

## SNOBS AND THEIR WAYS.

FULL FLEDGED SPECIMENS AS SEEN HERE AND THERE.

The Professional Briton and his American Cousin—Some Interesting Experiences in Republican Boston—Servants who have Queer Patrons.

Ye see you birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts an' stures, an' a' that,  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a calf for a' that.—Burns.

In his immortal poem, "For a' That," Burns struck the nail so squarely on the head, that had he never penned another line, his fame would have been established everlastingly. Thackeray dressed up the snob in later years in fitting garments with his gentle but none the less biting and effective sarcasm. Both writers did much to make him ashamed of himself, but those who think he is obsolete today have only to look around to be painfully undeceived.

The writer recalls to mind having been in a butcher's shop in a Scottish town on one occasion, when a sour-looking military gentleman, with tight-fitting clothes and high legged boots, against which he playfully slapped his coiled up riding whip, entered to bestow his morning patronage. His order was for a pound and a half of beef—"coarse beef, as it's only for dinner for the servants." His household was not a very small one, even for one of Her Majesty's generals on retired pay, and the pot-bellied butcher told us he kept six (female) "servants," so that each of these lucky lassies had the hearty nourishment of a quarter of a pound of coarse beef for dinner.

But that was more than two decades ago, and it is a question whether even a military man with a domineering nature, fostered by a bad liver, the invariable result of high-living and a long residence in Hindostan, could insult an honest tradesman by giving such an order in England or Scotland today without receiving a blunt and stinging rebuke. The time is too near when, to quote from the ploughman-poet again:

Man to man the world o'er  
Shall brithers be and a' that.

Still, as I have said, the snob is not yet extinct, and when he is found, he seems to make up for his inferiority in numbers by a pronounced superiority in old-time blue blood mannerisms.

The professional Briton, who is a grade or two higher in office than his fellow is, too often a full-fledged snob, and, here and there, the business man is not many furlongs behind him. Candidates for parliamentary honors, and the higher bourgeois who are looking for custom, are, of course, exceptions. The writer has known a gentlemanly looking young man, of good address, to be threatened with kicks simply for making respectful application for a position to the heads of a great railroad bureau in the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

With the everpresent great difficulty of procuring good help (servants, *a la snobdom*), it is a surprise to discover the existence of such offensive snobbery and upishness as are current in some Boston families today. A young lady, whose veracity is vouched for by a family friend of the writer, tells some interesting recent Boston experiences. Employed as nursery governess in a Back bay mansion, she found her well-intentioned "Good-morning" to the mistress of the house treated with silent contempt and a curl of the lip, and that the "servants," who were understood to rise between 5 and 6 o'clock, were positively prevented from touching a morsel of food till after the family breakfast, which was served between 9 and 10. To this model republican household, presided over by the daughter of a gentleman who receives a large salary as president of an institution which is supposed to exist for the purpose of promoting ideas liberal and democratic, wealthy friends send generous gifts of the good things of life from Florida and California, but during all the past holiday season the fortunate "servants" never saw an orange or an apple from the well stocked storeroom, the key of which is jealously guarded by the mistress of the house, except when the fruit was passing to and from the family dining-room. The snob is necessarily of a mean disposition. A family which gave a great dinner recently in Boston gathered up the bones and pieces of meat from the plates of each guest, made soup of the same, and had it served in famous style at the next day's dinner to themselves and a few impromptu guests. These remarks contain the simple essence of cold facts.

The great majority of good Bostonians believe in a truer practical democracy than this, but it is deplorable that we have among us even a sample of the kind of snobs who entertain Anglo-Russian adventurers and jail-birds in the drawing-room and habitually snub and insult the honesty of the kitchen. D. D. F.  
Boston, Mass.

[FOR PROGRESS.]

"I WILL BE WITH YOU."

O God, be with me in the path of life,  
Amidst its joys and sorrows and its care,  
O'er rugged road, in peaceful walk, mid strife,  
In daily toil, or scenes more bright and fair.

Grant power to trace the Saviour's footsteps, bright  
With works of love, of mercy and of grace,  
And guide me, by the Spirit's gentle light,  
To heights of joy and bliss in Heavenly place.

## WHY THE ROBIN FLED.

The New Version of an Old Story, to which a Key can be Given.

I came recently upon a fable in an old Scottish poet's not altogether dissuaded volume, which, if you shall take it kindly, I will try to reduce from quaint rhyme to plain prose for the entertainment of such of your readers as may notice such trifles; the more that it seems applicable to other times than that in which it was written.

On an occasion, the monarch of the feathered race held his court, and summoned the representatives of his people. After out-flying the wind, out-gazing the sun, out-reaching the eyes of all, and out-braving the tempest, he condescended to lowly places, and began to entreat his friends. To the rock-built palace of royalty came his loyal inferior, much honored by the brave summons; there were not wanting Tersal nor Corbie, Gled nor Pye, Peacock nor Daw; for there appeared members of all the families that love trees, build nests, or sport themselves in the crystal air—all kneeling at his worshipful feet, and feeding themselves from his bountiful table.

While thus they all sat feasting on

cheerful little Robin as much of the current coin of my realm as may maintain him through the year; we can well spare it, and it is surely his due."

Now, the Buzzard—smitten with jealousy of one who, however innocent, had become a partaker of his master's favor—pretended to execute the royal command, but did it not. Straight from the treasury to the branch whereon sat the Robin he flew, and, with a reproving tongue and an unkind heart, belied his master's message: "The king esteems you as but a dull singer; your voice is hoarse and rough, and with it you have debilitated our ears more than is needful. His majesty has a nice ear, and can bear your discords no longer. So I warn you, as a friend, to put up your pipes, and for fear of a harsher reprimand be seen at the court no longer."

While he thus spake, poor Robin's bosom swelled big, and his drooping wings and rolling tears discovered his grief. He could not speak, so sadly had the Buzzard daunted him; but his sorrow was not so much that he was to lose his tinsel reward, as that he deemed his song disregarded. So he spread his tiny wing and flew to the woods, resolved never more to sing where

## IN ACADIAN STYLE.

JUDE, THE FORGETFUL, AS A MAN OF ALL WORKS.

Blessed with the Unspoiled Cheekiness of the Antelope, He has Some Exciting Adventures—How he Followed Orders in Regard to the Cabbages.

We hear of so many servantisms, now-a-days, that it seems to me a few specimens of servant-man-isms might prove a variety, and also have a slight savor of originality; so, methinks, I will try my "prentice han" and see what I can do with so large an acreage of untried ground.

The subject of the following memoir was of Acadian extraction, and prepossessing appearance. He was about 18 years old, and he was blessed with all the untutored wildness, the half-savage grace, and the unspoiled cheekiness which distinguishes the antelope before his manners have been formed and his moral character ruined by association with his natural enemy—man.

He rejoiced in the name of "Jude," and he was the eldest of sixteen children, and consequently inclined to give himself occasional airs of superiority; but, as he was in

excited Jude, who flung the reins over the dashboard and sprang into the hall. His terrified mistress rushed out to meet him, certain that her husband had met with some terrible accident. "What is it, Jude?" she gasped. "Did the horse run away?" where is Mr. Bartlet?"

"De hoss she's dere, all right," spluttered Jude, "and de big val-ee-se dere too, an' de leetle val-ee-se dere, but dat dam box hat, she's not get dere tall!"

The hat box was found where it stood forgotten in the hall, the horse once more whipped into a canter, and, strangest of all, Jude was in time for the train!

Another time during his master's absence, Mrs. Bartlet chanced to glance out of the window at Jude, who was working industriously in the garden. It was in the autumn, and Jude's work consisted in preparing the vegetables for their winter storing in the cellars and root houses. This pearl of man servants was at that moment engaged upon a huge pile of cabbages, and this was the way he "prepared" them. Armed with a cleaver he seized the cabbage firmly by the head and lopped off the stem as near the head as he could possibly cut it.

word! I won't have any impertinence from you at all."

"Well, I don't know, Mrs. Bartlet," responded Jude, with thoughtful impartiality. "I take a great deal of sauce from you."

Mrs. Bartlet had to hurry back to the house to keep from laughing, and victory perched on Jude's banner. \*\*\*

## HOW THEY BURIED TONY.

The Fate of an Italian, in Nova Scotia, and the Honors Paid to Him.

A good many Italians have come to Canada lately in order to secure enough Canadian gold to enable them to return to their native land and eat macaroni and drink sour wine in blissful idleness all the rest of their days. Some have selected Nova Scotia as a field for their labors, and lend their Italian muscle and sinew for the consideration of a Canadian dollar and a fraction, to the labor required in the construction of the various railroads in that province.

Their cuisine is conducted entirely with a view to economy, and if the material for a stew or soup can be secured without giving in exchange therefor any precious silver coin so much the better. Not long ago in the quest for something to make the pot boil cheaply, as well as savorily, one of their number met with an accident that proved somewhat serious for himself at least.

Antonio, familiarly called "Tony," had gone to shoot rabbit for "Tally man's" (Italian man's) dinner. But in getting over a fence the venerable weapon with which he was armed went off unexpectedly and before poor "Tally man" knew what was the matter, his spirit had departed to sunny Italy, leaving his body in cold ice bound Nova Scotia.

When his comrades found him shortly afterward, they took him to the camp and set about having a funeral in true Italian style.

When the day of the obsequies arrived most of the engineers and men went out to the Italian camp, a mile or two from the village where the railroad then had its head-quarters, to attend the ceremony.

They arrived shortly before the coffin made its appearance, and found all that was mortal of Tony resting on a sort of funeral pyre of sticks and logs. The powder had not been washed from his face, but still clouded his countenance with grimy patches, giving it a most grotesque expression. His boots were still on his feet, and his head, in honor of the occasion, was covered with two old caps.

Presently the coffin was brought along, and Tony was unceremoniously dumped into it. Then the procession moved on to the grave, amid loud lamentations in the Italian tongue.

The tomb that was to contain this martyr's ashes proved to be a large, square hole that his generous countrymen had dug, about the size for the cellar of a small house. Into this the coffin was tumbled end over end and the earth quickly shoveled in by many practised hands.

Then a friend of the departed Antonio came along with a small wooden cross in his hand, on which he wrote in lead pencil and in such hieroglyphics as only the Italian hand can form. "Antonio Demarim, died March 21st, 1890, R. I. P. Italia." This lasting monument he erected tearfully over Tony's tomb, and the procession turned its steps campward—amid many thanks to Englishmen for coming to "Tally man's" funeral, and loud lamentations from his warm hearted country men that "poor 'Tally man' left all alone in Nova Scotia." However, let us hope that Tony sleeps as peacefully under our Canadian snows, as if he had been laid to rest under his own sunny unclouded skies.

SYDNEY NOEL WORTH.

## Not a Flattering View.

Mr. Stopclock—Hello, Inswim, I've just seen proofs of my new photographs.

Inswim—Well, well, that's good. Do they flatter you?

"No, I guess not; why?"

"Nothing, only I should sort of—sort of think you'd want them to—that is—"

Munsey's Weekly.

[FOR PROGRESS.]

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

## Two Sonnets.

I.  
Prince Edward Island, nestling of the sea,  
My every dream of thee was one of good,  
Since first upon thy summer shore I stood,  
And looked in wonderment on wood and sea,  
Thy sky and birds and flowers come back to me,  
And I would not forget them if I could;  
Although not always in a merry mood  
I see thee, or without sad memory.

II.  
Prince Edward's Isle, favored art thou and blest;  
Nature and Providence have decked the bride  
Of the St. Lawrence more than all the rest.  
If life indeed be long, the world be wide,  
The days I spent with thee will still be best,  
And fair and loved as thou art, none beside.

III.  
If oft thy sons have left thee, lovely Isle,  
'Tis not for weariness or scorn of thee;  
Voices have called to them across the sea  
And bid them venture into such exile  
For larger scope and destiny the while;  
But from home-love and longing never free,  
They turn to thee each hour, thy name the key  
Unlocks life's best and brings to grief a smile.

Thou art the mother of such men that all  
The nations ask for them; thy noble brave  
Lags not when men spring forth at honor's call,  
Thy axemen strong that know how fame is hewed!  
Thy axemen strong that know how fame is hewed!  
On son of thine that seeks not her renown.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.  
Benton, New Brunswick.



THE PRIZE WINNERS IN THE BEAUTY COMPETITION AT S.P.A.

roasted fawn—who delight in that rich morsel—and drinking the blood of a lambkin to wash it down; a Robin, in tuneful mood, sang to the company hard by, in the branches of an elder-tree. He sang a song in praise of the royal line of the Eagle; in which he celebrated his high virtues and qualities—his piercing, vigilant eye; his flight sublime; his fierce execution of law and justice; his divine right to rule; his sway over the feathered tribes, so marked with wisdom and clemency; his renewal of his youth; his martial beak; his claws bearing thunderbolts for Jove. Then in softer notes he sang his love and pity; his generous mind; his benignity toward the people.

Blithely the monarch heard the flattering, yet sincere, lay of the little sylvan poet; and his spirits rose generously the more as longer he chanted. For we are not pleased to hear a multitude of virtues attributed to us, and thus to be idealized by an innocent mind that fondly believes in us? Calling to him the Buzzard, who was at that time his favorite and chamberlain, he said: "Go quickly to my treasury, and give to that

princes suppress their favors, or where their bounty is defeated by such as, wanting merit in themselves, cannot endure to see it rewarded in others.

This, dear PROGRESS, is a new version of an old story, and if it shall need elucidation, the key can be given when it is called for.

PASTOR FELIX.

## How Would a Stop Watch Do?

Tailor—I want a perfectly reliable clock. Jeweler—Here's a fine one with a dead beat escapement.

Tailor—No. But if you have anything that won't let a dead beat escape I'll pay your price for it.—Jeweler's Weekly.

## Alice was Rather Clever, Too.

"You should be ashamed of your standing at school, Alice. I was always at the head of my class when I was a girl."

"But, mamma, my school mates are all clever."—Society.

## The Way they Do It in Boston.

He—Do you really love me, Sophronia? She—Do I passionately adore the cold baked bean, Charles?—American Grocer.

Ceiling Decoration a specialty of Wilkins & Sands, 266 Union street.

many respects a good servant, his employers looked leniently on his little failings and strove to teach him better.

One of his great faults was a lack of memory. He never could remember half of the tasks that were set him in the course of the day, though he could remember the date of an approaching saints' day or holy day, when his church forbade him to work, for three weeks ahead. His unvarying formula for acts of neglect was, "No! you deeden' tole me do dat. I guess you forgot!" for Jude was never in the wrong.

On one occasion the master of the house was starting upon a long journey, and Jude was given many directions about getting the luggage to the station in time for the train, and told over and over again the exact number of pieces there were and the hour at which the train went.

Bright and early Jude brought the express cart round to the door, drove off with the luggage, and was back in good time to drive his master to the station.

Fifteen minutes later a panting steed attached to a light buggy dashed frantically up the drive, driven by the wild-eyed and

Naturally annoyed, his mistress hastened to the scene of action, where the following conversation took place:

"Jude, stop this moment! What do you mean by destroying the cabbages in that manner?"

With a stolidity that would have done honor to a German, Jude laid his last decapitated victim carefully down, picked up another and responded, as he took aim with the cleaver.

"Meeser Bartlet, he tole me to do dat."

"Mr. Bartlet told you nothing of the kind, Jude. You know we always hang the cabbages up by the stalks in the cellar. Don't let me see you cut another stalk off."

The undaunted son of Acadia picked up another cabbage, and yet another, and punctuating almost every word with a "chop," he thus flung the gauntlet at his mistress' feet:

"Meeser Bartlet he tole me—chop—do 'em dat way, an' I'm a-goin' do 'em dat way, anyhow! You see!—chop—"

"Jude," cried his mistress, "What do you mean? Don't let me hear another