PROGRESS.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 6

THE SET OF THE TIDE.

who said, speaking of the intolerance and formalism prevalent nowadays: "If this is York. Prophecy is an easy business. christianity, it is time we tried something else-the religion of Christ, for example.' An idea is fast gaining ground that the the financial system of the world. Gold is time is ripening for a change in religious the basis of money. You cannot make matters. One of the schools of Hindoo gold, you cannot find it readily. And if philosophy holds that the world has wit- you found the whole of it, there would only nessed, and will continue to witness, a be so much of it. Practically speaking the series of incarnations of divinity, occurring amount of gold in the world is fixed and at irregular intervals in point of time, but | definite, yet it serves as the basis for busiwhen such stages in human progress are ness transactions which are expanding in- Save gentle breeze, that stirs the perfumed air, reached that a new departure seems to be definitely. You may have any amount of A quiet reigns over the scene so fair, necessary. The familiar illustration of the money's worth, and yet not be able to get The twilight fades away, in gloom of night. incoming tide seems very applicable to the the worth of it in money, because somedevelopment of the moral or spiritual side body is making gold hard to be got. of humanity. Wave follows wave, with a Rothschild owes Russia, say, \$50,000,000. strong undertow backward between the ad- Russia wants the money. In ordinary comvancing crests. Far up among the rocks | mercial transactions very little gold passes. and over the sandspits dashes some giant Bank notes in small transactions, bills of billow, and then recedes back to the throb- exchange in larger ones, and in the largest bing bosom of the ocean, yet we know that of all simple entries in a ledger do the work in due time a full tide will cover both ledge of gold. All goes well as long as there is and sandbar, so that stately ships can sail mutual confidence, but when this is shaken in safety over them. Is it time for another and people, regarding bank bills, bills of wave to advance from the infinite ocean surrounding humanity? No one will pretend that there has not been a recession from the simple but all sufficient principles taught by the business men from borrowing, and prices founder of christianity, and no one is wise enough to foresee what would be the result of a return of the great wave which swept over the Roman empire eighteen toothpicks. It is alleged to be insufferably

encounter were stupendous. There were ways the people who can't afford anything physical obstacles. Every country was remote from every other country then, as What is and what is not correct table manwe understand remoteness, measuring as ners is not absolutely settled. A man in we do by minutes not by miles. Every Idaho asked the other day to be directed nation was an enemy of every other to a quiet, homelike and yet toney botel. nation. Class distinctions were as pro- He was told to go to one up at the cornounced as are species in the animal king- ner. "That's what you may call toney," dom. Natural science was unknown, and said his informant. "Only yesterday the the conceptions entertained of the world head waiter shot a man for not using the and its relations to the universe were gro- butter knife." tesquely absurd. Such learning as Rome possessed was confined to a Jew, and the opportunities for forgery and suppression of truths were always at hand. All persons outside the Roman empire were barbarians in Roman estimation, which meant that it was a foregone conclusion that everything they believed, thought or did was absolutely and wholly wrong. (We are a little tarred with this same stick ourselves.) A complete and deadly agnosticism had settled down over the leaders of the people, which was expressed by PILATE in his famous sneer: "What is truth?" Social conditions prevailed, the nature of which we may guess at but can hardly understand. And hovering on the borders of the empire, was a countless horde, which was soon to sweep with resistless fury over all Europe.

Today the only real obstacle which a revival of "the religion of Christ" would have to encounter would be from its professed detenders. Priestcraft has become as much a trade as shoemaking, and the churches are little else than trade unions, which boycott every man who does not think as they do, and say "amen" with the same inflection. The new commandment: "That ye love one another," has been altered, amended, revised, consolidated, explained, interpreted, and so on, until it takes miles of shelves to hold the treatises upon it, hundreds of colleges to teach what it means, and a score of denominations to represent its wonderful variety of phrases. Yet in spite of all this the grand old law makes progress. And it will make greater progress. Everything portends a new advance. The clergy of all denominations, that is the majority of the clergy, are shaking their heads ominously and become more formal and more intensely doctrinal than ever; but so did the clergy in Judea when they heard of the voice of

ve the way of the LORD." The world is truth, whether found by chemical analysis or the microscope, or by mathematics, or by that subtle force we call inspiration, or advance comes it will be to a condition such as not even the weird and vivid imagination of John of Patmos could con-

MEN AND THINGS.

BISMARCK is credited with saying that the next great war will begin "on the bourses." People are recalling this, because of the extraordinary condition of the European money market. Things are in a very disturbed condition. Russia is calling in her gold deposits, and will take ROTHSCHILDS are strengthening themselves for a shock. No one knows just why Russia wants all her outstanding cash. Some say it is to embarrass the great Jewish financial houses: others that it is to be ready for a war which is to be precipitated within two months; others, and let us hope they are right, that it is to meet obligations soon to mature, and that there will be an outflood of gold from Russia very soon. It is hardly probable that the ROTHSCHILDS would have refused to float the recent Russian loan unless they felt able to stand any sort of a strain; but of course no one is omniscient. The BARINGS were thought to be adamant itself; but they went down. HENRY CLEWS says the financial supremacy of London received a blow by the BARING failure, from which It was a dean of the English church it will never recover, and that the money centre of the world will soon be New

> There is something radically wrong about exchange and ledger balances with distrust, cry out for coin or bullion, the whole money market becomes disarranged, banks raise their rate of discount so as to keep of commodities go down.

The latest crusade is against wooden vulgar to pick your teeth with them, and The obstacles which christianity had to their use is to be abolished, provided alelse will not insist on using their forks.

> This story is probably not true; but it is not much of an exaggeration of the manner in which society frowns upon trivialities and lets weighty offences pass unnoticed. As between eloping with one's neighbor's wife and eating with one's knife, society would unhesitatingly choose the former. "'E his no gentleman," remarked a footman. "Hi saw 'im heat happles with 'is coffee." They tell of a certain M. P. P. who horrified the guests at government house by drinking out of his finger bowl; yet he was an honest man, and had money enough to have finger bowls all over his house if he wanted to.

> Oh, ves, there's lots of sham in the world. Yet a little sham is not a bad thing. Everybody has heard of the man who went to look at his new carriage. Noticing a soft spot, he asked what it was. "Putty," was the answer; "but it's all the better for that." This thing was repeated until the owner grew tired. "Take it away," he said, "and make me one all putty." Now a little social putty helps things out amazingly, but when it comes to it being nothing but putty, well, as the old rhyme

Hard upon hard makes a bad stone wall; But soft upon soft makes none at all.

A recent incident at the Normal school has excited some comment in the press. Was it Thackeray who said that the "English are addicted to spasms of virtue." How shocked we all are when we discover certain things we all know well enough already. This is one of the greatest of all shams-society's assumption of ignorance of what is going on right under its nose.

Perhaps the hardest line to draw is the one between modesty and shamelessness. Progress remembers a school of calis-

one crying in the wilderness: "Prepare | thenics which the young ladies and gentlemen of the upper ten attended, with a lot learning rapidly that there is a unity in of married people of the same grade. It wasn't in St. John. The ladies all appeared in skirts that came just below their knees. One evening a gentleman took off in any other way. When the next grand his coat. It was too warm to practice with the coat on. He was unanimously voted a boor, and was asked to put on his coat again. Now if it was right for the ladies to remove their surplus of garments | It looks as fleecy as a cloud, and yet there why was it not right for him to remove his surplus garment? The very next night the same gentleman met the same ladies at a party, and most of them had nothing on mighty peak of Rainer stands out in full their arms at all, but not even their slippers were visible at the other extremity of their raiment. Now this is very perplexing. Madame Bernhardt says it is perfectly Its rosy crest is more than two miles in modest for a lady to wear her dress cut as gold only, and even great houses like the low in the back as the exigencies of the case will admit; but to have it cut low in front is an abomination. Possibly the divine SARA knows what is and what is not modest; perhaps she only understands her

> From BISMARCK to SARA BERNHARDT this series of paragraphs has run. Can two figures be more in contrast. The one the greatest actor on a stage where everything is terribly real; the other a queen in the mimic life, where everything is arti-

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

Mr. Thomas F. Anderson, of the Boston Globe, has been appointed press agent of the Yarmouth steamship company. Mr. Anderson is a provincialist, and knows more about the Maritime Provinces than any Boston newspaper man. His connection with such a popular transportation company should be of actual benefit not only to himself, the company, but to the province.

A handy type measure has been received by Progress, bearing the well-known imprint of Wilson Publishing Co., and Wilson's Advertising

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Close of Day.

The distant hills reflect the last faint ray, With joy the toilers greet the close of day, And homeward turn, with pleasant thoughts of rest Within that hallowed spot, so sweet, so blest, The twinkling stars grow brighter to the sight,

So fades the day of our brief life on earth, Ending in gloom, the final scene of death, In that last hour, may we in quiet rest, By faith upon the gentle Saviour's breast, In hope of that eternal day of joy, When service bright, shall all our powers employ, Service to Christ, who in redeeming love, Prepares a place for us, in realms above, To Whom be endless praises freely given, By saints on earth, and angel hosts in heaven.

Desolation.

Somewhat back from the village street Stands the old-fashioned country seat, Across its antique portico Tall poplar trees their shadows throw, And there, throughout the livelong day Jemima plays the pi-a-na. Do, re, mi,

In the front parlor, there it stands, 1 And there Jemima plies her hands, While her papa, beneath his cloak, Mutters and groans: "This is no joke! And swears to himself and sighs, alas! With sorrowful voice to all who pass, "Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do!"

Through days of death and days of birth She plays as if she owned the earth, Through every swift vicissitude She drums as if it did her good, And still she sits from morn till night And plunks away with main and might. Do, re, mi, Mi, re, do.

In that mansion used to be Free hearted hospitality; But that was many years before Jemima monkeyed with the score. When she began her daily plunk, Into their graves the neighbors sunk Do, re, mi, Me, re, do.

To other worlds they've long since fled, All thankful that they're safely dead. Until Jemima rose at five, And then they laid their burdens down, And one and all they skipped the town. -Tom Masson.

Chats With Correspondents.

A BROKEN PROMISE .- M. A. Try again, it is good, and yet not good. Your ideas are better than your

AMORITE.-If your sketch was but half its length PROGRESS would find a place for it.

Japs at the Palace Rink.

A big attraction is promised for next week at the Palace. It will be a grand bazaar of Japanese work and workmen, together with a stage performance, which it is said will surpass anything ever shown here. The rink has been undergoing a transformation for the occasion, and will present a handsome appearance. The entertainment will consist of Yamasaki's Royal Japanese troupe and Howe, Wall & McLeod's musical comedy company, a combination that will command a salary list of over \$600 a week. Some of the costumes will be most elaborate and expensive. The two principal Japanese performers, Tachabana and Oume, created quite a sensation in Boston recently, playing to over 50,000 people in three weeks. Then there are in the company city. Now and then he travels south and and the doctor was called immediately. Messrs. Howe, Wall, and McLeod musical gives us a taste of his pulpit oratory; but The doctor was a skilful man, and, conartists from Cleveland's minstrels, and the musical director of Haverley's; the Hewlettes, who were a leading attraction in Michael Strogoff company, and a number of other attractions. The Japs will be at work during the afternoon and evening, and are said to have a fine collection of Japanese goods on exhibition and for sale. There will be a street parade, Monday, in which the Japs and a brass band and band wagon will be features.

Ladies' best linen note paper; twenty five cents per box, at McArthur, 80 King st.

WESTERN PEN PICTURES.

Fir crowned hills, streaked with snow, with here and there wide patches of white, broken by dark lines which we know are deep canons. Rising above them a great white slope which is lost in a grey cloud. The sun has gone down and the shadows are beginning to deepen. We glance again towards the foot hills, then at the grev cloud; above it glows a rose-tinted mass. is a richness and depth in its coloring that clouds never have. It seems to belong neither to earth, air, or sky. As we watch the grey cloud parts asunder and the view. No words can picture it, no painters brush can depict it as seen from Telm Prairie. It is about forty miles away, but so vast is it that it appears close at hand. perpendicular height from the black shadows out of which the foot hills rise.

a shadow upon it, in full daylight spotless in its whiteness, at sunset radiant with the soft pink of a seashell, rising abruptly from the smooth horizon. Last evening it rose through three separate strata of clouds. The evening before it was all hidden except its very peak. This is Mount St. Helens as viewed from Chebalis, sixty miles away. It is a little lower than Ranier, but only a little.

Short, squat and square. A face which discounts the language in point of homeliness. Eyes that seem to have been disturbed by wonder and never to have resumed their normal shape. A mouth resembling that of a catfish, a complexion like an old leather trunk, with wrinkles innumerable. Such is the Princess Angeline, daughter and last survivor of chief Seattle. "Cultus Boston man," she grunted as she stepped around an excavation in the street of this busy man. No, she did not mean to express any opinion as to Boston culture. She was simply stating in Chinook her contempt for white men and their ways. In Chinook every white man is Boston man, and "Cultus" is a comprehensive word which takes in the whole gamut of feeling from simple dislike to absolute detestation.

looking soil, you see them everywhere as you go by rail from the Puget Sound cities down to the Columbia river. Beside each forest are two or more oddly shaped buildings, with wooden chimneys projecting high above the roofs. These They are dull enough and brown enough green, and when September comes they will be a scene of rare activity, in which Americans, Englishmen, Canadians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Norwegians, Germans, Italians, Siwashes, Indians from across the mountains, Indians from Alaska, Indians from the snow clad range behind which the sun goes down, and in whose valleys overzealous explorers say that cannibals yet live, Chinamen, Japanese, and a horde of nondescripts takes part. They say that to understand what hop-picking is, you must

I am writing this in a friend's store. While I write he is asking one of his clerks when the next steamer sails for Alaskasays he wants to send up some goods to a customer. This makes me think that this is a long way from home. It is hard to realize that this is "The Farthest West;" that China and Japan are on the other side of the blue water which we sailed on only a day or two ago. "I came from the east." says a chance acquaintance. "What state?" I asks. "Kansas," he answers, or perhaps it is Nebraska or Dakota.

This is a wonderful region. I do not think it possible to exaggerate the probable development of British Columbia and Washington. The state and province have much in common, and must reach a commercial and industrial importance unprecedented on this continent. Let me add a word of warning. There is a surplus of labor here just now. The rush of men looking for work was in excess of the demand. Farming offers the best chances for newcomers, and they are many and first-Seattle, May 19.

AN ESTIMATE OF A PREACHER. Whose Sermons Often Appear in Columns of "Progress."

Among the eminent and popular preachers whose sermons appear in Progress, there figures frequently the name of Rev. John Hunter. Those who have read his splendid sermons will be much interested in the following estimate of the man, quoted from the London Echo:

Mr. Hunter is young, virile, bold, broad and emphatically fearless as a thinker and preacher. The man looks what he is, -vigorous in frame, with features full of strength, reserve force, and intellectual power. He stands before a congregation, set firm upon his feet, and with a look that means everything but cowardice, compromise, or capitulation to diaconal pressure or popular clamour. In Glasgow, Mr. Hunter is immensely popular. No matter whether he preaches in chapel, kirk, or cathedral, he has always a crowd of the most intelligent and influential men of that northern Glasgow, for the present, holds him with growing power. As a preacher he has quite a style of his own. He reads-reads rapidly, but with clearness, emphasis, and emotion. He makes men listen. He is argumentative, energetical, and oratorical, as the ocsion or thought requires. He has little of the ordinary parson in him, but much of the man He is in close touch with life-all life, and he is possessed, as with an inspiration, by the modern belief in God as Father, in Christ as man's true Saviour, and in religion as being the sanctification and beautification of the whole man. He has a remarkable power of getting utterly possessed with the theme upon which he

preaches. And when the hour or so of his splendid preaching has passed, he has forced his own intense thought, faith, and feeling into the hearts of his hearers. No one can fail to feel the power of the man. It may be felt in opposition Logan on her trip home. agreement, but felt it is. And, Mr. Hunter is only just in his prime, his future as a preacher may be said yet to be full of promise. As a congregationalist, Mr. Hunter is not fully in armony with the sort of presbyterial independency now in force or feebleness at the Memorial hall. He has more than once expressed his "hatred' of 'organised congregationalism,' and his preference for 'independent isolation' until some better time comes. On the line of political dissent Mr. Hunter seems somewhat aloof. He is emphatically a spiritual and religious man, and the ways of liberationists and party politicians are, we imagine, somewhat out of his sphere. He is quite a man in his own order. Restless in the matter of creeds; fearless in the application of great and evident principles and truths. "The bible," 'the A cone so smooth as scarcely to have creeds,' 'congregational poverty' are dealt with most fearlessly. The officials of the congregational union must wonder now and then where their young leader will land them, and some of the orthodox autocrats of the church growl out their irrepressible fears; but nothing comes of it save that the congregational people crowd more than ever, when opportunity offers,

ONLY A WOMAN.

to hear a man speak upon solemn verities

who is honesty through and through." The

article concludes with an earnest wish that

Mr. Hunter may soon come to London,

and says that when he does "a man will

have come—able, honest, and in some re-

spects, one of the first preachers of the

A Touching Tribute to One of Our Every Day Heroines. The other day a woman died whose mem-

ory I would, for a brief moment, hold back from the eternal silence. She was one of many who have neither beauty, nor wit, nor culture. Hers was one of those ordinary lives whose extinction is no more to the world than so many burned out candles. She married young, in that way fulfilling the only destiny life held for her. Her husband was cross-grained, robust and intolerant. Her girlish ideals barely survived the first year of married life. Long before she was middle aged she was a careworn, bent and broken woman. The chil-Forests of poles arising out of black, sick | dren she bore and nursed with a passion of love and tenderness, seeking always to find in them the realization of some of her old dreams, grew from their cradles noisier and coarser from day to day. The multitudinous cares and duties of life pressed down upon her fiercer and harder from year to year, and her strength was are the famed hop gardens of Washington. | inadequate to meet them. They grew and grew in her sight, until one day now, but in a few weeks will be a mass of she dropped as under a burden she could no longer carry As she lay upon her bed, slowly dying, there came to her the memory of a white rosebush that grew by the door of her girlhood's home, and she babbled deliriously of it. She also talked much of a spring that sparkled in the mossy cleft of the hills where her childhood days were spent, and prayed for the chance to cool her hot lips once more from its ice-cold verge. If she had but one bud from the bush, she said, or one draught from the well, or if the fragrance, as it used to greet her on dewy mornings long ago, could steal through the window of this unlovely place, she would die content. And the children hearing her could not understand. And if the husband felt a pang at his heart, remembering the treadmill of care those patient feet had trod, remembering the consecutive years of childbearing and the overtaxed strength, and remembering also how dictatorial and captious he had been, he hid his feelings well and made no sign. When she was

dead he cried: "I did all I could!"

And so he did-no man can go beyond his

nature. He never denied himself for her

sake; he never praised her; he never took

her anywhere, but he gave her victuals and

drink and a home. She was his house-

keeper, and as such he valued her; the

mother of his nine children, and as such he

provided for and in a manner respected

her. A day or two ago her worn-out body

was laid in the grave. To what rest or re-

compense the soul of the gentle lady passed

he only knows who took it hence. It is because there are such hosts of overworked and illy mated women all about us, hopelessly facing unconquered work, vainly recalling the dreams of youth, their iives withered before noonday, that I the simple story. How different had this woman's lot proved had she been fitted to take care of herself and so escaped an unfortunate marriage! For I tell you squarely and fairly that unless marriage is made in heaven (and about one in ninety is!), unless it is blessed by love-and by love I mean not explosion, but growth; not passion, but enduring faith-unless there is a mutual willingness to bear and forbear, and an abiding trust, tounded on the full understanding of each other's faults as well as virtues, marriage is the heaviest curse that can befall either man or woman. Let us fit our girls to be self-supporting, as we do our sons; let it be an understood thing that there is something nobler in life than going out to catch husbands as a hunter sallies forth to bag game, or sitting around in idleness to lure men to matrimonial proposals as sirens woo the sailors from off the sea, and there will be less heard of crushed hearts and wasted lives, the result

He Was Truthful for Once.

health. Every trifle made her uneasy, etc. sequently, had a large practice. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing, and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said, "You did well to send for me early," The lady looked alarmed, and asked, "Is it dangerous, then?" "Certainly not," replied the doctor; "tomorrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

Have Wilkins & Sands figure on your Painting, inside and outside—Union st.

MILLTOWN.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Milltown at the post office.]

JUNE 3 .- I omitted to state last week that Miss Maud Foster, of Marysville, accompanied Miss

Mr. W. D. Lorimer, of St. Andrews, who drove to St. Stephen on Thursday, with his friend, Mr. J. F. Stevenson, did not forget to call upon his Mill-Mr. M. W. Green and Mr. Ben. Shorten, em-

ployees of the C. P. R., were in town on Friday. Mrs. Henry McAllister and two daughters, Louise and Ethel, spent a few days last week in Robbins-

Mr. O. H. Hastings, of Montreal, gave us a call

Mr. G. F. Stickney, of St. Andrews, paid St. Stephen a short visit last week.

Rev. J. F. Tucker, of the Congregational church, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday. Mr. W. Berryman, of St. Stephen, is a regular visitor of ward 3, and he finds the society there so entertaining that he entirely forgets his old friends of the upper end. Mr. W. E. Mallory, of St. Andrews, was in St

Stephen yesterday.
Mr. E. Boardman and Mr. J. Brown, of Boston, went off for a fishing cruise on Thursday morning by Shore Line.
Mr. J. E. Osborne, commercial traveller, arrived in town on Friday, and remained with his family until Monday, when he left for St. John.

Miss Mame McLain, Miss Bessie Bixby and Miss Helen O'Brien, spent Sunday at the Fairhead farm.

WEAK-KNEED BRIDEGROOM. Their Conduct Contrasted with That of the Happy Brides.

Ministers declare that in nine cases out of ten brides are much more self-possessed than are bridegrooms when the marriage ceremony is being performed.

A shy, modest-looking little creature robed in white will stand perfectly erect, looking the minister camly and squarely in the eye without for an instant losing her self poise, while the big, blunt six-footer of a bridegroom by her side is pale and nervous and trembling. His fingers are likely to twitch nervously, and he may even hitch at his trouser legs or twist a corner

of his coat skirt. I was once "best man" to a stalwart, middle-aged bridegroom, noted for his courage and feats of daring, and when the time came for us to go down stairs to meet the bride and her attendants he nearly had a fit, and he looked like a walking corpse all through the ceremony. I had to keep saying, "Brace up, old boy," and "Come, come, you've got to go down," to get him started, and at the door he was idiotic enough to clutch at me and say:

"Say, Fred, how would it do to have Mary and the preacher slip in here and have it all over with before we go down at all? I can't go through it before all that

"Idiot." I said, pointedly enough to leave no doubt as to my meaning, "Mary won't come in here, and you will go down this instant."

He got through at last without doing or saying anything ridiculous, in which respect he was luckier than another stalwart bridegroom of my acquaintance, who was so dazed and overcome that he held out one of his own fingers for the ring when the minister said: "With this ring I thee wed."

Another bridegroom I know lost his head to such a degree that when it came time for him to say. "I, Horace, take thee, Annie, to be my lawful wedded wife," he said, in an unnaturally loud tone. "I, Annie, take thee, Horace, to be my lawful wedded wite,' and when the time came for him to introduce his bride to some of his friends who had not yet seen her, he said it by saying, awkwardly, "Ah, er-Miss Carter, this is my wife, Miss Berton," calling her by her

maiden name. Few men say "my wife" easily and naturally the first time they use the words

A funny case was that of a badly rattled bridegroom who stared blankly at the minister until asked if he took "this woman to be his lawful wedded wife," when he started and said, in the blandest manner:

"Beg pardon, were you speaking to me?" A village preacher said that he once married a rural couple at the home of the bride's parents in the presence of a large company of invited guests. The bridegroom was a big, bony, red-faced young fellow, who looked as though he could have felled an ox with his fist; but he shivered and turned pale at the beginning of the ceremony, and at its close fell down in a dead faint, to the manifest annoyance of his bride, who had been as cool as a cucumber.—Philadelphia Call.

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

They Are Sweet and Graceful, But the Men Don't Appreciate Them.

During my recent visit to Japan, says Henry T. Finck, several girls told me how glad they would be if they had the opportunity and means to go to America. They had probably heard of the United States as being the paradise of women, and felt that Japan was not exactly an earthly Eden for

Americans call pretty girls angels and adore them as goddesses. The Japanese, on the contrary, compare men with heaven and women with earth. Probably no "foreigner" knows the Japanese as thoroughly as Basil Hall Chamberlain, who has been professor of philology at the university

"Most Japanese men," he says, "even in the very year of grace 1890, make no secret of their disdain for the female sex. The way in which they are treated by the men has hitherto been such as might cause a pang to any generous European heart."

This contempt for women is shown in the minutest details of life, as, for example, in mourning etiquette, which prescribes that animal food shall be abstained of ill-assorted marriages.—Amber, in Chi- from and mourning garments work for 105 days in case of a paternal grandfather, but only 90 days in case of a maternal grandfather; 90 days for a paternal uncle, but A lady was very solicitous about her only 30 days for one on the maternal side,

According to the "Greater Learning for Women" there are five feminine vices which four women of every five possess disobedience, malice, slander, jealousy and stupidity -whence arises their inferiority to man. Even women's four possible virtues are such as chiefly benefit man-gentleness,

obedience, mercy and quietness.

A Japanese Buddhist text says that "a woman's exterior is that of a saint, but her heart is that of a demon."

Every tourist who has visited Japan will agree as to the malicious falseness of these ungallant remarks on the gentle, courteous, sweet and graceful little women of the island empire. - Chicago Times.

Right now, have your Painting done.— Wilkins & Sands, Union St.