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## ANOTHER ORDER GOING.

THE BAY STATE LEAGUE MAKING THE LAST KICK.

An Important Meeting Held While the Wind Howled and the Hats Fell, and Twenty and Fifty Tumbled Over—Honesty Master's Discourses.

Tuesday night was one of the stormiest and wildest that St. John has experienced for some time. The wind blew from all quarters, and with it came the rain. It was such a night that nobody would venture out unless urgent business made it absolutely necessary. Yet Honesty Lodge of the Bay State League held the largest meeting in its history. The business was urgent, extremely so; and what few jests survived the proceedings were those of men who knew they were in a fair way to lose \$40 or \$50, and could ill afford it.

The officers of the league in this city had received a circular from the head office urging them to call a meeting at the earliest possible time, to elect delegates to attend a meeting of the Supreme Court to Boston, for the purpose of deciding whether to continue the business of the order, or to adopt some other mode of carrying on its business for the welfare of the whole membership. The head officers thought it wise to clear up the business, but left it to the members to decide how it should be done. The following plans were submitted for consideration:

To have a receiver appointed, and let him wind up the business; to make an assignment, and let the court appoint a proper party to close up the business; to place the order into insolvency; for the Supreme officers to give a financial statement, and to pay back to the members the pro rata on all assessments made.

The members of the Bay State League in this city know more about endowment societies now than when they joined it, and in their wisdom were evidently not inclined to give these proposals serious consideration. They knew the Bay State League would end up as these orders usually do, no matter what the members in St. John suggested.

It was quite clear that no one was willing to be a delegate to attend the funeral of the order. They were content to view the procession from a distance, feeling they had paid their share of the burial expenses.

Every member thought he had lost enough money, and did not propose to add to his loss by making a fruitless trip to Boston.

Very little was done at the meeting, but it was finally decided that the secretary should write to the head office and find out whether the St. John members could be represented by proxy. If this privilege is allowed, another meeting will be held, which will, in all probability, be the last.

### A Hasty Decision.

The Free Public Library commissioners are very hasty sometimes. A case in point came up recently. A gentleman to whom they had granted the privilege of looking over the books when the library was closed took a reference book home to look over it, returning it the next day. He was ignorant of the fact that it was against the rules. The matter was reported and the privilege extended him was revoked by a two-thirds majority of the board. There are too many books in the library with cut leaves, valuable for reference, but not referred to from one month to another. It would seem to Progress that a little use would do them more good than harm. There are many people who think the library is closed too much of the time. Let it be opened every day and all day. There is a librarian and an assistant and there should be no difficulty in having this done. In that case people who wished to refer to any book could do so at any reasonable time.

### What Others Think.

That most excellent weekly, the St. John Progress, is publishing "Random Recollections of Joseph Howe and his Times."—the first number of the article appearing last week, illustrated with engravings of both Joseph Howe and his father, John Howe. The "Recollections" are well written and very interesting. They are signed "Historicus, Fredericton, N. B."—British American Citizen.

The lightest, breeziest, most original and best family paper that comes to our table is Progress, whose sixteen large pages, well printed on good paper, are replete every week with everything to interest and instruct its numerous readers in every walk of life. We have always been very modest in regard to our own abilities, but when we see copies of the paper in the Journal in Progress we make up our mind that there is something in it.—Butler's Journal.

### A Growing and Successful Business.

One of the firm of Messrs. Emerson & Fisher tells Progress that their retail trade is to use his expression "humming." That is the only time one gets of it when he is in the store. It is the largest of its kind in the city and everyone in it is busy.

It would be hard to find more energetic men than the partners or any with such original ideas for pushing trade. Their name is known in every nook and corner of the Maritime provinces as wholesalers in their line and it is a household word with house-owners who use any kind of mantle piece. The size of this department and the variety of their stock is something astonishing. October proved the heaviest month's business in the history of the firm and every department is so much that it is working over time. It is a genuine pleasure to record such facts of a business more especially one so large, enterprising and successful as that of Messrs. Emerson & Fisher.

### Murphy is Coming.

Theatre goers who enjoy a good Irish play look for a genuine treat when Murphy comes. He appears Monday night in the Opera House, and for three nights will play *Bouchal Bava*, the exciting, realistic Irish drama in which he has scored such a hit. Some idea of the realistic way Murphy puts on plays was had when in the *Kerry Gow* a horse pranced about the stage. This time there is an exciting scene when the telegraph wires are out and the poles and wires are all on the stage. Murphy himself, with his songs and true Celtic wit, is always sure to draw a crowd.

### A Witness for Mr. Grant.

The colored Ogden's "hurrah for the Scott act" spoken of in Progress, last Saturday was too much for the Vendome, and Saturday night he received permission to go where he would. He was out of a job. Like some other people who have spent time in the Vendome he can relate some interesting stories, some things that would interest the temperance people. Rev. Mr. Grant who found his services valuable to convict Belyea, would no doubt find him an equally valuable witness against the proprietor of the Vendome. This is a suggestion for him.

### Locked in the Manager's Office.

The manager of the Bank of Montreal is a very busy man, but last Saturday morning he was forced to give more time to a man who wanted a discount than is customary. When they had finished their business they found that the door was locked, and they did some pounding on it to the amusement of those on the outside, who at first could not understand what was the matter.

### Have You Read Them.

Progress' new subscription inducement, the "Ten Books of Fiction" and Leather-stocking Tales, described and illustrated on page 12, have had a splendid run. Some subscribers who come to the office and renew, say: "I have read all of these books, but I am going to give them to a young friend of mine who has not." And so they go, and the large order which arrived this week is nearly exhausted.

### The Storm and the Telegraphers.

The storm Tuesday night was too much for the telegraph wires, and communication was cut off from all quarters. This was a sad disappointment for the newspapers throughout the Dominion who made arrangements for Mr. Laurier's speech at the Boston banquet. The operators were all prepared for a hard night's work, but the storm made things easy for them.

### Concerning Eclipses.

About 20 years ago on an occasion of an eclipse of the sun the mayor of a small town in Spain desired to acquaint the inhabitants with the fact. He issued a proclamation on the same form as he used for city ordinances, and it read thus: "Por orden del Alcalde, se habra eclipsa mañana," i. e., "By order of the mayor there will be an eclipse tomorrow!"

### Wants to Get Them All.

The registrar of births, marriages and deaths evidently believes in taking every precaution to have everything in his time registered. The other day a city man sent over for blanks to register the fact that he was a happy father. The registrar sent two blanks, probably to meet all emergencies in case of twins. There have been triplets, Mr. Knight.

### Mr. Hopkins and Mince Meat.

Mr. Hopkins and mince meat are often thought of at this season of the year. It comes just as natural to think of Hopkins and mince meat as it does to think of Hopkins and sausages—for the only reason, however, that both of those articles, as made by him, have won such fame for excellence that so many wish to enjoy them.

### Give It Some Attention.

The sidewalk in front of the I. C. R. depot needs looking after in the very worst way. In wet weather passers-by have to do some narrow plank walking, while those who have not their wits about them are liable to wade through water ankle deep. And the sidewalk has been in this condition for some time.

### The Union is Prospering.

The St. John millmen's union has prospered since it was started. There are more than 1,000 members who have joined the society and paid their dues.

## IT'S THE LAW.

But the Bar Rooms Don't Mind It.

FOURTEEN WIDE OPEN

After Seven O'Clock on Saturday Night.

WHERE ARE YOU WHEN THEY WANT YOU TO DRINK?

"Respectable" Barrooms and Others where Matches Floated Off the Counters and the Air was Bitter with Smoke—How Customers Are Sneaked Into Some Places and Walk Into Others.

When the welcome peals of the laborers bell ring out on the evening air Saturday night begins. The effect is magical. Long before the last echo dies away, and old John Walsh has climbed upon the railing to tie up the rope, the streets, which a few minutes before were almost deserted, are thronged with hurrying tollers, who have finished their week's work and are homeward bound. Homeward bound? Let us hope so, at any rate.

Saturday night! The one great night of all the week, the night when the working-man pockets the result of his week's labor, and sees a day of rest before him; the night when hundreds of people handle more money than they will for another week to come, and endeavor to make the best of it, while many others are as actively engaged in emptying their pockets and filling their stomachs in a way that has nothing to recommend it.

The early evening is a busy time for the small dealers, the corner grocers, the butchers, the bakers, the candle stick makers and the numerous little concerns that furnish the hundred and one things purchased weekly for family use. It is then the barbers start in to make up for the leisure they enjoyed during the week, and take the lives of their customers in their hands, and the dimes from their pockets; and reach perfection in the recital of those two old chestnuts, "next" and "good night."

It is a great night for the barbers; a great night for their customers; and a glorious night for the thousands that pour into the heart of the city from all directions, to promenade King, Charlotte and Union streets. All the stores are open and every light is brought into use. The great show windows dressed in brilliant colors and illuminated by myriad incandescents, set off the streets, as never stage was set, for the thousands of living actors in the drama of life. The stores, too, are crowded, and the clerks, who found many hours hanging heavy on their hands during the week, put forth every effort to make up for lost time.

Money is changing hands everywhere. The great army of workmen who were enriched by their employers at five o'clock, have taken another part in the drama, and are bestowing their wealth upon the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. And thus the night goes on.

There is nothing new. Every Saturday night is the same. During a walk up town one sees the same people, in the same places, loitering or hurrying along in the same way; the same store windows, dressed differently, perhaps; the same scenes everywhere. The great crowd is always on the three principal streets and few leave them unless they have business elsewhere. But for all this the rest of the town is not dead. On Saturday night there is activity everywhere, and a glance at the stores on any street impresses this upon one.

The hundreds of little shops that depend upon the love of pleasure and extravagance of customers for their existence all reap a harvest. In the eating saloons the stalls are full, at the high oyster counters stools are at a premium, cigars are burned by the thousands, and the beer men are happy. And so are their customers—for the time being.

All the stores are open! All? Yes; or nearly all. What if the law does say that certain stores must close at seven o'clock on Saturday night? What does the law amount to?

Not much!

The man who stands before his own door at about two o'clock Sunday morning, with a hazy idea as to who he is, and what he is doing there; and who cannot understand why the door will not open when he turns a match in the key-hole—that man is strongly of this opinion.

So are the hundreds like him; for it is not an unusual thing in St. John for a man

to be standing on his own doorstep before six o'clock on Sunday morning. Those who happen to have business that calls them out at that hour, know all about it; the weeping wives and mothers who go to bed, with the light burning, or sit up waiting for an uncertain step—they know all about it; while the majority of people who retire at an early hour know no more about it than the man on the doorstep does of his own identity.

Nobody knows more about it than the man with the buttons, clubs and revolvers. They show their intimacy with it by presenting a long line of unfortunates to the view of the police magistrate every Monday morning. This is a part of their duty. By arresting these men they get to bed early, and increase the public revenues at the rate of \$8 per man.

The police and their superiors have remarkable ideas about justice. The law is a fine man for being drunk, and the police arrest him and the magistrate fines him. They do so to a remarkable extent. The law says a man for keeping his bar open after seven o'clock on Saturday night for the purpose of setting men drunk, and the police don't arrest him and the magistrate doesn't fine him, except once in a while. They don't do so to a remarkable extent.

In other words they are very active in carrying out that part of the law which says, "Arrest a poor unfortunate who loses his money and ruins himself; and they are almost inactive in carrying out the law which tells them to arrest the fortunate who makes his money and helps himself at the expense of his unfortunate brother.

They try to kill the tree by picking off the fruit.

Before the government passed the Saturday night section of the liquor license law the question was probably considered in all its bearings. They knew that workmen had more money on Saturday night than at any other time. They knew, and some of the honorable members, perhaps, only too well, what the appetite for intoxicating liquor was like; and they knew how little temptation was needed to make a man give way to that appetite, especially when he had money to spend, and a "day off" ahead of him in which to get over the effects of it.

The government took all this into consideration, and thought it would be wise to remove the temptation for one night at least, and did so as far as they were able.

The same, however, cannot be said of the men in this city who were entrusted with the carrying out of the law.

It is as easy to get liquor on Saturday night as on any other night of the week. Certainly, in some cases, one has to wait until a door is unlocked before he can get in; but this is the exception, not the rule.

Last Saturday night I visited fourteen bar-rooms in the heart of the city, and in ten of them I walked right in as I would go into a grocery store. Liquor was sold in all but one, and three policemen standing across the street probably accounted for our inability to get what we asked for there.

Eight of the fourteen bar-rooms visited were on the principal streets. Hundreds of people, with an occasional policeman in full uniform to make a variety, were passing to and fro all the time, while a few feet from them men drank all kinds of liquor, contrary to the Liquor License act of 1887.

I do not pretend to say that it would be an easy matter for a policeman in full uniform to walk into the bar-rooms the same as I did on Saturday night. Nor do I think that the government had this method of carrying out the law in view when the act was passed. But when a government passes a law it should be carried out, and if those to whom this duty is intrusted cannot do it one way they should do it another. The law should be respected, whether it is good or bad. If it is bad let it be repealed at once; if not let it be carried out properly, especially when men are being paid to do so.

The liquor business is like every other in one respect. When times are good and money is plentiful, the barrooms are crowded. When money is scarce it is easier getting the bartender's eye; for a barroom is no place to go without money.

Times are not too good around town just now, and this may account for the small crowds in some of the barrooms last Saturday night. In several places parties of ten or a dozen were entering the bar as we were coming out, so it may be that some of our visits were made just as the tide was changing.

When I think of the thousands who paraded the streets, compared with the hundreds whom I found lounging about the barrooms, it dawns upon me that comparatively few people must realize what is going on around them; few know what is on the other side of a plate glass window, and the rest do not realize it.

A large crowd of curious people watched the man with the gasoline lamp making his

living on Market square last Saturday night; but only a few saw Uncle Abe Whitebone, the genial proprietor of Tivoli Hall, earning his bread and butter. Yet the latter was far more interesting.

In fact there was lots of interest to be seen in the bar-rooms I visited and I will endeavor to describe some of them.

Although Water street is pretty lively during the day, at night it is dark and lonesome enough. There are only a few stores open and Mr. Henry Brennan is the proprietor of one of them. It is nearly opposite the post-office, and within fifty yards of the Water street lockup. Mr. Brennan's sign gives oysters as one of his specialties, and he has stalls on the premises where anyone can get oysters if he wants them. We didn't want oysters.

The only remarkable thing in front of the store was a small boy with a mouth organ, who was playing some airs, the name of which nobody knew but himself. The door was wide open and we went in, took chairs in a stall, but didn't take oysters. We got what we asked for. While we were sitting there the mouth organ stopped playing.

"Siah!" said the boy.

"All right?" asked the proprietor, anxiously.

"Only three men comin' down street," said the boy, and he went on with his tune.

The men proved to be sailors. They went up to the high oyster counter, and asked for something "hard." I forgot just what it was. They were told that the bar was closed.

"How do you happen to be closed when all the rest are open?" one of them asked in surprise.

I didn't hear anything more.

The Carleton crowd had evidently not got over when we were there, for there were only a few people in the place; and even those looked as if they were waiting for somebody with money to come along.

One of the most remarkable features of the liquor business is, that the proprietor nearly always does duty at the street door. Mr. W. F. Danaher has become familiar to all who pass along Prince William, from his constant attention to this part of the business. He was sitting on the iron railing as usual when we went down the steps nearest the Bank of Nova Scotia. Through the large and billiard rooms and we arrived at the bar. There were quite a number there ahead of us and the bar-tender was busy. Every one got what he asked for.

A drunken man could get from the bar of the New Victoria hotel to the front office without being in danger of falling, provided he did not get weak in the knees and sink to the floor. To get in you take the door to the right of the desk and walk through a number of short and very narrow passages, until the bar looms up with considerable brilliancy. There was quite a stylish crowd in when we got there, and they were not taking ginger beer.

There are two entrances to the New Victoria bar. It is easier of access on any other night, but on Saturday night one has an opportunity of exploring some mysterious corners of the hotel on his way in.

Coming up town again from the New Victoria we dropped into Mrs. Flynn's, on Duke street, between Water and Prince William. There were very few ships in the harbor and business was dull in this vicinity. Mrs. Flynn looked nervous, but when she tapped at a door near the end of the counter, a rough looking man handed out what we asked for and Mrs. Flynn served it, being very careful to wipe the counter as dry as a bone afterwards. She has ideas of her own about justice, and was of opinion that if she kept a place like this now being conducted at her old stand on Water street, she would be in the penitentiary long ago. Business was dull at Mrs. Flynn's, but the young folks were evidently having a good time, as one of them was rattling off the "skit dance" on the piano in great style, while several others chattered away in a tone loud enough to be heard in the front shop; and a man with his hat on, who was evidently a visitor, poked the fire.

I afterwards learned that Mrs. Flynn and a number of others were expecting a visit from the police on that particular evening, which may have accounted for the lack of excitement.

The place referred to by Mrs. Flynn as being more respectable than any establishment ever conducted by her, is kept by Mr. Geo. Jones, on the corner of Water street and Walker's wharf. I suggested that we make it a visit, as I had noticed as we passed there earlier in the evening that there was a crowd of seafaring men in the shop who were talking loud enough to be heard on the street. When we entered, however, there wasn't much of a crowd. A couple of rough looking fellows stood back and viewed us suspiciously, while two or three others were getting away with a variety of edibles at a table on the other side of a partition. The man who was behind the counter when we entered was

relieved by a girl in a pink frock, who politely informed us that they didn't sell anything but beer and ginger ale. Didn't have anything else. So we took ginger ale.

I might mention here that as we entered a policeman passed the door, on his way to the lockup, and two more stood at the corner of the street.

The Royal hotel has an elegant bar, and Saturday night it was doing a fair business. There is no attempt to conceal this fact, except that dark green curtains are drawn down over the glass partition and doors that separate it from the washroom. When in the latter place one would imagine that the room beyond was as dark as a "black nigger on a dark night," etc., but on opening the door there is the bar in all its brilliancy.

The Victoria hotel has also a bar that is a model of its kind, and its display of mirrors is dazzling. One can hardly look round without seeing himself as others see him, and some of the people who visit there are probably not very proud of the reflection. The Victoria bar is not so easy of access as the Royal, but it got there all the same. When I was there an alderman, a "leading lawyer" and an insurance agent were having a quiet discussion at the bar, while in one corner several unprepossessing looking fellows wearing soft hats were casting longing looks in the direction of the bottles. It struck me as the two extremes of drinkers. On coming out one cannot fail to notice the wires on the back of the door leading into the office, and it is quite evident that that door can be shut and locked without anybody being near it. The chief of police used to board at this house, and will perhaps be able to give some information on this point.

Of course we couldn't miss calling on "Uncle" Abe Whitebone, and seeing the mysterious workings of Tivoli hall. We were standing at the north west corner of King square when "Uncle" Whitebone was pointed out to me. He was walking up and down the street wrapped in a large overcoat with long sleeves, then stood in the doorway of Jackson's oyster house for a while and took a glance up and down the street. A group of half a dozen or so were standing at a door that one would imagine opened into a very dark alleyway, but when "Uncle" glided over, there was a gleam of light for a moment, and the little group disappeared. "Uncle" then resumed his stand in Jackson's doorway. There was another gleam of light and a little crowd filed out. I was one of the next assignment that went in. "Uncle" gave us one of as pleasant bows as we passed him, and after a moment slid up, sneaked a key into the door in a way that showed practice, and told us to get in quick. And we did.

Along a narrow hall, past an oyster counter and we entered Tivoli hall, filled with smoke, billiard tables, domino tables and all the necessary adjuncts, and a fair crowd of customers. Down at the further end the billiard balls were flying in good shape, and quite a number lounged around watching the play. At one of the small tables half a dozen Carleton men were playing dominoes, while a younger Whitebone supplied them with tall glasses filled to the brim. The next table was surrounded by a party deeply engaged in a game of dominoes, while four or five old gentlemen with bald heads and grey whiskers talked to each other over the tops of half filled glasses, which to all appearances had been filled and emptied many times before. At several other tables men lounged about smoking and talking, but business has been better and the crowd larger than it was last Saturday night.

But the bar was pretty well crowded. On the half open door that revealed the mob inside was a good sized card with the printed inscription:

BAR CLOSED.

This struck me as being one of the best jokes of the evening, for it was one of the liveliest bars I had visited. It was made more so by the young Jew who was serving customers with his sleeves rolled up, slipping about in the liquor that had been spilled on the floor, to the apparent delight of the crowd; although he was in danger of sustaining a fracture at any moment.

There isn't much room to move around in the bar of Tivoli hall. It is long and narrow, the door at one end opening out into King square, on every night but Saturday, and the door at the other end with its humorous label, opening into the pool room. But the bar was crowded and all the Whitebones were hustling in good shape. It was not such a crowd as I found in the Royal, nor as respectable looking as that in the pool room. A noticeable feature of it was clay pipes and cheap tobacco, while the discussion carried on between several of the men who found the wall an absolute necessity in the way of support,