

PROGRESS.

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

CANADIAN GOOD NATURE.

The treasury of the United States has a large surplus of gold—so large in fact that the officials at Washington are instructing the heads of the sub-treasuries to pay out gold whenever possible, and the pressure for small paper currency is such that there are frequent refusals to exchange it for gold deposits. According to one of the officials the appeals for paper are becoming absolutely piteous. There is a special demand from Kansas City and other points in the south and west, where small notes and standard silver dollars are the forms of money most desired. Small notes usually accumulate in the treasury during the winter after the crop moving season, but this year very few notes of any kind have come into possession of the treasury. The treasury is running over with gold, and several millions more of gold could be had if there were small notes to exchange for it.

The scarcity of the paper currency is attributed largely to the prosperity of the country, the growth of population and the expansion of business. It is a curious fact that the people of the United States are unaccustomed to the use of gold for their daily necessities and this of course makes the demand for paper money all the greater. They object also to the cumbersome silver dollars of which there are plenty. In England, on the contrary, gold is the favorite currency and except for comparatively large sums bank notes are not in demand. The good nature of Canadians has permitted the introduction of a large amount of American paper currency into this country and the pressure complained of might be relieved if our bankers would refuse it under any circumstances. This would be somewhat on the principle of tit-for-tat, since but few concerns in the States will accept any Canadian bank note, or, for that matter, silver. The street railway of Boston, for example, refuses Canadian currency and it is only at the hotels or at some of the large mercantile establishments that it will be accepted save at a ridiculous discount. American "cart-wheels" and nickels are not in favor here but they are tolerated. There does not seem to be any objection to their paper money.

NEWSPAPER CARTOONS.

The State of California has passed a law prohibiting newspapers from publishing cartoons. The same kind of a bill has been introduced repeatedly in the State of New York and some other legislatures throughout the union but has never obtained much support.

Public men are often too sensitive and easily provoked by the comments of newspapers but a portion of the press is too eager to throw ridicule upon those who are in public life or of different political faith. In Canada newspaper cartoons have been a feature of the larger Canadian papers for only a few years. The one paper who made a business of it—Grip of Toronto—did not prove a success and the bright and versatile editor, BENGOUTH, has been doing work in the United States and has even been in Cuba. In our own city many of us remember "The Jury," a comic weekly edited by Mr. RITCHIE. That met with favor for a time but the editor found that his talent commanded more money in large American cities and he followed Mr. BENGOUTH's example and became an ex-dian.

The most notable successes in this particular field of journalism is Punch in Eng-

land and Punch and Judge in America. Their artists treat of the political situation and of politicians. No doubt the American publications take greater liberties than does their English contemporary but they are known to be comic papers and their purchasers take what they print as a jest. Sometimes however, the pencil is powerful and this was shown when THOMAS NAST overthrew Boss TWEED and TAMMANY by his cartoons in HARPER'S Weekly. Newspapers had shown up the ring again and again but it remained for the cartoon to awaken the people of New York and to throw TWEED into prison.

Punch has made some excellent hits in the same direction and more than once aroused the English people to a true sense of the political situation. How delightful it is to scan the social cartoons of Life and Truth and who does not remember the fashion girl of DeMaurier in HARPER'S?

The California act goes farther than the prohibition of cartoons. The act prohibits the printing of any portrait of a citizen of California, except public officials, without his consent. It also forbids the publishing "any caricature calculated to reflect on the honor, dignity or political motives of the original, or to hold him up to public hatred, ridicule or contempt."

Editors who violate the law are liable to imprisonment. The history of the act is instructive. It had been passed by the House, but defeated in the Senate, when a San Francisco paper printed a particularly vicious caricature, recalling a youthful misdeed of a member of the legislature. Thereupon the Senate reconsidered its vote and passed the bill, and the governor signed it.

The cartoon, malignantly used, is as vicious a weapon as the bludgeon of the assassin. Its victim has no adequate way by which he can defend himself. If he attempts to find a way further assaults follow. The caricature also offers the deadliest form of libel, and the subject of it may have no redress. The people can very well accept the loss of entertainment, and of good that sometimes comes from the newspaper cartoon, in view of the fact that its use is abused, and is so often a source of evil to the individual and the country as to largely neutralize the reasons that may be given for its continuance.

ONE FOR THE C. P. R.

The Empress of China Honored by German Royalty.

Just before the sailing of the Canadian Pacific's magnificent steamship Empress of China, from Hong Kong on her last eastbound trip, it was visited by their Royal Highness Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, who were shown through the vessel and thoroughly inspected it. The greatest interest was manifested in the workings of the Empress, the Prince, being an admiral, going into tunnels, and other out-of-the-way places, that the ordinary visitor does not think of exploring. After a thorough inspection Prince Henry conveyed to Captain Archibald, and Mr. Tillett, the marine superintendent, his feelings of gratification at what he had seen, and stated that the Empress far exceeded, both in size and out, any ship in the merchant marine he had ever visited. The royal pair were handsomely entertained by the officers and on their departure expressed the great pleasure their visit had given them.

Prince Henry is a brother of the Emperor William of Germany, and is in command of the German squadron in Chinese waters, and both are grandchildren of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

A Successful Millinery Opening.

A millinery store, so centrally located as that of Miss Bartle, is bound to attract attention, but when the windows and interior were filled with beautiful and fashionable Easter hats and bonnets the lady who could pass without pausing to look was indeed insensible to the vanities of this world. The window decorations were arranged with much taste and the contents of the store fully justified the reputation that Miss Bartle has given it for elegant designs. There was a very large number of ladies at the opening on Tuesday and Wednesday and many hats were selected for the season's wear.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

Easter Flowers.

One of the most elegant floral displays ever made in St. John is that of Mrs. W. H. Jones who has now on hand a magnificent stock of roses, carnations, lily of the valley, hyacinths, etc., and all seasonable flowers.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Easter. A PSALM OF LOVE. There came on a Friday morning, An hour of midnight gloom; The pale brow of sorrow thorned, Filling a silent room. And there in our anguish praying, Scarcely above our breath; An angel the Lord obeying, Stood by the bed of death.

There by a form in its stillness, A face like the driven snow; The struggle of wrestling illness, So bitter for us to know. Our treasure our darling only, Why taken we could not tell; Why Lord didst Thou leave us lonely, Is this doing all things well?

Is this Good Master the blessing, Thou bringest to those who try; Thy prayers unto Thee addressing, To live and in Thee to die? Why cometh this dark bereaving, This anguish of heart and soul? The billows of sorrow heaving, This breaking the golden bowl? Then the angel turned and glory Shone from a bleeding face; Till it seemed like the sacred story, Of love and redeeming grace. And a voice of such tender sadness, As never but once was known; Brought the eternal gladness, That brightens the Father's throne.

"Beloved what manner of talking, Why language so sharp be yours? Here in your daily walking, Seeking love's open doors? If suffering here has tried you, It is that your eyes my see; The love I have we're denied you, Why can you not trust in me? He left us but Easter waking, Brought sunshine and dawning mild; And then though our hearts were breaking, We buried our darling child. The roses of love were strown there, The lilies of faith were sweet; And the blossoms of hope just blown here, We laid at The Master's feet. CYPRUS GOLDE.

A Song of Trust. I cannot always see the way that leads To heights above; I sometimes quite forget He leads me on With hand of love; But yet I know the path must lead me to Immanuel's land; And when I reach His summit I shall know And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course My ship must take; But, looking backward, I behold afar, Its shining wake Illumined with God's light of love, and so I onward go. In perfect trust that He who holds the helm The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which He builds my life; For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow, The noise of strife, Confuse me till I quite forget He knows And overrules.

I cannot always know and understand The Master's will; I cannot always do the tasks He gives In life's hard school; But I am learning with His help to solve Them, one by one, And when I cannot understand to say, "Thy will be done."

The Treasure Trove of Springtime. There are treasures in the garden, Buried low and buried deep, Such as buccaners and pirates Ha'nt ever in their keep. You may find them if you seek them During April or in May. With the spade and fork and shovel In the good old gardening way. Captain Kidd ha'nt never hidden Any gold beneath the sod That is brighter than the yellows Where the daffodils do nod. And the golden cups the tulips With their heads up are great as rain Than the spoils from out the holds Of all the galleons of Spain.

So, go you all swarding To win the joy of life! Go make the stubborn soil give up Its riches ripe and rife! You will find them if you seek them During April or in May With the fork and pick and shovel, In the good old gardening way. Die deep the spade, and with a will Up if the wealth it that's there! For in the earth there is no dearth Of riches, everywhere.

My Sailor Boy. Have you seen my sailor boy, as you came across the sea? Have you seen my sailor boy with the laughing eyes of blue, With the sunlight of his hair, and his face so young and fair, And the smile he used to wear, brave and true? Oh! he kissed me on the cheek, as he sailed away to sea, Sailed away from Gloucester town, and I never saw him more. But the ships they come and go, and the tides theyebb and flow, And the waves are moaning low on the shore. Oh! they told me he was dead, but I know it is not true. For he comes to me at night, when the world is all asleep, And he speaks to me by day, when the tempest sweeps the bay, And the billows are at play on the deep.

For he said he would come back, and he never broke his word. Have you seen my sailor boy? He is coming home I know, I would go to him to-day, if I only knew the way— Though the grave before me lay, I would go. —James Jeffery Roche.

The Novice's Song. Pray for us, Mother!—the sunset hour Crimons the world; on the convent tower The cross is golden, the shrouded arched Seems the angel to day's sweet prayer.

Pray for us, Mother!—the night's dark wing Sorrow or death to us may bring. Sorrow will guide us to a better land, Death shall lead us with tender hand. Pray for us, Mother!—heard afar, No wild world-clamour our peace can mar. Hear us, ah, Lady of sweetest joy! In the white of the distant Paradise. Help us, dear Mother!—till rest is won, We still must walk our ways alone; Help us, dear Mother!—though weary Our steps have faltered, they lead to thee. Pray for us, Mother!—a eastern seas Wait for the moon; a better peace Rests in the sky. May we, too, rest, In the world's morning, on thy Son's breast!

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

A HOT TIME IN HALIFAX.

Recent correspondence in a New York Sporting paper said that the only town in the Maritime provinces which loves the fistic art and permitted skillful combats was St. John. According to him Halifax was not in it. He was mistaken. PROGRESS has received an account of a meeting in the capital of Nova Scotia which is presumed to be an accurate description of a desperate contest. No affidavit accompanies the production and the name of the writer is not familiar to PROGRESS but there is evidently a great future before him as a sporting writer. If the barber has any idea of his identity he might keep himself in practice. The account is given as it reached PROGRESS with some changes in punctuation and many in spelling.

"A grand jumping and boxing contest was held in the gymnasium of a well known hall in the North end on Friday evening last the 24th, the participants being a rising young lawyer and a well known Upper Water street barber, and there was a large crowd on hand to witness the contest. The lawyer was the first to put in an appearance. He was received with rounds of applause by his admirers. When he stripped for the occasion he showed himself to be in a very fine physical condition. In the meantime the barber having not shown up until 9 p. m., the betting previous to his arrival was pretty lively, odds being offered freely on the absentee. The crowd, however, being good natured, took the long wait with the best of grace. At last the Knight of the Razor appeared with a smiling mug and soon appeared at the scratch.

The lawyer, while waiting for him was cutting quite a figure in dark blue and he wore no less than fourteen medals (Champion of the Maritime Provinces). The referee, a well known W. U. T. messenger, having announced that everything was ready and having tossed for choice, the lawyer chose the last jump. The barber toed the scratch and was greeted with rounds of applause his best jump being 6 ft. 2 in. When the lawyer took of his coat the medals nearly fainted at the sight of the medals (he having none). The lawyer's best jump was 6 ft. 5 in., and as winner of the broad jump met a great round of applause. Great betting took place as to the result of the hop step and jump, the razor being the favorite, jumping 21 ft. 6 3/4 in. which the lawyer failed to equal. The next event was a boxing contest and the barber was in it again his opponent being a well known hardware clerk. The referee was a W. U. T. messenger and the time-keeper a would be stonecutter, the barber's seconds being a well known printer and a checker fiend. The hardware clerk's seconds were a stevedore and a dough-boy. At 9.45 p. m. the gong having sounded the iron man was the first to enter the ring; he was met with a hearty cheer, close behind with a confident smile on his face came the razor. After both men were introduced by the referee a popular member of the Wanderers asked permission to take a snapshot of the men which was granted. The referee having called time both men shook hands.

Round 1—After some lively sparring the razor landed a left on the clerk's neck. Clerk landed uppercut on jaw. Round 2—The razor jabs clerk right in the wind; both feeling uneasy. Round 3—Clerk jabs right on face and in return received a rib roaster. Razor feints and receives left on jaw. Round 4—Both sparring for wind. Round 5—Clerk lands right on head and left on body and forced his man to the ropes. Referee cautions him for fault tactics. Round 6—Razor came up strong and forced clerk around ring landing heavy body blows, both sparring when gong sounded. Round 7—Opens very lively. Barber does some clever side stepping. Clerk rushes viciously and sent right to body. Barber side steps sends right to mouth left to body and which sends clerk down. Round 8—Barber opens up with right swing which misses the clerk but lands on the referee's back which nearly puts him out. Both men sparring for wind. Round 9—Barber sends a straight left for face. Barber rushed and Clerk landed right and left and right on jaw. Barber's round. Round 10—Barber sent Clerk's head back with his left razor sent a left on the face and got in return a right back. They exchanged left swings. Barber kept sending straight left jabs with wonderful accuracy with an occasional return. Clerks nose was bleeding and a black eye and lips puffed by left jabs.

Round 10—Barbers physical condition standing to him wonderfully; clerk appears groggy and uses foul tactics; referee warns him second time. Barber lands hot rib-roasters follows up with right on jaw and puts clerk to floor. Rising he receives a left swing under the ear which sends him over the ropes. Gong sounds with both men in centre of ring. They shake hands. Barber gets the decision. The decision being a popular one the barber received an ovation and being quite a singer his admirers asked him to favour them with his popular song entitled "Sweethearts Nell and I" in which he responded in splendid voice. The exhibition was brought to a close by the Wanderers man making a brief speech in which he said that he hoped to see him in the boxing championship to be held next year.

Mutually Surprised.

There must have been about four hundred people at Lake Bennett, writes Mr. Secretan, in his entertaining book, 'To Klondyke and Back,' making four hundred different varieties of death-dealing conveyances, for each had to construct his own boat for descending to the Yukon River. The owner of a little wheezer, portable sawmill which was puffing away day and night, tearing spruce logs to pieces for one hundred dollars a thousand feet, was getting rich. Anything that would float was at a premium. Once in a while you would see something resembling a boat but not often. As a general rule the soap box and coffin combination was the most popular pattern. Some men could not wait to be supplied by wheezy sawmill, but went in for whipsawing on their own account. One man stands on top of the log and the other below, and the saw is then pushed up and down along a chalk mark. A story is told of two 'pardners' who commenced whipsawing. After working a while till his tired muscles almost refuse duty, the lower one excused himself for a moment, and having hired the first man he met to take his place in the pit, disappeared. The sawing proceeded until the uppermost 'pardner' all unconscious that he was working with an entire stranger bethought him of a device to rest. Making some ordinary explanation, he got down from the log and quickly hired an Indian to take his place at the saw.

She Told Him.

His arm, that had been resting on the back of the little settee on which they sat in the gloaming, slipped down and encircled her slender waist. "Clara," he whispered, "we shall be very happy shan't we?" A soft sigh was her only audible response, but she nestled closer to him, and he appeared to be satisfied. The mellow haze of the golden October day still hung over the darkening landscape. The voice of a tree toot somewhere in the neighbourhood lifted itself up and called insistently for rain. A faint odour of fried ham from some kitchen to the windward of them prevailed the air. A thought seemed to strike the young man. "Clara," he said, "we ought to have the clearest understanding about everything that affects our future, ought we not?" "Yes," she murmured. "Clara," he said again, after a long pause, "can you cook?" There was another long pause. Then she straightened herself up, looked at him squarely in the eye, and proudly answered:—"Reginald, I can cook potatoes in fifteen different ways!" Then she put her head down where it was before, and into her pink, shell like ear he warbled incoherent outpourings of joy.

A Law Against Tight Lacing.

Assemblyman Daggett has introduced the following Bill into the Wisconsin Legislature: "Resolved that a committee be appointed consisting of three members to draft a Bill to protect the health of the masses, old maids, and married women of the State of Wisconsin, by making a law to prohibit tight lacing." Mrs. Helen Barker, the president of the Women's Temperance Union, says that the trouble will begin when the police attempt to enforce such a law.

A Red, White, and Blue Flower. A novel flower has been found at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. It has a faculty of changing its colour during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. The red, white, and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume. Dry Cleaning a Speciality. Curtain and Blankets 25c per pair carpets dusted without injury, carpets renovated on the floor, taking out dirt stains restoring colors. Sheets, collars and cuffs a speciality. UNGARS LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS TELEPHONE 58.