

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on THURSDAY, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Publisher and Proprietor,
Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 31.

CIRCULATION, 7,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

STANDARD TIME.

Some day, a few years hence, it will be looked upon as amusing that there ever should have been any question as to the expediency of adopting standard time in St. John. There is not much question as it is, and to the majority of travellers it seems extraordinary that the system has not been adopted before. In this, as in one or two other things, St. John is just a little out of line among the leading commercial cities of the continent.

It is true that in Nova Scotia our Eastern standard time has not been adopted, but even that province—including Halifax, with its cobwebs and traditions—has a standard, which differs from local time. It is that of the sixtieth meridian, or just one hour faster than that of the seventy-fifth meridian, known as the Eastern standard. This makes the matter of calculation a simple one, because there are no fractions of an hour to subtract or add. When once it is understood what the standard is, the way of the traveller, of the hotel clerk and of a good many others becomes freed of a vast amount of petty annoyance.

It is a very different matter in New Brunswick. All kinds of time are kept, according to the habits of the particular sections of the province. Moncton has Eastern standard time, and so have a few other places along the line of the Inter-colonial railway. St. John keeps its own local time, and the majority of the towns and villages follow its example. The annoyance, to a stranger, lies in the fact that our city time is thirty-six minutes faster than standard, and that in trying to get this fact into his mind the ordinary traveller is usually "tangled," and often in a most hopeless way. He is an instance not at all uncommon in the life of an hotel clerk:

A traveller, wishing to leave on the Flying Yankee, inquires at the office what time it leaves, and is told "at ten minutes of seven local." This does not enlighten him a great deal, and he wants to know what is the difference between local and standard. He is told that local is thirty-six minutes faster, and then he begins to add and subtract according as is his knowledge of arithmetic. The clerk undertakes to show him that the simplest way to convert local into standard is to subtract thirty-six, and tells him that 7 o'clock local is 6.24 standard, while 7 o'clock standard is 7.36 local. By this time the traveller understands that the difference in time is thirty-six minutes, but he also has figures 24 in his mind, and whether that or 36 is to be added to or subtracted from standard or local time he is not quite certain. He goes to bed more or less mixed on the situation, trusting to the call boy to wake him at the proper time.

Every stranger has not this experience, but some of them do. If St. John had the eastern standard, all this trouble would be saved. It had only an even half-hour difference, the situation would be a good deal better than it is now; but if a change is to be made at all, the simplest plan is to fall into line and adopt the eastern standard.

It must come in time, and it would be well to accept it early and with good grace. Sentiment is a fine thing, as far as it goes, but the requirements of ever increasing travel mean a good deal more.

PRAYER AND NATURAL LAW.

A recent cable despatch contains the following strange story:

While the people of St. Mahlen, near Hildesheim, Hanover, were assembled in the church, whither they had repaired to pray for the cessation of the hailstorms which have of late prevailed in that locality, the building was struck by lightning. Four persons were instantly killed, twenty were seriously injured and four were permanently blinded by the flash. The congregation were in an attitude of prayer at the time the bolt fell. In the ensuing rush for the doors, the people being wild with fright, two children were crushed to death.

Assuming this to be true, it is a circumstance on which the atheist and free-thinker will seize with avidity to reiterate what "the fool has said in his heart," that either there is no GOD, or that our prayers and petitions to an Almighty Power are in vain. Such is the shallow reasoning upon which unbeliever under various names is grounded, and which in march of liberal thought is but too

apt to impress itself on the minds of the young and superficial thinker. It is to the combating of this tendency, rather than to the discussion of doctrine, that the work of the pulpit should be directed at this day. This is an age of enquiry, and the reconciliation of natural and spiritual laws cannot be too earnestly sought after by those whose duty it is to point the people to a higher life.

Progress has had the name of being a paper with liberal views in the matter of religion. It believes that Christianity and superstition have no part the one with the other, that it is worse than foolish to attempt to link the two together, or to make that which is repugnant to reason an essential of faith. Christianity as we understand it, is adapted to man and his wants on this earth, is suited to his understanding as well as his needs, and a firm faith in its sure foundation is in conflict with nothing pertaining to nature and her laws.

At the same time every believer should realize that the great system of which this world is but a part is obedient to perfect law—so perfect that with the highest knowledge obtained by centuries of research we are lost in the attempt to comprehend it. "We cannot find out God," and we must submit to the laws of nature, changing them not, though at times adapting them to our own use and convenience.

The laws which govern storms are not changed to suit individual needs, any more than are the laws which fix the duration of seasons or the average span of human life. A tornado is not turned aside because a church is in the way, and if a building is so situated as to attract the lightning, there is a probability of its destruction, under particular circumstances, whether it be a theatre or a place of worship. With certain atmospheric conditions the weather will be wet or dry over a given area of country, and it is not to be expected that the prayers of the people of any one section for a change of weather should be answered to the detriment of those in other sections. While the church prescribes prayers for certain occasions, it is not for us to doubt the efficacy of prayer if they are not answered as we desire. We ask what we believe to be "those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul," but are we the best judges of what those things are? The Almighty knows "our necessities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking," and it is of this ignorance that we expect too often answers which would require miracles in the natural world.

The destruction of a church and the killing of the people while at prayer furnishes no argument either for the Christian or unbeliever. It is but the result of the operation of natural laws. In the same manner a ship laden with missionaries would sink if it struck a rock, as promptly as one laden with sinners. Secular history has instances of what seemed like special interpositions, but because such are not made to suit our own selfish desires, we should never lose faith in the wisdom of Him to whom we pray.

No one can limit the power of the Almighty nor measure the efficacy of prayer. We can only live to the best of the knowledge that is given us, praying with the faith that what is right for us will be vouchsafed. The rain falls upon the just and unjust; so disaster and calamity overtake the good and the bad, either from human ignorance and negligence or the operation of nature's forces. It is a weak or perverted mind that finds in them arguments against our Christian faith.

HE MAKES OR RUINS OTHERS.

According to that interesting art publication The American Tailor and Cutter, there is one class of men in this world upon whom rests a direct and dreadful responsibility. These are the cutters. To the cutter, we are told, is due "a large amount of humiliated pride, and many blighted careers." If he makes bad fitting clothes he is the fruit of his evil deeds: "The man who does not dress well is badly handicapped. He will find himself, in all he undertakes, the victim of petty opposition. He will be always under suspicion, and will be generally regarded as worthless. \* \* \* He is, in fact, obliged to be on the defensive against the prejudice of the world at all times, and will find it necessary to constantly demonstrate that he is not what he seems to be."

A very different fate is in store for the man who dresses well: "He goes through life with his head proudly poised, and will be generally considered as a man who knows what he is about and capable of great things. He is a better man than he would be if his garments were shabby, ill fitting, or in bad style."

Much more is said to the same effect, but enough has been quoted to show that the latter is a very much greater man than the ordinary individual has been led to suppose. One is quite prepared to believe the assertion that such men "are the power behind the throne, that from them civilization receives the impetus that impels it onward, and that the morality of mankind depends greatly on the cutter."

Altogether, he appears to be a very wonderful creature, and it is only surprising with what apparent ease he bears his weighty load of awful responsibility.

Long, Selected Chair Cane is Used in all Chair Seating by Duval, 242 Union street.

WHAT THE FISH WEIGHED.

After It Had Been Prepared According to the Jumping Frog Formula.

There were four of us, writes a correspondent, all experienced fishermen, and all thoroughly well up in fish literature, from the ancient mariner's tale of the sea serpent he saw "off Cape Horn" to the small boy's transparent and impossible tale about the number of eels he caught with a bent pin and a reel of thread, from the end of the wharf. One of us possessed an incredulous and argumentative disposition which required ocular demonstration and proof positive of any statement which he was called upon to believe. What he could not see in the very plainest manner he never would accept as a fact, and in consequence of this little weakness on his part, he furnished a good deal of fun to the rest of us.

We had gathered together at the farmhouse which we had made headquarters after a long and successful day's fishing; we had eaten our supper, and were sitting smoking and exchanging notes on the day's adventures. At last we decided to count our fish and see who brought in the largest "bag."

Mine was the smallest number, three dozen and eight, but they carried away the palm for size; the largest being a noble specimen of trouthood, that must have weighed, at least, four pounds. "Five pounds and a half, if an ounce!" exclaimed Rogers, who was the humorist of the party, weighing my trophy carefully on his forefinger.

"Impossible!" cried Saunders, the doubter, falling into the trap at once. "That fish doesn't weigh more than three and a half." "I think myself," drawled Crofton, "that it does not weigh less than six."

Excitement ran high, and finally bets were exchanged, with the result that Saunders called for the farmer and his "steelyards" as Hercules might have called for his club, and not receiving an answer he started off to the barn to hunt our worthy host up.

Now Rogers was one of those fortunate youths who are noted for invariably "getting there," I never yet saw him taken at a disadvantage. He was a great reader, and he had a wonderful gift for applying the result of his studies practically; and he immediately proceeded to give us proof that he had not only read, but marked, and inwardly digested Mark Twain's story of the "Jumping Frog."

No sooner had the door closed upon Saunders' manly form, than Rogers sprang to his feet, produced—all things in the world to have on a fishing trip—a shot pouch, opened the mouth of my prize trout, and began feeding him on shot. I think that fish must have been on a three weeks fast, for I never knew how much internal accommodation a trout had before. Rogers shook him, and patted him, and finally laid him tenderly down, literally "loaded for moose," in the same spot from which he had taken him.

When Saunders, and the farmer, and the steelyards, made their appearance, Rogers was nearly asleep, and very cross, he was only joking he said, and really did not believe the blooming trout weighed over three pounds at the outside.

"Well, we'll just find out for our own satisfaction what he does weigh," answered Saunders, and he found out, if not to his own satisfaction, at least to ours, for that fish turned the scale at five pounds three ounces.

I don't understand yet, how it was, that Saunders the suspicious, never suspected us of any trick, but he did not, he gazed at the spotted deceiver long and earnestly, and at last remarked thoughtfully, "Well, by George, the brute must have been filling himself up with gravel."

Personal Mention.

Mr. R. Murray Boyd, of the Telegraph, has been enjoying the week and the first portion of his summer vacation in New York and Boston.

Editor Anslow, of the Newcastle Advertiser, manages to attend to his temperance duties as well as his newspaper. The former brought him to Hampton and St. John this week.

Cigars Can be Lighted Anywhere.

The Electric Cigar Lighter is one of the smokers' conveniences. Who has not tried to light a match and keep it burning in a wind and rain storm? The Electric Cigar Lighter will light 2,000 cigars and only costs fifteen cents. Progress will not explain what it is, but those who have tried the little affair will laugh heartily over the following query from a Woodstock firm:—

Dear Sirs—Is the Electric Cigar Lighter for store use and what is the price of it? Can it be attached to lamps incandescent system?

Yours \_\_\_\_\_
For sale, Chair Cane, long selected, skin or bunch. Duval, 423 Union street.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

If I want to write anything like an interesting letter this week, I am afraid I shall have to depend on the musical doings in other cities than our own, we have been so very quiet lately. Even the Oratorio Society did not have its usual Monday night's practice, although of course, that was owing to Mr. Morley's trouble with his eyes, which I am extremely sorry to say does not seem to be improving very rapidly.

About the only things in a musical way worth noticing this week, were the "Old Musical Club's" last meeting before the summer months—which was held at Miss Bowden's. Selections from the works of Mozart and Rossini were sung, and a very enjoyable evening spent—and Miss Hitchens musical, which I was unable to attend, but have heard some favorable comments on the way in which that lady has brought her pupils on.

On Whitsunday a good many of the churches had a little extra music, although I was mistaken about the anthem which I said would be sung in Trinity church. For good reason, I suppose, it was withdrawn.

In the way of "Music for the masses" the "Little German band" draws crowds of enthusiastic gamins wherever it may go, indeed not only the urchins but also their elders seem to get most thorough enjoyment out of its "soul inspiring strains (?)" as it were.

Dorothy practices were held every evening of this week. The opera is expected to come off on the 9th and 10th of June.

I should think choir singing must be profitable in New York according to the following paragraph:—"Miss Clementina de Vere, the vocalist, returns to New York, she is engaged for the choir of Dr. Paxton's church, at a salary of \$5,000 a year, the largest sum given to a choir singer in the United States.—Illustrated London News.

FROM THE GRAND STAND.

The Frederictons paid the Presumptive \$175 for the two holiday games and cleared \$140 on the day's attendance.

The salary sheet of the Shamrocks per week is \$113; of the Frederictons \$112; and the St. Johns \$130.

Two newspaper men, McNutt and Risteen, take an active interest in the management of the celestials. If plenty of leisure is a recommendation they are the right men in the right place.

Ryan is 18 years old and was engaged on trial on the recommendations of John Morrill and Walter L. Sawyer, of Boston.

Robinson asked Fredericton \$22.50 per week. "Manny" must have thought he was near the treasury.

A. O. H. FREDERICTON.—Frank Small's salary has not been made public but you can rest easy on the assertion that he gets a few dollars more than he did last year.

SHAMROCK.—A ball that is hit lightly, falls in front of the batter and bounds back striking him is a fair ball—not foul. The batter should be out—hit by batted ball.

H. A. W. FREDERICTON.—Ryan gets a salary of course even though on trial. He may strike for better terms, though, before he makes a permanent engagement unless he has signed the contract.

S. H. MONCTON.—Kearns and Kennedy are professionals since they are paid for playing ball—but they are "local professionals."

ANXIOUS FOR FIRST BASE.—Keep cool, the managing committee have as sharp eyes as you and won't let sympathy get the better of their judgment as you fear—but give everyone a fair show.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

A Great Day for Lower Woodstock. The long-looked for barber has arrived; he will be at his office two days in each week, Thursdays and Fridays; come one and all to our energetic barber and get a first-class shave, for his razor is always "sharp."—Sentinel.

Where Dogs Lay and Gents Ride. The other side of the lawn contains a large open tent, with a party seated at table, a dog laying on grass, while a company of ladies and gents are enjoying a horseback ride.—Carleton Sentinel.

An Open Confession. Houses that need painting very badly are numerous; broken window panes annoy the eye; dilapidated steps and railings—some or the other and in some cases the entire list—help to give these particular houses a neglected, even a deserted look. But a small amount of money would be required to paint and keep these residences in condition.—H. Mail.

The Bad Boy in Halifax. It is quite time some of the little boys of this place were made to understand that windows and ladies are not their lawful targets for stone throwing.—H. Mail.

SCENIC HITS AND HINTS. Among the remains recently discovered at Pompeii were those of a man with a pair of trousers. The Pompeians, like gentlemen in the present day, did not know anything about "pants."

George Stewart, Jr., of Quebec, has been elected president of the historical and literary section of the Royal Society, now in session at Ottawa, says an exchange. Dr. Stewart can now add the letters P. H. L. S. R. S. to his already numerous titles D. C. L. L. D., L. S. D., P. D. Q., etc.

CHATS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. C. C."—The matter to which you refer is purely a personal affair and not of public interest.

"WITH JUST ENOUGH OF LEARNING, ETC."—Correspondents must send their names in confidence, but even if you had done so your letter would be declined. It is not worth while to waste powder on crows.

STELLA.—Your comments on paintings necessarily omitted—lack of space, will be printed later.

KATALEEN, CHATHAM.—Your notes did not arrive until Thursday noon, too late to be handled this week. Try and mail in future to arrive by train that reaches Saint John midnight.

ANAGANCE.—Will be glad to hear from you, but you are too late this week. Mail your MS. earlier.

A New Livery Stable. Messrs. John M. Johnson and J. E. Moore have associated themselves for the purpose of running a first-class livery and boarding stable, and dealing in horses. Both members of the firm know what they are about, and combining popularity with a thorough knowledge of horses, have excellent prospects of success.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

MARYSVILLE.

May 27.—Invitations were issued early last week by Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Day for an "At Home" on the evening of the 23rd inst., to celebrate the 13th anniversary of their marriage. Over 70 invitations were out, and among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, Miss Jennie Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatt, Mrs. John T. Gibson, the Misses Gibson, Professor and Mrs. Cadwallader, Dr. and Mrs. Sharpe, Rev. Mr. Fiske and Mrs. Fiske, Andover, Mrs. F. S. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Likely, and Miss Likely, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Tapley, Mrs. C. O. Shaw, Mr. Thos. Shaw, Mrs. Stockman, Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Read, Miss Boyer, Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton, Miss Clayton, Miss Miles, Miss Stevens, St. John, Miss Agnes Ramsey, Miss Jean Robinson, Miss McDermott, and Miss Mary Rowley. It certainly was one of the most pleasant gatherings held in Marysville for some time, the host and hostess doing everything possible to make it enjoyable. The supper was served by six "rosebud" waiters, who were very attentive, viz: the Misses Stella Clayton, Jane Robinson, E. Boyer, Alice Gibson, J. Miles, and Belle Likely. Mrs. Day was presented during the evening with a very handsome parlor lamp, and Mr. Day with an easy chair; the presentation being made by Rev. Mr. Fiske on behalf of the ladies, Mr. Day responding in a pleasing manner.

Mrs. Day received her guests in bronze green satin, gold ornaments. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Clayton, who wore pink tulle veiling and cream lace.

Mrs. C. H. Hatt, looked well in black satin, black velvet bodice, square necker flowers, orchids. Mrs. John T. Gibson, elegant black lace, cameo brooch.

Mrs. Jas. Gibson, goblin blue silk, diamond ornaments, corsage bouquet, of tulips.

Mrs. F. S. Williams, black lace, old rose trimmings, diamonds and natural flowers.

Mrs. Cadwallader, handsome black silk, natural flowers.

Mrs. John Gibson, green combination, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Likely, black silk, cream roses.

Mrs. Tapley, blue silk, gold ornaments.

Mrs. Sharpe, blue silk, natural flowers.

Mrs. Fiske, brown cashmere and velvet, gold ornaments and natural flowers.

Mrs. J. W. Read, goblin blue silk, cream roses.

Mrs. Shaw, black cashmere and jet.

Mrs. Stockman, green cashmere, Turkish embroidery.

Mrs. Clayton, black moire and lace.

Miss Ramsey, black lace, V neck.

Miss Jennie Gibson, old rose cashmere, cream silk trimmings.

Miss McDermott, black cashmere and silk, ornaments jet.

Miss Stevens, fawn cashmere and gold ornaments, tulips.

Mrs. Boyer, black cashmere and jet, white lilies.

Miss Miles, black lace, Nile green trimmings, V neck, corsage bouquet, maiden hair fern and Marshall Nell roses.

Miss Alice Gibson, Eau de Nile cashmere and satin, V neck, ornaments pearls.

Miss Alma Gibson, cream and blue China silk, white roses.

Miss Likely, blue cashmere, natural flowers.

Miss Jane Robinson, black fish net, crimson roses.

Miss Mary Rowley, fawn dress, ornaments silver.

The Misses Mabel and Ethel Cann, of Yarmouth, N. S., and the Misses Ada and Ella Boyer, of Victoria, were in town last week, the guests of Mrs. Mary Gibson and Mrs. J. W. Read, respectively.

Miss Mattie and Miss Bertie Stevens, of St. John, are visiting Mrs. James Gibson.

Mrs. Miles Merritt and M. E. Merritt are the guests of Mrs. C. O. Shaw.

Mr. Samuel Likely spent the 24th with his parents here.

HE WANTED TO KNOW WHY.

Mr. Sankey Tries to Induce His Wife to go to a Ball Game.

The front room was the pleasant apartment in the house. The sun managed to find his way around the corner about 11 o'clock and remained until quite late in the afternoon. Here it was that Mrs. Sankey loved to sit and watch her romping children chase each other from sidewalk to sidewalk. Here also Mr. Sankey found peace and quietness after one o'clock dinner, occasionally disturbed, however, by persistent questions from his better half.

Thursday afternoon was fine and warm and Mr. Sankey knew if he could get his wife out on the pretense of a ball game she might when she found there was no game be induced to tramp around Lily Lake, for he liked a walk as much as she disliked it. But he must be wary.

"Mary" said he suddenly "are you almost through your fussing, let's go to the ball game. There's nothing doing this afternoon and I think you want an airing."

"There isn't any ball game, Howard, is there?"

"Of course there is, there's one every day from this out," replied Mr. Sankey boldly.

Mr. Wallace, of M. R. & A.'s, St. John, accompanied by his little daughter, Olive, spent the holiday in town, the guest of Mrs. William Tutts.

Mr. Hugh Kirkpatrick and his son George were the guests of Mr. James Gibson.

Mrs. Thos. Likely returned last week from St. John.

Miss Miles spent last Sunday at her home in Oromocto.

Ex-mayor Thorne and Mr. A. J. Armstrong, of St. John, addressed the lodge of S. of T., on Friday evening.

The band gave an open air concert on Saturday evening, the first of the season. I hope they will be continued.

Mr. James Murray is receiving congratulations on a certain domestic event. It's a boy.

Miss Hand Fisher spent the holiday at home, returning to her school on Monday, via N. & W. Ry.

Mr. Fred Prince's party, last Wednesday evening added another to her list of social successes, and proved her, as usual, a charming hostess.

Miss Pratt, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Smith, at Government Farm, left for her home yesterday.

Miss Annie McCully left for New York last night.

Rev. James Sinclair, of the "Folly," was in town, Monday.

There have been several trout excursions during the past week. Among expert anglers, Messrs. W. F. Lynton, E. E. McNutt and Arthur Smith had very successful catches on Economy lake. Mr. Harvey Murray had a fine catch of 70.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Smith and Master Dan returned on Monday from Steviacke, where they had been spending a few days with their brother, Rev. Edwin Smith.

Rev. Mr. Barrs, a former graduate of Acadia, preached with much acceptance for the West End Baptist congregation last Sabbath.

MUSQUASH.

May 28.—Mrs. G. Bedell has returned home after a week's visit to St. John.

Messrs. W. B. Wallace and C. A. Clark, of St. John, visited their camp at Hall's lake, on a fishing excursion, last week.

Mr. W. M. Osburne, of California, has been at the Musquash Hotel during the past week.

Miss Hattie Clark, of St. John, has been visiting her friend, Miss Richards.

Mrs. Vroom and her two children, of St. John, were the guests of Mrs. Knight, Ingleswood Manor, last week.

Mr. William Smith and his daughter, Miss Mabel, of North End, St. John, were the guests of Mr. Wolford and Miss Smith, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. D. C. Morrison, of New York, has been staying at the Musquash Hotel for a few days.

Miss Clara Reed has gone to Fairville to visit friends for a week.

Mr. L. B. Knight, of St. Andrews, is here on a business trip.

Mrs. John N. Dearborn, Miss Dearborn and Master Harry, of St. John, are spending a few weeks at the Musquash hotel.

Mr. A. Dunlop, of St. John, was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Balcom, last week.

UPHAM, KINGS CO.

May 26.—Mr. O. D. Foster, to whom reference was made last week, was married on a Wednesday morning, not evening, to Miss, not Mrs. Huldah E. DeBow. This statement is made in correction of the previous item.

"Now, I know you are joking—but I couldn't go anyway."

"Why?"

"Just like a man. Because I can't."

"That's a woman's reason. Why can't you do like Charlie's wife and take a tramp with a fellow once in a while. Here I've been working more than hard all the week just for this half holiday and you go back on me."

Mrs. Sankey hesitated, then walked over and perched herself on one arm of his chair. "Howard, you remember some weeks ago telling me that we must economise somewhere in our house expenses. Well, I've been doing it or making the girl do it. Monday was a holiday, Tuesday and Wednesday were rainy, and instead of sending the wash to Ungar's to be done Rough Dry, at 25 cents per dozen, Lizzie is doing it in the kitchen, and I have to stay home. Do you see, Mr. Sankey."

"Yes, I see," growled Mr. Sankey, "but you have that wash sent to Ungar's next week."

That Would be Proof.

Census Enumerator (proceeding with questions)—Are you weak minded? Citizen—I would be if I told you all my private affairs.—N. Y. Sun.

A LARGE AND SPLENDID PORTRAIT

OF

PRINCE ARTHUR, Duke of Cannought,

IN