

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 26.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

"The twenty-fourth of May is the Queen's birthday; if you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away," is the old schoolboy song, not less in this part of the world than on the other side of the ocean.

And in truth it was ever a reason why people should rejoice on the natal day of an earthly sovereign, it exists in the case of Victoria, the Good. In her reign of less than three-score years, the British empire has advanced as if never did before in any one century since the days of the Norman Conquest.

In the compass of a generation, beginning with the "Trent affair," there have been times when war must have been the issue of an international dispute, had the traditions of the past been followed.

So it is that in the reign of Victoria, the Good, Britain and its possessions have prospered. There has been a wonderful progress in science, if not in literature and art.

We in the maritime provinces have much to which to be grateful under the reign of Victoria. It is well that we keep the anniversary of her birth.

THE STREET LOAFER MUST GO.

A Halifax correspondent tells Progress that the police arrest corner loafers on sight in that city, and that a fine is the penalty for violating the law.

It is not only those who have to escort ladies "through the lines," who have a right to complain. There are scores of working girls who are in all respects entitled to be treated as ladies.

police. There are more than enough to stamp out the nuisance in one night, even under a liberal construction of the existing statutes.

Would it not be a good idea for Chief Clark to see how far the present law will cover the case. He ought to understand that decent citizens want more than a technical enforcement of the law.

There ought to be law enough to permit of this being done. If there is not, the sooner proper legislation can be obtained the better.

A MESSAGE FROM JAIL.

On another page of Progress this week is a letter from Mr. C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL, at present a prisoner in Dorchester jail. As stated in connection with the letter itself, Progress does not endorse his comments on Messrs. Hawke and Stevens, but permits him to give his opinions for whatever value the public may choose to attach to them.

It will be observed that Mr. MacDougall is philosophical under his trial, or rather want of trial. He frankly admits that he is not a martyr, and that he would be glad to get out of jail.

The motto on the wall of Dorchester jail tells a great truth, so great that if men were to comprehend it in its fullness there would be no need of jails. The message of love is to the sinner who needs to have it explained to him.

DOWN TO HIS BOOTS.

The face, the hand and the style of writing have all been made the base of theories in the study of human character, and now old boots are to the front in the same useful capacity.

Without knowing anything of the theories of this observing Frenchman, it is not difficult to understand that he has good premises on which to build, however fanciful may be the deductions.

been theorized to an absurdity from the old fashioned phrenology of Gall to the modern idea of graphology in which an autograph letter is made an involuntary confession by the writer to the expert who has never seen him.

The art of scartology, or the sizing up a man by his boots, is worthy of attention, though a tyro in it may very easily make mistakes. The old phrase of "down at the heel" and the more modern one of "on his uppers" are based upon actual conditions in the experience of humanity.

But a rascal may wear as good boots as can be had, says the doubter. Undoubtedly he can, and when he does he is not under suspicion as a pest.

Obviously, the deductions must be made from the way the person to be studied wears out his boots. Certain inferences may be made from the style of boots worn and the care bestowed on their appearance, but the only solid test is to be found in the soles and heels.

To read it right is another matter. Most men who have had to rub against the world with their wits have had to learn how to size up a man at sight by a variety of indicia, of which the boots are usually only corroborative evidence.

The word comes that the carefully pressed crease in the legs of trousers is to become a thing of the past except, perhaps, in ready-made clothing where it always belonged and should have stayed.

According to a London letter, Miss Rye is running short of girls to bring to Canada and is advertising for recruits. The conditions which govern the admission of candidates to her army are that they must be protestants, between ten and sixteen years old, healthy and fairly intelligent.

It is said that C. BRUCE MACDOUGALL's lawyers will enter a protest against Judge Wells presiding in the case of their client. Mr. MacDougall has openly stated in his paper that the prosecution hopes to secure his conviction by malice, and the use of political and other wicked influences, and now he is going to swear to it in the shape of an affidavit.

[The letter of Mr. McDougall is published as he has written it, and represents his opinions rather than those of Progress especially in regard to Messrs. Hawke and Stevens. It is published as a matter of fairness to the prisoner, who has no longer his own paper at his command, and who is in prison, without counsel and has at least a right to be heard over his own signature.]

The Cunard steamship company which prides itself on the reliability of its employees has lately found an organized system of thieving among some sailors

and men in the cargo department. Goods have been stolen for the last two years, but it is pretty safe to assume that the stealing has come to an end with the discovery.

Persons who pretend to read character by the handwriting are humbugs says the New York Herald in answer to a correspondent. It may be that the persons are humbugs, but that writing is a very clear index of character, is something that is pretty clear to people who get many letters.

Massachusetts is talking of adopting electricity in the place of hanging for the final disposition of criminals. Considering the number of murders in Boston, and the rarity of executions it really seems to matter little which method is legalized.

CAPT. WHITMAN ANGRY.

He sends a Non-Com. to the Rear and There is Trouble.

HALIFAX, May 24.—The Kelly drum matter is not the only sensation in the 66th P.L.F. There was trouble at the parade on Tuesday night. Captain Whitman distinguished himself by ordering Colonel Sergeant F. J. Horneman to fall to the rear as a prisoner. Members of the battalion say the best hated officer in the regiment is this same Captain Alfred Whitman.

Said Horneman to Whitman: "If you wait a minute, and give me a chance, I'll have the company ready, but it's impossible to do anything while you interfere in this objectionable manner."

There was another scene between officer and sergeant a moment or two later, and then the order came from Whitman: "Horneman, fall to the rear as a prisoner!"

The command was obeyed, and Horneman went to the rear. Then he started for home, took off his regimentals and returned to the field of drill and of strife with "blood in his eye." Captain Whitman and Color-Sergeant Horneman appeared before Colonel Humphrey in the capacity of defendant and plaintiff respectively. The two men were disposed to argue out the matter at length, but "silence sir, an officer should not discuss a question with a non-com!" ended the dispute for the time being.

When officer meets man, "then comes the tug of war."

LADIES WHO LOVE FLOWERS.

And Take Them Boldly from the Public Square.

The efforts of the Horticultural society to beautify the public squares are strangely hindered sometimes, by people whose position, education and environments would lead one to think that they were heartily in sympathy with the association and its aims.

It is not necessary to mention names, but it is a fact that last Sunday morning two ladies went to one of the flower beds on Queen square and there despoiled it, taking tulips from it in plain view of a number of people on the square.

Why attempt to keep the dogs from the squares? Why endeavor to impress upon the children the fact that the flowers in the square are not to be touched? Why subscribe to plant flowers in the squares and thus beautify them for the sake of all the people when some of the people—those who should know better—will thus destroy them.

Judge Lynch.

Fully 1,000 colored men and women have been murdered by mobs in the Southern States during the last ten years. In 1892 there were 159 men and women lynched. In the first half of 1893 there were certainly 100 killed.

Wanted to Be There.

Taper—I should like two weeks' absence to attend the wedding of a very dear friend. Mr. Gingham—It must be a very dear friend, indeed, to make you want that much time. Who is it?

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Jist of the Paper.

The newspaper's come—I must read it through, I'll drop everything I have to do; But I will never read the horrible lies That are printed by people who advertise.

Well, here is a bit of biography,— 'Tis a very fine poet in Tennessee; But one never can know till the end, to be sure, He sings the virtues of Celery Cure.

Turn, then, to a poem by Palmer Cox, Where pesky Brownies are going in flocks. To find at last, that each little fellow Has been dosed and doctored with some sarsaparilla.

But I'll try this sermon, by Talmage preached; Though, before ever the end is reached, I fling down the paper, all flaming mad, For I know its a patent medicine ad.

A song is this—it is passing sweet— Of brooks, and birds, and lovers that meet; But it ends with something about Pink Pills, A cure for the greatest of human ills.

You think how your mother used to serve The bitter pill in the sweet preserve; But you found the cheat out pretty quick. When it stuck in your throat and made you sick.

A newspaper never again I'll try;— But an ordinary catches my eye: Hang him! the man would still be alive If he had not neglected to use Laxative.

The painted windows in Gothic fanes, The mountain summits, the spreading plains, The press and pulpit—it he carries his plan— Will be hired to the patent medicine man.

So complain no more, since it is not wise; No man can escape the plague, if he tries; For the sea and shore, the earth and skies, And God, and man—if he lives or dies— And the things we love, and the things we despise, And a things we cheapen and vulgarize, Will still be employed to help the lies Of the fend whose motto is—ADVERTISE.

Memory's Lane.

I heard a voice in a dream last night, Like the cry of a mourning dove; I wakened and summer laughed in my face, And gave me a kiss of love.

And looked away to the purple rime, Of shadows of mountain towers; Then all the world awoke and sang And decked the earth with flowers.

Arrayed in beautiful robes and gems With lilacs in her hand; A white rose blown in her golden hair, And her brow by sea winds fanned, Her eyes to my longing language turned, And down in her sweet warm heart; She saw in the light of the poet's soul A glory beyond her art.

She whispered to us the living name Of one who is nameless here; But my love know how we went With her, us three, that year, She folded her mantle around us too Along her violet ways; And all her beautiful roses grew, In the paradise of our days.

In memory's lane is the glory still, And there dear heart alone; My weary self lies in the dream, Of a song with a vanished tone. Oh laughing summer your kiss is life, To the green leaves where they lie; You waken the voice of a rose of love, In a day that can never die.

Blow a breath in the silver reed, Of the poets days of old; And sing of the white robed marguerite, In her bodice of yellow gold. And come with me to a jewelled strand, O'er the storm washed harbor bar; And sail on your beautiful sea of bloom Under love's crimson star.

In The Old Home Road.

Hey there, pink and white arabus, Calling where your green leaves grow; Here's the boy who clasped about you, Wee red fingers long ago.

Ho ye merry rumps of blue bells, I lit your brighteyes up to mine; Spread your sweet bougls hemlock branches, Here must I awhile recline.

Years have vanished! yes we know it, We are old friends just the same; Throw your fragrance all around me, More are you to me than fame.

Here the pines and love's wild roses, Strewed their balm in old times gone, Filling all these moss cup vases, Full of colors drifting down.

Now the buttercups and daisies, See me from the meadow grass; Down the fern lined path of spruce trees Looking in the river glass.

Trailing buds and sprays of May time, Blue bird's note and robin's tune; Honey bee and woodbine climbing, Take me to the marge of June.

On the pole fence sings the linnet, Teaching more than any tract; God's own glory all about him We're two poets; golden fact.

With the perfume of the pitch pine On our coats, we have our song; His is to his sweetness only, Mine is to a scattered throng.

Oh ye bougls with balsam fragrant, Talking still beside the lake; Wrap me in your dreams of glory, Sing or else my heart will break.

With the perfume of the pitch pine On our coats, we have our song; His is to his sweetness only, Mine is to a scattered throng.

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PAPER MADE FROM A TREE.

One of the Industries of China to Be Tried in the United States.

The rice paper tree, one of the most interesting of the entire flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida, where it now flourishes with other sub-tropical and Oriental species of trees and shrubs.

It is a small tree, growing to a height of less than fifteen feet, and with a trunk or stem from three to five inches in diameter. Its canes, which vary in color, according to the season, are large, soft, and downy, the form somewhat resembling that noticed in those of the castor bean plant.

The celebrated rice-paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders several inches in length.

The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to these cylinders, and turning them around either by rule machinery or by hand (in which latter operation they display much skill and dexterity,) pare the pith from circumference to centre. This operation makes a roll of extra quality paper, the scroll being of equal thickness throughout. After a cylinder has thus been pared, it is unrolled and weights placed upon it until the surface is rendered uniformly smooth throughout its entire length. It is altogether probable that if rice paper becomes an industry in the United States these primitive methods of manufacture will be done away with.—[St. Louis Republic.]

About Clove Trees.

The average length of life of the clove tree in Zanzibar appears to be from 60 to 70 years. Such terrible devastation resulted from the hurricane of 1872, when nearly all the clove plantations on the island were destroyed, that the average age of the trees now growing may be put down as below 20 years. The trees in the sultan's plantation, the largest in the island, are from 16 to 17 years old.

Had Heard of that Kind.

Old lady—I want a watch that won't tick so loud. Jeweler—They all tick like this ma'am; there's no other kind.

Old lady—Sho! I know better. I've heard of them silent watches of the night since I kin remember.

A Pointer on Coffee.

A useful recipe for making good coffee was promised in an advertisement on receipt of 10 cents. A woman of Hamden, Ohio, sent a dime and received this important advice: "Practise till you get the coffee exactly right; then keep on making it in that way."

Positive and Negative.

"You don't mean to say the cashier has gone?" "Yes," replied the bank official.

"Dear me! He had such a pleasing appearance." "Yes. And such a displeasing disappearance."

Suggesting a Remedy.

Dumley (who has been asked to carve and is meeting with poor success)—"Whew! Landlady—Isn't the knife sharp, Mr. Dumley? I had it ground to-day."

The knife is all right, madam. You ought to have had the fowl ground!"

NEWCASTLE.

[Progress is for sale in Newcastle by Max Aldin.]

May 22.—We have been enjoying rather finer weather than usual, but the dread east wind has sprung up again and no doubt the rain will follow.

There is a report that Dr. Pedolin has bought the yacht "Kitchoo" from Mr. J. C. Millar. Though somewhat out of "swim" for the last year or two, this boat is a splendid sailer and under the Dr's. skillful management will no doubt take a prominent place in future races.

Hon. Peter Mitchell, and his daughter Miss Blanche Mitchell are in town staying at Hiltop, the residence of Mr. James Mitchell.

The W. C. T. U. concert was held before a rather small and select audience; Mr. W. C. Anslow performed the duties of stage manager in a very satisfactory manner. The selections by the band were very good.

A number of our young people are preparing to go to Moncton where great attractions in the way of baseball and sports are held forth.

Mr. R. F. Yorton goes over to Fredericton on Thursday to take the degree of M. A. at the University.

Mrs. Bruce, of Moncton, was in town last week.

BUCTOUCHE.

May 22.—Mr. Alex. Curran of West Branch spent a few days here last week.

Rev. John Reed, of Moncton, is here the guests of the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin. He and Mr. McLaughlin expect to hold an educational meeting this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Irving spent a day in Richibucto last week.

Mrs. Roberts left on Monday morning for Boston. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Irving and Miss Gladys spent Sunday at Mrs. Irving's former home in Milltown.

Mr. Clarence Gross, of Moncton, and Mr. McLunis of St. John were at Bay View this week.

ANDOVER.

May 23.—Mrs. Allen Perley and Mrs. Charles Miles spent a few days in Woodstock last week.

Mr. T. Burke Inspector of Inland Revenue, St. John accompanied by his daughter, Miss Burke were in town on Monday.

The Presbyterians have secured the services of Rev. Mr. Craye during the summer.

The Andover cornet band will celebrate May 24th with a game of base ball in the afternoon, between the Fort Fairfield Me. and Andover clubs and a supper and ball in the evening. The proceeds will be for procuring uniform suits for the band.

Mr. Allan Perley and Miss Louise Perley drove to Woodstock yesterday.

Saturday Night Hair-Cutting.

To the Editor of Progress.—I would like to call attention to a certain matter which is a great injustice to many fair minded men, that is those people who get their hair cut on Saturday night who have plenty of time all week, and also men who send their children to the barber shop on that evening. Now, Mr. Editor, don't you think it an injustice to the young men of our city who are closed up in an office all week, to have to spend sometimes an hour on Saturday evening waiting their turn when the night is so pleasant outside? I have often seen men walking about all week and on Saturday evening they put themselves up for a hair cut. Just when you would think of stepping to the chair. Hoping you will refer to this in your next issue, I remain, A CONSTANT READER.