

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 2

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

UNFAIR EXEMPTION.

The action of the city council in granting exemption from taxation to a manufacturing concern that has recently been destroyed by fire came in the nature of a surprise to thoughtful citizens. The tannery of Messrs. PETERS has been in the city for a long time and it is understood has been as prosperous as most concerns of that kind. Their premises were unsightly and being built of wood a menace to the safety of property near them. The fire that destroyed the buildings was a most dangerous one and caused much loss to those living near them. The insurance it is said amounted to \$20,000 which would be a fair start toward rebuilding.

The firm however took the stand that unless their business was exempted from taxation they would remove from the city and retield elsewhere. This was in the nature of a threat to the council and with the influence that was brought to bear upon the aldermen it accomplished its purpose and the favor of exemption was granted.

What must the manufacturers who are giving employment to labor in the city think of this? Will not the thought naturally occur to them: Has Messrs. PETERS any greater right to consideration than we? Some of us are giving employment to twice and three times the number of people than they have been and are not our claims on this account even greater than theirs? The council need not be surprised if their action is more far reaching than they intended. If the Portland Rolling Mill's or the WARING WHITE Company or HALEY'S or any manufacturing concern approached the council and representing that taxation was burdensome and they felt they should be exempt from tribute to the city revenue what reply would be given them? Or what would be said to any new concern that wished to locate in the city? The principle of exemption has been established and it is only fair that all should be treated alike. Is it fair to make one industry pay and exempt another?

Having established the principle of exemption where will it begin and end. Will not the small manufacturer have the same rights as the one who employs two score of hands? And then who will classify the manufacturers? Would not printing offices be manufacturers? Certainly they should be included in the list.

We have no information at present that affords any means of learning just how much the industries of St. John contribute to the city revenue but such we think could be arrived at by the chairman of assessors. No doubt the sum would be considerable. In the event of this exemption from taxation where would the city get the revenue necessary to make up the deficiency? It would have to come from real estate and income. The landlord would have to pay more taxes on his house and he would increase the rent of his tenant. The tenant, probably a clerk or laborer, would not only have to pay more rent but he would find his own tax bill increased because the manufacturer escaped scot free. The fairness of this may well be questioned. It is a question that every man who pays taxes is interested in and those aldermen who think they are pleasing a few manufacturers and their employes by promising exemption from taxation may find that the merchants and their employes, whose real and personal property and incomes must bear the burden, will not approve of their action.

A WRETCHED PRESS SERVICE.

The daily news papers of this city are at last becoming alive to the fact that the

foreign news they print every day comes from an American source—the Associated Press—and that it is compiled from an American standpoint and for American readers. The service that comes to the maritime provinces is sent from Boston and the trash and falsehoods in it have become so apparent as to remain unnoticed no longer. This is so palpably true of the news from the seat of war that many people depend no longer upon the daily papers of their own city for correct and prompt information. The Toronto and Montreal papers have later news even after reaching St. John than has been furnished by the Associated Press. Some of them get the same service but they supplement it by a prompt and accurate report procured from other sources.

Ordinarily speaking the readers of the daily papers in the maritime provinces are not exacting in regard to foreign news but at the present time when the empire is fighting, one might say for prestige and existence in South Africa, when Canada with other colonies have sent their sons to assist the motherland, we are following the daily reports with intense interest and we are right in expecting a correct and as comprehensive a report as possible. People who do not as a rule buy newspapers every day seek them now with eagerness and it is disappointing to find some ridiculous summary, probably compiled by some uniformed reporter in Boston, served up to us in place of actual facts.

We are told from day to day of what might happen, we see the English soldiers figuring as "Britishers"—which is the Boers name for them—we read of the gallantry of the enemy, of their slight losses and the "severe" result to the army of England. These are not pleasant things to read of but when the next day a partial or direct contradiction comes from the same source we are indignant rather than mortified.

The Associated Press is the largest news gathering concern of its kind in the United States. It is controlled by the publishers of several of the largest dailies in that country and they recoup themselves for their expense in collecting news and for telegraph tolls by selling the news to the daily papers in every city they can. They number their clients by hundreds—perhaps thousands. In Canada the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company acts as the agent of the Press association and they sell the service to four dailies in St. John and five in Halifax, as well as in Fredericton, Moncton, Amherst, Truro etc. From the St. John newspapers they receive from \$3,000 to \$4,000 yearly and for this amount the newspapers surely should receive a good service. That they do not is their own fault in one sense because there is no unity among them. If the publishers would meet and present their grievance to the manager of the Press association he might awake to the urgency of the case and furnish a service that would be more satisfactory. But this, though suggested from time to time has never come to pass and, until the maritime provinces, upper Canadian and western newspapers combine, British news will continue to come through American sources. Surely Canada is large enough to have a press service of its own.

Spent Much In Defence

Patrick Doherty of Sussex must know as much about Kings County now as the jailer himself. He has been a Scott Act offender and again and again has come within the power of the sheriff. Inspector Weyman and he are always at war and the lawyers have made a good deal out of the Scott Act business that has ever come from Sussex. If Mr. Doherty had all the he has spent in law he could purchase a pretty good business anywhere.

The Three Mile House Leased.

The name of McEvoy will not be associated with the three mile house any longer. The place that was known to so many as the hostelry of Daniel McEvoy and afterwards of his son W. D. has been leased to D. Michaud, who has been in the coaching business in this city for many years. The house will be repaired and improved and will still remain a favorite stopping place with the public.

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Ferdinand—'I am directly descended from an English baron!'

Patsy—'Oh! ye poor, miserable slob! Me grandfather wuz alderman, me brudder's a bartender and me dad's a cop!'

Freddie—'What is circumstantial evidence?' Cobwigger—'As a general thing it's the theory of an expert which is proved to be entirely wrong when the truth comes out.'

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The God Crowned King. A King in the garden of beauty, The Monarch of Paradise new; Unburdened by pressure of study, The master of a lute that was true. How quiet and peaceful his slumbers, In shadows of blossoming trees; All day where the nightingale's numbers, Where borne on the rose scented breeze.

No sound of the voice of another, Delighted to call him by name; Not a brother, or sister, or mother To talk with him lovingly came. And not till the faded red apple, Bittered the sweetness of life, Did he have with fit sorrows to grapple Or enter the conflict of strife.

How splendid his canopied bowers, What ever it pleased him to lurch; He knew not the creeds of the powers, But there he was always in church, No need had he there of reliance On medical Doctors or Priests, Disease he could set at defiance In his life giving garden of feasts.

Magnolias and lilies around him, The fragrance of Paradise shed; No care or anxiety found him, The loveliest roses his bed. What landscapes exquisite delighted, The reach of his great field sight; Until into evil invited He bartered his sovereign right.

The perfume of love less faded, The bloom of the orange and the date; And the glory of innocence faded, Now turned into envy and hate, Far better his blindness than seeing, Himself when a love was transgressed; And the sin which disfigured his being, All races since then have confessed.

The horrors of blood spilling battle, The burning of hell breathing war; The murderous cannonade's rattle, All primitive happiness mar. The agonized groan of the dying, The death shrieking horror and pain; At the feet of the first King still lying, Break forth from his garden again.

The sorrow that came then between them, The primal man and his wife, From which not an Angel could screen them, Still darkens the pathway of life. The earth in its excellent beauty, Is a remnant of Eden life still, And the peace of the pathway of duty, Is the pleasure of doing God's will.

—CYRUS GOLDBE.

Luck in the Grave.

He said that he was tired of life! Bad luck seemed always coming Upon his trail to handicap all his might undertake. For many long and weary months he'd worn himself out tramp on the road, The rugged Colorado hills, and never made a stake. No hill or gulch for miles around that he had not prospected, But not a color nor a streak had met his searching eye.

And now, most awful sick at heart and thoroughly dejected, He sought a wild secluded place to lay him down and die! He started in to dig a grave in which to do his sleeping, Till Gabriel should wake him up upon the final day, Emotions of the wildest sort throughout his bosom sweeping, To think that he must quit the earth in such a beastly way. A dose of poison he'd prepared, a pint of cactus whiskey, Such as is kept for Indian trade down at the agency. And hoped that when he faced the deal he'd feel so sickly fishy That death would seem a picnic; but a mortuary spruce!

But best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and soon he Was whooping in a joyous way and dancing in his grave. And set his most decided, emphatic call to ney— He'd struck a lead of sylvanite o'er which a god would rave! He sold it to a tenderfoot for twenty thousand dollars, And like for him now carries lots of sugar in the cup. And at the faintest thought of death with fear he almost hollers, And every time he catches cold he hunts a doctor up.

Broncho Billy's Prize.

Tell you, pardner, she's a daisy! Never was no great prize; 'Nuff to set a feller crazy, 'Lookin' in the mornin' eyes! Perfect in her build an' action, Every move a dream of grace, An' she hasn't one stricture Kin eclipse her purty face.

Love her? Who could help a lovin' Such a peerless gal as that? An' I guess I ain't a shoo'! Windy language through my hat When I say that her affections Give to me are pure as gold. Though she uses contemptation In her love, don't get too bold.

Won her from the other fellows Right before their longin' eyes, An' it made 'em mighty jealous 'For to see me take the prize. To! me I had got a treasure, Han' some, spirited an' trim An' you bet my cup o' pleasure Seemed a spilin' from this brim.

Done their level best to baffle Me in shakin' of the dice On the night we left the rail. But I done 'em sick an' dead! It was luck fur Broncho Billy When he made the winnin' toss, Fu' a better ridin' Billy Never wore a saddle, boss.

Desolation.

A little grave, secluded and apart, Lies where the sunlight quivers, full and warm, Beneath a grassy fabric time has wrought, And gently spread above the small, still form. The same and date upon the crumbling cross, Too long and dreary rains have washed away. But, ah! the tiny mound bespeaks a loss It needs no stolid wooden cross to say!

Some mother once caressed a dimpled head, And kissed the wayward locks that fell above Her throbbing breast, the while she proudly planned Her baby's future, crowned with joy and love. Oh, stars that gleam above the quiet dead, Shine softly on this mound alone and drear; Oh, winds across the silent air, hush, hush, Pause gently at the little sleeper here.

For all the hopes a mother cherishes most, The dreams that in a mother's heart abound, Are buried here among this sleeping host, Beneath the cold bleak shelter of a mound. Oh, pitying flowers, let your fragrant tears Fall for the tender joys and sweet mirth, The boundless love, the thou- and hopes and fears Encamped in this narrow space of earth. —Ella Bentley Jr.

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JONES, THE SHOWCASE JUMPER.

A Drummer who Made a Hit on the Road and Then had a Fall.

'Did any of you fellows ever meet Jones, the showcase jumper,' asked the men, 'furnishings man as he stretched his legs across the smoking compartments of the sleeping car. No one had and the furnishing man went on:

'He travelled from a Memphis cigar house. The first time I met him was in the barroom of a St. Louis hotel. The way he introduced himself was his chief bid for the attention of the hotel's cigar buyer. Incidentally he got the attention of everybody else in the place and the whole crowd "stanked up" in honor of the event. Several of us, mostly men of the road, were lined up against the bar taking things easily when Jones came in. He gave no preliminary warning of his advent but simply banged open the bar doors, took two steps across the room, and then vaulted over the glass cigar showcase. In another second he was shaking hands with the cigar man, whose face had not had time to get pale, but whose eyes were sticking out of his head, like the eyes of a china doll. Jones carried a grip in one hand on the extreme edge. There wasn't a particle of wood or metal frame work about the upper part of the case and one can readily imagine the sort of a wreck that would have been there had Jones failed to make proper connections with the floor.

'I met him a number of times thereafter. He told me he had always been good at high jumping, and when he went on the road he conceived the idea of jumping over the showcases as soon as he entered a place where he wanted to make a sale. He said he made a hit from the start, and was the most popular man on the circuit. This occurred three years ago. Last week I met Jones in Chicago. He wasn't exactly a wreck, but he wasn't by a long shot the chipper Jones I had met three years before. He had left the road, he said, and was doing inside work. When I asked him how he came to quit the grip, he opened his hands and showed me the palms. They looked as though someone had been at work on them with a meat chopper, simply two masses of criss cross scars.

'I'll tell you how it was,' he said, when I had recovered. 'Of course, you know all about my showcase jumping act. Well, it was another instance of the cause of my prosperity being also the medium of my downfall. I was making all kinds of money in commissions, and had reached that condition where I was really hailed with delight by my customers. You've been on the road long enough to know that that position is the goal always aimed at, but rarely attained by knights of the grip. It so happened, however, that there was one town in my territory that I never visited. So in an evil moment I went there. I entered the hotel in my usual hurricane style and gave my flying leap over the cigar showcase. But I didn't get over. Instead, I landed all in a heap right inside the case. There was a wreck you can bet. I remembered wallowing around in a mass of blood, glass and cigars, and when I next woke up, which was that night about midnight, I was in bed swathed in bandages and feeling as weak as a kitten.

'I learned later how it happened. It appeared that the showcase was one of the kind with a lifting top, and just as I had started to vault over it the attendant raised the top to get a cigar for a customer. The result was that I smashed into it and wrecked the whole outfit. I got rid of so much blood that I fainted right there, and they had to lift me out of the ruins of the case. I don't know how many slivers of glass they took out of me, the doctors telling me they had got tired of counting. It was weeks before I got rid of the bandages and after the cuts had healed I found that I was unable to carry a grip, the wounds had so weakened my hand. I later discovered that the man who asked for a cigar just before I made my leap was travelling for a St. Louis cigar firm, and that he had caught sight of me through the window just before I entered the hotel. He certainly succeeded in pushing me off his beat for fair.'

The War in South Africa. The Boer forces operating against Ladysmith in Natal completed the investment of that place Nov. 2, and occupied Colenso a station on the railway 15 miles south of Ladysmith. The small British force at

Colenso retreated hastily, but without serious loss to Estcourt, a station farther south. At Colenso there is an important railway bridge across the Tugela River the destruction of which would greatly impede the advance of a British force seeking to relieve Ladysmith. On the morning of Nov. 3, a message was received at Durban from Ladysmith by carrier-pigeon, but from that date to the time of closing this record, Nov. 9, no definite news from Ladysmith has reached the outside world, although there are reports of several successful sorties by the besieged army. The investment of Mafeking and Kimberley, in Cape Colony, is also complete.

The Question Finally Admitted. A story is told of the late Chief Justice Cockburn. He was once counsel for the plaintiff in a certain case, and Mr. B. was for the defendant. Cockburn called a witness and proceeded to examine him.

'I understand,' he said, 'that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Jones. Is that so?' 'Yes,' replied the man. 'What did he say?' demanded Cockburn. Mr. B. promptly arose and objected. The conversation could not be admitted as evidence. But Cockburn persisted, and Mr. B. appealed to the judges, who thereupon retired to consider the point. They were absent for nearly half an hour. When they returned, they announced that Mr. Cockburn might put his question. 'Well, what did he say?' asked counsel. 'Please, sir, he wasn't at home, replied the witness, without moving a muscle.

'You are charged, young man,' the magistrate said, not unkindly, 'with scaring the complaining witness nearly out of his senses by putting him through some mock ceremony of initiation. I can make allowance for exuberance of spirits among college students, but sometimes this exuberance is carried too far.' 'It was this way, your honor,' exclaimed the youth who appeared to be spokesman. 'We were out for a little lark, and we caught a jay.'

'The fine will be \$2 and costs each,' said his honor, his face hardening. 'I want to see the man who gets up the list of names for juries,' he said. 'Have you any business with him?' inquired the court official. 'Yes. There's a man who lives near me who thinks he knows everything. He talks loud and makes you feel small. He's got to have the egotism taken out of him somehow, and I thought I'd call around and see if you couldn't put him on the jury and let the lawyers ask him a few of those hypothetical questions.'

'Oh, Mayor Blower! Is it true you once ran an Indian to death?' 'It is quite true, Miss.' 'And how far did the Indian run?' 'I cannot tell you, I was looking straight ahead all the time until I got back to the camp.'

Miss Million (of uncertain age) The only thing that worries me is the wedding tour. It will be perfectly horrible to have people know— Miss Rosebud (viciously)—'Oh, don't worry. They'll think you're his mother.'

'Goodness! Where did the Joneses get that big silver loving-cup that is in their parlor window?' 'Why, it was given to them by the neighbors that used their lawn mower and telephone all summer.'

'It seems to me that Willie gets into an awful lot of fights. I wonder who is to blame for it all?' 'The other boy, always the other boy, replied Willie's mother, with conviction, Willie says so himself.'

Exasperated Old Gentleman (to lady in front of him)—'Excuse me, madam, but my seat has cost me ten shillings, and I want to see. Your hat—' The Lady—'My hat has cost me ten guineas, sir, and I want it to be seen!'

Spinner (a long-winded bore)—'That reminds me of a story. A fellow by the name of Doublehook went— Grimshaw (springing up)—'That reminds me of a lie! I've got to go home!'

Doctor—'You are troubled with insomnia?' Patient—'Terribly. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up.' It is not so easy to find a commander aggressive enough to suit all the non-combatants.