

PROGRESS.

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HE TURNED OFF THE GAS.

THE SALVAGE CORPS AND ITS RELATIONS WITH MR. WILSON.

They Think They Are Entitled to More Consideration Than They Get—Mr. Wilson is of the Opinion that Regulations are Made to be Obeyed.

The members of the salvage corps and John E. Wilson, superintendent of the fire alarm, are of one mind on an important point, and that is, each claims to have certain rights in No. 3 engine house. The corps has been first in the field with a complaint, and the fire committee of the council to be called together next week to decide who is right and who is wrong in the matter.

The salvage corps, as everybody knows, is a volunteer organization, independent of the fire department, except at fires, and is composed of young men who serve without pay. Some of them belong for the purpose of going to fires and saving property from loss or damage, while others belong for the fun of the thing, and do not hanker after dirty, dangerous or unpleasant work. The corps has a nicely furnished recreation room in the engine house.

Before the engine house was built, the horse and wagon of the corps were kept at a stable on Carmarthen street, near King. The recreation room of the members was in the Tufts building, on the corner of German and Princess streets. It was thought, in planning the new engine house, that it would be a good idea to have the salvage apparatus there with a recreation room for the men, and accordingly this arrangement was carried out. The quarters are handsomely fitted up and supply a pleasant place for members to spend an evening. They do not all attend. Some of them are rarely seen there, and Capt. Frink himself is of the latter number.

The former rule of the fire department was that the lights, except such as necessarily burned all night in the engine room, should be put out at 10 o'clock. The salvage corps young men, however, had not been limited in this respect and objected to a regulation requiring them to close up at an hour when, in the opinion of some, the night was very young. To suit their views, the bedtime hour was extended to 11 o'clock, and the regulation applied of course to all the other engine houses.

There has always been a good deal of kicking about the gas bills of the various houses. The safety board, Director Wisely and Chief Kerr scrutinize them with care and sometimes with pained surprise each quarter. Since the new house was built No. 3 has always shot away ahead of the others. Its bill has been as high as \$65 a quarter, while 1 and 2 have been \$14 and \$15. To remedy this, in a measure, the "seven-foot" burners were taken off and "four-foot" burners put on in all but the room occupied by the salvage corps. That has a four-light chandelier with seven-foot burners. The last man to leave is supposed to put out the lights, but it is asserted that there have been times when they burned all night. In the hall, outside of the doors of the salvage corps room is a gas lamp. When the doors are open there is light enough for anybody to find the place, and this was the opinion of the director when, as a matter of economy, he said there was no need of the hall lamp being lighted.

The department orders are that the house shall be shut up at 11 o'clock. Four firemen live there and as they have to be up at 6 in the morning, they want their sleep. Five minutes before the hour a warning bell sounds, and at 11 the house is closed. These are the rules, and Mr. Wilson who has charge of the house takes the view that 11 o'clock does not mean 15 or even five minutes after that time.

Not long ago two parties of salvage corps men and friends were enjoying a quiet game at five minutes before eleven, the doors opening into the hall being wide open. Just at that time Mr. Wilson came along, and seeing the hall light burning he put it out in full view of the men in the room. He considered that as the director did not want it used he had a right to put it out at any time. He did not, as has been stated, enter the room and put out the lights there. Subsequently he tightened up the valve, so that the salvage corps had to use nippers the next time they wanted to light it. They felt insulted. This affair of the gas seems to be the cause of the complaint to the fire committee. There were, however, other things about which there was a little friction. One was the outer door and the other a drop harness.

The drop harnesses were ordered for the engine house by the council, and one for the salvage wagon was included in the lot. When some of the corps found the harness hanging in place without having been asked for by them, they concluded that Mr. Wilson had put it there and that they would have to pay for it. They protested that they did not want it, and that their own harness

was good enough for them, but the drop harness remained and is hanging there now.

The side door of the engine house is open from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m., but when an alarm is sounded the latch is put down, to prevent unauthorized persons crowding in on the floor, getting in the way and preventing a correct catching of the first round of the alarm. The salvage corps men think that if any of them are in the vicinity they should have the right to enter, so as to get on their wagon and ride to the fire. Capt. Friak and District Engineer Blake now have keys, but District Engineer Blackadar manages to get along without one. If those who have keys should happen to come at the beginning of an alarm, they might find the door bolted.

The salvage corp is a fine body, as a whole, with some splendid fellows in its ranks. They give their time and services, risk danger, and spoil their clothes and put themselves out in other ways for the good of the public. Working without pay they feel that they are entitled to a good deal of consideration, and that if they are enjoying themselves with their guests, they should not get a hint to go by having a light put out. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, claims to have no interest whatever in the matter, but feels that while he is in charge of the house he is bound to carry out the rules of the department. The members of the corps have until 11 o'clock to sing or otherwise enjoy themselves, but at that hour the house must be closed.

The whole affair does not seem to amount to anything, save as far as it suggests the possibility of other happenings in the future. Whether the placing of a volunteer corps in the house of a paid department was a wise thing to do is possibly a matter for thought. The salvage corps men feel that, on general principles, they are entitled to considerable liberty of action, while the paid department, to be efficient, must of necessity be under strict discipline. That is the case in a nutshell.

They Out-Lived The Fence.

The old loyalist graveyard is looking very beautiful just now! The pale tender green of the trees just putting on their summer foliage, the deeper shade of the grass, the bright beds of flowers and the sunlight sifting through the branches, all combine to make a picture most restful to the eye of the city man. But the steps leading down towards Elliot row rather detract from the general harmony of the scene, and their generally debilitated appearance would almost lead a stranger to suppose that the city was in a state of financial embarrassment. Lumber being cheap, and labor not quite beyond the reach of an ordinarily prosperous corporation, one would think it quite an easy matter to make them at least safe for pedestrians. As they are now they would disgrace a small country village. They sag down at one end, dip in the middle, and generally present an appearance of sinking into utter oblivion at an early date. Why should not the city put down a set of substantial stone steps, and make the approach to one of the beauty spots of the city a little more in accordance with the rest of its surroundings.

When Did the Cricket Club Begin?

A Boston reader of PROGRESS wants to know if there was a cricket club in St. John a number of years ago, and would like some particulars about it. Mr. A. O. Skinner says that there has always been a club here since he can remember and that the present cricket and athletic organization is simply a continuance of what dates back at least 25 years. The old club used to play on the barrack square long before the troops were withdrawn, and they went in 1868. Perhaps some veteran cricketer can give PROGRESS some further facts about it.

Made Their Mark.

The little lad who attracted so much attention on the streets once by his beautiful voice and who, rescued from that life by kind hearted persons, became a protégé of Rev. Father Davenport, is making his mark in the Mission school. He carried off the prize for drill last year and was well to the front again in the last examination. Another boy who has made his mark early is Fred R. Taylor, a Rothsay Collegiate School boy, who led in the university matriculation examinations. This is an honor for him and speaks highly for the training of the Collegiate school.

Brief and to the Point.

A genial young man employed in one of the Fredericton hotels, recently came to the conclusion that he required a change of scenery, and departed for regions beyond the jurisdiction of the local courts. He had some creditors, a number of them, but he was not unmindful of their claims, even though it was not convenient for him to pay in cash. To each of them he sent a note containing the expressive message: "Good-bye, I am in the soup." Only this and nothing more.

SWINDLED BY A CABMAN

HE GRABBED THE LAST DOLLAR OF A FRIENDLESS GIRL.

She Was a Stranger in a Strange City—The Story of Her Hard Luck—How She at Last Found a True Friend in the Hour of Her Great Need.

Somewhere among the city bye-laws, that mass of edicts that nobody ever sees, except in stray sections published from time to time, are certain regulations in regard to hackney coach fares. As PROGRESS understands the matter, each coachman is obliged to have the rates of fare, in printed form, displayed in a conspicuous place inside of his vehicle. It is the duty of the police to see that this regulation is complied with, but how far they pay any attention to the matter may be seen by anybody who takes the trouble to investigate. So far as PROGRESS knows the law is not obeyed in a single instance.

There may be a supposition that all the hackmen are too honest to overcharge passengers, and there are undoubtedly some among them with whom the most ignorant stranger is safe from imposition. Others, from all accounts, have no scruples about extorting money when they find it safe to do so. If there is only one of this class, the regulation should be enforced, and that there is at least one seems very clear from an incident that happened within the last day or two.

PROGRESS does not know the fellow's name. If it did, it would have great pleasure in publishing it for the information of the chief of police and the travelling public. It has a general description of him, by which it is possible something more may be learned. A highway robber on wheels is a dangerous character in a city which is anxious to stand well in the estimation of summer tourists.

Among the passengers by the steamer *Cumberland*, on Thursday, was a young woman from Boston. She was a Nova Scotian and went with her father to Boston several years ago, he earning a fair living and she keeping house for him. A year or so ago, her father's health failed, and she was compelled to go into a factory to earn her bread. It was hard work, and it had its effect on her. She found herself breaking down, and as the warm weather approached this year it became necessary that she should have rest and a change to prevent a complete collapse. She had relations at Aylesford, N. S., who were anxious to have her with them, and she gladly availed herself of their invitation.

She was very poor. It had been a struggle with her to earn her daily bread, and she had not been able to save money by the work which was crushing her life. She managed to get together just enough to pay her passage from Boston to Aylesford, and then prepared for her journey.

She was unaccustomed to travelling and bought a steamer ticket to St. John. Soon after she had done so, a man whom she knew told her she could have saved money by getting a through ticket to Aylesford, and he offered to go to the agent and make an exchange. She gave him the ticket she had bought and he disappeared. Not returning when expected she made enquiries and learned he had been arrested for debt. She was unable to find him or her ticket, and had not enough money to secure another passage.

In this dilemma, she went to one of the officials of the steamboat company and stated her case. He kindly gave her a pass from St. John to Annapolis, as far as he had any authority. She reached St. John Thursday afternoon.

She had been told in Boston that she could stay aboard the steamer for the night after arriving at St. John, and take the boat for Annapolis without the expense of going to an hotel. When she got here she found that this could not be done, and then the matter began to look serious.

All the money she had was \$1.50, but the passage from Annapolis to Aylesford would require \$1 of this, and she knew of nobody in St. John who could help her. Something had to be done, and she decided to raise a dollar or so by pawning her watch.

This is a very simple matter in Boston, but it is not so easy in St. John. She had no idea where to go, but she called a coachman—"a young fellow," as she describes him, and asked how much he would charge to drive her to the nearest pawn shop. He said he could not say, he did not know where there was a pawn shop and would have to enquire. As to the charge, he would "make that all right." Then he drove her out to a second-hand clothing place on Brussels street, where she offered her watch. She could get nothing on it. The proprietor claimed that he did not handle watches, and could not tell her where she could raise money on such an article. Then she concluded it was time to check further expense in coach hire, and asked the cabman his charge. He demanded \$1.25.

She was frightened, and no wonder. After paying this demand she would have only 25 cents left. She stated her poverty

THANK PROGRESS FOR IT.

SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS IN THE COUNTY JAIL.

They Have Been Brought About by the Disclosures Made Some Months Ago—What Has Been Done and What Still Remains to be Done.

Some months ago PROGRESS secured a mass of evidence in regard to the condition of affairs at the St. John jail, and a plain statement of a portion of the facts created an extraordinary sensation among the public. Few had before that time had any idea that such a filthy, ill conditioned and badly regulated institution existed in the country, much less that it could flourish in the city of St. John. Yet every statement of importance was found to be only too true, and the demand of PROGRESS that the terrible condition of things should be remedied was endorsed by hundreds of readers. The municipality began to move in the matter, and as a result, some much needed improvements have been made. There is a great deal more that ought to be done, but without tearing the antiquated structure to pieces and putting up a decent prison, it is not likely it will be done, as it would cost too much. So far as anything has been done, there is a decided improvement.

Among the abominable and dangerous things mentioned was a horrible slop hole in the lower corridor, which emitted a continual stench. Why it never produced an epidemic is something that nobody can understand, nor is it the wonder the less now since it was discovered that the old sewer pipe was choked up with a large deposit of accumulated filth. The water supply was wholly inadequate for sewerage purposes, and the arrangements throughout the building were of the most primitive and imperfect kind. The slop hole has been arranged so as not to be offensive, the washroom has been renovated and hot water as well as cold supplied, while other conveniences have been added. Two ventilators have been put in the upper corridors, and the painters have done a good deal of work. The ordinary visitor can see or smell nothing offensive.

The cells have been cleaned, too, some new floors laid, and each has been supplied with a table and benches. Each cell has now two slop buckets. That in use at night is washed and allowed to air, while another is in use during the day. All these things add something to the comfort of the prisoners, and all are due to the disclosures made by PROGRESS.

No attempt has been made to improve the ventilation of the cells. It is true that when the windows are out, in warm weather, there is ventilation enough, but on a chilly day, or in winter, the air of a crowded cell must be as foul as in the past. To properly ventilate each cell, however, would be difficult and expensive in a building of this construction, and that is probably one of the things that must wait until a new jail is built.

The municipality has not undertaken to make any alterations in the cheap and nasty diet list, and the bedding is of the same class and kept stored under the same conditions as in the past. It may be that, in time, there will be an improvement in these matters as well. As a whole, the public and the prisoners, should be thankful for what has been done.

About 40 persons are now confined in the jail—too large a number for this time of year.

An Alderman's New Trousers.

One of the guests at a North End wedding this week was an alderman who takes considerable pride in his personal appearance. On this occasion he evidently wanted to excel himself, for he left an order for a pair of trousers some days before. The parcel arrived from the tailor's the day of the wedding, but the alderman did not examine it until he was ready to dress in the evening. Then he opened the parcel. When the time came to put on the trousers he made a discovery. They were much too short. When he braced them up, too much of his stockings could be seen, and that would never do. When he let them down so as to give them the proper set in the vicinity of his boots, the result further up was equally unsatisfactory. His chances of cutting a shine at the wedding seemed dim. He didn't wear those trousers. They belonged to a well known I. C. R. official and had been sent by mistake. Nevertheless, the joke got out, and was one of the things that made the wedding memorable to many.

Didn't Say Anything About It.

The street railway company changed its Sunday night time table a few weeks ago without giving any particular notice of it. As a result a good many people spent considerable time loitering at street corners on the line of the railway very late at night. A number of them were indignant, especially those who had to walk a long distance. By the new arrangement the last car leaves St. James street at 9.30 o'clock Sunday night instead of 10.30, as formerly.

The Shamrock and the Rose.

The company which played the *Irish Patriot* so popularly for the City Cornet band have the *Shamrock and Rose* in preparation for July 18.

It Cuts up Queer Antics.

The man who tries to regulate his watch by Trinity church clock now-a-days is likely to be kept pretty busy. The clock is not truthful, and sometimes it gets tangled up, strikes the hour and plays a tune fifteen minutes after the rest of the city has made sure midnight has come. What is the matter with the machine, anyway?

PSYCHOLOGISTS ARE PUZZLED.

An Extraordinary Consensus of Ideas in Literary Circles.

In times past, PROGRESS has issued special editions, the notices of which by exchanges outside of St. John were of various lengths and degrees of complimentary criticism. Some would see a point worthy of note in this feature and some in that. Some gave quite long notices and some recognized the enterprise in the compass of a few lines. There was no unanimity of expression. Much as they professed to appreciate the enterprise of PROGRESS, the paper had not that undefinable "something" about it to inspire all the country editors to look at with one mind. This was not considered a misfortune at the time, but since another paper has succeeded in making all the other papers think alike, the matter seems worthy of attention.

The *St. John Sun* has been following in the tracks of PROGRESS by putting out, as this paper did two or three years ago, a special edition in regard to Fredericton. The old illustrations did good service and, for a *St. John* daily paper, there was a good deal of enterprise shown from first to last. The country papers seem to have been very much impressed with it, and for once all minor differences have been forgotten and all sectional feeling has disappeared as from north, south, east and west, comes a harmonious blending of journalistic praise. Hat and tory have united in a common cause. It is a symphony in printer's ink.

The most remarkable feature, the most pleasing evidence of unity of belief is that not only does nearly every paper seem to have been impressed in precisely the same manner, but remarkable to say, nearly all have expressed their thoughts in precisely the same words. No such extraordinary consensus of ideas has been known since the lawyers, grocers and plumbers of St. John furnished sketches of their lives for a biography of eminent men issued by a Toronto concern. In the instance of the notices given to the *Sun*, the spontaneity is so startling as to lead the speculative mind out of the matter of fact world into the realm of psychology. If the unanimity is the result of accident, or chance, it is without a parallel in the strange things that come in with the tide of daily life. If it is the effect of the concentrated thought of one strong mind annihilating distance in influencing the minds of others, the Society of Psychological Research has material to occupy its attention for many months to come.

The *Sun* itself does not seem to have noticed this peculiar phenomenon, for though it has copied all the complimentary notices, it has made no comment on the fact that they all speak as with one mind and one voice. In the instalment of this serial story published last Thursday, for instance, Fredericton, Charlottetown, Halifax, Windsor, Shediac, Parrsboro, and far off Chicago, begin their tribute with these words:

The *St. John Sun* has just issued a sixteen page illustrated supplement dealing with Fredericton and Marysville. There are over one hundred engravings, including views of the two towns and glimpses of adjacent scenery, views of the public and private buildings and numerous portraits, etc. In the same way there is a practically unanimous opinion couched in these words: It is well written, and the illustrations are of high class photo-gravure work, artistic and faithful, both in general execution and in detail. All who desire to learn something concerning these towns should secure a copy of this valuable publication. No more attractive work of this class has been issued by any Canadian journal.

The sentences which come between the beginning and ending, given in the extracts quoted, are also word for word the same in the papers so widely separated from each other. The distances preclude the idea that the editors held consultations and went back to their offices all impressed with the great facts in a particular order of arrangement. No, the only tenable theory is that one master mind has dominated the lesser minds. Could such a principle be applied to all the affairs of life, could all men be made to think and speak to one common purpose, Major Markham, of Markhamville, publisher and proprietor, might feel that the art of war had become obsolete, convert his sword into a paper-cutter and utilize his cavalry charger to haul a special delivery wagon for boom editions of the *Sun*.

Soda Water and the Thermometer.

When PROGRESS called at a drug store, at a little after nine Thursday night, the proprietor was wearily waiting for shutting up time. It was a fine evening, a good many people were on the streets, but the soda fount was idle. "It is too cold," was the explanation. "The thermometer is 54; must be at or above 60 to make the sales worth anything. A difference of four degrees will reduce them one half. When it is 62 there is a brisk demand, but if it falls to 58 there is all the difference in the world. That thermometer at the door tells me just what I can calculate on for an evening, and it always tells the truth."

The Rates Are High.

In spite of the price of railway season tickets, Westfield is forging ahead as a summer resort, although those who go growl continually over the difference in rates between Rothsay and Westfield. A six month's season to Rothsay costs but \$9, while a three month's season to Westfield costs \$13. It would be greatly to the advantage of the C. P. R. and Westfield if some different arrangement were made in this respect. The cost of sending children to city schools, is a serious drawback to those who contemplate country residence all the year.

It Cuts up Queer Antics.

The man who tries to regulate his watch by Trinity church clock now-a-days is likely to be kept pretty busy. The clock is not truthful, and sometimes it gets tangled up, strikes the hour and plays a tune fifteen minutes after the rest of the city has made sure midnight has come. What is the matter with the machine, anyway?