

THEY GET FAT ON IT.

The Food Supplied to the Patients in the General Public Hospital.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of keeper Barnes of the Marine hospital, it is pretty certain that the inmates of that well-managed institution, the General Public hospital, have enough to eat, and of the best.

A representative of PROGRESS made an informal call at the hospital, the other day, and held an investigation on his own account. No one stood in his way. On the contrary, the excellent resident physician and the kindly and capable matron did everything in their power to make the inspection thorough. Dinner was in progress at the time; and all through the building, from the spacious kitchen, shining with cleanliness, and laden with appetizing odors, to the light and cheerful wards, where the patients were being tenderly cared for, the reporter saw that the bill of fare met with complete appreciation.

The diet list for the week shows how well the sick people fare. It is as follows:

SUNDAY.
Breakfast—Tea with milk and sugar, bread and butter, eggs or baked beans.
Dinner—Roast beef, potatoes and one vegetable, tea, bread and butter.
Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter.

MONDAY.
Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk.
Dinner—Roast beef, bread pudding, tea bread and butter.
Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter.

TUESDAY.
Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, meat and potatoes.
Dinner—Salt fish, potatoes, boiled rice, tea, bread and butter.
Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, stewed fruit.

WEDNESDAY.
Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk.
Dinner—Stew, rice pudding, tea, bread and butter.
Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter.

THURSDAY.
Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, fish or meat, and potatoes, bread and butter.
Dinner—Mutton, boiled or roast, potatoes and one vegetable, tea, bread and butter.
Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter.

FRIDAY.
Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk.
Dinner—Fresh fish, potatoes and one vegetable, boiled rice, tea, bread and butter.
Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, stewed fruit.

SATURDAY.
Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk.
Dinner—Stew, tea, bread and butter.
Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, stewed fruit.

P. M. G. WANAMAKER

Will Give "Cut Rates" on Stamps and Put Postal Cards on the Bargain Counter.

The slating of John Wanamaker, retail merchant and wholesale Sunday School superintendent of Philadelphia, for the Postmaster-Generalship in Gen. Harrison's cabinet has delighted all the women in the city of brotherly love. Visions of cheap postal cards, sickly green postage stamps at cut-rate figures and 1-cent stamps at cost price are conjured up in their minds by the bare possibility of Wanamaker's appointment—for they all call him Wanny in the city of Penn. What the ladies base these expectations of bargain-counter postage stamps on is well known to all the patrons of Wanny's Grand Depot in Philadelphia; but it will be news to those less favored persons who have to do their shopping in less enterprising stores elsewhere.

When Mr. Wanny gets an overstock of goods on his shelves he unloads them at a dead loss, by piling them up on one of his many bargain counters and selling them off at about half cost price—or more. Whenever a Philadelphia lady wants to buy six yards of sheeting, or two yards of ruching, or a half a dozen pocket handkerchiefs, she hies her straight for Mr. Wanny's bargain counters. If she doesn't find what she wants there she waits a week or two and tries again. Sooner or later she succeeds in finding the coveted article and is happy.

Now, several years ago Mr. Wanny got an overstock of postage stamps and postal cards on hand. He had more than he could use in his large correspondence and they kept accumulating day after day. So he put them on his bargain counter and had a sign painted which read as follows:

Six 2-cent Postage Stamps for 10c.
Four 3-cent do do do do 10c.
Twelve 1-cent do do do do 10c.
Twelve Postal Cards do do do 10c.

Of course there was a rush for that counter and the news spread through all Philadelphia. Hundreds of women living several miles from Mr. Wanny's Grand Depot spent two car fares and three or four hours' time getting there to buy 10 cents worth of the stamps, and so save of course 2 cents. It is such thrift as this that has made Philadelphia the solid, wealthy, capitalistic old town that it is.

Mr. Wanny saw that the ladies were pleased, and he has kept the postage stamp bargain counter full ever since. But although Mr. Wanny's philanthropy is unquestioned, isn't it a little dangerous to give him a chance to put his bargain counter policy into practice as postmaster-general? It might even affect the credit of the United States government if it should be noised abroad that Uncle Sam was reduced to offering his postage stamps at bankrupt sale prices. It would certainly

look badly to see such a sign as the following over the door of a post-office:

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!
SELLING OUT AT COST!
Great Three-day Sale of
POSTAGE STAMPS!!!
To Make Room for Our Summer Stock We
Will Sell for the Next Three Days
Six 2-cent Stamps (Green) for
10 CENTS
Come Early and Avoid the Rush.
Postmaster-General and Grand Depot,
13th and Market Streets, Phila., Pa.

Fine, Large, Fat Cockroaches.

Half a dozen St. John boys spent their last holiday in Woodstock. They won't do it again. The night train dumped them at McAdam, and their rush for the dining-room was unanimous. Beans and coffee and cockroaches was the bill of fare. The last named article didn't appear until the beans began to disappear. Then two of them—fine, large, fat ones—started for a race across the board. Another race—for the door—began about the same time, and the boys were glad enough to get away minus 50 cents. The beans and coffee were left to the cockroaches.



CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

THE LATEST FROM WHITECHAPEL.

[By Special Cable to Many American Papers.]
LONDON, Nov. 24.—"I don't care what Jack the Ripper does hereafter," said Gen. Sir Charles Warren to me, yesterday: "whatever happens, I shall feel resigned. I have felt resigned ever since the government told me to."

I understand that the police would put terriers on the track of the assassin, if it were not feared that when this was done somebody would yell, "Rats!"

Enterprising undertakers, armed with cards and price-lists, patrol this quarter regularly. Disputes between them and the gentlemen who are awaiting new discoveries in the interest of the medical colleges are of too frequent occurrence.

The Salvation army has established six outposts in various parts of Whitechapel and conversions have been numerous of late. I hear that after arising from the penitential form, most of the repentant females immediately volunteer for field-service in Patagonia.

Being asked my own opinion at Scotland yard, yesterday, I remarked that in my country, when we learned that a man's Christian name was John (or Jack) we immediately took it for granted that his surname was Smith. The chief detective seemed much impressed with the suggestion and at once gave orders for the arrest of all the Smiths in the directory.

The police speak very bitterly about the unprofessional methods of the murderer. "E don't leave no clues behind 'im," said Bobby X 349, yesterday. "Vite-chapel coves as cuts up people generally does it to people they knows and where people knows 'em. Wot business 'as this bloody duffer to come hinto a strange place hand commit 'is bloomin' murders? Why don't 'e do his murderink hat 'ome? Hit ain't fair to luss—that's wot hit ain't!"

It is now proposed to present every woman in the Whitechapel district with a detective camera in the form of a brooch, and require her to photograph every man who meets her. As a result it is expected that the woman who is murdered will be found wearing the portrait of her murderer.

I. MAY LYER.

Setting a Good Example.

Golden Rule lodge, No. 46, I. O. O. F., Carleton, has opened its lodge-room as a reading-room, for the use of the members, every evening, except Thursday, when the lodge meets. The daily papers and current periodicals will be kept on file, and it is expected that a good library will soon be collected.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

Johnny Mulcahey Illustrates the Changes Wrought by Matrimony.

I feel terribly lonesome. Bill Johnson couldn't get the rubber gum out of his hare, and 'cause I tried to cut it out with the scissors his mother was goin' to have me taken up. Anyway, it's better fur him to have bald spots all over his head than havin' to pry his hat off with a poker. So he went be let out.

Jenn, she's gone to Woodstock, and it's terrible blank like. Jenn's my girl and I guess I'm mashed on her. I don't take much stock in girls, anyhow, only she don't tell ma when I'm jigg'in' from school and the teacher tells her to. Besides Jenn's mother says what I'm a young scamp, and locks her up 'cause she goes with me, and ma says she's a bold brat and fur me to keep away. So how could a feller help gettin' mashed.

I suppose I'll git a sickener of girls sum day, like pa says he did. Anyhow, pa's fotergraft has changed a good deal since he was married. Here's a picture of pa what

LOOK AT YOUR GIRL'S LIPS.

They Tell All Sorts of Stories About Their Owner.

Her lips were so near that—what else could I do? You'll be angry, I fear, but her lips were so near—Well, I can't make it clear or explain it to you. But her lips were so near that—what else could I do?

"I judge a man by his eyes, but a woman always by her lips," said Benjamin Franklin, than whom no man ever read people more correctly. Queen Elizabeth once refused to engage a waiting woman who came with every possible recommendation, because, she said, "the woman is a tale-bearer. See you not the downward dip of the lips? I will none of her."

Abdallah, the sheik of the Persians, who was noted for his wisdom in many things, once gave some advice to his courtiers about choosing a wife. "Let her be a woman whose eyes turn not away when you speak to her, and whose nose has no tendency upward, for the first is an owner of deceit, the second of a bad temper; but above all look you to her lips. Choose no woman whose lips droop at the corners, for your life will be a perpetual mourning time, nor yet should they curve too much upward, for that denotes frivolity. Beware of the under lip that rolleth outward; for that woman hath more desire than conscience. Select for a wife one whose lips are straight—not thin, for then she is a shrew, but with just the fulness necessary to perfect symmetry."

A Hotel Somnambulist.

"Have you ever had any patrons who were somnambulists?" I asked a hotel-keeper.

"Have I! I had one last week."

"Tell me about it."

"One night as I was about to leave the office," said the Boniface, "I noticed a man coming down stairs with his bag in his hand! He was staring straight ahead, looking at nothing, just like a three-weeks-old baby. I followed him till he reached the outside door, and then caught him by the collar."

"Wha-wha-what's the matter?" he gasped, acting just like a man who has been suddenly awakened.

"Oh, nothing," said I. "Where are you going?"

"Why am I not in bed?" he exclaimed.

"Not at this present moment," I replied.

"I must have been asleep," he murmured, looking like a dog that had been caught in the act of chasing sheep.

"Maybe you were," said I, "but you can bet the amount of your bill that I'm wide awake." So I brought him back to the cashier's desk and made him settle up. Then the porter and I thoroughly awoke him by kicking him out."

From the above anecdote I infer that somnambulism doesn't pay—at least in a hotel whose proprietor is wide awake.—*Elit Perkins.*

Get Rid of Your Beauty Spots.

Europeans who have been foolish enough, either in youth or age, to tattoo themselves like Fiji Islanders, Patagonians, or any other race of picturesque savages, may be interested to hear that Dr. Variot of Paris has discovered a simple but effective method of removing red or blue pictorial devices from the human skin. M. Variot has embodied the results of his experiments in an elaborate treatise on tattooing in ancient and modern times, which he has sent to the Paris Biological society. Further, the doctor has experimented on prisoners in the Central Infirmary, to which he is attached, and on hospital patients, all of whom have, of course, offered themselves voluntarily for the operation. M. Variot has also tested the efficaciousness of his method in removing black or brown beauty spots or moles from the skin of animals, and has found it eminently successful. His *modus operandi* is to prick the marks or spots with needles until the blood flows, then to inject tannin, and, finally to cauterize with nitrate of silver. Very little inconvenience is felt by the person operated upon, unless, of course, the marks extend over a large surface. The wounds caused by the pricking and cauterization become black for a time, then turn red, and after a month or so the parts which have been treated are almost indistinguishable from the adjoining flesh.—*London Telegraph.*

Why She Asked.

"George, dear," said Mabel, as they sat together in a cosy parlor, "you have been coming to see me every Sunday night for the past six months."

"Yes, Mabel."

"Now, there is one thing that I would like to ask you."

"What is it?"

"Do you think you could ever learn to love another?"

"Never while the stars shine, or the sun casts its beams upon the earth."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I am that I now live. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I was in hopes there was some prospect of your giving me a rest."

Calling a Four Wheeler.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time ago, stood in the hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant in waiting, and called out to him: "Call me a four-wheeler."

Mr. Gilbert placed his glass to his eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said, "You are a four-wheeler."

"What do you mean?" said the swell.

Said Mr. Gilbert—"You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you hansom, you know."

A Gift to an Emperor.

Among the gifts presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of his fifty-eighth birthday was a representation of a double eagle, made of fifteen thousand beetles belonging to a species found in Austria-Hungary, and displaying all manner of hues. Besides the emblems are the names of the members of the imperial family printed in characters likewise composed of beetles. The donor is a gardener, and it took him, with the assistance of friends in all parts of the empire, two years to collect the insects; the arrangement occupied him for three-quarters of a year.

Taking the Bull by the Horns.

Tommy (anticipating things)—I wasn't at school yesterday, Miss Bangs.

His Teacher (severely)—No; you were not.

Tommy (decisively)—Miss Bangs, I've got to turn over a new leaf or get into trouble.

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We claim that the CHARTER OAK with the wire-gauze door, is the most perfect cooking apparatus ever produced, and as a proof of the appreciation of the public, would say that during

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