

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 8

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

A week ago Progress spoke of the discontent existing among tradesmen since the bicycle became so popular. Now the current number of the Forum has some interesting data gathered by J. B. BISHOP to show the economic and social influence of the bicycle.

The makers of watches and jewelry are said to have been the first to feel the effects of the diversion of money to bicycles. It seems that formerly on Christmas day or a birthday the favorite present to the male members of a family was a watch; now it is a bicycle.

So far only the direct economical consequences of the bicycle craze have been considered. Mr. Bishop proceeds to discuss some of its indirect effects. The journals of the tobacco trade assert that the consumption of cigars has fallen off during the present year at a rate of a million cigars a day; this they ascribe to the fact that, as a rule, wheelmen do not smoke, while riding.

The Halifax Carnival is a thing of the past and St. John visitors have returned home delighted with the hospitable treatment they received in the sister city. Halifax is to be congratulated upon the fact that general satisfaction is expressed by the visitors with the manner in which the gigantic affair was managed.

In reference to the defeat of the St. John crew it might be said that it was no more than was expected by the majority of St. John people. They went seriously handicapped to compete with men who enjoyed every advantage that modern craft or training could give and it was folly to expect anything more favorable than that which occurred.

Dealers in dry goods say that the predilection of young women for the wheel has reduced their sales of dress goods and expensive costumes from 25 to 50 per cent, because so many girls prefer an evening ride in bicycle garb to sitting at home in more elaborate apparel.

Some of the economical effects of the widely extended use of the bicycle will no doubt be lasting, but others are certain to be transitory. As Mr. BISHOP remarks, people are not going to get on permanently without pianos or watches because they ride upon bicycles.

BOYCOTTING A SALOON.

The closing time of the bar-room is usually the source of disagreement between the male guest of a hotel and the proprietor, some time during the summer. The desire to linger beyond the time appointed for shutting up, and the tendency to get gay, to the inconvenience of other guests will sooner or later bring about a difference between the proprietor and his patrons.

At a mountain resort in the New England States the proprietor of a summer hotel has managed an affair of that sort so badly that there exists between him and a large number of his guests a determined warfare which, by the way, is proving more satisfactory to the guests than to the conscientious hotel keeper, inasmuch as it not only cuts off a valuable source of profit but will tend to injure his popularity in the future.

The trouble commenced in the usual way. Several of the male guests strongly objected to the closing of the saloon at a certain hour and the proprietor with out hearing their case with the patience which the guests considered themselves entitled to, decided that the bar should close at the usual hour. The emphatic way in which this decision was announced aroused a counter spirit of determination which, was strong enough to show itself in a very effective way, and a remedy for the proprietors action was soon found.

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The published utterances of several St. John people, have led the public to think that the citizens were not satisfied with the way the race was managed, but that is a mistake. St. John accepts the defeat gracefully, and, fully appreciating the causes which brought it about, cherishes no ill will towards Halifax.

USE OF "I" IN LITERATURE.

The use of the first personal pronoun in literature, or the personal recounting of a story, is becoming a favorite method of late. STANLEY WEYMAN uses it in all his stories and ANTHONY HOPE has adopted it in his last story "Phroso." To tell a story in the first person certainly gives a certain air of reality to it, by which something is gained, but something is lost.

The fault of the more modern users of this method is that they concentrate all the interest upon the narrator. They make him the hero of blood curdling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, but as the story is told by the person, who undergoes all this there is never any doubt as to his ultimate fate and the reader feels secure in the knowledge that no harm has come to his hero. He is certain to turn up all right in the end.

Very progressive are the women of that lovely little group of islands in the South Atlantic, known as Tritan d'Acunha. These men are at a premium for there are only fifteen of them to forty-five women. The ladies have a high appreciation of the estimable qualities of the humble sex which pampered fair Canadians despise.

There is soon to be incorporated under law and established in Chicago a training school of domestic science the course to cover a period of two years. The school for servants is to be conducted after the manner of training schools for nurses. The object is to make it self supporting and to cover everything that pertains to domestic science in the very broadest sense.

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The annuals of disaster might be searched in vain for a more heartrending tragedy than that which occurred near Atlantic city in the gloaming of Thursday evening of last week, when a merry party of excursionists, returning from a day's cutting beside the sea, were hurled from life to death through the instrumentality of a grade crossing—and somebody's blunder. How an accident of this kind could have happened on a broad open expanse of meadow with railway movements plainly visible for miles in all directions, is inconceivable.

An accident occurred in this city the first of the week by which a young woman was hurled from life to a cruel death. The sad details have been given to the public by the daily papers, so that a repetition here is unnecessary. It only remains for Progress to voice the indignation of the citizens generally over the want of kindly charity displayed by one or two of the papers in bringing prominently forward an episode in the unfortunate victim's life, over which for various reasons the mantle of silence should have been thrown.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Golden Lands of Acadie, In golden lands of Acadie, I sang my lute among the trees; Its sweetest strain it breathes to me; Responsive to the nodding breeze, An angel leads my sweet Laurene, To honor her who bears the name; Beneath the lute trees leaves of green I hear them sing of love and fame.

It was an old, old, old, old lady, And a boy who was half past three; And the way that they played together Was beautiful to see. She couldn't go running and jumping, And the boy, no more could he, For he was a thin little fellow, With a thin, little twisted knee.

It was an old, old, old, old lady, And a boy who was half past three; And the way that they played together Was beautiful to see. She couldn't go running and jumping, And the boy, no more could he, For he was a thin little fellow, With a thin, little twisted knee.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report. Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

DIDN'T GO TO RICHIBUCTO. Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange Makes a Funny Mistake in His Story. My attention has been drawn to the fact that I was guilty last week of a fishing story which fully equalled, if it did not excel any of the most marvellous fish tales which have ever been handed down to posterity from the lips of veteran anglers, or the still more lurid anecdotes which appear periodically in the daily papers.

I sent a fishing party to disport themselves on the water of the Restigouche River, and after permitting them to enjoy excellent sport all day I transported them, even as the Genii in the Arabian nights transported men and things regardless of distance and obstacles, to the town of Richibucto away down in Kent County, I forget just how many hundred miles from their fishing ground; and not only land them safely at their hotel before midnight, but curiously enough the only mode of locomotion I employed to effect this transfer was a carriage drawn by a pair of ordinary horses.

I believe the result has been that every man in Richibucto who was known to possess any kind of a horse at all has been persecuted ever since Progress came out last week, with inquiries as to whether his special nag, was one of that super-equine team that made the trip from Restigouche county to Richibucto between the gloaming and midnight of a summer evening, and offer to buy him if he would; so that these inquiries are becoming a public nuisance. Therefore I have much pleasure in rising to explain that while the story was true in every other particular, the marvellous nature of the journey was only apparent, and was caused by an extraordinary slip of the pen which made me write Richibucto for Dalhousie, and which, strange to say, seems to have escaped the proofreaders when my M. S. passed through their hands.

I trust this explanation will have the effect of restoring in the public mind that confidence in my truthfulness which I have always endeavored to deserve. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Captain Richard's Departure. The resignation or dismissal of Captain Richard of the Prince Rupert has brought out many expressions of indignation. Progress has several letters on the subject from warm sympathizers of the Captain in different parts of Nova Scotia and this city, each of which contains a different statement of facts. Perhaps in the absence of any authoritative utterance either from the owners of the boat or from the Captain it would be well to reserve judgement at present.

Wait For the Grocers. The Grocer's picnic to the Isle of Pines on the 18th, is to be the event of the season. The way they have started the affair and the attractions offered so far is a sufficient guarantee that they will meet with success. The grocers are a strong body and the only men in business, put them altogether, that come in contact with the entire population of a city. The committee in charge should see that tickets are on sale in every store and then it will be found necessary to charter every steamer in the city.

The Czarina's Spotted Gown. For many months past the most skilled workers of embroidery in the Russian convents were hard at work embroidering in delicate gold and silver, on white satin, the coronation train of the Czarina. As it was so enormously long it had to be worked in separate pieces and sent to St. Petersburg to be pieced together. Judge of the consternation of the court modistes when the precious parcel was unwrapped! All the beautiful silk threads had turned black. How such a catastrophe could have occurred is rapped in mystery. The only possible conjecture that can be arrived at is that the parcel was wrapped in must have had some corrosive acid in it. Busy fingers worked night and day to finish another in time. Of course it was impossible to produce in a few days what the work of months of patient labor did, and the beautiful Czarina was obliged to wear a less magnificent gown than was at first intended.

Superstitions of the Stage. Superstitions of operatic artists are proverbial. Some wear coral to preserve them from the jettatura or evil eye; Mascagni has a valise full of lucky chestnuts, and Mme. Calve a pocket-book containing dried flowers plucked from the grave of her mother; while there is not an artist living who at rehearsal or before the first public performance would pronounce the last few words of an opera, whether comic or otherwise. In France, it seems, there is a strong

superstition that the operas of Ambroise Thomas bring some sort of ill-luck. The Paris Opera Comique and the Theatre des Arts, at Rouen, were burned on the night of the performance of "Mignon," in which a fire scene actually occurs. The Grand Opera, Paris, was burned on the night of a performance of "Hamlet," while a recent accident, to the chandelier, which nearly set the new theatre alight, happened during the public rehearsal of "Hamlet." Then M. Lasalle, before the revival, two or three year ago of the same opera, fell from a gig, and the number of rods caught by prima donnas before playing Opabella are beyond count. Ambroise Thomas himself was well aware of the superstition, and used laughingly to declare that he was lucky in other ways.

DESTROYING INSECTS. People Should Study Entomology.—Noxious Insects Can be Destroyed. The "bug man" of Ohio says that if farmers and fruit growers generally would only study the different stages of insect life, (the egg, grub or larva, chrysalis, moth or butterfly state) they would be in a better state to combat the ravages of these insect pests. The destruction of the mature codling moth is more advantageous than killing a couple of hundred thousands of the worm or grub. And to this end the best scientific authorities suggest the spraying of apple trees with Paris green or London purple at the time the trees are in blossom, or when the moth is, or will, lay her eggs. This spraying, if properly done, will catch the moth, and make an apple orchard a very undesirable place to live in. Those who have tried spraying report a freedom from this pest and a better class of fruit all around. Spraying or sprinkling trees is a simple operation and may be performed by any boy. The cost of a handy force pump for this and for the purpose of general work about a farm is so low that no farmer or fruit grower should be without one. The latest scientific authorities recommend a teaspoonful (one drachm) of Paris green to a two-gallon pail of water, and let the spraying be done as often as the necessity of the case demands. Probably one, two or three dilutions may be required, but with a proper sprayer boy can go over a very large orchard in one day. The cost of the material will be merely nominal compared with the immense benefit that will accrue from this mode of treating this pest. If farmers do not resort to something like this, their energies in the way of fruit growing will be misspent.

Opposed to Cursing the Enemy. A missionary chaplain in Natal, the Rev. George Smith, had been temporarily attached to the army for the period of the campaign, and was posted at the base hospital. During the whole of the long and fierce Zulu attack right gallantly he played his part in tending the sick, giving aid to the wounded and comforting the dying. No one had a greater share of danger than he, and no one showed a more soldierly example of treating that danger with calm indifference. Not only did he perform the duties of his office, but as every man who could handle a rifle was scrupulously needed to defend the parapet. Mr. Smith did essential service by going around the various posts and distributing reserve cartridges.

Here a story which went round the army of South Africa bearing on the warrior spirit of his professional conduct on the occasion. One of the men, in the heat and excitement of battle, was cursing his enemies and using the most profane language. The chaplain, coming behind, heard his words, and said: "You should not speak like that, my friend. Don't curse them!" Then, shoving a packet of cartridges into his hand: "Shoot them! Shoot them!" Among the rewards given for the action at Rorke's Drift, Mr. Smith was appointed a military chaplain, and British soldiers can never hope to have with them in time of trial stauncher and better men than he.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Stumped by Medical Terms. "Why more typewriters do not become proficient in medical nomenclature," says a manager of an office, "is a question that often comes to me. Such work at good pay is in great demand, but it is difficult to find competent takers. One day, not long ago, at the meeting of a medical society, one of its members came in here and offered \$25 for two hours' work. If I could furnish a capable operator, I sent my most intelligent worker, who was sure she could take any proceedings. Before she had worked fifteen minutes she gave up in despair. The teasing technical terms utterly routed her. She came back, and the next day, with her usual pluck, got a medical dictionary. Today she could take a clinic lecture, but she is the only one I know who can."

Important Personage. Deacon Frisby (impressively)—Young man I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Young man—Well, if your doorkeeper is anywhere near as important as our janitor, I have not a bit of doubt but what you would.

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