

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

STILL OPEN FOR TRADE.

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY LIGOR SELLING.

The Police Make an Effort to Enforce the Law—Clarke Out of Town and Capt. Havelock's Report—A Change of Officers Wanted.

The remark of the liquor license inspector on the article, "Progress open," in Progress last week, was that when he was young and going the rounds he knew all about them, but as he never went into them now, except to make a raid, he knew little about them.

He is, of course, the unlicensed bars, but it is rather a curious admission for the chief inspector to make.

The article as published was a revelation to thousands of the readers of Progress who knew little or nothing of what goes on Saturday night. There were very many, however, who thought the article was a lie. They knew the difference between many of them they made the mistake.

It is a man must have been pretty well "loose" when he got through," was the jocular remark made to the editor this week.

"His pockets were full of very bad cigars," was the reply. Too many people consider the violation of the law in a similar vein, but they are in the great minority. The people are with Progress in this matter. There is a law and they want to see it enforced. If the present inspector won't enforce it; if there are reasons why he cannot enforce it; if it is known as far as possible, and let the government appoint another man. That is the humor of the people this week, and that is their talk.

Nothing that Progress has ever published has stirred the people more than this. Those who are in favor of a license law say truly that it should be observed. Those against a license law are arguing in favor of the Scott act, but agree that whatever law is on the statute book it should be enforced.

But who is to enforce it? The facts as presented show that on the principal streets of the city the largest bars openly defy the law; they show that they do this with the full knowledge and tacit consent of the police and the head of the police. Inspector Clark knows all that was published to be true. He is, or he should be, in his official capacity, better acquainted with the bars than any one. There is every reason to think that he is so, and that he is equally well acquainted with the proprietors of the bars. They are not afraid of him; they seem to know that for some reason or other they can violate the law as much as they please.

There are others, on the contrary, who observe the law to the letter. Nobody sees or suspects Furlong's retail establishments of breaking the law; they are not permitted to; the owner sees that it is observed in every respect. The same is true of T. Cronin's, of Messrs. Biddington's and Brennan's, and others who could be mentioned. Why should their next door neighbors, paying the same license, be entitled to the same privileges and bound by the same restrictions, be permitted to throw their doors open Saturday night and on Sunday contrary to law.

Yes, on Sunday.

There may not be so many open but it is a fact notwithstanding a fact known to the inspectors and officers that any one can get into the liquor house Sunday and get it in a dozen places.

An unintentional injustice was done Mr. Williams in his week's article. One would perhaps infer from the way the sentence read that he was the proprietor of one of the saloons mentioned. That is not so. When he found that his temperance plan of running a saloon was not a paying plan he leased the premises and gave up his idea at the same time.

Progress has received several letters from people who might be called "extremes" in their temperance ideas. While applauding the fearlessness of the article they seem at the same time to regard it as a blow at the people who break the law much more than at the men who do not enforce it. How what it means Progress prints some personal references which are referred to elsewhere.

To the Editor of Progress: Your timely exposure of the open and disgraceful violation of the license law in St. John is the topic of general conversation throughout this city, and will be the means of adding strength to the already expressed wish of all reformatory institutions: that some of the papers would have the courage to make the exposure. Progress has added another thousand to its already large subscription list. It was the remark of a prominent railroad man to the writer early last Saturday morning. By your outspoken article on this disgraceful violation of law—a law which has never been observed since its inception—Progress has indeed shown up the violators (and their allies and abettors) in a manner that should draw forth the censures of all law-abiding citizens on the chief of police, the common council, and all in authority for the non-enforcement of the license law. The public and press of St. John would praise the course which Progress has commenced, in showing up the violators of law, and exposing the officials, crime would diminish, more homes

ONE PAGE COSTS \$1,600.

THE COST OF ONE ADVERTISEMENT IN PROGRESS.

The Largest Advertisement Ever Inserted in a Canadian Newspaper—A Halifax Merchant Buys the Space—An Immense Circulation for Next Week.

From the standpoint of Progress business department next week will mark one of the important events in its history. The largest regular advertisement ever inserted in a maritime province newspaper—we believe in any newspaper in Canada—will appear for the first time.

The advertisement contracted for is a page of Progress, every issue for one year, either party to have the option of discontinuing at the end of three months. The price to be paid is one thousand six hundred dollars (\$1600). Mr. M. F. Eagar, of Halifax, is the enterprising advertiser and the contract was secured by the wide awake representative of Progress, in charge of its Halifax branch.

At the same time we may state that the students and professors of Dalhousie college have arranged with Progress to publish an extended and attractive history of their college in next week's issue, illustrated with engravings of the building and with the portrait of the benevolent friend of the institution, George Munro. On account of this article and another order for extra copies the edition of Progress for December 5 will be within a hundred or two of fourteen thousand copies!

While we are speaking of advertising let us request every reader to glance at the sixth page and note the patronage extended to the branch office of Progress in Halifax. Nothing speaks so much for the circulation of a paper as the local advertisements. Another glance at the fourth page will show a special holiday advertisement of C. Flood & Sons. They are generous patrons of the newspapers at all times, but especially at this season. They and all others who patronize Progress for holiday advertising will secure the advantage of added thousands to our already immense circulation.

"LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS."

Mr. James Reid, of 20th Century fame, Elopess With His Cash.

"Look out for squalls" was the catch line James A. Reid, of the 20th Century store, used in his flaming advertisements recently. He meant exactly what he said, for last Sunday evening he boarded the western train and left scores of creditors in the lurch.

Reid also kept announcing that he would have to move to "larger quarters," and that his stock must be sold instead of removed. There was keen irony in all this. The facts since his departure have shown that Mr. Reid had been preparing for some time to move to "larger quarters"—the United States. He is there and his goods were sold at "phenomenal" prices, and he has the cash in his pocket.

It was a rascally piece of business. Reid came here two or three years ago and by curious advertising by startling colored boards at his store, by parading the streets with a team advertising his goods he secured a good trade.

He paid his local bills fairly promptly and had no difficulty obtaining credit—either with local dealers or Montreal houses.

Recently, however, he has been cutting and slashing prices, selling goods for what he could and paying nobody he could put off. Even his landlord whom he has always attended to promptly was asked to wait a few weeks or take a note. The landlord is obliging and Mr. Reid took the quarters rent away in his pocket.

Personal purchases were asked to be delivered Saturday night and the bills sent in Monday. The goods were delivered, but Mr. Reid was not on hand to pay the bills or to receive them.

The name of the Tryon Mills of P. E. Island was used judiciously by him in his efforts to get credit, though he "preferred not to sign himself as their agent," to use his own words. It is to be hoped that he carried on his operations without the knowledge of the Tryon Mills people.

Three Successful Years.

After three years in the chair of the Agricultural Society, President Johnson has retired to the position of first vice, and Dr. Walker assumes the gavel. These three years have been prosperous ones for the society. Without flattering Mr. Johnson Progress can give him much credit for the change, from the release of the debt burden and the creditable balance in the treasurer's hands, with the assets and grounds of the organization. The energy of the president was contagious, and today the society is alive, active and well to do.

A POLICE FORCE OF PUGILISTS.

Mr. Jack Power Secures the Contract of Getting Fifteen Men into Condition.

A former dream of the chief of police is about to be realized. In a few months he will have fifteen pugilists on the force. This will probably do away with the necessity of revolvers, but it will be hard on prisoners who show the least desire to fight, for, as everybody knows, men fresh from the hands of the boxing master are always anxious for a bout—until something happens that cools their ardor. But the police will have an opportunity to "pummel" each other, as they have secured the band room at the top of the police building for several days each week. And it is quite probable that the chief will find an opportunity to astonish the North End man who imagined he could knock him out in half a round.

Mr. "Jack" Powers has been awarded the contract of getting the fifteen heavy weights into condition, and a better man could hardly be found. He was somewhat surprised when asked for his terms, but when he found that the chief was going into the business wholesale, he consented to talk about cutting down prices. His regular rate is \$5 for ten lessons, but he made a wholesale price that was satisfactory to the chief. Whether all the men on the force will take advantage of it is a question. The fifteen men will receive ten lessons for \$3 each, to be paid out of their own pockets.

It is expected that some lively scenes will be witnessed in the police building. Considerable rivalry exists among the men, some of whom have already reputations as pugilists, and are prone to make others aware of the fact. The officers at present on the force are not remarkable for their cool-headedness, and the knowledge that their opponents are also privileged to wear brass buttons will probably not make their bouts tame affairs. Another thing that will awaken enthusiasm is an apparent desire on the part of many members of the force to get into the good graces of the chief, and as they are all aware of his weakness for physical strength and pugilistic ability, their efforts to create a good impression will add much to the interest of the sparring contests.

There should be a uniformed officer, well armed, in attendance daily.

THE BOYS ON THE MOVE.

The Work of Defacing and Desecrating Goss On.

Again and again has Progress had its attention called to the utter disregard that too many of the boys of St. John have for public and private property. Nothing is so good, too beautiful, too sacred, for them to defile, deface or destroy. The instances cited have been so many that it would be difficult to find space for them here. A few may be mentioned just to show that the facts are so plain that any one can see them. Who of those passing along Germain street does not remember how the beautiful marble which ornamented the residence of the late Mr. Osgood was defaced by a broad colored chalk mark; who has not seen the once handsome but now gashed and disfigured fence of the premises opposite the Mechanics' institute; who did not see the Young monument so recently trampled upon by curious loafers, and so on to the end.

Only this week a couple of Carleton lads, so young that they should hardly be under their parent's sight, spent a night at the police station, charged with defacing a church and with profane language. Still again one of the daily papers called attention to the destruction of a beautiful and costly railing about a city church.

What is the reason of all this? The question comes up again and again, are our boys worse than those of other cities or is there less restraint upon them, less chance of punishment.

It seems to Progress that the offenders could be found if there was a desire to find them—of the need to punish them there is not a doubt.

Some time ago when two or three gentlemen in Progress office talked this matter over and commented upon the disregard shown to the beauty of the city, a suggestion was made that the reform would have to come through the boys and girls, and that the work would have to be begun in the school.

It is full time it began somewhere. Of what use are any adornments to the city if they are not secure from the defacing hands and feet of thoughtless persons?

The fine for such offence is \$20 over and above the amount of damage done, and for the second offence three months' imprisonment is the penalty. This suggests that hackneyed useless cry, "Where are the police?" How apt that comes to the tongue, and how ready is the derisive smile that greets it now-a-days.

Some More of "Progress" Work.

A STARTLING OUTRAGE.

FOURTEEN DAYS IN JAIL WITHOUT CAUSE.

Phillip Bushfan Is Locked Up After His Fine is Paid, While His Parents Bear the Country for Him—How the Matter was Kept Quiet.

Some months ago, in a series of articles on the condition of the county jail, Progress showed how easily it would be for a person to be shut up in that building, and kept there for an indefinite period, without cause, or his friends knowing anything about it.

Day after day men are sent there from the police station without a commitment. When the police bring them in the turnkeys take them in charge and place them under lock and key until an order is received for their release. They have no record as to the length of the term the prisoner is to serve. In fact they know nothing whatever, except that he is to be locked up in jail.

In former times no prisoner was taken into the jail without a commitment, stating the nature of the offence and the term of imprisonment. By this method the turnkey knew just how long a prisoner had to remain with him. Under the present system, however, it is always well for a prisoner to make some inquiries as to his term of imprisonment, and let his friends know of his whereabouts.

If Phillip Bushfan, jr., had done this he would have enjoyed the pure air for fourteen days, and been free from the demoralizing and unhealthy influences of a small room on King street east.

It will be remembered that Bushfan, with a number of other boys, was arrested, last month, for breaking windows in Mr. Spurr's house on Germain street.

They were arranged before the police magistrate, and Bushfan pleaded guilty. He was fined \$5, and asked to repair the damage done. His father was on hand and promptly paid the fine, and also spent between \$2 and \$3 in repairing Mr. Spurr's house.

Phillip was naturally a little elated at being free, as he had spent some hours in the chilly, whitewashed cells of the police station; and that had been enough imprisonment to satisfy him. While there his friends had brought him a lunch in a tin kettle, and after the trial he went down to get it.

Sergt. Owens was in the lower regions about that time, and saw Bushfan carrying off the kettle.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going home," said Bushfan, "I'm clear."

"Come, now, don't get gay," said the sergeant, "I've seen the likes of you before," and he forthwith locked young Bushfan in a cell.

A short time afterwards he took him in to the jail with the day's consignment, and the turnkey placed him under lock and key and kept him there for fourteen days.

That night there was some anxiety in the Bushfan household. Phil had not put in an appearance, and his parents were at loss to know where he was. They never thought of the jail for a moment, as the fine had been paid, and they had seen him walk out of the courtroom, as free as the birds that fly.

After considering the matter from all points, the Bushfans finally came to the conclusion that Phil felt so ashamed of himself after he got into trouble that he was afraid to return home.

As day after day passed and still no word was received from him, their anxiety increased. Letters were written to friends of the family everywhere from Moncton to Boston, as it was thought that he might have gone away until after the matter was forgotten. They could think of no other reason for his not putting in an appearance.

Finally Mrs. Bushfan decided to go to Moncton, where they formerly lived, and see if she could find him there. She made inquiries in every part of the railway town where the boy was likely to be, but nobody had seen or heard of him.

His whereabouts were a complete mystery.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Phillip was paying the penalty of his "gayety" to Sergt. Owens. He thought there must have been some mistake in regard to the payment of the fine, but had no means of communicating with his parents.

One day a friend of his, who was visiting the jail, asked him how long he had to serve. Phillip didn't know, and asked the turnkey at the first opportunity. His enquiry led to his release.

When he returned home and told his story his parents were very much excited, and to say that they were indignant is putting it mildly. Mr. Bushfan lost no time in visiting the police court and demanding an explanation.

BOARD OF WORKS.

Mr. Jones was on the bench the day Phil was tried, and he's been in to see me several times, and always asked me not to say anything about the matter, but I think it is near time it was shown up."

Progress made some inquiries about the matter of Mr. Samuel Clifford, the turnkey of the jail.

"I can't tell you very much about it," said he. "All I know is that Bushfan was brought into the jail just the same as prisoners are brought in many times a week, without a commitment. We cannot tell anything about them, because prisoners who are sent in to us from the court to await trial, are never accompanied by a commitment, and how did we know but what that was the case with Bushfan? We have lots of prisoners whose names are not on the books."

"Bushfan was locked up October 20th and released on the third of this month."

"Did he never make any inquiries?"

"Of course he did. That is the way he come to get out. If he had said nothing he might have been there yet. One day he asked how long he had to serve, and when he told me what he was arrested for I thought his time must be pretty near up. But when I looked in the books I couldn't find his name anywhere. I had some papers to take into the police court that day, and I made some inquiries. They told me Bushfan wasn't in jail, but I told them he was. I was told that I had better release him as his fine had been paid, but of course I wouldn't do so until I got an order. I got the order, however, and let Bushfan out."

Mr. John L. Carleton was introduced as to the \$5 transaction with Bushfan. "I neither confess nor deny" was his laughing reply.

From this it is quite clear, that it is very much easier getting into jail than to get out of it again, even though there is no reason whatever why a man should be locked up. Prisoners are received without anything to show that they should be confined in the jail, but they cannot get out without a written order from the magistrate.

Or, Sergt. Owens could send an innocent man to jail for an indefinite period, without any trouble, but he couldn't get him out again to save his life.

FINE SCENERY FOR AMATEURS.

Mr. Sydney Chidley, the New York scenic artist employed at the opera house, is engaged upon a set of scenery and a drop curtain for the Rev. Father Collings, of Fairville, for the amateur stage at St. Rose's hall. Mr. Chidley is doing some of his best work upon it. The curtain is a view of the best part of Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, with the ruins of King John's Castle and the monastery and groups of the clinker built fishing luggers common to the coast of Ireland. The picture which is 18 feet by 10 is thought by competent judges to be if anything superior in artistic conception and execution to the picture of the Bay of Naples he painted for the opera house. The view is surrounded by a gold frame, at the top of which is a medallion containing a drawing of the most ancient Irish harp known to exist; that which was presented by Crofton Croker to the Trinity Museum Dublin. One of the settings of scenery for St. Rose's is a reproduction of the Calle de los Bodegones or street of the wine shops at Lima the capital of Peru, depicted in all the glowing sunlight of the tropics.

AN UNLOCKED FOR RECEIPTION.

A little incident which occurred in the North End this week required a good deal of explanation before everybody who took part in it were in a proper frame of mind to engage in ordinary conversation. The man of the house had been doing a little shopping, and when he started for home had several pounds of butter in his hand. Arriving at the house he could not find his wife, until he at last found his way into the parlor, and there she was, quietly talking to a man! The husband is evidently of a jealous disposition and did not stop to think or ask questions. The butter was in his hand, but not for long. In a remarkably short space of time it reached the visitor's head, and spread over his shirt bosom. The stranger was very much surprised and extremely busy for some time trying to extricate himself from the butter. Apologies followed. The visitor proved to be an old friend who had just arrived from the States and had been waiting for the man of the house to return.

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