

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 22 to 23 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Discontinuation.—Except in those localities which are lastly reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insert. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY JUNE 22.

THE BICYCLE WILL STAY.

In another portion of Progress today is given some account of the evolution of the bicycle in St. John. It would appear from it that, in this city alone, enough money is invested in this species of locomotors to make a very comfortable fortune for an ordinary man, and which if divided among the population would amount to more than a dollar a head for every man woman and child in the city limits. As the number of machines as doubled within the past year, it is out of the question to place a limit on what the number may be next year, or in what ratio it may continue to increase in the years to come. The adoption of the bicycle by so many classes of citizens seems to be more than a craze. The wheel appears to have come for more than a passing visit, and is likely to remain.

It is quite another thing from the roller skate, which came so fiercely, made so brief a stay and utterly disappeared. The skate had little in its favor as compared with the wheel. It was a mere amusement, with grave objections to it on physical grounds, and was in some cases a factor in lowering the moral tone of a community. The roller rinks were responsible for much that is not likely to be found in a bicycle academy, and nobody was sorry when they were diverted to other and better uses. The skate was a toy, of limited application and of no practical use, while the cycle is a machine which is not alone a source of recreation but of such utility that it is not only a rival of the horse but of steam and electricity as well. The question of how far it is healthful or injurious seems to be one dependent on the individual use or abuse of it.

Whether a woman should ride a bicycle or not is a question which is answered by the fact that woman has decided that she will ride it, and that ends the matter. Within the last few years woman has done, with more or less credit, many things which were formerly believed to be out of her sphere, without any apparent detrimental effect on the home and on society, and of these the notion to ride a bicycle is by no means the most surprising. It may be assumed, as well, that it is by no means the most inconsistent with the oldtime ideal of what her true sphere should be. If the exercise does good and is of practical use, there is no reason why man should have a monopoly of it, as he already has of many other healthful recreations.

It may be that what seems to be the perfect wheel of the present day will in time be improved upon to a degree not now deemed possible, but this is not likely. Having reached the point where it is of practical utility, the further advance cannot be materially great, any more than has been the advance in the steam engine in recent years. Improvements will be made from time to time, all tending to greater efficiency, but as a whole the bicycle of today is likely to be that of the future, save so far, perhaps, as electricity can be conveniently applied as the motive power.

There is, then, no reason why anybody who wants a bicycle should delay in the hope of getting a better machine, and it will doubtless be some time before he can get one at any cheaper rates. The latter, however, appears to be a small consideration for, in some mysterious way, all who want cycles appear to be able to get them. The times have been better than they are, and some people find it difficult to get along, to say nothing of paying back debts, but nobody seems to find very difficulty in owning a bicycle. How some men manage it is probably a trade secret, but that they do so is apparent to the most ordinary observer.

The time appears to be ripe for a more extended official recognition of the bicycle. It is true that Colonel Tucker and other authorities on the tactics of modern warfare have experimented with it as an auxiliary in a corps of infantry, but they have not

set the example by adopting it for their personal use in place of the trotting charger. They should do so. The horse is bulky, expensive and liable to get shot, to be spavined or to take a colic at a critical moment in the history of nations. The cycle is cheaper than a charger, costs less to keep and is safer from the fact that it is unlikely either to run away or to kick its owner. A march out of the Fusiliers or of Colonel Armstrong's big gun firers, with the officers on bicycles, would be a most instructive spectacle.

The various uses to which the bicycle may be put in the arts of war and peace are beyond limit. It merits official sanction as well as the horse, so far as it will serve official purposes. In our own city of St. John a very good beginning might be made, for instance supplying one Chief Keeler, so that he could go to fires at the rate of fifteen miles an hour with less racket and clatter than he now makes when he rushes his horse at the rate of twelve miles an hour, more or less.

The bicycle is here to stay until something better takes its place. It is "not of a day but for all time."

NEW WOMAN TO SOME PURPOSE.

The New Woman has come to the front in many ways that are not in favor with old-fashioned people. She proposes to do many things which have heretofore been deemed wholly within the province of man, and there is no way of preventing it until she has had her experience with this or that and either become disgusted with failure or satiated with success. In a good many ways, the New Woman is not a pleasant subject for contemplation, because she seems likely to sacrifice tenderness to manliness, and a mannish woman is as much out of place in the world as is a womanish man.

As a contrast to a lot of nonsense with which the New Woman seems likely to employ her time, the latest bright idea of a Chicago lady, Mrs. Starbuck, may be quoted. She has invented an occupation, and there is no reason why ladies in every large city cannot follow it. She is a professional house cleaner.

That is to say, she does not go out washing, scrubbing and doing the work of a charwoman in the ordinary way. She is a lady of refinement and culture, who sought an agreeable occupation, which she seems to have found. She hires a staff of able bodied men, with an intelligent foreman, and these do the work while she stands by and superintends everything, from the cleaning of walls and carpets to the artistic arrangement of drawing rooms and boudoirs. Being a woman of taste and experience she thus frequently does the work far better than the owners themselves could do. So far as the latter are concerned, there is no upset, no confusion and none of that tired feeling which comes with the flowers that bloom in the spring. A family which can go out of town for a week or two may return to find housecleaning over, thoroughly done and everything just where it ought to be.

Whether Mrs. Starbuck takes contracts for moving and getting things to rights in a hurry is not stated. She probably will do so, for this is an even more trying job for families than is housecleaning. It would be a great thing for those who wish to move to be able to do so without worry or fatigue. The advantages of such a system are apparent at a glance.

The line of work chosen by Mrs. Starbuck requires little capital beyond quick intelligence and executive ability, which so many women possess, and the possibilities of such a vocation may be very much enlarged. Now that Chicago has shown an example of what may be done in this line, other cities may follow with housecleaning contractors of the gentle sex, until the New Woman and her new vocation gain both recognition and welcome.

A GOOD MAN'S OFFENCE.

If the Montreal Witness and other reliable authorities are to be believed, a gentleman high in authority in the Sackville custom house has been guilty of what it is to be hoped is almost an indiscretion. The darkest aspect of the affair is that, in his violation of a very distinct regulation of the admiralty law, he has made others than himself liable to a heavy penalty, no less than a fine of \$2,500, whenever anybody may choose to lay a complaint. It will be understood that it is primarily in the interest of good government and public morality that Progress feels constrained to call attention to the matter and point out the offender, reluctant as it is to on personal grounds. The offending official is WILLIAM C. MILNER, esquire, Sc. B., collector of customs at the port of Sackville, and formerly editor of our esteemed contemporary the Chignecto Post. Mr. MILNER has been long and favorably known to the public. When in journalism he was eminently distinguished as a sage and philosopher, and his appointment to the head of the customs department in his native village was hailed with delight by all the local conservatives who had not themselves hoped to get the office. He has made a very good collector—none the less so from a long experience in collecting from delinquent subscribers—and so far as can be learned, up to the present time has had a clean record as an official. These facts may be quoted in support of the theory that in his recent wrong doing

he has acted through want of knowledge rather than with any vicious intent, but there is none the less every reason why the offence should be pointed out. Collector MILNER's offence is the presentation to the Central school of an illegal flag, the flying of which renders the school board liable to the penalty before mentioned. The fact that it really is an illegal flag seems very clearly set out in the Montreal Witness. It is true that journal does not mention Mr. MILNER, or even refer to the Sackville school house, but it does say the Canadian flag is illegal, and as the gift of Mr. MILNER was that kind of a flag all the rest follows as a matter of course. It follows, too, that Mr. MILNER is not the only offender, but that everybody else, in Canada who uses the flag is equally as bad as he is.

Why is the flag illegal? Because it is an unwarranted defacement of the British ensign. A man, for instance, cannot take a regulation flag and put on it any device he likes, without rendering himself liable to a penalty. Even a colony cannot have its own way in this matter, but an Imperial ordinance must stipulate very clearly what additions are permitted. In the case of Canada, the ordinance permits an escutcheon with the arms of the four original confederated provinces, no more and no less. As a matter of fact, the shield contains the arms of all the provinces, seven in number, and hence is a defacing without any warrant, of which the military or naval authorities can at any time take cognizance. This very important point has been brought out in the recent discussion on the desirability of a change of device in Canada's flag.

Hence it will be seen that Collector MILNER has only been referred to by Progress because he is the one prominent official who has recently prevented a flag, and not because he is any more to blame than any other official or individual out of the thousands who fly or handle what is commonly supposed to be the national flag of Canada.

An English paper makes the statement that the Prince of Wales has two kinds of visiting cards, one reading "Albert Edward" and the other "Le Prince de Galles," the French term being the more often used in royal circles. According to the revelations of the White Mahatma our esteemed neighbor, Major MARKHAM, will be on terms of intimacy with the Prince, when in England with the Bisley team, and it is to be hoped the Star Printing Company has supplied him with a fit-out-of-cards having the name "Major MARKHAM of Markhamville" in both French and English. The Major should not be caught napping, even by the Prince.

It is a pity that science has not devised a way by which samples of climate can be put up in convenient receptacles and sent abroad for inspection. A few such samples of the cool and bracing summer weather of St. John has enjoyed this month would make a wonderful boom in travel, if judiciously sent for inspection to the hot and uncomfortable cities of the United States.

Now has the season returned when the days are warmer and longer, and the old familiar chestnuts appear in the daily papers. Men go after fish and catch speckled beauties, the bicycle becomes the silent steed, while approaching weddings create a ripple of excitement and each of them becomes one of the most interesting events of the season.

When the Globe editorially refers to BISHOP SWEENEY as a native of St. John, it must be assumed that the wish is father to the thought. Citizens of all classes and creed, consider His Lordship a St. John man to all intents and purposes, but as a matter of strict accuracy he was born in Ireland, as the Globe has no doubt learned by this time.

For Summer Travel.

The passenger department of the Intercolonial railway has issued a circular entitled "A Ramble and a Rest" for 1895, in book form. It is not a guide book, as some of the papers assume, but is made up of extracts, here and there from the official guide. The only new matter is a little relating to portions of the Gaspé peninsula, a more complete account of which will appear in the next guide book, together, doubtless, with some much sought additional information about the trout fishing of Cape Breton. The present circulation is nicely illustrated and very neatly printed at Ottawa.

Oldest on the Force.

Sergeant Hipwell is the veteran of the St. John police and seems good for active service for a long time to come. He joined the force in 1851, forty-four years ago, and in all that long term of service has never had a complaint against him recorded on the books. Sergeant Wilson, of the mayor's office, has been about forty-one years on the force and Sergeant Watson has done duty for about the same length of time.

A Detroit youngster recently ate two cakes of compressed yeast, and his parents are at loss to know whether he is destined to be a rising man or a doughhead.

"How long should a widow wear mourning?" "That depends. A woman who looks best in black should wear it until she is engaged again."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Rose Wreathed June. Fall moonlight in a crystal sky, Sleeps on the tranquil sea; And on my willing oars I wait, Heart of my heart for thee, Our dreaming late in silence keeps Its plaintive music still; O come my best of all earth's love, Its chords with magic fill. The rippling wave has one clear tone, Oh haste thee love sweet Marion.

The Singer. A singer in the thoroughfare, A face upturned within the square, A voice of power amid the throng, Raised o'er the din the notes of song. And softer on the pavement fell The feet of traffic, as the swell Of tuneful harp and joyous lay With beauty glorified the day.

The Dead March. Play me a march low-toned and slow, a march for a silent tread, Fit for the lingering feet of one who dreams of the silent dead. Lonely—between the bones below and the souls that are overhead.

Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun shines each day? Ever a spring her primrose hat, and ever a May her May; Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born today. Do we not, too, return, we men, as ever the round earth whirled; Never a head dimmed with grey, but another is crowned with curls. She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and girls.

Fate. Two shall be born the whole wide world apart Are speak in different tongues and have no thought Each of the other's being, and no heed. And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands Shall cross, escaping wrecks, defying death; And all unconsciously shape every act. And bend each wandering step to this one end, That one day out of darkness they shall meet. And read its meaning in each other's eyes.

A Menagerie Mau's Satire. Some time ago the proprietor of a traveling wild-beast menagerie well known in Italy quarreled with his wife, and the pair separated. The wife soon afterward went into business on her own account in the wild-beast line. Last week the husband's menagerie arrived in Bologna, and it was followed two days later by that of his wife. The husband was equal to the occasion. He had the walls of the town placarded with the following ambiguous announcement: "In consequence of the arrival of my wife in this town, my stock of wild beasts has been increased."

Hair Cutting by Electricity. To have your hair singed off by electricity is the latest development of the tonsorial art. The apparatus to perform this operation consists of a platinum wire stretched over a comb. By pressing a button in the handle of the comb a current is applied to the wire, and it is heated to a

white heat. The comb is passed through the hair, and as the wire comes in contact with the hair it is burned off, the end of each hair being cauterized as cut, which process prevents the loss of the oily substance with which the hair is filled. The apparatus is connected by a flexible cord and attachment plug to a lamp socket, and can be used by any barber of ordinary skill.

WHY NOT A BACK DOOR.

One of the Matters About the Police Office Which should be Remedied.

Not long ago, some prisoners who were being taken from the police court into the jail made a sudden break for liberty and succeeded in getting away from the policemen who had them in charge. It is such an easy thing to do this that the wonder is it does not happen more frequently.

No harm is done, as a rule, when such kind of prisoners escape. They are men who have been arrested for drunkenness, perhaps by some squirrel in uniform who wanted to swell his record, and having been jockeyed up all night and dragged before the court in the morning they have been punished as much as their crime merits. The law, however, insists that they shall pay a fine or go to jail, and they are taken to the latter place by way of the street, instead of by a rear entrance, as they should be.

There is neither rhyme nor reason in this public exposure of unfortunate. The police office adjoins the yard of the jail, and a door between the two is all that is needed. Sheriff Harling was opposed to this because it gave an outlet to the jail yard, but when it is considered that there are plenty of other and easier ways to get out of the yard without running the gauntlet of the police, the reason does not seem a good one. A singular feature of the guard room of the station is that the windows looking into the jail yard are guarded by iron bars, while the other windows are not. The idea of this is that jail prisoners cannot escape by breaking into the guardroom of the police office, and it comes very near being funny.

The cost of a door from the police station to the jail yard would be small. There is no need of expensive iron work. Some day as a matter of course, the change must be made.

Line Juice Cordial as a Beverage.

The vast majority of people regard Line Juice as a medicine (and a particularly unpleasant one,) and connect it merely with the Arctic regions and scurvy. As a matter of fact, this article, where great experience and care are used in the manufacture, can be converted into a particularly palatable as well as healthy beverage, especially suitable for hot weather when thirst is more pronounced. It is, moreover, eminently suitable for general consumption at all seasons of the year. All medical testimony points to the fact that purity of the blood is the chief element of health. It is in this particular that Line Juice Cordial is so valuable, as there is nothing which works so well or naturally in this direction as this article. It logically follows, that a steady and continuous use of it as a beverage has a wonderfully beneficial effect on the complexion. In hot thirly weather, a glass of Line Juice and water or aerated water, not only satisfies the thirst, but is delicious, healthy, cooling, and recuperative never producing flatulency, griping or fullness as it acts as a gentle tonic to the stomach. It is an excellent table drink, and materially assists the digestion and is practically invaluable to dyspeptic dispositions. To drink a wine glass of Line Juice Cordial in water every other morning is most beneficial. It is used extensively and gratefully in the sick room for Rheumatism Gout, Eczema, Dyspepsia, Nausea, Pneumonia, all Fevers, Inflammatory and Fever cases.

The first consideration in the manufacture is absolute purity and freedom from mineral acids, and the second, palatability. It is most essential that only the freshly squeezed juice of the finest selected fruit should be used, and even then all albumen substances and vegetable mucus must first be carefully removed before further process is commenced. Only the best and most refined sugar can be used, as starch or other impurities would effectually nullify the benefits of the Line Juice. All contact with metal must be absolutely avoided. It must be scientifically preserved without the use of any alcohol or foreign acids whatever, and finally bottled in glass, which is entirely free from lead or other poisonous ingredients.

A Whale's Spouting.

The whale does not discharge water, but only its breath. This, however, in rushing up into the air hot from the animal's body, has the moisture condensed to form a sort of rain, and the colder the air, just as in the case of our own breath, the more marked the result. When the spout is made with the blowhole clear above the surface of the water it appears like a sudden jet of steam from a boiler. When effected, as it sometimes is, before the blowhole reaches the surface, a low fountain as from a street fire plug is formed, and when the hole is close to the surface at the moment a little water is sent up with the tall jet of steam. The cloud blown up does not disappear at once, but hangs a little while, and is often seen to drift a short distance with the wind.

Vultures and a Dead Tiger.

The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Overhead is a cloudless sky, and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye. The tiger's body is thrown from the pad to the ground, and before the skin has been removed, there, above one, and always nearing the earth, are the vultures circling; posing like things of air; now a dozen of them, in a few minutes a score or two, and then a hundred strong. Then, when the flayed carcass of the tiger is left by those who skinned it, the vultures descend; and down they come like feathered thunder out

of the sky, and from east and west and north and south. The very embodiment of power, while they whirled aloft and in their quick descent to earth; and now, as they waddle around that carrion beast, misshapen ghouls, whose only apparent strength is that of the ravening jaws which tear and gorge the tiger's flesh; until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean-picked skeleton.—Sir Edward Brander's "Thirty Years of Shikar."

ENTIRELY TOO MODEST.

Mr. Munn Was Quite as Diffident as He Was Full of Generosity. Four or five ladies bustled into Mr. Munn's private office the other day. "What can I do for you, ladies?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Why, Mr. Munn," began one of the visitors, "we are taking up a subscription, and we know you wouldn't like it if we didn't give you an opportunity to subscribe."

Mr. Munn bowed graciously, and asked: "And the object? Of course it is a worthy one, or you would not be interested in it."

"Yes sir," replied the spokeswoman, "we think it is a very worthy object. It is to build a home for aged and indigent widows."

"Excellent! excellent! I shall take pleasure in making you out a check."

"Oh, how lovely of you, Mr. Munn," exclaimed the spokeswoman when she received the bit of paper and read the amount—\$1,000. "Oh, we didn't expect to get that much from you. We are ever so much obliged."

"So good of him," and similar exclamations were heard as the check was passed around for the admiration of the party. "But, Mr. Munn," said the lady who handled the check last, "you haven't signed it."

"That is because I do not wish my benefactions know to the world," said Mr. Munn modestly. And he bowed the ladies out with great dignity.—Harper's Magazine.

His Whiskers for His Job.

A good story is told at the expense of a prominent Chestnut street hotel keeper.

Employed as a porter about the hotel was an elderly man named Mike, who had been an attaché of the hotel for eight years. His most prominent feature, and one of which he was very proud, was a beard of luxuriant growth. One day last week the proprietor of the hotel was pacing the lobby when Mike happened to pass. The proprietor was in a very disagreeable frame of mind, and he stopped and looked at Mike with an evil light in his eye.

"Come here you!" he yelled at the porter. "How long have you been here?"

"Nigh onto eight years, sir."

"Well, you've been here long enough. You needn't come back tomorrow. I'm tired of seeing you about."

"The poor porter was thunderstruck. He went to his friend, the day clerk, and told him all about it.

"What'll I do?" said he; "O'vine a Wolfe an' family fur t' support, an' O'vine a gift another job."

The clerk thought for a moment and then said, suddenly: "I have it! You go home and shave off your beard, and then go to the boss and tell him you heard he needed a porter."

Mike followed this advice the next day and secured the situation, becoming his own successor. The proprietor has never suspected the trick.

Poison in Bank Notes.

One of those cheerful and optimistic scientists who do so much to reassure nervous people with the conditions under which modern life is carried on, has lately been turning his attention to the United States one-dollar bank-notes.

On analysis of fifteen notes obtained haphazard from all parts of New York he claims to have discovered living organisms by the million, to say nothing of particles of all kinds of animal substances in more or less advanced stage of decomposition. Among others he found the microbes of typhus fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, tuberculosis, and diphtheria.

That the United States paper currency is evidently in a most unsanitary condition is evident from the fact that one business house in New York makes a handsome profit by selling new notes to bankers at one per cent. premium, as many people refuse on principle to touch the dirty and greasy articles so frequently to be seen in that city.

Fifty years ago Sir John Franklin sailed from England with the Erebus and the Terror on his last voyage. The anniversary was observed by the Royal Geographical Society by a visit to the Franklin relics in the Greenwich Naval museum, and by a meeting attended by nearly all the survivors of the English expeditions sent in search of him, at which Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, who brought back in 1859 the last written record of Franklin's men, made a speech.

The Hindoos show singular frankness in making census returns. Some of them, when called upon to describe their callings designated their means of living as "village thieves," "supported by relatives," or "living on loans."

Tobacco has not been found growing wild in any part of the world, and its original abode is, therefore, unknown; but it is believed to be a native of tropical America. It is sometimes found growing as a weed, but in all cases the plants have been traced to an Indian field or settlement.

Miss Shorthair—You'd never think our young woman's club has been in existence twenty years, would you? Professor Longhair—Indeed I would, and it seemed to me that every one at the meeting must be a charter member.

Canada lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States.

The Turkish Empire is called the Sublime Porte from the principal entrance to the seraglio being a huge pavilion with eight openings over the gate or porch. This gate is very high, and is guarded by fifty capidjis or porters.