

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

STUDENT RIOTING ABROAD.

The university undergraduate on the continent of Europe takes to rioting almost as naturally as a duck to water. Sometimes, as happened about fifty years ago, he gets in the van of real popular movements against real tyranny, and then there are revolutions which really revolve. More often he breaks out in passionate mutiny on some provocation not clear to the world at large, and then there are a few broken heads, a few arrests, convictions and punishments, and the machinery of government moves on as usual.

Recently there have been simultaneous student outbreaks in Spain, Portugal and Russia. In the first two countries the demonstrations were similar. In both the students chased Jesuits and pelted religious establishments because they stood for an obnoxious influence in politics. But the Latin and slav are not farther apart in distance than they are in temperament. If there was a common cause for what went on in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and in Madrid and Lisbon, it must be found in student nature or the conditions of student life.

For one thing, student exuberance abroad lacks natural methods of expression. The Russian student does not play football; the Spanish student knows nothing of 'varsity races. If they did they would have less zeal for politics. The spirit of recklessness, which prompts an American student to no more desperate crime than the stealing of a sign, impels the continental youth to try conclusions with the police.

The dependence of the universities upon the government strengthens this tendency. In American colleges discipline is a matter for the faculty, but in continental Europe there are always the police and perhaps the Cossack in the background. After students have been driven back to their quarters with knotted whips as recently at St. Petersburg and Moscow, their original antipathy to the existing order is intensified.

What becomes of these student radicals in later life? We look in vain for the revolutionary tendencies which might be expected from the annual infusion of student radicalism in the European populations. Perhaps the reason is that age brings conservatism. The responsibilities of maturer life are sobering. At twenty-five, the late Count ANDRASSY made plots and built barricades in the cause of Hungarian liberty; later he served in high office the very government of the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary which had put a price upon his head. Possibly there are ANDRASSYS among the student rioters of today.

CARNEGIE'S LOVE OF BOOKS.

In a recent statement Mr. CARNEGIE explains the reasons of his partiality for libraries, and why he has given so largely to his establishment as follows:

When I was a working boy in Pittsburgh, Colonel ANDERSON of Allegheny—a name I can never speak without feelings of devotional gratitude—opened this little library of 400 books to boys. Every Saturday afternoon he was in attendance at his house to exchange books. No one but he who has felt it can ever know the intense longing with which the arrival of Saturday was awaited, that a new book might be had. My brother and Mr. PHIPPS, who have been my principal business partners through life,

shared with me Colonel ANDERSON'S precious generosity and it was when reveling in the treasurers which he opened to us that I resolved, if ever wealth came to me, that it should be used to establish free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those for which we were indebted to that noble man."

Pictorial caricatures of public men, usually called 'cartoons,' play an important part in the political controversies of the day. It has even been asserted—but this is an exaggeration—that by them rather than by the editorial articles does the modern newspaper chiefly mold public opinion. That an occasional exceptionally clever caricature does possess great power cannot be denied. One such has been known to produce an international complication; domestic policies have frequently been influenced by them. The notorious TWEED is reported to have said that it was NAST'S pictures, and not what the editors wrote about him, that he really feared. Most public men, here and abroad, now take caricatures good-naturedly. This seems to be especially true of President MCKINLEY; he received received from a New York publishing firm a book of cartoons, and although he figured prominently in them, he enjoyed the gift. Occasionally a cartoon will wound the feelings of its subject, either by casting ridicule upon earnest aspirations which he regards as worthy, or by an unpleasant exaggeration of some personal defect or weakness. This suggests the line at which caricaturing should stop. Where it gives personal offense and serves no public use it is inexcusable.

A woman prominent in smart society recently purchased a beautiful set of Dresden china coffee cups, but the next day sent them back to the store as not quite satisfactory. A clerk, returning the fragile things to the cases, touched something sticky. Investigation proved that the cups had been used and washed carelessly. The frequency of such petty frauds calls for protest. Another incident has a pleasant flavor. A young college girl some years ago appeared in a pretty frock of a pattern which had been seen the day before on her richer roommate. A teacher commented aloud on the poor taste of wearing borrowed finery. The girl flushed, but remained silent. At dinner the roommates appeared dressed exactly alike. That time an older woman blushed. The student who had controlled herself since she had been honored as one of the first ladies of the land. To scorn to sail under false colors is one thing; to attribute false flags to others, without strong evidence, is quite a different thing.

Primroses are popular in England this week. The primrose is said to have been the favorite flower of the Earl of BACONS-FIELD, who died twenty years ago, April 19, 1891. The Primrose League was formed three years later, in the interest of the Conservative principles with which BACONS-FIELD'S career was identified, and it took his flower as its emblem. "The maintenance of religion, of the constitution of the realm, and of the imperial ascendancy of Great Britain" is the declared purpose of the league, which never forgets to wear its name-flower on the BACONS-FIELD anniversary—or to rush into the forefront of the battle when a general election comes.

A Strange Combat.

A traveller in South Africa tells of a queer combat he once witnessed. He noticed a caterpillar crawling along, followed by hundreds of small ants. Occasionally the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would jump on his back and bite him.

Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite the ant, and thus kill him. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue, and the ants then made a combined attack.

The caterpillar climbed a stalk of grass, tail first, followed by the ants. As each one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk.

The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and the entire force of ants pounced upon the caterpillar, and killed it at once.

Carpets, Curtains and Blankets.

Your attention in your house will soon be drawn to the above articles and knowing as you do our splendid facilities for handling them, we sincerely trust you will not forget Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 858.

'Pa, who went in the ark besides the animals?'
'Noah and his three sons and their wives.'
'Didn't Joan go, too?'
'What Joan?'
'Why, Joan of Arc!'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Sea Otter.
Cursed with a skin that charms the eye—
All shot with satin sheen,
More worth than pearls or jewels,
The pride of King or Queen,
A coat that not the equal left
Of mingled gold can buy—
He lives to be of life bereft,
To seek a sanctuary.

A hunted thing, he dreads the shore,
And shuns the haunts of men,
From Attin to the Cherabour
He dreads without their ken;
He harbors where no harbors are,
Upon the ocean's breast,
On seaward raft of weed afar
He snatches troubled rest.

But when the winter tempests lash
The sulken northern sea
The leaping rips and races thrash
A and herd him to the lee
Of ranks of surfswept islets trailed
Athwart the swirling tides,
Where by the hauling mist wreaths veiled,
The harried outer hides.

Then to his quest the hunter hastes
Upon the dyng gale,
To speed across the watery wastes
Of livid ridge and vale;
Fast, part water and land, and part
The other's next of kin,
None other has the hard won art,
To take the velvet skin.

In his hidarka, willow ribbed,
And wrapped with wairus hide,
Lashed water-tight and snugly cribbed,
He launches on the tide
Toward the snarling reefs rimmed
Above with milk white surge,
Where voiced by reefing waves is hymned
His quarry's echoing dirge.

With net or club in stealthy stride,
The crafty Ait seeks his life
By ocean, coast and bar;
The clinging billows call to him,
Their long drawn sahem peaks
Whence over Sanaak's fretted rim
The burgomaster wheel.

Banned with a coat of glossy hair
A Czar may not despise,
A shimmering silk without compare
The lust of princely eyes,
Of mandarin and potentate
The dearest heart's desire,
He only lives to flee his fate
A shelter to require. —L. S. Higgs.

The Song of the Truce.

[Lord Kitchener has arranged a seven-day truce to prepare for peace in South Africa.]
The drums of war are silent,
The guns of the war are still,
The shouts of the war have died away
On crimsoned plain and hill.
The battle flags and banners
Sway idly in disuse,
And the smile of peace makes all things bright,
When the bugles sound a truce.

The bugles sing it gladly—
They sing with might and main—
And the echoes wake from peak to peak
To carry the refrain.
From camp to camp the message
Bids all the warfare cease,
And the battle smoke drifts far away,
With the bugles singing peace.

And the song of peace sighs softly
Over every sward and sand;
It chants in the saddest symphony
A requiem profound:
It whispers to the dreamers,
"Your country loves the best
The faint ones who died for her,"
With the bugles singing "Rest."

A truce to the crashing cannon—
A halt to the marching feet—
For the bugle calms all the wrath of men
With its benediction sweet.
And war no more may ravage,
Nor death again stalk loose,
For the song of peace enthralls us all
When the bugles sound a truce.

Five Little Foxes.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-by.
Then set upon him quick I say,
The swift young hunter—Right away.
Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with the bold and brave—I can.
No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.
Then drive him low and drive him high
With this good hunter, named—I'll try.
Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.
Then hunt him out and to his pen
With—I not forget again.
A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I don't care.
Then let I'm sorry—hunter—true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

The Poppy Dream.

I am king where dulcet waters
Break upon sympneonic shores,
Where the sun in golden glory
Ceaseless splendor downward pours.
Where the wind in the fragrance
Of the everlasting flowers,
And the shadow on the dial
Never fails to mark the hours.

There, beyond the perturbation
Of a world of toils and greed,
Fate is mine in subjugation
And she gladly serves my need.
Fame and fortune are the baubles
That I toss with my hand,
What this life does out so lothly
Do I scorn in poppyland.

Who would deign to be a beggar
Who had ever been a king
Who would drop the neckered chalice
For the gourd at Maran's spring?
Who would journey on the byway
With the highway man's hand?
What could count the old world's trouble
When they might so well forget?

The Game That is Worth the Candle.

There was never a rose without a thorn,
Never a cake that we ate and had,
The cow had ever a crumpled horn
To toss the maiden all forlorn
Until she was yet more sad,

The apples over the farmer's wall
Were probably grafted from Eden's tree,
But when we had eaten them after all,
Trespassing somewhere about nightfall,
They commonly failed to agree.

And love, my Phyllida, love the rose,
Love, the apple that tempted Eve?
Because of the thorn that about it grows,
Because of the greenness that nothing shows,
Apple and rose shall we leave?

No, my Phyllida, come what may,
Bleeding fingers or broken hearts;
Live and love for our little day,
Tear off armor and cast away
Shields against Cupid's darts!

Chairs 20-seated One, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo.



News of the Passing Week

The Star Line began their service to Fredericton on Wednesday.

Seven new cases of bubonic plague have been reported at Cape Town.

Twenty-six natives were killed by the falling of a cage in a mine near Johannesburg.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdom preached at the church of St. John the Evangelist in Montreal on Sunday.

Mrs. Emerson, wife of New Brunswick's former premier, died at Dorchester the first of the week.

Miss Maelachlan, the great Scottish singer gave concerts in St. John this week. She received a splendid reception.

Alfred Durant, of Moncton, a member of the first contingent, has received \$1,000 from the Canadian patriotic fund.

A combine of manufacturers of umbrellas has been formed with headquarters at Philadelphia, with a capital of \$1,000,000.

Brother Mulvehill, of the Christian Brothers, Ottawa, is going to Ireland to secure immigrants for the Canadian Northwest.

The London Gazette of April 3rd contains the appointment of C. W. Weldon McLan of St. John as Lieut-Royal Field Artillery.

The death took place on Tuesday of Rev. J. D. Fulton, formerly pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, and an anti-Roman Catholic preacher.

In Chatham, Tuesday, in the mayoralty contest, Snowball defeated Watt by sixty votes. The aldermen are Wyse, Hocken, Nicol, Murray and Mashe.

Capt. Hanbury, the well known English explorer, has left Montreal for Edmonton by way of Winnipeg on a private tour of investigation in the direction of the north pole.

A B. McKenzie, for several years clerk of the provincial legislature council, died Tuesday. For the past quarter of century he has conducted a dry-goods business in Charlottetown.

Ichabod Powell, the old man who has been missing from his home in Little River, near Amherst, was found dead in the woods on Monday night. Death was due to exposure and exhaustion.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the Associated Press is authoritatively informed, has bought in London the Gainsborough picture recently recovered in Chicago. The price paid has not been made public.

In a despatch of April 2, Lord Roberts mentions many Canadians for meritorious service, including Cols. Drury and Otter; Lieut.-Cols. Buchan, Evans, Lassarde and Steele, and many other officers and privates.

Sir Alfred Milner, according to the London Daily Chronicle, is coming to England early next month and will remain two months to recruit his health, which has been severely tried by his arduous labors in South Africa.

About 500 persons gathered at the American Horse exchange, New York, Tuesday afternoon to attend the sale at auction of the horses from the estate of the late Geo. F. Gilman, at Black Rock, Conn. The sale was begun under authority of the Bridgeport Trust Co., the administrators. The whole sale brought in a total of \$28,000.

A despatch to the London Times from Middleburg, Transvaal, says: 'Operations in the eastern Transvaal have been begun. There is no doubt that acting President Schalkburger, Gen. Botha, Mr. Steyn and Gen. DeWet had a meeting at Ermelo, but their subsequent movements are obscure. Raids on the railway have become less frequent.'

George Dixon, the champion lightweight, and his sparring partner, William (Sun) Ash, were arrested at the Casino Theatre, Lawrence, Mass., Tuesday afternoon. They were charged with prompting a boxing exhibition. Theodore Flowers and William Robinson, the managers of the theatre were also placed under arrest.

charged with maintaining a boxing exhibition.

Queen Alexandra has returned to London from Copenhagen.

Korea will build 32 coast fortresses to resist a possible Japanese invasion.

It is said that the government intends asking parliament for a vote to meet the cost of erecting a national museum at Ottawa.

The indemnities claimed from China will reach \$250,000,000, exclusive of the claims of individuals and missions, says a German official.

The estate of Fernando Yznago, worth \$2,000,000, is left entirely to his sister, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, says a New York despatch.

All last year's officers were unanimously elected at the annual election of the Tammany society which was held in New York Monday at the big wigwag.

For the nine months ended March 31st Canada's aggregate exports exceeded that for a similar period in the previous fiscal year by \$17,105,276. There was a falling off in imports of \$688,762.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands was toasted and Joseph Chamberlain of England denounced at the sixth annual banquet of the Holland Society of Chicago, which was held at the Grand Pacific hotel. About 100 members of the society were present with a number of invited guests.

It is officially announced in London that the Marquis of Headfort and Miss Rosie Boote, the actress, were married April 11, Saltwood, near Folkestone, the witnesses being a villager and Miss Daisy Roche, an actress. They have been staying quietly at the Hotel Metropole, Folkestone, for several weeks.

The Boston horse show which for society is the great event of the spring season began at the Mechanics building Monday with considerable gaiety and color at the ringside. The gathering of equines with blue blood pedigrees is remarkably good, fully up to the first show, which has always been referred to as the criterion for judgment.

Henry H. Hawthorne, one of the invalid soldiers in the soldiers' home in Dayton, Ohio, has just received notice that he has been made the beneficiary to the amount of from \$200,000 to \$500,000 left him by a woman out of gratitude for having saved her life many years ago. The woman is Mrs. Josephine Fairfax, who recently died in the south of France.

A despatch from Lemberg to the Neues Wiener Journal, Vienna, asserts that further troubles have occurred in Russia and that wholesale arrests have been made in Odessa and other cities. The correspondent says also that 15,000 signatures including merchants and land owners have been secured to a petition to Emperor Nicholas to grant a constitution.

Civic elections were held in St. John, N. B. Tuesday. Mayor Daniel and the majority of the aldermen were re-elected by acclamation. There were only two contests, the most interesting of which was the fight between Dr. William Christie and D. J. M. Smith, old opponents in Lansdowne ward. For the third time Dr. Christie won. He defeated Dr. Smith 3 to 1.

From various parts of Germany come reports of heavy thunder storms. Lightning killed three persons and maimed four others near Fredericstob, Hanover. Heavy snows have fallen in Rudolsadt and throughout the whole of Thuringia, while the rains have caused the Oder to overflow, covering large districts in Silesia. The Rhine is still very high at Cologne and the district of Canb is flooded.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry received a tumultuous welcome in London Monday evening at the Lyceum theatre, where 'Coriolanus' was presented with all the wealth of setting and scenery for which Irving is famous. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The applause which