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PINKIE TAKEN CARE OF.

THE BLIND TOUGH COON OF FREDERICTON IN DORCHESTER.

He was a Terror to the Place and a Tax Upon Private and Public Friends—Where He Came From and Something About His Evil Life and Bad Ways.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 12.—The transfer of James Hamilton, better known as "Jim Pinkie", to Dorchester on Monday to serve out a sentence of two years in the penitentiary, for malicious injury to property, deprives this city of one of its most unique and notorious characters. Few people who have visited or resided in the capital, for any length of time during the past forty years, have not encountered or at least heard of black Jim Pinkie. Although he has been a public charge for many years, for some reason or other—probably because he was not wanted—Jim was not detained at the almshouse, but was allowed to make his home in the Whitechapel district among his kin and to roam about the streets at will. The fact of his being stone blind, seemed to interfere but little with his wanderings. He was sure footed and seemed to have the lay of the town wonderfully well. He would grope his way along with the aid of a cane and whenever he heard anything in the way of a commotion in his immediate vicinity, that suggested probable danger to his person, he would hasten to send forth a warning note in the shape of a toot from a shrill whistle which he invariably had with him. Every citizen and every small boy is familiar with the note of Pinkie's whistle and a blast from it usually insured for Jim the right of way on our streets and side walks. Although as already stated Jim was a public charge, he was more to be regarded in the light of a pensioner than a pauper. He received a cash allowance of \$1.50 per week direct from the city treasury, and in addition the mayor, aldermen and commonalty had to keep him in clothes. Of course the colored family who harbored him took care of Jim's pension as remuneration for their services, so when he wanted a little spare cash, he had to look elsewhere for it. The business men and traders of the city were his especial mark, and he made a practice of calling upon them regularly once a week. He only had to wend his way inside of a store, and prop himself up against the counter and his striking personality did the rest. With the average merchant it was a question of getting rid of his obnoxious presence as soon as possible and a five or ten cent piece placed in his outstretched palm invariably proved effective. Notwithstanding that his locomotion was necessarily slow, Jim succeeded in making quite a number of calls in the run of a day and seldom allowed anybody to be slighted if he could avoid it. With the proceeds of his hunt he would, with the aid of a friend, obtain a square face of forty rod knocker out, and with it repair to his whitechapel abode for a good old booz.

He has been successfully conducting this little game for years, against the protest of a long suffering public, but no effort was ever made by the authorities to suppress him. It was not until a few days ago when he drove his cane with all its might through the plate glass front of one of our jewelry stores in revenge for being gently put out of the establishment, that Jim found himself in the custody of the law. Here was an excellent opportunity to rid the city of a nuisance and it was quickly pounced upon by the authorities. Pinkie was arraigned in the police court, and afterwards sent up for trial to a higher court. He elected to be tried under the speedy trials act, and when taken before Judge Wilson promptly pleaded guilty to the offence charged against him and was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary. It only took the judge fifteen minutes to dispose of the case. In the meantime the jeweller who suffered from Pinkie's wrath, petitioned the city council to assist in making good his loss, and the council promptly voted him the sum of \$25, which will be good for about half the damage. Pinkie is now wearing a convict's garb in Dorchester, and it is to be hoped that he will forget all about Fredericton during his period of incarceration.

Pinkie first saw the light of day something over fifty years ago. His exact age is a matter for conjecture, but old residents say he is under sixty. He knocked about this city when a boy and afterwards went

to St. John. He developed into a tough when quite young, possible before he moved away from here, and while in St. John he figured quite prominently in police circles and it is said did time in the old penitentiary. On one occasion he nearly lost his life in a drunken brawl, and when he came to himself afterwards, it was only to discover that his eyesight was gone. This practically terminated his career in St. John. He made his way back to Fredericton soon afterwards and has lived here most of the time since. He figured in a great many fracas in his younger days at least in St. John and Fredericton and has gone through enough to kill half a dozen ordinary mortals. He was generally looked upon as a tough old coon, and he was all that and more too.

He went by the name of Pickie altogether, and prior to the recent episode, in which he figured it is doubtful if ten per cent. of the people of Fredericton knew what his real name was. How and where he got the nickname is a matter about which very few of the present generation have any knowledge. PROGRESS is informed that the appellation was first applied to him over thirty years ago by the captain of a wood-boat on which Jim worked as a deckhand. Jim, so the story goes, was ambling up Queen street one day, when his attention was attracted by a boy standing calling out at him the words "nigga nigga never die." Jim approached the fellow and administered to him a sharp blow in the face with his clinched fist and then scooted. When he reached the woodboat, he related the incident to the captain and wound up by telling in a boastful way how he had "pinked him." The captain then and there applied the nickname which is destined to stick to Jim all his life. Jim was not infrequently referred to by temperance speakers and political workers and no doubt appreciated the honor thus conferred upon him. On one occasion a certain well known divine of this city in addressing a public meeting in another part of the province gave his audience to understand that "a fellow they call Pinkie" might secure election to the Fredericton city council under certain conditions. During a civic election campaign it was a common thing to hear Pinkie's name suggested, not as a probable candidate, but as an improvement on some fellow who had announced himself as being in the field. This was rather rough on the candidate to say the least.

It is said that the penitentiary authorities are at a loss to know what to do with Pinkie. He was not given a flattering reception at the institution but it is hardly likely that he was disappointed. Pinkie is endowed with a muscular development equal to about four mule power, and it is possible that this may be turned to good account by the prison officials. In any case they are welcome to Jim's company for two years.

BRINGING UP AND EDUCATION.

Chief Clerk and Detective Ring Have a Discussion Upon These Points.

When Director Wisely and Ald. Colwell went to the police station one morning this week they had little idea what the result of their visit would be. They were harmless enough in their intent because they simply wanted to look at the place where the recent fire occurred in the jail yard and to guard against any danger to the police station from a similar occurrence in the future. Sergeant Watson and Detective Ring were present in the guard room and the former gave them what information was necessary. Then Ald. Colwell asked what use was made of the room opposite and he was told that it was a rubbish place. He expressed his opinion pretty plainly to the director that it should be cleared out when Sergeant Watson suggested that it was the place they kept seamen's bags in. Now this happened to be the room that Detective Ring has been asking for and he took issue with the sergeant saying that sailors bags might have been in the place once in years but that was all. The conversation dropped then but in the afternoon when the detective returned from his dinner, the Chief and Capt. Jenkins and Sergeants Campbell and Watson were busy clearing out the room in question and placing the names of the policemen upon some hat boxes there.

Nothing was said for a moment or two and the detective was looking on when the chief asked him sharply if he could not find something else to do but stand around the guard room. The reference was plainly to what had taken place in the morning and Ring replied that anything he had

done or said then he was quite willing to repeat to the chief. There was some further conversation of a similar nature and then came a lull.

This was broken by the chief in an unexpected way, for, turning around to the detective he said "Officer Ring I will have you know that the officers of this department were as well brought up and as well educated as yourself."

This was a poser and Ring did not reply for a moment then he said: "Chief Clark I have nothing whatever to say about the men on the force, their bringing up or their education, but so far as you are concerned, my bringing up and my education are as good as yours and since I have been connected with the police force I have conducted myself quite as well as you have."

This practically ended the wordy combat but those who heard it and heard about it are wondering where it is all going to end.

AT A PRAYER MEETING.

An Incident of the Gagetown Meeting of the Conservatives.

The political picnic at Gagetown last Friday in the interests of the Liberal Conservative party had to it another phase not recorded in the daily press, perhaps because the speech-tired newspaper men sought the land of Nod on the comfortable lounges of the David Weston on the return to the city. Beside the oratorical fireworks in the big canvas tent and the many little side happenings in the shiretown of Queens County on that day, the return trip to St. John furnished some diversion. A prayer meeting was held. Just to think of it, a prayer service following a political gathering!

Among the passengers and also of the tent's audience were a half dozen or so country preachers. When the David Weston had gotten fully under way one of these arose and said that "we had had politics and such, also a good time, now we might hear a little of the gospel." Also in these introductory remarks did he fire a few crude hot shots at the politicians assembled in the after part of the saloon, among whom were none less than the Hon. ex Finance Minister Foster, J. D. Hazen M. P. P. and John Black of Fredericton. However no move was made by the law makers and brave y they sat the meeting out, while one after another of the bearded group of amateur clerics contributed his testimony. The singing was indulged in by all. Everybody was expecting Hon. Mr. Foster to be called upon for a few words, but fortunately for the silver tongued Oppositionist one of the meeting's leaders had arrived at his destination. General disappointment was caused by the abrupt termination of the religious 'corner' for many were just aching to hear the spiritual politics of the men who have our temporal affairs to look after.

The St. Peter's Field Baby.

A baby's body was found on the St. Peter's church grounds, North End, some short time ago. The papers and police announced the fact but that was all about it. Why was the case not investigated? might be asked. Or again, if this North End case is not worthy of investigation why was it that poor, unfortunate Minnie Graham of St. Stephen was so vilely exposed in her shame and sorrow by every paper in the town and by the officials. Her child was born when she was alone in Rockwood Park and indeed she paid sufficient penalty in the suffering she endured then and since, and even now she is a prisoner in the vermin-infested jail on King Street East. But for some strange and hidden reason this dead infant found back of St. Peter's is not considered by the police and yet the many detectives are not overly rushed these days. Officer Ring distinguished himself in the Graham exposure, now let him exhibit a few Sherlock Holmes lets in tracking down the unfortunate mother of the tiny bit of humanity discovered by the boys in St. Peter's field.

Mr. James Fleming's Death.

The sudden death of Mr. James Fleming came as a great shock to his family as well as his friends. He was always an active man and an hour or two before his death he was busily engaged discussing the arrangements for the plumbing in the marine hospital which he was much interested in as one of the trustees for the home for incurables. He has been truly a captain of industry in St. John, one of the men who have quietly forwarded the best interests of the community.

WHO GAVE HIM NOTICE

MR ROOP KNEW ALL ABOUT THE LIQUOR SEARCH WARRANT.

And Warned His Customers not to be Around in Case of a Raid—The Service was Postponed for a Week and Then Made on Sunday Morning—What was Found.

William Roop of the Central house has been out of town this week. He has a farm in the country to which he goes once in a while and it was convenient for him to find recreation there at the present time.

For, sad to say, William has been breaking the law again and selling liquor without any permit to do so. He is incorrigible in this respect and the inspector and the police are somewhat weary watching the tall form of the proprietor of the Central.

So, just a week ago last Saturday, a search warrant was issued authorizing the officers of the law to search for liquor on the premises of Mr. Roop. This seems to be a necessary procedure because without power to enter it is almost impossible for an officer to get into the bar of the Central. There are people around who know a policeman a mile off and who have the inspector down so fine that they can scent him before he turns the corner.

The warrant seemed to have been issued Saturday afternoon and was in the hands of Mr. Henderson who no doubt told the chief of police about it. The secrecy of the matter was well understood and it was with some surprise that Sergeant Kilpatrick got word from Sergeant Campbell that he was required to get the warrant and make the search. It seems that the chief had gone to Spruce Lake on his usual Sunday curing and that the sergeant had again showed his obliging way by driving him down. Then it was, so the story goes, that the instructions were forwarded to Kilpatrick.

Of course the officer was prepared to do his duty but to use a vulgarism, he "wasn't stuck on the job" and he made this pretty clear to Mr. Henderson, the clerk of the court. That gentleman was surprised that so many of the force knew about the warrant so long before it was to be served and he took a little time to think over the matter with the result that he concluded he would not issue it on that evening. Perhaps he was wise in not doing so, for by this time it was fairly well understood that something was up and policemen don't have to keep guessing long to ferret out what is going on.

The next Saturday night the chief was present and when the men were assembled at roll call he instructed the officers on the King square beat to report at the station at 8 o'clock. To deprive this important portion of the city of its guardians on Saturday night indicated that something unusual was on the tapis and it did not take long for the news to reach the square.

Several of Mr. Roop's customers got a hint from the house that there was going to be a raid and they had better make themselves scarce. So the officers who went around the square Saturday night found everything hard and fast. They could have burst open the door under their warrant but they wanted to avoid that if possible and when eleven o'clock came they went to the station and held a council of war as to what was best to be done.

Roop had been warned. That was clear. It was not the idea to hunt up the informer just at that moment but to decide the best time to make the visit to the Central. The next morning at six o'clock was decided upon and the inspector was notified of the hour. He did not appear on the scene Sunday morning—not at the Central at least—and the four officers who found their way without any difficulty bore away four bottles in triumph to the station.

Considering the business that Mr. Roop is reported to do, these four bottles did not seem to be representative of his stock but no doubt the officers knew what they were doing. Besides had they found such a stock as might have been expected where in the world would they have taken it except to the office of the inspector. According to the chief there is no room in the station for it and the prospects of lugging a cask of ale and all the stock that might be in the Central up the long flight of stairs leading to the inspector's office was not a pleasant one. So only four bottles resulted from the search warrant.

"How did it happen" a policeman asked PROGRESS "that some hours later there were twenty three people in the Central bar and the pumps were going merrily"—

just the same as if there hadn't been any search warrant for months.

This is simply one incident of the eternal dispute in the police office. A prominent city official remarked a day or two ago that "something must break up there soon." The force was never in such a state as it is at present. The spectacle of the chief disputing in public with one detective and then from the force which he has always claimed was too small, appointing another man to do the work simply to ignore the other must lower him in the eyes not only of those who appoint him but of his men.

A Post Office Spy.

Perhaps if the department at Ottawa were acquainted with the condition of affairs in the St. John post office some little changes might be brought about whereby the honest hearted and respected men employed there could exist with the full liberties of an ordinary man and not as if the fabled sword were suspended over their heads for some imagined wrong doing. It would not be a surprise to the clerks these days if plaster of Paris jackets were supplied them by the local postal powers. Within the four walls of the big letter distributing centre is contained a man who seeks to popularize himself with his boss by spying on his fellow employees. He is not a junior clerk but an old hand and perhaps sees visions of a fatter pay envelope every time he saunters to the postmaster with a little tid-bit of tattle telling.

A half dozen instances could be quoted wherein he has without provocation run with petty tales to Mr. Hanington and has had the boldness and effrontery to confront the alleged "criminal" before that official. He is an old woman busybody with pretensions to the life of a goody-goody but unless he makes amends for his cavew-dropping and news carrying his will be another case of the "needle's eye" when accounts are balanced in a future ledger. "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you" is not a bad motto after a l.

About the New Newspaper.

The Daily Telegraph has not been sold yet, though there is only \$3,000 between Col. McLean and the new company. The invoices for the new machines are at hand, and in any case they will be used. Col. Tucker has been assured that his claim of some \$16,000 will be paid but then managing owner McLean has a claim of \$12,000 to say nothing of the minor claims of other stockholders. It has been decided that if the Telegraph is purchased the building will be abandoned as it is not considered suitable for a modern plant and besides the ground rent charges are too high.

Why not a War Correspondent?

What a great shake up there will be in the morning newspaper field if the friends of Mr. Blair succeed in buying the Telegraph. Or even if they don't it is said the readers of the good old daily to the verge of rebellion will have to take his ticket and go. That situation in Ottawa is said to be no longer open. But there may be an opening on the Sunny Side journal even if the Parrsboro journal is gone or what is the matter with him as a war correspondent.

The Halifax Exhibition Attendance.

According to a statement in one of the Halifax papers some 66,000 persons passed through all the turnstiles inside the grounds as well as to them. That means an attendance of about 40,000 people in all, because at least 25,000 people saw the amusements and the races. Still as all of them had to pay 25 cents to do so the revenue was all the greater.

The American Steam Laundry.

The American Steam Laundry has had a great summer's business and now is determined to make the fall and winter's business come up to the high water mark. To this end they will talk to the readers of PROGRESS every week and tell them what they can do in the way of laundry and dyeing. In a week or two PROGRESS will be able to give an extended notice to this modern and well fitted up establishment. Today attention is simply called to the advertisement on the 8th page.

Summoned to His Home.

The friends of Mr. William Keefe of the Dufferin, will regret to learn that his hurried summons to his home in Salem was followed by the death of his youngest sister, a young lady of great promise and a favorite with all who knew her.