

# PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 375.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## FIVE DOLLARS A LAMP.

THAT IS THE REDUCTION THAT CLINCHED THE CONTRACT.

The Board of Safety Had to Speak Quick or Run a Risk—How the Matter was Arranged—Some Calculations on the Cost of Light to the City.

The city has settled the matter of street lighting for the next six years and the St. John railway has the contract, as everybody expected it would. The rate for each lamp of the 129 on the east side, is \$85 a year, an increase on the present year of \$10 for each lamp. The new arrangement will date from the first of July next, and will continue for five years.

This puts out of the question, for the present, the idea of the city doing its own lighting, as it has done, and will continue to do, in the North End. It has been the dream of some of the council, at one time or the other, for years past that this should be tried, with the North End station enlarged to meet the greater demand upon it. At present it supplies 71 lights, and to increase its capacity to 250 lights would require a large outlay at the outset, leaving the question to be decided whether the cost eventually would be any less than it would be if the lights were furnished by private companies, as in the past.

The contract under which the lights have been furnished for the last four years, was admittedly a good one for the city. It was made with the New Brunswick company at the low figure of \$75 a lamp, and when the Railway Company succeeded the local concern and the Consolidated it succeeded to the contract, though not at all satisfied with the figure, which it claimed was a losing one. There was no expectation by the citizens that the same low rate could be secured again, and there were many who would have not been surprised had the lowest tender been \$100. It was in anticipation of some such figure as this that the idea of the city supplying its own light began to gain ground. The North End station, since the town of Portland ceased to have control of it, is believed to have been run with a regard to economy as well as efficiency. At the present time, the cost of its lights is about \$82 a year each, including interest on estimate of what a private company would have to pay for water rates and taxes. The actual average cost, not including these, is a little less than \$74 for each lamp. It is a reasonable conclusion that this cost would be very materially reduced were the plant enlarged so as to meet the requirements of the whole city.

Some time ago, Director Wisely tried to get an estimate as to what the lights would cost if the city furnished the supply. Ald. Waring was asked to make an estimate, as he was supposed to have a practical knowledge of the subject. His figures were for a plant for 250 lights. He estimated that the cost of construction would be in excess of \$66,000, while the annual cost of operating would be \$21,275, making the cost per lamp \$85.10. This plant would supply the entire city, including the West end where there are now 25 lights furnished by the Clark Company, at a cost of \$112.50 each, and two others furnished by the company free of charge. The West end contract will expire next year.

Mr. Waring's estimates allowed nothing for the present buildings, and \$12,000 of it was for new buildings and chimney. In the matter of operating, too, he allowed \$4,000 for oil waste, etc., which is probably twice as much as would be needed.

To supply its own plant, however, the city would have to issue debentures for the amount required. Whether they would be warranted in doing this has been a serious problem for the council.

It is probable, too, that the council would want some verification of Ald. Waring's figures before it based any line of action upon them. The experience of the alderman in electric lighting was gained in the old city of Portland, where he was the contractor. One of his tenders to light Portland was for \$900 and was so low that he refused to abide by it and it was raised to \$1,200 and finally got to \$2,500, nearly three times as the original tender.

Tenders for the lighting of the city for five years, from July 1st, 1895, were called for in May, but met with no response. The second call was made on the 21st of June, to remain open for thirty days. The St. John Railway company tendered this time, naming its figure at \$90 a lamp. A tender from a Montreal company was as high as \$105 a lamp.

The board of safety met last Monday and most of the members had come to the conclusion that \$90 a lamp was the best bargain that could be made. All appeared to be of the opinion that the city should do its own lighting, but they did not see how this was to be done. Ald. Purdy had a plan by which the North end station accommodation could be increased by utilizing the public office building, now leased at a low figure for business purposes. He wanted a committee appointed to look in-

to the matter, before accepting any tender. His idea did not find favor, however, and though the theory of the city doing the work was not disputed, the question of its being practicable was another matter, as they viewed it. Ald. Millidge beat all previous records on estimates by bringing the cost of the North End lamps to over \$90, but was told that his method of figuring did not show the facts. He based his arguments on the city accounts for 1893 and 1894. In the former year, according to these, the cost was over \$93, while it was over \$90 last year. These accounts prove nothing definite, because while the book keeping of the city shows the amount expended in any one year, it does not show the actual cost of the department for that year. Coal, for instance, may be bought in one year and paid for the next year, while it also may be bought in one year for use in the year following, so that double the amount actually used will be charged. So it may be with other supplies. Director Wisely's figures are the ones to be accepted.

Other aldermen seemed to agree that the contract would have to go to the railway company, but they appeared to think they should not be in a hurry to close, as the time for tendering would not expire for the next two weeks.

Had there been nothing but the \$90 contract to consider, the matter might not have been settled at that meeting, but chairman McGoldrick and Director Wisely had some news which materially changed the complexion of affairs, and put the board in a position where they had to act pretty lively or stand the risk of being howled at by the public. These two gentlemen had constituted themselves a Better Terms delegation, and had seen Secretary Warren of the Railway Company, with a view to getting a lower figure than the \$90. They had succeeded in getting him to make the figure \$85, provided the offer was accepted at once. This put the aldermen in a quandary and they continued to argue the question, some of them wanting to know if the \$85 offer could not stand a while until they would have a chance to think about it. At last somebody suggested the simple expedient of sending for Mr. Warren and finding out how much more time he would allow. His reply settled all doubt. The offer of a reduction had been made only on condition that it should be accepted that day, and the next day would be too late to get anything better than the original \$90 rate. Therefore the board very speedily came to an agreement and accepted the situation. They had no more authority to do so than the chairman or the director would have had to close with the offer when it was made to them, for the question of acceptance or rejection was wholly for the council to consider. The board, however, took good care to get pledges that the council would stand by them, and in doing this they did not run anything like the risk there would have been had they declined to give a positive answer and thus put the city in for \$5 extra for every lamp.

This is how the contract at \$85 was closed so promptly, and in addition to this reduction the council has the promise that it will get some kind of a reduction in the price of the gas and incandescent lights supplied to the departments.

### Isaac is Housecleaning.

Isaac Oulton, of Douglas avenue, has begun his housecleaning a little late in the season, at the earnest request of the board of health officials. One of them paid Isaac a visit the other day and found a first-class cholera plant all ready for operation. The house was about as dirty as it could be, and as Isaac has the windows boarded up to protect himself from the boys and the weather, there was not even any clean air to be found. Mr. Oulton was notified to get the worst of the dirt out of the way within ten days, and since then he has been trying to comply with the request. He has even gone to the extent of ventilating the premises by knocking a board off one of the upper windows, and is understood to have done more sweeping than had been done there for the last year or so.

### Seems a Dead Letter.

The law in regard to smoking by boys under 16 seems to be a dead letter, and presumably the lads who smoke find no difficulty in getting tobacco stores to sell to them. Probably the police have no instructions to enforce the law, for if they had they could bag a score of boys any fine evening, with the cheap and nasty cigarette in their mouths. The man who smokes cigarettes on the street is enough of a nuisance without being reinforced by boys who ought to be sent to bed at sunset, but are allowed to loaf around the streets until all hours.

"PROGRESS" is for Sale in Boston at King's Chapel News Stand.

## OUR RECENT FOGGY DAY.

THE WELCOME VISITOR AND ITS EFFECT ON THE PEOPLE.

How the Novelty was Appreciated by All Classes of Citizens—Children Cried for It—Reminiscences of Foggy Days in Past Years—Anecdotes.

We had a foggy day in St. John, last Tuesday, and our people had a chance to judge what foggy weather must seem like to the residents of parts of the Nova Scotia coast, where it is said to come at intervals all through the summer. The general verdict here seemed to be that a foggy day, apart from being a curiosity, was not an unwelcome change from the bright glare of the summer sunshine day after day and week after week. Another foggy day, or even several of them during the heated term, will be far from unpleasant novelties in St. John.

It was really a fog we had, and not merely a mist from land and water which may often be seen by the early riser. This fog came from the sea, and the supposition is that easterly winds drove it along the south coast of Nova Scotia, and that a southwest wind brought it thence up the Bay of Fundy. During the several hours which it remained, there were times when the other side of the harbor could be seen only indistinctly, while Partridge Island, three miles away, was wholly hidden from view. Those whose curiosity led them to the wharves were rewarded by a singular sight. Instead of the usual splendid view of the harbor and bay beyond, dotted with every style and size of craft, the outlook was limited to a radius of a few hundred feet within which objects could be seen with distinctness. Beyond that, only the outlines, even of the largest vessels, were visible. It was as if one of the fleecy clouds had descended from the higher atmosphere and settled itself gently upon land and sea. There seemed to be a strange hush in the air, sharply broken at times, by the striking of the ships bells, the signal whistles of steamers and pleasure yachts, or the musical resonance of the steam whistle at the Island, put there years ago as a measure of precaution should there ever be weather so foggy that strange vessels might mistake their position in the bay. It speaks well for the efficiency of the department of marine that this fog whistle had been kept ready to be used when the fog did come, and that it seemed in thorough working order. It there ever was any cavil about the expense for its construction and maintenance, it has met an effectual answer. A fog whistle is like a fire engine in this respect. It may not be really needed for the greater part of the time, but it is a wise precaution to have it ready should an emergency arise.

The citizens had the fog as a topic of conversation that day. Old timers gave reminiscences of memorable visits of fog when they were youngsters, and the assertion was made that, years ago, it remained quite thick for three or four days. This naturally led to a discussion as to whether the climate was changing, since foggy days are such a rare treat in these times. Those who were fathers of families were kept busy explaining to their children what the fog was, and the benefit it was in cooling and purifying the air. Little children seemed the most interested of all, and fond mothers held their babies up at the windows, where they laughed in innocent glee at the white cloud in the air, just as they would laugh at the coming of the first snow. Even the lower animals seemed to share in the general interest. Horses breathed in great draughts of the moist refreshing air, while dogs and cats placed themselves where the moisture would become condensed upon their hair, and licked themselves with every evidence of pleasure. Many of the citizens took advantage of the occasion to throw open their windows, so that their houses would become thoroughly sweetened by the cooling atmosphere even if it had come too late for the regulation house-cleaning season.

In this connection an amusing story is told of the young wife of a well-known citizen, whose knowledge of properties of fog was wholly based on what she had heard of the wet and disagreeable fogs in other parts of the continent. She, with her husband, was spending a few days at Rothesay when the news came that the fog was in St. John. Remembering that she had left several of the windows open in the house in St. John, she became very much alarmed lest the fog would affect the delicate starched draperies and curtains. Her husband, as a joke, told her that he had heard of fog that had even rusted polished fire-irons, where windows had been left open all summer, whereupon the alarmed wife took the next train for St. John, only to be laughed at by her friends who had thrown open all their windows to the fullest extent to air their apartments. It will be some time before she hears the last of it.

When the fog went away, after a stay of several hours, all nature seemed the

fresher and better for its brief visit. The trees exhaled a grateful perfume, while the grass seemed greener and the flowers brighter than it there had been uninterrupted sunshine. People, too, seemed to walk more briskly and to feel a new vigor as though they had drunk from a fountain which revived all their latent energies. It was a little spring time for many who before had felt a lassitude from the monotony of cloudless skies and steady sunshine. The fog had been their best physician. They will welcome it when it comes again, as it doubtless will, perhaps, more than once, before the close of the summer season.

This appreciation of the fog is because of the rarity of its visits. In the same way, a West Indian would feel a delight in a snow storm, because it would be so great a novelty and so welcome in that torrid climate, though we get tired of snow during the long winters in these northern latitudes. So it is we value the fog in a way that would seem strange to those who live on coasts where fog is not a rarity. It is a great boon to our people. Hail to our friend the fog.

### ABUSE AND FALSEHOOD.

The Telegraph Allows Mr. McKinney Full Scope For his Imagination.

The Telegraph has opened its columns to R. W. McKinney, one of its employees, and he has written some columns of abuse and falsehood about the publisher of PROGRESS and his "non-union" employes. His statements are so false, so ridiculous that they would not be worth an answer but for the fact that there are many people who could hardly credit the fact that the Telegraph would permit such falsehoods to be printed, even over the signature of any one—much less one in its employ.

PROGRESS employs both men and women and is glad to be able to find work for some 50 or 60 people in the same building. Some of them are learning the trade and are paid the same rate as men when they start to learn a trade. They are advanced year by year in the same way and the fact that many of the women employed in PROGRESS office are earning five, six and seven dollars per week seems to have escaped those advocates of union labor who do not wish to see the truth.

PROGRESS has not thought it worth while to parade these facts, in spite of all the misrepresentations that have been made, but since the Telegraph is willing to publish any product of the McKinney's imagination the facts might as well have a chance too. For example, the story that when Mr. Day was getting \$70 for printing the Messenger and Visitor the publisher of this paper went to the publication committee and offered to do the same work for \$85 is utterly untrue. The Messenger and Visitor asked for tenders from St. John and Halifax printers for printing the paper and PROGRESS tendered. Recollect, PROGRESS employs the best help it can get, union or non-union, and in spite of the cry that it can underbid union offices on this account, the figures of half a dozen tenders were so close that it was difficult to decide the question, and Mr. Geo. W. Day who had been receiving \$70 was right among them, and so close that the work was left with him.

Mr. McKinney's excuse for writing at first was because the reports of the Supreme court were being printed in PROGRESS office. They had been done for years by the Telegraph and now that the change is made one of the employes of that paper is given license to publish all manner of abuse and falsehoods about this office. Surely that is carrying competition far enough!

### TWO CLASSES OF EMBLEMS.

A Halifax Church Which Shows its High or Low Ideas in the Steeple.

An interesting story concerns the church of England place of worship at the Northwest Arm. It seems that from time immemorial, as to speak, the top of the steeple of this church was adorned by a rooster. About four years ago an agitation began to have the rooster taken down and a cross substituted therefor. It took time to secure a majority against the winged tipped, but at last it was accomplished. No time was lost, and down came the bird. A cross was put in its place. The rooster was stowed away in some safe place of hiding.

Time passed on and there came a change in the sentiment of the powers that be in the Northwest Arm episcopal church. The rooster party once more rose into the ascendancy. Just as quickly as the rooster had descended, the cross was taken down. The rooster was taken from its hiding place, and it was borne aloft by enthusiastic hands and affixed to its old position on the steeple top.

It remains there today, though how long the bird shall crane its neck to the breeze no one can tell. The majority may change again, and for "the third and last time."

## COVAY IS ON THE RACK.

SUSPENDED FOR BEING DRUNK WHILE ON DUTY.

He has Been Carrying Things With a High Hand—The Old Expositor Recalled—The Chief's Final Action Awaited With Much Interest—A Trip to St. Martins.

The unexpected has happened and Sergeant Covay has been suspended by the chief of police.

The fact that he should have been dismissed long ago was pointed out by PROGRESS again and again. His actions were described at some length in these columns and the facts given with such clearness that there was no going around them. But the influence of Covay at that time—the help of his friends, the fear of what his dismissal might bring to light all combined to keep him as an officer on the force. Still the opinion of the people was not changed one whit and he has kept it alive by reporting better men than himself and placing them upon their defence.

But the beginning of the end has come. Covay was so drunk at roll call one night this week that he was utterly unfit for any duty and he was called out of the ranks and suspended by the chief after roll call.

It is one of the duties of the sergeant to form his men and this Covay attempted to do. He was so drunk that he could not, and after stumbling around, the captain called him out and took charge of the men and sent them to their duty. Covay was left in the guard room utterly unable to do any thing. For this flagrant breach of duty he has simply been suspended. The chief should not hesitate for an instant to dismiss him.

Even at the time when PROGRESS exposed him and his transactions with the then Mrs. Woodburn, Covay was as unpopular as any man on the force. Today there is hardly a man who tolerates him. His unfair reports of the patrolmen has brought this about and his usual maudlin condition has brought his authority into contempt as well.

Officer Caples, who is acting sergeant in his stead now, is not on speaking terms with Covay, for the reason that the latter reported him to the chief for being off his beat. Caples had a good and reasonable explanation but Covay refused even to listen to it and reported him. When the chief heard Caples story he could not up hold Covay and the latter report amounted to nothing. Again and again the same thing has happened and Covay has made reports when he was in such a condition that he should have been reported himself. He was one of the men who reported Birchall, the charges against whom tell to the ground and the chances are that Birchall will be upon the force longer than Covay.

But apart from these minor matters the chief owes it to the force and to the city, that an officer having power and responsibility of a sergeant, should be at all times a sober man. A man who has it in his power to report other men should be in a fit condition at any time to know if the men are doing their duty or not. A sergeant's duty takes him everywhere at all hours of the day and night and there is absolute necessity that he should be a sober man.

But the wonder is that Covay has been allowed license so long. It has been a matter of common report among the men that he has been drunk again and again, only there was no one with power appointed to tell the chief. He walked around with a disfigured face only a few months ago for days and accounted for it by some simple story but the policeman who saw him fall on the ice on Market square says he was so under the influence of liquor that he was unable to stand.

A short time ago Covay was sent with an ex-officer to hunt up the man Dugan supposed to be hiding near St. Martins. They had a good time and got in that condition known as "glorious." Needless to say they did not run into Dugan. If they had what sport the desperado would have had with them.

The men on the force and those citizens who take an interest in the force, are waiting with some interest to see what the chief will do. Only a day or two ago he told PROGRESS that he was convinced now from what he had learned that the charges this paper made against Covay years ago were correct. It will be remembered that when Covay reported Mrs. Woodburn she turned upon him and told how he had been treated by her. She showed how he came by a handsome ring he wore, how she had given him money and many articles, some of which Covay had the audacity to carry around with him and yet at the same time deny that Mrs. Woodburn had ever given him a cent or anything. At that time Capt. Rawlings was behind him but now he has no such support—not even the moral assistance of Mr. Ring who has been his bosom friend.

### Sollicitous for Sammy.

There is a family in this city who have as a pensioner on their bounty, an old man, of nearly ninety years. The little daughter of the house has been taught to include him

in her prayers, and the other night after the usual ending, "God bless papa and mama," she paused a moment, and then rather surprised her mother by adding, "God bless Sammy, make a good boy of him and bring him up to keep Gods holy 'mandments."

### ANOTHER BIG COAL DEAL.

Recent Extraordinary Advance in Prices Reported at Mace's Bay.

According to the story of a Musquash correspondent, the price of coal has advanced about seven thousand per cent. at Mace's Bay during the last few weeks, and the coal is a pretty poor quality of stuff at that.

Mace's Bay is a thriving settlement on the borders of St. John and Charlotte county, and for some months past has been in an unusual state of grace in consequence of revivals under the auspices of the baptists, with able aid lent by Brother Fred Godard, a St. John merchant and one of the Plymouth Brethren, who never goes to the country on business trips without having religious exercises during the spare hours of his sojourn. He is popular in his ministrations, and not the less so from the fact that he never takes up a collection at his meetings, a circumstance as novel as it is acceptable in all country districts. Through him and his baptist coadjutors the revival has been spreading to such an extent as at one time to threaten a diminution in the ranks of the congregation of the episcopians who have been under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Spike, rector of Musquash. Baptists have been numerous, and the air has been full of peace, good will and zeal in works of piety.

This happy condition of affairs has been interrupted by the arrival of a schooner load of coal from the Joggins mines. Schooners do not carry coal to Mace's Bay, as a rule, and this one did not intend to do so when it started on its voyage, about two months ago. It struck on the coast, however, and became a wreck, and a pretty bad sort a wreck at that.

The place where it struck was on the shore below a steep bank, and it looked as though the coal would have to stay there, as there seemed no way of getting a team to the wreck. It was slack coal, chiefly of use to blacksmiths, and when it was offered for sale there was no great competition to secure it. The whole cargo was purchased by Oscar Hanson, jr., son of the well-known merchant, magistrate and postmaster at Little Lepreau. He gave three dollars for the lot and was justly considered to have made a pretty fair bargain. At that figure he would have pretty cheap and fairly satisfactory winter fuel, provided he used the right kind of stoves.

The natives in general did not hanker after the coal. They burn wood in that part of the world, for two reasons. First, it is clean, and easy to handle, and secondly it is cheap. As a general thing, nobody buys wood. When he wants it he goes on his own land and cuts it. When he has no woodland of his own, he goes on the land of someone else, sometimes by agreement and sometimes without. Nobody is at a loss to get wood, provided he can get it cut and can find a horse and sled to haul it.

Under these circumstances nobody tried to spoil Mr. Hanson's bargain, nor did anybody want his coal if it had to be paid for. So Mr. Hanson proceeded to secure it for himself. After he had got about fifty barrels he halted in the work and was understood to be tired of it. According to the story of the natives, he said he had got all he wanted, and as the rest would be no good to him they could help themselves to it. They did so, though it was pretty hard work even if, as they supposed, it would cost them nothing but the labor. They toiled up the steep bank with bags and baskets on their backs until they were tired. Some got only one or two barrels full, while others kept on at their task and secured much more. They concluded that the work was as much as the coal was worth, and that it was not much of a bargain despite of Mr. Hanson's generous intentions.

After they had all got what coal they wanted and stored it in their sheds and dooryards, they got the biggest surprise of the season. There seems to have been a misunderstanding somewhere, for the first thing they knew Mr. Hanson sent them bills for the coal they thought he had given them for nothing. The aggregate of these bills for but a portion of the cargo is said to be about \$220, and the whole cargo cost Mr. Hanson only \$3 in the first place.

There was great excitement for a while and at last accounts it had not abated. Some of the natives wanted to return the coal, but were told it would not be accepted. It had been sold, and would not be taken back. At last advices there was a delegation on the way to St. John in search of law.

That is why discord has entered the happy retreat of Mace's Bay, and why there is likely to be room for another revival by Brother Godard and other missionaries to the people. Whether Mr. Hanson or the others are in the right, remains to be settled by the courts.