

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 31.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

About one per cent. of the people of the United States own seventy five per cent. of all the wealth of the country; the other ninety nine per cent. of the population have to content themselves with the remaining quarter of the property.

But here comes a question. How can the soil, below the reach of external or surface changes remain frozen, when only a short distance beneath is a vast globe of intensely heated matter?

Where is this sort of thing going to stop, and what will stop it? The answer is, when taxes are levied directly upon wealth. What is called direct taxation is usually not direct.

In the United States the farmers are clamoring for a general income tax. Tax men in proportion to their incomes, they say, not in proportion to their necessities.

Every year our city papers publish a list of the heavy tax-payers of St. John, and doubtless most of the excellent people whose names find a place there fancy that they are the men who are keeping up the city government.

A QUESTION OF HEAT.

It is well known that in Siberia and other northern countries the ground is frozen to a very great depth—over a hundred feet in some cases.

A striking figure has dropped out of the Chicago Board of Trade. Mr. HUTCHINSON, better known as "Old HUTCH," who twenty years ago was worth \$20,000,000, has under pressure from his family, closed out all his "deals" and gone out of business.

to say, the frost of northern winters would not reach much, in any, further in a hundred years than in one, in localities where the surface thaws every summer, because the freezing process would have to begin at the surface every winter.

A second proposition is that the earth grows warmer as we approach the centre, so that at a depth of not much more than thirty miles the heat is sufficient to melt every known substance. Probably, say the scientific men, the great pressure keeps everything rigid, but the heat is there just the same, and we would have to go only a very little distance, compared with the whole diameter of the earth, to find everything so hot that, if the pressure were suddenly removed, the rocks would become expanded into the thinnest vapor.

What is news? Certainly not always what is in the newspapers. There is not a man, who has followed the alleged news cabled from Europe during the last year or two, who will not assent to the statement that more than half of it was either absolutely false or so wrongly stated as to be grossly misleading.

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The latest writer to take up the cudgels against orthodoxy is the Hon. JOHN WELCH, late chief justice of the supreme court of Ohio. He attacks the legend of the fall of ADAM, which he tells us the Jews did not believe. Jewish literature, he says, contains no reference to anything alleged to have happened up to and including the deluge.

The genuine Hebrew scriptures begin with the call of ABRAHAM. All that precedes this in the authorized version, Judge WELCH tells us, is the work of some writer, who, for the sake of an apparent completeness affixed to the history of the Hebrew nation a collection of Babylonian myths.

FEELS ANNOYED.—Capt. Chapman, who is on his way to New York with his son, came to St. John today from Dorchester. He had seen advertised in some of the St. John papers the sailings of the steamer Valencia, and it was his intention to take passage by her.

Well Acquainted With The Business.

The insurance firm of Knowlton & Gilchrist has been formed. Mr. James G. Gilchrist taking the place of Mr. C. A. Macdonald, whose life insurance business takes most, if not all of his time.

A writer in the United Service Review regards the acquisition of the New Brunswick Railway by the C. P. R. as a most important step in the interests of that

great continental line, and speaks of the future of St. John as the Atlantic terminus of the road with much enthusiasm. Things begin to look that way. St. John's future is not "behind it"—not by any means.

PEN AND PRESS.

It would appear that the Halifax papers—at least the new one, Our Society—trusts to the honesty of the newsboys and gives them papers before they are paid for. Hence the following complaint from the editorial column of Our Society.

"It is very annoying to us to learn that Our Society has been sold on the streets at 3 and 4 cents per copy. We have been heavy losers all through from the dishonesty of the news-boys, and would thank anyone who would hand over to the police any boy offering the paper for less than 5 cents."

The publisher has only himself to blame. Suppose that every PROGRESS newsboy was honest—and we think that 90 per cent. of them are—how impossible it would be to keep accounts with more than 100 of them.

Mr. W. K. Reynolds' facile and original pen is now seen occasionally in the Telegraph's local "specials." The new management is getting in some head work.

Where is the boom edition of the Dominion Illustrated which was to come out in December? The portraits of fifteen of the most brilliant representatives of the biggest advertisers in the country are shown in a beautifully printed card sent out by the Ladies World of New York.

PERTINENT PERSONALS. The "foreign advertiser" gets around to see the newspapers one in a while and tries hard to persuade them that their space is not worth as much as his local patrons are paying for it.

In a semi-private note to the editor, at the close of his letter, which appears in another column, II. Price Webber has this to say: "These recollections of mine will necessarily be somewhat disjointed, and I do not pretend to be able to give a resume of each season verbatim, for the simple reason that I was not in St. John all the time each year, and am only doing this at your request, as you have kindly said you felt sure it would be acceptable to your readers, and I sincerely hope it will."

Then, once again, I'll stroke that marble brow, Kiss those same lips, and in mute eloquence Our meeting eyes shall pledge the old-time vow, And blooms of Love shall blossom the dead bough, And freight the breeze with their lost fragrances!

Then droned a bumble bee Safely this song to thee: "Balowe, my boy," Plucked from a fairy dell Chimed thee this rune herself: "Balowe, my boy."

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THE HOTEL IDEA ABANDONED.—The idea of using the new building now being erected by the Messrs. Pugsley as an hotel has been abandoned, and it will be let for banking, insurance and law offices.

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Several letters are unavoidably held over. "Astra's" answer to Tiddley Winks shares the same fate, because we can illustrate the explanation of the game another week.

Balmoral Hotel. See advt.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

It is too bad, but almost everything in the way of concerts came off too late for me to have any chance of saying anything of them this week.

There was a board meeting held after the Oratorio Society's rehearsal on Monday evening, and I fancy that there were quite a number of names struck off the active members' list, for non-attendance.

Two other works, Sterndale Bennett's May Queen, and Gault's Ten Virgins will be put in rehearsal in St. John's. Mr. Thos. Daniel, who has been singing St. John's, has tendered his resignation for some time in the past.

On Wednesday, the concert musicale will be held in the lecture room of the Church of England Institute. This will be the last one of these entertainments, as Lent is so near.

The City Glee Club give a concert on that evening, and they are assisted, as Mrs. G. H. Perley, Miss Clara Quinton, Mr. A. H. Lindsay, Mr. M. White (violinist), and others.

Preparations for a series of concerts, in the Sunday school room of St. John's, are being made, but I do not know that they will come off for some little time yet.

What a lot of talk, in church circles, especially, the opera of Astarte, which has been produced in the lecture room of the Church of England Institute.

Invocation. Sweet Memory, that gently op'nt the door Of weary heart and anguish-tortured mind, Forge thou again the golden links that bind Her joy-illumined Past; and paint once more Upon the grief-flecked canvas of my mind,

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IRIS TALKS ABOUT HALIFAX.

Here the Sledges with the bells—silver bells! What a world of merriment the melody foretells!

Halifax is on fete at the idea of having good sleighing—yes; at last there is plenty of snow, and everybody who owns or can procure a sleigh is out; it has arrived at a most auspicious time, as parties can drive for many miles, returning by "The soft bosoms of the silver moon."

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Mrs. T. V. Cooke, was one of the most charming matrons in the room, in black silk, with cream colored natural roses.

Mrs. J. H. Newman, many blue silk with lace trimmings and gold ornaments. Mrs. D. L. Hamilton, of Dorchester, a very handsome dress of black silk with scarlet trimmings and gold ornaments.

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