

## SHOUT FOR ECONOMY.

### THE SALARIES OF CIVIC OFFICIALS TO BE CUT.

And Some Offices Recommended to be Abolished—"Progress" Suggestion that there are too Many Engineers and too Much Legal Talent Acted Upon.

"Don't talk about dominion taxes—look at your own town."

This was the terse and pointed remark made by a gentleman this week to a group of citizens who were discussing the tariff and other topics of timely interests.

If every taxpayer would take the remark right to his heart and think it over, talk over those points he is not enlightened upon, and then vote for economy, there would be a great change in the composition of the city government, and fewer city officials.

Slowly but surely the people are coming to the conclusion that there are too many officials—too many bosses in this town of ours—too many figure heads who draw big salaries, and do little or nothing to earn them.

The fact that most of these officials are popular and "good fellows," as the saying goes, has, no doubt, a good deal to do with them being where they are, but those qualifications are no reason why they should occupy imaginary positions and draw fancy salaries.

In speaking thus plainly PROGRESS knows full well that its words will not be relished either by the gentlemen named or their friends, but the taxpayers should have their attention called to a condition of things which should not continue any longer than it can be abolished.

Some time ago the fact was mentioned in these columns that the city had three engineers in its employ where one was more than enough for all that there is for him to do. It is not necessary to state that Mr. Hurd Peters is known as city engineer. He has been known in that capacity for a long time, and seems to have such a grip upon his office that the efforts, more or less determined, made at one time and another by zealous aldermen, have failed either to move him from his airy apartment in the city building or disturb his placid equanimity. Mr. Peters has been called upon from time to time to explain acts which naturally seemed unexplainable, and in every case his superior knowledge of engineering has pulled him through. He has steered his official craft with remarkable steadiness, avoided the rocks and weathered many storms, and still draws his \$90 a month as regularly as the moon changes.

Quite apart from Mr. Peters, and yet in the same line of business, is Mr. Gilbert Murdoch, another engineer of the city, sometimes called superintendent of the water works. Since the water commission is no more and has passed with its chairman under the control of the board of the works, Mr. Murdoch can hardly be said to be connected with it. It would be much nearer the truth, perhaps, to say that he also has had the position for many years, that he was an official of the city under the old regime, and that any disturbance of him in his official capacity would require very much exertion on the part of the common council. Mr. Murdoch is another engineer of the city and draws \$133.33 per month, or \$1,600 a year.

Across the hall in the same building sits another Mr. Murdoch, a nephew of the gentleman mentioned above, also an engineer, also in the employ of the city as an assistant or something of that sort, drawing the very comfortable stipend of \$90 per month, or about \$1,080 per year.

Mr. William Murdoch was appointed some time ago and report does say that he has a much better knowledge of his business than either of his co-workers in the city engineering department. At any rate he was appointed to assist his uncle and he has been doing the most of the work ever since.

It will not be very difficult for the intelligent taxpayer to add a few figures together and come to the conclusion that he is helping to pay three engineers about three thousand nine hundred dollars every year for work supposed to be done in this city of St. John. It may also be remembered that not many days ago the city of Halifax appointed one city engineer at a salary of \$2,000.

As this comes properly under the head of public works, it might be just as well to go a little further and show what is being paid out for superintendence alone in this department. Director A. C. Smith, the first on the list, draws the very modest salary of \$1,800 a year. Some people say that he is a busy man, and it may be true. There is no doubt that he finds time to keep the run of civic politics and his finger upon the pulse of the council. He is popularly supposed to be one of the powers behind the council, one of the company who rule the city by an invisible and unaccountable influence. If that is true just now, Director Smith has much to answer for. Superintendent Martin of the streets has to answer to him, however, for his acts. When the

director is not using the horse and carriage provided him for driving from one point to another, the superintendent holds the ribbons and visits the various points of interest to him, where work is supposed to be going on. No one envies him his position or thinks his salary of \$1,200 a year too little.

Supt. Glasgow of the ferry on the other hand seems to have a pretty easy time of it. Unless there is a rush of spring ice in the harbor as the boat is engaged in butting the floats up Princess street, his services are not actually required. Even then his anxiety is more apparent than his assistance. If the city wishes to continue Mr. Glasgow in some really useful capacity he should be made captain of the boat or something of that sort which has some work attached to it.

It has been suggested, with much reason, that the harbor master is the man to look after the ferry. His present duties are not so onerous that he could not give sufficient time to the ferry to dispense with a superintendent, and thus save the city a few hundred dollars.

Although the duties of the public works director may be burdensome, they would not be greatly increased if the work of the public safety director was also added to his toil. The city could save something over \$1000 and the service would not suffer in the least.

To include one other department in this article and show how some thousands of dollars can be saved this city every year is not a hard task. Every person who has followed civic affairs knows that it is a mere matter of sentiment and influence that keep a common clerk and a deputy common clerk, as well as a recorder on the pay sheets of the city. So far as the last named official is concerned, the government has said that a recorder is necessary and that he must be paid a salary of \$600 a year, no matter whether he has any thing to do or not. The common council also says that the common clerk shall get \$2000 and his deputy \$1100, a pleasing total for legal and recording services of \$3700 a year. No person will dispute for an instant that one good man could not do the work of these three officials, and that he would feel grateful for \$2000 a year. What should prevent the city saving \$1700 every year in this department?

What should prevent the city from saving \$1760 a year in the salaries of its engineers by paying one good man \$2000 to do the work? What should prevent the city from amalgamating the two directorships, and saving \$1200 a year, and saving another \$800 by asking the harbor master to look after the ferry?

Only \$5460 a year! Is it not worth looking into? And this saving only touches the heads of three departments!

Since the above article was written and in type the salary committee of the council has made a semi-report, and while PROGRESS is being printed this (Friday) afternoon, they will place all their recommendations before the common council.

They are very sweeping and propose an immense saving in the annual salary expenditure. The chairman of the assessors is included in their scheme of reduction and the director of public works as well. The dismissal of a clerk in the assessors' office is spoken of and the abolition of the superintendent of the ferry office. A reduction in the salary of a couple of clerks is also spoken of. The latter idea does not have much to commend it—the clerical salaries are not too high, but there are too many men drawing them. Director Wisely is to be asked to assume the duties of the ferry—the only difference between this and PROGRESS' scheme being the abolition of one office instead of two.

PROGRESS is very glad to note, however, that the committee has adopted its plan of one engineer instead of three, and of less legal expense in connection with the council. The common clerk's and the recorder's offices will be recommended to be made one, and that one man do the work.

Every one will agree with the committee that Mr. Smith can get along very nicely on \$1,500 instead of \$1,800, and that \$1,500 is a moderate salary for the chairman of the assessors.

And the mayor and the council—if they donate their services, they will deserve a banquet.

#### Where There is a Boom.

Real estate near Rothesay station has to be covered with dollar bills now-a-days, if it is to be purchased at all. All the available land at reasonable figures is taken up as far from the station as is convenient and seekers for rural retreats are having a hunt for what they want.

#### For Another Week.

The long and short engagement question has brought many letters to this office on the subject. Their insertion this week was prevented by the large portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald taking the place assigned for them on the ninth page. They will be looked for next week.

## DON'T BE TOO ZEALOUS.

### THAT IS WHAT POLICE MAGISTRATE RITCHIE SAYS

To the new Men on the Force, in Regard to Arresting People who are Able to take Care of Themselves and are Quiet—Some More Light on this Subject.

There was nothing wide of the mark in what PROGRESS said in its last issue about the new methods of arrest. The facts were plain and hard and had their effect, Police Magistrate Ritchie took up the matter Thursday morning and gave the police force, especially the newer members of it, some good advice on the subject of arrests. If he had gone a little further and extended some advice of equal excellence to the chief and the captains, there would have been no lack of approval on the part of the public.

That long-suffering body—the public—is growing very weary of the sound of "police." The cry has been renewed too often, and it would be much more satisfactory if it were hushed for a time. However, just as things begin to calm down and the people seem inclined to accept the inevitable and put up with it, something new comes to light, the press and the common council renew the fracas in earnest, and the public listens to find it only a variation of the old tune.

Notwithstanding this the latest and most startling phase of the business appears to be the regard for the police as a source of revenue instead of a means of protection. Figures have been produced and given for the first year just closed under the new chief, and comparisons made with the rule of ex-Chief Marshall. The conclusion any citizen would arrive at, is that the police force of today is one of the sources of the city revenue.

But who contribute to that increased revenue? The very poor, for the most part, the wives and sisters and children who have barely enough to live upon from day to day, who deprive themselves again and again of the comforts and frequently the necessities of life to give freedom to a husband, a brother, or a father.

PROGRESS is not opposed to arrests for drunkenness and punishment for the offence—far from it, but what it speaks against and believes is wrong, is the recent system of spreading the police net for those persons who would take care of themselves if permitted to do so—who are not incapable or noisy or subjects for a call in the police station.

There was a very wide agreement with what PROGRESS said on this subject last Saturday. Even those who in many quarters are regarded as extreme temperance advocates took occasion to condemn the misuse of power that was going on. But something more practical than this was shown when a citizen walked into PROGRESS office and introducing himself, said, "I am one of the eighteen you spoke of this morning, who were thrown into the police station on the holiday. As sure as I am standing here there was no reason for my arrest. My friends will bear me out in the statement that I was not well able to take care of myself, but that I was going home when the officer grabbed me and rushed me to the station."

If that was the only instance of such summary treatment there would, perhaps, be little to complain of, but there appear to be a score of them. If the writer told half the stories of such arrests that have poured in upon him this week two columns would not contain this article. They do not come from corner loafers or habitual drinkers, but from people who have been to the trouble and worry of taking friends from a place they did not know before—the police station. There is no reason in the world why a well-dressed man should have any more leniency shown him than a poor unfortunate who earns little and spends much of that in drink. If there is any leniency to be shown let the poor man have it, but neither of them should make the acquaintance of a cell while they are quiet and capable of taking care of themselves.

Sensible citizens will agree with this and applaud the action of the magistrate in cautioning policemen against too great zeal in making an arrest record. The efficiency of a policeman is not proved by the number of entries he makes upon the charge book.

#### Some of Them Careless.

PROGRESS gets subscription letters every day with money enclosed in all kinds of ways. The careful, methodical people register or send by post office order, and they are always safe. Others wrap a \$2 bill around the notification postal card, thrust both into the envelope, and without a line or even a sheet of paper, send it forward. Others are even more careless and send two \$1 bills without any protection. It is much better to be sure than sorry. A post office order is as certain as a bank draft and as it is made payable to the publisher, is always a receipt. If a subscription clerk was inclined to puzzle out the characters of his correspondents, he has much to keep him to a right conclusion.

## HE DIDN'T KNOW SIR JOHN.

### Why a Telegram was Not Read in One of the City Churches.

An amusing incident occurred on the Sunday morning that the C. P. telegraph company furnished the churches with news from Earncliffe. In every church the telegrams were read from the pulpit except one, and in that particular church the congregation probably did not hear half the sermon in their anxiety to learn what the message which they had seen handed to the minister contained. The preacher, however, seemed in no hurry to open it, and when he did a puzzled look came over his face; he laid the telegram down and went on with his discourse.

The minister is a new man, has not been many weeks in St. John, and not a very much longer time in Canada. One of the trustees, however, had an idea of what the telegram contained, and after the service spoke to the minister about it.

"I noticed that you got a telegram, during the service," said he.

"Yes," said the rector, as a puzzled look again came over his face, "Yes, I did receive a telegram, but I cannot understand it. It said something about somebody resting easy, and I can't think why anybody should send such a message to me. I don't know of anybody who is ill; and it says he is resting easy; I can't understand it."

"Why," said the trustee, "that referred to our premier, Sir John A. Macdonald; he is on his death bed."

"Sir John Macdonald?" repeated the minister, apparently somewhat confused. "I never heard of the man, never met him; he is prime minister, you say, and on his death bed! Well, I'm awfully sorry, but really I didn't know;" and the much confused pastor expressed his regrets and apologized again and again.

#### He Wore Bracelets of Gold and Steel.

"Charlie" Stewart, the colored barber, has been attracting considerable attention around town recently by the elegance of his clothing. He is now coming in for some newspaper notoriety, being arrested on suspicion of stealing money and goods from Messrs. Waterbury & Rising. Unlike some so-called fashionables, Stewart did not make all the show on the outside. His underclothing was of as good a quality as that which attracted the attention of the public. When arrested every article of clothing he had on was bran new, but the officers had no idea of what a dude he was until they saw the gold bracelet that encircled his ebony wrist.

#### The Fence Has Been Whitewashed.

The reference to the Haymarket square in last week's PROGRESS seems to have had the desired effect. Not long after the paper was out a pair of whitewash and a brush put in an appearance, and the fence now looks somewhat better—that is, as much of it as is standing. It is hoped, however, that the place will receive more attention and protection from the ravages of the small boys. It should be impressed upon them that the paths were made to walk on, and that it does not add to the beauty of the place to have cowpaths running through every part of it.

#### Another Mineral Spring Talked About.

New Brunswick seems to have its proportion of mineral springs. Another at Havelock, Kings county, is just being brought prominently to the attention of the public through the efforts of the owner, Mr. Wm. Keith. Mr. Keith claims that many remarkable cures have been effected by the waters, and has some very grateful and satisfying testimonials in his possession to that effect. More particulars can be found in another column, and still more by writing to Mr. Keith himself.

#### More Jealousy Than Enterprise.

The daily papers are not anxious to give PROGRESS any free advertising. Therefore when the names of the exhibition guarantors appeared in print the \$100 signed by PROGRESS did not appear as guaranteed by a newspaper, but by a private individual. If there was a good deal less jealousy and more enterprise among the city dailies the community would be the better for it.

#### Playing to Empty Houses.

The Harkins company are evidently not meeting with the success that was anticipated. Wednesday night, when a new piece was put on, it was played to a \$30 house, which means enough empty seats to make the most hardened barn-stormer turn pale. Those who were there on the previous nights probably told their friends of the treatment they were forced to submit to from the gallery.

#### Larger Houses Every Night.

The managers of the Japanese exhibition and musical company at the Palace rink received several requests to play in Moncton and Halifax next week, but as the attendance here has been increasing every night, St. John will have them some time longer. Monday evening the performance will be continued with a change of programme.

## INCIDENTS OF A DAY.

### THE ANXIETY OF A BAND OF ITALIANS AND A LADDER DRIVER.

The Former Wanted a Boarding House, and the Latter Wanted to Get to a Fire—Both Got There, But Were a Long Time About It.

Mr. Dennis Costigan's boarding house on North street looked more like an Italian colony, than anything else, on Saturday last. The extensive outside back stairs were swarmed with the sons and daughters of sunny Italy, with heavy variety shops on their backs, while along the sidewalks a row of women sat down with their backs against the fence, and appeared perfectly at home. Some of them were nursing infants to the amazement of the crowd, and all were chattering away at a great rate, but were in no danger of giving away their secrets to any outside of their own party. The crowd was so much interested in the proceedings that the policeman had to hustle to keep them from tripping over the Italians.

The party had arrived in town that afternoon with more goods than money, and the young fellow, who was apparently the manager, explained that they wanted to get a boarding house for a few days until they disposed of some of the contents of the trunks. But board seemed very hard to get at that particular time, especially when the applicants were not willing to pay more than fifteen cents a night. So the party decided to move. Everyone of them had as much as a pony could carry, and one of the youngest females balanced what looked like a small bed tick on her head and walked off with it in a way that astonished the small boys. Then it was a march in Indian file to the depot, where the party were on exhibition on the Pond street side of the building until after supper. And they had supper, despite their lack of funds. Mr. Bailey, with his usual generosity, gave two or three of the men several loaves of bread and a can of tea, which he supposed would have been divided up. In this, however, he was mistaken, for the men who got it went off in a corner by themselves and evidently intended to make the best of their find. They were discovered, however, and the result was quite a squabble in the Italian language, but very little of the bread was divided. The new customers were told where it was procured, and then Mr. Bailey was in great demand by ten of fifteen Italians.

#### STEEP LITTLE HILLS.

The North End Hook and Ladder Driver Found Them too Much for Him.

The fire department had an outing Saturday afternoon. Somebody discovered that the grass was on fire in Gilbert's field near Wright street, and instead of putting it out with a few pails of water, struck the alarm. The department turned out promptly, and the new hook and ladder got over the ground with the best of them. Those in charge of it evidently saw a chance to distinguish themselves, for when told just what the fire amounted to they seemed more determined than ever to get to it. Whether they intended to utilize the ladders on the grass or stand them up against the trees some feet away is a question that was not solved, as the driver met with some difficulties that he found it hard to overcome. With a determination that in some cases would have been praiseworthy, he decided to climb the hill leading from Gilbert's lane to Wright street. It is a very steep hill with several small hills on it, which are very much steeper. Despite the protests of those who knew something about it, he was strong in his determination to reach the fire in that particular way, and after urging the horse from the seat of the wagon, at last got down, caught the animal by the head and succeeded in getting the apparatus over one of the steep little hills. The next hill, however, was too much for the horse, and the driver at last gave up the job and went round the other way. By that time the fire was out, and a grand opportunity lost.

#### Embarrassing the Blushing Maiden.

Nothing will attract a crowd of women like a fashionable wedding, and the excitement usually runs so high that their curiosity gets the better of the manners. When a coach, containing a bride and friends drove up to the door of a city church this week, the blushing maiden was probably very much surprised and alarmed to see half a dozen heads crowded through the windows to get a look at her before the driver could get down from the box.

#### The School Clubbed Together.

An energetic lot of school children in Fairville clubbed together recently and sent enough cash to PROGRESS for a subscription and the dictionary it is offering in connection with it. They were delighted to get such a volume at such a price. A Bayside, St. Andrews, subscriber writes: "I had no idea I should get such a handsomely bound volume for so small a sum."

Splint Seatings.—Ducat, 242 Union street.

## SHE DID IT AS A JOKE.

### But the Merchant was Proof Against Feminine Charms.

When a King street merchant was putting away some goods that he had been showing to customers, one day this week, he found that a shoulder cape was missing. He knew it should have been there, was certain that it had not been sold, and was at a loss to know what had become of it. A day or so afterwards, he happened to look out of the window, and saw a young woman walking down the street. He also thought he saw the missing cape. A few seconds later the errand boy stopped the young woman and requested her to step into the store. She did so, and when questioned, admitted having taken the cape, but said she intended to return it. It was done merely as a joke, she assured the merchant, and she had often done the same thing in the country place where she lived before coming to St. John. She is now probably of the opinion that what is a joke in the country is looked upon very differently in the city, and that the merchants and clerks are, perhaps, not so susceptible to feminine charms, and therefore less forgiving. Before leaving the store she had to make a payment on the cape and promise to pay the balance at an early date.

#### Robbing the Blind Organ Grinder.

The blind man who, unlike Geo. Moffatt, wheels his organ around town, so as to give everybody a chance to hear "Johnny get your Gun" and a number of other choice selections, came near meeting with a serious loss one evening this week. He fell a victim to one of St. John's very bad boys. The youth dropped a cent into the tin, which was very strange, when it is considered there was a penny-in-the-slot machine only a few feet away, that offered more amusement for the money. But that was only the beginning, for no sooner had he dropped the cent in than he took a quarter out, and was making off with it, when a woman who was apparently looking upon the blind man, caught him and made him return it.

#### Hughie in Another Business.

Mr. Hugh J. McCormack, the well-known skater, is in another line of business this summer. Hughie says he will skate another winter and try to regain his prestige, and then settle down for an "old man." During the summer season from Dominion day out, he will run a summer hotel on one of the most beautiful spots on the Kennebecasis. "The Willows" is the cool, comfort suggesting name of the new hotel, the full particulars of which will be found elsewhere. McCormack has hosts of friends who will not fail to call upon him and give him a start, especially when they can do so, so easily by taking the steamer Clifton, and after enjoying a beautiful sail on the river, reach their destination in a couple of hours.

#### His Opinion of Bicyclists.

The Market square is a great place for accidents. At that particular point, horses seem to become very lively, and the result is that somebody usually gets under their feet. This generally happens when Sergt. Hipwell guards that part of the city. Sergt. Watson who was on duty there the other evening, has discovered a new danger. A couple of bicyclists came along at a good speed, and one of them knocked a man down. The sergeant was on hand to give the wheelman a lecture, but the machine was going so fast that it was out of hearing before he had finished his discourse. He is now of the opinion that the entire club, machines and all, should be deposited in the market slip.

#### A Splendid Service.

The local train service of the Canadian Pacific, is ahead of anything the western part of this province has ever seen. The through train to Fredericton and St. Stephen is equal to the fast trains running out of large cities, while the suburban trains should prove a great accommodation to every one travelling to the suburbs. The improved system extends over all the road, and shows that the C. P. R. was only waiting its opportunity to make the service as good as the travel will warrant.

#### Something Will Probably Be Done.

Many of the aldermen agree with PROGRESS' contention that the privilege of seats about the King square fountain and along the main walks is being much abused. They, too, have noticed the tobacco pools, the whittling and the carved seats. It is quite probable that some action will be taken in the matter, and the removal of the seats to some other part of the square seems the simpler remedy just now.

#### The Army is Flourishing.

The Salvation army is in a flourishing condition at present. It has about 150 on the roll at the Sidney street barracks, and when 80 or 100 of them follow the band on Sunday afternoons, they form one of the great up town attractions. The army intends, however, to change its outdoor proceedings somewhat. Tomorrow they will divide up into bands of 20 or 30 and storm several parts of the city at one time.