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FROST OR SUSPENSION

WHAT IS THE REASON ISSUED BY THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Three Officers Suspended For Leaving Their Beat To Warm Their Hands—Officer Campbell Gets a Rest For Removing the Snow From the Chief's Sidewalk.

Five policemen suspended at one time! So one of the daily papers said this week and the report is confirmed by those officers who know what they are talking about.

Officer Greer was suspended for two days for being under the influence of liquor.

Officer Boyle was suspended for two days for going into a store to warm his hands during the cold snap.

Officer Corbett was suspended for a like period for a similar offence.

So was Officer Olive.

Officer Campbell was suspended for one day for being off his beat and strolling about the sidewalk of the chief of police.

All of which has created a considerable sensation in police circles.

And no wonder. The last few days, or two weeks rather, has been a severe time upon the guardians of the peace. They have done the best they could but it was under trying circumstances. The business man and taxpayer who left his office at noon or at dusk when the mercury was hurrying down as fast as possible to 12, 14 and 16 below zero did not have much time to stop and see whether the man with the blue coat and brass buttons was on duty or not. Though he had on the warmest clothing he could get and had only a short distance to go he had no time to do anything but rush to the warmth of his fireside and keep up the temperature in his residence. He's hands were parched in his pockets or upon his ears while on the street and to keep from freezing was, for the time being, his main object in life.

But the policeman was on the street just the same. The fact that the weather was more severe than it has been for years made no difference in the reality that his duty was laid out for him and that he had to do. So, with measured tread he walked the street, beating his hands together to keep out the cold, stamping his feet and trying generally to keep up his spirits and his temperature though the mercury was falling fast.

Old age however makes the blood sluggish and prevents the same action and execution that the man would have been capable of years ago. So it was with Officer Boyle who has served 22 years on the police force of St. John. He was out on one of these cold spells and got very cold. There was a good fire in a butcher's shop on his beat and he went in. He was there a few minutes warming his hands and rubbing his face; holding his feet to the stove and trying generally to raise the temperature of his body.

As soon as this was done he went on his beat again and some kind friend informed him that the patrol sergeant had just passed along. The officer knew that he should report to the patrol sergeant, so he waited and when he came along, explained how and why it was that he was off from his beat. He was reported just the same and the chief deliberated upon the offence. Officer Boyle secured a rest—suspension—for two days with loss of pay.

Officer Corbett came in for the same sort of treatment. He, too, felt the pangs of cold and retired from his beat to a stove to warm himself. He was suspended for two days—with loss of pay.

Now Officer Olive is comparatively new upon the force. He is also new in citizenship. The chief said that his grandfather was mayor of the city of St. John and that the officer was on the assessment list of the city. This was in answer to the charge that he came from Boston and had been given the preference over St. John men. To those who knew that Officer Olive had been upon the assessment list for just one month, the chief's oratorical effort and indignant protest at the meeting of the safety board was amusing but still that sort of thing goes on every day in civic politics. No person said a word and perhaps the chief thought no person knew anything about the short citizenship before the appointment. Now people say that Olive is a relative of the chief's. Well, all that Progress can say, if that is true, the chief deserves credit for treating him in the same way as the other

men though such punishment is such an offence as to meet with the approbation of any newspaper or any citizen.

Officer Greer probably deserved his suspension. If he was under the influence of liquor no one will doubt that his sentence was deserved, only if it is correct that his time was only two days, people may well wonder why it is just as much a crime in police circles to go into a butcher shop and warm one's self as it is to get drunk!

Coming down now to the pet of the force, Officer Campbell, it is a sad thing to note how the policeman who got such praise only a few months ago for capturing a couple of night prowlers should have fallen into disgrace in the eyes of his chief.

And all because he was absent from his beat while clearing the sidewalk of the chief from a large accumulation of snow!

Which goes to show that it does not pay to be over zealous even in the service of one's chief.

Officer Campbell was a favorite in the eyes of the chief. He had done his duty to meet with his approbation and no doubt the chief was kindly disposed towards him. Whether that kindly disposition took the shape of an invitation or a permit to clear off the chief's sidewalk has not been made clear, but it is certain that Officer Campbell apparently considered such labor a privilege and as such appreciated it.

At any rate, when one of the recent storms piled up the snow in front of the chief's residence, that official, in the kindness of his heart intimated to one of those on the force that if he had time he might remove the "beautiful" in the morning. Now Officer Campbell overheard this kind permit and he did not relish the idea of anyone usurping the privilege. But how was he to manage to get ahead of this new man when he was on the Lower Cove beat? Clearly the only way was to leave his beat for an hour or two, so he snatched a shovel and had the sidewalk clear when the chief looked out of his window in the morning. And that was what he did. He left his beat on the Lower Cove and went to work.

Of course there is the length of time he was gone. Some say an hour, some say two hours, but it was long enough for the patrol sergeant to walk around and find him absent. Perhaps he was surprised that such a model officer as this should leave his beat for an instant and he made very careful inquiry. But he failed to find him. The chief, on another beat knew where he was though and they say that they did—though this may be a joke—in spite of the fact that he had his long police coat tucked up in order to make him look like an ordinary man rushing along. He was reported however and suspended for one day, as noted above.

A comparison of the penalties would go to show that it is just as great an offence to leave one's beat to shovel snow as it is to go into a shop and warm one's hands when the mercury is below zero.

No event has occurred in police circles for some time that has caused so much talk among the men and provoked so much comment from citizens. There is a regulation that an officer must not leave his beat and all will agree such a regulation is very necessary but surely some latitude must be allowed a man who is in danger of freezing who steps into a store for a few minutes to warm himself.

Campbell, no doubt, deserved his suspension, only under the circumstances if he had got ten days instead of one the public would have been better pleased. It is all very well and proper for any policeman to try and please the chief in the discharge of his duties but it is no part of his duty to remove the snow from the chief's sidewalk. No officer who had a proper respect for himself or his position would do it and it would be well for the chief to discourage any such attempt at servility.

There is much truth in the line "The policeman's lot is not a happy one." He is out in all weathers, at all times. His duty is never done. He is always on call and his lot may be made bearable or unbearable by the attitude of his superior officers. The chief needs no advice from Progress but this paper would say to give the men a chance, show them that they are trusted and they will do better work, make them respect themselves, and they will respect their superiors, but do not ask them to shovel the snow from your sidewalk.

They had a tedious wait. The big snow storm knocked the interest out of most everything, but those who saw the Canada Winter Port Hooker

team, waiting for eighteen ours for a train and then travelling all day to meet the fast Crescents in Halifax that night felt much regret that they could not have started under more favorable auspices. Even under these conditions they must have put up a good game for a score of 3 to 1 is not a bad beating by any means.

MR. McDADA'S DINNER JOKE.

His Explanation of His Wife's Absence Excited Much Applause.

A good story is told of Mr. Michael McDade, the versatile official reporter of the House of Assembly. The other night Cian MacKenzie celebrated the 139th anniversary of the birth of the Scotchmen's pride, Bobby Burns, by a public entertainment. The guests of honor were his worship the Mayor, representing the city and St. Andrew's Society, Mr. Stephen, representing the Sons of England, and Mr. McDade representing the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

During his very excellent speech his worship took occasion to apologize for the absence of Mrs. Robertson whose name had been included in the invitation to attend.

When it came to Mr. McDade's turn to respond he concluded his remarks with a similar apology. "I do not that I would have apologized," he said, "for the absence of my wife in a public manner, but his worship the mayor has made it easy to do so. It was not possible for me to be accompanied by my wife, who, I am sure, if she had been present would have enjoyed the splendid programme that up to the present has been so admirably carried out. Her absence is due to the fact that she arranged a little Burns celebration of her own as early as half past three this morning, a somewhat earlier hour than even the most enthusiastic Scotchman is known to begin the celebration of the birthday of his favorite poet. I am not going to give you details of the celebration so early arranged by my wife, but I may say to you in strictest confidence, that as a result of that celebration the McDade household will be exercised during the next few days in considering the question as to whether or not they should name the latest arrival in the family Robert Burns McDade."

Needless to say the audience were much interested when he began and it deepened as the speaker progressed, and when he reached the climax he was interrupted by a spontaneous outburst of applause that lasted for several minutes.

SEE ORDERED WITHOUT WORDS.

A Curiosity in a Windsor Hotel That is unexplained.

Commercial men often talk about hotels. And it is only natural for them to live in them nearly all the time. Some of the knights of the grip sack do not see home for months and he is the great critic of hotels. But apart from criticisms of men there are funny things about certain hotels that every traveller becomes acquainted with. And one of the most curious of this was associated with the hotel kept by Mr. Doran of Windsor and which was swept away by the fire in that town last fall. Mr. Doran's hotel was what was known as the "dollar-and-a-half house" and was the best in town. The dining room was connected with the kitchen by a dumb waiter and the guests were served by a lady who was related to the proprietor. There was nothing curious about that, but what was strange was that no guest ever heard her give an order to the kitchen and yet she was within a few feet of them near the dumb waiter. Notwithstanding this the orders came correctly at all times. Again and again have the guests tried to puzzle the waitress by asking for something not on the bill of fare but in vain. If what was asked for was in the house it was produced. And there was nothing mysterious about her movements. She would move perhaps two or three yards away to the dumb waiter and even to those listening acutely say nothing. And yet in a few moments the order was served.

Travellers say that it is a mystery that they have tried in vain to fathom and they wonder whether in the big new house Mr. Doran is building the same thing will be possible. This story was told recently in a company of commercial men and all agreed to its truth. Incidentally all of them gave Mr. Doran great credit for his enterprise pluck and energy in having his new hotel so near completion.

Here is a chance for some one to exercise their ingenuity to find out how the orders are given.

THE MAYOR'S NICE MOVE

HE MAY BE ALDERMAN THOUGH NOT A MAYOR.

Opposition Talked of to Dr. Christie—The Library Building Scheme and Facts that May Account for Recent Opposition to all the Library Projects.

Mayor George Robertson will not offer again for the chief magistracy of the city but it is not at all likely, in spite of that fact, that St. John will lose his valuable services.

Progress is told that he will be a candidate as alderman-at-large and that D. J. Purdy will be his running mate.

There may not be any precedent for such a move as the mayor proposes but certainly there is nothing to prevent him from stepping from the mayor's chair to an aldermanic seat.

There are two aldermen-at-large now and one of them may have to make way for the mayor. Whether Mr. McArthur or Mr. Purdy would care to do so without a contest remains to be seen, or whether they would have to do so in the event of a contest is another element that enters into the question. Then again ex-alderman P. McCarthy proposes, so Progress is told, to again offer his services as alderman-at-large. He has much strength and could be counted upon to make much division in the ranks of voters.

Mr. Edward Sears is coming for mayor. So is Alderman Daniel. Both of these gentlemen are confident of success and both of them have lots of friends. But a name to conjure with is that of Mr. W. S. Fisher the recent president of the board of trade—a successful and enterprising merchant—a man of energy—capital address and devoted in every respect to the interests of the city. Mr. Fisher might not be able to accept a nomination; he might not have the time for the duties of his office but St. John would be honored and fortunate if he became her mayor. The necessity for good men is strong at this particular crisis in the city's history and while the citizens would be pleased indeed to retain the services of its present mayor in any form at the board such a combination of Mr. Fisher and himself would be in the interests of the community.

It is rumored that John Babington Macaulay Esq. will not run again.

But Alderman McMullin has an opponent in the person of Capt. Keast. Who is Captain Keast?

Dr. Christie will likely have determined opposition. Several names have been mentioned but evidently the right man has not been found as yet. The alderman's doctor is a determined man and he does not brook opposition cheerfully. He made no friends by his remarks in regard to the library commission and the appointment of his brother to fill one of the vacancies caused by the resignation of Messrs. Ruel and Manchester has caused much unfavorable comment. Then, too, there is a disagreeable rumor that all this was done with a purpose and that the future home of the Free Public Library is the Oddfellows hall. Now the Oddfellows hall is owned by the Oddfellows Hall company and Dr. Christie is an important stockholder in the concern, which, by the way, is not in as flourishing condition as it might be since the removal of the grammar school and the consequent loss of revenue from that source. The company would no doubt be much pleased to get rid of the huge building by selling it to the city as a free public library building. Could such an idea as that have had anything to do with the opposition to the generous project of Messrs. Ruel and Manchester that came from Dr. Christie and his supporters? That is a question it would be hard to answer but the facts are curiously coincident—to say the least.

The public will not take kindly to such a scheme as this and it will require much effort on the part of Dr. Christie and his supporters to bring it about. Then there is the possibility that the doctor will not be at the aldermanic board next year. Mr. Ruel's friends will not vote for him—that is sure. Neither will Mr. Manchester's, and the ardent young men who honor these gentlemen might take it into their heads to organize such an opposition to the warlike doctor as would make it very uncomfortable for him.

Report has it that Mr. George C. Lawrence will oppose Alderman Hume in

King's ward. There are other names mentioned too.

But the elections are some time off and there will be much shiftings and speculation before voting day comes.

WHAT THE STORM COST.

A Regular Army was Employed to Clear up After it was Over.

The remark is often repeated that St. John winters are changing, that we don't have the good old time storms that we used to have. If the persons making the observation were to stop and consider for awhile they would come to the conclusion that they were wrong, and that old Boreas is as frequent in his visits here as ever, too frequent in fact for many people.

The city has just passed through two regular old time snow storms and if they were counted up it would be found that there is a record of several big storms every winter. People thought, for instance, that the recent ones were regular tail-twisters, but there were a couple in January, 1894, that set a pace which the late ones could not keep up with; according to Mr. Hutchinson of the weather observatory 12 inches of snow fell on the 12th of January, 1894, and on the 30th, 12½ inches fell, nine and a half inches fell in last week's storm, and 8½ in this week's.

This week for the first time in the history of the new and improved street railway system the cars were off the route for a whole day. The two big storms coming within a week of one another gave them a bigger contract than they could handle despite their thorough equipment of facilities for handling storms.

A regular army of men and teams was employed to clear the tracks, and cart the snow away, three big electric sweepers that look as imposing as snow ploughs and two or three ploughs and scrapers.

The railway has to sweep the track clear and the city by their contract with the railway has to remove from the street the piled up snow and prevent it from falling back on the track. For this the city gets from the railway \$3,500. Last year the city came out with a little too good after they had balanced up their account but this year they will be considerably out of pocket. Their biggest item last year was \$500. Last week's storm cost them \$500; while this week's cost them \$1,600 which makes a very big gouge in the \$3,500.

They had 400 teamsters and shovellers employed at a dollar a day for a couple of days this week with 25 double teams and 60 single teams. Beside the \$1600 there is \$550 cost to the city credited to scavenger account for removing snow from the squares and streets through which the railway does not run.

The street railway company had a gang of 200 employed attacking the ramparts of snow, and, counting what they paid their own men, what they pay the city and the loss of a day's receipts the cost to them of the storm amounted into the thousands.

But this is only a song to what the storm cost the C. P. R., I. C. R., Maine Central and other railroads, and railroad managers would no doubt be glad if there was no such thing as old time storms.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Mr. Hanington's Paragraph About Park Sunday Selling Too Strong.

There was one matter, in connection with the Horticultural meeting which did not appear in the reports. It had been stricken out but one of the reporters saw it through a transparency and so it reaches print. It related to the matter of Sunday selling at the park. It will be remembered that in September and October last Mr. Torrey who secured from the park attractions committee the right to sell refreshments in the Tea House kindly donated to the association by Mr. Joseph Allison, sold refreshments there on Sunday claiming the right to do so by his lease which specified that he could sell refreshments on Sunday.

Mr. A. H. Hanington chairman of the committee, and Mr. Joseph Allison, were enjoying trips to the Pacific slope at the time and Mr. G. S. Fisher was acting chairman. When Mr. Hanington returned he objected strongly to the action and ordered Mr. Torrey to close up his refreshment saloon. Mr. Torrey did not do so and as the season was about closed nothing was done.

When the board of directors met last week to receive reports from the different committees there was in Mr. Hanington's report a paragraph advertising on this matter and uttering no uncertain opinion on the action of the committee, in his absence. His language was forcible and the board of directors evidently thought it was too forcible, for they decided to have the clause stricken out. They did not want the matter to come up at the annual public meeting but preferred that it should come up again at a later meeting.