

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 11.

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

THE ASSESSMENT.

The tax bills are not out yet—that is all of them are not out—though many citizens through the press know just what they will have to pay and what they are assessed upon.

The board of assessors is not an infallible body and just now they are being criticized quite freely. It is quite natural for a man to compare his own property with that of his more prosperous neighbor and to feel indignant because he is called upon to pay a large tax out of his smaller means. He may not be taxed too much but upon the basis of his richer neighbor's tax he is away above the mark. But he cannot gain redress; he cannot go to the assessors and say "you are taxing me too much" for that would not be true and he does not feel like acting the informer upon his neighbor. All he can do is to "grin and bear it" but that will not prevent him from airing his views and condemning the judgment of the assessors.

These officials are worthy of criticism. It may be that they take every means of finding out the value of property, real and personal, and the income of citizens: if they do they are woefully deceived in many cases. The list of valuations furnished the Globe from the assessors office does not include those whose taxes are below \$50. Nevertheless the list of those who pay more than that causes many a smile from some and frowns from others. When so many people are objecting, the question naturally arises do the assessors try to ascertain as best they can the proper valuations? Every business man's taxes hinges largely upon the judgment of the assessors. If they think of changing his valuation they send him a statement to fill out and swear to. If he neglects to do this he may find that his property is rated too high and his only remedy is the board of appeals. The chairman of the board has not been many years in office and it may be that he has some ideas upon the subject. How would it do to publish the assessment? It is done in some cities and the people know before hand what they will be taxed upon. Then if they have objections to make let them come forward and the appeals committee would be saved a lot of work afterward.

STREET LIGHTING.

The street lighting question seems to be agitating a number of the aldermen and some other citizens. One portion of the press that for years supported the street railway and electric light people in everything that they wanted cannot find terms too strong to express its disapproval of a continuance of the city lighting contract. This could be easily explained if it was worth while. The report of the committee recommending that the contract with the electric light company should be renewed has been referred back. What good this will do is not quite clear but it is a favorite way some aldermen have of postponing a conclusion. If more information is to be had upon this somewhat important question the delay can be excused but so far as can be learned no effort is being made to get such information as will be of use upon the subject.

We have a small electric lighting plant in the North End and it appears to be run upon an economical plan. The arc lights as furnished the city now by the electric light company each cost \$85 per year. The rate for a merchant who burns an arc light is twenty

five cents per night and some, we understand, have contracts upon a time basis. The corporation allows the company certain latitude upon moonlight nights so it would appear that, wholesale buyer as the city is—the rate is not much lower than for single lights. The contention of those who are in favor of a plant is that the lights in the North End which are run by the city plant cost much less—say from \$15 to \$20 each—than the contract price with the light company. The officials of the latter contend that those who favor a city plant do not include all the cost when they figure up the expenditure of the North End plant. Taxes, water rates, etc., they say are fairly chargeable when they compare prices. Of course the city pays no taxes and what they do not pay they do not include. On the other hand some city officials say that the extensive repairs necessary on account of the North End fire last year should not be charged against the operations of one year as it was simply restoration of a portion of the plant.

The question of relative cost does not amount to so much after all. If we could be sure that the city could run an electric plant with advantage we would be in favor of the undertaking. We are not however fortunate in many of our officials. Influence rather than ability commands positions of responsibility and so long as this condition exists the people are not inclined to favor such a scheme. The man in charge of the city lighting should be as competent as possible, free from aldermanic influence. To expect that is well nigh to look for the impossible.

If the experience that we have had with our water service should extend to our public lighting we would only be sorry once and that would be all the time. Under the circumstances it would almost seem judicious to let well enough alone.

THE CLASSES AND MASSES.

The law against Sunday excursions that was passed a year or two ago seems, like many other enactments of the legislature, to apply to the masses rather than the classes. The poor man and his family who made use of the cheap fares on the Sunday excursion boats to spend their only day of rest in the country, were prevented from doing so because it was held to be a breach of the sabbath, and steamboats under a heavy penalty were prohibited from traffic on the Lord's day. Yet there seems to be no regulation to prevent those who have the means from chartering a steamer and enjoying the beauties of the river on Sunday. Sailing yachts and steamers plied upon the St. John and its branches last Sunday and carried men rich in this world's goods. The poor man staid at home because the legislature made it impossible for him to go.

**NEW ENGINE ON THE FLOOR.**  
Some Firemen Say She Is Too Heavy—Hydrants and the Streams From Them.

The new big Watrous engine is on the floor in No. 3 engine house and shines like a new dollar. The city has taken it off the manufacturers and the price is said to be less than \$5000, being about \$800 lower than the tender of the Amoskeag concern.

In the opinion of many firemen the new engine is too heavy. The chief says that No 2 is heavier but the same opinion has always prevailed that this engine was too much for a span of horses on the hills of St. John. They also ask what is the use of an engine throwing three or four streams of water where there is not a hydrant in the city that will supply the water for such a service. One of the city engines can throw four streams but has never done so because it is not possible to get the water. In this connection an insurance man pointed out to PROGRESS that the hydrant at the corner of King and Prince William streets is made so that there different joints of hose can be coupled to it. Each opening is two and a half inches in diameter but he asked "what is the good of that when the pipe connects with the main is only two and a half inches in diameter." Surely that was a piece of short sightedness.

The Watrous people have three engines in use in Toronto and several large ones in the West while they have sent out thirty or forty smaller ones throughout Canada. The heads of the fire department seem to be well satisfied with the new machine though some of them at the start favored the Amoskeag product probably because the engines at present in the city are from that concern and have lasted many years and given much satisfaction.

**A Theatre War in Halifax.**  
An amusement war is on in Halifax. Ever since the Academy directorate deposed lessee H. B. Clarke and took on Prof. Metcalfe to run that big theatre for them, there has been the keenest sort of

competition, for as soon as Mr. Clarke found himself out of a job he went to work and fitted the old skating rink up as a summer theatre, the Empire, and it is now running a season of light opera a la Robinson company. The Academy opened the same night as the Empire with "Very Little Faust." A big crowd was in attendance, as there was also at Mr. Clark's theatre. However, on the second night the papers said the Academy had a "fair" audience, while the Empire was crowded to hear "The Black Hussar" sung. Then the theatre-going class tired of "Very Little Faust," or else everybody had seen it, and wended their way to the "change-of-programme-nightly" theatre. A brass band gives an open-air concert in front of the Empire every night, and real horses and Hussars were introduced in the "Black Hussar" piece. Frank Nelson sings "Soldiers of the Queen" as of yore and the crowd cheers. Mr. Clark's experience and knowledge of the Haligonian taste is butting hard up against the Academy people, who perhaps are sorry now that they ever discharged him.

**The Evangelist had no Takers.**  
Evangelist Martin, who has been holdforth for about two weeks in the new Christian Church on Douglas Avenue is a generous man, or else he appreciates to a remarkable degree the value of advertising. About a week ago he announced that at the Wednesday evening service of this week he would marry any intending couples free of charge. All they had to do was to bring their licences and he would have a full fledged and duly authorized clergyman to do the knot tying. It was a rainy night, but a big crowd was on hand to see who were to take advantage of the evangelist's offer. Nobody did. The man who would "win souls" scratched his head and wondered why it was the people of St. John were not as susceptible to a hymenial snap as the backwoods population of his former field in Missouri. If he stays here much longer he may find out.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

**Merely a Local Application.**  
(Newcastle Advocate.)  
We're all rubber necks.

**She's Been There Before.**  
(Moncton Transcript)  
The kissing bug is on its ravages again; but it possesses no terrors for the Moncton girls.

**A Versatile Young Man.**  
(Young Cove Cor. Queens Co., Gazette.)  
Our popular agent C G Jeffrey has returned from Cumberland Bay where he has made a great sale of Sharpe Sewing machines, and is building a bridge on the Partridge Valley Road.

**Not "Golog," But Gone.**  
(Newcastle Advocate.)  
Mrs John Falconer's gold watch was hanging up in the kitchen of her residence one day last week, when she left the house to call on some neighbors. When she returned the time piece was gone.

**The Prize Was a Coffin.**  
(Exchange.)  
A story is told of a young man about here who is addicted to the cigarette habit. He had smoked 1,200 packages and wrote to the manufacturers to know what they would give for the 1,200 pictures that had come with the cigarettes. The answer of the manufacturers was right to the point; "Smoke 1,200 more and we will send you a coffin."

**A Horse of Another Color.**  
(Chatham Advance.)  
We heard the other day of a man who said it was both illegal and sinful to work to save a stranded vessel and cargo on Sunday. He had some interests, himself, in saving the vessel, but in order to have that done it was necessary to first to get the cargo out, and he knew that was being done by another interested party, who but for his conscientious ideas would have had a very strong claim on his assistance.

**A Feather in Their Cap.**  
(Chatham Commercial.)  
Mr George McCausland of New York is visiting friends here. Mr. McCausland went to Church Point on Sunday to see the Indians celebrating St Anne's. He declared he had not seen such a display of millinery before—not even in Fifth avenue nor Cooney Island.

**Springhill Needs a Missionary.**  
(Springhill Advertiser.)  
Jas Conn, blacksmith, of River Philip was held up on Thursday evening of last week about ten o'clock by highway robbers on Windham Hill. He was returning home from Springhill. The robbers succeeded in getting his watch.

**She Didn't Lay Golden Eggs But—**  
(Hants Journal.)  
Mrs Wm Ettinger of 3 Mile Plains has a goose that has surpassed all records this summer in her work and labors. She has laid and hatched in the first nest 9 goslings, and not to be outdone laid more eggs and set again, and has now hatched out 8 more goslings, surpassing the first in beauty. If this can be beaten let us know.

**Graveyard Thieves at Work.**  
(Restigouche Telephone.)  
There is no creature in the sphere of creation that is to be more despised than the grave yard thief, and we regret to say that Campbellton has its quota of them. Frequently has it been brought to our notice that flowers have been pilfered from the graves in the cemeteries, but yesterday our attention was directed to the fact that flowers had been stolen from a grave fixed up last week by the parents and sisters of a dearly departed son and brother. It is certainly a hard experience to return in a few days to find the mound that marked his last resting place stripped of its decorations that had been placed there as a token of love and remembrance. It is the duty of the directors of the cemetery to see to it that this is put a stop to and the guilty parties given the benefit of the law.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

**Maud Muller in Kansas.**  
Maud Muller once on a summer day  
Went on the prairie to rake some hay.  
Her father was shy of a hired man, so  
Miss Maud, though she kicked was obliged to go.  
She raked for awhile, then began to think,  
And her thoughts were so hard you could hear  
them chink!  
For manual labor gave her a pain  
And she longed to skip from that Kansas plain!  
She oft had read in The Busy Bee  
Of Colorado, where women are free.  
She'd read how her sex was allowed to vote  
And in lodges to ride the mystic goat.  
Could run for office when'er they chose,  
Wear semi-trowsers and crushed pink hose!

And the way that the grinders cut the gum  
Would startle an angel from Kingdom Come!  
She almost determined to give the shake  
To the ranch girl's burden, the old hay rake  
And flee to the sulfuree paradise  
Where the matter of sex never cuts no ice.  
A wild bee hungrily took a sip  
From the honey bunched on her red, ripe lip.  
And told her she'd be ter stay right there  
And bloom as a Kansas sundewer fair,  
A meadow lark doddered her swinging rake  
And told her that sulfuree was all a fake!

A butterfly lit on her sunburned ear  
And whispered 'Y' ur headwheels are out of gear!  
A grasshopper peeped from the emerald sod  
And twittered 'We can never spare you Maude!  
A black snake said with a warning hiss  
Remember the Garden of Eden, Siss!  
A chipmunk chirped from near by stump;  
'Tut-tut! old girlie! Don't be a chump!  
A bull-dog bellowed from neighboring slough;  
'Don't do it, girl, or you'll rue! you'll rue!  
And Maud said to the passing breeze:  
'I can never go back on such friends as these!  
And she swung the rake with a new born will,  
Her soul all thrilled with a rustic thrill!

And there she staves and contented sings  
With the butterflies, birds, snakes and things.  
**The Dance of the Clothes on the Line.**  
The merry wild breezes are swinging  
The tops of the cottonwood-trees,  
The chimes of the bluebells are ringing  
In bellies built low for the bees.  
The long-fingered tendrils are reaching  
Far out from the wind-loosened vine,  
To join, with shy gestures beseeching,  
The dance of the clothes on the line.

See the little blue sunbonnet nodding  
Across to the white muslin hood,  
And the petticoats, soberly plodding  
Along, as good as dead and wood.  
See the light-footed, eel-skin prancing  
Of stockings that move here and there,  
As though unseen fairies were dancing  
Their mystical rounds in the air.

Then the frolicsome wind, feigning quiet,  
Creeps into the empty shirt-sleeves,  
And fills them with tumult and riot  
Until not a wrinkle he leaves  
As sets the wet pinafores flying  
Like butterflies poised in a line,  
And shakes, with the tenderest prying,  
The baby clothes, tiny and fine.  
Thus follows the wind his vagaries,  
And laughs with his hand on his side,  
Till roughened hands, Bridget's or Mary's,  
Take down the d-d-y's washing all dried,  
He pulls the maid's hair as she passes,  
And flings her checked apron up high,  
And then crouches down in the grasses  
To spring at the next passer-by.

**My Mither-in-Law.**  
When I courted w/ Maggie her mither did cry  
That name could be suited like Maggie and I,  
But since we've got married a change is owre a';  
Noo, I canna get on w/ her mither ata'.

When she tak's a rin up by the fireside she sits,  
An' gets on to Maggie for cleaning my boots;  
She says, "Maggie, learn him sic fashion ata'  
She's a middlesome lady, my mither-in-law,  
She picks faults w/ this, and she picks faults w/ that  
She even picks faults w/ our innocent cat,  
She scolds at our wean when he creeps on his maw  
She's a holdstrong and lady, my mither-in-law.

When she speaks o' our neebours she rins them a'  
An' she thinks there's no many like her in the toon;  
If she does only guid turn tu' loudly she'll b'aw,  
She's the real fond o' herself, my auld mither-in-law.

Some night I will open my mind on her yet,  
An' tell her o' something she winsna forget;  
I'll tell her she winna come here an' misca'  
Folks wha never has herm'd her, my mither-in-law.

**Ye Caddie!**  
Who, at the golfer's soft best,  
Comes running with a short lived zest?  
Ye caddie!  
Who starts out with good intents  
And seizeth bag and implements  
Because he scentheth fifteen cents?  
Ye caddie!

Who, at the start, keeps watchful eye,  
And knoweth where the ball doth lie?  
Ye caddie!  
Who goes soon into a trance  
Nor at the flying sphere doth glance,  
But with our putter slayeth ants?  
Ye caddie!

Who, not content with being blind,  
Drags leisurely along behind?  
Ye caddie!  
And while the golfer at the tee  
Waits for his driver angrily,  
Who sleeth on yon hill, care-free?  
Ye caddie!

Who ne'er with flag in hand is seen  
Till all are waiting on the green?  
Ye caddie!  
Who telleth us the mode of play,  
And grimeeth if we go astray,  
Until we long his hide to flay?  
Ye caddie!

Who, when we wildly, vainly try  
To leave a bunker's sand, doth gey?  
Ye caddie!  
Who doth the rival balls confuse,  
And with our clubs himself amuse,  
And our new balls for marbles use?  
Ye caddie!

Who with suggestions both doth deem  
And maketh life a hideous dream?  
Ye caddie!  
Who loses three balls every day,  
Yet waits, persistent, for his pay?  
Whom do we often long to slay?  
Ye caddie!

**Choirs Re-created Gano, Spirit, Perforated, Dural, 17 Waterloo.**

**That Yankee Sign Painter.**  
An American sign painter has been decorating half the plate glass in town lately, his style of work greatly resembling the old fashioned initial letters, found in family Bible etc., all flourish and fancy. It takes however with a class of people who won't pay our own city painters a living price for a good job, a job that is both lasting and artistic. The Yankee free hand painter takes whatever he can get, and enough snide painting has been done by him in a short while to keep our fellow citizen sign writers out of work for months.

**Boat on's Finest in Town.**  
Eight or ten big stalwart policemen from Boston made things pleasant for themselves and those whom they met Wednesday and Thursday of this week at the Dufferin and wherever they journeyed. They are on their vacation and like many of their associates on the force think St. John is the proper place to come to. They were warmly welcomed and sent away happy.

**You Appreciate**  
good laundry work of course. You like the prop'r stiffness and pliable button holes. You don't like the other kind and we don't blame you. We can suit you. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, Phone 58.

**Blooms Every Hundred Years.**  
Our sister city Halifax has a century plant in bloom. Enough said.

**Old Home Week in Maine.**  
Maine is keeping 'Old Home' week. Every town will welcome by some special observance the sons and daughters of the State returning for a little time to the nourishing mother. It is easy to imagine the simple ceremonies in many a stately town and quaint village, the pilgrimages to the old homes, the greetings of old friends and neighbors, the tables spread with the joys of Maine cooking, the concerts, and parades and excursions, the games and races and fireworks, the firemen and the hand tubs, the clambakes and fish dinners along those lovely shores. Here a town keeps the one-hundredth anniversary of its foundation. There a public library is to be dedicated or there is a reunion of the pupils of some ancient academy. Portland has the North Atlantic squadron as her guest. Bath will launch "the biggest five masted schooner ever built." Scarborough will treat to pork and beans and Injun puddin'. Fun along the line!

**Hot Weather Reading.**  
'That vacation card' which the public libraries are sending out by which you can have ten books for a month of summer travel seems to be a pretty desirable thing.

'Very and highly educational. As fiction, biography, travel and all books in current demand are prohibited the only thing left will be the dictionaries and encyclopedias, which will make delightful summer reading. Great idea.'

**What's in a Name.**  
'Judging by his name,' remarked the tenderfoot, "this Three Finger Mike you speak of must be a particularly fierce individual."

'Hub!' replied the cow puncher. 'You're away off. He's the most timid galoot in camp. We gave him that name 'cause he's a-skereed ter take more'n three fingers o' whisky at a time.'

**Quite Misunderstood.**  
'What's this?' said Abdul Hamid in a great rage. 'Pay money to the United States! Me pay money?'

'You promised, you know.'

'I know I promised, but I never would have promised, you may rest assured, if I thought you would expect me to pay after promising.'

**Why She Said It.**  
Bobbs—My wife told me last night that I was the smartest man on earth.

Dobbs—Hub! She was talking through her hat.

Bobbs—Oh, no. She was talking for her hat.

Knicker—Jones is a self made man. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Bocker—Maybe that's why he has his knife in it now.

'What is coeducation, ma?'

'It is education which gives girls a chance to show that they are smarter than boys.'