

MORE ABOUT SALARIES, AND THEIR BEARING UPON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE.

Correspondents who insist that a Big Income is not Necessary to Ensure Matrimonial Bliss—Some Good Ideas—One Man who Simply says "Don't."

About all has been said that can cast any light on the subject of how much income is required to justify marriage in St. John. One or two letters are selected to conclude the discussion, unless indeed, some one hereafter comes to the front with something so practical that justice to humanity demands its publication.

It was stated last week that another letter had been received from "the Giddy Girl" of 19, who takes exception to the Moncton letter published the week before. Of this there is only room for some extracts. She says:

I cannot help sympathizing with "Geoff dear" in allowing himself to be so easily duped. I suppose it never occurred to him that his "angel" don't care very much about him, or else she must be a very luxurious young person for a music teacher, if she can't keep house on \$800 a year. To begin with, Moncton must be a very queer place if you can't get a comfortable flat without the probabilities of an undertaker at the end of it, for less than \$200. The half of that is plenty.

I don't know what there is about house-keeping that any girl with average health could not do. There isn't such a great amount of laking and browing for a couple of young folks. Let her bake twice a week, wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, and when she attends to everything she will have plenty of time to herself; or let her hire a girl of 14 or 15. With a good little helper of that age she ought to be in clover. I think if I had a husband I'd like to see to his comfort myself, and not leave him to the mercies of a servant girl.

It's a poor look-out for the majority of young men. If they have to wait until they reach the despised \$800, a good many would wait for ever, indeed there's a good many begin on the half of that. What is she called a helpmeet for if it is not to help him up? So any young man wishing to get married who commands a salary of from \$450 with a rise in the future is a fool not to do so.

Another, who signs herself as "Mrs. McGinty," deals more fully with the servant girl question. She remarks, among other things:

There is one item of useless expenditure in the calculations which could be dispensed with, i. e., the \$84 for servant girl's wages.

I have been married 47 years, raised two children, done without that luxury—the "servant girl"—have saved that \$26 charged in one of the estimates for washing, and we have been well fed and clad on less than \$500 per annum. If a young woman is not healthy and strong enough to do her own kitchen work for the first five years of married life, then she had better not get married.

The interest in the discussion appears to be shared by readers of PROGRESS in other places than St. John. Here is a very discouraging one, to young men contemplating matrimony. It bears the full name at address of the writer, William G. Hopkins, New York, and explains why he is a bachelor.

In PROGRESS of the 19th inst. I see an enquiry of a young man asking what it costs to support a wife.

Ask him for me if he knows what it costs to support himself? Tell him that wives are a luxury that few want to be saddled with, as wives are now going. I can give him the name of one in your city who would tell him that wives are the greatest curse that ever poor mortal had thrust upon him. He was like your young man, anxious to marry and only counted the cost to his pocket, and now rues the day that he became a Benedict.

I took the idea into my head of getting married a few years ago, and asked him for his advice. He asked me if I could get along in single blessedness, if it was necessary for me to link myself to a woman for life, just because I saw a pretty face.

Tell your young man to watch the daily papers as I was told to do and he will see that married life is more of a curse than a blessing in more ways than one.

It is hardly fair to ask the readers of PROGRESS to take the advice of Mr. Hopkins, simply because he has known of some "horrible examples," and made up his mind to live singly. Nor does it follow that because a great deal of misery in life is portrayed, as he says, by the papers, that marriage is a failure in anything like a fair proportion of cases. It is not. It all depends on marrying under circumstances which will lead to a life of happiness, and chief among these is the prospect of having the means to make the home what it ought to be. It is teaching young men to give a due consideration to this that some good may result from what the correspondents have to say.

Here is a letter from "A Workingman," which gives his experience in living on a moderate salary:

I have been much interested in the letters of your correspondents on the subject of the cost of living. No one of them, however, has given the number of persons in a family, which, in my opinion, is the main point. Your correspondent, "S. L. E.," in your last issue, says that her husband has a salary of \$650, and that she has raised a large family. The word large is an adjective, but it does not tell us how many of a family. Would your fair correspondent give your readers the exact number, and also the cost of living in detail, so that we may be able to profit by it?

I have a salary of \$780 per annum, and four of a family, viz., my wife and self and two children, age 13 and 14. Here is my estimate:

You will see from the above estimate that I cannot save much for a rainy day, except you could induce the "gentleman connected with one of the government institutions" to tell me how to live comfortably on \$8 per week, and then I might be able to save something for old age.

That the subject can be looked at from many points of view is shown very clearly by the writer of the very readable letter which follows. While other correspondents have been discussing the question of how much it takes to keep a wife, she is of the opinion that some consideration

should be given to the question of the husband's expenses. She shows, by her experience, that young men have outlets for their money which the other writers have to a great extent overlooked. Her letter will be found well worth perusal and consideration.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A Bright Woman Tells How Much It Costs to Keep a Husband.

Don't you think it is nearly time you changed the question, "How much does it take to support a wife?" and try to give some of us an idea how much it takes to keep a husband. Your sweet unsophisticated "girl of nineteen" would fain make us believe that it does not take much to clothe one. For example she would allow her dear hubby a corkscrew suit at \$30, an overcoat at \$25, boots at \$15. I give her own figures. Well, after throwing out the corkscrew suit altogether, according to my summing up, the remaining articles come to \$69. Her good man is supposed to be in full dress for a year, but as you perceive he has neither socks, drawers, shirts, collars, neckties, nor hats, not to mention pocket handkerchiefs. Yet if she will expect to get \$70 for her own wearing apparel, and only allow as she says \$100 for both, I fancy he will have to do without either overcoat or boots, and simply stand bare-headed and bare-footed in his \$30 suit. When he enters the holy state of matrimony, for according to my figuring, if you take \$70 (the amount she places for herself) from \$100 (the amount supposed to be sufficient for both) you just have \$30 for him.

It seems a great pity to undecieve the hopeful young lady, for she is evidently sincere, and I must add to a great extent quite correct in regard to house-keeping matters in general, but evidently she has never made a very close study of the genus homo, (perhaps she is without brothers and therefore had no opportunity to do so) else she would know a little more about what it takes to dress one of the species, even though he may be one of those who occupy the commonest situation. I think I could enlighten her somewhat on the subject, although I am not married, having had to assume the responsibilities of house-keeping at a very early age, owing to the death of my excellent mother. I have had a very good opportunity of learning what it takes to keep a house, and as I happen to have a number of brothers, I also know to some extent what it takes to keep some men. This I will say: I have discovered that every properly organized biped of the masculine persuasion, possesses a stomach, and I think, you will find it a very difficult matter to get him to curtail his butcher's bill in order that you may go out resplendent in a love of a bonnet. So my dear young lady, I fear you will have to reverse your figures, and take the \$30 for your own personal adornment, and allow him the \$70 for his, and I think, that a young lady who can do all her own sewing, can manage very well with that amount. If her husband is not expected to be answerable to every whim of fashion neither is his wife.

For my own expenditure, gloves and boots make more inroad upon my allowance than anything else, as I like them of the very best, but as I do all my own sewing (dressmaking and millinery included), and as I never buy shoddy material I can make my garments over and over again and still have them both good and abundant, and I have never, taking one year with another, averaged more than \$40 per year for dress, not even when I had to receive and return visits as mistress of a clergyman's household, and as I occupied such position in the home of a bachelor brother for two and a half years I know something of what is required in that situation. But to return to what is supposed to be the needed expenditure of a working man, let me place before you the figures given me just at present by my youngest brother, he is a working man, and is married, so I suppose he has learnt a little in regard to domestic economy. Here is his figure for himself, and I am quite sure he has not made it any more than he actually spends for the articles mentioned:

One Suit.....\$ 25 00  
"....."....."..... 20 00  
Overcoat....."....."..... 20 00  
Waterproof Coat....."....."..... 12 00  
Boots....."....."....."..... 12 00  
Hats....."....."....."..... 6 00  
Three Suits Under Flannels....."....."..... 6 50  
Two Outside Flannel Shirts....."....."..... 5 00  
Cotton Shirts....."....."....."..... 4 00  
Neckties, Socks, Handkerchiefs....."....."..... 5 50

Our working man does not seem to think he needs an umbrella for a rainy day, nor a pair of gloves for a cold day, but he knows that he gives his barber \$12 per year for shaving him, another \$12.50 he places to account for tobacco and pipes. This is no imaginary outlay, young lady, nor does it take in everything in the shape of expense. Nevertheless, if you foot up the figures, you will find it reaches the sum of \$143.50 for personal expenses alone.

I could give you the figures put by another brother for wearing apparel. He is not careless of his clothing, nor does he dress extravagantly, but he puts the figures at nothing less. He smokes also, and by his showing the sum given is not any too large, nor does it cover the actual outlay. Another brother is not a smoker, and I am sure he does not drink, yet he manages to make his money fly without doing

either. For example, his bill for hats alone, last year, was \$24. I blush to put it down, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Other articles of wearing apparel were at a similar rate. As an offset to this, however, I can say that I have another brother, the clergyman before referred to, who manages to support a wife and family and pay a servant upon a salary not exceeding \$1,000. He has, of course, to keep a sharper lookout on his expenditure than his bachelor brothers, but as he is blessed with a true helpmate, and does not consider it beneath his dignity to help in any and every way that he can to lessen his wife's cares. They manage to get along very happily, notwithstanding the smallness of the income, their motto being, "By love serve one another."

I think you will conclude that, after all, money is not the main thing required in order to live comfortably with a wife, either in St. John or anywhere else. Yet if the gentleman who started the query would furnish us with a tabulated account of his expenditure at the present time, and state what his income really is, it might very materially help his prospective wife to determine whether she could, on the balance of his salary, live comfortably or not. It might also be of some use to those "mature maidens" spoken of by the sage of "The Thyckke Foggie" papers. Who knows but the uncertainty as to what it takes to keep a man in good temper with the world at large, and in love with himself in particular, may not have more to do with the girls reaching a mature age before being wedded, and some never wedded at all, than the reason forced on us by the worthy sage? It is just possible that it might have as much to do with this unsatisfactory state of affairs as "the manner in which some of the girls of the present day are brought up." For I confess I cannot see that there is any greater difference between the girls of the present and the mothers of the past than there is between the fathers of the past and the sons of the present. There is room for improvement perhaps in both. Nor does the wisdom of this sage strike me as very profound in denouncing a reception day, although it is not your grand lady and her two servants who needs such, but your busy housewife, the woman who does her own work in order to accomplish all she has to do. She must of necessity systematize her duties and her time, and if she does not reserve an afternoon when her friends may see her, she will certainly find herself very often interrupted in some important occupation, and her time wasted, not to speak of the annoyance of having to see visitors unprepared for them. For my own part, I prefer doing my own work and having a set day upon which to see my friends rather than keeping a servant and being obliged to see them at any time. I can accomplish much more and it is more satisfactory both to my friends and myself. For years I have had a certain afternoon and evening set apart on which I hold myself free from any engagement, but as neither myself nor friends belong to your fashionables, there is no formality about our little social meetings, therefore they are the more enjoyable. ERATA.

A Saving Clause.

Some years ago, when nets for the hair were still in vogue, a series of revival meetings was being conducted by a colored parson, among his dusky congregation somewhere down in Tennessee. One of the belles of the community was the proud possessor of a real, imported net, an object of envy to the rival belles round about, and therefore of priceless worth in the eyes of its owner.

Together with hitherto unregenerate souls of the village she "experienced religion," and was led to the customary pond to be "dipped." So momentous an event in her life was, of course, a grand opportunity for displaying the net, which was, unfortunately, together with her sins, washed off during the process of immersion. Coming to the surface the first thought was of her net. Putting her hand to the back of her head she discovered her loss: "Who?" she exclaimed in dismay. "Who in blank stole dat impo'ted net, on dis solemn occasion?"

Nothing to What He Could Do.

A Nova Scotia French-Canadian had the misfortune to lose his wife by sickness. The day after the funeral an English gentleman who lived near him, meeting him on the road, stopped to offer him his sympathy. "I am very sorry for you, Eustache, in your loss," he said. "I regretted not being able to be present at your wife's funeral, but business engagements prevented. I was at your house that morning, however, but you were so occupied with your grief that you did not notice me. I could see that you were very deeply affected by your loss."

"You was at de house?" repeated the afflicted descendant of Evangeline. "An' you see me dar?—An' you wasn't at de grave!" in tones of deepest deprecation—"Oh, you'd ought t' bin at de grave—I raise a blank of a time dar."

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IN SPANISH AND IN ENGLISH.

Victor M. Gorbea Replies to the Criticism on His Literary Effort.

I am very thankful to the one who so kindly advised me to keep my pen still, but why didn't you sign your letter? Are you ashamed of your name? I do not know much English, but I'll reply to you the best I can.

When you were a merry boy, Your father sent you to learn; Why didn't you, in your term Study for now to enjoy.

This gentleman wants to call The attention to my wrong, Another one, it is found, To help him after all.

When I left Montreal, Coming to see St. John, Didn't leave anything wrong To think of prison bars.

I wish you have sufficient explanation now, and do not bother yourself about me. You have your private affairs to attend to. I can do what it pleases me, according to human law. V. M. GORBEA.

The Same Idea in Spanish.

En contestacion al individuo que desea darme las gracias por mi escrito anterior, veo que aun ignora de que hay aqui, mas de diez, o doce; capaces de tener una discusion en Espanol, bien; alla va lo que buscas, si quieres mas avisame:

Tu critica majadera, De los versos que escribi; Ni ascende mi esclera Ni se ocupa de mi.

Si deseas criticarme, Hazlo de modo formal; Pues siesto has de hallarme Para escribir, o hablar.

El que con Anonimo, Se quiere burlar de mi; Que vea que soy su proximo T no debe tratarme, asi.

Quien el rostro se cubre, Pues poder murmurar; Rue prevea lo que le ocurre, Si se le puede hallar.

Y para concluir espero que atiendas a tuo faenas y dejes las mias como van, pues nada te pide, nada te debe. V. M. GORBEA.

The Sensible Policeman.

A two hundred and fifty pound colored woman got into a Fifth Avenue stage and insisted on riding for nothing. Expostulation did no good, so the driver called a policeman to put her out.

"So you won't pay your fare?" said the policeman, looking at her from head to foot.

"No, I'll die first. They should have given me a transfer."

"But I'm obliged to put you out if you don't pay your fare," said the policeman, rolling up his sleeves.

"You jes' try it," said the old lady, with glaring eyes. The policeman took another look at the giantess, thought a moment, and then quietly dropped a nickel in the box. "I guess that is the easiest way to adjust this case," he said, as he went whistling along on his beat.—Eli Perkins.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.

Rules for Ascertaining a Woman's Summers and Winters.

To tell a woman's age is one of the easiest things imaginable, despite the fact that many brilliant ladies knock off a few stories of their years without detection.

If art had not come to their rescue and replaced to a certain extent the charms of youth, any fellow could tell within a year or two, but art has come to the rescue, wrinkles have been flattered or fissures putted, eyes belladonnéd and cheeks tinted.

Of course you cannot take a rake and scrape off these fixings. Neither can you always get close enough to peep beneath the cosmetic crust. What is a fellow to do, then?

Well, granted that a woman who has just crossed the storm line, got under the shade of artistic embellishment and keeps admirers at a maidenly distance, there is only one sure way to analyze the chemistry of time's decomposition.

Observe well her hair. Her bangs? No; her back hair. Now, don't say it is false. False or real, you can count her years by the threads time weaves. Every year adds a hair or two, and, no doubt, if a woman lived long enough she would become a female Esau.

At 25 a woman's back hair begins to fall over her collar as a pumpkin vine over a picket fence. Note well the direction of hair. Hair slants, and at 30 it takes an angle of 50, at 35, 60, and so on.

Of course you can't get near enough to apply a mathematic tape measure; but your practical eye will be enough. Next note the quality. Hair at 25 is moire; at 30 it is satine; at 35 it is passe satinette; at 40 it is rope fit to hang any man that gets noosed in its meshes.

Anybody can tell false or store hair, no matter who the previous owner was. It has a don't belong there look, and all the pomades in the universe cannot give it a permanent tenure of office.

So you may reasonably conclude if a woman has false back hair her age is beyond the interesting point. Never believe her to be under 48 unless Bill Jones or some equally reliable person can prove it.—Boston Globe.

Bashful Bridget.

"Well, mum, I must be aither lavin' yez," announced the cook.

"What do you mean? Why are you going?" asked her astonished mistress.

"I am going to be married next week," was the reply.

"But, surely, Bridget, you won't leave me so suddenly. You must ask him to wait for you a few days."

"Oh, I couldn't, mum."

"Why not, pray?"

"Sure, mum, I'd loike to oblige you, but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him to ask such a thing."—Ez.

Fastened at the End. Doctor to Gilbert (aged 4)—Put your tongue out, dear. Sick little Gilbert feebly protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor—No, no; put it right out. The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes. "I can't doctor, it's fastened on to me."—London Tit Bits.

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