

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Cornhill Street, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 10,200

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 14.

THE BICYCLE IN WAR.

The war departments of nearly every European country have, after considerable experiment, decided to use the bicycle as a part of the equipment of every army.

BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET.

Since one of the old English kings made war on France, because the sovereign of that country made fun of his corpulence, there has been nothing so droll as the prosecution in Germany of those who joke about the KAISER'S whiskers.

ing. The truth seems to be that the efforts of his royal nibs of Germany to grow a beard have been a melancholy failure, and the man who has only to lift his hand in order to make nations tremble, finds himself compelled to gaze in the mirror upon a straggling growth of hair on that portion of his countenance where his august father and illustrious grandfather had magnificent hirsute appendages.

MEN AND THINGS.

It is said that NAPOLEON only smoked once. He made a good deal of it, for all that.

What a wonderful man this CORSICAN was! Even today no one pretends to understand him. His egotism was sublime. His speeches and letters of the period of his Egyptian campaign clearly indicate that he considered himself more than human.

Speaking of royalties, it may be mentioned that the Czar, through a very objectionable ruler in many respects, is an exemplary family man. This may be greatly to his credit; but in view of the fact that he has to go around like a hen on a hot griddle for fear of stripping on dynamite, possibly it is not much to brag about.

Kings naturally suggest knaves, and of the latter a fair sample are the officers of the Louisiana lottery, who are being indicted up in Dakota for making an improper use of the mails.

For example. In 1866 the fenians were at Calais, as everybody knows, and our volunteers were out. In St. Stephen Col. ISCHES was in command, and a fine soldierly fellow he was.

From knaves to diamonds is an easy step. Just think of it, the duke of Bedford found some things the other day in a forgotten corner, which he thought were paste diamonds, and they were again thrown aside until their owner came for them.

From diamonds to clubs, and this recalls Cork and the faction fights, by which the Irish are trying to show how unfit they are for home rule.

From clubs to spades, and this suggests the growing power of the laborers of England. The mighty power that is develop-

ing in the motherland will sorely try that good old ship—the British constitution.

But hearts are trumps, and while the crown is on the head of our beloved queen, the rankest radicalism will hold itself in check.

AN ENVIED MORTAL.

A Correspondent's Idea of the Man With the Blue Pencil. Society correspondents seem to have an idea that the desk-man who "goes through" their matter before it reaches the printers, is a vicious individual with a cynical leer, who is never known to laugh, but takes a fiendish delight in cutting out adjectives and "very important news."

Although the desk man is well aware that this impression of him prevails, it is somewhat novel to learn that he is an envied mortal. An extract from one of this week's letters leaves this impression:

How nice it must be to be an editor. It is so pleasant to have one's own way, and to be monarch of all we survey! A perfect autocrat, as it were. He speaks, and it is done! He has such a nice time, too, with his pen, cutting out a piece here, and clipping off a bit now and then of our choicest "bric-a-brac" and substituting in their stead plain bottom facts. Ugly things they are, too, to face!

GOOD ENOUGH TO PRINT.

A Petitediac Magistrate Demands Respect for His Court.

Just twenty-two miles from Moncton or about 66 or 67 miles from St. John is located the well-known village of Petitediac.

Petitediac is a busy little spot in its way, and here branches out the railway line known as the E. P. and H. railway over whose destinies presides as general manager, Mr. G. Jones, son of the Hon. Thos. R. Jones of St. John.

And here, by the way, it may be remarked that Mr. Jones is a hard working official who takes a pride in making the E. P. and H. railway pay more than running expenses. He can always be found at Petitediac, it is said, except on certain days when Scott act cases are on for trial.

Speaking of Scott act cases reminds me that I am wandering from my subject. Lately a Scott act trial was on before His Honor, Stipendiary Magistrate, for the prosecution a well-known Moncton lawyer whom we will call Frank for short, was present. A Moncton legal gentleman named Barry for the defence.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

The short serial story, "The Hermit's Pond," in the October number of the Boy's Own, published in London, is from the pen of C. H. Lugin, one of whose adventure stories was also published in Golden Days during September. C. G. D. Roberts' illustrated serial story of Acadia, which the Youth's Companion, lately published, is a charming tale. It is not generally known that Canadian writers are furnishing a very large portion of the young people's literature now published.

A gentleman connected with a comedy company states that McDowell, the little, clean, chipper actor, known to the many admirers of the drama in this town, has lost his mind and is now confined in an asylum in New York. He made a trip to the West Indies with his company, which swallowed up the savings of a lifetime, and he

brooded so consumingly over his vanished fortune that his mind and body became a wreck.—Guelph Mercury.

Ned Hayes, the Canadian plunger, has gone back to St. John, New Brunswick. It will be remembered that he made his big coup last year on Trelliswood, then the Trellis colt. When Trelliswood started at Guttenberg last week Ned took a flyer on him. "Just a bit of sentiment," he said. The book makers did not appreciate the sentiment though. Trelliswood was at big odds and more than one of them refused to take the "long green" which he passed up. He dropped "a trifle" on the colt but goes back home with a snug winning to his credit. He will return with the gentle spring.—N. Y. Press.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

That thorough family favorite the Youth's Companion comes to us again in magnificent premium form and with its programme for the year of 1892. Contributions from the best authors and most popular writers in America and Europe are promised. The Companion has the reputation of paying more for its contributions than any other weekly paper.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Some More Reasons for Progress.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I very much admired the principle upon which you discussed the pronunciation of the title of your paper in a recent issue—"Call me what you like, but call me not late to dinner."

You must have been agreeably surprised when your first newsboy shouted Pro-o-gress. He knew how to apply the law of city calls. It is said that when men name dogs which they expect to call from a distance they choose names ending in o— as Fido, Bruno, Ponto, etc. You can easily see, then, how much more the newsboy could make of pro-o than if he had closed his throat with "Prog" at the start.

Pro-gress seems to have etymology on its side. It belongs to a series of words whose etymology is very expressive, egress a march out; ingress, a march in; regress, a march over again; retrogress, a march backward; Pro-gress, a march forward. In this series, Pro-gress would have no place, unless it were of the nature of the chicken march to the dough dish, and no one would think of pronouncing the other words of the series—eg-gress, reg-gress, ing-gress.

But though Pro-gress may have good arguments from analogy as promise, prosecute, profit, there can be no doubt as to the proper mode of dividing the word into syllables, and yet children are taught in our schools to divide this word Pro-gress. See Royal Reader III, page 71.

Now, Mr. Editor, your proof-reader would correct a journeyman, and almost beat the "devil," if he were to end a line with prog and begin the next one with res. The reader himself does not dare to do it, as in the text we find the word actually divided pro-gress.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Thanksgiving Day, 1891. By God preserved, this favored land, Shows bounteous store on every hand, Its garners full, mid peace, content, And blessings great, in goodness sent, For which we praise His holy name; Who ever was and is the same Kind Father, Friend, Redeemer, Lord, By men and angel hosts adored.

"Faithful Unto Death."

Words carved on the Frederic Young monument on King Square. Carved upon the pannelled stone, I saw these words one day, "Faithful unto death" I read, Then went my onward way; But I thought as I read them there, The half has not been told, That might be said of this noble youth, So generous, brave, so bold.

Again I could see the angry waves, And hear the fierce wind roar, Could see the struggling gallant lad As he sought to reach the shore; Could hear the wail of the helpless crowd, As maddened they held their breath, And saw the lad sink out of sight So "faithful unto death."

And well indeed has been feared this shaft In memory of his name, Who gave his life for his fellow man, And won undying fame; With pride our people'er shall tell, The grand and noble story, Of him who was "faithful unto death," And gained eternal glory. Nov. 7th, 1891. —X. Y. Z.

A Great Sale.

It is very seldom that a patent medicine gets into such favor with the public as speedily as did Ale and Beef Peptonized. The company recognized from the start the valuable medium for reaching the public in the shape of PROGRESS, and have patronized us liberally. This, combined with the fact that they have an article of real merit, and one which always does good where tried, no doubt accounts for its enormous sale. Never since the day the company began to advertise, have they been able to keep up with the demand, and Messrs. Hattie & Mylons, of Halifax, inform us that they have orders ahead for 1,900 dozen. Altogether they have sold up to the present time over sixty thousand bottles.

Here is a Great Chance.

Douglas McArthur has one of the best stocked bookstores in the city, and at holiday times it is always crowded. He is now having a cheap sale of goods, and those who want to get bargains for Christmas in the way of books, booklets, cards or handsome plush goods, should stroll into his King street store and look around them.

HE WOULD NOT SMOKE.

The Taming of a Wife—Draw Your Own Moral, Reader.

The Sardinian peasants are fond of a joke, if their jokes are not always of the keenest. Here is a story, modern at least in its present form, of the taming of a shrew. It is entitled "The Girl Who Did Not Like Smoke."

There was once a priest who had a niece who was resolved not to marry. Often she was asked, but she would not listen, for she had got it into her head that she would not have a man who smoked. Finally a young fellow came and asked for her hand. Her uncle said to him: "Do you smoke?" "Yes, sir," he replied. "Then my niece will refuse you, for she will not have any one who smokes." But the suitor said: "Is that all? I'll let her smoking alone." The uncle called his niece. She said "Yes," and they were married.

In the evening of the day they were married the bridegroom, without saying a syllable to his wife went off to bed and was soon fast asleep. And in the same way every day when he came home he never spoke, but went straight to bed without taking any notice of her. She thought this conduct strange, and began to fret and pine. Her uncle said to her one day: "What is the matter that you are always sad? Does he ill treat you?" "No, he doesn't ill treat me, but when he comes home at night he never speaks, but goes to bed and sleeps. In fact, when he is in the house he never utters a word to me."

A Man of Principle Bets.

There is still a good deal of conversation in many countries on the subject of gambling, particularly in Great Britain, where betting is a serious danger to the happiness and stability of families.

In that country there is not only an incredible amount of betting upon races, but in many households it is a custom to play cards for money. The stakes indeed are small, but it is now contended that even such trifling stakes impart to a game of whist a kind of interest and excitement that is not harmless.

An anecdote in point was related the other day by the Times. Lord Falmouth, a noted breeder of race-horses, made a bet of sixpence with his trainer that a certain horse would win a certain race.

He was opposed to betting on principle, but did not consider that sixpence amounted to a bet. But having lost his wager, he did not like to hand over to the winner a sum that seemed ridiculous. So he had the sixpence set as the base of a breastpin, which consisted of a large carbuncle cut into the form of a jockey cap, the button of which was a diamond. This setting raised the humble sixpence to the importance of a large bet.

Again he lost sixpence to the same trainer. This time he caused the coin to be set inside the lid of a silver snuff-box, with the monogram of the trainer handsomely carved on the outside.

This can a man of principle cheat himself into a gross departure from it. In the same spirit ladies who sit in the grand stand persuade themselves that pairs of kid gloves do not amount to a bet.

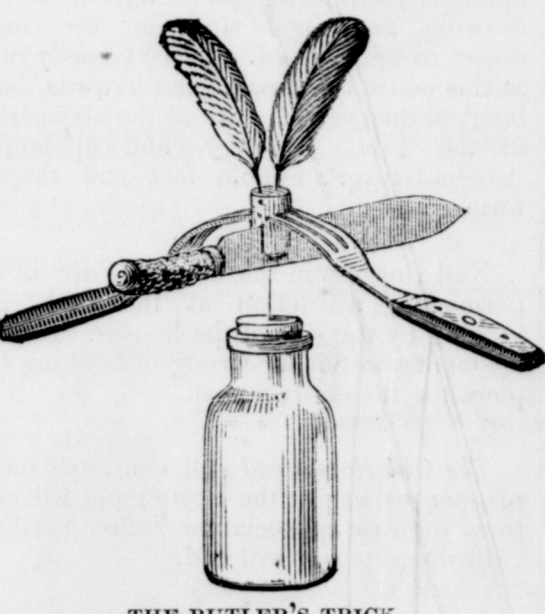
They Went.

There was a lecture at one of the chapels in Pawtucket recently. The tickets for the occasion were gotten up in a hurry, and read as follows:

LECTURE ON FOOLS. ADMIT ONE.

—Providence Journal.

For Winter Evenings.



HAVELOCK.

Nov. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Hughes left for Fredericton last week visiting friends. They will return in about a month. Messrs. J. A. McQueen, M. P. P., of Dorchester, Judge Emmerson and W. W. Price of Petitediac, visited our town last Tuesday and it is reported that they have bought the famous mineral spring of Havelock. Mrs. Langley of Moncton, is visiting her mother, Mrs. D. L. Atkinson. Mrs. Dr. Price has returned from Chicago. Two or three hunting excursions left here early Tuesday morning for the hunting grounds at Fort's stream. It is reported that Mr. Jones, manager of E. P. & H. railway, is having a road surveyed to bring out the many moose (or squirrels) that we expect them to bring home. Mrs. Webster of Elgin, is visiting her sister Mrs. R. McCready. Miss Ella Thorne of Moncton, spent last week with her friend Miss Louisa Price. B. B.

MARYSVILLE.

Nov. 11.—Miss Alice Gibson spent a few days in St. John last week. She returned on Saturday. The families of Mr. W. T. Day and Mr. Jas. Gibson are, I am sorry to say, suffering from that dread disease, scarlet fever. I hope that it may prove a light attack, and the little ones will soon be able to be among their playmates again. Mrs. E. A. Tapley and Miss Florrie have gone to St. John for a few days. Mr. A. G. Robinson is receiving congratulations this week on the arrival of a little stranger. She has come to stay. Miss Maud Fisher left last week for Nelson N.B., to take charge of the school there. She will be very much missed. Miss Miles spent a day in St. John this week. Master Frankie Coughlin, who has been very ill, is recovering. Master Chas. Likely is able to be out again after his illness. SCRIBBLER

CARRIER PIGEONS IN FRANCE.

They are so Numerous and Important that the Government Deals With Them.

The French government is shortly going to submit to parliament a law on the subject of the numerous societies existing in this country for the purpose of carrier pigeon flying, says a Paris correspondent. M. de Freycinet, the minister for war, and M. Constans, the minister for the interior, are both agreed that the actual state of affairs might be one of danger, in case of war or other difficulties arising, from the possibility that carrier pigeons might be used clandestinely by private persons to convey valuable information.

Public opinion also is in favor of the legislation proposed, and a more severe regulation on the question will not be unpopular. Of late years numerous pigeon flying societies have been formed, the members being private individuals who possess carrier pigeons, which they make undergo a special training in view of entering them in races. The same form of sport obtains in neighboring countries. The official record states that in the course of the year 1890 2,000,000 pigeons belonging to various Belgium societies were brought over the French frontier, trained to rejoin their homes after having been let loose at various points in this country.

The administration at the present time does not completely overlook the subject, as by a decree of September, 1885, an annual census has to be carried out in each commune by the mayor, and was ordained with the idea of ascertaining the number of pigeons in the country, so that the military authorities might have sufficient at their disposal in case need of them might arise. This measure, though good in its way, is not considered sufficient, as it does not provide for a penalty in the case of owners of birds failing to report the same, consequently it is very difficult to keep a guard over the owners.

The new law is for the purpose of remedying these defects. The decree of 1885 will be maintained, and in addition it will become law that anyone failing to report to the authorities the possession of pigeons will be liable to a fine of 100 francs to a 1,000 francs. Anyone found keeping carrier pigeons clandestinely will be punished with from three months to three years imprisonment. Finally the government reserves the right to interdict all importation of pigeons from abroad into France for the purpose of being loosed for flight, as well as all flights of pigeons in the country itself.

SAVED BY A SMOON.

An Unconscious Woman Sniffed at by a Lion, but Not Injured.

The circus gave Tecumseh, Ala., excitement enough on Sunday to last it for a year. Forepaugh's show travelled on four trains. As it is against the Georgia laws to run through this State on Sunday, it was decided to stop at Tecumseh and feed the animals and rest. At all the stations there were large crowds, and at Tecumseh there were several hundred when the last train approached. As it was slowing down one of the ferocious lions managed to tear off the door of its cage. Hector, which was the brute's name, thrust his head out right in the faces of a group of negroes who were standing on the platform. They could not have been worse scared if the "Evil One," who was thrown over the battlements of heaven and was falling all day till dewy eve, had dropped down among them.

Hector made a leap with open mouth into the crowd. Such a scattering and such yelling were never seen or heard in Alabama. Some of the negroes fell down in abject fright, but the most of them struck off for home on a hard run. A dozen tried to climb telegraph poles. One man sprang down a well. Hector lit on his feet, but rolled over and over. When he got up, there was hardly a man, woman, or child within fifty yards.

One woman, though, who had fainted, was lying near the lion. With one bound he was on her, his ugly teeth showing and his tongue rolling out. The people who were looking on were horrified. The tamer was a long way off, and there was no one near with a pistol or rifle. To attempt to rescue her would be almost certain death.

To the astonishment of everyone the beast, instead of mauling the woman, simply sniffed the body, turned it over with his paws, and, after eyeing it suspiciously, walked off leisurely. He thought that the woman was dead.

Hector was recaptured and recaged without trouble.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Unexpected Solution.

At a Sunday school service a clergyman was explaining to a number of smart littleurchins the necessity of christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said:

"For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every convenience are in good order, but I get no water. Can any of you tell me why I don't get any water?"

He expected the children to see that it was because he had not made connection with the main in the street. The boys looked perplexed. They could not see why the water should refuse to run into his premises after such faultless plumbing.

"Can no one tell me what I have neglected?" reiterated the good man, looking at the many wondering faces bowed down by the weight of the problem.

"I know," squeaked a little five-year-old. "You don't pay up!"

Why He Disliked Ostriches.

A naturalist once had a baboon that was trained to act as a sort of watch-dog in his house in Egypt. The monkey was very fond of dozing in the sun beneath some straw on the top of the wall. Among the animals in the establishment were a few ostriches. This bird, as you are aware, is a most inquisitive creature. Now, as fate would have it, an ostrich came along one day as the baboon was sleeping, and espied its tail hanging down the wall. Taking it for a bell-pull, it gave it a good tug with its strong beak. At this outrage the monkey awoke as angry as it could be, and, in the twinkling of an eye, slipped from beneath its counterpane of straw, seized the intruder by the neck, and gave it a sound thrashing. Nor ever afterwards could that baboon be made to look with the slightest favor upon ostriches.—Little Folks.