

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE CHILDREN'S CONCERT.

PROGRESS' Free Phonographic Concert in the Opera House this afternoon.

**THIS COUPON,**  
CUT OUT AND PRESENTED AT THE  
**OPERA HOUSE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 13TH,**  
WILL  
**ADMIT ONE**  
TO  
**Progress Phonographic Concert.**  
Doors open at 2 p. m.; Concert begins at 2.30.  
(SEE OTHER SIDE.)

The above coupon presented at the Opera house this afternoon will admit any boy or girl to Progress Phonographic concert, which will be given by Mr. P. S. Ewing of St. John.

The editor of Progress heard selections from this phonograph while in Fredericton a few days ago, and at once made arrangements with Mr. Ewing to give a concert in the St. John Opera house, Saturday afternoon, for children of the city.

All that any one of them will have to do is to cut the above coupon from PROGRESS and that will entitle him or her to admission.

The wonderful phonograph has been heard of by everyone, but comparatively few have listened to it. Many have crowded

about it and paid five cents during the exhibition to listen through rubber tubes to the selections, but very few have heard it through the phonograph concert horn. This horn is attached to the phonograph and throws the volume of sound out so completely and distinctly that the song or recitation can be heard plainly, no matter how large the audience room. The sound is very penetrating and as clear as the human voice.

The concert is intended for children, and every effort will be made to see that they are comfortable. The larger boys will be seated in the gallery, while the little girls will find places in the orchestra chairs. Adults in charge of children will be admitted upon presenting the coupon.

### MAYOR PETERS SMILES DISSENT.

He Fears a Pandemonium if He Should Attempt to Speak.

"What do you think of the suggestion of PROGRESS that you should call a meeting and address the electors on civic affairs?" was the question asked of Mayor Peters, Thursday afternoon.

His worship smiled one of those genial smiles that appear to admirable advantage when displayed in connection with a plug hat, and replied:

"I don't think it would do. There would be a perfect pandemonium if a meeting of that kind were held. These citizens' meetings never amount to anything unless there is some special question to be discussed. The people do not attend and it is left to the hoodlums. It would be of no use to try such a thing."

The mayor was reminded that Director Wisely and Chief Clark had the means to enforce order on such occasions, but he playfully shook his head at the suggestion and smiled as though he thought the idea of his hiring a hall to address the public was a tolerably good joke on the part of PROGRESS. He seemed to have the idea that it would be a sort of a J. Herschell Smith entertainment with a chief magistrate as the attraction in the place of the astronomical poet. It was quite evident that, so far, the idea had not commended itself to his official judgment.

The next man encountered was a specimen of a good many citizens who have an idea that there is too much extravagance. He alleged that there was too much of a leakage in the management of public affairs. It was absurd that a city the size of St. John should have a salary list to the amount of \$80,000, and he named a number of officials who gave no proportionate value for the pay they received. His language was strong, and he believed all that there were abuses in every department, and that money was wasted every hour in the day. When pressed for facts, however, it was another matter with this citizen. He simply had his impressions. Perhaps he was right, and possibly he was wrong, but there are hundreds just like him. They pay their taxes and grumble, because they do not see where they get their value back.

Enough of these citizens exist to warrant the mayor in making a statement that will show where we really are.

### RODNEY WHARF NO PLACE

For the Improvements—Why Can't the City Get What Mr. Leary Could?

PROGRESS article on Sand Point versus Rodney wharf last Saturday was warmly endorsed throughout the city. Many citizens had never understood the difference between the two cities until it was pointed out in that article.

But now that the people know the advantages of Rodney wharf, it is not at all likely that there will be even a majority of the council support the motion to issue bonds to place the improvements at that point.

In mentioning the disadvantages of dredging the channel to Rodney wharf, PROGRESS omitted the important fact that all the dredgings would have to be towed outside Partridge island and dumped there, thus adding to the immense expense.

At Sand point, on the other hand,

## THEY ALL HAVE CRESTS.

DEVICES EMBOSSED ON DAINTY SHEETS OF PAPER.

The Landed Gentry of St. John and the Animals and Objects By Which Illustrious Families Can Be Distinguished—Good Specimens Secured.

When the average newspaper man wakes in the morning and rings for his valet, that functionary is apt to bring him an odd assortment of letters. The solid silver salver may bear all kinds of missives, from the "private and confidential" letter of the governor-general or adjutant-general to the recherche and faintly fragrant note of the handsome heiress. Sandwiched between them are invitations to pie socials, bills from tailors, shoemakers and hatters, while last, but far from least, are invitations to be present at some great man's feast, quaff his wine, pocket his cigars, and dance to the music of an orchestra specially chartered for the occasion. It is a great thing to be a journalist and have all the world, including the constables, dancing attendance upon you.

Some of the invitations bear crests. These which invite the recipient to call and settle up do not, as a rule. In the fulness of time, perhaps, all kinds of missives will bear the crest of the sender, whoever he may be.

The genial editor of DeBrett's *House of Commons* remarks with some significance that "heralds may find among the armorial insignia some arms of assumption; the illustrations, however, have been drawn from blazons or plates supplied by the gentleman to whose biographies they are appended." This means, in other words, that the gentlemen in question have appropriated crests to which they have no title, but that the responsibility rests upon them alone.

There is some danger when this is done in England, because everybody there is not entitled to bear arms. It is quite different here. Anybody who wants a crest can have it, and a good many St. John citizens have availed themselves of the privilege. Crests are now as common among our aristocracy as are unreciprocated bills. They are used, too, on all state occasions. Dainty sheets of note-paper containing embossings of beasts, birds, and reptiles, as well as flags, arms, and heads of boistered warriors loob up serenely in the most unexpected places. One may have known his neighbor Swiggins from boyhood without a suspicion of the antiquity of his family, and suddenly learn from a sheet of note paper that the Swigginses are real aristocracy, as shown by the device of a ring-tailed monkey, rampant, on a garden gate, embattled above a cabbage-patch, vert, holding a parrot, gules, displayed, with a tom-cat, sable, couchant, on a wood-shed slant. Beneath is a Latin motto, the meaning of which may be found in the appendix of an unabridged dictionary.

When Swiggins is asked about this he will tell the legend by which the device was awarded to his ancestors at the time of the Aroostook war or the Fenian invasion. If the man is not Swiggins but Swipes, he will readily show you by a book of heraldry, that as the ten different Swipeses have crests described there, he must be descended from some of them, and therefore entitled to some one of the devices. He picks out the one that suits his taste and adopts it.

PROGRESS has samples of most of the crests in use among "the quality" in St. John, and proposes to publish some specimens. They cannot be given in colors as they are shown on note paper, but this, in some instances, is quite immaterial, as there appears to be a difference of opinion between the heralds and the crest bearers. The former may assert that the hog's head of the Muggineses is gules, which means red, while the note-paper distinctly shows it to be blue or purple. Perhaps it makes no difference what color is used so long as it is pretty. Up to the hour of going to press, blue was the favorite color with Pisaricco, Golden Grove, and Quaco ledges to bear from.

Let it be fully understood that in publishing the crests PROGRESS does not imply that there is anything wrong about them. It gives them simply as specimens. Many of our citizens are undoubtedly able to prove their heraldic claims, and such will be glad to see their respective hogsheads and anatomical sections given to the 60,000 readers of this paper. We have plenty of blue-blood in St. John. There is at least one baronet who does not sport his title, and there is another man who will be a baronet when somebody dies. These gen-

lemen wear no insignia of rank. They walk about like ordinary citizens and are accosted with reckless daring by the boys who yell out "PROGRESS, sixteen pages!" Why not, since just as pretty crests as they can display are sported by the Binkses, the Jinkses and the Winkses, whose ancestors, for all they know about them, may have sailed in the ship with the late Captain Kidd, deceased.

Some genuine crests are given herewith, with no reflection on their proprietors. The animal shown in the first is a lion, and evidently a live lion, as shown by the curl of his tail and the animated attitude of his hind legs. He seems to be walking a tight rope. The ordinary reader may infer that he has escaped from a circus and is in the act of carrying of the Waterbury watch of the advance agent. It is not a watch, nor a clock, nor a dinner plate, nor a barrow wheel. It looks more like part of the steering gear of the ferry boat. For aught PROGRESS knows, the legend may be that the critter started to cross the ferry when the boat missed a trip, carried off by the wheel and has concluded to walk around by the bridge. The motto, "*Fidelis inter Peccatos*," may be freely translated, "We never get left."

The next device is that of what seems to be a horse's head. It must be stuffed, but it is excellently preserved. What has become of the other parts of the animal is a matter for conjecture. Possibly the rest of the remains will be found in other people's crests. As it is quite evident that a section of a horse is of no workable value, the appropriate motto is "*Nil Sine Labore*"—not a sign of work.

The last device is a family escutcheon of eight quarters belonging to the illustrious house of deSnip, established 1891, and many of the gentry will at once recognize the device as similar to that used on missives deSnip has sent them. The motto "*Terms Cash*" is from the Saxon, and like the mottoes of many other houses does not appear to apply to the present condition of affairs. One of the notes of invitation, illustrating this fact, is quoted:

A. YING GANDER, Esq.,  
Union Club.  
Dear Sir: When you get that suit the agreement was that it was to be for cash. Please call and see me this week, as I have a note coming due Saturday. If I do not hear from you, I will have to place the account in a lawyer's hands.  
Yours truly,  
P. DE SHIP.  
P. S.—If you can't pay me all, let me have a part of it, as I need the money very much. P. DE S.

There is more to be said in the matter of crests, and by the time PROGRESS is done with it the public be pretty well informed on the subject.

### MONCTON'S TAXATION SCHEME.

How it Will Affect the Landowner and the Breadwinner.

Referring to the proposal of the Moncton aldermen to make salaries pay the taxes while the landowners laugh and grow fat, G. C. S. furnishes some further facts: "Ald. H. H. Ayer, a property holder, has sent a letter to the papers, beginning with the modest announcement that he is going to discuss the question intelligently. This gentleman is not disposed to be hard on everybody, so he generously suggests that the income of clergymen and school teachers is to be exempt altogether, and by an ingenious, and truly 'intelligent' arrangement, the horny handed son of toil who labors from seven in the morning, till five in the evening, and thereby succeeds in earning \$401 a year, shall help to keep in untaxed affluence the clergyman who is paid from nine to twelve hundred dollars a year, and the high school teacher who receives a salary of at least a thousand dollars. Oh, it is indeed a brilliant scheme! Not only is the sugar refinery to be exempt from taxation, but the Y. M. C. A. building is also to go free, although it is one of the most money-making institutions in the city. The portion of the Y. M. C. A. building which is rented to the Bank of Montreal brings in a rental of \$800 per annum, the U. S. consulate at least \$200, the offices of Messrs. Wells and Welch \$200 more, the Oddfellows' hall not less than \$100, the office of H. Atkinson, at \$150, we will say, and if I remember aright the shop of S. A. Watson, jeweller, is also in the building, the rental of which would not be less than \$300. And yet this building is not to be taxed. Verily things are growing warm for the much quoted 'average citizen,' and he will soon be forced to the conclusion that there is no place for him in Moncton. No place for any one, in fact, except landowners, school teachers and clergymen who will be reduced to a pathetic state of dependence on each other in order to 'keep up the rates.' Indeed, I see but two ways in which the A. C.—average citizen—will be able to afford the luxury of living in Moncton. He will either have to brace up and buy land, or else work one half the week, and rest the other half in order to bring his income down to the required limit, and once within the charmed circle, he can spend the time thus gained in studying domestic instead of political economy, and solve at his leisure the all important problem of bringing up a family upon \$400 a year."

## FAIR PLAY ALL AROUND.

CAPT. RAWLINGS SHOULD FOLLOW WOODS AND COLWELL.

He Defies His Chief Openly and Says it is of No Use to Report Him—His Plain Language to a Citizen and His Threats of What He Would Do.

Officers Woods and Colwell of the city police force were found in a bar-room one evening last week, when they should have been running up and down the sidewalks and kicking the telegraph poles to keep themselves warm. They were cold, and Officer Colwell says he had very pronounced symptoms of the grippe. This is what induced them to stand by the stove for twenty minutes. The man who reported them said they were in the place for an hour, but, as the chief didn't think it necessary to hold an investigation, it is presumed that it did not matter whether they were in the bar-room 20 minutes or 20 hours. It was not shown that they did anything except singe their coat tails while they were in there. The men were suspended for six days while the chief considered how it would affect their families if they were thrown out of employment in the middle of winter. Then they were discharged.

PROGRESS does not propose to take the part of any policeman who does not do his duty. Woods and Colwell had been on the force long enough to know what was required of them and should have acted accordingly. But it happens that they are not the only policemen who have been found in barrooms, when they should have been on their beats; yet the other offenders still wear brass buttons.

Not long ago an officer was reported for both eating and drinking in a barroom, and he did not look like a man who was troubled with the grippe. He was suspended for three or four days!

This is only one case. There is another member of the force who can be found in a barroom almost any day. Several reports have been handed in to the chief, but the officer still does as he pleases. The proprietor of one of the barrooms where he is very much at home was arrested not very long ago. Officer Colwell was one of the men who arrested him. The place where he was warning himself when reported is not very far from that kept by the man who was arrested and frequented by the officer who does as he pleases—Capt. Rawlings.

The City road still continues to be a favorite haunt of the captain of the southern division. He made acquaintances there when he was chief of the Portland force that he probably finds hard to shake off.

One night recently he was in a city road barroom between 10.30 and 11 o'clock. Judging by his condition he had been in there the greater part of the evening, and had not been spending all that time warming his knees.

A manufacturer who lives in that vicinity had occasion to go in the barroom, and expressed surprise at seeing the captain there. He is a large taxpayer, and is not a man who would discourage a public officer from doing his duty.

"Hello, what are you doing here?" he exclaimed.

"None of your id—business," said the captain. "Can't I go where I like?" "Perhaps you can, but you are on duty and I could report you." "What good would that do?" asked the captain. "You wouldn't get thanked for it. Who is going to investigate anything I do? I have no boss, and I'll do as I like. And look here," he continued, "you've got a lot of your stuff on the platform in front of your factory, and if you say anything about me it won't be there long."

The manufacturer concluded that it was no use saying any more. Some one offered to treat and he left the place. The captain didn't.

In the morning, the manufacturer had a call from Captain Rawlings. He merely wanted to remind him of what would happen if he opened his mouth about what he had seen the night before.

Captain Rawlings is still on duty. Officer Woods and Colwell are walking the streets.

### BE DUMB AS AN OYSTER.

When a Policeman Makes An Arrest—Remember Mr. Prince's Case.

It would seem that many persons who think themselves good citizens have something to learn concerning their duty to the protective force of the city.

At least that is what appears from the judgment of Police Magistrate Ritchie in the Prince case by which the latter was permitted to contribute a fine of \$16 to the city finances for objecting to the method of arrest practiced by a city policeman. Mr. Ritchie's ruling in this matter indicates that a man must be "dumb as an oyster" when a policeman is unnecessarily violent in making an arrest. Mr. Prince ventured to suggest to policeman Campbell when he arrested Desmond that he should not choke him and that he would report him. After the arrest was made and the

prisoner and officer away from the spot, there was some excited comments on the treatment by the officer of Desmond and of the latter's resistance and kicks given the policeman. Someone said it served the latter right—Mr. Prince did not say so—and yet he is selected for punishment and fined.

It is not clear to PROGRESS of what Mr. Prince's offence consisted; neither is it patent to any citizen PROGRESS has talked with, but since a supreme court judge will be asked to pronounce on the matter, no more need be said about it at present.

### MR. SEEGE AND THE TRUSTEES.

How the Victoria Street Church and Parsonage Were Painted.

The little baptist church on Victoria street, North End, has had a varied experience. The members of the congregation disagree about as often as those of other churches, and for some time this difference of opinion has been making things very unpleasant. There are factions in the church, but the majority seem to be in favor of "keeping up appearances," and adding to the church property. This means a church debt that never grows less, and which is not looked upon with favor by the minority.

The trustees have had to spend considerable time in looking after the affairs of the church, and recently they have found it necessary to appear in the city court.

Last spring it was decided to paint the church both inside and out and Mr. John Segee, who was at one time a member of the choir, was asked for an estimate. He gave one and it was satisfactory; so much so that he was given to understand that he should do the work. Shortly after this he was painting the house of one of the trustees, and several other members of the congregation were so well pleased with his appearance that they wanted him to paint their houses also. He was told by a trustee that he had better not take any more contracts as he would be kept busy on the church for some time. With this understanding he threw up two contracts, although the men waited some weeks for him.

Then the trustees decided not to paint the church until the fall. By this time the new parsonage was under way, and Mr. Segee gave an estimate for painting it. He received the contract and began work, and about the same time another painter had men improving the appearance of the church.

But Mr. Segee did not finish the parsonage. He was just getting nicely to work when another painter put in an appearance, and there was a lively time of it for awhile. But the newcomer stayed.

His experience, however, was something like that of Mr. Segee. It is said that one of the trustees suddenly discovered that another painter owed him some money, and he saw an excellent chance to get it. Then painter No. 3 arrived on the scene and finished the work.

By this time the affair had become very much complicated, and it would be hard to get a straight story of it. Mr. Segee had agreed to paint the parsonage for \$10, but when he spoke to the pastor he was told \$10 should satisfy him for what he had done. His chances of getting anything seemed very thin, so he took the matter into the city court, and recovered judgment. Then it was claimed that he had sued the wrong men—and there was a wrangle about who were the trustees of the church. Mr. Segee gained his point, but up to date he has not received any money.

### POLITICANS "HIRE OUT."

A policeman was somewhat surprised recently to find that according to the monthly pay sheet he had been sick for two days. Although quite a number of the force had been ill with the grippe about that time, this particular officer was as lively as a cricket. He spoke to the chamberlain about it and was referred to the director of public safety, who told him he would have to see the chief. He saw the chief, and has not said anything about the matter since.

It is said that although the officer was not sick, he had not been on duty for nine days, but had been sent by the chief to do work that is outside the duty of a policeman, and for which persons who engaged men for this particular work in former times called upon constables, and paid them well for it. Another officer spent two days in the same service, but had full time on the pay sheet. The men were doing this work for private citizens at a time when a number of policemen were laid off with la grippe. It is one of the matters that the board of public safety will find very interesting when their investigations begin.

Victrola Cards for ladies are of the special class of Phonograph Cards. Mail orders filled at one day's notice. Prices from 75 to \$1.00 according to quality.