

PROGRESS.

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ELECTIONS AND BRIBERY.

Many of the incidents of the present political contest have been of such a nature as to surprise and pain those who believe in honesty of purpose and who enjoy a fair and dignified discussion of the affairs of the country and the policies of the parties. A great deal of personal feeling has been introduced and the challenges and retorts of the nomination speeches still furnish material for talk. The dramatic incident of Tuesday evening when one of the county candidates was arrested at the instance of one of his opponents, has hardly been equalled in the maritime provinces. The expression of opinion upon which the charge of criminal libel was founded would hardly have attracted public attention to any great degree when allowance was made for the exaggerated statements generally incidental to political discussion, but the fact that it was made by a man who was at enmity with his opponent will no doubt account largely for the course pursued.

Such an incident is regrettable. The police court should not figure when gentlemen are seeking the votes of the people to support them and the policy they advocate. They are expected to take every legitimate advantage of one another on the platform and in the press but coercion and bribery can hardly be termed fair methods. Nor does it seem to us right that the peculiarities of a public man, who was once the close friend of—but now opposed to—a party newspaper, should be exposed because the men connected with that journal happen to be more particularly acquainted with them. That can hardly be termed political warfare.

There is too much bribery in our elections. The poor man who goes to the polls with a good idea of what he will do and who he will vote for should not be subject to the temptation of a bribe to change his opinions. We sympathize with him. He needs money—perhaps he is out of work. His family's needs are before him and the temptation to accept money for his vote is hard to resist. All credit to those who do resist.

For the middleman, or perhaps the well to do artisan, clerk or merchant who hangs around committee rooms for the sake of "what is in it" we have no feeling but contempt. If they will not give their services in their spare hours for love of their country, and regard for their party, let them stay away. Some do work in this earnest, whole hearted manner but the majority are looking for "boodle." They want to be paid or to be the medium of paying others. The men who are selected to buy votes should be subject to arrest. That is the only way to deal with those people. What then shall we do to the men who furnish the funds to bribe—to the lumbermen and the manufacturers who hope to buy favors from the government by being generous at election times? Perhaps if there was a stringent law regarding the selling and buying of individual votes a great portion of the evil would be abolished. Let us look for some statesman bold and honest enough to enact such a law.

REMARKABLE RELATIONS.

In these days of competition when contracts are sought with the greatest industry, when prices are cut to get the work,—which is perhaps none the better for it—it is interesting and reassuring to read of the relations that exist between two of the greatest corporations in the world—the White Star Steamship Company and

Messrs. HARLAND & WOLFF (L.d.), who have built all the vessels of their line. These relations are so remarkable that they are spoken of at some length in an article that appears in the Shipping Gazette and LLOYD'S List descriptive of the largest steamer in the world, the Oceanic which has just been launched by Messrs. HARLAND & WOLFF in Belfast the White Star steamers have been built by Messrs. HARLAND & WOLFF—a thing in itself remarkable when it is remembered that the work done represents a sum of about seven and a half millions sterling. But strange as the fact is, standing alone, it is far more remarkable when one learns the basis upon which this enormous business has been carried out. No estimates and specifications are submitted by the builders to the purchasers; no contract, in the ordinary sense of the word. The White Star Company simply tells Messrs. HARLAND it wants another steamer to fulfil certain conditions, and the Belfast yard promptly sets to work to produce the best that can be built, not hampered by restrictions as to this or that way of getting the result, or by the fear that if so much additional is spent here or there the contract price will be exceeded, and the order will result in a loss. This princely way of doing business naturally needs exceptional conditions for its carrying out. In the first place the builder and owner must have absolute confidence in each other—a confidence that must necessarily be the growth of years of mutual knowledge and respect—and, moreover, the financial means on both sides must be ample. When, however, such an arrangement can be followed it results in the production of a vessel as nearly perfect as the skill of the naval architect and the marine engineer can make her. The builder's profit bears a fixed proportion to the cost, whatever it may be, and there is no temptation therefore to cut down the price and substitute an inferior thing for one that should be better and dearer. On the other hand, it might be thought that in order to get a larger sum on any one ship the builder might swell the cost unduly. Naturally such a thing might take place, but the owners of the White Star vessels are just as sure it will not take place, when they place an order with the Belfast firm, as if the whole thing were secured by the most binding deed a lawyer could draft. There is nothing more creditable in the history of commercial enterprise that the relations that have existed from the first between the builders and the owners of the White Star fleet. It is typical of the best traditions of British commercial life, and a thing of which the country may well be proud.

Such a condition of things exists with but few concerns in this Canada of ours. The most determined and unscrupulous price cutter does not always get the contract but in the majority of instances he does. And there is not the slightest doubt when he finds that he will have little or no profit and perhaps a loss upon his job he sets about to "krimp" it. The man who wants good work and is willing to pay a fair price gets the most satisfaction in the end.

Some Suggestions Form a Lady.

The following is a suggestion of a Sanbury correspondent:—While PROGRESS is publishing the engravings of the St. John candidates it should have the Sanbury quartette they will compare very favorably with the St. John men in appearance as well as intellect. On the government ticket Mr. Harry Harrison is a new man, young and very fine looking, his picture would look fine in PROGRESS or Munsey. His colleague Mr. Morrow has served one term in parliament but I don't think he ever did anything so foolish as to set for his picture but if he could be persuaded to take a little trouble with his toilet he wouldn't look so Rpyanwinkish and his really intellectual countenance would show to advantage. On the opposition Mr. Glesier is very comfortable looking and rather handsome with a sad expression. Why he should look sad one can't imagine. Mr. Hazen is too well known in St. John to need any comments."

Parents.

Give your boy something definite to hope and plan for. Nothing is so dangerous to youth as a life that has in it no purpose—that consists in mere dreaming and idle drifting; remember that the boy needs that which holds in it something of plan and promise. Send for catalogue. The Currie Business University, corner of Charlotte and Princess street, St. John, N. B. P. O. box 50. Telephone 991.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Daily Round.
What we eat no-mo-no-oby,
In Earth and Heaven above—
The great supreme creator,
Makes everlasting love,
The vast unbounded universe,
One motto has to say,
"My glory is in doing
The same thing every day."
The rolling world whereon we stay,
A day or two and go;
Obey an ever reigning law,
In motion calm and slow.
Almighty power still to see,
In nature's grand array;
And still observe His laws and do,
The same thing every day.
So in our little round of life,
We really never need;
Who ever here our lot may be,
The Psalmist to heed,
For whether toiling comes or rest,
Whether we read or pray;
Life's real enjoyment still can be,
The same thing every day.
O not sloze our busy cares,
Fill up this fleeting life;
The whole world's family we are,
Come blessed peace or strife;
Comes pleasure's brief or sorrows deep,
Or clouds obscure our way;
The true heart's sweet contentment is,
The same thing every day.
Of good cheer still, O ye who toil,
Be in the Master's name;
Duty with each returning sun,
Is sweeter far than fame.
Trust Him, e'en though His mighty arm
Uplifted be to slay;
The joy in Heaven at last shall be,
The same thing every day.
CYPRUS GOLDIE.

Forsaken.
'Twas a winter night and the stars shone down
On the quiet homes in a little town;
All was wrapped in sleep, and the great clock near,
Chimed the hour of midnight, sharp and clear.
As the last strokes died on the silent night,
From a doorway near came a girl's form slight,
But poorly clad, and in her better shame;
She could hardly walk in the bitter cold.
At the gate she paused for a farewell look
At the home she had left, a dear nook;
Just a cottage smile, but her childhood's home,
And she was uned from the door to roam.
Tears filled her eyes, and the quick sob came,
And her head hung low in her better shame;
For her father had sternly bade her go
When her pitiful story he came to know.
And this same night, in a city near,
Rang the chime of wedding bells, soft and clear;
And the man she loved to her sadly came,
To an other had given his name and name.
Turning at last she slowly goes
Down the snowy street, where the cold wind
Blows;
On, on in the night, she knows not where,
While the wind tosses her unbound hair.
See, at last she falls, she can stand no more,
She is miles away from her father's door;
The soft snow makes her a downy bed,
And the wandering girl rests her weary head.
They found her there in the morning light,
But the sun had fled from the body slight.
The cross o'er the breast the lev bands,
At the judgment bar of God she stands.

And I wonder if He, on the great white throne,
Will condemn her to bear the sin alone,
Or will He in pitying love condone,
The sin which was surely not hers alone.
—L. Miss F. Chatterton.

Our Country.
Our thoughts of thee are glad with hope,
Dear country of our own and our prayer;
Thy way is down no fatal slip,
But up to truer sun and air.
Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made;
In future tasks before thee set,
Thou shalt not lack the good time aid.
The father sleeps, but men remain
As true and wise and brave as they;
Why count the loss without the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.
The jesson all the world shall learn,
The men as at the best of men sit;
Earth's farthest mountain tops shall burn
With watch-fires from their own uplift.
Great, without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest—rich in gold
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.
With peace that comes of purity,
An strength to simple justice due,
Sons are our to all men of the
God of our fathers make it true.
O land of lands! to thee we give
Our love, our life, our soul, our free;
For thy sons shall no more live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

Dreaming of Home.
It comes to me often in silence,
When the fire light glows low—
When the black, uncertain shadows
Seem wreaths of lone a o;
Always with the old heartache,
On a beautiful broken strain,
Cries the old unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.
I'm sick of the roar of the cities,
And the faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth and welcome,
And my yearning fancy rings
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.
When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems the hands of angels,
On a mystic harp at play,
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful broken strain,
To which I my fond heart wording,
"When I go home again."

Outside of my darkened window,
Is the great world's crash and din,
And lowly the sun shadows
Come drifting, drifting in,
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.
When John's Away.
His pipe is cold upon the shelf,
His jolly do-a-don't strain;
The but is quite a make itself
When John's away.
We miss his whistle on the stair,
We miss the turning of his key,
His cheery mandol n's favorite air,
His company.
And when his cheery letters come
We seem to read but in the lines,
A wistful yearning for his home
Our love divine.

Oh! stray blue that shines so bright,
O! stray blue that I like so warm,
I shall bid many a cartache tight,
That will run.
Chairs Re-seated, Case, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

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TWO LIONESSES AND A BULL FIGHT

A Madrid Spectacle Seen by Thousands and Pronounced Disappointing.
A day or two ago all Madrid was excited and young and old turned out in thousands to witness a sight seldom seen in a civilized town—a fight between a bull and two half-tamed lionesses. The eagerly awaited event was to have taken place the day before, but the rain which came down in torrents, kept people in doors. But next day, when the sun was shining brightly, the streets leading to the Plaza de Toros were long before the opening of the arena, thronged with excited crowds eagerly discussing the merits of the combatants. Pandereto, the bull, was described by connoisseurs as a beauty, a worthy son of his sire, Perdigon, who immortalized himself by going to death the noted torador, Epartero, some years ago.

In spite of the rain, some 10,000 people visited Pandereto in his stable, and a workman, who had wagered a bottle of wine that he would enter the stable and face the brute alone, was promptly pitched over the partition by the ferocious animal, though he was lucky enough to get off with a few scratches. There was no fear, therefore, that the bull would prove a coward. On the other hand, Sabina and Nemes, the two lionesses who three months ago were sporting themselves in the sands of the Sahara Desert, were backed by their tamer to make a raw steak of the bull in less than ten minutes, the animals having been kept without food for two days.

There had been an unprecedented run on the ticket office, and when the bugle sounded for the first act, the vast amphitheatre showed one compact mass of heads. A young torador entered the arena and successfully despatched two bulls, but the applause was merely perfunctory. On a sign from the manager the cage containing the two lionesses and the box with the bull are wheeled into the ring. The odds rose quickly in favor of the latter, as he, immediately on being released, made a rush for Sabina, who, crouching and snarling viciously, received him with a terrible blow of her fore claws. Pandereto shook himself free, and tossed her high in the air. Nemes had bounded aside at the bull's approach, but the latter, quick as lightning, wheeled round, and in a fraction of a second sent her, too, flying into space. Charging afresh, the bull took Nemes up and drove his horns through her body against the bars of her cage. The public yelled itself hoarse with enthusiasm, and it was clear that the bull was going to carry the day. Sabina then was for a few minutes successful in dodging the furious onslaughts of her opponent, but, presently, she too was caught on the terrible horns and fell all in a heap almost on top of her wounded sister. The spectators alternately hissed the lionesses and cheered the bull to the echo.

The bull, now master of the arena stood snorting defiance, while the lionesses, panting, their manes on end with fear, and blood flowing from their wounds, crouched beside each other. Their tamer furious at the bad showing his pupils were making, approached cautiously and prodded them repeated with a pointed iron to action, until maddened by pain, the queens of the desert rose again as if to recommence the attack, but scarcely had Pandereto seen them move when he rushed upon the wretched beasts, pinning them to the ground, not without receiving a severe mauling from Sabina, who appeared to be the pluckier of the two.

The spectacle was nearing its end. The public howled execrations at the lionesses and their tamer. The latter, who stood to lose a good deal of money, was beside himself with rage, but no amount of goading with pointed sticks, not even pistol shots fired repeatedly close to their ears, could make the poor beasts move. They lay trembling close against each other, and, famished though they were, pieces of raw, dripping flesh temptingly displayed failed to arouse them. Nemes, with her limbs broken and deep wounds all over her body breathed but faintly, and Sabina was in a scarcely better plight. The bull contemptuously turning aside from his fallen enemies, now fixed his attention on the wild beasts outside the arena who were cheering vociferously, and, pawing the ground, made sundry movements as if to charge upon the spectators.

The lionesses were eventually chained to the bars of their cage—quite a superfluous precaution, owing to their exhausted state—while the bull was enticed to the other side of the ring, whence he was with great trouble led away to his stable amid thunderous applause, the blood dripping

from an ugly wound in his neck and badly lacerated from about the eyes.
"Poor sport after all," was the public verdict.

She Wrote to her Husband.

The young wife of a busy man is no longer suffering neglect from her well-intentioned but pre-occupied husband. Here is the story of how it came about.

"I want you to address this letter for me," said she to her best friend, then on a visit to the house.

"Very well—whom to?"

"To Robert Angesey, at this number and street."

"What, your own husband, dear? What under the sun do you mean by writing to him, and he at home every day in the week?"

"I'm not going to argue the matter and the letter is prepared. You direct the envelop," so that he will read the letter from curiosity, if nothing else. I have no objection to explaining to you in confidence.

"Robert never seems to have any spare time to talk things over with me. When he comes down in the morning he is in a rush and a stew to reach the office. He bolts his breakfast, kisses me good bye on the run, and is gone till evening. At dinner he is in nervous haste to get away to 'meet some business engagement,' runs hurriedly through his paper, and is gone again.

"When he reaches home I am in bed or we're both so sleepy that we couldn't talk intelligently if we wanted to. You, perhaps, won't understand for your knowledge of married life is a theory. But there are some things about which he and I must consult. I have to manage the affairs of this house, and I want his advice. I at least would like to have him manifest a little interest, and I rather think that his approval would do me lots of good."

The letter was sent. The husband laughed hilariously. Then a sober second thought took possession of him. He and his little wife are full partners now, and she looks like a bride once more.

Demons When They Fight.

You would hardly believe that moles, clumsy, almost blind, little beasts that they are, become perfect demons when they quarrel. No one knows what they quarrel about, but if they once start fighting one has to die. This will keep on in the presence of any number of spectators, hanging on to one another like bulldogs, and burying their enormously strong jaws and teeth in one another's flesh. H-dge-hogs, another type of the quiet, inoffensive animal, not only fight but always to the death, and when one is killed, the other generally devours him. Hares on the other hand, are proverbially the most timid of creatures. Yet they can fight. A fight between two hares is a ludicrous sight, as they skip and jump over one another. But a blow from the hind legs of a hare is no joke to his opponent. Among birds, robins are the most pugnacious. More than one case could be quoted of two robins so frantically set on killing one another as to be picked up in the hands of a looker-on, and there have lain, with beak and claws deep buried in one another's plumage.

Weather Signals by Train.

D. E. Maxwell, general manager of the Florida Central and Peninsula railroad, has issued the following circular, says the Florida Times-Union and citizen: "The system of signals from the engine whistles of passing trains promulgated theretofore, through the co-operation of the United States Weather Bureau to forewarn fruit and vegetable growers that cold waves likely to produce frost are approaching, will be made effective again this season. The signal will be given by the whistle sounding six long blasts, requiring thirty seconds (five seconds to the blast), and will be repeated at intervals of every three miles. This will indicate a forecast of frost the first or second night thereafter."

Kipling to Julia Marlowe.

* Rudyard Kipling sent as a Christmas present to Julia Marlowe a copy of his latest book, "The Day's Work," with this verse in autograph on the flyleaf:
When skies are grey instead of blue
When clouds that come to dishearten;
When things go wrong as they sometimes do,
In life's little kindergarten;
I beg you my child, don't weep and wail,
And don't, don't take to tippy nae;
But cheer you up with a little tale
By Neighbor Rudyard Kipling.

It is Marvelous.

Is the cry from everybody that has a rug cleaned by the great carpet renovating process for cleaning carpets on the floor. Carpets dusted at our works. Curtains and Blankets 25 cts. per pair.
UNGARS LAUNDRY DYING AND CARPET CLEANING WORK.