

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT 30

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

PASSING OF THE BICYCLE.

According to recent investigations there has been a very noticeable decrease in the number of bicycle riders during the past season. The bicycle craze has evidently reached its climax, and notwithstanding the recent extraordinary performance of a young woman in New York, there is a growing belief that henceforth the wheel will be used less and less as a sporting implement and more and more for purely utilitarian purposes. Not only is this observation limited to bicycling in America, for the London Chronicle says:

"London bicycling is in its decadence. Time was, a few years ago, when a morning in Battersea Park provided an interesting sight as Botten Row in the season. Hereafter of bicycles in the park paid hundreds of pounds a year for the privilege of renting out wheels. The London County Council have been inviting tenders for a new year. The highest sum offered is £15."

There must be some good reason for the marked falling off in bicycle riding for pleasure. In the first place, the natural tendency in America is to overdo everything. We rush into new pleasures with such vim and force that we soon exhaust our energies. In the next place, we are constantly craving after novelty, and a popular amusement soon falls upon us. Tennis and croquet are as popular in England and in the colonies to-day as they were long before we took them up with such gusto. Cricket has been played from time immemorial in England, but in this country golf and base ball has invaded the cricket club's and carried away many promising players. The coming fall (which will be confined for a time to the comparatively wealthy people) is the owning and running of automobiles, and the manufacturers of bicycles all seem anxious to enter the race at the very start, so that they may recover some of the lost activity due to the decline in the manufacture of bicycles. They hope to reap large profits from the sale of automobiles while the price shall continue to be high.

The automobile of to-day is a heavy, clumsy affair made to closely resemble an ordinary carriage. It weighs several hundred pounds, and costs several hundred dollars. Something very different from this will perhaps be evolved in the near future, and it may be a sort of compromise between the present automobile and the ordinary bicycle. Then everyone will want to have his own carriage, and hundreds of thousands of light weight, moderate priced, self-propelling machines will be made and sold. This will be, after all, only a natural evolution of the bicycle; for in its present form the wheel is a fairweather vehicle only. Moreover, it may be ridden with comfort only on hard roads, and is available only for active men and women, sound of limb and lung. There are thousands of delicate persons, old people and partial invalids to whom a light weight, low-priced, easily manipulated, self-propelling vehicle would prove an incalculable boon.

The few who believed DREYFUS guilty have changed their opinion since a week ago, but the unfortunate man is still guilty by declaration of the court, and his position and career are gone. In view of his sufferings he will not regret his lost rank, but that he bears the condemnation of the court, wretchedly corrupt as it was, must be a great affliction, for the trial should have sent him forth a free man, so declared by a court of his peers. The French officials say that the incident is closed. The mystery of the trial and conspiracy will remain with France, and the years spent in torture and disgrace will not be restored to DREYFUS. Of the two, the loss to France

is greatest. Self-respect and the respect of others, once lost, are hardly regained.

An interesting contribution to the discussion of the trust question is that of Governor ATKINSON of West Virginia. He wishes to be written down a friend of corporations, holding that combination of capital is necessary to the development of our states and cities. He professes no sympathy with trusts which combine to choke the middleman and small dealer but thinks that some form of business combination is an economic necessity. "Trust crazy," he calls the country, and he thinks the contagion shared so equally by leaders of both political parties that it will be difficult to make party declarations on the trust question more than empty generalities.

Users of natural gas and oil for fuel are somewhat disturbed by the report of the Indiana state geologist, who says that the supply in that state is giving out. The pressure in new borings is now only 181 pounds, against 264 pounds in 1895, and the field now covers only 150 square miles. The coal supply of Indiana is in better condition. Fourteen counties are entirely underlaid with coal beds, and the amount which can be mined readily is calculated at eight billions of tons. This impressive total would run all the industries of Indiana for several hundred years.

Cricket has taken such a strong hold upon the Australian that when the other day a funeral procession in Sydney halted before a board which contained the score of a cricket match then in progress, and four occupants got out of a carriage, read the score, returned to the vehicle, and the procession resumed its course, no surprise was caused. It seemed the most natural thing to do.

Cuba and Porto Rico are fast being exploited as fields for investment, but the Philippines are not so attractive. The investment there is of young men, and unfortunately all the investment does not return. Many more sacrifices must be made before the program of conquest is carried out. Coming months will tell the story.

The rise in the price of dressed beef has brought about a rush of cattle to the Chicago, St. Louis and Omaha markets which may drag the price down to a more reasonable level. The great markets of the West received for slaughter last week 185,000 head of cattle, which exceeds all previous receipts.

Provincial affairs, county fairs and town fairs succeed one another in quick rotation, and all of them draw crowds to the races and exhibits. The great fairs of Europe have been killed by charges in transportation methods, but our own unique fairs seem to hold their own against all the attractions of autumn.

Forgiveness.

Much bitterness was felt in a northern town when it was known that the guardians, in electing a new matron for the workhouse, had passed over a well-known local lady.

"You've rather played me false, Mr. J—," said the unsuccessful lady to the member whose vote had lost her the post. "I never doubted that I should have your support, and it is a bitter pill that you should have helped a stranger in perdition to an old friend. Surely you don't doubt my fitness for the position."

"Not in the very least, madam," replied the member unhesitatingly, "but I have a strict sense of duty, and certain conditions attached to the post made it impossible for me to vote for you."

"What conditions?" asked the lady coldly.

"The very first and most essential ones, madam. We wanted an elderly matron, and one whose personal appearance would harmonize with her homely surroundings. In both these qualifications I knew you to be sadly lacking, and I could not vote against my conscience."

He was readily forgiven.

More Than Usual.

An artist named Wilkins had acquired a reputation which seemed greater to him than to anybody else. He painted pictures of dead game that received considerable praise.

Among his paintings was a group of dead rabbits. The rabbits a critic commended in Wilkins' hearing as "remarkably true to nature."

"Nature, sir!" replied the artist pompously. "Yes, I flatter myself there is more nature in those rabbits than you usually see in rabbits!"

Evening Classes.

On Monday evening October 2nd Kerr's Business College, Oddfellows Hall, will open for the winter term. The hours will be from 7:30 to 9:30 p. m. and those wishing to get a thorough knowledge of the best business system taught should become pupils in this institution. The short hand system taught is that of Isaac Pitman.

FABLES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Camp Italy.

I lay me down to sleep upon the shore,
The fragrant sands of purple Indian seas;
In sweet sleep sleep he's mortal had before,
And wakened sailing in a summer breeze.
A sea nymph whose sad face he'd had seen,
Had by enchanting sorcery unknown;
Beside me in my sleep a number been,
And laid me in a golden boat, her own.

Upon the ambient flood we mounted high,
We sank into the golden depths below;
The snow topped crests of billowy foam rolled by,
And all the sky was with love's flame aglow.
A silver path of light obeyed the moon,
Until it seemed within our hearts to rest;
And all the while we played a lover's tune,
My head she leaned upon her virgin breast.

She had a siren's voice, a woman's heart,
Which like the sea beat wild against my soul;
And with a strange alluring witchery of art,
She o'er my heart held music still control.
Such lovely arms no man's artistic skill,
Could ever shape with a sculptor's deft hand;
They held me there submissive to her will,
While long she leaned upon her sea nymph's land.

A star on the swept the shrinking waves,
The parting waters let us down their steep;
Through porcelain, glittering pearl and coral caves,
And onward walk beneath a mighty deep.

What roses plink in pearls and shells bloom,
What palms and ferns and fruitage came in view;
The lost Atlantis waking from its tomb,
Rose like a fair dream land fresh and new.

Now there I'm holden with a siren's spell,
A charm of Nymphland music night and day,
O would that I the thousandth part might tell,
Of her enchanting weird bewitching way,
She bids my soul respond with many a line,
And none of the love songs of the earth;
Showing them o'er and o'er in strains divine,
And loves and loves me for their golden worth.

Adieu a world of human woes and tears,
Her incantation holds me in its thrall;
Transcendent loveliness to me appears,
And bids me tenderly to get you all.
You never more shall hear me I am lost,
My poet's soul he's hidden in the sea;
And all the sorrow all the sea has crossed
For ever more is written there my me.

Nymphland, 1899. CYPRIUS GOULD.

Happy Morning.

O green leaves, soft and dewy,
All over red with the dew dew,
I'm up this morning early,
I'm up to look at you!

O birds in the treetops calling,
O you happy birds, like me,
O river, swiftly falling,
Do you hurry away to the sea?

O blue on the big red clover,
Are you getting a breakfast there?
O white clouds flitting over,
Is it nice in the high, clear air?

I love you, grass a leafy,
And I love you, dew so blue;
I'm glad to be so early,
I'm glad to look at you!

—Annie Willis McCullough.

In Sw at Some Time.

Over the water we'll sail some day
To the land of Sweet Sometime;
And we'll stay there for a year and a day
In the ripple of gold on the lower bay,
In the sunset's rays sublime.

It's over the river in Boardwalkville,
By the lake of Boardwalkville,
And later on in the night
The river of the laughing rill,
The river of the laughing rill.

It's always summer—the whole year through
In beautiful Sometime land,
There are happy days that are deep and blue,
There are roses waiting to bloom for you,
To blossom at your command.

So out to the breeze let us spread the sail
Till the boat is a merry rhymer,
And if we'll go in the moonlight pale,
Till we reach the land of the Fairy tale,
The land of Sweet Sometime.

Cooperation.

"Come," said the little fish to a toad,
"Let us climb together and march together.
Millions and millions and millions are we;
Let us shiver and march like the waves of the sea,
With shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand in the sea."

"I will," said the toad, "I will be as good as dead;
I will be as good as dead;
I will be as good as dead;
I will be as good as dead;
I will be as good as dead."

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Summer Dusk.

From the sky the old red fade
And a soft, snow white,
Blaze over the lonely glade
On the brow of night.

Slow crumbles and disappears
The hill in the gleam of sea,
And twilight the blue hat tears
Round the silent tree.

The first's elms speak
Throbs o'er the dewy mead;
The moonbeam silvers the dark
And the whispering reed;

And, while the lone loon's cry
Floats on the breeze cool,
Day sleeps and the purple shadows lie
And dream on the lily pool.

Dusk on the wide low plain,
Dusk on the wide, low plain,
Water lilies by a ring of tremor, a whispering
Reeds;

And over it celloing bells
And the sound of the hillside's cypress,
And around it the sigh of the wind in a network of
shivering weeds.

Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a star in the distance peering
Over the rim of the hill and, catching blue;
And an oak tree black on the sand.
And a hare leaping through the clearing,
And, where the tawny toes, the bleat of a
wondering ewe.

Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a crane on the pool descending,
And when the sun sets with the fit of a
ground-squirrel's wing;
And a hawk beating down to his perch
Where the clouds with the crows are blending
And shades of the evening night round the
singing too, till change.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

HANDSOME FALL HEADWEAR.

What Chas. K. Cameron & Co. is Showing in Their Line.

Among the many displays of handsome autumn millinery, none hold a higher place than that of Charles K. Cameron & Co., which firm has long been noted for chic and tasteful headwear. Their millinery openings are events of the season to which the ladies look forward with much pleasure and this year as usual the opening day was the signal for a grand rush to their establishment, and on Thursday morning the rooms were thronged with members of the fair sex who came not only to admire, but to purchase the dainty and stylish confections that were displayed, conspicuous among which were a hat with crown and brim of lovely soft grebe breast and wings, with a large bird, and brown velvet puff, cerise flowers at the back where the hat turned up. A large black hat of velvet stitched with white, shirred chiffon under brim, tips and chiffon strings with cream lace rosettes at end of strings. A very handsome hat that drew much admiring attention was of black and silver trimmed with a lovely shade of green ribbon, trimmed at left side with black velvet, tips and green rosette. A pretty black velvet poke was trimmed with a grey breast and quill, velvet loops and cut steel ornaments. A stylish olive green mirror velvet had a shot silk crown and was turned up at the side where it was caught with green and steel buckle. It had also toward the left a bird, mottled quill and white orp. An ultra fashionable toque was of white and purple velvet, with white machine stitched crown, large grey and white bird, loops of purple velvet and a large purple and green rosette. A large brown hat of cloth had the loops and ends bound with velvet, making a prett innovation; the trimming consisted of grey and white wings and cut steel buckles. A particularly stylish black and white hat had a foundation of black velvet with rows of straw and chenille worked in with pretty effect on the velvet, white ospreys and rhine ornaments. A pretty combination was of blue velvet and pale fawn cloth, the crown being of the latter while the fluted brim was of the velvet. On it were gracefully disposed loops of velvet, quill and rhine stone buckles. In the way of bonnets there were many charming creations to suit all tastes from the dainty thing of silver and black with its touches of cerise and pretty sequin ornaments, to the more elaborate styles. One bonnet was of black and mulberry with bands of quins and chenille, jetted osprey and velvet ties.

The above are only a very few of the handsome things noted at this opening and which were rapidly bought up, many of the more expensive chapeaux bearing the magical "sold" legend at an early hour. Messrs. Cameron & Company have a foremost place among local milliners and ladies will do well to visit their establishment when looking for something fashionable in this line and at prices that are also up to date.

STRINGS OF PEARLS.

Real Dangers of Losing Them Through the Striking of the Cord.

It might seem as though the care of a string of pearls was a very simple matter; and yet the possessors of these precious gems are often heard bewailing some misfortune that has happened.

"Naturally, I was three-quarters of an hour late to dinner the other evening," one woman said, "My string of pearls broke just as I was clapping it around my neck."

"The being late is immaterial," but did you find them all?" she was asked.

"No," the speaker continued, "there were seventy-three on the string and five of them have slipped away; I fear never to be recovered, as every crevice and spot in the room has apparently been searched into. Perhaps I have been a little careless about not having them restrung often enough."

As a fact, pearls should be "unfurlingly" restrung every three months, or they cannot be worn with security. The heavy silken cord that is generally used to string them appears to be the only thing that will give them the suppleness that adds so much to their charm; and it is only when this cord is new that it is equal to the not inconsiderable weight of the pearls. As soon as, in places, it begins to fray, it is only a question of time before one of those weak spots will break and let fall the precious stones.

Since the very long strings have been

worn this accident has not been an unfrequent occurrence in ballrooms; and last winter a commotion was caused in the hallway of an opera house simply by the breaking of one of these silken cords.

As a precaution and to keep them from swinging many women when dancing fasten their pearls to the front of their bodices with a brooch; or if the string is long enough they wind them about their wrists. It is a most reckless habit to twirl them nervously about the fingers and to make a plaything of them; for it must necessarily hasten the fraying of the cord. The cost of having a string of perhaps fifty pearls restrung at a reliable house is about seventy-five cents or one dollar, and surely considering the comfort it brings the money is well expended.

A Naval Solomon.

Captain M.C.B., a credit to his race says London Spare Moments, was once in command of a troop-ship returning from India. On board he had as passengers three ladies, all wives of officers in her majesty's service.

Now it fell out that the cabin allotted to them was fitted up to accommodate four, and consequently it contained four wash-basins, one of which was far larger than the other three.

For the right to use this particular basin each lady put forth her claim, citing her husband's position in the army. But the husbands, unfortunately, all proved to be of equal rank, so to settle the matter the trio bearded the captain in his cabin.

"We will leave it entirely to you, captain," they said, and abide by your decision."

Captain M.C.B. cogitated, and then declared solemnly, with the faintest twinkle in his grey eyes:

"Ladies, as it is no matter of rank, I think it would be right that the oldest among you should have the biggest bowl."

With murmured thanks the ladies filed out again, but that basin was never used during the voyage.

Tactful.

A little tact sometimes saves a great deal of pain, and every man whose duty it is to select or dismiss employees will find it as essential to his comfort as to that of the men with whom he deals. The New York Sun tells the story of a case which called for extraordinary tact and received it.

The conductor was trying the voice of a young woman who wished to secure a place in an opera troupe. The manager was standing by. The candidate was frail and timid. She finished her song with an air of distress.

"How is it?" asked the manager, unceremoniously.

The conductor caught the pleading eyes of the girl. But he had his duty to perform. He struck three notes on the piano and left the rest to the manager.

The three notes were B A D.

Knew It at Once.

A lady's maid, visiting with the mistress at the residence of a celebrated surgeon, then deceased, noticed the classic invitation, "Salve," upon the hall floor, and in the drawing room a picture of Cleopatra applying the asp to her beautiful bosom. Whereupon, with that quick, but not always correct, woman's intuition about which we hear so much nowadays, she confidently, but in all innocence, inquired later—

"Dr.—was a physician, was he not? I felt quite positive he was when I first saw 'Salve' on the hall floor, and then that poor thing in the drawing room with the leech in her hand, I knew he must have been a doctor."

Keep in Bed.

A French medical paper recommends, as the best cure for nervousness, remaining in bed a few weeks. It reports cases of what seemed incipient insanity cured by this simple method. It recommends a partial return to the custom prevalent in the time of Louis XIV., when the bed was used not only for sleeping, but as a pleasant place to remain while reading, eating, receiving friends, etc.

In Large Attendance.

The attendance at the Currie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

In remodeling your fall garments don't forget that we dye or clean anything. Old made to look like new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, 25 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 25.

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