

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

The opportunities of the maritime provinces for industrial growth and development are many and great. In geographical position, in natural resources, in soil, scenery and climatic conditions, and in advantages for diversified industries, this northeastern section of habitable America is favored above almost any other territory in the new world.

Possessing within itself the inherent wealth that needs but adequate development to make it populous, powerful and prosperous in the highest degree, yet its increase in population and commercial importance has been comparatively slow. While much of its area remains unclaimed from its virgin state, and while many of its most valuable resources are yet wholly undeveloped or have been barely touched by the hand of industry and enterprise, its sons in large numbers have been going out to seek occupations and satisfy the desires of their ambitions in the neighboring states, and a steady stream of old world emigration has been passing through its portals into the much-heralded but less-favored interior country beyond.

One thing more than any other, perhaps more than all else, has contributed to these unsatisfactory conditions, and that is the comparative meagreness of the information made public respecting the resources, advantages and opportunities of this section, their character, extent and location, and the means by which they may be availed of. Other sections have had their attractions for home-seekers, business men, capitalists, tourists and seekers of summer homes set forth in most seductive forms, and spread broadcast over the civilized world. But very little has been done in this line to show up the maritime provinces in the true light of their magnificent possibilities, and the few efforts that have been made to exhibit them to the world have been disconnected, unsystematic and unsatisfactory in results.

There is need of an awakening to this subject, and it must come through a greater knowledge of the business opportunities and possibilities at hand on the part of the people at home, and a keener realization of the advantages to be derived from spreading this intelligence abroad. There needs to be gathered, written up and set before the people continuously the facts concerning the resources of soil, timber, water-powers, minerals, resort localities, in a style to attract the attention and stimulate the interest of the general public. Few even among the citizens of these provinces have an adequate conception of the value of the material resources by which they are surrounded, and their possibilities for contributing to the world's wealth. A more widespread knowledge of the industries already established and the opportunities open for starting others of equal or greater promise is greatly to be desired.

More and more in recent years have these provinces been sought as a summer resort for the pleasure-seekers and over-worked business men of the great cities of America, and they are destined, with proper effort on the part of their citizens, owing to the beauty of the scenery and the delightful and health-renewing atmosphere of their summer climate, to become the great natural sanitarium for the populous cities of Canada and the eastern United States. Wherever these resorts are established, new local markets have been created for all kinds of farm and garden products, and the agriculture of whole towns has been completely transformed, improved and put upon a business system, simply through the new demands of the summer "watering-place" population. This has had a good influence upon the general farming of whole districts, and a new development is to be seen in this direction in the future all over this section of the maritime northeast.

In another column of this week's PROGRESS will be found a new department. It will be the aim to present before the readers of PROGRESS in this department a weekly resume and record of business matters covering the field of the mari-

time provinces, supplemented by descriptive sketches from time to time of successful business firms and industrial establishments, and by articles relating to the varied resources of this section which are awaiting development. It is hoped that by a perusal of these pages, intended to be replete with information carefully gleaned from the most reliable channels, business men at home and abroad may gain a better knowledge of the industries, business and resources of this favored country; that young men who wish to find employment in any particular branch of business, or learn what kinds of industries are successfully prosecuted here, may be aided in the selection of an occupation; that those who are desirous of engaging in some new enterprise, but cannot tell where to go or what to find, may learn what is being done, who are doing it, and what chances and resources are open for new industries not yet taken up or improved; and that the general reader may gain a bigger and better idea than he has hitherto had of the great business laboratory existing here at home, and of the busy, industrious and intelligent multitude who operate it.

CREDIT WHERE IT IS DUE.

The Portland Transcript, speaking of the ballot system at present in vogue in France, gives this description: The presidentialist is a pollster, who slips a ballot out of his sleeve or palm and puts it into the box instead of the one the voter hands him; the tissue ballot, plumped in three hundred in a bunch; the expert compiler of returns, who transfers a score or two of votes from one column to another in a twinkling; the voter on the names of dead men and aliens; the voter who spells his name four different ways and votes each way—all have been unearthed in Toulouse, and all have shown their kin with shapers across the sea by protesting their innocence and declaring that the proof of their rascality was "all a mistake."

The Transcript then remarks: "It seems that France politicians have adopted at Toulouse and probably other cities of France, ballot frauds of the same kind as those we have done away with in America by our general adoption of the Australian ballot. It seems like our own 'old times' to read the above."

PROGRESS of June 16, 1891, contained the following editorial paragraph:

The Boston Herald, speaking of the utilization of a Yankee notion by Canadians, who slip a ballot out of his sleeve or palm and puts it into the box instead of the one the voter hands him; the tissue ballot, plumped in three hundred in a bunch; the expert compiler of returns, who transfers a score or two of votes from one column to another in a twinkling; the voter on the names of dead men and aliens; the voter who spells his name four different ways and votes each way—all have been unearthed in Toulouse, and all have shown their kin with shapers across the sea by protesting their innocence and declaring that the proof of their rascality was "all a mistake."

The Portland Transcript is one of the few United States journals that are favorably disposed towards Canada. But it seems as if the fallacy concerning the Canadian ballot system will never die.

What is practically the Canadian banking system has, since the above editorial was written, been adopted in the United States. It is not named "after some country in the region of the antipodes." The United States have evolved a trick worth two of that. The credit is given to Baltimore.

The Educational Review says that "the Fredericton grammar school scholars have procured a handsome human skeleton." The following are the definitions which Webster's Dictionary gives of "handsome." The most of them, and the most commonly used of them, do not seem to apply with particular happiness to the ordinary grade of human skeleton, but others might be appropriate, if unusual, in that connection: "Dexterous; skillful; handy; ready; convenient;—applied to things as well as persons (all the above meanings are obsolete); agreeable to the eye or to correct taste; having a pleasing experience or expression; attractive; having symmetry and dignity; comely;—expressing more than "pretty," and less than "beautiful;" suitable or fit in action; marked in propriety and ease; graceful; becoming; ample; moderately large; liberal; generous; evincing a becoming generosity and nobleness of character; appropriate."

Now that the agitation for good roads is becoming so widespread, a little bit of English history concerning a bad roads agitation is of interest. In the last century the farmers of Middlesex, in which country London is partly situated, petitioned parliament against improving the abominable roads of England. They frankly claimed that as long as the roads were bad they had a monopoly of the London markets for the sale of their vegetables, fruit and grain, and that if the roads were improved the farmers of other countries would be able to bring their produce to the London markets, which would be disastrous to the "industry" of Middlesex.

Under a recent decision of the United States treasury department, salmon and smelts, which spend a part of the year in fresh water, are, if caught in such, considered fresh water fish, and if frozen or packed in ice at the time of importation are to be admitted free of duty. This places the St. John salmon on a nearly equal plane with the salmon of the Penobscot.

All journalists rejoice and are glad at Mr. ALEXANDER LAWSON'S having lived for eighty years, fifty-nine of which have

been spent in journalism. The genial editor of the Yarmouth Herald must have a constitution of what is technically known in newspaper offices as "boiler-plate."

The New York World's London correspondent says the prolonged stay of the Princess of Wales in Russia is raising comment in Britain. Anything that a member of the royal family does raises comment in Britain.

It is a somewhat amusing circumstance that the Shelburne Budget, in copying an article which received some adverse criticism in a late issue of this paper, credits the extract to "St. John Progress."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

January's Review of Reviews has portraits of Sir John Thompson and Sir Mackenzie Bowell. There is an important article on the American crisis by an American who has recently returned to the United States from America, and whose statements are based on accurate information furnished by persons neither Armenian nor Turkish. John Burns receives such attention. Robert Donald says, in his character sketch that what John Bright was to the commercial classes of London forty years ago, John Burns is to the working people today.

The magazines of the United States have not yet done with Lincoln. Col. A. K. McClure, in McClure's Magazine for February, will show, by anecdotes and letters, that during the civil war, and especially during the first part of it, Lincoln was commander-in-chief of the army not in name only but in fact, and personally planned and directed movements and campaigns, and in his comprehension of military affairs disclosed the qualities of a general.

Macaulay Bros. & Co. have the thanks of Progress for the February Delineator—the "Midwinter Number." In the department "Employment for Women," "Laundry Work" is treated. The most seasonable article in the number—or that is it will be the most seasonable when February comes—is "A Valentine Masquerade," which describes a social entertainment which, according to the Delineator, gives every girl present a chance to capture somebody's heart.

PEN AND PRESS.

The January number of Our Dumb Animals, a paper which is sent to every editor in the United States and Canada, has a picture of Miss Marshall Saunders, of Halifax, the author of "Beautiful Joe," which gained the \$200 prize offered by the American Education Society for the best story in the promotion of kindness to animals. Miss Saunders refused the \$200 prize, preferring to publish the book herself. The extraordinary success of the book shows that Miss Saunders is as good at business as at literature.

The January Butler's Journal is a memorial number. Mr. Butler announces: "The Journal comes out this month in mourning, the last loving tribute that we can show to our sainted mother—the only one on earth who ever really and truly loved us, or whom we really and truly loved."

"FILO-SOPY AND FOLLY."

By "Jay Bee."

A conspicuous nose is indicative of 'spirit' as well as character betimes.

Subtleness is the tact of being firm when one is in the wrong, while firmness, in the right, is not of necessity subtlety.

Shortcomings are generally discussed at length. Would that age were dumb, as it would not tell so readily.

Orphans are not exempt from honoring their fathers and mothers.

"Sermons in stones," are hard and flinty as any other kind if not needed.

Man is a candle, like the wick, and death the snuffer.

The little vowels L, O, U, destroy the beauties of the alphabet.

Crocodile tears are made to order.

When made a cat's paw of, do as the cat, show your claws, there may then be a pause.

When one "geez left" by doing right, he can look right and left without regret.

Don't build "castles in the air" until you don wings; the castles may then be provided for you.

He knew how to handle a plough, Milk the cows, or feed the sough, But to make him believe, I vouch, The pea wasn't here, 'en'ough, Would result in a doubtful bough.

So the best thing to do you know, Is to let the poor fellow go, Till he learns better sense Or saves up his pence For the buffer who gives the next shench.

The fire of indignation cannot be extinguished by the water of contempt, or sarcasm.

Knight and Stone-Mason.

In early life Sir Robert Rawlinson was a stone-mason, and he has never forgotten it. On one occasion, while passing through Chorley, he pointed to a step and said, "That step is well-set."

His friend, a well-known lawyer, laughed and said, "How should I know?" "I do," was Sir Robert's reply, "for I set it myself."

Curious Medical Customs.

In Bloechistan, when the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though they rarely exercise it, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to consequences; while, if he should decide upon immolating him, he is fully expected to take his fate like a man.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Madison in Winter.

On dear old Disco's drifted snows, And peeply thaws of night, The moon creeps where the billow flows, Sparkling in splendid light. Pale features of the silent stars, Whose pure white vestments gleam; And looks of faces wet with tears, Walk past us in a dream.

Sleeping beneath the white veiled ground, The pasties call love's name; The sweet acacia, jewel-crowned, Looks at us as it jwells. And from the cold lips of the bay, A cry of new born sorrow Wakes with the winter of the day, To cease not with the morrow.

For one the deep blue sea knew well, Breaks forth a voice of pain; Uplifted in its solemn swell, A broken hearted strain. And straight to reach the old home door, A coming footstep moves; Returning ever from the shore, Seeking the spot it loves.

The sky shines on the radiant scene, By deep Chaleur's flood tide; And stay where loving hearts have been, That here no more abide. For him the generous noble soul, This holy memory lives; Though broken is the golden bowl, He blessed is who gives.

The farewell word in silence goes, Floats o'er the ice bound sea; The whisper of a vanished tone, Seeks faith's sterner, And where the blue eyed surges fall, Like music from above; For ever their thoughts recall, The image of our love.

The seaward wind fills out the sails, Of silver dreams in white; The angel hand that never fails, Guides them beyond the night. Love sees its star still rise afar, Farewell, sweet soul, there peace foretold, Smiles on our earthly graves.

Pansy Porch, Jan., 1895. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

The Betrothal. Open the old cedar box, get me a Cuba stout, For thine are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought o'er a good cheroot, And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a spice; In the soft blue veil of the vapor, missing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving lass; But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay, But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away.

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown, But I could not throw away Maggie, for I am of the talk of the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and sour and old— With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!

And the lights of the days that have been, the dark of the nights that are to be, And the torch sinking a stale, like the butt of a dead cigar.

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket, Or a harem of du-ky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Open the old cedar-box—let me consider a while— Here is a mild Maalila, there is a wisely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a ring, Or a harem of du-ky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Thought in the early morning, sneeze in time of day, Peace in the lull of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me—a king bought in return, With only a Sattee's passion—to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me, when they are spent and dead, Five times other fates shall be my servants instead.

The farrows of far-f Java, the isles of the Spanish Main, When they hear my harem is empty, will send me my brides again.

I will take no heel to their raiment, nor food for their mouths withal, So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the snows fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I treat 'em, And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between, The wee little whimpering love and the great god Niek o' Teen.

And I have been servant of love for barely a twelve-month clear, But I have seen Priest of Partagas a matter of seven year.

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery blit, Of stamps that I burned to friendship and pleasure and work and blit.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-wisp of love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me bogged in the mire? Since a pull of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the light fire?

Open the old cedar-box—let me consider anew— Woe, woe, woe, when is Maggie that I should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke; And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn wife, If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Robert Louis Stevenson. HIS EPITAPH, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie; Glad did I live, and gladly die, And I'll commend me to a will.

Shake-a-Day-Day.

However that day it came o'er me, Out of the heat and the strife, To pass by my own little darling, Though torn in the battle of life. "Get out of my way, I must run there, The conflict is awful in town," And my poor little love's "Shake-a-day-day," Was only received with a frown.

A year had completed its cycle, Since silently, sadly and sweet, Her mother lay clad in the raiment, For souls of the beautiful meet. Her image—this but of the morning— Just called as I hastened to go, "Shake-a-day-day for mamma," but roughly I passed her and answered her, "No."

O heaven! there had I but kissed her, As manly I pushed from the spot, My heart all on fire for money, Her gentle affection forgot. O never a sculptured Niobe Could equal the one silent tear That slept on the lid of my dying, Last night on her eloquent bier.

"Shake-a-day-day," ah, would she could breathe it, From those lips now inanimate clay, As it was on that ere of my absence, Recounting the gain of the day. She has gone, the sweet love of my being, With the same farewell word at the door, But the sob that I heard when I left her, My life shall forever deplore.

O sweet be thy rest, my own darling, Though broken forever be mine; It was one of Thy little ones, Father, I fondled at twilight's decline. Offended by me in my craving, 'Twas meet her pure should depart; It may be Thine angel of mercy Has rolled a great stone from my heart. Pansy Porch, Jan., 1895. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Abiding Peace. With thankful heart I will commend The God of wondrous grace; A willing service freely lend, And pray that He will ever send A sweet abiding peace.

Abiding peace, that gentle guest, Which calms the troubled mind With thoughts of that eternal rest Where angels bright and spirits-blest A sweet communion find.

In daily round of toil and rest May my best thought abide With that great friend, the truest, best, In every ill, when sins molest, The constant, tender guide.

The guide whose promises are sure, Who leads in paths of peace All those who suffer and endure With softened heart, holy and pure, And blesses with His grace.

May the short space to me assigned, The closing years of life, Be blessed by Him who, ever kind, Does every wound in mercy bind "Mid trial, anguish, strife.

In death's dark hour may my thought be Of peace and Jesus' love, Redeeming love, so full and free, And may it be my joy to see His face in Heaven above.

Ad Dorotheam. [Gladstone has got tired of translating odes "Ad Chloeen," "Ad Lydiam," etc., and has composed an ode "Ad Dorotheam," in honor of his little granddaughter, Dorothy Drew.] I know where there is honey in a jar, Meet for a certain little friend of mine; And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are, That only wait small hands to cultivate. A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad; The house is bright with blossoms high and low, And my a little lass and little lad Expectantly are waiting to and fro; The fire wit in our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight On this high day, the holiest and best, Be cause 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight, B'cause 'twas then, ere womanhood had been, Made one of men more honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell, Been seen to peek the garden's choicest rose, And to baffle with it to another belle, Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this— To waste no love on any youthful swain (All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss), No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover, Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, then playmate of my closing day, The late 'tis true, but life can cheer me, And with thy baby laughter make us gay. Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy, Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Fredericton Keely Institute. The descriptive sketch of the Keely Institute at Fredericton presented in a recent issue of PROGRESS has attracted much attention and brought forth many inquiries and comments betokening a widespread interest in this worthy institution.

Among letters received is the following warm tribute to General Manager Robinson from the secretary of the W. C. T. U. of Lincoln county, Maine:

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS, Dear Sir: Your paper (or issue) of December 29, came to my table a few days since, and with great pleasure I look'd on its contents. What interested me most was the beautiful picture of the Keely Institute at Fredericton, I became much interested in the description of its belongings, as I have known for some time the general manager of this institution, Mr. W. Scott Robinson.

Fortunate indeed are the people of New Brunswick in getting such an able man. He is known throughout our state as "the right man in the right place," a friend to all those who are in trouble—especially those who need the Keely treatment—kind and generous, competent to take charge of any number of responsibilities. And that is not all. He is a fine speaker, an able lawyer, a keen observer, a social and agreeable gentleman. Fredericton Keely Institute has a man they may well be proud of in their general manager.

All success to this grand institution, for like many others of its name it is doing the grandest work alongside with the Women's Christian Temperance Union, that the world has ever seen. It is men like Mr. Robinson that restore to broken-hearted mothers and wives their loved ones, rebuild the home, make men, restore them to mankind and citizenship again. Society, home and the church, are all blessed by their restorative.

But the "power behind the throne" is the love of helping others, and Mr. Robinson is the man to fill that place. While we miss him very much in all temperance work, we congratulate Fredericton Keely Institute in having such a desirable man to look after its interests.

I remain, very truly yours, MARION F. DYER.

A. Secy., W. C. T. U. January 14, 1895. Waldoboro, Maine.

THEY LOOKED ALIKE.

An Innocent Man Arrested Instead of Another Innocent Man.

A Kentville correspondent says that one of that town's most exemplary young men was arrested on the train on his way home a few days ago. He was very much surprised at his arrest, which was due to his remarkable resemblance to a Yarmouth man, who, it is said, is probably as innocent of any grave wrong-doing as is the Kentville man.

This Annapolis firm sent some of their wares to Yarmouth in charge of an agent. The agent sold the goods to a commission merchant who has just gone into business at Yarmouth. When he returned to Annapolis he did not give a very satisfactory account of the proceeds of the sale, saying that the Yarmouth merchant was the person who was "short." And so it was that when the Yarmouth merchant's double, the virtuous Kentville gentleman, was seen on the train, that a capias and a constable were secured, and the Kentville man arrested.

What would people do who get into trouble along the line of the Windsor and Annapolis if it was not for the ever popular ex-conductor, "Joe" Edwards? He is every body's mutual friend, Joe is, and so the Kentville man was made happy when Mr. Edwards affirmed that the Kentville man was not a resident of Yarmouth.

The agent who seems to have been responsible for all the trouble was not as well treated by the brotherhood of railway conductors. He had thought it advisable to make another trip to Yarmouth—for his health, of course,—and from there, anywhere, but he was put off the train at Digby by Conductor McNutt while trying to beat his way.

WAS ABERDEEN CONSISTENT? A Dinner that He Attended During Funeral Week.

HALIFAX, Jan. 17.—Lord Aberdeen is having a hard time of it from the Ottawa newspapers on account of the withdrawal of his patronage from the winter carnival at the capital. His excellency claims that the carnival should be postponed because of the recent death and burial of the R. Hon. Sir John Thompson. The Ottawa papers also profess to see inconsistency in the conduct of the governor general at Montreal, where it seems he can afford to go in for some pretty good entertainments at the present time.

This calls to mind what happened while his excellency was here at the state funeral. It is said that the police confiscated the horns with which the small boy on the street ushers in the New Year, charging that while the city was in such mourning those sounds were too inharmonious to be permitted. Yet at Government house, about the same time, a dinner was in progress in honor of the governor general, and in which he hesitated not to participate. Mayor Keete was one of the guests, and in consequence of the function was compelled to absent himself from an important meeting of the city council. None objected to the dinner: "Consistency, thou art a jewel." But perhaps this was quite consistent. Was it?

A COMPANION OF TAXES. An Interesting Table for Citizens and Aldermen to Study.

Ald O'Donnell of Halifax sends a letter to the Recorder of that city that he wishes PROGRESS to copy. The valuable part of the letter is the table of figures showing what taxes on real estate and personal property the men who govern the sister city pay. PROGRESS publishes the table as an interesting bit of information for St. John's aldermen and citizens:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Real, Personal, Total. Mayor Keely, \$456.98, \$14.40, \$471.38. J. M. Goldie, 43.20, 7.20, 50.40. W. J. Stewart, 46.08, 11.52, 57.60. G. H. Morrow, 64.80, 14.40, 79.20. Wm. Dennis, 180.08, 7.20, 187.28. W. B. Wallace, 74.88, 0.00, 74.88. A. W. Rodden, 239.60, 122.40, 362.00. P. M. Duggan, 57.60, 7.20, 64.80. Thos. Mitchell, 172.80, 43.20, 216.00. Jas. Hamilton, 235.44, 30.40, 265.84. J. F. Ryan, 59.04, 5.76, 64.80. E. W. O'Donnell, 290.16, 1.88, 292.04. Andrew Hubley, 139.32, 11.84, 151.16. E. Edon, 159.62, 34.56, 194.18. M. T. Porter, 64.80, 26.52, 91.32. Wm. McArthur, 208.90, 79.64, 288.54. Sam. Mosher, 90.00, 7.20, 97.20. C. W. Outhit, 150.48, 43.20, 193.68. Isaac Craigdon, 39.04, 7.20, 46.24.

Alderman O'Donnell is to be complimented on his industry in compiling those statistics which furnish interesting reading. The alderman, who pays the fourth largest amount of taxes, can place so valuable an array of facts before the public, should certainly class himself also as "a first class alderman." But probably E. W. O'D. is too modest for that.

But the figures presented there show a St. John man how fortunate it is to be taxed upon personal property in Halifax. How many men would rejoice if they could point to as low a tax in this respect as Mr. O'Donnell for instance? Such facts as these give one a better idea of the variance of opinion upon the question of assessment in different cities. In Fredericton the main burden falls upon income: in this city it is more equally proportioned, and in Halifax income does not seem to be considered.

Cruel Parents.

Mr. Waugh, in the December number of the London Children's Guardian, mentions a startling fact. Since the society of which he is chief director was established, no fewer than 7,000 fathers and mothers have been convicted of cruelties to their own children, and have been sent to goal for periods amounting in the aggregate to 1,300 years.