

Drop a Ballot in the Box, and help to Make Him Happy.

"Progress" Popular Vote.

PROGRESS.

THE MOST POPULAR PLAYER IN THE St. Johns and Shamrocks HAS FIFTY DOLLARS WAITING FOR HIM.

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PRICE THREE CENTS

TAXES OF OUR RULERS.

HOW THE ASSESSORS AND COUNCIL TAX THEMSELVES.

Mayor Lockhart Allowed for Entertaining—His Income Outside of his City Salary—Other Incomes Just as Remarkable—Assessors Who do not Make Much.

The clerk or mechanic who grumbles at the size of his tax bill this year will be likely to wonder if the men who make the taxes do their share towards paying them. They do. Every one of them is on the list, and every one of them, from the mayor downward, will have to step up to the chamberlain's office and settle, if he wishes to vote for himself at the next civic election.

The groaning ratepayer has the savage satisfaction of knowing that those in high places contribute as he contributes. If he has a salary or other income of \$800 he is taxed on every cent of it, and he pays it like a little man, because he is willing to contribute his just share of what it costs to run the city, wisely or otherwise. It may interest him to know how far he is right in his theory.

The first in importance on the list of official taxpayers is his His Worship the Mayor, who receives a salary of \$1,600 for governing the city. He is also issuer of marriage licenses, which is a spot cash matter, and does, probably, the largest auction and commission business in the city.

The total income on which he is assessed is \$2,000, which, if his salary is taxed as the law requires, leaves his total income from the marriage licenses, auction and commission business at \$400. It is no wonder that he was anxious to get the chair for a second term, rather than face the problem of how to support a family on \$8 a week from the receipts of his private office and art gallery.

There are some auctioneers, who are not issuers of licenses and do a smaller business than Mr. Lockhart, who try to make the public believe that they can make more than \$100 a year, and not work very hard for it either.

It is, however, claimed by the assessors that by a fiction of law the mayor is supposed to devote the greater part of his salary to maintaining the dignity of his position, entertaining distinguished strangers, etc., and that, therefore, it should not be fully assessed. There is no law for this, and it is simply a kindly supposition—a tradition, as it were, of the good old days when there were mayors of that kind. PROGRESS would be glad to see a statement of the sums expended by Mayor Lockhart for such purposes, though on the other hand it may be urged that there have been no distinguished strangers to entertain of late. It is true that the eminent Mr. James D. Leary has been here, but there is a general impression that Mayor Lockhart is not a dollar out of pocket by his visit. The cost of his "entertainment" will be borne by the rate-payers, who have to make up the amount from which the mayor is relieved by a fiction of law, or otherwise. Last year, the assessment having been made when he was a private citizen, Mr. Lockhart was assessed on \$1,200, but this year, though he has a fixed and certain income of \$1,600 more, only \$400 is added for the purposes of the assessment. The assessors seem to be under the impression that the other \$800 will be blown in conformity with the ancient traditions. Will somebody drop PROGRESS a line when the process begins?

The chief engineer of the fire department devotes the greater portion of his time to the duties of his position, to the detriment of what might be a lucrative law practice. Yet it may be safely asserted that, in the entertainment of strangers who visit St. John, the "keeping his end up" when visiting other places, and the purchase of clothes to supply the place of those ruined at fires, the chief profits nothing by his salary. He is, however, taxed up to high-water mark on \$1,600 income.

Some of the other assessments speak for themselves. As a matter of fairness, and for the purpose of comparison, a list is given not only of the mayor and aldermen but of the other city officials. The mayor and the illustrious 26 are the first in order:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Real, Personal, Income, Tax. Lists names like W.A. Lockhart, R.R. Barnes, F. Blackadar, etc.

The above list affords an opportunity for interesting study. It is surprising how poor some of the aldermen are, as compared with the popular impression as to the amount of their property and income. In some cases the income is put down at less than half of what any man about town would have been willing to risk a bet upon.

Next in order come certain prominent city officials. With one or two exceptions, there is not a great deal to be said about these, but the list is given so that the readers of PROGRESS can see and judge for themselves.

Table with 4 columns: Name, Real, Personal, Income, Tax. Lists names like I. Allen Jack, B. Lester Peters, etc.

It may be remarked that the Director of Public Works has no reason to complain that the hand of the oppressor is laid heavily upon him. He enjoys the unusually fat salary of \$1,800, and is the senior partner of the prosperous drug firm of A. C. Smith & Co. It is to be feared that if Dun Wiman & Co. credited that firm with no larger income than the assessors have allowed there would be trouble for somebody. PROGRESS is aware that where a business is taxed some allowance should be made in assessing income derived from it, but admitting all that, Director Smith has every reason to congratulate himself on his good luck this year. He is taxed considerably less than Director Wisely, and even less than Chief Engineer Kerr.

The next group of interest is composed of the assessors, the men who determine what we all have to pay. Chairman Bunting, it is quite unnecessary to say, has taxed himself to the full amount at \$1,200 personal, and \$1,800 income, making his bill \$45.50. The other assessors are:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Real, Personal, Income, Tax. Lists names like John Wilson, Uriah Drake, R. Farmer, etc.

The salary of an assessor is \$400. Mr. Wilson appears to be able to earn \$100 in addition to that in the course of the year, but Mr. Drake relies on that salary to provide for him in summer's heat and winter's cold. The boat building business appears to be shockingly bad these times. Why does not somebody try to encourage home industry? Mr. Drake has plenty of time during the year to earn a little outside of the not extravagant salary allowed him for assisting to make up the assessment.

Everybody knows that the lumber business is bad too, sometimes, but nobody imagined that it was in such an utterly demoralized state that Richard Farmer had an income of only \$100 outside of his salary as an assessor. Yet according to his own assessment of himself this seems to be a sad fact. The public should encourage him as well as Mr. Drake.

These are a few of the things which any citizen may find in the tax list for 1890. There are \$45,000 additional taxation, which some of the people will have to make up. The public can see how much of it will be paid by the men who enjoy the offices, the salaries and the honors.

LOOK AT IT IN THIS LIGHT.

The Duties of the Rural Cemetery Company and Lot Holders.

One of the interesting facts related to PROGRESS by Mr. Sidney Smith in a recent interview about cemetery matters was that the Rural Cemetery stock is gradually disappearing, and that in a comparatively short time the cemetery will belong entirely to the lot holders. Much of the stock has been purchased below par and wiped out, and at the present time there is only about 25 per cent of the original amount standing. There are many people who have wrong ideas about the duties of the company, they forget that when they purchase a lot that it is as much their property, with certain restrictions usual to every cemetery, as their own garden. They forget that it is not any more the duty of the cemetery company to cut the grass from their lot than it is of the city corporations to trim their front lawn.

And yet for the sake of uniformity and the beauty of the cemetery, the company cuts the grass and collects it once a year. It is the duty of the company to keep the walks and drives in good order, but it is not supposed to keep a strict police guard over all floral tributes, or the beautiful flowering plants which excite the admiration of visitors.

Heard on Union Street.

Union street merchants are at their wits end this summer to know how to get rid of about the worst nuisance that has ever got into their midst. It is a file and drum band with more than the usual quantity of wind, and drums. The band room is in the top or a high building opposite the new Opera House, and if the file and drums are not in full blast every night, they make a ringing in people's ears that lasts till the music (?) starts up again.

A HOTEL MAN'S OPINION.

A NEW, BIG HOTEL NOT AS NECESSARY FOR ST. JOHN.

As Some Persons Think—Accommodation for Most of the Travel at All Times—What the Rental of a Big House Would Be—Equal to That of Three Houses.

There are several gentlemen well up in the hotel business in this city who do not believe that St. John is in any need just yet of a great big hotel. They do not say much as a rule, but there has been so much talk about the need of such a building capable of accommodating all the people who will by any chance strike St. John any one day, that the contrary opinion of one who knows what he is talking about is worth hearing.

He has given the subject some study and is well stocked with pretty hard facts, some of which may puzzle the advocates of a big hotel to answer.

"Such a hotel as is talked of," he says, "will cost as much as \$125,000, and you cannot furnish it as it should be for less than \$50,000, which brings the cost up to \$175,000. A fair rental for such a house calculating it less than ten per cent gross would be \$15,000. Who is going to pay such a rental as that and make a living?"

You can take the three leading houses in the city—Royal, Dufferin, and Victoria, and their combined rental does not amount to \$15,000. Each and all of them have their regular customers, and while the new house might draw some of them at the start, they would not remain and pay the advanced figures. What I mean is this: a new house would only get its share of the travel, and according to my figuring, it would have to get all of it to pay the rental, and anything over.

"I go further than that and say that St. John has ample hotel accommodation for the people who come to the place. It has, too often, too much room for the travel. I have not seen more than ten nights as long as I have been in the business in this city when the people could not get accommodation, and mark you, they were not ordinary days, but during periods of special attractions. I have turned my own patrons away, but they could get good accommodation at the Clifton, Stanley, or other houses. It is, indeed, a rare occurrence to have so many strangers in town that they cannot find rooms in any hotel.

"I would put another question to the promoters of a big hotel. Is any one of the hotel proprietors in the city, crowded to death as their houses are represented to be, making more than a decent living. They are not getting rich, and there may be some of us who would find it a hard task to close business today and be square with the world. We have to depend largely upon provincial traffic for nine months out of the year, and provincial people will not pay any advanced rates. Our houses are all poor compared with those in larger cities, but they are too good for the rates we get.

"Then these excursions, carnivals and exhibitions, which many people think are our bonanza, bring more loss than profit with them. Our houses are crowded, the city is thronged, provisions are higher than usual, extra help has to be tempted at the rate of three dollars a day; the rush brings extravagance, and there is cutting and slashing from morning until night. Then, when we have every bed full and every cot occupied, along comes a gentleman, or perchance half a dozen of them, who are our regular patrons every month in the year, and we cannot accommodate them. They are liable to get angry and leave the house for good.

"These are some of the trials of hotel life, and while I do not talk in a grumbling spirit, you can see how false the idea is that excursions and exhibitions are the hotel man's gold mine. Give me the steady travel every time.

"There is a good deal more to be said on this subject, but you have enough I think to convince most people that a new hotel is not our greatest necessity."

Doing Business on the Quiet.

It is a long time since Portland has been as quiet as it has been since the liquor stores were closed. Nobody pretends to say that no liquor can be procured over there, but "everybody cannot get it." Some of the bars are supposed to be doing a quiet business, but they all have long "black lists," and the persons whose names are on them have to walk up town. Some dealers have adopted novel methods of getting their liquor from the wholesale houses. One of them has his boy carry two baskets, with jugs in the bottom and coverings on top.

For the P. O. Inspector.

A subscriber from Grand Falls complains that PROGRESS does not reach him until Monday evening, while the Saturday morning papers reach him Saturday afternoon. Can the Post Office inspector explain why PROGRESS, which is sent to the St. John post office invariably Friday afternoon, should take until Monday evening to get to Grand Falls?

ONE THING OR THE OTHER.

Either Let Us Have The Opera House or Give It Up.

A little plain talk about the Opera house appears to be in season at this time. So far as PROGRESS can learn the affairs of the company are at a stand still, as it were, and the present chances of building with the subscribed stock and the conditions of the finances are exceedingly slim.

There can be little doubt that the sickly condition of the company is due in a large measure, if not wholly, to the lack of real interest in its affairs displayed by the majority of the directors. The president and one other director have done all they could, exerting their influence, and lending substantial aid to further the project, but their efforts have been more than counterbalanced by the apathy of the other directors, some of whom crowded themselves into that position, it would seem now, merely to balk the completion of the company and the erection of the building.

This is more than unfortunate. It is extremely regrettable that a large number of stockholders should have been induced to put their money into a company, the majority of whose directors are figureheads who lack the power, and apparently the inclination, to add sufficient stock to the ten thousand or so already subscribed to erect the building. One of the directors who was elected at the last annual meeting has, PROGRESS understands, resigned, pleading that his business would not permit him to attend to the duties of a director. His course was thoroughly straightforward, and it might be well for the opera house if more of the directors followed his example.

There has been about \$4,000 collected of the subscribed stock. Some of it represents all the calls, and the rest from 20 to 80 per cent of the amounts signed for. Looked at from the standpoint of the stockholders, they have reason to complain that there is such stagnation in the work, but again they are largely to blame, for they elected the directors!

PROGRESS has been an ardent and earnest advocate of an opera house, but, in common with hundreds of citizens, is thoroughly weary of the balking and filling in connection with it for the past three years.

Either let us have the opera house or give it up as a bad job.

"SCHOF" SULLIVAN GOT AWAY.

How a Sentenced Drunk Got out of the Police Station.

Some of the Lower Cove friends of Mr. "Schof" Sullivan, a well known character about town, had a quiet laugh when they read in PROGRESS a short time ago about the great care that was apparently taken to have the police station well guarded; and Sullivan himself is probably under the impression that it so many policemen are needed to keep intruders from breaking into the station, they should have as many more to keep prisoners from breaking out.

Mr. Sullivan was rather late in getting over the twelfth of July celebration, and on the following Sunday was so noisy and unruly that it was necessary for Sergeant Hipwell to escort him to the police station. When the sergeant went to appear against him Monday morning, Sullivan was sitting on the bench with four or five others, and was fined \$8 for drunkenness. Sullivan did not have enough money to pay his fine, and, with several who were in exactly the same predicament, was taken down stairs to the cells. That was the last seen of Mr. Sullivan. When an officer went down to take the prisoners into the jail, he wasn't there. Nor could he be found anywhere. Things looked rather blue around the police station, for a time, and there was a most profound silence, until a friend of Sullivan's put in an appearance with a good sized smile on his face and paid the fine. Everyone from the man who tends the telephone up, breathed easier, but very little breath has been wasted talking about "Schof" Sullivan.

Chaff in the Moonlight.

The Neptune Rowing club will not, PROGRESS understands, permit the animus of any newspaper writer to bring about an investigation of the banter on the harbor a few evenings ago between some ladies and an American stranger, because the latter happened to be canoeing with a member of the club. Chaff begun in fun under the influence of the moonlight should end that way, and the good sense of all the parties should have kept such pranks private.

An Apology to the Roller.

An apology is due from PROGRESS to the new steam roller in which the city has invested, for an underestimate of its weight. The claim is made that it was purchased for a fifteen-ton roller, that freight was paid on sixteen tons and that when the monster is in action, with the boiler full of water and Director Smith on board, it must weigh nearly twenty tons. By all means give the roller credit for all it is worth; it may need it before the experiments are done.

IT'S DONOVAN!

Who Leads in the Contest for the Prize.

OVER 2,500 VOTES POLLED.

The St. John's Great Backstop a Good Second.

WITH KENNEDY, WHITENECT AND CAPT. WHITE FOLLOWING.

The Interest in the Vote—Ballot on Seventh Page This Week—How the Favorites are Being Boomed—Some Curious Ballots in the Boxes.

Two thousand five hundred and eighteen ballots have been cast, since PROGRESS appeared last Saturday, in the endeavor to find out who is the favorite ball player of the people. This is the first newspaper ballot vote of the kind that was ever attempted in St. John, and the result, so far, has been such as to call it an unqualified success.

Every person who is interested in base ball has an additional interest in the contest, and every regular reader of PROGRESS will be curious, and even anxious to find out how the voting goes. The result of this week's voting, up to Thursday night, has been to place Captain William Donovan of the Shamrocks at the head of the list with a decided lead, and "Billy" Pushor the great backstop of the St. Johns the next in the race. "Jimmy" Kennedy who has an immense hold on the people comes next, and George Whitenect and Frank White follow at an easy pace within easy spurring distance. Kearns and others who are also candidates of the people are getting plenty of votes, but they form a second group all by themselves. Here is how the tally stands:

Table with 2 columns: Name, Votes. Lists names like William Donovan, William Pushor, James Kennedy, etc.

Total vote.....2,518

As soon as PROGRESS made the announcement of what it was about to do the ball players and their friends began to take an interest in the idea, and the issue of last Saturday, which contained the first particulars of the contest was bought up eagerly. The newsboys had a genuine harvest and the sales counter of PROGRESS was very busy all the morning. One little fellow who has been accustomed to moving along with his PROGRESS at a lively rate and selling out before breakfast, was paralyzed when one man snatched seven from his hands and passed on his way. And so it went on, the large heap of extras steadily diminishing.

The really remarkable feature of the contest has been what they term in election, "the silent vote." Every paper has a ballot in it—it appears this week on the seventh page—and it is a simple matter for the reader who is not filing his papers to cut it out after he has done with it, write upon it the name of the player of his choice and drop it in a ballot box. There is good reason for thinking that there are plenty of ballots in reserve—in fact PROGRESS knows of several instances where enthusiastic friends have their collections of the week in their pocket book, holding them for an opportune moment. They should remember that a vote at the first counts just as much as a vote later, and that it is a great advantage with the mass of voters to have their man well up in the list.

A little bundle of ballots from Fredericton arrived for White, Thursday, while even earlier in the week Sussex sent along a good contribution for Kennedy. The last named player has an enthusiastic number of young fellows working for him on the city road.

Some of the voters have allowed their fancy to run away with them and decorated their ballots in many ways. Here are some of the curious ones. That \$50 may be tucked away in the inside pocket of Billy Pushor, is the only excuse of the voter for casting this ballot. Tally one for him. Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes, but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.—Ecc. xi, 9.

Nothing gets by "Billy" Pushor, not even the ballot. Mark it up for him. The contest could not have had a better advertisement than the prize of fifty dollars,

all in one dollar notes, attractively placed in Macaulay Bros. & Co's window. Thousands of people passing down King street last Saturday evening and during this week have paused to look at the prize for "the favorite."

Amusing stories are told of the work different persons are doing for their favorites. One medical gentleman looks after his patients, then looks after PROGRESS and appropriates the ballots which comes in handy for his favorite. Several young ladies have formed clubs for the collection of the ballots, and have levied subscriptions also upon the members to boom their favorite.

When the circulation of PROGRESS is taken into consideration, the vote polled this week is small, yet it shows that even this early in the contests the idea has "caught on." If the number of votes polled increases with the interest, the ballot counters will be kept pretty busy the last of August.

This is why political hustlers are continually shouting "Vote early!" In a newspaper contest, this applies with equal force, with the additional phrase—always added, but only in contest like the present one meant—"Vote often."

The polls close every Thursday afternoon, and the ballots will be counted Thursday evening. But vote early in the week. Cut your ballot out today.

LOOKING FOR "YARNS."

The Occupation of Police Officers who Might be Better Employed.

Detective Ring and Sergeant Covay make a great team. One can tell as many stories as the other, and as their stories are of such a character that not five persons in one hundred will listen to them, they probably find it convenient to go together and amuse each other by "swapping" yarns. But it appears that occasionally their fiction runs out and they get dull. Then they do special police duty, on their own account, to replenish their stock. It is not usual for them to make an arrest, although in their quest for sights they have made two within a few months. Their victims, in both cases, have been young people upon whose life, if their conduct did warrant punishment, which in one case at least was very doubtful, it was not necessary to cast a stain that will never, perhaps, be removed.

Their last victims were two young people, not too well acquainted with city ways, and entirely ignorant of the high standard of morality set up by "Jack" Ring, of which, however, he is by no means the exponent; although he and Sergt. Covay seem determined that all others must live up to it or board at the police station. They were made prisoners, charged with indecent conduct in the old burial ground, about nine o'clock in the evening, when every bench in the place was occupied and the electric light burning brilliantly. And yet the prisoners did not appear to be insane. Ignorant of the law and its officers, they foolishly pleaded guilty on the advice of people in the police station, and were married one month sooner than they had intended.

But Sergeant Covay had an excellent story to tell those who would listen to him, and he was content.

PROGRESS does not attempt to defend indecent conduct on the part of anyone, and realizes that there is a certain class in town whose actions in public places are disgraceful and need looking after. But Detective Ring and Sergeant Covay do not interfere with that class. It would not pay them.

Ring and Covay are not the men to do that kind of duty. If it has to be done there are officers on the force who are competent to judge of the nature of the offence, and who will not judge everybody by themselves.

"Yawcob" was Dissatisfied.

Yawcob Whitebone is not as well acquainted with the members of PROGRESS staff as he is with the paper. It is hardly necessary to say that in common with a few others who need not be mentioned, his affection for PROGRESS is not of the really genuine sort. When he entered a news-dealer's store this week and saw a number of PROGRESS on the counter, he said gleefully, "Ze zales of ze PROGRESS are growing beautifully less."

"Ish dot so?"

"Yes, dot was so," said Yawcob.

The dealer smiled at PROGRESS' representative, and Yawcob's eyes opened when he was told that the bundle of PROGRESS on the counter was but part of 50 extra papers necessary to supply the demand.

Yawcob's eyes rested for an instant on the "leete black mare," and his countenance changed. He thought of his last interview with PROGRESS and his free advertisement the next issue, and he began an eloquent description of his trip on the Kennebecus last Saturday, then drifted into an eulogy on some famous blacking.

Advertise in Progress. It pays.