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FREDERICTON'S FLYERS

SOME HANDSOME, SPEEDY HORSES OWNED IN THE CAPITAL.

A Fredericton man tells "Progress" something about Celestial Horses and their owners—a list of the Highfliers and what they can do.

"So far this winter has been a great one for the lovers of fast horses in Fredericton," said a Fredericton gentleman who was in the city this week to PROGRESS. The first of the winter furnished splendid chances for speeding on the river opposite the city, and latterly the snowroad of Government Lane has been simply perfect for fast or speedy driving. Probably no city of the same size in Canada has as many fast horses as the Celestial, and their owners are all good game road drivers, who delight in coming down the ice or snowroad together in the winter time behind their favorites at a good fast clip; they are willing also to contest for honors among themselves, and when the afternoon's fun is over, and a good sumptuous supper disposed of, to congregate at one of the many horseman's retreats and discuss the events of the afternoon. In Fredericton can be found the pacer, the trotter, and last but not least the swift thoroughbred, and although many of the owners of these fast ones do not race their horses during circuit time in the summer season, presumably their religious principles interfering, yet when the snow roads come, and Jack Frost holds sway, numbers of them may be seen every afternoon jogging through the streets, looking for a competitor to brush along with. As I said before, this has been a grand winter so far for the horsemen; the roads have been excellent, the weather reasonably mild, and the elasticity of the local law against speeding through the streets, has been allowed to stretch by Col. Marsh to a greater length than on former winter seasons. What has Fredericton in the way of fast horses you ask? Why, we have dozens of them. Take Judge Wilkes 2204, owned by the Hon. F. P. Thompson, he is one of the most perfect horses that ever wore a shoe, that is, of style, symmetry, completeness of finish, color, perfection of gait and carriage, together with blue blood make perfection. The Judge is usually driven by his owner, and can pull his skeleton sleigh down any good snow road a good twenty shot. Another which should be mentioned in the same class with the Judge, is the young stallion Montrose by Nelson's Wilkes. He possesses all the good qualities enumerated above for Judge Wilkes, and although only handled a few weeks last season, took a record at Woodstock of 2.33, winning in his class with ease. Harvey McCoy brought this young fellow out and gave him his record, for which he deserves considerable credit. Then if one goes out the road any fine afternoon they will be sure to see the 3 year old pacer queen, Anna T. coming down leading the van. Everyone knows Anna T., and is thoroughly acquainted with her many victories at the Lewiston Fair last season, where she broke the world's two year old pacer record, taking a mark of 2.23. She is one of the lot imported from Kentucky last spring by a prominent horseman of the city, and although the purchaser only had a guarantee of her speed when making the purchase, yet her performances since coming to this country have been such, that he claims it would take thousands of dollars to buy her today. Anna will be kept at work throughout the winter, and very probably sent up to some good American trainer in the spring. Two other spry ones owned in the Celestial are Allie Morris, by Alley Clay, and "The Premier," by Coan's Wilkes. They are both owned by S. H. McKee Jr. and no horseman loves to come down the road faster than Mr. M. He sometimes hooks this team together, and when seated behind them can show a good 2.30 shot. Mr. McKee seems to favor the mare when hooking up singly for a brush on the road, although it is claimed that Wilkes horse is the fastest; nevertheless the Allie Clay mare seems able to give all comers a hard race when Sam turns her at the Hanwell Road to come down with the crowd. It may not be out of the way to mention that the usual speeding course is on Government Lane, from the Hanwell road down to the foot of the lane, but when several of the horses arrive at that point very close together, they generally continue down to Northumberland Street to decide the heat. Building contractor Scarr also

owns and drives a very fast grey gelding by the old whirlwind Sir Charles. Mr. Scarr is rather a novice at road driving, but it is not an unusual occurrence to see him right among the front row at the finish.

One of the fastest of the many speedy Celestial horses, is a bay mare by Preceptor, which N. A. Edgecombe has lately become possessor of. She was not known to the talent up to the time the first opportunity came for speeding on the ice, and when Norman piloted the dozen or more fast ones who were out that day up the ice with a good big lead, there were many expressions of surprise, and looks of amazement on the faces of his competitors. They immediately invited him to try it again which resulted in several other heats, each one of which the Preceptor mare won very handily, showing conclusively she was cock of the walk that day. An offer of \$200 was made by a progressive grocer for her right there, but Mr. E. said he had been looking for a good one for a long time, and now that he had one he would keep her. One of the gamest road drivers, that Fredericton has had in the past few winters was W. B. Ganong, the former genial clerk at the Barker House. This winter Billy owned and drove the speedy pacer gelding "Harry", and the horse that started with him had to go the full distance better than a '30 shot to be near him at the finish. Harry and his owner are both gone now, and while Fredericton has lost a genial whole souled sport, and a speedy pacer, St. Stephen has gained one of the most popular hotel clerks in the Dominion, and a pacer that can give any horse in that flourishing little town a good hot race for any distance. Deputy Surveyor General Flewelling is one of the most liberal minded road drivers in the river city. At present he owns the John Bright gelding, Dred, and the Wilkes mare, Kitty; these two are frequently hooked double by their owner, when they make one of the speediest teams seen on the road. The mare is claimed to be the fastest this winter and Mr. F. frequently hooks her up single and comes down the road with the rush, and generally well up in the front rank too. But I had nearly forgotten the game little stallion Calceandra with a record close to 2.20. He is owned by a syndicate composed of three prominent horsemen, who hold that he is the fastest horse in the province, and they intend to establish that fact when the racing season of 1898 opens again. "Candog" as he is usually named is being jogged every day, but only started up when the roads are perfect. It is then that the boys on the road see speed, for "Candog" can show any of the others the way, with perhaps an exception when Anna T. is out, but as they are usually driven by the one man, they have not as yet been seen together in a brush.

Then there is your old St. John favorite Teordale E who with a mark close to 2.25, whom Fred Watson owned and drove with so much success in past years in the free for all classes. He is now owned by the Hon. Constable Barker of Marysville, who says he is faster than the wind; so far he has not been noticed going against the wind to any extent, but just the same you can put it down Teordale is yet in the last class. Then there is Jimmy Robinson the best natured sport in Marysville. He owns and drives the wonderful speedy stallion Mack F. this winter, and often comes over to the city to have a brush with the boys. Mack F. is now classed among the old ones, but the sport who pulls out to go by him on the road, must be holding the ribbons over a 2.25 horse, or he don't go by. Jimmy says Mack is a good deal like himself, as age don't count much with him. Coming back to Fredericton horses again, I should mention the black Kearsarge mare owned by haberdasher Fleming. She is one of the handsomest and speediest mares owned in the province, and attracts the attention of the multitude when driven down the road by her owner, hooked to his light speed sleigh. Another handsome mare and one possessed of lots of speed, is the Mack F. mare owned and driven by Sheriff Sterling. The sheriff is one of the most enthusiastic road drivers in the province, and prides himself, in always riding behind one of the best looking turnouts on the road. This winter his mare is in excellent shape, and it is a question if any one horse can head her down the road the full distance. There are many other fast ones bred on the purple, owned in the Celestial and driven on the road this winter.

A FINE OF TWO HUNDRED

MR. ROOP CAUGHT SELLING DURING PROHIBITED HOURS.

And the Largest Fine on Record Marked Against Him—How He Was Caught—Police Officer Olive Had a Friend Who Mentioned a Costly Fac.

A young man came out of the Central hotel a few days ago and remarked to his personal and intimate friend that he had just had a "long pull of ale at Roop's".

That was probably true enough but this personal and intimate friend was a policeman, and his name was Olive. This gentleman did not lose any time in reporting the fact that his friend had imparted to him to Inspector Jones and that industrious official made it his business at once to lay a complaint against J. W. Roop, the proprietor of the Central house. He could not do anything else. When the police report a fact to Inspector Jones he is bound to investigate into its truth. He did so in this case and the magistrate fined the hotel \$200 for the offence. He likewise made some observations, the substance of which were that if the complaint had been made for selling on Sunday Mr. Roop would have had his license cancelled. The magistrate likes to make these observations. He is in a position to make them. His position gives him the opportunity but he makes it decidedly unpleasant for the inspector and for the chief and all the force, who are supposed to aid the inspector, when he indulges in these reflections.

Mr. Roop keeps one the six or seven hotels in the city who are entitled to a hotel license. His is rather a general boarding and meal house than a hotel. In fact he does not pretend to compete with the first class places. But he pays the same liquor license and is amenable to the same penalties. He pursues much the same course as the other hotels—perhaps is more reckless in his judgment, but still does not pretend to rival them in any line of business. And yet he has been selected before and probably will again. Is it because in the olden days when he had no license, he was fined again and again that he is on the list now, or is because the inspector and policemen walk King Square more than they do any other part of the city?

PROGRESS has no wish to reflect on the diligence of any official but it voices the feeling throughout the city that the law should be carried out in a fair manner.

Mr. Roop has paid \$400 for an hotel license. If PROGRESS is not in error he has paid or must pay \$300 in fines. He may not be an exemplary hotel keeper but he has been in the business for a long time and has contributed much revenue toward the city funds. He has not asked this paper to take his part but PROGRESS asks that the same treatment be accorded him as is extended to any other license holder in his class in this city.

JACK MULHERRIN IS GONE.

An Original Character who has Left the Troubles of This Earth.

A familiar figure has disappeared this week. He was known to the people as "Jack" Mulherrin, but he was better known to those who frequent the theatre, and especially those who take part in the amateur business, as one of the best hands who ever took part in a stage setting. Mulherrin always knew his work. He needed no advice once he had a plan of the scene and when he had finished what was planned for him to do no one had any fault to find with him. "Jack," as he was familiarly known, was particularly steady at times, but when there was nothing to do and idleness was about him he was apt to forget himself and take too much. When he did so he circulated to a great extent and his manner was such, so gentlemanly and courteous, that few bar tenders would or could refuse him what he asked for. And Jack never paid for anything he asked for in that way. He was never noisy, never abusive and in these respects he differed from the class the men in white coats usually placed him in. But sometimes the poor fellow got under the influence and when he did so the officers were loath to take him in charge because they knew that his mother would take him out no matter whether his fine was \$1 or \$8. But his mother died and for eight months her son never touched liquor. Then his fall came—he went to the hospital and a few days later he died.

Many anecdotes are told of this man who at 56 years of age passed away, a

victim probably of exposure, but who was at all times original and full of that kind of expression that endeared him to all who met him and surrounded him with him protection that was at times useful to him.

To illustrate Mulherrin's aptness of expression an incident may be noted, and which by the way is alleged to be correct, that upon one occasion when he was brought into the police court after spending a night in the cells and sentenced to 30 days in jail if he could not pay the fine, he remarked:

"Robert, my old college friend, I did not think you would do that to me."

It may be that the magistrate turned his head to one side but it is said that poor Mulherrin never spent many days in jail whether the money of his parent or the clemency of the magistrate interfered in his behalf.

Perhaps another of the many anecdotes told of him may be mentioned. He went into a store and showed by his condition and his air that he wanted something. Ten cents were given him. As he put it in his pocket, he observed, "Sam, you're a peach, in fact, you're a whole fruit basket."

HIS CHANCES OF ELECTION.

"Andy" Hunter Gives Progress an Idea of His Chances of Success.

"Andy" Hunter is coming out for Alderman. So his friends say. When PROGRESS, rather skeptical upon this point approached Mr. Hunter upon this delicate subject, the representative was looked all over and questioned as to his sanity. Then the ward politician of Prince started in and gave some particulars of his canvass, and what he hoped to effect. Suffice it to say that if "Andy" Hunter ever becomes an alderman it will not be necessary to have any chairman of any of the departments. He has ideas enough for all of these positions, and some of them are not half bad ones. When asked about his chances of election, Mr. Hunter said they were excellent, and then explained how and where he could get his vote.

"First and foremost," said he, "the Salvation Army is with me, and you know what that means. Their adherents, present and past, are too numerous to mention, and being honest, God fearing people, all of them have their taxes paid which is an important matter. Then I am assured of the Chinese support. I may tell you I have them solid, for one of their chief washers came to me this morning and told me so. I have a near friend working up the Jews who have always been favorably disposed towards me and if I can get a majority of the colored vote I am convinced that there is no doubt of my election."

And he said all this with that merry twinkle in his eye that would make one believe almost anything and yet be sure of nothing. And then he improvised a little ditty—not the first one by the way—that would make one believe he was on the canvas. And it went like this:—

I'm a candidate for alderman
That's what the people say
So take off your coat and cast your vote
For me on election day.

Mr. Hunter is a joker and a humorist but at the same time so good a fellow that his friends would work for him might and main and secure his election. But he don't mean to offer.

NOT A GREAT SUCCESS.

The Farmers of Loch Lomond told Much They Have Heard Before.

Another farmers meeting has been held and the same old speeches made over again. Secretary of Agriculture Peters said the gathering at Loch Lomond was the 42nd that has been held in the province. The same gentlemen have probably addressed the most of them. No wonder then that their speeches have the same sound and flavor of an old story and failed to produce that enthusiasm so necessary to a successful meeting. The afternoon and evening were fine and the sleighing excellent, so the crowd that gathered at the old Ben Lomond House and in the hall was representative. There were many farmers there and many who were not farmers. But all were pleased to meet with the gentlemen who conduct the meetings for the government and who are trying to educate the people to a sense of what is right in agriculture. They were under the able guidance of the secretary, Mr. Peters, and politicians moved about them in plenty. All had a splendid supper, in fact, in this respect the host, Mr. Barker, excelled himself and moreover provided for the comfort of his guests in every pos-

sible way. The huge open fire places were very welcome to those who came out of the frosty air after lengthy drives and were surrounded at all times. No doubt the gathering was beneficial inasmuch as it brought men together to talk over a matter of mutual interest but there was nothing of importance in any of the speeches, nothing but what the farmers have heard again and again and can read almost any time in the newspapers. If the government is paying for these trips and speakers the money could no doubt be better employed in some other direction.

RECTOR CRESSWELL DECLINES.

He Will Not Accept the Charge of St. Jude's Church.

St. Jude's church, Carleton, has been having many changes of rectors in the last few years and now they are looking for a new man to wear the shoes which Rev. Mr. Withycombe had thrown off in response to a call from the Lord to a higher salary and a wider field. They thought they had their hands on a successor when they extended an invitation to Rev. A. J. Cresswell, of Springfield, Kings County, to look after their spiritual needs. Rev. Mr. Cresswell at first accepted but during the last few days changed his mind. And this recalls a story about him. The church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, extended a call to Rev. Mr. Cresswell some years ago. In answering their letter his first, foremost and almost only question was whether there was pasture for two cows. They did not come to terms. Perhaps the reverend gentleman was looking for cow pastures as well as spiritual pastures this time as well and could not find them in Carleton. Certain it is that he was looking about Carleton for a house and just at this point threw up the sponge. It may be, however, that Mr. Cresswell considered the church a little fickle and that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. It is also better to be the first man in Springfield than to play second fiddle in Carleton.

HE DIED ON THE MAINE.

One St. John man Found Dead in the Great Disaster.

The terrible disaster to the battle-ship Maine carried tears and wailing into many hundred homes and it has made desolate one St. John home. Many of the crew of Uncle Sam's big man of war were recruited from other countries and there were quite a number of Canadians on board. Among these was Charles Laird of this city, whose mother lives at 214 Duke street, while his brother Robert lives in Everett Mass., and another brother, Beverly, in Amherst. His father was Charles Laird, who was messenger at the custom house for nearly forty years.

The deceased went to England early in life and enlisted in the army and was then transferred to the navy. He was in the British service for fourteen years and then came out here. About eight years ago he enlisted under the stars and stripes as able seaman and later was promoted to master at arms. He was a fine, tall, broad shouldered, deep chested, stalwart man and just suited to this post.

He was one of the crew of the Maine when she blew up and his name appeared in the official list of the dead. His relatives here have received no word as yet from the navy department but they are daily expecting a communication. They had heard from the deceased recently and his brother Robert in Everett had heard from him the day before the explosion occurred.

How It Looked Frozen Over.

One of the funny things of the season is a photograph of Halifax harbour frozen over and they are circulating around this town and being laughed over and chaffed about. One of them occupies a prominent place in the Cafe Royal and few St. John men who go in there fail to ask to see the photograph of the rival of St. John's harbour as it appeared when "under the weather." Rather it should be said, under ice, for there is as fine a sheet of ice in the photograph as any broad river could display. And the best part of it is that all about the steamers and no one could imagine them moving with such an immovable obstacle all about them. Patriotism is held at a dear price in Halifax and it is to the credit of the people that it is so. The St. John man who bought the photograph had reason to think so, for while he paid dearly for them he had hard work to get a copy as the young lady who was at the studio concluding that he was a St. John man could hardly make up her mind to sell a picture of the harbour in its iced up condition.