

TO DANCE OR NOT DANCE

A QUESTION ON WHICH PEOPLE CANNOT AGREE.

Opinions on Both Sides—The Point of View Taken by Some Christians—One who Thinks the Recreation Right, and Another who Considers it Wrong.

It appears to me that the question of dancing should be looked at without reference to what David did or did not. We are here to judge for ourselves what is best for our own good. Noah drank wine and got drunk, but wine is recommended to others in the sacred writ, so that it is inexpedient to formulate any rule of action on the authority of isolated cases in Bible history.

I do not dance and never have danced, but this is not because I believe it to be wrong. To my mind, it is simply a misuse of time which might be better employed. It appears to me that men and women who meet together for an hour or two can find more pleasant and profitable ways of spending their time than by whirling each other around the floor. A gathering of intelligent people ought not to confess that they have to dance to make the time pass agreeably. Of course, I can understand how people of feeble intellectual powers find dancing a blessing, to fill what would be an awkward gap if they had to rely upon what they could talk about to beguile each other. It was probably for such people that dancing was originally designed, just as cards were invented to amuse a half idiotic king of France.

Dancing, like any other recreation, may be made a thing of evil, but as there is no good gift on this earth that may not be abused, I do not agree with those who argue against it on this ground. I contend that to the pure all things are pure; that the good can dance and remain good, while the bad will be bad whether they dance or not. It is an insult to many of the purest women of this or any other time to urge that dancing is of itself immoral.

I think, however, that an earnest Christian can find other and more profitable ways of employing the time than by dancing, card playing, or even playing the silly games in which the orthodox see no harm. So can people who are not earnest Christians, but who wish to improve their minds and refine their tastes. Habitual dancing as a recreation is poor way of utilizing the at best brief time allotted to us on earth.

If, however, my neighbors wish to dance, it is not for me to censure them or cry out that I am better than they. It is a matter of taste. I may do many other things in which, as a matter of conscience, there will be more sin than in dancing, and yet no one will consider them sins in the abstract. If one engages in dancing simply as a recreation, and with a pure heart, his conscience cannot accuse him. Nay, in that event he can, as with any other form of exercise, ask the blessing of Heaven upon him in what he is about to do. Is not this a good test of the right or wrong in individual cases? WALLACE.

CHRISTIANS SHOULD AVOID IT.

So Says One to Whom It Used to Be a Great Delight.

Allow me to make a few remarks to "A Lover of Liberty." First, let me ask you, are you a Christian or merely a professing one? If one, and I sincerely hope you are, do you feel that you are worshipping God when dancing in a ball room? Can you feel that God, who is a searcher of the heart is approving and accepting your form of worship? If you are sure that by indulging in such an amusement, you are adding to the happiness of others and lightening the labor of many, why, dance by all means, but remember that "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

I do not speak from inexperience, for until now, dancing has always been to me simply a delightful amusement, and one that I have indulged in from my earliest childhood, hailing every invitation to a "social dance" with delight, but never once have sacred thoughts come to me under the influence of a "dreamy waltz," or while dancing an exciting galop. If I thought at all it was to realize what a delightful time I was having, and to breathe a regret that it was so soon to end. I do not assert that others felt as I did. There may have been some "Lovers of Liberty" there who were thanking God for the innate desire for dancing, for mirth and joy. To these I would say, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to the Father by him." Can the "Lover of Liberty" honestly feel that he is carrying out this special teaching of the Bible when dancing? Is he following in the footsteps of him who hath said, "Redeem the time because the days are evil."

It is not necessary to wear long faces and to carry an air of solemnity with us because we do not approve of dancing. I do not deny that there are some Christians who seem to think it a sin to be happy, and almost a crime to enjoy life. To such I would say, "I am sorry for you. You miss a great deal of pleasure, and by your gloomy views rob others from being able to say, 'Rejoice always.'"

I think God means us to be happy, and enjoy life as much as possible, but we are also to be "zealous of good works," and although we might be able to attend a

social dance, or even a ball, still there are those who might receive harm by becoming too fond of gaiety, and so be led into stronger temptations. We are not responsible to God for ourselves alone. We are our brothers' keepers, and "Wherever it may make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

Can you dance, if by dancing you make your brother to offend? Can you undertake the responsibility of giving an account of that soul to God? No! "Take heed lest this 'liberty' of yours becomes a stumbling block to them that are weak."

TRUE LIBERTY.

THE THYCKKE FOGGE PAPERS.

The Sage Descants on the Scott Act and High License Question.

No. X.

When First of Us and a few more of the regular contingent dropped in on the customary night of meeting, the Senator was found sitting in his usual arm chair and evidently in a contemplative mood, for his face showed signs of thought, his pipe was unlit, his glass and glasses were alike not on duty, and the whole attitude of our Honorable friend was that of deep and serious consideration. Third of Us, who has the gift of doing all sorts of odd things without being sworn at by his victims, came behind the sage, put his hands over his eyes and bade him say who it was.

"A question easily answered," said our host, "for there is but one of the Wednesday club that would take such a liberty."

The Sage looked at Us, and in his usual cheery tone bade Us welcome, and after we had got settled down for the evening, asked what was going on, as he had not been out of the house all the week. We informed him, that, as is usual, the unexpected had happened, and the doors of the Union Club had been opened to its members.

"I am glad of that," remarked the Senator, "for now a whole battalion of wandering orphans will have a home. I never saw such a dismal, woe-begone crowd as the Union men have been for the last fortnight. Apropos of the club, though, I must confess I myself do not see the connection. What a nice time they are having in the Capital with the proprietors of the only hotels that a man can possibly put up at, under invitation to be the guests of the sheriff. I hope that the threats of Messrs. Edwards and Coleman to close their houses will be carried out, for it certainly wants some such stringent measures to bring the Scott Act fanatics to their senses; and I fancy the loss of the summer travel, with the expenditure of money incident thereto, will have more weight in bringing about a repeal of the ridiculous measure referred to than anything else I know of. The millennium has not yet arrived, nor can one fix a date for the end of the world, so then it is folly for a few people, no matter how well-meaning they may be, to endeavor to legislate against a man's appetite. Think you that the incarceration of the genial host of the Queen will lessen the consumption of tangle-foot in Fredericton? Wait till the drive comes in, and you will see just as many drunken men as if the bars were open publicly. My experience has been that, in any locality, high license is preferable to prohibition; but the temperance folks never appear to see that. Now, look at the matter sensibly: there is no doubt that a great portion of the national and civic revenues comes from the duties and other charges on liquor. Well, is it not better for a city to charge a high license, and thus increase its income, than to have the Scott Act in force, which, instead of being a source of revenue is really a bill of expense? If a high license system is in force the liquor dealers themselves become in a measure detectives, simply because they can not afford to have their business cut into by men who are selling without license. I know that some of my lady friends who are active supporters of the W. C. T. U., and kindred societies will hold up their hands in holy horror at this expression of my sentiments, but I am confident that these men and women who look at the question from the every-day common sense view will agree with me, and would in every case vote against any such measure as the Scott Act, which when all is said was merely brought out by its promoter as an election dodge."

Several of Us impartially emphasised and agreed with the Sage's remarks, by taking a small allowance of very excellent cordial and departed feeling more than ever convinced that our entertainer had a great head.

Will Try Again.

Mrs. Highflyer—What's the matter, Henry? You look downhearted.

Mr. Highflyer—I am almost discouraged. I have failed three times and am not independently wealthy yet.

Mrs. Highflyer—Well, dear, fail again. You will succeed eventually.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

VOTING.

I at each polling booth would see
A pair of balances,
That for its weight each vote might be
Accounted more or less.

While vote of knave squares vote of saint,
And fool's vote vote of sage,
A weak and selfish government
Must be our heritage.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.

ATHLETICS IN MONCTON.

THE AMATEUR ASSOCIATION AND ITS RECORD THUS FAR.

It was Organized for the Amusement of the Young Men, but it Amuses More than Its Members—The Boys have had Fun in their Own Way, and Paid for It.

Moncton, like every other town of any pretension, has, of course, an athletic association, listen to my tale of woe.

And now at this sweet season of gladness, when the birds that Chaucer so loved are beginning to sing, and the trout are awakening from their winter sleep in the soft, if rather chilly bed of their chosen stream, and springing cheerily into the air after imaginary as well as artificial flies. When the masculine mine is popularly, or to be more correct poetically, supposed to turn to thoughts of love, and the feminine fancy turns with awful certainty to housecleaning. At this time of general rejoicing I say the athletic association has arisen from its winter sleep and shaken itself like a giant refreshed with slumber! Of course it will have to yawn and stretch for some time yet ere it will get itself into working order, and while it is going through those necessary exercises, it strikes me that a brief review of its past career of usefulness and grandeur might prove interesting to the readers of PROGRESS, because it has been to say the least, eventful.

The Moncton Amateur Athletic association first came into existence nearly two years ago, and it was understood to be an organization, the aim and object of which was to afford healthful amusement and necessary exercise to the young men of Moncton. Everybody felt that a step in the right direction had been taken, and the association would fill a long felt and crying want. It proved to be a crying want, indeed, and it cried a good deal.

The first year there was not very much done beyond looking about for a suitable ground to purchase, and—quite naturally—something to purchase it with. We all know that very little can be accomplished in this weariful world without the sinews of war; so the noble-minded citizens and citizenesses banded together and held a bazaar, the like of which had never been seen in our town before for magnificence, and the memory of which still surrounds the ancient roller rink like a sort of halo, even as the scent of the roses is supposed to hang round a broken vase. And gold flowed into the coffers of the athletic association, and made the hearts of its members glad.

So they put it in bank, and by and by they bought a piece of land, like the man in the Bible, and they tried it and found that it was a very good bargain and quite worth a large outlay; so they set to work at once and began by putting a nice mortgage on it and lots of improvements till it was really a valuable piece of property by the time the winter came.

Then last summer they were all ready to begin work, and they began by engaging a band of professionals to play base ball for them. Like the eastern potentates who wonder that Europeans can afford it don't hire someone to do their dancing for them. They found it more amusing to look on while professionals played than to take the trouble of playing themselves; so they paid from 15 to 20 dollars a week to no less than seven giants of the profession, for pitching, catching, etc., and the members of the M. A. A. Association sat contentedly on the grand stand and smoked their cigars, chatted with their lady friends, and thought what a lovely thing it was to belong to an athletic club.

Messrs. Wagg, Larrabee, Doe, Webster, Soule, and Burns, thought it was a lovely thing too, so everybody was satisfied, and if a few discontented spirits who had the bad taste not to care for base ball, varied by a game of ball, or just simply "a game" for short, grumbled and said that when they joined the association it was on the distinct understanding that both cricket, quoits, la crosse, and tennis, were to be played, why no one took any notice of them. It was a free country, and of course, if they chose to be cranks and not attend the games they had perfect liberty to stay away and enjoy themselves in whatever way seemed best to them.

Of course all this took a lot of money. You can't pay first-class men high salaries all summer and have much surplus over in the autumn. Somebody has to pay the piper while the others dance, and the logical result might easily have been foreseen, which is that the A. A. Association are not in as flourishing a condition as they might be. They have paid out a great deal of money, and for the life of me I can't see what they have to show for it. I suppose that having eaten their cake they are sensible enough not to expect to have it, too, because, you see, they had their fun in their own way, and got the worth of their money. This spring it was announced that matters would be differently arranged, and a large majority of us were looking hopefully forward to spirited games of la crosse, and a glorious tennis tournament, winding up—who knows?—with a tennis ball, or a cricket match, which should terminate with the customary dance, when suddenly it is officially announced that the articles of agreement have not yet been definitely settled with the ball players for the coming season, which, of course, means, to those who are skillful in reading the signs of the times, another summer of

base ball straight. Well, *chacun a son gout*, and if my taste does not incline toward base ball, I suppose it is my own fault. If you can stand another French quotation, *C'est un vrai panier percé*. I haven't got any to burn in mine, so I can afford to give my views, at least, for the public good.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

HOW NEWS IS GOT.

A Form of Interview Which Can be Used in a Variety of Instances.

Whether the public cares very much how the newspaper reporters get the news they print every day, will probably always remain a disputed question. Some newspapers publish more about the way information is secured than they do about the matter itself, while others are content to merely state the plain unvarnished facts. The systematic way in which some reporters go about their work, however, cannot fail to prove interesting.

An accident occurred in a newspaper office the other day. An enterprising reporter was on the scene immediately. Leaning his arm on the counter and sending a whiff of cigar smoke in the direction of the person nearest him he proceeded to paralyze him with questions something after this style:

"Accident here, wasn't there?"
"Yes."
"Who got hurt?"
"Smith."
"That's the boss pressman?"
"Yes."
"What's his first name?"
"John."
"Badly hurt?"
"Pretty bad; got his fingers in between two rollers."
"Yes—in the press or folder?"
"The folder."
"How many fingers?"
"Three."
"All hurt about the same, or one worse than the other?"
"Can't tell."
"Where's he now?"
"Gone to the doctor."
"What doctor?"
"Dr. Brown."
"Which Brown?"
"Dan Brown." [Exit].

HOW TO PLANT TREES.

Suggestions as to Methods and the Choice of Best Varieties.

Yesterday was arbor day among the schools of this province, but as a good many prefer to wait until later in the spring to plant trees, the following hints from an exchange, may still be of interest:

Time of Planting.—Trees should be planted in the spring and in holes in the ground. The holes should be hand made. If it is not convenient to plant them in the spring, plant them in the backyard.

Choice of Trees.—For school yards, green apple trees and switch birch are appropriate.

If such can be secured, it is better to use live trees. Dead trees seldom survive transplanting.

The galloway-tree is suitable for penitentiary enclosures.

General Notes.—Genealogical trees require a great deal of care.

Spruce trees should be planted in pairs. Then they will not pine in loneliness. The sweet gum will bear tutti frutti before its third year.

When planting whiffle trees see that the roots are uninjured.

Banana trees should be taken in every cool night and kept by the fire.

Orange trees should not be planted before July 12.

Undertakers should plant box elders.

Incurable debtors should plant willow trees.

Lovers will find tulip trees the correct thing.

Shady trees are favored by disreputable citizens.

The green apple tree is a favorite with small boys, doctors and funeral directors.

Coal dealers favor the ash; furriers, the fur; sailors, the beech; and the man who has spent his substance for patent medicines, sycamore.

Button wood trees should be planted in button holes.

Plant chestnuts two miles deep.

No Friend of His.

"Who is that who wants to see me?" asked a very busy merchant of his servant. "I don't know his name, but he says he was an old friend of your father's." "All right; you tell him that I am very sorry, but my father is dead."—*Ex.*

Never had a preparation a more appropriate name than Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the capillary glands become enfeebled by disease, age, or neglect, this dressing imparts renewed life to the scalp, so that the hair assumes much of its youthful fullness and beauty.—*Advt.*

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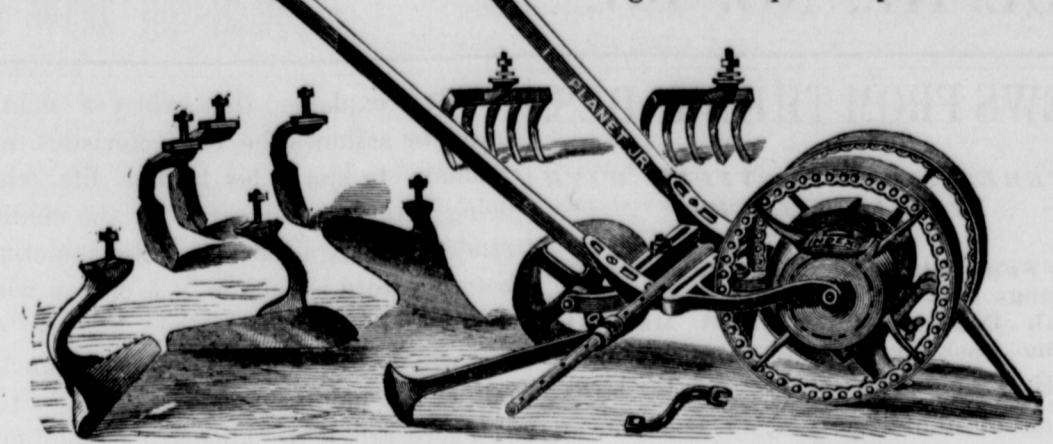
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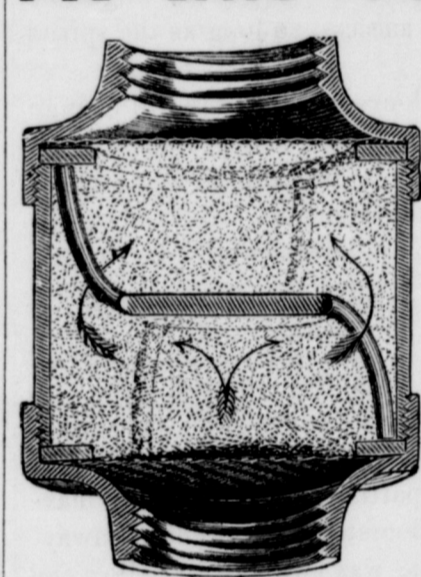
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