

LOOKING FOR A SEAT.

A LADY DESCRIBES SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF CAR HOGS.

The Breed is Common and Disagreeable—Small People who Take Two Seats—One Thing Where Reform is Necessary—Conductors Should Take a Hand.

If there is anything in this weary world that needs general reconstruction, ripping in all the seams, sponging with ammonia, and putting together again in a new and improved form, it is the railway etiquette, the travelling manners of the average upper class Canadian. I have, no doubt, whatever, that the travelling manners of other nations are in quite as much need of attention as our own, but I must speak of what I see.

Did you ever have the misfortune to travel on a very crowded train, say an excursion train for example, where etiquette was laid aside pro tem, and the generally adopted motto was, "Every man for himself—every woman too—and the gentlemen who wears horns and a tail, take the hindmost."

Well, I have enjoyed that privilege if you have not, and I am more than willing to let anyone else have it next time, while I stay at home, nice and canny and quiet.

The last time I travelled on a very crowded train I took a few mental notes, with a view to making use of them, in the near future. I stepped on the train with high hopes. I was young and sanguine, and saw no reason why I should not have a seat in the car, as long as I had paid for that luxury, but

"Alas for my hopes of ease For the dreams that were only dreams All the seats taken and not one left, Oh saddest of human themes!"

Thrice did I perambulate that car casting hungry glances at the seats, each of which was occupied in some fashion even if it were only by a lunch basket. Every time I showed the least symptom of pausing, the occupant of the seat nearest me—almost invariably a lady; would call out sharply "This seat is engaged!" I was about to give up the chase in despair and try the smoking car to see if the goddess of courtesy had taken up her abode there, when we came to a seat which had been turned over, after the selfish custom so prevalent now-a-days, and which is only admissible when the two seats are to be really occupied by a party of four. This one, was taken up by two hard featured females, of such forbidding appearance, that I was about to pass them without a second glance in that direction, but my companion, who was a man of decided opinions with a particular dislike for every form of injustice stopped abruptly and indicating the seat which had been appropriated for the luggage of these ladies, he said decidedly, "Sit down here, there is no other place in the car." I sat down with a sinking heart—I am usually courageous but I was afraid of those females—abjectly afraid of them—and I watched my masculine friend depart with feelings more easily imagined than described.

I had a terrible headache, and I was travelling with my back to the engine, which did not improve it. I had at the outside twelve inches of space to sit upon, as nearly all the room which I had a perfect right to occupy was taken up by a pile of shawls and a large square basket. Fierce indignation was stamped upon the speaking countenances of my fellow travellers, but they determined to take it out of me by making my journey as unpleasant as possible. So at an apparently preconcerted signal they both put their feet up and rested them on my dress, almost in my lap. Now I wish it understood that their boots were very coarse and far from fragrant, their united feet took up as much room as I did, and yet I had no redress. I was tempted to appeal to the conductor and ask him to turn the seat back into its normal position and relieve me from the backward motion, but when he came for the tickets he looked so utterly base and indifferent that I did not like to, so I endured in silence to the bitter end.

At one of the way stations, a timid young girl came into the car, accompanied by a young man who was laden down with parcels; the train only stayed a minute, and after a frantic search for a resting place for his charge, the distracted youth was obliged to thrust her parcels into her hands, grasp a hurried farewell, and rush from the car when the train was running almost at full speed. I watched that little girl with deep interest; how I longed to call out to her, and say, "Come fellow-sufferer join me in one mighty effort, and let us throw the shawls and basket out of the window; drop the four number eight feet with a thud upon the floor, and take possession of our just rights."

Up and down the car she wandered, just as I had done, and finally a very old gentleman, the oldest man in the car, arose and gave her his seat. Among the groups of monopolists in that one car were two young ladies (?) who occupied four seats, that is, two of the ordinary seats turned over. One of them they had carefully spread an ulster so they could say it was engaged, and they guarded it as carefully as Cerberus guards the gate of Gehenna. Another lady leaned complacently back and read her novel, while the seat beside

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her was occupied by a fat and aggressive fox terrier.

In the fulness of time, more people crowded into the car, and one determined looking woman, took a stand opposite the fox terrier and his mistress, and insisted upon his abdicating in her favor; she had paid for her seat, she said, and she was not going to give it up to any dog in the world. If his mistress was so anxious for the brute's society, she could take him on her lap. Fierce raged the battle. The lady was calm and serene, and her adversary hot and excited, and very much inclined to be abusive, but in the end victory perched upon the fox terrier's banner and he continued his journey in undisturbed possession of his plush covered seat, while the heartless person who would have deprived him of it, glared at him from an obscure corner.

Now surely it is the duty of the conductor to see that the seats in the car are not unfairly taken up, and some people forced to stand, so that others may take possession of two, or even four seats. If this is not his duty, what a conductor is for, is a complete puzzle to,

ASTRA.

THE CENTURIES EXHIBITION.

Some Idea of What the Entertainment is and its Object.

It has been decided that the tournament of the provincial lawn tennis clubs will be held in St. John next year, and in anticipation of that event an entertainment is contemplated under the direction of Mr. A. O. Skinner, who so successfully conducted the exhibition of nations some time ago.

As yet nothing very definite has been determined upon, but the hearty co-operation of the ladies who took part in the latter entertainment has been secured, new recruits have promised to join the ranks, and a meeting will shortly be held to settle all the preliminaries. Of course the main object of the entertainment will be to raise funds for the pursuits of the club. If any surplus is captured, it is proposed to build a pavilion on the grounds of the Cricket club large enough to serve for all purposes of entertainment for visiting clubs. It is well known that the club has never possessed adequate accommodations for the proper reception of visitors, the distance of the ground from the city making it most inconvenient, especially for ladies, since the loss of the regular tennis ground, and the members feel naturally anxious to be able to reciprocate the hospitality shown them by their brethren in the sister provinces during past years.

The object now is to provide a place where ladies can not only be received, but where they can remain for the whole day during the tournament, without being under the necessity of returning to the city for dinner or to change their ordinary costume for their tennis dress.

The proposed pavilion will contain not only ladies' dressing rooms, but will be provided with kitchen and dining room, so that ladies cannot only have dinner, but five o'clock tea, or any refreshment they wish, during the day.

With this excellent object in view, the promoters of the enterprise will be sure to meet with most enthusiastic support on all sides. It is expected that, at least, 200 will be required to take part in the proposed entertainment, which will be called "The Centuries," and which will illustrate the different phases of life in the past centuries, and the progress made by civilization, and in the arts and sciences during the five centuries represented.

The entertainment will be held in the St. Andrew's rink in which there will be ten booths, two devoted to each century, beginning at the fourteenth. One booth will represent peasant, and the other court, life. The nineteenth century booths will be under the direct supervision of Mr. Skinner himself, and will represent the marvels of the century; the wonders of steam and electricity; the various methods of conducting business; the strides made in manufacturing, and the practical application of steam and electricity to the every day business of life; the costumes worn during this century and the general mode of life amongst the various grades of society in this most enlightened age.

The entertainment will take place during Easter week, so there will be ample time for preparation, and a busy winter before all those who are taking part in what would be for any city but St. John, a very large undertaking.

Pigeons Nesting Above the Altar.

Two pigeons are engaged in making a nest for the winter above the altar of the Immaculate Conception church, Division and Mosher streets. Last Sunday the pastor, the Rev. P. McHale, preached for the first time since he returned from his visit to Rome, Paris, and other European cities, and gave the Papal benediction to the congregation. During the service the fluttering of the pigeons attracted the attention of the entire congregation, and in the parish it has become a subject of conversation ever since. One of the pigeons is white, with black spots, and the other is of a grayish color. It is supposed they found their way into the church through the choir windows, which, unlike the other windows, are not provided with screens. The pigeons thus far have not made themselves annoying to the priests or congregation.—Baltimore Sun.

to Cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion, don't keep K. D. C.,

HOW FRED YOUNG LIVED.

AS TRUE A CHARACTER INDEX AS HIS DEATH.

Something of The Boy's Daily Life—The Adopted Pride of his Uncle and Aunts—His Eagerness for Work Brought him to Death.

Such much has been said about the crowning act of heroism of the late Fred Young's life; so entirely has his death engrossed the attention of the public that his home life, which is a far truer index to his character, than even his heroic death, seems to have been considered scarcely worthy of notice, and yet inquiry reveals the fact that the boy's glorious death was but the consummation of a beautiful life.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a common rule, and it speaks well for poor human nature that it is so, but as this boy's life was given for another, it seems fitting that some mention should be made of his inner existence, if only for the sake of others of his own age whom it may help to climb a round or two of the ladder which leads upward.

Fred Young lost his mother when he was but a few months old, but he was never permitted to feel her loss, being adopted by his uncle and aunts—Mr. E. G. and the Misses Nelson. So entirely was the boy's education one of love, that his relatives say they never remember having to punish him, or even being obliged to command him to do a thing. To point out the right thing, the line of duty, was always sufficient, and was sure to draw forth the cheerful answer, "Oh I'll do it if uncle Ned says so." It was of his own free will that he joined the various societies to which he belonged, no pressure was exercised upon him to join any temperance organization, the Y. M. C. A., or any of the other safeguards of youth. His inclinations led him in that direction, and his love of music induced him to become a member of the Fusiliers band. It is hard to say just where Fred Young's home was. His father was married a second time, and his business as the representative of a Scotch house, obliged him to live in Philadelphia, so as the boy grew older he seemed more than ever, to belong to his uncle and aunts.

In the course of time both Mr. Nelson, and one of his sisters married, and as neither were willing to part with their nephew, he simply had two homes instead of one, having rooms at Mr. Nelson's, and also at the house of his aunt, Mrs. Thomas Reid of Exmouth street. He spent the larger part of his time at the latter place, as it was nearer his work at Howe's factory. So largely does our fate hang upon trifles in this world, that if Fred Young had taken his dinner at the usual hour on that day, he would probably be amongst us still, but he was in great haste to get back to the factory, where he was deeply interested in his work, that of learning woodcarving. He was not obliged to get back till one o'clock, but hurried through his dinner and left home by half past twelve, just in time to hear the cries of the drowning boy, and as he had never been accustomed to flinch from any duty, he rushed to the rescue. Those who were present say that when after many efforts he succeeded in reaching the boy, he held him up to those on shore, his face brightening with a look of exultation, and he called out triumphantly: "You may haul us in now, boys." But alas! there was no rope, and the help he counted on never came. He had the heart of a hero always, and had often expressed a wish to be an engineer, "I want to be something," he used to say, little dreaming that the whole dominion would ring with his name some day, when the ambitious heart was still and the ear, which was so sensitive to praise, could no longer hear. Fred Young was acting librarian of St. John's Presbyterian church Sunday school, and when his duties were over it was his custom to call for his aunt, Miss Nelson and walk home with her. He was almost idolized by his family; a relative said, in speaking to PROGRESS, that whatever Fred was, his aunts had made him, as he had been their constant care since he was seven months old. They had set a high standard before him, and their own lives might well have served as models for him to imitate.

Not long ago, some friend said, "Well Fred, you have two good aunts."

"Two?" he answered. "Why, I have three; you don't forget aunt Belle, surely?" "Aunt Belle" was Mrs. Nelson, who had taken him to her heart as warmly as if he had been her own instead of her husband's nephew.

When Mrs. Reid heard the news, even in the midst of her first agony, at the loss of the boy who was hers by every tie of love, she said, "It is terrible! terrible! but yet, had I been there myself I cannot say, that I would have held him back!" "It is not that he seemed our own," she said. "He was our own; our grief is almost too deep for utterance, to speak of it seems like probing an open wound, but our only consolation is that in looking back over our lives together, we cannot think of an unhappy moment. He was never denied anything in his life that was for his good."

Such was the private life of the lad St. John has such reason to be proud of—the life that was given, in a vain effort to save another, last Thursday,

or money refunded, send to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N.S.

"NO CHEWING ALLOWED."

A Companion Sign to be Hung with "No Smoking Here."

There is no more common sight now-a-days in railway stations, street cars, and places of public entertainment than the notice "No smoking allowed," posted up in a conspicuous place as a warning to all possible offenders. This is as it should be, of course, but one of the crying needs of the present day is a master mind to rise up in the synagogue and suggest a companion piece to the above mentioned work of art, which shall read thus: "No chewing allowed. Anyone found violating this rule will be summarily ejected."

Then, and only then, can respectable people have any comfort in going to a public entertainment or travelling in a street car. It is a mystery to me, why the comparatively inoffensive smoker should be placed under a public interdiction, while the far more serious offender is allowed to exercise his filthy habit unmolested.

Who has not suffered from tobacco juice at some time or other during their earthly pilgrimage? It may have been in their own person, or it may have been that some lady friend who was with them was the sufferer; only the other night I took a short trip in the street cars accompanied by a lady; we obtained a seat with some difficulty, to find out, too late, that we were opposite a confirmed tobacco chewer.

The way that youth's salivary glands worked, was the most marvellous study in physiology I ever witnessed, their powers of secretion were beyond anything I ever saw. Closer, and closer did my unfortunate companion draw her light dress around her feet, and more vigorous and rapid grew the flow of tobacco juice in an ever-increasing range till I began to think we should soon be floated out of the cars. The more my companion endeavored to shrink away, the more the victim of the tobacco habit seemed to enjoy the situation, and, I think, he must have wept bitter tears of disappointment when we got up and left the car.

And so, thinking the matter over this morning, in the seclusion of my sanctum, I thought that in default of the master mind referred to above, I would rise up myself and enter a plea for some sort of legislation anent one of the greatest nuisances of the nineteenth century.

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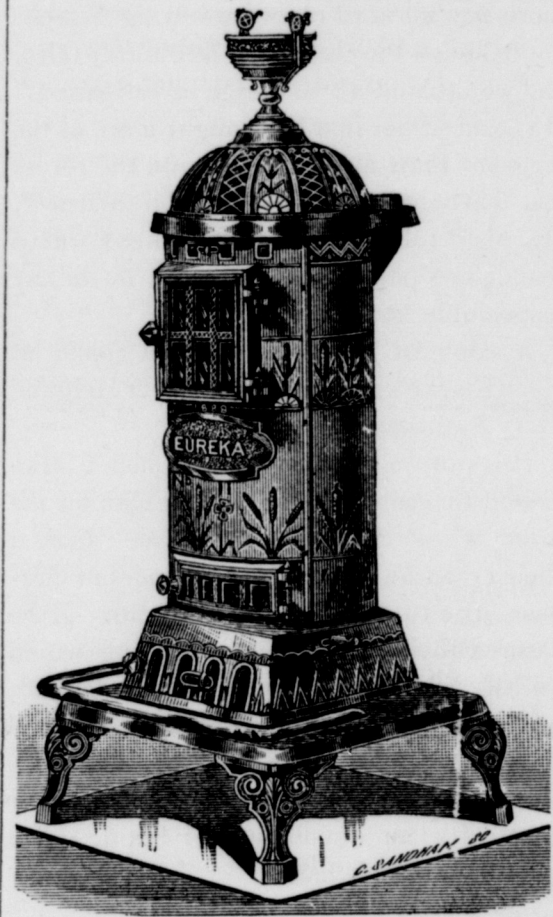
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