

**THE CROWD OF THE DAY.**

**ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN AT THE INSTITUTE.**

Including Rev. Mr. Small and the Old Gentleman with the Red Handkerchief—Things Heard and Seen Apart from the Sermon and Collection.

Four sermons in one day, and all listened to by crowded houses. This is the record of Rev. Sam Small, of Georgia, last Sunday. It was at the Institute in the afternoon that the great curious, everyday crowd was found; in the Institute where there was no restraint placed upon the audience, by sacred surroundings, by stained glass windows and cushioned pews; by the roaring of a great pipe organ heard no place else outside of a church; in the Institute, the home of all worldliness; where all kinds of doctrines had been preached and all kinds of meetings held; here was assembled the great crowd of the day, and it was composed entirely of men.

All sorts and conditions of men! Young men, old men, genteel looking men, and rough looking fellows; merchants, mechanics, professional men, laborers; good men, bad men and men who "would pass in a crowd;" but when the lecturer addressed them they were all so steeped in sin that in all that they no one expected to find one man who had any claim to salvation.

Long before the hour announced for the meeting to begin, little groups began to form around the street corners in the vicinity of the Institute, and a large crowd surged against the doors. There were not enough people to fill the hall, but the awful possibility of being deprived of a seat after being on the ground so early in the day, made everyone feel uncomfortable. So, when the doors were opened there was one grand rush; all the little groups forsook the street corners, took up positions in the rear of the long column that reached into the hall, and pushed. There were still vacant seats when the rush was over. But not for long. In a few moments every seat was occupied, and still the people came. A good forty minutes had to pass before the lecturer would appear, but there was lots of excitement to make the time pass quickly. The seats all filled, a crowd stood in the door way until a mighty rush from the rear forced it down near the pit. Some less modest people took up positions near the stage—but the stage itself was deserted. Nicely set for a scene where the villain usually makes some astounding proposition, the effect was marred by a large number of vacant chairs. But the latter proved an awful eyesore to the people who thronged the aisles and got themselves into position for a couple of hours of perpendicular exercise, and who had already begun to change feet and hold their hats in a hundred different positions inside of a minute. The chairs proved a great temptation to these people. Indeed, they were too strong a temptation for one old gentleman, who was known some years ago as a "local preacher," but is now mainly recognized by his long, shaggy hair, lank figure, and a very pronounced habit of wiping his nasal organs with a mitten or a red cotton handkerchief that has seen its full share of service. This old gentleman pronounced the place where the orchestra is generally found with an uncertainty that made the audience smile; the smile grew when he ascended the stage and took a seat in the front row; then he sat and looked about him, with a sort of "Don't you wish you were me?" expression. The smile grew larger when he attended to his nose; it expanded when he took off his coat; there was a snicker when he placed it on one chair and his hat on another, while he occupied the third himself. And all this while there were hundreds standing in the aisles.

Still the crowds continued to surge into the hall from all directions. The galleries had reached that state of crowdedness when the more enthusiastic are found in the vicinity of the ceiling, and those who had seats in the dress circle could hear, but not see. Then the chairs on the platform began to fill up; the doors in the back scene were burst open, more chairs brought out, but still the crowd wasn't satisfied. Then scenes were pushed to one side, revealing the disordered back of the stage; the beauty of the place was gone. The wings now disappeared and people took their place, until there was only enough space left to give the Rev. Sam Small room to rant and roar on the front of the stage.

But he had not yet appeared. While those who composed the audience were getting into position, in much the same manner as sardines do at Eastport previous to shipment, and the young men from the christian association were singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," and a number of other hymns in rapid succession, the Rev. Samuel was giving his seat in the Salvation Army barracks to two young ladies who would otherwise have had to stand in the aisle. Yes, the reverend gentleman was in the democratic Salvation Army, and on the platform, too. He did not forget to say so at the Institute. So it would seem that he took in as many places last Sunday as a newspaper reporter does on the night about Christmas time when nearly every church

in town has a tea fight, the asylums distribute the burdens of Christmas trees, the Prohibitory and Evangelical alliances, and the anti-tobacco society hold meetings, and a number of lodges "elect the following officers for the ensuing term."

When the speaker arose there was quiet, and he was eagerly listened to to the end. But what sort of an impression he made would be hard to say. When he asked those who would like to lead better lives, to stand up, all did not jump to their feet. Perhaps they were afraid of losing their seats by the people who had been standing all afternoon dropping into them. But quite a number got up in a manner that showed they meant something; others got up because they did, and nearly everybody stood up because they thought everybody else was going to stand up. They followed the crowd, as they always have done; and if the crowd went in the opposite direction from that mentioned by Mr. Small, all these people would probably go there too, to avoid being lonesome. Some few in the audience didn't seem to care very much in which direction they went and kept their seats.

It was one of the Institute's great, big days.

**THE COUNTRY HONEYMOON.**

**How They Enjoy It in Spite of the Curious Gaze of the Public.**

The newly married couple from the rural districts, who are on their wedding trip and don't care who knows it, are a type of humanity to be found every day in the week, and on any train. They are a boon and a blessing to the bored and weary passengers, who are longing for something to happen and who prick up their ears hopefully the moment the blushing twain make their appearance, sure of good things to follow, and a delightful freedom from ennui as long as that pair remain on the train.

The two happy souls are fully aware of the sensation they create and rather enjoy it than otherwise, it seems so natural to them that everyone should regard them with an envious eye, and that they should attempt to conceal the fact that they are a bride and groom, and awfully fond of each other never crosses their innocent minds. So they settle themselves complacently into a double seat, pile up their luggage, place their lunch basket within easy reach, and give themselves up to solid enjoyment. How those dear young people do love each other, and how undisguisedly they show it! With what relish do they exchange kisses! The bridegroom encircles the slender waist of his adored one with his manly arm, and she giggles and lays her hand on his shoulder in the most trusting manner, while all the passengers smile audibly, and some snicker outright; but don't imagine that those two happy souls care, not they; they are living in a land, like the Eden of old, inhabited by but two people. How trustfully she gazes up into his freckled face, and with what clumsy tenderness he strokes her hair, the wrong way, not that she minds it at all. Love has taken up the glass of time for those two happy souls, and "turned it in his glowing hands, and every moment lightly shaken runs itself in golden sands." So the world-worn travellers smile, and, a few of the more sentimentally disposed amongst them, look half enviously at the rustic lovers, who are so much happier than most of us can ever hope to be, and the train speeds on, strangely like fate, because it bears each and all of us to our appointed destination without much effort on our own part; some to our work; some to pleasure, and some to sorrow; some even to as dark a future as the gathering night into which the crowded train is rushing. But for two very, ordinary young people, whose destiny at present seems to be to afford amusement for a car full of tired travellers; that train is speeding through a "Happy Valley," and its destination is a "House Beautiful," illuminated by the light that never was on land or sea, and never will be either, until it first gilds our own lives, and dazzles our eyes, till we see all things through it. GEOFFREY.

**The Atlantic Monthly.**

The *Atlantic Monthly* for December comes to hand in brighter guise than ever, containing as it does even more than its usual bright and varied assortment of literary attractions. If it is a sample number for the year, the readers of the *Atlantic* are to be congratulated. Besides Mr. Stockton's serial "The House of Martha," in which there is a delicious description of a battle between a pretty nun, whom the hero has engaged as an amanuensis, and a wasp. Short stories from such gifted pens as those of Rudyard Kipling, and Henry James; papers by Mr. Birge Harrison, Mr. William P. Andrews, John Fiske, and A. T. Mahon. Margaret Christine Whiting contributes a delightfully gossiping article about "The Wife of Mr. Secretary Pepps," with quotations from the immortal Samuel's diary. And Miss Sophia Kirk, in her pathetic little sketch, "Heimweh," gives a homelike picture of life in Germany, looked back upon by two expatriated Germans. And a member of the Contributors' club writes some good, common sense on the subject of English and American spelling. And Mr. H. C. Merwin gives some sound advice concerning "Carriage Horses and Cobs." Fannie F. D. Murfree has an instalment of her serial, "Felicia," and these, with some excellent minor articles and "Books of the Month," complete a most attractive number.

**WHAT GIRLS CAN LEARN**

**BY LIVING IN A BOARDING HOUSE FOR A TIME.**

**They are Apt to be Cured of Dawdling and Loitering on the Streets After Tea Hour—The Spirit of Independence and Strong Ownership Upon Them.**

There is a free and easy irresponsibility about boarding that appeals irresistibly to the Bohemian nature, especially when the said nature is enclosed in the form of a woman. There is such a delightful freedom from restraint, a lack of accountability to anyone that is most attractive to the restrained and down trodden sex, accustomed as they are to the constant criticism of home life, the perpetual standing in the full sunlight of other people's opinions. Here, in the boarding house, the girl, or woman, who has gone out into the world to earn her living is responsible for but two things, her own respectability, and the punctual payment of her board. She is free from a thousand small worries and trammels that have borne her down with irresistible force at home, and amongst strangers she is likely to find her true level; she will be looked upon without prejudice or partiality; she will learn to depend upon herself, just as the swimmer who really wants to learn is tossed into the water and left to shift for himself, until he shows signs of sinking, when he is promptly brought up to the surface again by his watchful friends.

The girl who boards receives some practical lessons in punctuality that will be invaluable to her, from a business point of view. She learns to be on time always, and is soon cured of one of the worst of feminine small faults, that of dawdling, a fault that mars many an otherwise charming character. She learns the value of time, and instead of spending that beloved ten minutes more in bed, to which she clung so tenaciously at home, when she boards she soon learns to get up at the appointed time, and be ready to descend to the dining-room the moment the bell rings. She no longer loiters about town with "the girls" till a quarter past 6 o'clock and keep everybody waiting for their tea till they could willingly throttle her. She finds out—unless she is boarding with very exceptional people—that being late for any meal means either missing it altogether, or getting it in a cold and concrete state, far from appetizing, and the lesson is not lost. Ten chances to one, the man who marries a girl accustomed to life in a boarding-house will not make such a bad match as his friends are apt to think he will. It does not follow by any means that the girl in question has boarded all her life, and, therefore, knows nothing about house-keeping. On the contrary, she may be an accomplished housekeeper, and all the more inclined to appreciate the charms of home life, if her experience in boarding has not been very pleasant, and even if she should not be a first class cook, the fact that she never keeps her husband waiting for her, when they are going out together, till he is literally foaming with impatience will go a long way with that fortunate man towards condoning even so serious a hiatus in her education. The girl who boards acquires a self reliance, and independence, nothing else can give her. She learns to take care of herself in every sense of the word, and it she is the right sort of girl, the freedom of boarding house life will only make a woman of her.

There is a delightful feeling of ownership, in being the mistress of even one small room, which is yours absolutely, because you have earned the money to pay for it. It gives you a feeling of respectability, of having a character to sustain, and live up to that the most luxurious chamber at home never inspired. You can lie on the bed if you want to, or you can lean out of the window till you are in imminent risk of dashing out your brains on the sidewalk below, and it is no one's affair but your own. You are monarch of all you survey as long as your board is paid. You come and go when you like, and nobody makes any comments, always provided you don't overstep the magic boundary of 10.30 p. m. You can even give a party in a small way, provided you don't make too much noise, and your guests are strictly confined to the female sex. Oh, you can have lots of fun when you are boarding; and any mother who wants to teach her girls punctuality, the value of time, and better still, the value of self dependence cannot do better, in my estimation than let them board for a while; provided she can afford it, and the girls belong to the class who can take care of themselves and be trusted away from home.

**A Conservatory of Music Talked Of.**  
A Conservatory of Music is one of the new projects connected with the St. John Opera House. The directors of this institution have nothing to do with it, but they will be glad to see such an enterprise in the same building, if it can be started. Miss Hitchens, always energetic, who is giving the matter some attention, claims that she has the nucleus of an excellent conservatory, which will expand and fill the want, if sufficient encouragement and assistance are extended. Others think the Oratorio society should assume the control of any conservatory; engage the teachers, and do all the business in connection therewith, and are sanguine enough to think such an undertaking would pay from the start.

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**A Tribute From a Known Source.**

A few words regarding the Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Remedy will not be amiss in these columns, says *Grip* in its holiday edition for 1891. Widespread attention has been directed to it during the last eighteen months, although the medicine is now a little over three years before the public in the United States. What does it do? This is the all-important question, and the answer should be based upon facts resulting from actual tests; that is, any claim made for it as a healer of disease should be supported by the actual healing of many such cases of such diseases. No amount of theorizing will satisfy the public, they require hard, solid facts. From what can be seen and learned from a visit to the office of the Canadian company manufacturing this remedy for the Dominion, it seems they stand ready and are prepared to at any time meet the requirements. A solid mass of testimonials—many from some of the most prominent people of two continents—certainly ought to have some considerable corroborative weight regarding the manufacturer's claim, that no other single remedy has heretofore cured so many people of such a variety of diseases in so short a time.

**The Remedy Is At Hand.**

It is not very easy to be happy in this world, but about the shortest and best route to that common goal is to be healthy, and if one gets up every morning with a dull headache and a feeling as if he had not been to bed at all, or at least asleep, he can not be healthy, because he must be suffering from indigestion, an if he is, there is a remedy at hand, so every one says, in Mrs. Waterbury's Dinner Pills, which have relieved thousands from the miseries of Indigestion, Liver Complaint, and all kindred ills. Numbers of testimonials both from this city and adjacent towns and villages attest their admirable qualities. For sale by the proprietor, No. 17 Richmond street, cor. Exmouth, St. John, and by all the principal druggists.

**A New Departure.**

It gets easier and easier for the house wife to do her work. As time rolls on new ideas are introduced that are good, and are taken advantage of by the enterprising woman. Can she employ her time in a better way than by washing. Yes, there are lots of things she can do to greater advantage. Ungar does the whole business now, washing and ironing at 60 cents per doz. Does it nice, too. The Rough Dry has been a success, so will this.—A.

**No Prinking After Marriage.**

Adonis—There's one thing I couldn't stand, and that's a wife who would be eternally putting her hair up in curl papers. Matronly Friend—Have no fear, Mr. Adonis. Girls don't go to any such trouble after they get married.—*New York Weekly.*

**A Suggestion.**

Mr. Bingo—I have just been to the circus and seen that fellow walk the tight rope. Anyone could do that with the balancing pole he carries.

Mrs. Bingo—Than I wish you would order one to use nights.—*Et.*

A bright family and cheerful home depends to a great extent on the cook and cooking, but for her to accomplish this she must have the best materials, and especially at this season of the year, such as apples, dried fruit, pure spices, cider, lard, mince meat, etc., etc., and the place to get them is at 32 Charlotte street, from J. S. Armstrong & Bro.



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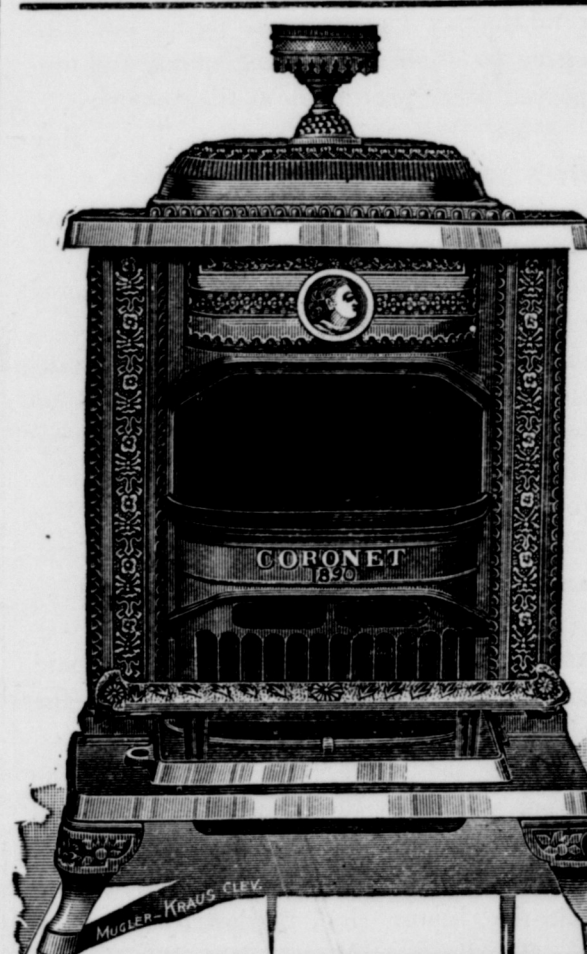
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