

PROGRESS.

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THE BANQUET TO MR. COSTIGAN.

The dinner given Hon. MR. COSTIGAN by his friends this week was a most enjoyable affair. Much of the success attending the function was no doubt due to the admirable arrangements of the committee which were such as to elicit praise from all those who attended.

There were many politicians present but politics were absent. Friend and foe, in a political sense, sat down together and united to do honor to a gentleman who for nearly forty years has taken part in parliamentary deliberations. The speeches were in the happiest vein and yet it was evident that many of them were carefully considered. The gentlemen who presided performed their part in a most graceful and fitting manner and imparted additional warmth of feeling to an audience that went there prepared to be enthusiastic. The tribute the chairman, Count DE BURY, paid to the guest of the evening when proposing his health was couched in the most admirable language and drew forth well merited cheers. MR. COSTIGAN was at home in his reply. While not an eloquent speaker, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, he addresses an audience in a plain, convincing, straight forward manner which is highly indicative of the character of the man. He must have felt deeply the honor that was being paid him for no man could receive such a spontaneous outburst of good feeling as was accorded him without being touched by it. His references in his reply were all in perfect taste. Any man who has spent 38 years in helping to govern his country might well be excused if he had something to say upon such an occasion of what he had assisted to accomplish. But in this respect MR. COSTIGAN was modest to a degree and in fact rather at his own expense eulogized those who had sat with him in the council of state. Very briefly indeed he spoke of the fact that the honor done him was all the greater because it was not confined to any particular party or section. Men belonging to both political parties were present and representatives from both the dominion parliament and the local legislature. As a matter of fact the gentleman who was MR. COSTIGAN's opponent in his last two elections in his own county was present to join in the honor tendered him.

If space permitted much comment might be made upon the subjects touched upon by other distinguished gentlemen present. The representative of the United States, Mr. MYERS, voiced the cordial sentiment now existing between the United States and England in singularly appropriate terms. Brief though his remarks were yet every sentence met with the hearty approval of those whom he was addressing. He had a good subject which he handled in an admirable way. The gentlemen who responded to the toast "The Parliament of Canada," were eloquent in their remarks. Their references too, to the guest of the evening were such as must have been most gratifying to. Some political reminiscences were indulged in but all they indicated was that no matter how men may differ politically they can be warm friends personally. The personal equation, as one speaker remarked, cannot be separated from politics.

While their were many members of the provincial house present they did not have much of an opportunity to display their oratorical powers. We know that Messrs. EMMERSON, TWEEDIE, WHITE, LABILLOIS,

are good talkers and, judging from the brief but happy remarks that were made by some others the legislature has plenty of eloquence as composed at present. The duty of proposing this toast devolved upon Mr REYNOLDS and he did it well. Mr. JOHN CONNOR must have remembered that he was an old alderman when he called upon his Worship Mayor SEARS and Alderman MCGOLDRICK to speak for the city, for his speech from that standpoint was very appropriate. Not less so the Mayo's reply and it fell to Alderman MCGOLDRICK's lot to relieve the monotony of earnestness that had fallen upon the gathering. He did that well and at the same time did not forget to pay a fitting tribute to his old friend, the guest of the evening.

No doubt the chairman thought six hours at the dinner table quite enough at one time but the fact that several toasts were necessarily omitted deprived those present from hearing from many who are always worth listening to.

THE DISGRACE OF CHICAGO.

They had an election in Chicago Tuesday and the man who has been mayor for some time, CARTER H. HARRISON was re-elected. He was the democratic candidate and had the support of what is known as the Newspaper Trust which includes all the newspapers of Chicago except the Inter Ocean. According to the correspondents, reports sent to the press of large American cities Tammany methods are not to be compared with those pursued in Chicago. One of them in describing the result wrote, "Vice won in the election in Chicago to-day. The crooks and thieves and gamblers and blacklegs, with LAWSON and KOHLSAAT and the News Trust supporting CARTER HARRISON and hiding the vice and the crime from the people, were invincible. CARTER HARRISON was re-elected Mayor by not less than 40,000 plurality. Unless there is reform quick and sharp, and of which there is now no indication, Chicago is in for two more years of crime unequalled in any city in the country."

"While LAWSON and KOHLSAAT with the newspaper trust are chucking in their offices over their victory the criminals and the vicious are making night hideous with their celebration of the results. Crowds are parading the streets with bands and pictures of the victor. In many of the gambling houses lunches are being served. In every house of prostitution the inmates and the vicious patrons are drunk with joy and wine is flowing. In the badger houses and panel houses and knock-out joints business is suspended while the crooks celebrate the victory. Even the hold-up men are not working. The levees from end to end and from side to side to night is one grand carnival, where the criminal, the vicious and debauched cry out in happiness and drink deep, with wishes of long life for the public press that by silence saves them from a popular uprising which would wipe them out." And the Chicago Inter-Ocean, a clean republican journal says that scandalous as the election of HARRISON may be it is nevertheless a fact that must be accepted and treated with all coolness and deliberation. "It means that we are to have two years more of incompetence, corruption, and fraud in every department of our municipal government such as has never been paralleled in the history of any other city on the globe. It means two years more of robbery by the letting of bogus contracts, two years more of fund-raising, two years more of prostitution of the civil service, two years more of police administration for the encouragement and protection of crime; and vice and two years more of blackmail levying and tribute collecting in the slums. It means two years more of conditions in this city that are revolting to the minds and souls of the people who are not utterly blind to their surroundings."

This is pretty strong language and yet from the reports that come so frequently of late from this great western city it is evident that something is wrong with its administration.

Good Singers at the Banquet.

There were plenty of good singers at the Costigan dinner and their voices added much to the frequent outbursts of song in response to toasts. It did sound a little queer to have "For he's a jolly good fellow" started after the toasts to the governor general and the lieutenant governor but the singers were not responsible for that. Messrs Keefe, Lantallum, Lindsey and Kelly are well known local vocalists and Tuesday evening there was Mr. Payne, the private secretary of the Minister of railways who has a splendid voice that he uses well. If Mr. Willis had a larger dining room the dinners he serves would be par excellence but when cigars are lighted the area of the room becomes apparent at once. The decorations were in perfect taste and the arrangement of the table, the menu and the service must have given the greatest satisfaction.

VENUSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Dark Eyed Jean. When first love's twilight star is seen, I fly to thee my dark eyed Jean; In that sweet hour to memor dear, My heart to thine is ever near, For thee my star of love shall shine, For thee love's dream is ever mine, And weary hours that intervene, Until I see my dark eyed Jean.

A thou and times in words untold, The longings of my heart unfold; Love's constant prayers on wings unseen, Shall fly to thee my dark eyed Jean, Shall behold thee never more, Until we reach the brighter shore; My soul will cling to what has been And thee my life my dark eyed Jean.

This golden hour so calm and still, With fondest hopes my spirit fill; And in my silent soul serene, I see again my dark eyed Jean, Ah me, that life is but a day, And brightest scenes must fade away; But evermore to thee my queen, My heart will turn my dark eyed Jean.

Beloved sleep, the silver moon I Will see thy bridal morning soon; The red rose tells as soft and low, The love our souls united know, The west wind sighs the gates unfold, The splendor of the orient gold, And lin'ring yet I leave the scene, Good night, sleep on my dark eyed Jean. CYPRUS GOLDB.

The Song of the Gunner. She lies within her bracings, with her muzzle out to sea; She is sleeping, darkly sleeping, in the sun; She is waiting for the fiery touch that sets her thunder free. For the reckoning when her savage rest is done, Oh, my lady, oh, my pet! I shall hear your music yet. When the foe shall set his broadside to my gun!

As I struck her iron shoulder, heaving with the heaving deck, From her breast a hollow marmur seems to start; As I whistled, as I listened, with my arm upon her neck, Do I hear a sudden throbbing from her heart? Oh, my beauty, my delight! When you speak by day or night, Earth from heaven—soul from body—strain apart. Watching mutely through the midnight, watching warily through the day, While a bodding blackness veils her eye of fire, As the fiercer, crouching dumbly, waits to seize the guiding prey, Holding leashed the secret force of his desire, To the motion of my hand, Till my summons wakes the tempest of her ire

When the call shall sound to action she shall tremble, with her breast; She shall know me, for her heart and mine are one! I shall loose her racking thunders, I shall fit the bolts the speed Straight to rend and strong to shatter, swift to stun; All her mighty thunders shall thrill To the passion of my will, And my soul shall send the message of my gun!

Still she lies within her bracings, with her muzzle out to sea; And I stroke her till her steel shoulders shine; And she slumbers without taken of the fury that shall be. When the foe shall set his broadside on her line, Oh, my lady, my delight! When I swing you round to sight, Death shall follow, and your triumph shall be mine! —Marian Gouthouy Smith.

An Old Easter Bonnet. I wish the Easter days were now like those that once I knew, When I wore the bonnet plain, with ribbon bows of blue; When we walked to Sunday meetin' o'er the meadows green and sweet, Where the waves in welcome, with violets at our feet.

It ain't the fancy fixin's I mind so much—the bills for bread and'lye-se-there—all the fine new-fangled frills; For I know that fashion changes, that it rules the world complete; But the simple Easter bonnet was so simple and so nice!

It ribbons matched the color of the blue sky overhead, An' the lips that smiled beneath it seemed to mean the words they said! The light that smiled so sweetly—never knowin' an' the eyes whose sunny glances made a light around my heart!

I've nothin' 'gainst the fashions—they've got to have their da; But I love the simple bonnets of the far an' far away. An' I think 'em how she looked in 'em—there, in the long ago, I sigh, an' prize the Lord from whom all blessin's used to flow!

Easter in the Children's Ward. Over the still gray sky the glory of dawn was breaking; Slowly the pale little faces turned on their pillows, Not for these the sweet spring morning over the meadows; Only the straight white coats, and sunlit wall, and Not for these the aisles and the arches fair with wonder; Not for these the chanting of choirs to the organ's shunder. Not for these the flashing of wings in rainbow splendor; Yet were the Easter angles near with a greeting White and pure they bowed in the sunlight's sudden glory; Sweet on the solemn silence they breathed the Easter story.

Was little faces flushed, smiling from pain's long prison, Up to the angles lilies, answering "Christ is risen!" —The Child's Companion.

An Easter Thought. Teach us, O God, to work with thee, To bring Thy Kingdom to each heart, In altruistic sympathy To do our little part. When clouds obscure some brother's life May we bring April sunshine there To smile where sorrow has been rife, And ease his daily care. Love is the kind we here to day, Where all are free to enter in, Who seek to tread the higher way. Aloof from hate and sin. "Th Kingdom Come" we pray to thee, Oh, may we gain it more this hour By the use of fish ministry O, thy celestial power! —A. E. Locke.

An Old Tale Retrimed. At sweet sixteen the maiden I was, With many lovers busy, Will lift her nose up in the air And ask with quite a naughty stare, "Who is he? Oh! who is he?" At twenty-five she's more subdued— With a "sweetheart" no so busy— Still doubtful men must not intrude, She asks—with no wish to be rude— "What is he? Oh! what is he?"

But at the age of thirty-five, With hope d'ring quite dizzy, She works on up to a doctor's plan And cries—when hearing of a man— "Where is he? Oh! where is he?"

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A SHRIeking FIGHT.

With Knives Between Two Italians on a High Platform.

"I witnessed a knife fight between a couple of Italian sawmill hands the other day," said a resident of the Pearl River district, who is interested in the lumber business, "and it was the most dramatic, desperate and thrilling spectacle I ever laid eyes on. Neither of the men was particularly large, but they were lithe and snowy, and quick as lightning. How the row originated I don't know; they had been growling at each other for some time, and on this particular day things came to a focus while they were eating their lunch on a raised platform just over the log, hoist. The platform was perfectly clear, and if the scene had been arranged for a play it couldn't have been better. I heard the engineer call, and looked up to see the two men, bent nearly double, and wheeling around each other in rapid circles. Their evident purpose in crouching was to guard against a wound in the intestines, and there, and there was something indescribably ferocious and cat-like in the attitude. They kept their left arms thrown out as fenders, clutched their knives close to their breasts, and glared silently into each other's eyes as they passed and repassed in the quick, deadly maneuvering of the fight. I was so thoroughly spellbound I never thought of interfering, even had such a thing been possible, and, after what seemed an interminable period of suspense, and was really, I dare say, only a few moments, the fighters crashed together with a swift interplay of blows, and one of them fell from the platform. Before he could get up or the other could get down we had them disarmed. Both were badly punished, one having nine body wounds and the other fourteen. How they struck so many blows in such a brief passage I can't imagine. They have taken matters all over from adjoining cots, and are at present sworn friends. It was the most exciting show I've seen for a long time, but one goes a great ways." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JOHNNY WAS INFORMED.

His Father had to Take a Back Seat for the Nonce.

"Now that America has acquired her vast possessions in the Antipodes, Johnny I think— "Father, I'm astonished! America's Antipodes are somewhere among the fishes south-west of Australia, which is a far cry from the Philippines." "Well, I was just going to say that this hemp they grow in Manila— "I isn't hemp at all; it travels under false pretences. Manila hemp is a variety of the banana family." "Dear me, is that so? It's good cordage all the same. Why, when I was out in the Sandwich Islands, I— "Father your enough to make Liliuokalani shudder. No educated person says Sandwich Islands now, unless to make himself understood by those who don't know that 'the Hawaiian Islands' is the official and accepted name. Besides— "Well, I suppose you'll be asking me next to say 'Puerto Rico' just because the Spaniards do." "Not at all. Porto Rico has been good English usage for several centuries. It's all right." "Glad you've passed on that question. But if we go into Manila hemp growing in a territory 6,700 miles from our former limits we— "You mean 4,500 miles. You certainly haven't forgotten that the United States has long extended to the end of the Aleutian Chain, and Attu is only about 4,500 miles from Manila." "You're very kind. But speaking of Manila hemp, they say that in Borneo, the largest island in the world— "It was when you studied geography, father, but they've learned since that New Guinea is larger than Borneo, and Greenland is larger than New Guinea." "Great world this. Well, I was talking with Brown about introducing Manila hemp into tropical America, and he said that on his plantation in San Salvador— "Why, there are no plantations in the city of San Salvador. If you mean the country of which San Salvador is the capital you should say Salvador." "Young man, your hat is getting too small for you. If you don't stop making my head ache with your erudition I shall send you direct to Vladivostok." "You don't mean direct. I should have to trans-ship at Yokohama or Shanghai. I think— "Give us a rest, please, my son. I want to read the paper."

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is well authenticated, but seems almost incredible. One evening, when her son stopped at the door of her room on the way to his own to deliver a message which had been sent her, he discovered the old lady, in the darkness holding a match under the cold water tap. When she came to herself, in response to her son's hearty "she admitted that she had lighted five other matches and treated them in the same way. "I was thinking about something else," she said, "and all I knew was that I had to turn something on before I could light the gas." And then she added, "I don't think it was such a queer mistake after all."

Always Keep Cool.

Mr. John Morrison, a successful commercial traveller, has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that an hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of mind is needed. He impressed his theory strongly upon Mrs. Morrison by instructing her how to act if they were ever in a hotel that was on fire. He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm. The hotel in which they had their room was on fire, and there was great confusion and tumult among the guests. "Now is the time to put into practice what I have always preached to you, my dear," said the gentleman. "Don't get excited. Put on your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me." He called Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his pocket, put on his hat, and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street. "Now, my dear," he said, when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool, and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this? Here you are dressed, and over yonder are several ladies in complete deshabille." Just then Mrs. Morrison for the first time glanced at her husband. "You are right, John," she said, "it is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers."

Cured by Cold.

"Severe cold," remarked a physician, is an antidote for many disorders. During cold weather dyspeptics, for instance, often experience great relief, the sharp air stimulating the secretion of the gastric juice, or digestive fluid. This is, no doubt the idea which underlies the 'freezing cure' a method of treatment originated by M. Pictet, a Swiss scientist. The treatment consists in placing the patient in a sort of metal bath or well, lined with furs. This well is surrounded by an outer case forming the receptacle for a mixture of acids (sulphurous and carbonic), which are reduced from their original gaseous state to a fluid condition, and kept a temperature of more than 100 degrees below zero. The patient surrounded by the furs and the icy compound has no sensation of cold whatever, but that the treatment is effeetual is shown by the large number of well-authenticated cures effected. The patients, in fact, have their diseases literally frozen out of them. The period of treatment varies from five to fifteen minutes and the number of applications is, of course, governed by the necessities of each individual case. The inventor claims that after fifteen years of continuous ill health he was cured by a course of eight descents into the well. If the invention withstands all the tests now being applied to it, it may come into general use.