

PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES. CIRCULATION, - - 11,150. HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 23.

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT. Is it possible for any human code of laws to provide adequate punishment for crime? The world has been grappling with the problem from the beginning, and a satisfactory solution seems as far away as ever.

hanged, but supposing she were, does any one pretend that her crime is equal to that of BURCHALL, who was hanged in Ontario a year or so ago? The law makes no distinction between one who plans and carries out a cold-blooded deed and one who is actuated by passion and has not paused to consider the nature or consequences of the act.

ADDRESSES TO ROYALTY. Not long ago, a carefully worded and elegantly engrossed address to the Marquis of Lorne was found in an Ottawa junk shop, greatly to the disgust of the eminently respectable body by which it had been presented some years before.

There is no more absurd thing in connection with royalty and vice-royalty than the multiplication of addresses and conventional replies. When the governor-general makes a journey, he is forced to listen and look pleasant at every stopping place while a lot of dreary platitudes are dinned in his ear by some uncomfortable looking but loyal leading citizen.

It may be that the address nuisance will be continued as long as there are great men and grateful people. There are and will be times when addresses from certain bodies to certain exemplars of earthly greatness are in perfect order. That does not imply that an address is always in order from all sorts of bodies.

That the nation sympathizes with the queen and the royal family is beyond question. That a simple expression of that sympathy by telegrams from mayors of leading cities is proper cannot be denied. It is well that what is really the general feeling should be expressed in brief words, and nothing more is needed.

It means well enough, but the effect is the reverse of what it ought to have been. The work of its framers went too far in one respect and not far enough in another. They neglected the finishing touch, which would have been to tear it up.

It is possible, though far from certain, that the lash as a punishment for some kinds of crime has a deterrent effect, but the whipping of criminals is a brutal business at best. Whatever may be the effect on others, it is certain that the punishment degrades the offender so that he is not likely to ever be of any use to the state.

Its Suggestion. The Post Master General of the United States says the exclusion of lottery matter from the mails causes a decrease of a million dollars in the post office receipts. This fact suggests the terrible extent of the lottery evil.

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR. It's So Changeable, You Know. "John will you look out and see how the weather is?" "Why it was freezing when I came in." "Yes, I know, but that was half an hour ago."

Patriotism Forced Upon Them. Bones—"I say Mr. Lockiter, I see where these agitators put flags on the school houses. Yah, to stimulate patriotism." "Patriotism you mean, Mr. Bones."

Due to the Mild Weather. One of the results of the continued soft weather is that the morning dailies have not had a chance to use the headline "Skated to his Death," since the winter began.

JOYS AND PAINS OF OTHER PLACES. The Worm Will Turn. We certainly gave our contemporary credit for having sufficient gentlemanly proclivities in its staff to keep a vile slander on a widowed lady out of its columns.

In Darkest Monoton. Meantime it will be well to caution all strangers to avoid places of doubtful resort, the fact apparently being that in such places people are sometimes robbed and kicked outdoors, the law being apparently, in the few cases where appeal is made to it, powerless to protect the assailed or to punish the assailants.

On His Vacation. A very large loon was enjoying our mild weather, in sweeping over Shelburne with his widely extended wings, on Tuesday last.—Shelburne Budget.

Green Pastures in Bloom. A couple of pausy blossoms were left at this office this morning. They are in full bloom and look as green as at any time in summer.—Moncton Times.

Next Summer This Winter. We saw a rose bush belonging to Mrs. Delaney Gesner, which last week became clothed in its next summer's foliage.—Bridgetown Monitor.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL. Progress records the death of Mr. E. S. Ford, of Sackville, who recently went south for his health, with much regret. Only a few days ago a note was received from him which touched on his health, the climate in Texas, the people, the place and many interesting topics.

The death of Mr. J. W. Brayley of Montreal was unexpected in New Brunswick, where his friends can be found on every side. When Mr. Brayley went to Montreal he left behind him a name widely known and honored. He was a successful business man and an honorable one; he did not forget that something else besides his business had claims on his attention and his purse.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING. For the pecuniary benefit of the guild of St. James' church, Kentville, but, really for the benefit of all busy churchmen, the Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., rector of Horton, has had his recent admirable lecture published.

The Editor of a Farmers' Paper. We next come to the Farmer, and shall content ourselves with saying that the editor is on the whole a genial, obliging fellow, and knows about as much of practical farming as Mark Twain who advised farmers, that the best way to gather turpins was to climb up the tree and shake them down.

CRESTS FOR THE PEOPLE. A Correspondent Who is Anxious to Keep Up With the Times. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: What remarkable changes have occurred in the "Society" of St. John, since the great fire!

The latest "fad," and one, I believe, extensively "Bluenose," is the use of some heraldic device on cards of invitation. You may recollect that, many years ago, the "Upper Ten" of England adopted the habit of emblazoning their crest on their note paper and envelopes, but ere long they found that "them lower orders" also took unto themselves crests and adorned their note paper and envelopes with all manner of heraldic devices.

Now, Mr. Editor, my wife and family have come to the conclusion that unless we keep pace with the ways of society, we shall not be able to retain the influential position we at present enjoy, and therefore after a week of profound deliberation we have resolved that for the future, not only our cards of invitation but also our visiting cards shall be adorned with a crest and motto, just as soon as we can select such as may be appropriate.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY. When You Want to Borrow a Knife—Have You Ever Noticed It? Why, certainly, if it's any use to you. Yes, I've got a kind of a knife, but you can't do much with it.

THE PRINCE'S PIANO. Its Owner Will Donate it to a New Prince's Lodge. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I have just been reading "Historicus" in your issue of 2nd instant, and agree with his patriotic suggestion anent the restoration of Prince's Lodge.

Little Things. A goodbye kiss is a little thing, With your hand on the door to go, But it takes the venom out of the sting Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling That you made an hour ago.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." Weep Not! Luke 7, 13. Why will we mourn departed friends, though dead, Who passing safely through this troubled sea, Have reached the promised land, Where Christ is near.

Robert Browning. He was a prophet. Though he only breathed But seven short years beyond the time that God Appointed for us, yet he gave us food For thought far in excess of poets wreathed With Laurel in the days gone by; bequeathed To us a message—strange as if a good Bright angel called to us and we but understood Him dimly.

A Song Requiem. The author having been requested to contribute something for entertainment at a masonic installation, attempted the following rhymed version of the unrhymed lyric of Walt Whitman, beginning: "Come, I will make the continent indissoluble, I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon;

With the love of comrades, With the life-long love of comrades." Come, I will make the nation one With all the lands beneath the sun, Wherever manly blood doth run, With the true love of comrades.

The rich and poor, the bond and free, In this celestial Masonry Shall ever more united be,— This noble love of comrades.

The sun's glad eye and radiant face, Ne'er looked on such a splendid race As then shall fill this ample space, With the high love of comrades.

The wide warm will shall furnish bands,— The clasp of hearts, the clasp of hands,— To "make divine magnetic lands With life-long love of comrades."

I'll plant companionship to grow Like trees where'er our rivers flow; And men shall only brothers know, "With life-long love of comrades."

The city's arms shall be entwined, Like laughing girls of friendly mind, To serve, and not to scorn, inclined, By the warm love of comrades.

Figure and face of "Ethiopian mould," And Saxon fine with tressy gold, And tawny arms, shall we enfold, With god-like love of comrades.

O, North and South! O, East and West! O, land, in palms of maples drest! This is your good—the kingliest, High-towering love of comrades!

My hand, Walt Whitman! while you sing, With you I touch and try my string; Let all men strike warm hands and bring The life-long love of comrades!

My hand, Walt Whitman! Can it be The sons of men who would be free Will bring this true Democracy, With the high love of comrades?

SEASONABLE RECEIPTS. Timely Suggestions Applicable to our Own Market Supply. Valuable culinary information will be given in this column every week by an experienced Maître D'Hotel.

What Shall We Have for Breakfast? There is nothing nicer for a change than calf's liver and bacon, if it is properly prepared. The calves "harslets" are not plentiful yet, but by leaving an order for one with your butcher it will not be many days before it is forthcoming.

How To Cook Potatoes. There is scarcely such a thing as a bad potato unless manifestly the victim of disease. The best part is usually taken off with the peelings. To be perfect they must be boiled in their skins with a big handful of salt in the pot, thus raising the temperature to about 216 degrees.

How To Cook Them. The smelt is a small, delicately formed fish, highly esteemed, which, when perfectly fresh, possesses an odour said by some to resemble that of violets, by others that of a freshly cut cucumber.

Points on Frying. Use plenty of fat—enough to cover what is being cooked and let it be boiling before the meat is put in. Drippings, lard or oil can be used and if strained, can be used over and over again, so there is no waste.

The Latest Thing In Chops. Those who would enjoy a mutton or lamb chop should have their butcher saw them instead of cutting or chopping them. Sawing through the meat causes the blood to coagulate on the outside and what is in remains in and the result when carefully broiled is a delicious juicy chop unless forsooth your cook is turning the chop on the broiler sticks a fork in it and lets out all your gravy! Alas, how often is a boiled or roast joint spoiled in the same way by sticking a fork in to turn it over.

A Russian Tea. A novelty in the way of entertainment will be given in the school room of the Union street Congregational church next Tuesday evening the 28th inst., under the auspices of the young people's society of christian endeavor.

Was With the Minstrels. Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar instruction. T. C. Wild, 20 Horsfield street.—Advt.