

PROGRESS.

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ST JOHN, SATURDAY, FEB 1

EDITORIAL.

The final difficulties which delay the ransoming of Miss STONE are precisely those which always make trouble in like circumstances. One side has the money and offers to pay it. The other side has the captive, and offers to release her. But the money is for the captive's release, and the captive's release is for the money. Neither side will trust the other. Each side is eager to get, if possible, without giving. There is no mutual friend whom both can confide in. In cases of blackmail, the same kind of difficulties arise. Fortunately, that fact tends to make brigandage and everything of the sort unprofitable, and hence unattractive.

Pres. ELLIOT, in his annual report, says he finds no relation between athletic victory or defeat and the size of entering classes at Harvard University. But he does not say that he finds no relation between athletic victory or defeat and the size of entering wedges on the football field.

The suggestion has often been made, by good lawyers, that it would be well to have a 13th juror, to sit with the 12 and be ready to take the vacant place of any one of them if he were to fall sick. It is urged that by this expedient the cost and delay of trying a case all over again might often be prevented. The circumstance which compels the retrial of the Dickinson-Foster case is one which might be provided for in a similar manner.

It would not be etiquette for any one to address Prince HENRY as Prince HARRY. Nevertheless, that form of the name has some high historical and literary associations. One of the men whom the Sons of Puritans delight to honor, because he was the friend of New England and of New England's friend in old England, is affectionally known as Sir HARRY VANE. The roystering but right royal youth who became King HENRY V. was never displeased, even after he won the transcendent victory of Agincourt, to be greeted by his intimate friends as Madcap HARRY. The Hotspur whom Shakespeare sets forth in such glowing terms, in King HENRY IV, as a foil to the king's son, would scarcely be recognized by any student of the historical drama if he were called HENRY PERCY, instead of HARRY Percy. And what noble courtier of them all, in the good old days, could have got on without swearing, 'By the Lord HARRY?'

A great many Americans were once looking forward with greedy anticipation to the time when Vice-President ROOSEVELT would preside over legislative sessions of the U. S. senate. That time was destined never to come. But Pres. FRYE manages to make things interesting for obstreperous members who do not control that most unruly member, the tongue.

If SANTOS-DUMONT continues to navigate his airship at Monte Carlo, he may indeed do what so many other people have tried in vain to do, 'break the bank. For it is likely enough that the gay gamblers there will stop betting on the roulette wheel, and stake their money on what is going to happen to the flying machine.

A Real Aristocrat.

A London gentleman who owns a beautiful collie keeps him provided, as is usual, with a collar, on which his name and address are engraved. Some one asked him recently whether this had ever served to bring the dog back to him, and the question led to the relation of an amusing incident, which is reported in the Boston Herald.

On one occasion I lost Scoti in Piccad-

illy. You know how much I rush about in the hansom cabs. Well, Scoti always goes with me. We travel a good many miles a week together in this way; but on one occasion I was walking and missed him. I searched for him, but did not find him.

The crowd was great, and the street traffic drowned my whistle; so, after waiting a while and looking about pretty thoroughly, I went back home without him hoping he might find his way back himself.

In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scoti. The cabman rang for his fare, and thinking he had captured the dog in some way, I asked him how and where he found him.

'Oh, sir,' he said, 'I didn't hail him at all. He hailed me. I was a-standing close by St. James Church a-looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog.'

'Like his impudence,' says I. So I shouts through the window; but he wouldn't stir. Then I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip; but he sits still and barks, as much as to say, 'Go on, old man.'

When I takes him by the collar I reads the name and address. All right, my fine gentleman, says I. I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I dare say.

So I shuts to the door, and my gentleman settle himself himself with his head just looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as calmly as though he'd been a regular fare.

I gave the cabman a liberal fee and congratulated Scoti on his intelligence, instinct, reason or whatever it may be, that told him that as hansom cabs had often taken him safely home before a hansom cab would probably do it again, seeing that he had lost his master and could not find his

way.

His Lady's Treason.

Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the 'good' Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the latest biographer of the duchess, has incorporated in his 'Life' is one which is not only lively but charming.

On the death of the duke the duchess found, in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued, a mass of her hair. Years before, when he had thwarted her in something, she resolved to mortify him; and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass, and in a place where he must see them—for whatever Marlborough's lady did, she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her, and showed neither anger nor surprise.

When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass, she saw how foolish a thing she had done, but she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until, after the death of the duke, she found them among those things which he had held most precious.

The Drop of Valentines.

We are promised a revival in the matter of valentine sending this season. This is owing partly to the fact that the valentines offered are of greater artistic beauty than usual. Some are designed by the best

artists of the country, while the comic variety are clever, witty little hits at the foibles of lovers rather than silly, often vulgar, ones exhibited in the past.

Among the latest offerings in St. Valentin's realm is a novel idea called Cupid's vote. This is a copy of the resignation voting ticket altered to suit the circumstances and filled in by the sender. The football boy is patterned after the familiar jumping jack toy, and by means of a silk cord he can be moved to any number of grotesque attitudes. His expression is very comical, too. A golf or a baseball player and several others may be had.

Among the old-fashioned love token valentines a violin is quiet and pretty. They are made of puff'd silk, with the neck decorated in black and gold tinsel strings, a satin bridge and floral sprays complete it.

The centre sentimental valentine has a large embossed postage stamp from Love Land in the centre that produces quite a novel effect. The golfer will be pleased with the valentine made of a green cartridge paper pad, on which is lithographed figure of a golfer, together with a miniature ball and stick.

Solomon On The Tramp.

'Say, Weary.'

'Wot?'

'I was readin' about Solomon one day.'

'Dat's too hard work. Wot did you do it fer when you didn't need to?'

'I dunno. I wasn't meself dat day, but he must of been one of us once. He knew so much about de feelin.' He says:

'De sluggard burieth his hand in de diast it wearieh him to bring it again to his mouth.'

'Dat settles it, Limpey. Its a cinch dat Solomon was de foist in de business. No man could write dem t'ings wit' ou feelin' it.'

'Thirdly' Was Missing.

Doctor Gordon, who was the first minister of the church in Jamaica Plain, about the year 1771, was a Scotchman, very stern and arbitrary in his manners, and precise and orderly in his own habits. The following anecdote of him is recorded in the family journal of one of his old parishioners.

One Sunday while preaching he began to develop his theme with the usual 'firstly,' and got through that and 'secondly.' Then turning the leaves of his manuscripts he said: 'Thirdly,' a second time 'Thirdly,' and again in great embarrassment, 'Thirdly!'

Just then a little girl in one of the front pews stood up and said:

Please, sir, thirdly faw out of the window some time ago.

Patriotic Blood.

Out in Cincinnati there is an Irishman who, like many other good Irishmen, is firm in his loyalty to his native land.

One morning not long ago he was at work near the top of a telephone pole, painting it a bright green, when the pot of paint slipped and splashed on the sidewalk.

A few minutes later another Irishman came along. He looked at the paint, then at his countryman on the ladder, coming down the pole and inquired, with anxiety in his tone:

Doherty, Doherty, hov' ye had a himorrhage?'

Fenton-Smith—I thought you had made a highly favorable impression on that Boston young woman.

Benton Jones—So I thought; but she writes, in reply to my proposal, that she could never trust her life's happiness with a man who puts postage stamps on upside down.



PLAY MATES.