

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GAVE THEM ALL A NAME.

IT WAS A SHORT ONE EXPRESSED IN PRINT WITH A DASH.

Mr. Porter Creates Some Excitement in the Victoria County Council—His Respect for Old Age and Everything Else—Water that Flowed and Didn't Flow.

The January session of the Victoria county council for 1892 is past. The councillors from the respective parishes are to be congratulated upon the steady and business like manner in which they discharged their many and varied duties. I would further congratulate them, and extend my congratulations to the spectators present at their meetings, upon the gentlemanly patience with which they bore the ruffianly abuse of our would be county "Boss" the present representation of the county in the legislative assembly of the province.

The election of warden resulted in the unanimous choice of Charles McCluskey of Grand Falls, who thanked his electors and began work by reading a petition which had been filed against the return of the Drummond councillors elect. The matter, pursuant to the provisions of the bye law in such case provided, was referred to a committee of five members, who with closed doors adduced such evidence as could conveniently be procured. They reported to the board their inability to solve the difficult mathematical problem: "How 136 votes could be polled in a polling district containing only 112 qualified voters and three themselves upon the mercy of their fellow councillors. The board was somewhat puzzled, but solved the problem by requesting the Drummond contingent to retire.

Next a petition against the return of Councillor Lovely of Andover, was read and referred to committee which reported Mr. Lovely not qualified to sit at the board and recommended his relegation to private life—he was relegated. Then Mr. Scott took Lovely's vacant seat, claiming his right to do so by virtue of having received the next highest vote at the late election. The warden mildly asked Mr. Scott to retire. Mr. Scott rose to argue his right to be there. Warden McCluskey ordered the constable to remove Mr. Scott: the latter decided to waive his right and retired.

The work of the council proceeded. The air seemed filled with business and earnestly, but suddenly the scene was changed.

The finance committee had reported a balance of \$600 on hand, and the councillors were congratulating themselves, each other and most everybody else on the pleasant fact, which appeared more pleasant by contrast with the deficits of previous years, and the presence at former meetings of the council of clamorous creditors. Suddenly Mr. Porter arose and asked to be heard at the board. The councillors who had formerly been subjected to a good deal of Mr. Porter's abuse on account of previous deficits voted to hear him, and awaited his congratulations with smiling countenances, but they had reckoned without their host. Mr. Porter has never been known to congratulate anyone—except it might be himself in the accomplishment of nothing.

Mr. Porter told them how things had been done when he had been the county council, and made very unflattering references to some of the councillors present. Sharp replies were made by several of the councillors and finally an adjournment was voted. The adjournment had scarcely been declared when: "It's d-d lie" rang through the council chamber, being Mr. Porter's gentlemanly reply to a remark made by a former auditor concerning the keeping of the auditor's accounts. The present auditor turned over the pages of his book and mildly suggested that the book seemed to have been kept in former years about the same as at present.

"You are a d-d liar" was the bland and forcible argument of Mr. Porter. "I have been at the council board longer than any member present, and I ought to know something about it."

Warden McCluskey begged to differ. He (McCluskey) had been at the board as long as Mr. Porter.

"You are a d-d liar and d-d old schemer," again argued Mr. Porter, accompanying his words by a furious shaking of his fat in McCluskey's face. As the warden is a small man aged about 70 years, and Porter is a large one aged about 45, this last may be taken as an especial and emphatic token of Mr. Porter's honor and respect for age. The argument continued some time, and resulted in the appointment by Mr. Porter of some dozen or more of our most respected citizens to the honorable and ancient office of d-d liars, then he went home to dinner.

The last hours of the session were spent upon the report of the committee appointed at last session to procure a supply of water for the court house and gaol. The substance of the report was as follows: Having decided to bring water to the court house by means of pipes, the com-

WHERE IS IT ALL TO END?

CITY TAXES ARE INCREASING EVERY YEAR.

Each Season a Little is Added—It Takes a Week's Work to Pay the Bill—Are We Going at Too Steep a Pace Nowdays?

If a man in receipt of an ordinary salary were told that for nearly the whole of one week in the year he would have to work for nothing, as a privilege for living in St. John, he would be inclined to grumble. He would, in nine cases out of ten, do his work that week with a very bad grace, because he would feel that his waste of time and energy were not to be rewarded. In most cases he would feel that he was oppressed, if not swindled.

It does not strike everybody that way, but it is what the working people of St. John are doing year by year. Each year they have to work a little longer, for each season sees an increase in the taxes and a heavier burden on those who pay them.

The rate of taxation has more than doubled in the last fourteen years, in the city proper, while it has been nearly trebled as regards Carleton. The rate for the west side was less than for the east side until the cities were united.

The increase has been steady from year to year since the fire of 1877. The following table shows the rate from year to year:

Year	Rate
1876	35
1877	42
1878	50
1879	60
1880	75
1881	90
1882	110
1883	130
1884	150
1885	180
1886	210
1887	250
1888	300

The union of the cities gave an opportunity to increase the valuation of assessable property in Portland, and nearly a million dollars was added in 1890, while half a million was put on in 1891. The figures for that year are:

Category	Value
Real estate	\$12,264,000
Personal	3,211,000
Income	3,907,000
Total	\$19,382,000

The rate last year was \$1.47 on the \$100. This must be added a poll tax of \$2. A man in receipt of \$700 had to deny himself and his family something to pay the \$12.29 demanded of him by the city. He will have to pay a still larger sum for the year 1892.

While the taxes have been increasing the population has been decreasing. Nobody knows the rate of this decrease, but of the increase, since the union, has been more than \$28,000 a year, or nearly 70 cents a head for every man, woman and child in the city's bounds. The taxes amount to nearly \$10 a head.

Are they too much? Do we get honest goods for our money, or are we paying for more than we get? These are questions that many are asking, and that merit more than a hasty answer. To some people it would seem there is an extravagance in more than one of the departments, and that so far the disposition has been to go ahead and count the cost afterwards. Such undertakings as the Mount Pleasant boulevard give a color to such a belief. It may be that the street work cannot be done for less than \$10,000 a year, or that the ferry must have a deficit of \$12,000 a year. No one can bring any proof to the contrary. It may be, too, that the original estimate of \$60,000 for paving Main street was ridiculously low and that the work will be cheap if it exceeds the \$92,600 it has cost to the present time. These are things about which there can be nothing more than idle speculation.

We have a departmental system which is not carried out on departmental lines. We have a good many ornamental things, which may or may not be useful things. We have a big governing body, too. It is big enough to be the provincial legislature. It is made up of men chosen to represent this and that section, to get all they can for their wards, whether the expenditure is or is not in the interest of the city at large. How far this body can be made more efficient in its present shape, or improved by a radical change, is another matter that has puzzled and will puzzle the citizens who give any thought to these things.

In the meantime the city seems going at a pretty rapid pace, and a good many are asking whether we are drifting? Is there ever to be an end of increase of taxation. If things are getting worse, instead of better, and nothing is done to improve them, where are they to end?

The citizen who loses his head and his breath over the result of a by-election in Ontario or Quebec, might find a subject for another kind of energy in the politics which are peculiar to the city, and which directly touch the pocket of rich and poor alike.

WAITING FOR HIS WIFE.

The Little Man from Halifax Made Happy at Last.

A little, middle aged man with hair streaked with grey, and who seemed incapable of walking at anything slower than a brisk trot, furnished some amusement at the I. C. R. depot for the seven days ending Tuesday night. He arrived one evening on the Halifax train, and immediately began making enquiries as to the time the train left for Boston. He was anxious to know if he would have time to go as far as Mill street, and as the train did not leave for several hours, the station officials were able to satisfy him on that point. But on that point only. He did not leave on the western train, but was a familiar figure around the depot for seven days, and during that time asked more questions than a small boy at a circus.

He made the ladies' waiting room his headquarters the evening of his arrival, mildly claiming the privilege from the fact that he was expecting his wife. And he was expecting her, and kept on doing so for some days. He spent most of his time in the depot, poring over time-tables and asking questions. Every time a locomotive steamed past the building he rushed out of the waiting room and asked somebody if that was the train from Halifax. He scanned the faces of all the passengers who arrived in the depot and when the last of a train had disappeared through the front door, the little man looked disappointed.

The station officials became interested in him and little by little learned his story. His wife had been visiting her parents some sixteen miles out of Halifax, and before he left for St. John, had written that she would meet him here. Both would then go on to Boston together. But as day after day passed and she failed to put in an appearance, the little man began to look more troubled, devoted more time to studying the time tables, and moved around with greater alacrity than ever. He seemed very much excited. He could not understand why his wife did not put in an appearance. Monday his suspense was evidently beyond endurance, for he consulted a lawyer, but apparently got little satisfaction.

Monday evening he was seen talking to a woman who had arrived on the Halifax train, and the station men thought "she had arrived at last," but the next day the little man was on duty as usual.

Tuesday evening, however, he was seen in his happiest mood. Among the passengers from Halifax was a young woman, with a child in her arms. The little man saw her in a moment, and took the baby, and excitedly escorted the arrivals to the ladies' waiting room. There the happy family took up quarters behind the door, and made that particular spot interesting for everyone in the place. If babies can be killed with kindness, it is a wonder that that one is not dead.

The Halifax train was forgotten. The happy father now began to enquire for the train bound west. He was in front of the ticket office window, hours before it was opened, and trotted between that place and the waiting room at two-minute intervals, until he made his final walk to the cars, accompanied by the family, where they all boarded the sleeper bound for the west.

Nothing in It for the Dealers.

Some city newsdealers who are always on the lookout for a bargain, made a miss a short time ago. One of the New York comic papers, being anxious to get rid of "back numbers," advertised that a bundle of them would be sold for 25 cents. As the papers are worth ten cents apiece and a bundle could not fail to include more than three, several dealers thought they saw a chance to speculate. The announcement said that the offer was not made to newsdealers, but there are always two ways of doing a thing, and in this instance the clerks were the buyers. When the bundle arrived, however, every paper was stamped "sample copy" in big red letters, and as nobody would ever think of buying a sample copy, the dealers have them on their hands.

Two Snow Plows and Their Work.

The street railway tracks were covered this week for the first time, and although the streets are in better condition, Mr. Martin was more than hard on the company the morning after the snow storm. All night the plow had been at work keeping the rails clear, while salt was sprinkled as industriously as the famous Simple Simon ever did it. In the morning, however, another kind of snow plow appeared on the scene with a different object in view, and the patrons of the street railway now enjoy a sleigh ride.

"Progress" Representative in Amherst.

One of "Progress" travelling staff representatives will be in Amherst Monday looking after the interest of the paper. Many people in that section who have asked about the dictionary will now have an opportunity of satisfying themselves of its value.

STORIES OF THE WEEK.

A DOCTOR WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HIS OFFICE IS.

The Electors List Says It Is On Germain Street—A North End Girl Contributes to Christmas Literature—Paragraphs About People and Things.

In the supplementary list of voters for Queens ward appears the following interesting line: March, J. Edgar, Physician, T. 85 Germain street. The letter "T" means that he qualifies as a tenant, and in support of this Dr. March has filed an affidavit stating that he is such a tenant at the number named, at a rental of \$20 a year. This is the lowest amount on which qualification can be made.

Dr. March is undoubtedly conscientious in making this declaration, and besides he has nothing to gain by it. He had a vote in the North End in any case, and simply has it transferred to Queens ward. The supposition is that the demands of his profession require a branch office on Germain street. Progress wishes him fat patients and many of them.

The doctor appears to have been in a hurry when he made the affidavit, and has mistaken the number of his own office. He is not at 85 Germain street, and nobody at that number has ever heard of his having an office in that building.

The office of the board of school trustees used to be at No. 85, but it was moved to No. 91 more than a year ago. Mr. John March, father of the doctor, is secretary of the board. The rent of the rooms is paid by the trustees.

It is stated that Dr. March claims to be the tenant of Mr. John March. As the doctor is not at No. 85, and as Mr. John March is No. 91, the assumption is that the doctor is at No. 91 also, though he has no sign at the door and nobody is ever seen rushing their when a doctor is wanted in a hurry.

It is easy to understand that the doctor having the old number of the board's in his head, made a very natural mistake in naming No. 85 instead of No. 91. He may not be aware of the fact until he reads it in PROGRESS. It is to be hoped that he has not laid in a heavy supply of cards and bill heads with the wrong number on them. If he has, Progress job office can furnish a few lot at even less than the usual cash discount. It would be too bad to have some unfortunate sufferer bleeding to death while a messenger was vainly exploring the dark passages of No. 85 in search of Dr. March's office. The mistake might be a very serious one.

In the meantime, as the school trustees pay the rent of the rooms at 91, it would be interesting to learn where Mr. John March has premises of his own to let for his son's branch office. Is the doctor his tenant or the tenant of the trustees? If Mr. John March owns the back room, the doctor has to reach his office by travelling through the board's room. Who is to compensate the city for the wear and tear of the floor caused by the procession of patients? Still further, is there a dark plot to have an official physician for the public schools and is the name of another of the illustrious family of March to figure in the annual return. These are all dark problems. Who can solve them?

A Servant Girl's Slippers.

A young woman employed as a servant in a North End minister's house decided to make a change recently, and by so doing she has, it appears, been the means of contributing something new in the way of Christmas presentation stories. She had been working for the clergyman for some time, and was "one of the family" in a slight degree, so far at least as the washing was concerned. Her "washing" was thrown in with the rest, and was returned to her clean as a whistle without charge. When Christmas arrived her employer made her a present of a pair of slippers. She evidently took them as a present and not as an inducement to continue in the minister's service, for soon after her departure she received a bill for the slippers and her washing. As she has not taken any pains to conceal the fact, North End people know all about it.

And Still They Try.

The Agriculturalist appears to be another upper Canadian publication that has imposed upon credulous people who had faith in "word contests" and "bible competitions." The "expense for packing" "dodge" belongs to it also, and the "silver ware" is about the same value as that offered by its audacious contemporary, the Queen. The moral of all which is that when you want a paper subscribe for it in the regular way without the inducement of a lottery word contest. The character of the Agriculturalist's scheme has been shown to Progress by a local victim who has the proofs to back his assertions, just as the victims of the Queen contests had.

HAMPTON AGAIN QUIET.

The Ring Has Subdued for the Present and Belyea Walks the Streets.

The judgment of Mr. Justice Palmer in the Grant-Peters-Scribner-Belyea case will, perhaps, settle for a time the differences in hitherto peaceful Hampton. Mr. Belyea stays out of jail contrary to the commitment of Magistrate Peters, who, it may be said, acted hastily in the matter. Mr. Grant did not authorize his lawyer to ask for Mr. Belyea's commitment, and it seemed to be what Progress said it was, a plan to board Mr. Belyea for a time at the expense of the municipality and rid the Vendome of his watchful eye.

Progress does not undertake to say that the county would be any better off with Mr. Belyea out of jail than with Mr. Belyea in jail, but the fact that he was fighting against a combination, against the representatives of peace and broils, who were determined to out him from a business which interfered with that of one of them, was sufficient cause for the interference of the people and for justice from a judge.

To claim the credit of doing so is not Progress' intention. The people know what we did and that suffices. The "ring" know us now and that is also well. Exposure is the very best thing for such people, who threaten the peace of a community by carrying things with a high and reckless hand. Whenever that exposure is to be made Progress hopes to be on hand.

MR. EGAR IN TOWN.

A Few Words About "Progress" Largest Advertiser and His Methods. Mr. M. F. Eggar, of Halifax, was in town Thursday, en route to the large American and Canadian centres on a business trip. Mr. Eggar is well known to the readers of PROGRESS as the proprietor of Eggar's Phospholine, to advertise the merits of which he has the largest advertisement ever inserted continuously in any Canadian newspaper. It requires what is known as "nerve" and plenty of it, to contract for a page of any newspaper, and supplement that contract with every liberal announcement in the smaller newspapers. Mr. Eggar has shown his faith in the press and his faith that the people will recognize a good thing in Phospholine and reward him for his expenditure and his work. That they will do so is hardly a matter of doubt. The response of the people to such advertising is hearty and prompt. Mr. Eggar has found it so, and his verdict is the same as that of all others who have had the faith to speak to the people through the press. If all the merchants of a city were as quick, ready and correct in their judgment, as business like and energetic in their methods as Mr. Eggar, it would be good for that town.

Mr. Holland's Case Follows Him.

The agile and energetic Mr. Holland who tried to make it interesting for Mr. Deal of the collecting agency in this city "hadn't a leg to stand on" in the city court Thursday when the case came up. The magistrate said the plaintiff (Holland) had no case but he allowed the counsel, Mr. Milligan the alternative of applying for a nonsuit. Mr. Milligan accepted the suggestion and Mr. Holland's case disappears—like Mr. Holland himself. But he talked a good deal when he was here, and a fair sample of it appeared in the Boston Herald when he returned there. It made a good "yarn" in which the only thing lacking was a fact.

May He Live to See It.

If Mr. William F. Bunting lives until next Tuesday night, and there is every indication that he will, he can be congratulated on having been just 40 years a mason and member of St. John's lodge. He has had all the honors that craft masonry can give him, and to him, in some of the positions he has held, the fraternity owes much for the rapid advances it made a number of years ago. Progress trusts that Mr. Bunting will be present at the centennial of his lodge, which will be in 1902, for St. John's is the oldest lodge in the province. It was constituted in 1802.

Found on the Tenth Page.

The discussion about the restoration of the Prince's lodge shows the keen interest that is being taken by the public in the Howe articles. This week one of the greatest speeches of the great leader is begun, and will be concluded next week. Even if you have not followed the articles, be sure and read this speech.

Of Great Value to Housekeepers.

Progress department "Seasonable Receipts" has made a decided hit. It should, for it is conducted by the best chef in the city—an acknowledged authority in such matters. He would not be better known if his name appeared in this paragraph. His column appears on the third page today.

Circulars printed in type writer type—foot imitation—by "Progress Print."

carefulness, but a different size call, his view of the matter, bearing Tooke leading whole-

AN FIC RY

Way Parties

COAST!

20, 17, 6 and 80, and 27,

Railway.

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