

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAR 25th

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

A WOMAN ELECTROCUTED.

The electrocution of Mrs. PLACE, who murdered her step-daughter, and tried to murder her husband, took place in Sing-Sing prison the beginning of the week. The death of the unfortunate woman was painless, and the circumstances attending it were wholly free from sensational circumstances. The most rigid rules in regard to admission were adopted and every care was taken to see that no one connected with the yellow journals was admitted. Her spiritual adviser Rev. Dr. COLS spoke as follows of the death of the woman and the incidents surrounding it. "The execution," he said "was wholly free from any disturbing features, and there was nothing distressing aside from death itself, which is of course, another matter. The complacency with which the woman viewed her fate to the last was most remarkable. She was absolutely composed and as resigned as it was possible to be. I visited her at 8:30 this morning, and she greeted me rather pleasantly. I remained with her until the last, or for a period of two hours and a half, and during that time she showed no signs of failing and gave no cause for alarm. I attributed this remarkable fact solely to the cause of her having received spiritual conversion. Until several weeks ago I was inclined to fear that Mrs. PLACE was not sincere. She insisted that she was being wrong by the outside world. Later by constant instruction in spiritual matters, she began to become more charitable, her first intimation being her exclamation, 'Lord have mercy on my persecutors!' She continued in this manner till last week, when her fate was fixed, and then she began to ask the Lord to forgive her, and also asked that those whom she had wronged would pardon her for her offences. During her last hours this morning, here were present in her room Mrs. SAGE, Miss MEURY and myself. I prayed with her, consoled her and instructed her, Mrs. SAGE now and then aiding with a kind word, and she listened through it all with marked attention. When finally Warden SAGE entered the room and exclaimed, 'Mrs. PLACE the hour is at hand!' she arose without the slightest sign of emotion. The Warden walked to her left and I held her right hand all the way to the chair. There was absolutely no tremor in her hand Mrs. SAGE accompanied us as far as the door of the death chamber, when she bade Mrs. PLACE good-by. Mrs. PLACE repeated the prayer, 'Lord have mercy; I want to save others.' Death, in my belief, was instantaneous and without the slightest pain."

Miss HELEN GOULD doesn't claim to be a woman's rights woman, or any kind of a new woman, but she is doing more good in her quiet way than all the women suffragists in the United States. In describing the incidents of the Windsor hotel fire the N. Y. Sun of Tuesday last says: "Miss HELEN M. GOULD was stopped by a policeman as she attempted to pass the fire lines in order to reach her residence on the day of the fire. After a delay of twenty minutes she was allowed to pass through to her home, which she opened at once to the hurt and dying, and to the firemen, and others at work on the ruins. Fire Commissioner SCANNELL sent the following letter to Miss GOULD: 'I take great pleasure in informing you that it is my intention, in view of the valuable and disinterested services you have rendered the public and this department on the occasion of the recent Windsor Hotel catastrophe, to present you with a gold badge, the official emblem of the department, which

will entitle the bearer at all times to enter the fire lines at any fire which may occur in any of the boroughs comprising Greater New York.' The Commissioner sent a similar letter to FRANK GOULD. The badges will be ready in a couple of weeks.

Out in Palo Alto, Cal., a college student just home sick from Manila is telling how the American officers feast on champagne, mixed drinks and prime food, while the private must be content with warm water and vile canned stuff. There seems to be something in the American Army regulations and practise that makes the officer a big somebody and the private a little nobody, and it is about time the American people made known their wishes in this matter. The officer who lives on rich food at the expense of his men and is generally in comfort while they are uncomfortable is a cad. The sympathy of the people must be wholly with the private soldier and not with the officer until he shows qualities more admirable than vanity.

The Windsor Hotel fire which occurred in New York last Friday is one of the horrors with which the year 1899 has been replete since its opening. If it were the work of incendiaries it is to be hoped the fiends who are guilty will be brought to speedy justice.

The London Chronicle referring to the situation in Manila says: "There is no doubt the situation is an ugly one, but there is nothing to be alarmed at. Omelettes are not made without breaking eggs."

No wonder the Tuileries is up at action. Give it an English name and begin life all over again.

The average daily consumption of milk in New York, in quarts, is 1,356,943.

Umpires are getting in shape for the bowl season.

Florists are working full time for the Easter trade.

This has been the woman's week at the stores.

'99 model shirt waists are on the market.

Easter millinery holds the fort.

Fifeful, frivolous March.

Palm Sunday.

Charles K. Cameron & Co. Makes a Grand Display.

Never did Charles K. Cameron's millinery establishment on King street present a more animated scene than on Thursday morning the first day of their spring opening. The daintiest of the season's headwear was laid out in pleasing array, and the lovely confections were certainly among the prettiest and most stylish ever seen in this city. The various shades and flowers that will be used in this year's work were arranged to form a pleasing background to the hats, bonnets and toques.

A pretty hat which attracted much attention was made almost wholly of violets, with mechlin rosettes, and white flowers towards the front, where it was turned up; black stuff wings and a silver dagger were used. A tam was made of white chemise and straw, turned up in front with puffs of white chiffon, a white and black tip at the side. A pretty sequin hat, with fancy brim had mechlin rosettes, three tawn tips tipped with white, and cerise roses.

A handsome green and jst bonnet was trimmed with pale green and white ribbons, white ospreys and rinstone buckles. Another pretty and very French looking affair had a crown made of cerise roses covered with a lace frill, large cerise bows on the side and a double row of sequins on the brim.

A large black hat, had rose pink ribbon bows covered with lace, and several drooping black plumes. Two handsome things were in turquoise and white, and both were trimmed with lace and foliage.

A fetching large black and white hat had lace draped around the crown and was stylishly trimmed with tiny black and white check ribbon, steel and gilt ornaments. A black and turquoise bonnet with sequin crown and turquoise loops was greatly admired.

C. K. Cameron and Co. have not forgotten the little folks and for their special benefit many beautiful and dainty bits of headwear are shown from the elaborate chiffon flower bedecked poke to the most servicable everyday hats.

The millinery opening will be continued to-day and ladies desirous of obtaining the most stylish and chic headwear ever seen in St. John should not fail to pay their establishment a visit.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Comfort.
Sometimes when we are lone and sad,
And things at best seem nought,
And some dark cross we all have had,
Hath worlds of sorrow wrought,
When all along I've sto my way,
Our feet could barely keep;
How sweet to hear a loved one say
Lie down awhile and sleep.
Appealing night until the light,
Breaks o'er the hills may be;
The gloom which shrouds us from mortal sight,
Dear hearts do more we see;
When many a soul o'ercome with woe,
In sorrow dark and deep,
How sweet to hear in accents low,
Lie down awhile and sleep.
A stone our softest pillow yet,
Sharp wrestling in the night,
And (with eyes of arguish wet,
Some sin we have to fight,
We find God's mercy he will hide,
Where wee we thought to reap,
And we shall yet beyond the tide;
Lie down awhile and sleep.
Lie down awhile dear heart; no dream
Of sorrow more shall come;
The cawning of the daybreak's gleam,
Shall gently light thine home,
No more the ever singing sea,
Shall round about thee sweep,
The world shall strive with thee in vain,
Lie down awhile and sleep.
When sinking in the golden sky,
The night of pain is past;
And one more day of care gone by,
But points us to the last,
The shadow of the chattering rook,
O'er life's bright morn will creep;
Then comes the mighty voice of God
Lie down awhile and sleep.
CYRUS GOLDB.

The Baseball Season.
Get out the club and paddle mit,
Produce the whirling sphere,
For there is no denying it,
The baseball season's near.
Get colors gay and horns of tin
To ring the air in festal cheer,
With huzel too—and 'ub it in;
The baseball season's near.

Awaken from your lethargy,
The time is a most here
When we must lose our apathy—
The baseball season's near.
Soon we will hear the crazy shout
That echoes far and near,
And tells us that beyond a doubt
The baseball season's near.

Come, cross the lungs and thorax,
That yelling may be clear;
This statement is no hoax—
The baseball season's near.

Just keep your eye on April 23,
The day will soon be here;
The boys have now set with the word,
The first ball game is near.

The lads up at the college
Will do a bit of their tricks,
And impart some baseball knowledge
To the Windy City crabs.

So get the rosters ready,
Foon to bleachers we'll adhere;
Young woom n, tell your 'steady
That 'the baseball season's here.
—From the Colorado Springs Gazette.

Boys.
Now, if any one has an easy time
In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family,
For his lands are always full.
I'd like to ask, who fills the stove?
Where is the girl that cook?
Who sits in the water, who lights the fire,
And spins the kindling wood?

And who does the mending?
Who mends the shoes and the socks,
Who mends the shirts and the drawers,
Who mends the coats and the frocks?
When the girls would ride on a horse
And who must clean the carriage all?
The boy, you'll cwa, no doubt.

And who does the many other things
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the 'general utility man,'
And he'll do anything you want.
Friends! just praise the boy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't sit by and want the easy chair
When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
To see the new message;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
As well as to be seen.
The boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For 'men are by y' grown tall.'

And when a boy has been working
His level best for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some heavy praise!
He is not merely a combination
Of moidy looks and roils,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys.
—From the Gem.

The New Life.
Let others sing the joys of song,
The pleasure that the canvas yields,
The music of the woodland throng,
The dear delight of stream and fields!
The joys of love and I vers' pain;
These mar not my bigraphy,
For I have touched life's deepest gain
In amateur photography.

For me the hyposulphites bloom,
The golden chloride brightly gleams,
And in the sacred darkened room,
The sodium crystals star my dreams,
Deve opens my spirit bless;
My proclaim, I have my pride;
I am a new-born since I possess
Amm nium sulphocyanide.

I photograph with joyous zeal,
And then implore my film prize
In my darkness to reveal
The charming secrets to my eyes!
And then—oh, joy desired and dear,
The film responds as I implore—
Face the pictured face appear,
And wonder who I mean it for!

O you with sorrow-laden heart,
Sick of your many changing moods,
No other craft, no other art,
Yields such astonishing results!
O weary worldling, empty soul,
So long thy d'ubs and fears stressed,
Leave Love and Fame to Fate's control,
But buy a Kodak and be blest!

How Vast this World!
This world, though great, it be
Compared, my tiny dove, with the
Could I but call thee mine,
Thee for the world I'd no resign.

Dying thou, and I the night,
Fragrant with darkness indiate,
But could our hearts meet into one,
O'er me would rise a glorious dawn.
Ah! turn from me, see eyes that burn
To the heart which thou dost spurn;
Nill I by thy 'I' am doomed to grove,
Consume the soul thou dost believe.
—Alexander Petich.

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

SOME NEW YORK PHRASES.

Slang Expressions for Which This City is a Point of Supply for the Nation.
The city of New York is the great point of supply of colloquial or slang phrases for the whole United States, though occasionally New York adopts a phrase which first gained a foothold in some rural district and became a New York colloquialism by adoption. In this category is the phrase 'The coolest customer who ever came down the pike,' with variations, for there are no pikes in New York (in Manhattan borough, at least), and the appearance of a stranger, cool or otherwise, is not much of an occasion for remark hereabouts. A land office business' is essentially a Western phrase, though it was taken up at one time quite sympathetically in New York. The conditions of metropolitan life, however, offer many opportunities for new expressions, the oppositeness of which soon makes them popular.

'I can see my finish' had its origin on a race track in the neighborhood of New York, the finish referred to being, of course, the close of the race and the loss of the investment wagered by the speaker. In a country district matters do not proceed actively enough to show a finish with such promptness as is the case in a large city, New York especially so. 'A new proposition' is essentially a city phrase and there has been a recent variation of it in the local expression, 'a cool proposition,' a phrase intended to describe the self-confidence of a thoroughly sophisticated person.

Local to New York, too, is the expression 'he has wheels' or, as it was at first extended, 'he has wheels in his head.' The man with wheels in his head was a cemented individual, the man with a wheel in his head was a man who was eccentric on one theme or subject. It is a peculiarity of local expressions in common use in large cities that, not having the sanction of grammatical recognition or any real permanence, they change and are changed from time to time, so that such an expression does not decline in popularity until all the possible charges upon it have been rung and then it is voted obsolete and makes way for something else. After the occasional alternation of the original expression relating to wheels, it was found desirable to substitute for it something more nearly up to date, and so the current expression 'There are rats in his attic' gained acceptance. Another very popular expression nowadays and one likely to become still more popular in the future (for a time at least) is 'nothing doing'. By that is meant that matters are, or have become, at a standstill, and it is an answer which covers many words of detailed explanation - a conclusion briefly put, and obviates much talk.

If you should ask me' seemed at one time to be so popular, but it did not get very much further than the first stage of acceptance in the variety theatres and the continuous performance houses, an obstacle to its popularity being the fact that it requires some accompanying explanation, and such a defect is a serious one for colloquial phrase. Moreover, it made easy the answer, 'Nobody asked you,' which silenced the first speaker. There is no accounting for taste in colloquialisms any more than in other matters and while one phrase goes another stops short after a spurt of ephemeral popularity. Sometimes too, which has exhausted its original popularity is revived with success through an addition. Thus 'on easy street' was for a time in general use to describe the case of a person whose reasons for business apprehension were few. Then it was replaced by other expressions and was generally forgotten until recently, when it has been revived in the phrase 'on the sunny side of easy street.'

High Fees Paid to Eminent Counsel and Physicians.
Although eminent counsel and physicians are more familiar with 'fat fees' than many of their less blessed brethren with small ones, fees of £10,000 and over can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand. Two of the heaviest fees of recent years have been awarded to Commissioners Day and Reid, two of the American representatives on the Peace Commission at the close of the late war with Spain. Each Commissioner received a fee of £10,000, a reward which, in spite of their patriotism, must almost make them sigh for more wars. The highest fee ever received by an English counsel was that of £15,000 paid

to the late Lord Selborne, then Sir Roundell Palmer, for acting as counsel to Her Majesty's Government before the Arbitration Court at Geneva in 1871. At this time however, Sir Roundell was at the very zenith of his brilliant career at the bar, and was making £30,000 a year; so that the fee, large as it was, was only in proportion to his normal earnings. A fee of £5,000 is not unknown at the bar; and Sir Richard Webster, Sir Edward Clarke, and above all Lord Russell, in his days at the bar, had a very familiar acquaintance with retainers of 1,000 guineas. During one fortunate week Sir Charles Russell received 3,000 guineas in fees, including a fee of 1,000 guineas marked on his brief in the O'Donnell case. The highest legal fees, however, pale into paltriness before the famous fee paid to Dr. Dimdale, a last-century London physician, for vaccinating the family of the Empress Catherine of Russia. For this trivial service he received a fee of £10,000, in addition to an allowance of £5,000 for travelling expenses, a barony, and a life pension of £500 a year. Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, was familiar with big fees, of one of which an amusing story is told. Sir Astley was sent for to perform a difficult operation on a wealthy West Indian merchant of the name of Hyatt. The operation was successful, and the patient's gratitude prompted him to offer fees of 300 guineas each to the two attendant physicians. 'As for you, sir,' addressing the great surgeon; 'take that!' and he flung his night cap at him. 'I pocket the affront,' Sir Astley said, as he stooped to pick up the nightcap, and in it a cheque for 1,000 guineas. The late Sir Morrell Mackenzie is said to have received £20,000 for his attendance on the Emperor Frederick. Sir William Jenner's fee for attending the Prince of Wales during his dangerous illness in 1871 was 10,000 guineas, or more than his own weight in gold, and he received the additional reward of K. C. B. Sir William Jenner, and Sir Morell Mackenzie all reached incomes exceeding £20,000 a year, a large part of which was made up of fees ranging from fifty to 500 guineas.

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