#### THE WISHBONE CLUB.

A COLORED ORGANIZATION WITH A FUTURE.

Its Aims, Objects and Achievements-Some Weighty Questions Seriously Considered and Settled in a Way the Council Should Take Note Of.

"As we hab been called here to bring us together, I move that Mr. Swipple take de chair, and oviciate."

"I's proud ob de honor you has labished on me, and I will do the very best I can, to bring dis yer ida to a climax. Now den, you's been called togedder for to come to de'clusion to make a club for de better cultivashun ob de moral senses, and de expanshion ob de intelectual calabres ob de colored human race-Sam Jones, I heard you wink at dat girl dar, and I wants no more such interuptions - as I was saying, dis is a step in de opposite direction from de udder way, and I hope's you'll all profit by de new departure and improve your common senses. De first thing we's got to do, is to make up a name for dis ere society. As Mr. Joco is a man ob fine learning, greater den enny ob de rest ob us, I take de right to ask him to gib us a name.

Mr. Jumbo-"I move dat we call it de mental reservashum club."

Chairman-"Mr. Jumbo, I wants yer to understand dat we don't want, and we spurn de idea of indulging in plagism, by taking de name ob another club. Der is a mental reservashum club up in de police building, which am a whole team at reservashums, so you gest take de gum out ob your mouff and sit down. Mr. Joco is a man of educashum and will gib us a 'spectable name."

Mr. Joco-"Mr. President, I feel much highly flattered by de unctuous encomiums. dat you have so labishly spread over me. I keel very funny in dis situation, but I will do de best I can to meet de requirements ob de case. Mr. President, De objection you put up against mental reservation as a name for dis society was de ablest I ever heard, and defines de greatness ob your intelect, Though you delivered yourself in a rawling style, it had de right ring in it: it was racy and rich-he ought to know better den to chaw dat way inside assembly. President-"You mean Jumbo, does

you not?" Mr. Joco-Certainly sir. Did you think I expressed myself ambiguously?"

President-"No offence, Mr. Joco, I will tell you tomorrow, when I find out what dat last word means. Go on with your disertation, sir."

Mr. Joco-"De name I suggest sir, is De Order of the Wishbone, and hopes it will be adopted; so I will now resume my chair."

President-"Gentlemen, you's heard de question, all in favor will hold up der right hand. It's a vote. De next meeting will be for de 'lection ob officers, and other affairs, after that we will engage in a discussion on some other question dat you will select this night.

Mr. Smart-I move dat de debate next night be a sermon on de despensation ob justice."

President-"Billy Smart, you must hab been up getting geography lessons at de police office lately, you must be more careful how you talk, for de new chief is after dis race ob ours."

Mr. Spikes-"I, golly, Mr. President, he can't catch up to Billy Bowlegs in de race, anyhow.'

President-"Squat down Bro. Spikes and take yer big feet off de stove and let the heat out round de room."

Mr. Joco-"Mr. President, I am very much inspired by the unanimous manner in which de name I mentioned was received and carried. I cannot tell you how funny I feel. You can depend upon me for some highly intellectual papers on subjects of interest from time to time. I will also use my ability to instruct you all in matters pertaining to education, wid a treatis 'cassionally on de principles of grammer. I will also take in the moral aspects ob society, and lay down general principles ob political economy, in which I will lay open some funny things about politicians.

Uncle Ned-"Mr. President, I say dat Joco is playing plagism, Mr. President, he says the word "tunny." Now den, dat is what Alderman Kelly said about the police committee's report, when dey said Rawlings and Covay ought to be hanged.

President- "See here, Simpkin, you am very dull of comprehensun. De committie said dev ought to be suspended."

Simpkin-"Well, ain't dat de same

President-"No, you chump, de one means to hung by de neck, and de other to suspend by de trousers buttons."

Simpkins-"Golly, den dey ment gallowses all de same, and I don't see no difference-unless dey ment to hung de empty whiskey bottles by de neck. I calls a crow, a crow. Mr. President, why did Mr. Smith, de director of public works, cut down de 'lectric pole at his cornor?

President-"I wants you to know dat dis is no ministreal troup; but I'll admit de question dis time, and ask Joco to answer it."

Joco-"Because he said, one chip off de old block was nuff dar."

President-"Dar now, you made two ob de ladies faint. Dis meetings adjorn'd."

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THEY HAD A "SLAYIN" PARTY.

Johnny Mulcahey Keeps the Monotony Down by Main Force.

We'd a slayin' party this week, all of us fellars and the girls, too, and we had a bully time. Pa was there, too, 'cause he helped defray expenses, and also ma, 'cause she said it would be better to have grown people along. Pa said he warn't no grown person, but a downright boy, and fuller fun. He wasn't half so full it though, when he jumped out to get one of the girls's tippets which tell off, and I got the driver to make the horses go like Maud Esi's. Gosh, yer orter seen pa runnin' and hollerin' fur us to stop, but I kept blowin' my tin horn right at the driver's ear, and he couldn't hear nothin'. Pa's pretty good at a 100 yards, but he ain't nowhere on a mile run, although it was a good long mile. He's in a state of exauxtion when he got abord again, and he askt me if I'se anxious to be a orphin, 'cause he couldn't live without wind, and when I told him to go up on the driver's seet if he wanted wind, he said, the boys now-a-days was fresher nor sea breezes. So I guess he's sorry he's one.

The fellar what drove the horses said what he'd be blamed if he'd ever drive a slay what had me abord again, 'cause I'se the noisiest young cuss he ever seen, just because I blowed a tin horn in his ear and frightened him orf the seet. Pa said what a orful thing it would be if the horses run away with so many precious souls abord, and the driver said what if they tied me on behind they'd be a good deal safer.

Anyhow, the slay got upset in the ditch. It wouldn't a been if they wasn't so down on me cause I'se a young fellar, and it topped over on the side what ma and pa and the driver was on too, and I had bully chance to fall on the driver and blow the horn in his ear. Pa said he must be a inexperienced hand, but I guess he didn't know what I tied a piece a cord onto the horses' head, and steered them in when the driver's turned round talkin' to Pa.

What's the use of having a slayin' party if you don't have some excitement to make the blood warm, instead a sittin' under buffalos and lookin' at the stars and seenery. But I guess they all saw stars enough when the slay upset, and some of the big fellars what was talkin' poetry with their girls didn't know what it was goin' to happen in time to enjoy it, so they were more'n mad, and one fellar give me a punch in the ribs when he thort no one's looking. Anyhow, I didn't say nothing, but I guess he's sorry for it, when I tied the cord what I had on the horses on his buffalo and pulled it off when he's squeezin' his girl's hand, and exposed them to the public view, and everybody laughed.

I let pa have a blow of my horn just to keep him in good humor, but I filled it up with some salt what I got outer Bill's grocery store, for a imergency, just before I gave it to him and pa didn't haveter use the horn to frighten the horses, 'cause he made enough noise with his mouth when the salt got down. Bill got tired blowin' his horn, too, and put a ounce of pepper in it afore he let the feller who punched me have a blow, but the feller didn't blow, 'cause he's too hot inside, when the pepper got down to waste any of his wind on the wintry air.

Bill says what the slayin party would been flatter nor a benefit concert if it hadn't JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

THE RETROUSSE NOSE.

'Cheops" Ends The Discussion and The

I am almost afraid to try again, "Geoffrey," lest the editor should put his iron heel upon our well-meant efforts to elucidate the question of the much-discussed nose. I cling to my theory with a grasp that is mild, but very firm. You know it is not necessary to cite a dozen precedents in support of one's case, and because I only gave one instance it does not follow that there are no more. Alas! No; their name is legion.

Besides, did I not admit the many charms of that fascinating class of girls? only suggesting that the average man might prefer that his ownest were about ninty-nine per cent less huggable.

I have heard of girls who could look into your eyes and say that no man had ever kissed them, but I should not dream of believing it, would you? Still there is a diffusiveness about a maiden who has been engaged eight or nine times that does not appeal to my idea of correctness. How would you like, "Geoffrey," to feel, as you gathered her to your manly breast, and pressed fervent kisses upon her pouting lips, that you were enjoying a rechauffe as it were, of what other men had left?

But as your own nose, you say, has a soaring tendency, my convincing logic may fail to bear conviction to your mind; I can only hope it may not.

barrel removing? I should take mine out at about sixteen, the girls at least. Perhaps the boys might be better for two years' more retirement. CHEOPS.

What the Season Brings.

Geo. E. Fairweather, agent of the London and Lancashire fire insurance company sends two calendars this week, one of them containing memorandum blanks, which greatly add to its usefulness.

FAKE "WORD CONTESTS."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SCHEMES OUT AT LAST.

How It Originated and Prospered-People who have been "Gulled" by Wonderful Promises-What the Presents are Like-

One Sharper Caught. A good many people have made up their minds during the past week or so that they have worked at their last "word contest." They have found bottom and lost their money. It may interest them now that they have arrived at this conclusin to know just how the somewhat celebrated "word contests," which have been run to earth by two or three Upper Canadian papers, originated. More than a year ago, a Toronto man

with less capital than brains, started that monthly scrap book called by courtesy "a fashion magazine," the Canadian Queen after its truly great and original namesake, the Queen, of London, England. The venture was not an unadulterated success, and the proprietor was very quizzical about the future when he struck in Montreal last spring. He was on a business trip and combined it with pleasure by calling on a brother publisher who had just formed a company to start another "magazine" in Montreal. "How do you propose to make it go," asked the Toronto man. Without much hesitation his friend replied, "I am going to start a word contest" and he outlined his plan. Perhaps he was surprised, a very short time afterward to see almost every paper containing "a reader," which appeared in PROGRESS at the time, announcing the "Queen's free trip to Europe" to the subscriber who sent in the most words constructed from the letters in "God Save the Queen." The wind was fairly taken out of his sails, and the Queen's "Word Contest" became the rage. Thousands of subscriptions flowed into its office, and the monthly sheet became even worse in a literary sense than ever. The immense success of the first contest, which was won by a Toronto man, led the publisher to attempt it on an even larger scale, and since that time flaring advertisements have kept the people on the qui vive regarding the wonderful gifts that were being given away daily. Most people thought the affair was genuine until a short time ago, when, according to their announcement that every competitor who sent in a list of words over a certain number, or something to that effect, would get a prize, notices were sent out to all those who sent in lists and dollars that they had received prizes, which, upon receipt of 25 cents, for postage and packing, would be forwarded immediately. The quarters went forward and the presents were eagerly awaited. They came in the shape of lead spoons and butter knives, with a shining plating resembling silver, done up in small paper boxes, with a two cent stamp upon them for postage. The "presents" cost probably ten or fifteen cents, not any more. Very few of the duped care to talk about the sell, but PROGRESS has had one of the "presents" sent in to it for inspection, and any person

In the meantime other "literary ventures" have sprung up here and there in Toronto and Montreal and propose to gull the people in the same way. They offer ponies, houses, a free education, etc., etc., etc., to the end

Some of the Toronto publishers have not been slow in condemning such methods, but in spite of their warnings the schemes have prospered. One sharper tried on the same scheme and sent a flaming advertisement to all the newspapers for insertion for 30 days, to be paid for at the expiration of that time, in which he stated that in order to get a circulation at once he was willing to make great sacrifices, and would give away a solid gold case watch to everyone, who would subscribe a dollar for the Cosmopolitan Advertiser. He got a good many dollars, though it can hardly be credited, before the police discovered the scheme. There was no Cosmopolitan Advertiser, and no "Mr. Armand" as he styled himself, but the man who took his letters from the post office box was caught.

This may serve as a warning to maritime people who are working on "Word Con tests" and any other similar schemes PROGRESS' advice to them is to look care fully over the papers and decide to sub scribe or not upon their merits.

The Magistrate Took a Back Seat.

There was a trial in a Magistrate's court some excitement. The plaintiff was a prominent citizen of Kingston, and one who putteth out his money to usury. The defendant was from the town of Buctouche and had his son, who is studying the legal profession in Moneton, as counsel. Dur Apropos of Carlyle's advice, don't you ing his cross-examination of the plaintiff. honesty, and at last denounced him in . years. rather strong terms as a robber. This brought the magistrate to his feet, and with all the dignity of his office he told the Moneton counsel that it he repeated that again he would commit him for contempt of court. The Moneton man wasn't going to be put down so easily. He dared the magistrate to carry out his threat, and after some hot words, the magistrate took a back seat. But the Moncton man lost the case, just the same.

Mrs. B. Was Happy.

A Mrs. Botterby, who lives in the eastern part of the city, was looking out of her front room window, one afternoon this week, when she saw a middle aged man coming toward the house. She had noticed his appearance, as he came up the street, for he carried himself like a much younger man and was dressed in the height of fashion, although not extravagantly, But as he approached the house she became curious, and stood up so as to get a better

"Why, he's coming to our door!" exclaimed the good woman in surprise. "I wonder who it can be. Somebody to see Mr. B., I suppose. But my! isn't he stylish? Mr. B.'s friends are all such old cronies that it does one good to see a stylish gentleman come to one's door. And I do wish Mr. B. would pay more attention to his clothes, but he says it takes so much time bothering with tailors that he'd rather be a fiji islander, and then they charge so much, at that."

By this time Mrs. Botterby was at the door, and on opening it she stepped back in amazement. "Why it's, Mr. B." she

"C orrect you are," said that gentleman

"But I did not know you had ordered a new suit of clothes. Why you don't look like the same person."

"Glad to hear it, my dear, and neither I did order a new suit. I bought these at Wm. J. Fraser's Royal Clothing store and only paid \$10 for them at that."

The Old Story.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question. Your friend does not keep a girl yet her house always looks neat, her cooking is always good. How does she get along. The secret is this, she lets Ungar call for her washing, He does her laundry rough dried and return it to her home in good order .- A.

"Three Dollars a Hug."

In Allen township yesterday Justice Spitler fined a resident of the village of Van Buren the sum of \$6 for having hugged a neighbor's wife twice, or at the rate of \$3 a hug. The irate Dogberry announced that he would break up "this promiscuous embracing" it he had to send the offenders to the county jail .- St. Louis Republic.

His Interpretation.

Sunday-school teacher (to scholars)-'Now boys, the text for next Sunday is, 'Tis I, be not afraid.' Each of you try to

Teacher (the next Sunday)-"Charlie, you may repeat the text for to-day." Charley (slightly embarrassed) - "It's jest me, don't git skeered "-Ex.

A Fool,

The man or woman who allows their feet to get wet, when they can prevent it. It is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous. If they will only use Wolff's Acme Blacking, which renders the leather durable, waterproof and brilliant as patent leather, their feet will be dry. For sale by J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte

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For the Cure of all Affections of the Lungs, Throat and Chest, such as Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Pain or Oppression of the Chest, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood, and all Pulmonary Diseases.

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E. B. GREEN.

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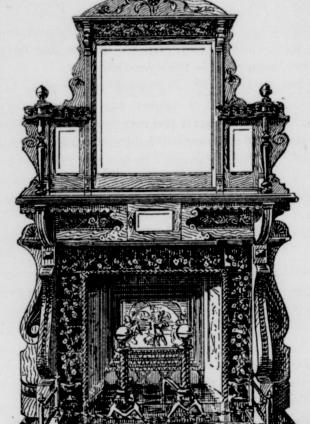
best

to know a little more about the Clothing Business, not that we can tell you a long story in this space, but we can at least invite you to call at our store, and there we can inform you on any point relative to our business.

### You Want Us

to know your side of the question, that is you are not going to buy clothes that do not suit you in style, quality, and finish. No. But if the OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE can suit you in these particulars, you will buy there, and no where else. We can.

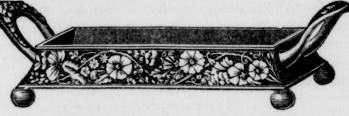
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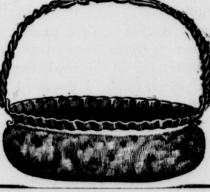


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. We would Say:

# Many a Man has Missed

it in not coming to our Store and looking at our line, before purchasing. Don't let it happen to you. When you want a stove to heat, to cook—don't forget what you have read here.

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is through the small savings: "A penny saved is a penny gained." All want to be in good circumstances, and all can be, if a little pains are taken. Go to Coles, Parsons & Sharp, They keep the Gurney Standard Range. It beats them all.

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He has brought with him many new Novelties, and will be surrounded with hosts of sweet things. FANCY SUGAR TOYS, FINE CHOCOLATE GOODS, CREAM AND ALMOND CARMELS. TOUS SWEETENED POP CORN. PHILADELPHIA CARMELS, BARLEY SUGAR TOYS, OUR SPECIAL 51%. NEW YEAR'S GIFT, \$1.00, JUST FINE.

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