his place for the half mile when he faltered on the hard ground before the stand and broke. Lady D. had no trouble from him the rest of the heat as Carroll laid him up until Gordon coming very fast at the finish with Nellie G. he brushed again and once more just under the wire where the footing was too solid for a sore horse Frank E. broke again. But the judges taking the whole mile into consideration gave him second place.

The fourth heat was a repetition of the third though Lady D was pushed to the utmost and finished the mile in 2.44, a second better than the best time, with Frank E. second, Nettie G. third and Black Jack fourth. In this order the race was won.

The match race between Helena and Deceiver was won by the former in two straight heats in 2.39 and 2.36½. Helena is still a favorite with the crowd. The big black was driven by Mr. Dean who does not profess to be a professional and who has not had the time to give his speedy son of Rampart the fitting necessary for such a race. But it filled out the day's sport which all in all was such as the people never get before for 25 cents.

Starter Charles Ward gave entire satisfaction and with such a field of horses did splendid work. The Judges were A. W. Vanwart, Thomas Clark, Fred Young; the timers, Hugh Stevens and Geo. Murphy.

### The Corner Loner to Go.

HALIFAX, May 24.—PROGRESS calls attention to the way the St. John police seem to coax idlers from standing at street corners in your city. A system of such coaxing was in vogue in Halifax up to about twelve months ago. If pointers are wanted on the best way to keep the corners clear your chief of police might do worse than look into chief O'Sullivan's method; he makes people pay for the privilege of street corner loafing. The police have strict orders from him to report all such offenders against the city ordinances. These orders are vigorously carried out and the culprits are promptly fined. Some of those thus first reported and arrested contested their cases, but the decisions of the court were "agin them" on every occasion, and now the approach of a policeman is sufficient to scatter a group. If a man wants to stand on a street corner, after one warning to move on, he must pay for the privilege.

### Good News For St. John Men.

HALIFAX, May 24.—The full bench has set aside Judge Meagher's decision, and has re-instated A. B. Sheraton in control of the Queen hotel, as its tenant. Judge Meagher's state of mind now must be just about the opposite of the successful hotel man's feeling of elation. The full bench had not a moment's hesitation in unanimously throwing out his judgment. Mr. Sheraton is now in the hotel, to remain at least till July 1st, in spite of all that the bondsmen who own the hotel, can do, and the chances are he will be there the entire summer. The bondsmen's lawyers made a mistake somewhere, and it doubtless was in their not seeing that Mr. Archibald, the mortgagee, served Sheraton with notice to leave when his year expired. Such notice was not given, and "Sherry" reigns at the Queen.

## THE SORE SPOT OF A CITY.

### A SPLENDID PART OF HALIFAX IN DISREPUTE.

Because Many of the Houses are Rented for Immoral Purposes—Some Particulars of an Evil that Should be Remedied, and Some Facts About the Rentals.

HALIFAX, May 24.—Every city has its poverty-stricken and vice-haunted district. Sometimes these are found side by side and sometimes in different localities. Even in new western cities, of but a few years age, there soon appears a district which is the abode particularly of the very poor and of the deformed. This fact is especially true of old sea-port towns. Halifax is not an exception. A portion of Lower Water street, known as "Irishtown" is mainly inhabited by very poor people, though there are no evil resorts there. The north end of Maynard street, formerly known as City street, and the locality adjacent, contains another large section of this city's poorest people. But it is in the central parts, in what are called the "upper streets", that poverty, vice and misery seem to walk hand in hand. South Brunswick street, Albertmarle street, and Grafton street, bounded by Duke and Sackville streets are inhabited by hundreds of people who today, perhaps, don't know where tomorrow's meals are to come from, or who can't speak with any degree of certainty this week how they shall be able to keep soul and body together next week.

The time was when those very streets among the oldest in Halifax, constituted the fashionable quarter; when the "best people" in the city lived there; but that day has long gone by. Albertmarle and Grafton streets for four blocks are now lined mainly by wooden houses, old and weather beaten, squalid, standing there as if inviting a conflagration to sweep them away and thus improve the appearance of the city. This is the character of the locality as a whole, but here and there along those streets there are exceptions. At some of the corners and once in a while in the course of a block a better building appears. Till recently there has been no adequate sewerage in this district, and now this work has been about half done, largely through the exertions and influence of Rev. F. H. Alman and other philanthropists. South Brunswick street has been very much improved in the last ten years or so.

Not alone is this region the abode of the poorest people, and the location of the most unsightly buildings, but it is here that lawlessness so far as the police and the authorities are unable to cope with it, holds its carnival. Drinking-dens abound. On those three streets there are not more than half a dozen licensed shops, but it is safe to say that in fifty places liquor is sold with more or less stealthiness. The legend "temperate drinks" painted on the windows, in nine cases out of ten, means that liquor of a semi-poisonous kind is hidden away somewhere and is sold whenever the chance occurs. What generally are nothing less than the vilest concoctions are peddled off on the poor sailors or other drinkers who go there and think they are getting beer or spirits. About six of those drinking places are licensed and fifty unlicensed! That leaves a splendid field for the exertions of Inspector Banks and the police. These officials know the state of affairs, and they are not idle. Banks makes almost nightly visits, and seldom returns to the police station empty-handed. But he hardly keeps up with the enemy, and the comparatively few violators he captures only serves to make them more cautious in guarding against another surprise, and to put others more on the alert to see that they, too, fall not into the hands of the Philistines.

It is here, too, that houses of ill repute mostly flourish. A sad fact is that they have increased in recent years, and that they carry on their business more openly than ever. The time was when such places were spoken of with bated breath, as it were, but now they are openly talked about on the streets and in some of our newspapers. Some of the best buildings on Grafton street, fitted with electric bells, lighted by electricity and handsomely painted and furnished, are houses which have got beyond the stage of being called merely "questionable resorts." And yet they are frequented by many who are spoken of as among "the best young men in the city." Inspector Banks finds these men there from time to time, and yet they are considered all right in some classes of so-called high-toned society. The sailors dive, the poor man's dwelling, the licensed and most likely the unlicensed drinking place, and the so-called "respectable" resort, are side by side within this area on the upper streets.

An interesting question comes up. "Who is it that owns those properties that thus have been allowed to go to ruin or are thus used for anything but good purposes?" Many of them are owned by comparatively poor estates or individuals, and are let out in single rooms. In every second house, almost, is a shop where either intoxicants

or small groceries are sold. Some of those dives bring in a good rent. Nearly all the properties are mortgaged, and it is out of them much of many a fat income is partly drawn. Good rents are taken from the shops where "temperate" drinks are sold, but two or three of the highest rents in Halifax come from houses in Grafton street where no sign adorns the window, which to all appearances are only comfortable well furnished dwellings. In some instances \$700 and even \$1,200 per year have been paid in rent on houses that ordinarily would not yield more than \$200 or \$300 at the most.

No 90 Grafton street is a building till recently owned by a Hollis street liquor seller, and he is said to have taken about \$100 per month out of it in rent, when he sold out to the occupant and lessee. No 117 Grafton street is another of the more pretentious dwellings on this street which is owned by one of our more wealthy men; it yields \$600 or \$700 per annum in rent. The owner of No. 33 on the same street, finds it a very profitable source of revenue. And so on to the end of the list. PROGRESS withholds the names of the owners of houses rented for these purposes for the present but under the recent criminal code they are liable to a heavy penalty for leasing their property to tenants of this kind.

Post office officials, customs and city officials have investments on those streets, and they prove profitable. Even some of our city churches till recently owned one or two not of the best buildings on Grafton street. A complete list of the owners of properties on South Brunswick street, Albertmarle and Grafton streets would not be interesting reading especially if coupled with the amounts of rent drawn compared with the assessed valuation and the taxes paid. Enough has been stated to show what a sore spot this locality is in Halifax; how responsible some of the proprietors; how profitable it is to own some classes of properties there and what a lot of work there is yet ahead of Inspector Banks. He will have only got well into his task by the end of his year, and possibly as a result of his work some values will have fallen.

One large owner who has done much to improve the character of property on those streets, and refuses to rent a house for the sale of liquors, is Ald. E. W. O'Donnell.

### A CORONER WHO TAKES THE BUS.

When Inquests are Scarce He Knows How To Get a Case.

HALIFAX, May 24.—Some time ago PROGRESS had an article showing how some of the coroners of Halifax county prostitute their office merely into a race for the fee of \$10 which is paid them for every inquest they hold. Coroner A. C. Hawkins was mentioned particularly at that time. He was one of the worst corpse-chasers or fee-chasers—as you like. On Tuesday he made a horrible spectacle of his anxiety to hold an inquest, resorting finally to the device of breaking into undertaker Snow's dead house through a window and in the absence of the proprietor, stealing away with the body of W. H. Fullerton, of Amherst, who died on the train bound for this city. Snow had previously been given a certificate stating that Fullerton's death was due to "exhaustion," signed by Dr. G. M. Campbell, one of the most reputable physicians of the city. In virtue of that certificate he was preparing the body for return to Amherst, and refused to allow Hawkins to enter his premises to hold the inquest he demanded. Hawkins tried to force an entrance, attempting to strike Snow with a bar of iron. But he was beaten off. After dark he returned, failing to get the keys of the building he opened a window and accompanied by Grey, he searched round till he found the body. Then the two men quickly hustled it out through the window, into the team, and down to Grey's establishment. When Snow found out what had happened he swore out a warrant for the arrest of coroner Hawkins and Grey, charging them with stealing a \$100 casket containing the body of W. H. Fullerton, formerly of Amherst.

Was there ever a more disgraceful act than that of this coroner body-snatcher, who persisted in going to such a length, all for a \$10 fee, under pretext of a desire to hold an inquest and despite the certificate of a brother physician of high standing. If there is another coroner in the maritime provinces like Dr. Hawkins let him speak up and take the prize.

### Recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Durdward Lely.

Arrangements have already been made for the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Durdward Lely, the reciters of Scottish song and story in the Maritime Provinces at the following places and dates.

St. John, N. B.	June 4th and 5th.
Fredericton, N. B.	June 6th.
Chatham, N. B.	June 7th.
Bathurst, N. B.	June 8th.
Camppelton, N. B.	June 9th.
Moncton, N. B.	June 11th.
Summerside, P. E. I.	June 12th.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.	June 13th.
Pictou, N. S.	June 14th.

## HIS PRISON THOUGHTS.

### EDITOR MACDOUGALL INDULGES IN SOME REFLECTIONS.

The Sheriff Is After "Doc" Wilbur, the Mayor Is After the Sheriff and Somebody Is After the Mayor—Mr. MacDougall's Opinion of Christian People of Dorchester.

"Bill" Wilbur, the Moncton man who was referred to in last week's PROGRESS as being a fugitive from justice, will, it is said, be arrested as soon as the sheriff can succeed in locating him. He has been in Moncton for some time, but being a leading spirit in the political arena of that city, he was allowed to go at large, and probably would have lived and died there had the fact of his return not been chronicled in the columns of PROGRESS. It is said that the crown officers have notified Sheriff McQueen to arrest him at once. Wilbur is a bad character and should not be permitted to go unpunished. The Moncton newspapers must certainly have been aware of his return to Moncton, but it seems that the press and police of Moncton are favorable to him.

### Mayor Sumner's Attack on the Sheriff.

MONCTON, May 21.—Mayor Sumner who has been receiving so much attention of late in connection with the case of Bruce MacDougall, has not treated Sheriff McQueen, as one gentleman should treat another. At a meeting of the city council, Mayor Sumner went out of his way to attack the sheriff of Westmorland County by insinuating that he had entered into an agreement, with a certain party not to arrest Bruce MacDougall. This statement was published in the Moncton papers, and sent to the St. John and Halifax papers as well.

Sheriff McQueen, over his own signature, denied the statement made by Mr. Sumner, who was in duty bound to substantiate his charge or apologise to the sheriff for his libel, but as yet he has not done either. Mayor Sumner is prosecutor in the interest of christianity and morality, and persecutor and public lecturer to the people of Moncton, therefore is deeply interested in the case against Bruce MacDougall. It he was acting as a prosecutor, simply in the interest of morality and virtue, he would not be delivering orations at the council board after MacDougall had been arrested and locked up. He would not be attacking the prisoner when that person was behind the bars at Dorchester. But his attack on Sheriff McQueen is inexcusable. He made the statement that the Sheriff had lent himself to MacDougall's friends, and if true, such a statement was calculated to injure Mr. McQueen. If it was not true and if Mayor Sumner made the statement on hearsay, he should have been man enough to acknowledge his wrong, and apologise to Sheriff McQueen whose official record in this county is above reproach. But Mr. Sumner was attempting to prejudice the public mind, and he took advantage of his official position to attack the Sheriff.

### WHAT MACDOUGALL SAYS.

He Indulges In Some Reflections In His Prison Cell.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—When John T. Hawke, of the Transcript, was hustled off to the York county jail, a few years ago, he proclaimed to the world that he was a martyr—that he came down from the Upper Provinces to accomplish many great returns, and to still further extend the liberty of the press in this province, and in his prison cell at Fredericton he wrote "Prison Thoughts," attempting no doubt, to convince the people who read his paper, that he was a second edition to the imprisoned apostles of old. But the cold, cruel world read his silly chatter over the caption of "Prison Thoughts" and laughed. Scarcely a man in the province took any stock in the pious columns of information which appeared in the Transcript from the pen of Mr. Hawke.

It is no good, and it is only wasting time, for a jail bird, even though he be an editor, to whistle his tale of woe to the world. That is why I am opposed to the publication of prison literature. Mr. Hawke is today the most unpopular man in the province—he went to jail for righteousness sake, and suffered, and still he is unpopular.

Then again take the case of H. T. Stevens, when he occupied, with his wife, the same cell where I am writing this letter, he wrote to the Times over his signature, that the county jail at Dorchester was "alive with bed bugs." The authorities held an immediate investigation, and came to the conclusion that it was June bugs which "H. T. S." had seen, and that he had either lied, or that he was suffering from the "D. T." Mr. Stevens shortly afterwards wrote an "open letter" to the Times, and since that time he has been a back number in the personal, political and social world. So he is "not in it," as far as the great struggle for political fame and honorable mention is concerned.

And now comes my turn. Like all other important characters I have so behaved

myself that I was arrested and taken to jail, and here I am. Now I want the outside world to take no stock in what I say, because the fact that I am in jail disqualifies me for the present time from being a member of society in good—or even bad standing. I am no martyr, however. I am in jail because I was arrested and put here. That's the way Hawke got in jail, and it is the way every other man gets in prison. I cannot help being here, if I could I would be out—for like McGreevy and Connolly, "imprisonment is not good for my health" but my jail physician won't swear to it, and Connolly's would. That's the difference between doctors—they never agree. But I find no fault with the authorities, because the authorities have nothing to do with my case.

"Why, how is that?" some one asks. Well, it is just this way. Mr. Sumner, the moralist, and Mr. Hawke, the advocate for the liberty of speech, and the freedom of the press are running the prosecution. Mr. Sumner is acting for certain outside parties, and Mr. Hawke is his own lawyer. That's the reason why I feel like putting Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, right in the matter. She has nothing to do with the one sided prosecution brought against me and it she knew how her name is being used, I know that she would feel ashamed of it. But she will never know anything about it. I consider that it is an honor to be imprisoned, when the only complaint that is made against me by the Mayor of Moncton, is that I refused to certify certain characters. It is quite different from attacking a supreme court judge, or a member of parliament.

I regret that the mayor has allowed himself to be made a cat's paw for certain parties in Moncton, whose tool he certainly is. My legal encounter with Sumner and others may be the means of wiping me out of the political and social world, but I have still faint hope that everything will come out all O. K., and that about the time the summer resorts, the parks and green slopes of recuperation on Canadian soil will be in order, that I will be a free man once more.

In walking about the corridor of the jail I am confronted by a handsome motto on the wall, viz., "God is Love," but I regret that I have to report that having spent nearly five weeks in jail, that I have never been visited by a follower or teacher, man or woman, who professed to be blessed with the precious gift of His love. Is it that the Dorchester christians are more interested in the heathen of the South Sea Isles, who scamper about dressed in a little brief authority and a fig leaf? Or did the religious zeal of the good people in this section all fritter away during the confinement here, of Buck and Jim? There is evidently a scarcity of the genuine article at the present time in the vicinity of the "devil's half acre." But as far as I am concerned, I will try and pull through without the assistance of any revivalist.

Christianity has been in the world for nearly nineteen centuries, and it is wonderful how scarce an article it is after all. The idea of sticking up a motto on the wall of a prison saying, "God is Love" and expect to reform a criminal by staring at it, is simply foolishness. The motto may be nice to look at, but all the comfort a poor soul, who is confined in a cell can extract from it is very little—but that is my spiritual food here—at a time when my hard heart may be susceptible to impressions.

J. T. Hawke had his prison thoughts; these are mine.

C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL.

Dorchester Jail, May 21.

### Base Ball Season Opened.

The lovers of base ball in St. John had the pleasure of witnessing two nice games of ball on the 24th of May between the Orono, of Maine, and the Y. M. C. A. of St. John. Manager White, of the Y. M. C. A. club, is to be congratulated on the successful way in which things were carried out in both games besides having the playing honors of the day. The Orono team are a very pleasant lot of gentlemen and seemed to take their defeat in the afternoon with the same good grace as they did their victory in the morning game. The St. John team had a number of players that had not been on the diamond in a match game of this kind before and they made a fine showing. The man with the Bean Bouncer could hit a ball from a cannon, he is a slugger, and young Hayes makes a good basket in centre field. Such clever work from new comers was never seen on the athletic grounds before.

PROGRESS is glad to learn that the heavy expenses incurred by bringing the Orono's here has all been met, and the Y. M. C. A. have something to the good. This must be encouraging to manager White, and it is to be hoped that we will be able to witness many games of this kind during the summer.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.