

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## HOW THEY GOT TREATED.

THE LYCHES OF HALIFAX AND THEIR BACKERS.

They Did Not Get Much of the Purse but Their Friends and Backers Made Lots of Money out of Them—They Say It Won't Occur Again if They Know It.

HALIFAX, Oct. 6.—Boat racing hereabouts is pretty well over for the season, and perhaps for some it is just as well that it is. Halifax of late has become quite prominent in aquatic circles and during the past season it was found out that this city can produce men who are able to hold their own against the best that can be produced. The men who have done much to bring boating matters up to their present standing are said to have fared very badly. They consider that they were treated in a miserable way by their leaders and they have a just right to think as they do. The "sports" if they can be called such, that backed the Lynch brothers in their races this season are open to criticism. They might in their own way think that they treated the men all right, but the public generally think otherwise. They say the races were a financial speculation on their part. They were not in the game for fun but for dollars and cents, and one looking at it from their point of view would certainly have agreed with them. The men who put up the stake money on the races were Crosby, Michaels, Fitzgerald and Quirk. In the first race that was rowed between Michael Lynch and John Brennan the stakes were \$200 a side. After Lynch won he met his backers and they effected a settlement. They gave him \$80 out of the purse and he was not by any means satisfied but he had to accept it, or go without any.

When the double scull race was arranged between the Lynchs, and Rice and Durman, the stakes were for \$500 a side. The Halifax crew thought it best to have an agreement at the outset with the backers, as to the amount they should receive in case they won the race. The sum was fixed at \$260, and this was satisfactory. The race has been rowed, and the Lynch brothers won. The other day they met their backers, and asked for a settlement. The generous hearted men offered them \$160, and \$25 for turning the buoy first. This magnificent offer was at first declined, but after a couple of days the Lynchs agreed to take it, as with time the money might get still more beautifully less. This is the last race that they will ever row for them they say, and in the future they will have nothing more to do with them. The backers and the crew in fact have not been getting along harmoniously all the season for some unknown reason or other. Perhaps for the honor of the sport, it is just as well this climax has been reached. The whole difficulty seems to be that there were two many irons in the fire for things to run smoothly. One would not mind the backers making something out of the contracts, but when they make statements publicly that they intend giving them the whole of the stakes, and then a few days later change their minds, it makes an awful difference. On both occasions one of the parties interested shouted out at the finish of the races, that they would give the winners all, but he did not do it.

A few days after the race Quirk said he would back the Lynchs against Gandaur and Durman for \$500 a side. Durman promptly accepted the offer and posted \$100 to bind the match. The following day when Durman called on Quirk to complete the match, the latter took back water, and the race was not arranged. It was just as well for Quirk's personal benefit that he did not make the match, or put up a deposit, as he would surely have lost his \$100. The Lynchs have solemnly declared that they will never lift another oar for any one of that quartette, and if Quirk had made the match they say they would not have raced. This crew can get all the backing it requires outside of those above mentioned, and the public will have more faith in the races. A change was desirable and it has come at last, and it is most acceptable.

There have been some rumors going the rounds of late about the last double scull race, and that it was "fixed," but of course no person is to be found who can actually say that it was. The story is given much credence in certain circles, and many are loath to believe that it was sold, but no information of an authentic nature can be learned. There were several thousands

## WHERE IS THAT POLICE FUND?



Old Mother Hubbard She Went to the Cupboard

To Get Her Poor Doggy a Bone But When She Got There

The Cupboard was Bare And so the Poor Doggy got None.

## NO NEWS OF THAT FUND.

POLICEMEN AND OTHERS ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT.

The Request for Information is so Reasonable That Everybody is Surprised That it is Not Given—The Chief and Trustees are Wrapped in Silence.

There is a good deal of interest felt in the fate of that police fund. It may be in that pleasant repose that other deposits enjoy in the Savings bank but if so the policemen and the people would like to know it.

That is not a hard question for the trustees to answer and any one of the three has a perfect right to find out just how much cash there is to the credit of the fund.

But until the chief says the word Detective Ring or Captain Jenkins will not make any move. This is discipline which would apply first rate to ordinary affairs in the police office but is hardly applicable to the police fund.

PROGRESS is asking questions about this fund simply on behalf of those officers on the force who have a right to know all about it and those officers who were on the force at the time and helped to raise it. There are some of these in the city who can lay claim to their share of the fund and it will be a surprising thing if they do not do so in the near future.

The silence in which the chief has wrapped himself may be thoroughly dignified but is not as satisfactory as it might be.

Curiously enough he seems to have taken the ground that as long as there are questions asked about the fund he does not propose to answer them. That is not a happy position and is apt to lead to remarks that may not be justified at all.

PROGRESS simply takes the reasonable ground that the chief, as one of the custodians of the police fund, has a right to tell his men where it is and what it amounts to. The sooner he does that the less talk there will be.

TO SAFEGUARD CITY INTERESTS.

That is What Mayor Sears Urges Upon the Common Council.

The resolutions of the common council by which Mr. Geo. Robertson's proposed dry dock company is promised aid to the extent of at least \$50,000, and it may be \$100,000, was perfected and submitted to a special meeting of the City Fathers on last Monday afternoon. Of course it went through, was adopted, and is now of valuable assistance to the promoter in the formation of his company.

Before this was done Mayor Sears made quite a little speech on the matter, not in opposition, nor yet in a too critical way, but looking towards the safe-guarding of the city's interests. The mayor pointed out that Mr. Robertson had told, not only him, but the members of the Board of Trade, that the proposed dock would cost at least \$1,000,000 and might cost \$1,250,000. But his contention was that in view of the fact that Mr. Robertson was receiving for his company exemption from taxation for \$1,000,000, which would amount to \$15,000 a year; a bonus of \$2,500 a year, and a free site, the value of which could hardly be estimated, he thought that the citizens should be in possession of more information than they had at present. The promises of the Imperial Government, so far as he understood them, were certainly of a vague and unsatisfactory character, though they might not appear so to Mr. Robertson, who as yet had not taken the council into his confidence. He wished it to be distinctly understood that he was not opposing the dry dock; but that any aid to it should be given upon the basis of a subsidy payment in proportion to its cost. The mayor's argument was combated to a certain extent by the speech of Alderman Robinson, who contended that the city was thoroughly protected in respect to the cost of the proposed dry dock. The fact that the plans and specifications must be submitted to them and to the governments aiding the work, was of itself a sufficient guarantee. He thought it better to let the work go on upon general principles and for himself he was satisfied that it would cost a million dollars or more.

A Wagon at a Great Bargain.

Any person who wants a handsome road wagon, splendidly finished and well made can inspect one that is now for sale at a remarkably low price in the stable of Mr. J. B. Hamm of this city. The price placed upon the wagon, which has never been used, is such as should attract anyone who is looking for such a vehicle.

of dollars changed hands on the result, and some of the sports made good hands. One well known sport is credited with having made between \$800 and \$1,000 alone. This individual did not even as much as give the winning crew a cigar. The backers also won handsomely, but they did not appreciate the winning crew's worth in any financial way. The foundation for the story of the race being sold cannot be ascertained. If such was the case, however the Lynchs were no party to it. They are too good and honest sportsmen to do anything like that. The party who is blamed for fixing it is the sport who won the large amount shown referred to. He was seen very frequently in the company of one of the visiting oarsmen, and all of a sudden he commenced to bet furiously against the Ontario men. What brought about this change no one can tell. Durman had all the money he had on the race, while Quirk's money remained in the safe at the Queen Hotel, untouched. The most remarkable part of the whole affair is that the Ontario pair gave a private trial a few days before the race, and they made remarkably fast times in the presence of several of their admirers. On the day of the trial they rowed a mile and a half, and on the day of the race for the same distance it took them over a minute longer.

Went Ahead Without Permission.

The C. P. R. and the city had a small clash at the last meeting of the council. It appears that without permission, the railway company started to erect what might be called a station and telegraph office upon city property at Sand Point. Up to two years ago they had leased the property in question but they gave it up and ceased to pay rent. Now they are going ahead to erect a building on the identical property they had leased without permission.

Chairman Christie of the Board of Works called attention to the matter and the end

of it was, after considerable discussion, that notice was to be served on the C. P. R. to stop erecting that building at once.

But all these discussions are somewhat instructive, in their way, to an onlooker. They reveal the fact, that no matter what the C. P. R. wants or asks, certain of the aldermanic board are ready to give it to them. PROGRESS would hesitate to say that there was any motive underlying this, other than the benefit of both the city and the C. P. R., but if those gentlemen could obtain a majority opinion of the citizens they would ascertain that the general impression is that the city has been very generous with the C. P. R., and that that corporation should obtain nothing more free of charge.

HE ISN'T A MANNYET

But He Looked Enough Like one to Deceive Four Liquor Dealers.

Eighteen year old William Harding earned forty dollars for the city this week. He did not know that he was such a money getter before but when the magistrate added up the fines imposed upon Messrs. Cronin, Elater, Caples and Coughlan, for selling liquor to him, they just amounted to forty dollars.

There was another fine of eight dollars but that was on Harding and, if paid, would make this amount \$48. If it isn't paid the city will be out a month's board.

Harding is a prepossessing youth. He stands high enough so far as inches go and will weigh between a hundred and sixty and a hundred and seventy pounds. Yet he says he won't be nineteen until next March. That was a puzzle for Mr. Cronin who responded so promptly to the cordial invitation of the police magistrates to 'come up' and see him. Still he took the lad's word for it, and did not trouble him to send for his mother. Neither did he ask him if he carried his baptismal certificate around with him to convince people that he was

unfledged and innocent young fellow, but he paid his ten and returned to his business wondering how the people in the trade were going to over come this new difficulty. It was bad enough to have a stranger come in and buy a flask only to find out later that the police sergeant waiting at the door might have told him that he was an "interdict" but to decide whether a man was twenty one years of age or lacked a few days of it seemed to him a well nigh impossible task.

Then with that good feeling, characteristic of him, Mr. Cronin began to think how easily his brethren in the trade might be imposed upon by the same individual and what a grist of ten dollar fines the city would obtain.

PROGRESS suggests to the association that they should get a photograph of this smooth faced and guileless youth who stands nearly six feet high and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds and distribute duplicates of it to the men who stand behind the bars with the information that in March 1901 he will be eligible to be called a man.

Officer Tom H. Borchill thinks he is a man now.

Away On His Vacation.

Some of "Billy" Keefe's friends say that he went to the States Thursday to referee a big slugging match that is to be had on the quiet there. No doubt he is capable of doing it but PROGRESS is inclined to think that his mission is not of such a pugilistic nature. At any rate he will manage to spend a few days with his people and his friends who will be as glad to see him as those he left here will be when he returns.

Mr. J. F. McMillan's Success.

A paragraph to the Aspen Tribune speaks in remarkably favorable terms of the marble from Pitkin County, which is quarried by the Colorado Crystal, Marble & Granite Co. This is the concern of which J. F. McMillan, formerly of this city, is the secretary-treasurer. His friends in St. John will be glad to learn of his success in the West, for no one deserves it better.