

PROGRESS.

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HIS BRILLIANT RECORD.

AN OFFICER'S CAREER MAY BE MARKED BY FAME.

Mr. Belyea of Moncton Never Loses an Opportunity to Distinguish Himself—his Latest Achievement—How Justice is Meted Out in Moncton—Other Happenings.

Policeman Belyea and his revolver, will soon become almost as familiar figures in history as Hercules and his club, and it will be almost as hard to separate one from the other in the imagination of the future historian who undertakes the task of writing up the minutes of the jubilee year in Moncton! Human nature has a way of associating a man always with mischief characteristic, and those who have read the papers carefully of late cannot avoid associating revolvers with the name of Belyea! We always think of Neptune with his trident, Napoleon with his cocked hat, Cupid with his bow and arrow, and Justice with her scales, therefore the artist of the future who is called upon to depict the central figure in the police circles of Moncton during the year of grace 1897, will invariably portray that hero in the act of discharging a revolver from which the smoke is still arising; while in the background groups of terrified people will be discovered flying in all directions, seeking shelter from the hail of bullets proceeding from his deadly weapon. Officer Belyea made his first great hit in our city after his appointment, amid a rattle of musketry—otherwise pistol shots, a burst of war whoops and other dramatic accessories. And having thus dazzled the public of Moncton, in the guise of a Buffalo Bill, and succeeded in not only intimidating the criminal classes, but making the rest of the community feel that they would have to choose between putting some extra insurance on their lives, and having their spring coats lined with armor plate, he proceeded to make a similar display of fireworks in Dorchester.

Now the residents of Dorchester are thoroughly accustomed to the use of pocket pistols of a certain kind—the kind that do their deadly work quietly, and make no fuss about it; but they are not so familiar with the variety which barks when it bites, and they objected so strongly to its use that the consequences have already been very unpleasant for officer Belyea, and that worthy member of the force will be getting himself talked about if he is not careful, and too much fame is fatal to the usefulness of a policeman. It is all very well to teach evil doers to dread the strong arm of the law by making some display of power, but then a pistol shot is much too sudden and forcible a medium; and there is danger that the impression made on the subject will be too sudden and violent to have any lasting effect; it is apt in many cases to be over too soon and the subject usually ceases to take any interest in subsequent proceedings, even the inquest which follows, and in which he takes a leading part failing to call forth any expression of opinion from him. Besides that, Officer Belyea had no need to establish a reputation for ability to enforce the law, his powers in that line being sufficiently well known without the adventitious aids of either revolver, or war whoops.

Policeman Belyea's account of the disturbance at Dorchester, which has brought him so much unpleasant notoriety, is that during the fight, which he acknowledges having been engaged in, he was getting the worst of it, and in reaching back to his whip pocket, to get the handcuffs contained therein, as a means of self defence, he seized the revolver instead, quite by mistake, and that as the revolver was not loaded, one weapon was no worse than the other.

It is not generally known that handcuffs are eligible as weapons of defence, or that an officer of the law is supposed to get into bar-room rows just like the people whom it is one of his duties to arrest, but then one has many things new and strange to learn if he attempts to make a study of the curious events which frequently transpire in connection with Moncton's police affairs.

Officer Belyea may have been much more sinned against than sinning, and the gentleman whom he accuses of kicking him in the eye, and otherwise behaving in a most unkind and ungentlemanlike manner towards him, may have been the aggressor in every way, but somehow the Dorchester people don't seem inclined to take that view of the affair, and worse still they show a truly aggravating disposition to

take Mr. Belyea as a typical specimen of the Moncton man abroad, even heading their communications regarding the incident, "Moncton people Abroad" "A Monctonian in Dorchester," etc.—thus leading the general public to suppose that it is the usual custom of a Moncton man who goes off to a little country village for a holiday, to pass his time in getting bilious, indulging in rough and tumble rows, and flourishing revolvers promiscuously. It is not a pleasant reputation to have thrust upon one, and naturally the Moncton citizen is far from being grateful for the notoriety brought him through the medium of Officer Belyea, and that ever present revolver of his.

There are, many singular happenings and curious inconsistencies about the administration of police affairs in this city and one of the most singular which has been heard of so far, is the arrest of a woman last Saturday for using profane language on the public street. And not only the arrest, but the conviction, followed by a sentence of eight dollars fine, or four days in goal. This is a move in the right direction, but why this particular woman should have been arrested when all the small boys, and half grown hoodlums who choose to do so, are allowed to habitually use the vilest, and most profane language on the public streets without receiving the slightest check, is beyond the average intelligence.

But instead of making an example of some of these young ruffians and thus discouraging them at the outset of their career as a menace to public morals, it is a woman who is selected as the first melancholy example. Truly the New Woman is taking her place in the van of civilization, and coming to the front with a vengeance when she can so far outswear a Moncton street urchin as to be arrested in his stead, for proficiency in the use of bad language on a Moncton street!

WAS ACCUSED OF THEFT.

The Bracelet Was Found but the Clerk Threatens a Suit.

What may prove an unpleasant experience to a Winter street lady is a proposed suit for defamation of character which a bright and obliging clerk in a Wall street grocery proposes to institute against her. A short time ago the lady missed a valuable bracelet and after trying to decide just where she had last seen the article of jewelry she came to the conclusion that the last place she remembered having seen it was while in the store on Wall Street. In fact it was just after leaving there that she missed it, and as it frequently came unfastened, thereby causing her much annoyance, she felt quite sure she had lost it in the grocery, and as no one but the clerk was around, of course he was responsible for the bracelet.

He was directly accused of the theft and threatened with arrest unless he returned it within a specified time. Quite unconcerned, the knight of the scales went as usual around his duties, even going once or twice on business to his accuser's house. In a few days the "stolen" bracelet was found just where its owner had left it, somewhere in her own house, and then apologies to the clerk were in order. Her husband waited upon him and humbly retracted the charge. He made very humble apologies, but it was the clerk's turn to be angry and he absolutely refused to be pacified. It was only by the merest chance that his reputation had not been ruined. He has not withdrawn his threat to sue for slander but it is thought the lady's friends will succeed in getting him to forego any proceedings of that sort.

TROUBLE IN THE CLUB.

Which May Interfere With the N. S. Exhibitions Success.

HALIFAX, July 1.—The factional fight in the Halifax driving club is having its effect on one of the departments of the provincial exhibition commission. Alderman McFatrige is one of the men who stuck to the club, while J. A. Leaman is one of the men who went out. Alderman McFatrige was given charge of the speed department, as the racing at the proposed fair is euphemistically called. Two other club partisans are John Mullane and A. Lamplier. Alderman McFatrige selected those two as his assistants, together with Geoffrey Morrow and Dr. Jones. Mr. Leaman wrote a letter to the exhibition commission protesting against Mullane and Lamplier, and the commission on the pretext that four

assistants from the city was disproportionate arrangement substituted C. R. Bill, and A. C. Bell, M. P., for the two from the driving club. As a consequence of this, Alderman McFatrige is angry, and not without some reason. So much is he aggrieved that he is seriously thinking of resigning, and allowing the commission to get along without him.

By the way Alderman McFatrige is the owner of a magnificent horse Amerique, which was last season controlled by Dr. Wickwire and others. The alderman got the animal at a bargain and will likely see it do some good work this fall.

IT LOOKS LIKE PERJURY.

Trouble That may Emerge Over a Bill of Less Than Three Dollars.

Several months ago a man and his wife came here to reside, a fact which under ordinary circumstances would have attracted very little attention. In this case, however, there was quite a flourish of trumpets, a handsome residence in a fashionable part of the city being taken for quite a period, and elegantly furnished throughout. The gentleman's occupation was such as to give the family a good social position, a privilege of which the head of the house was not slow to avail himself. He was soon the moving spirit in one or two organizations that was to put St. John on an equality with all foreign cities of any consequence, particularly in the athletic line. Several persons accepted him as an authority on every disputed point under the sun, and it seemed as if the versatile gentleman's lines had fallen in very pleasant places when he reached St. John.

Lately however there have been those who distrusted the genial gentleman and formed their own opinion of his meteoric descent upon this city. In one or two places large orders were given for work etc; sometimes when these orders were sent home a polite request for "cash on delivery" accompanied them and in such a case the articles were often returned by the person who brought them. In one of these instances a rubber stamp was brought, the price of which was \$2.35. Very many attempts were made to collect the amount, but all were useless, and finally the amount was sued. The case came up a few days ago when it was claimed that the defendants wife had paid the bill to a boy, who in turn denied ever having received the money. The matter became interesting and an attempt was made to settle it quietly. The lady was on the verge of hysterics and so the case was allowed to stand—the magistrate claiming that either one of the parties sworn was guilty of perjury, as it was impossible to have forgotten a happening of this kind in so short a time. The case came up again yesterday morning after P. ROGRESS had gone to press.

DIDN'T BELIEVE IN LONG HOURS.

A Motor Man who Struck Work and Left his Car on the Street.

Funny pictures illustrating the complications that sometimes arise when workmen stop operations precisely on the second that ushers in the noon and evening hour, have often been the cause of considerable amusement, but probably few people in this city have ever been subjected to the inconveniences of such a circumstance. Last Sunday evening, however, witnessed one of these funny but annoying incidents. It was at an hour when many were returning from the funeral of the late Father Krien and the cars were pretty well crowded. The motor man was new, and just a trifle green, or else had lost his head over his position, for just as the car struck Prince William Street the different bells and clocks in the city rang out the hour of six o'clock and down went the motor man's hands from the handles and the car was brought to a sudden stop.

The passengers waited for a few moments, thinking the car would proceed in a short time, but when it finally was explained that the motor man being in a hurry for his supper had absolutely refused to work a moment past six o'clock, and had left the car filled with tired passengers, standing on the street, indignation and amusement were strongly mingled, many, happily, seeing only the ludicrous side of the happening.

Wednesday Excursions.

The popular Wednesday excursions of the Intercolonial Railway from St. John to Rothesay and intermediate stations, are now on. These excursions will continue during July and August.

THEY LEAD IN SOCIETY.

THAT IS IN HALIFAX CITY BUT NOT IN ENGLAND.

Two English Mayors Give the Military Men of the City by the Sea a "Black eye" in Regard to Their Social Position—In English Cities Mayors Take Precedence of Officers.

HALIFAX, July 1.—Ex Mayors Davies and Barker of Bristol, England, were delegates to Halifax during the Cabot celebration in this city. On the eve of their departure for home they gave the military a black eye, as it were.

In Halifax society everything bows down in obedience to the officers of the garrison. The military are the rulers of society, and sycophants and toadies in this town will do anything almost for a smile from an officer. With this in mind it is refreshing to read that ex mayors, Barker and Davies say that such a thing as military precedence in old Bristol is entirely unknown. There it is the mayor who leads in any civic function and compared with him the military are relegated to a back seat. This, of course, is as it should be. The Chief magistrate of a city certainly should be preferred to an officer who often has nothing but a red coat, and, perhaps, a stout heart to commend him to favor. Manager Clarke of the academy, and any one else running an entertainment under so called distinguished patronage, is very careful to get the military in their proper order and always in the front, while the poor chief magistrate of the city if the bills mention him at all is placed at the very foot. In those affairs entertainment managers would even place a militia colonel ahead of the mayor of the city. We have had enough of this thing. Let us follow the example of English cities, where, as the Bristol men tell us, the mayors take precedence next to the Prince of Wales.

IT WILL BE A SUCCESS.

Despite Obstacles the Halifax Exhibition Work Still Goes Ahead.

HALIFAX, July 1.—The Nova Scotia provincial exhibition now bids fair to become a success, despite the long up-hill fight for its very existence this year at least. A somewhat sensational condition of affairs transpired at the meeting of the executive on Tuesday, when the great discrepancy appeared between the travelling expenses charged by some of the commissioners, compared with that of others. Messrs. Elderkin and Laurence, for instance, charged hundreds of dollars where men like T. R. Black asked only tens. There was not the slightest hint of wrong-doing, the expensive men merely taking all there was in it, making every trip to every meeting and some of them costly trips. The commission sat hard on this kind of thing and will adopt a rule to prevent a recurrence of anything of the kind in the future.

The commission found it necessary also to exercise its disciplinary powers also on the arbitration for the properties expropriated as an exhibition site. These represented the commission and the property owners and the four of them sent in a bill \$1,300. The commission laughed at the claim and decided to give W. T. Pipes of Amherst, chairman, \$250 and S. M. Brookfield, of Halifax, \$200. The other two arbitrators Messrs. Camplan and Naylor, will get nothing unless they are able to extract a fee from the property owners. No contract was made regarding what fee the arbitrators were to get; nothing was said of it in the award, and they were at the mercy of a cold-blooded and economical body of men, with the result that a charge of \$1,300 is cut down to \$450 and two of the arbitrators are sent off to hunt for their pay wherever they can get it.

HER GRACIOUS ACT.

Lady Erskine's Kindness to a Little Deaf and Dumb Girl.

HALIFAX, July 1.—One of the prettiest incidents ever recorded in this city was that when Lady Erskine on her home with her to Admiralty house for the holidays the poor little deaf mute girl who had no home, and while the other children were scattering for the holidays, would have had to stay in the school all the dreary vacation. The Admiral and Lady Erskine were visiting the institution when they learned of the case of Bessie Mayo; and no sooner was the fact known than the offer was made. Happy as the child must have been it is a question which was the happier—the benevolent doer of this kind act, or the poor

little girl, bereft of hearing and speech, who for six or eight weeks will be the playmate of Sir James and Lady Erskine's little daughter.

JUST LIKE A MONCTON POLICEMAN.

A St. John Opera House Official Attacks an Inoffensive Citizen.

When a man is looking for trouble he seldom goes very far until he strikes the article he is seeking, with the result of sometimes making him wish he had not made such an effort to find it. This was well illustrated at the opera house last Saturday evening when the man Pike who does police duty there came in contact with a young man whom he is likely to remember for some time. Mr. Pike is in reality small physically, but in his own imagination, he is very great indeed. His officiousness gets him into trouble very frequently and was the cause of his little experience on the evening in question, when during the evening a young man stepped from the sidewalk into the Opera house entrance to wait for a friend and to avoid the crowd that affects that particular thoroughfare of a Saturday evening.

He had scarcely entered when Pike appeared upon the scene and gruffly demanded his business. The officer did not introduce himself and being in ordinary dress the young man naturally enough did not give him any satisfaction.

Without any preliminaries whatever, the unoffending victim of the official's wrath was seized by the collar and given a push. He was equal to the occasion however and before Mr. Pike fully realized just what was happening to him, he was measuring his shapely form upon the sidewalk.

It was at this point that the Chief of Police put in an appearance, and not wishing to have his name mixed up in a street row, however innocent he might have been in provoking it, the young man disappeared in the crowd. Later on he returned in search of Pike who discreetly kept out of sight.

The disgraceful scene was witnessed by a large number of persons who gave the young man hearty encouragement while he was engaged in chastising the officer. While, it is very necessary sometimes to deal summarily with persons who make themselves obnoxious around the theatre, it is to be hoped that officers around this popular place of amusement will not be permitted to carry their authority too far. Perhaps Mr. Pike will be benefited by his sharp lesson of Saturday night.

HE WOULDN'T FOUL THE RACE.

The Hen Dropped Out Before the Event Was Fairly Decided.

Several cyclists who wheeled up to the Cedars last Sunday, are joking a local wheelman, who by the way is well known in musical circles, and whose specialty is the auto harp, about a unique race in which he was one of the principals. While the cyclist referred to, and a party of friends were on their way to the popular resort, a hen, evidently a stranger in that part of the country, as a wheel was quite a novelty to her, ran out from among the bushes and started in to do the wheelman up. The latter became interested and put on a little extra force, but it was of no use—the hen had got the start, and kept it, her satisfaction at the rat she was accomplishing being expressed by loud triumphant clucks. The other contestant says he might have won the race by striking the hen when she was crossing from side to side, but he didn't care to claim it on a foul. Just as excitement was reaching its highest pitch the hen with one glance to see how far the wheelman was behind her gave one loud cluck of disgust and vanished in the brush. The cyclists only consolation is that he was gaining on her when the sporting hen dropped out.

Her Shattered Faith.

A young lady bicyclist of this city, who is very superstitious, recently picked up a horsehoe, and attaching considerable importance to the find, as it is usually regarded an omen of good luck, she hung it on the handlebar of her wheel and continued her ride. After a few minutes she punctured a tire. When that damage had been repaired she collided with a west side bicyclist who was speeding. Both riders were thrown but neither sustained injury. The following day the lady was nearly run down by an electric car, and the same afternoon her confidence in horsehoe luck was badly shaken when she was thrown from her wheel in front of the post office, badly spraining her wrist.