

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities where...

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday...

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 29.

NO LASTING MEMORIAL.

Preparations for the celebration of the Queen's sexagenary goes on apace...

There are meetings innumerable, to decide upon something, and much valuable time is consumed...

The northern limit of true forest land has been found by a German student...

Bacteria, as one might infer from their simple structure, seems to have appeared with the first life on earth...

Crime seems to be on the increase according to the daily press of Europe and America...

A portable crematory for military purposes is to be introduced into Continental armies...

The wealthy Pennsylvanian who committed suicide the other day, because, as he explained...

Aluminum helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German Army...

An edict has been issued in Japan requiring the people to eat meat, in order that they may grow tall...

The Spanish government has ordered a new loan of \$40,000,000 to meet the cost of military operations in Cuba...

Astronomers make known the fact that 1,000,000 "shooting stars" fall into the sun for every one that comes into our atmosphere...

The Paris Fire Brigade authorities are quietly making some trials with a hose propelled by means of a petroleum motor...

A law has been passed abolishing the death penalty in Nicaragua.

Chairs Re-seated, Came, Splint, Perforated Durat, 17 Waterloo.

disappointment that grew out of that hope. But he did believe in it as a possible remedy in some cases...

A good idea that is being put into practical use by boards of education, in several cities is the use of millimeter cards...

Justice doesn't seem to be very evenly distributed in Johannesburg, or else those distributing it have peculiar ideas...

The northern limit of true forest land has been found by a German student, to reach its highest latitude 72 1/2 degrees...

Bacteria, as one might infer from their simple structure, seems to have appeared with the first life on earth...

Crime seems to be on the increase according to the daily press of Europe and America, and the character of each crime is more Jekyll and Hyde like...

A portable crematory for military purposes is to be introduced into Continental armies. It has the appearance of an army baking oven...

The wealthy Pennsylvanian who committed suicide the other day, because, as he explained in a note to his family, he wanted to learn something of the world beyond...

Aluminum helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German Army, the saving in weight being more than offset by the metals storing heat even, to blistering the forehead of the wearers...

An edict has been issued in Japan requiring the people to eat meat, in order that they may grow tall. How is this for "artificial aids to evolution"...

The Spanish government has ordered a new loan of \$40,000,000 to meet the cost of military operations in Cuba and the Phillipine Islands...

Astronomers make known the fact that 1,000,000 "shooting stars" fall into the sun for every one that comes into our atmosphere...

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Sweet Red Rose A red rose in her dark brown hair, Just blushing in the twilight air...

A harp Eolian's clearest chord, Could ne'er unto my soul afford, A voice with such deep rapture stored...

No'er spoke a dearer heart to mine, Or voice more like a dream divine; Where all love's passion light doth shine...

Cedar Lawn, 1897.

A Spray of Honeysuckle. Do you remember that sunny September Flow the sun shone on the beautiful sea...

Down by the sea foamy wavelets splashing, Upon the cliff sides a wreath of green, Trees the e'ggy-rocks growing and making...

A tiny path to some stone steps leading— Almost hidden amid the trees, Soft perfume from the wild flowers wafted...

And high o'er the heads of the two who are climbing That rocky way in the sunlight glow...

Do you remember the other one springing Upon the bushes, and with earnest will Straining each power in ardent endeavour...

Too high alas! it waves in its beauty, Delicate petals a zephyr fanned, Its fragile stem is with briars surrounded...

He must give it up. But do you remember How the other one said: "Dear, you tried your best 'Tis the effort I value, more than the gaining..."

I see as in vision life's winding pathway And that steep ascent to the farther height; The sound of Time's restless billows...

Climb the stony track, for it treadeth upward To nobler prospects and purer air, Upward to wider and clearer outlook— Joy and blessings await you there.

And I see overhead, like those fragrant flowers You fan would have gathered that sunny day, A good deed waits for the head that will gain it...

A voice breathes low:—"You I call my brother Gather for me that unfading flower— That voice—ah—you know it—there is no other That speaks to the spirit with such sweet power."

Will not strive filled with low strength and eager To do it cost you effort and pain and loss? Briars wounded the hand that reached for the flowers—

And if 'tis too high this thing that you strive for, When fully attained—ah, your soul will be blest— When the Master shall say: "Tis the effort I value, 'T was for My sake beloved, you tried your best."

Somewhere. Somewhere, I know, we shall find them all, The stars that blossom beyond our reach, The star that hid 'neath an inky pall...

Somewhere, I know that the kisses wait For which we languished in days gone by, And smiles will greet us alert, elate,

Somewhere, the laurel we missed while here The bays our foreheads reached for in vain, Somewhere the chaplet shall ne'er grow sore...

Somewhere, is the rest for which we strive, The breast to pillow a weary head, A priest to listen and cheer and shrive...

The Pilgrims. "Whither, pilgrims, whither bound Passing slowly with no sound?"

"Hither, children, making May Of the solemn autumn day, Who were they that now went by...

"We have wandered many hours Here where some one hides the flowers; We heard laughter in the grass...

Life and Death. Life is a river, whose perennial source Springs from above; The sweetest flower blooming in its course...

Death is a cavern, whose dark boundaries have Eternal scope; The only bud that blossoms near the grave Is human hope.

"Beautiful Nova Scotia." Such is the title under which the Yarmouth S. S. Co., is circulating a charming bit of literature...

The book is beautifully illustrated with scenes from the most interesting parts of the province, and the great advantages for fishing, hunting, boating and bathing are told in interesting and captivating language...

The Steamship Co. are sending out 10,000 of these books and they should be a great factor in attracting tourist travel to that part of the country.

THE SHAH AND THE SCOTCH GIRLS.

A Highland Fling by Five Hundred Maids That Took the Eye of Persia's Monarch.

"When I was at the Paris Exposition," said Malcolm Duncan of Glasgow yesterday, "the Shah of Persia was one of the honored guests. He was a good soul. Western civilization had made an impression on him, and no ruler in the Orient had a profounder respect for the wonders that British and American genius have accomplished..."

"One night the Shah visited one of the French theatres of the lower grade. When he arrived the house was full. The Oriental monarch received the best the house afforded, but that was not even one exclusive box. The Shah and his friends were ushered into one of the front boxes. In it sat a typical Scotchman, staid and solemn as his race. In the course of the evening a pretty and lithe-limbed danseuse crept nimbly upon the stage. Instantly the Shah was all attention. He feasted his eyes on the gyrating form and even forgot his kingly dignity in his admiration for the actress. Persia's proud ruler sat in front of the Scot, who was the only occupant of the box when his party arrived. When his enthusiasm carried him to his feet the Scot's vision was obscured. Shah or no Shah, the Scot had paid to see the show, and see the show he proposed to do."

"Laying a heavy hand on the shoulder of the Oriental despot, the Scot said: 'If you ever come to Scotland ask for MacKenzie, the laird of K'noul. He'll show you better things than Paris ever saw.'"

"The earnestness of the Scot impressed the Shah even more than his heavy hand. MacKenzie, the laird of Kintoul, was a name that lodged in his memory, the more because with it was associated the promise of sights to the Persian yet unknown. A few months thereafter it befell that the Shah, in the course of his trip through the British Isles, visited Scotland. The laird of Kintoul's invitation still rung in his ears. Inquiry revealed that MacKenzie was the head of a numerous and powerful clan, and the Shah went out of his course to meet him and remind him of his promise."

"The highland chief is the soul of honor. He felt complimented by the visit and in duty bound to make good his promise. The fair lassies for all the country round were assembled in the laird's ancestral castle. Five hundred young women tossed their slippers skyward at the first note of the Scotch bagpipe. Then 500 plaid-clad forms gyrated through the movements of an old-fashioned highland fling. Those thousand feet that stole boldly out and then modestly retired beneath the shelter of Scotia's national colors, made a sight which the harems of the Sultan and the feasts of the East could not equal. The Shah was captivated. He glided into the midst of the feminine throng and a pretty lassie who is now married to a Glasgow shipbuilder has the honor of being the only woman with whom Persia's ruler danced during his visit in Queen Victoria's domains. In my part of Scotland the Shah and his visit to the Laird of Kintoul is still one of the subjects of neighborly gossip."

TRAPPING A MOUNTAIN LION.

How a California Boy Got Even With One for Chasing Him.

"It was when I was sheep ranching in the Hermosa district, in southern California, that I was, in a way, concerned in a very queer trapping operation," said James Smith of Geneva, N. Y. "I was a partner in a large ranch, and we were getting along swimmingly when one spring a mountain lion came into the neighborhood and set to killing our sheep and lambs. We tried hunting, traps, and poison to rid ourselves of the beast, but could neither get him nor drive him away. The beast not only killed our sheep but one night a harder in our employ, a boy from one of the middle Western States, came running to the ranch house a good deal frightened, and complained that a mountain lion had chased him. He had had a long run, and the creature had followed him to within fifty yards of the house."

"With the morning light the boy recovered courage and went out to his herding again, but he mullered over the run and the scare the lion had given him and vowed he would get even with the beast. Along the creek that bordered the range was a good growth of timber, and the boy, remembering his rabbit-snaring feats in the East, rigged a 'jump-up' trap on a large scale for the benefit of the lion. He built an enclosure that could be entered only by a passage on one side. Then he bent down a stiff sapling and secured its top to a notched tree stump in such a way that if it were moved, ever so little, it would fly up. To this top he attached a stout rope, with a slip noose so arranged that any creature entering the enclosure would be caught by the noose and at the same time cause the sapling to spring upright. When everything was ready he put a lamb in the enclosure at night and waited."

"The lamb's bleating attracted the lion, and at midnight the boy, who slept in an outbuilding, came to the ranch house to tell us that the beast was caught. Once awakened we needed no telling of the fact, for the lion's cries came plainly to our ears from up the creek. We got our guns and started for the trap. The night was dark, and as we floundered along among the trees and brushwood the foremost man nearly ran bang into the lion, hanging by the rope to the sapling. The beast had evidently tried to leap through the noose, for he was caught, not by the neck, but round the body, just forward of the hind-quarters. As he dangled from the sapling trying to turn so as to bite off the rope, his claws and contortions were something wonderful to see, and at every failure he let out a screech that could have been heard a mile away."



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"Turn and twist as he might he could not get to the rope with his teeth. But lest something might slip or give way and let him loose we lost no time in backing off to a safer distance, and then we finished him with our firearms. We were all mighty pleased to get rid of him, but I reckon the boy that trapped him got the most satisfaction out of the business—and he got the skin and bounty."

WRITING A LEADER.

How it Sometimes is Accompanied by Strange Movements of the Face.

The late Alexander Russel, the famous editor of the Scotsman, the leading journal of Scotland, was not an easy writer—that is, he was never fluent nor quick with his pen. He rarely wrote under pressure, for he disliked to be pushed, and declared that haste militated against good writing and sound thinking. He cared for ideas expressed in 'good phrasing'; but the form was always to him of less value than the substance."

When Mr. Russel had chosen the topic for a leader,—he insisted that the leading article of to-day was all the better for being on the subject of the day before yesterday,—he would walk about the room, thinking over the matter, and jot down his thoughts in shorthand at his writing-table."

Unconsciously to the thinker, the process of thinking out a leader was associated with odd motions of his arms and hands. Once the absurdity of his method was revealed to him by a lady, an excellent mimic, the story is told in 'An Editor's Retrospect,' the title of Mr. C. A. Cooper's book."

Mr. Russel had shut himself up in a country house to work, unaware that his room was overlooked from a neighboring window. After dinner, this lady, who had observed him, asked their host if he would like to know how a leading article was written. Getting up and walking about the room, she mimicked the editor's throes, shrugs, jerks, head-scratchings, pen bitings, and other incongruous movements."

Mr. Barrie, in his recent memoir of his mother, 'Margaret Oglivey,' describes himself as making strange faces over his writing. "It is my contemptible weakness," he writes, "that if I say a character smiled vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers, I frown or leer; if he is a coward or given to contortions, I cringe or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my moustache with him. If the character be a lady, with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely."

When Mr. Russel's children were very young, he would often have one or two of them in the room where he was writing that he might spell himself by romping with them. Once Mr. Cooper remarked to Russel's sister that a certain article of his must have been written while he was in excellent spirits."

"Yes," said she, "the last paragraph means that he had a roll on the carpet with Johnny and Janet."

Laconic Criticism.

Mrs. Garrick, the wife of the famous actor, would never admit that any one in the profession approached her husband in ability, save perhaps Kean, in the part of Richard III."

One criticism of hers received unexpected confirmation. After seeing Kean play 'Abel Druggar,' she sat down and wrote him: "Dear Sir.—You cannot act 'Abel Druggar.'"

"Yours. M. Garrick." His reply was equally to the point: "Madam—I know it. Yours, E. Kean."

Rivals For Fame.

"I'm going to introduce a bill," declared the first legislator, "prohibiting any and all persons from going up in a balloon."

"There's where you show your lack of statesmanship," sneered the second legislator. "My bill will make it an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to fall out of a balloon."—Detroit Free Press.

The Only Machine in Town.

Fox doing up ladies shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works.