

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.

TOWARD THE SOUTH POLE.

On Marsh 21st there was launched at Dundee the stout ship Discovery, which has been built for the British Antarctic Expedition. Two weeks later, at Kiel, was launched the ship which has been built for the German Antarctic Expeditions. Some time in July or August both expeditions are expected to start for a two or three years' cruise in the Antarctic regions. They are inspired by a friendly rivalry to see which shall add the most to the world's slender store of knowledge of the great areas of land which bar approach to the South Pole; but by a new "Anglo-German agreement" in the interests of science, they will avoid clashing by dividing the Antarctic area between them. The British expedition will devote itself to one region, the German to another.

If there were anything in a name, that which has been given the British ship should be a good omen. She is the sixth ship of the name to be employed in exploration. The first sailed into the Arctic seas three hundred years ago; others were navigated by Cook and Vancouver; and the last before the present was under the command of Sir GEORGE NARES in the great Arctic expedition of 1875-6. The new Discovery is built with special reference to recovering the pressure of ice fields. She will carry stores for three years, and her engines are capable of steaming about eight knots. From these and other expeditions into the Antarctic regions no material benefits are anticipated. There are no islands to be annexed, no profitable commerce to be developed, no new trade routes to be marked out. The fruits will be scientific only; the mappings of the unknown area, the investigation of the sea-water, observations of meteorology and magnetism, and collections in different departments of science. But it cannot be an idle quest which makes any considerable addition to our knowledge of the world we inhabit.

BOOKS TO ENJOY.

In the public library of a New England city a room has recently been set apart for a thousand volumes making up a collection known as "The Standard Library." The books are free of access to all comers. On the wall of the room is inscribed: "The books invite you, not to study, but to taste and read." The librarian has hoped by this device to turn some readers from their insatiable devouring of the newest fiction, good or bad, and to convince others that, besides imparting knowledge, literature can perform a high mission in communicating enjoyment and power. Whether the public in the particular city will carry out its part of the plan or not, is yet to be seen. Certainly the experiment is worth making.

A New York librarian says of it: "The good that it does will be among the 'browsers,' especially children. If these are allowed the freest kind of access to the standard shelves they will probably sooner or later open some good books that will prove fascinating to them."

What the libraries can do in a large way every household can attempt in a small way. If it happens to possess more than a few books, why not separate the best—that is, the enduring—from the works of the day and hour, and let the younger members of the family be led, through precept and example, to regard these chosen

volumes as worthy of the truest intimacy and respect?

The men and women who learn as boys and girls to cultivate their gifts of imagination, humor and sympathy through mere enjoyment—not necessarily study—of the best literature are armed with the truest weapons of delight and strength.

The Curious Cassowary.

'The cassowary is a curious bird.' This random bit from the diary of that darling child, Marjorie Fleming, is quite accurate as far as it goes. Fuller information shows that the cassowary is a natural boxer; the only bird, except perhaps the ostrich, whose method of defense and attack in warfare is the forward kick. And the way the cassowary can kick—straight out like a man—is calculated to arouse envy in the breast of any save a track athlete.

Another notable peculiarity of this bird is his ability to perform a sort of war-dance over any particular object that attracts his attention. This recently happened at the London 'Zoo' when one of the cassowaries, which are confined in cages there, lighted upon a gaudy piece of ribbon blown inside the bars from the hat or dress of some woman visitor.

He was one of the smallest of the collection, but he was of a martial temper.

After having carefully examined the ribbon he started his war-dance, and kept it up with great vigor for some minutes.

While he was at the height of his enjoyment a larger cassowary came up and interfered with him. The smaller bird stood this for some time, but when the other attempted to oust him from the spot in order that he in turn might prance about the ribbon, the intrusion was resented in no uncertain style.

Kicking out vigorously on all sides, craning his neck, snapping his beak, elongating his body and hitting imaginary blows with the horny mass which cassowaries carry on the top of their heads, and which is called the helmet, the bird seemed to bid defiance to all comers.

The larger cassowary, thinking, apparently, that he could treat the demonstrations of the light weight with contempt, commenced hustling his antagonist.

The two were very ill matched in height one of them being about five feet high and the other a foot or more shorter, but the battle that ensued showed that weight and height will not always tell.

Forward kicks were the main feature of the fight. At first the blows were delivered chiefly on the breast, and did not hurt much, but eventually the smaller bird knocked the other one out with a masterly stroke delivered by the long, sharp claw of the inner toe on the wattles of his antagonist.

No fatal injury was done, but the shock must have been terrific, for the big bird uttered a peculiar cry and retired in confusion to his corner, while the victor resumed his war dance.

He also had been severely punished, but says the London Express, from which this account has been transcribed, one could almost imagine him saying to himself: Beneath the bludgeonings of Fate My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Improving His Grammar.

In a school for colored children there was a little boy who would persist in saying 'have went.'

The teacher kept him in one night and said:

'Now while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times.'

When the teacher came back he looked at the boy's paper, and there was, 'Have gone fifty times.' On the other side was written, 'I have went home.'

Repartee Ab Ovo.

'Hello!' exclaimed the egg that was still intact, you appear to be all broke up.'

'Nevertheless,' replied the one in the bowl of eggnog, 'I'm in good spirits.'

'So I observe. I suppose you'll be drunk in a little while.—Philadelphia Press.'

The Pan American exposition grounds at Buffalo, are again a scene of life and activity. Inspection of the grounds shows that not nearly so much damage has been done as was anticipated. While the storm delayed work in almost every department, it is again going on rapidly. It was thought that some damage might have been done to the interior decoration but very little really has been done.

On the night of April first, last Mrs. Alma Douglass was shot at by her husband Axel at 835 Lexington ave., New York one shot entering her body and the other her head, resulting in her death. Monday afternoon a jury sitting with Governor Zucca fixed the responsibility upon Douglass, who has been in Flower hospital since the crime owing to an attempt to shoot himself immediately after killing his wife.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Opening Day. 'Play ball!' Again the cry goes up. From where the umpire stands, And forward strides a husky chap, A willow in his hands, A sphere of horsehide cleaves the air Like music from the bat's hands. The batsman swings and looks amazed, The umpire says, 'Strike one.'

Again the batsman makes his pose, The pitcher makes a fit; Then with the bat the ball collides, And thunders cheer the hit, The roots yell as they are hoarse, The cranks their seats cards dot, While peepers at the knotholes smile, And those who bat wax hot.

Another husky chap appears, And at the pitcher grins; Again the ball is fiercely banged, And to the shortstop spins. Two men are spitting down the lines, While watching thousands shout; A rapid double play is made— The umpire calls both out.

Then from all sides comes hoots and jeers, And howls of rage and grief; The rooters at the umpire's feet, And players off the field. There's a woe among the bleachersites, In grandstand there's a kick; And urchins on the fence-top yell: 'Say, swipe dat umpire quick!'

The storm is hushed, the game proceeds, Though out the umpire's jeered; The ball is banged, and thrown, and tossed, And players off are cheered. The rooters' spirits rise and fall, The cranks note every play, And if the game ends well all join In one great, glad, 'Hoorsay!'

The season's on and now for months All hands will talk baseball, And pennant hopes will often rise, And often make a fall. And to the front again now comes The old, familiar bore, Who never goes to see a game, But asks about the score. —Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Pilgrims. Who hides beneath a roof to-day, If he may set his foot abroad Along the woody outland way, Is little better than a clod!

There is no thing in all the land That does not seem articulate; The grasses smile, and understand The vireo calling to his mate.

Tall pine-tops unto pine-tops breathe In sighings murmurous as the sea; And through the birchen copse beneath There runs a fating harmony.

In the half-dusks of tangled green The pale wild-rose's censer burns, And in each hollow may be seen That fragile lacework of the ferns.

While over all, for all to share, Placid and pure and wide and high, Mist winnowed by the searching air, Brood's motherly god's open sky.

Then drip the oak-staff, ye who may! And set the pilgrim foot abroad! Who, willing, hides within to-day Is little better than a clod! —Clinton Scollard.

The Mayflower. In the gleam and gloom of the April weather, When the snows have flown in the brooklet's flood And showers and sunbeams sport together, And the proud bough boasts of the baby bud,— On the hillside brown where the dead leaves linger In green of pink or in white arrayed, She parts their folds with a mid finger And shyly peeps at the waking world.

The hoisterous west wind flies to meet her, And hails her smile with a cheerful shout, The saplings lovingly bend to greet her, And the quickening grass blades call, 'Come out! So venturing forth with a dainty noisiness, In green of pink or in white arrayed, She comes once more with her simple sweetness, A modest, fair little Pilgrim maid.

Her fragrant petals their beauties showing Creep out to sprinkle the hill and dell, Like showers of stars in the shadows glowing, Or snowflakes blossoming where they fell; And the wood-leopards into joyous blooming As though 'twere touched by a fairy's ring, And the glad earth scents in the rare perfumeing The first sweet breath of the new born spring

A Little Music. Be glad therein, good listener; So small a drop may fill The little ever-listening heart Of April's daffodil.

A single word of heaven may make A weary flower laugh; And music gives a thirsty heart A little song to quaff.

The Whistle-Tree. The whistle-tree is growing in a green and sunny nook, In the low and marshy meadow where there flows a silver brook;

You may see him in the springtime, when its leaves are silver-gray, There you'll find the best of whistles almost any sunny day.

The whistle-tree is sought for by all wise and wary boys When the whistles are exactly primed to give the loudest noise; The tree can't hear plenty of them, so there never shall be strife, And all one needs to gather with is just a pocket-knife.

Let others sing of oak and birch and all the evergreens, Or on the elm and maple bright, adorning country scenes; The best and finest of them all—at least to all the boys— Is this same merry whistle-tree that grows a crop of noise.

Then hurrah for the meadow! Hurrah for the tree! And hurrah for the whistles Growing there for you and me! A. W. M.

The Phantom of the Links. When morning crowns the distant downs With veil of saucy gossamer, when black bats wheel, and twilight steals The blush from every blossom—

Hist! a sudden mysterious click, The caddie shudder and shrink, The scarlet-jacketed heart beats thick— 'Tis the phantom of the links.

The first was he on the family tree Of canny protection ladies, In Pluto's halls he hungers for balls, They say he's a weakness for caddies. Hist! when you feel a thrill in the breeze, A whisper that rises and sinks, While there looms a shape by the misty trees— 'Tis the phantom of the links.

Then fly the green the' fit and keen To drive like whirling rockets, You'll search till dark for balls you mark— They're in his intangible pocket. Back from the cliff and the shimmering bay, The dunes and the pebbly shingle brinks, Mortal, you'll get the worst of the play With the phantom of the links.

When through the gray the dawning day— isanis over gorge and heather, When sun has set and grass is wet, And mist wreaths twine together— List to a sudden mysterious click, The caddie shudders and shrinks, The scarlet-jacketed heart beats thick— 'Tis the phantom of the links. —Jessie Pope.



News of the Passing Week

It is said that Count Tolstoi will reside in Paris.

For work on the Congo 1,500 Cubans have been engaged.

Mme. Pauline Lucca, of Commune trouble fame, is dead.

The Imperial war loan so far offered has been covered seven times.

At Vienne the International Art Exhibition was opened Saturday by the Duke of Abruzzi.

M. Delcasse, French Minister at St. Petersburg, has conferred the Grand Gordon of the Legion of Honour to Grand Duke Michael, the heir presumptive.

Cardinal Rampela has resigned the office of Papal Secretary of State, and will be succeeded by Cardinal Ferata. Perfect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics.

Herr Meroke, a German millionaire, who was cruising in his yacht, and Herr Caro, his private secretary, were recently murdered by natives of the Island of New Britain, off the north-east coast of Pappan. Herr Caro's body was eaten.

The London Daily Express asserts that the financiers for whom J. Pierpont Morgan is acting, are ordering ten big liners and that the Americans will spend \$50,000,000 upon new vessels during the coming five years.

A Madison avenue, New York, electric car running at a high rate of speed struck a Fifth avenue stage coach Monday at 89th street. The coach was overturned and five women passengers and the driver were seriously injured, and a number of men and women were cut by the broken glass.

A special to the Indianapolis Sentinel from Marion, Ind., says David Nation, husband of Carrie Nation, was robbed of \$78 in cash, some jewelry and his return railroad ticket at Wichita, Monday. Mr. Nation attended a circus and later, it is said, visited a saloon, where it is alleged, he was robbed.

Five thousand dollars will no longer be paid by the city of Omaha for Patrick Crowe's body, dead or alive. The city council has authorized the chief of police to withdraw this reward. Eight thousand dollars will still be paid for the conviction of one of the criminals. A price of \$15,000 is put on the head of two of the conspirators and for three \$25,000 will be given.

Dietrich Welland's attack upon Emperor William at Bremen still weighs heavily upon the kaiser, who whenever he comes to talk upon the subject, is said to lose his self control. Count Von Ballestrem, president of the Reichstag is reported to have told friends recently that he had been highly shocked by the emperor's extreme excitement and violent gestures when discussing the matter.

Benj. Levy, alias Benard Leroy, was Monday convicted of bootmaking before Recorder Goff in New York and remanded for sentence. This is the first bootmaking conviction in the city for years. Levy was arrested by agent of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, in a pool room raid and the detectives swore that he had purchased tickets on the New Orleans races in the room.

'The conference between the Newfoundland premier and Mr. Chamberlain, regarding Newfoundland,' says the London Daily Chronicle Tuesday morning, 'have achieved nothing. The attitude of France is quite unchanged and Newfoundland will concede nothing regarding the bait act. The only thing Mr. Bond has gained for his colony is Mr. Chamberlain's promise not to again disallow the Blaine treaty.'

Ass't Sec. Spaulding in Washington, Monday, wrote a letter to the secretary of state asking him to request of Lord Paunceforte an explanation by the Canadian government of the seizure on April 23 at Nainaimo, B. C., of the barge 'Ajax' belonging to a firm in Seattle, Washington, which was sent into Canadian waters to raise the

wrecked steamer Williamette, which is said to be in violation of the Canadian laws.

Baldomero Aguinaldo and Pedro Aguinaldo, relatives of Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo and five other insurgent leaders have surrendered.

Admiral Rodgers aboard his flagship, the New York, has cabled the Navy department, Washington, the announcement of his arrival at Colombo.

Seven fresh cases of the bubonic plague were discovered in Cape Town and five Europeans and two colored persons died from the disease Tuesday.

About 400 members of the Stone Workers' Union held a meeting at Lanesville, near Gloucester, Mass., Tuesday night, and voted to postpone action in the matter of a strike for one week.

The jewels of Prince Henry de Croix of Belgium, seized on his arrival in this country were Tuesday appraised at the appraisers' stores, New York. They were estimated to be worth less than \$1,000.

A telegram has been received from Sec. Hay, now on the President's train, addressed to The Christian Herald, New York, announcing that the President had subscribed \$100 towards the fund that paper is raising for the benefit of the famine sufferers in China. Sec. Hay offers a similar amount to the fund.

The census bureau, Washington, has issued a bulletin announcing that the centre of population in the United States, excluding Alaska and recent territorial acquisitions on June 1, last, was six miles southeast of Columbus, Bartholomew county, in southern Indiana.

The Navy department, Washington, has decided to take steps immediately to ascertain the facts as to the connection of Lieut. Townley with the army scandals in Manila developed by his testimony before the court martial. Admiral Remy being absent from the station, an order will go forward to Admiral Kempff directing a report and probably a court of inquiry immediately.

An explosion of gas occurred Monday in the mine of the McAlester Coal Co., at Alderson, I. T., by which five men lost their lives, seven were injured and another is reported missing. The killed; Eman-Taylor, colored; Wiley Clark and brother colored; Andrew Pehcol, Dominic Westloty. It is not definitely known how the gas ignited. The dead were all asphyxiated. No damage was done at the mine.

Emperor William recently gave orders for a long list of newspapers to be laid before him daily instead of clippings as heretofore. Besides pursuing upwards of two scores of German papers, he glances every day at two French journals, two English, one American and three Austrian. This change in his habits he is said to have had in contemplation for some time.

The old Salon was practically opened in Paris Monday with the official visit of Pres. Loubet. The general opinion seems to be that the pictures despite their immense number are above the usual level. The Transvaal war inspired a number of the pictures including several depicting incidents of Mr. Kruger's visit to France. More than 100 paintings by Americans are on view. All are excellent though comparatively few are striking. The Tempts picks out Mr. H. Bisbing, the American artist, as 'an animal painter of the first order.'

The sudden and unexplainable disappearance of jurymen Patrick Farrell in Boston, has caused a singular complication in connection with the prosecution in court of James R. Hamilton, a Roxbury restaurant keeper, accused of receiving for a year or more almost daily, large quantities of cigars, tobacco and cigarettes stolen from McGreener Bros. & Manning, by three young men who, last week admitted their guilt. The jury reached a verdict after court adjourned Friday and brought in a sealed verdict which should have been opened Monday, but Ferrell

[Continued on SEVEN PAGE.]