

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 9.

EXPLAIN THE SYSTEM.

If the newspaper correspondence concerning the assessors office and the assessment law is considered in connection with the many rumors afloat relating to this department of the city service it would seem as both the law and the officials must undergo a very careful scrutiny.

The claim of real estate and personal property that the brunt of the taxation falls upon them and is out of all proportion to that borne by income would seem to be well made when the system of St. John is compared with that of Fredericton where \$5,000 worth of real estate pays the same taxes as \$1,000 of income.

What seems to us of equal importance, however, is the manner in which the St. John law is carried out. One newspaper suggests that the office may have got in a groove. Our idea is that is more than a groove—it is a very deep rut.

We have a board of assessors with a well salaried chairman and they in turn have clerks to look after the detail work yet the burden of giving information is wholly laid upon the people.

One example within the writer's knowledge may be cited: A citizen paid some \$14 in taxes for 1891-2. This year his taxbill is above \$32. He made no change in his business.

There is something wrong in a system that permits such mistakes as this to be made. The fault in this case is not with the law but with the office and it might be well if the treasury board when making any investigation of the assessors department should call upon them at the same time for some explanation of their alleged system of arriving at the valuation of citizens property.

In answer to a correspondent the New York Sun says that the discount on American currency in Canada is about 4 per cent and on American silver about 1 1/2 per cent. This information is not as reliable as that usually found in the columns of the Sun. American currency—even silver certificates—are not discounted more than one half per cent. at the banks and were frequently taken at par until the recent financial scare while silver nickels and coppers are always taken at par by the majority of the merchants.

In her clever letter on the woman's page of this paper "ASTRA" refers to the shopper who makes a practice of keeping clerks waiting after usual hours to wait upon them.

Perhaps the merchants themselves are somewhat to blame, since not to seem discourteous they make no objection to any such liberties taken by a customer, but in the main it is nothing more or less than an annoying and thoughtless habit of certain shoppers who forget that a clerk has rights and privileges to be respected.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS

The Versatile Pest. Have you met the chap who's yearning To display the stack of learning With which he thinks he's furnished, in an ostentatious way?

The prodigious fund of knowledge, He has gleaned in nature's college, Of art, and law, and trade and such, would experts put to shame;

And he keeps forever showing That he's full of overflowing With genius, still, some people think he isn't, all the same.

He thinks he wields great influence In party politics, and hence On M. P.'s and crown ministers he claims to have "the pull";

No opportunity he'll miss To brag how he did that, or this, And of that pious pronoun I, he's absolutely full.

There is not an avocation On this bad microbic station, He cannot speak or write of and "knows all about for years";

And he squanders hours in telling All he knows of beings dwelling Round craters and canals, and slums, in Mars and other spheres.

He seems anxious to advise you, To correct, or to apprise you That whatsoever you're doing could be done in better style;

Till you'd dearly love to tell him, Or to cuff or kick, and I quell him, Yet don't, altho' you're mad enough to chasten him awhile.

Well, if you've ever met him, You won't readily forget him, And you've a martyr's patience if he doesn't make you cross;

But, if you've not heard his chatter Do not worry o'er the matter For those who've missed his vapourings have met with no great loss.

St. John, Sept. 1893.

Their Lesson. They sat at a table, three men gay With the girl who never had learned to play.

And their easy smiles were a sight to see, As she said "This is dreadfully new to me."

"I know it is wicked to gamble, but then It is better than talk to amuse you men."

And her look was blank as a virgin page As she said "Now what is it edge or age?"

And she face was green as a vacant lot, As she softly murmured "What's a jack pot?"

"What is a flush and a straight? Oh dear, I'm stupid, I know, but it's not quite clear."

And every man of the courteous crew Instructed her ladyship what to do.

And she drew one card to a bob-tail flush With a merry laugh and a pretty blush.

And of course she filled, for that is the way, Of girls who have never learned to play.

And she raised them back with a charming pout Till every man in the game was out;

And she kept it up till they all went broke, And laughed and said "What a splendid joke!"

Then with faces sad and with hearts of lead Quickly away to their homes they sped;

And with one accord each player swore That never again, no more, no more,

His hard-earned wealth would he fritter away On a girl who never had learned to play.

T. M.

When My Ship Comes In. Uncle often tells us stories Of a ship he has at sea,

FELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

This day be bread and peace my lot, All else beneath the sun Thou know'st if best bestowed or not: And let thy will be done."

"Give us this day our daily bread" is a petition which unceasingly ascends to Heaven from millions of the human race.

It is the only petition in the Lord's Prayer which has direct reference to man's physical needs. "Daily bread" is the one indispensable requisite for the whole race of humans.

Yet how many, especially at this time, find the struggle for bread a hard one. There are many who would alter the prayer and say, "Give us this day a day's work to earn our daily bread."

In the midst of the present commercial depression there are people crying for food right in the hearts of the richest cities of the richest countries on earth, and something very much like bread-riots is taking place.

The rich may have their luxuries but the poor must have their daily bread, and can they be blamed for attempting to take it where there is, in reality, abundance for all?

There seems to be something not quite right about the price of bread in St. John. Flour is abnormally low and the price of it has fallen materially since the first of this year.

Another thing, in the price of which a great many people are interested, is gas. Ever since the fiat went forth "let there be light" and the darkness and light were separated from each other, there has been more or less trouble about lighting the darkness.

A nautical man remarked the other day after taking a ride in our electric cars that he liked them first rate; that he felt at home in them, there was such a heavy sea on all the time.

Man is a gregarious animal. As a rule he goes in droves and follows his leader as implicitly as other animals. His habits are peculiar. Among other things he delights to parade the streets and like a "child of a larger growth," play at soldier, with cocked hat, drawn sword and varied and wondrous other war-like trappings.

A washing competition is the very latest in connection with an athletic meeting, such an event figured on the programme of a small northern meeting, and the conditions were as follows: "Competitors are each supplied with a pail, some cold water, and half a bar of soap; also two pegs and a dirty tea-cloth.

The Prince of Wales has been furnished, by desire, with some figures relating to Eclipse Stakes day at Sandown Park.

To CORRESPONDENTS: "Pelham" care of P. O. Box No. 84, St. John will find me.

Let a Good Impression.

The opening as well as the closing exercises of the Rothesay Collegiate School took place on Wednesday of this week.

The above song which everybody knows was composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan is one of the world-famous songs of modern times. Its author had just been appointed as principal of the National Training School for Music, when he received notice of the fatal illness of his brother, the well-known actor, Frederic Sullivan, and by whose bedside he afterwards watched day and night for three weeks.

The repairs to the marsh road are completed so far as this year is concerned. Contractor Connell says that the work will be gone on with next spring.

Zera Zemon Next Week. Zera Zemon with his wonderful variety show, his champion dancers, his great artist in the juggling line, his youthful magician, his Irish character, his musical and comedy actors, and his harpist troupe, to say nothing of his attractive presents, will be with the people of St. John at the Mechanic's Institute next Thursday evening, September 14th.

The Bostwick block, which some time ago was purchased by Mr. Thos. Young-claus, has had a great many alterations and improvements made in it since it was transformed, and now with its plate glass windows, its handsome street, it will be a credit, not only to the store but to the city.

Smith Bros. Millinery Opening. A change of advertisement from Smith Bros. Halifax, announcing the fall opening of their millinery department for Sept. 20th, came to hand too late for this issue of PROGRESS.

A well-known English banker, hoping to encourage his son in ways of thrift, promised to give him two per cent. a month interest upon any money that he might save out of his allowance and deposit in the paternal treasury.

He looked searchingly into her beautiful face. The modest blush for which he was watching proved to be a wide yawn, which grew wider as she answered—"I guess the Muse that inspires you tonight must be Euterpe."

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moran returned last week from their wedding trip, and appeared in Christ Church on Sunday, the bride wearing a very handsome costume of black satin and hat of cream straw, with trimmings in same shade.

The Prince of Wales has been furnished, by desire, with some figures relating to Eclipse Stakes day at Sandown Park.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Dunlap have taken Master

The Lost Chord.

Henry to Horton Landing to attend Mr. Patterson's school. Miss Nelson, of Truro, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. C. Fuller.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Rhodes and son, Edgar, and Miss Bessie Curry, left on Friday for Chicago, and other American cities.

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Morrison have returned from St. Andrews. Miss Davidson is here from Ontario visiting Madeline Fisher.

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FREDERICTON. [Pronouns is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.

Sept. 6.—So many of our summer visitors are leaving us that we are only consoled by the returning of our own absentees.

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