

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

DAUGHTERS OF THE 400.

HOW THEY LOOK BESIDE THEIR PUNY LITTLE BROTHERS.

The Girls are Beauties, and Do Everything to Become So, While Their Brothers Are Shut Up in Offices Looking After the Family Fortunes.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Our dear "400" have their feet on their native heath once more. The horse show which is held annually in this city, on or about the last of November, is the tocsin that summons them from their autumnal wanderings. It is, by the way, an assemblage of the equine aristocracy to compete for blue ribbons, prizes, etc., and as the racers, hunters, trotters and gentlemen riders who figure in it belong largely to the "400," it is to them an event of great interest. They attend in crowds to see the horses and each other; the *oi polloi* is equally interested in the horses and in them, so everybody goes and a great show it is.

Every pretty woman in New York who owns a decent gown is sure to be there and it is, as appropriately named "a beauty show." The equine beauties and the society belles run each other closely for popular favor, and I heard an enthusiastic man observe, after he had inspected both, that he really believed "it was the greatest show on earth," and I quite agreed with him. Such shoals of lovely women, dressed in such stunning clothes, certainly could not be seen in any other spot on this side of the earth.

After their complexions and their gowns, the next most impressive thing about them was their stature. Girls five feet seven, escorted by men five feet five, abounded. Many were the remarks made on this fact, but to me the reasons seemed obvious. Miss Dives toils not, neither does she spin; she has nothing in the wide world to do but eat and grow—not fat, for that is vulgar and unbecoming, and she is too well-trained to do either—but tall and beautiful. Her loveliness and her stature are the result of perfect health, and her perfect health is the result of a thorough knowledge of physiology and hygiene intelligently applied to her own system.

Young Mr. Dives, as soon as he has finished his education, is expected to put his shoulder to the wheel and help to carry the family fortunes. While she is riding or driving in the park, or taking a lesson in fencing, or practicing at the gymnasium, he is shut up in an over-heated office down town. While she is lurching off chicken or mutton chops done to a turn by the family chef, he is filling up on the indigestible products of the restaurant *cuisine*. Then he smokes cigarettes and she does not. Thanks to their different way of living she grows as she is, while he grows thin, bilious, and somewhat dwarfed, and beside him she shows up an even more magnificent creature than she really is.

As notable instances of the early age at which the sons of the rich are expected to assume business responsibilities, the eldest son of John Mackay might be cited, who, although only a lad just out of college, has a desk in the offices of the Bennett & Mackay cable company, and also George and Eddie Gould, who, while mere boys, were sufficiently acquainted with their father's immense business to be of great assistance to him.

By the way I must not forget to mention that Canada was worthily represented at the horse show, both amongst the horses and the belles. Misses Kitty and Violet Cameron, daughters of the Canadian baronet Sir Rodrick Cameron, were two of the most stylish and elegant women present, and a man pointed out a beautiful hunter to me which he said had just taken a prize for high jumping, that was bought in Toronto for \$500 and Fred Gebhardt was vainly offering his owner as many thousands for him.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth have left New York. They were literally driven away by the well meant but officious kindness of the dear public. Ever since little Ruth's advent greetings, congratulations, presents, requests for her picture, for the pattern by which her christening robe was cut—for she has been christened—for a sample of the wool her socks were made of, or a list of the stuff that composes her bonnet and cloak have been pouring in in a Mississippi tide. Many of them were from people of sufficient importance to make some recognition at the least polite, and in the words of Signor Mantalini it had grown to be such a "demonstration grind," that the ex-president gathered his family about and fled to the wilds of New Jersey. Lakewood is the name of the spot on which he has located his family and it is near enough to New York to enable him to spend a portion of each day here.

There is a rumor abroad that the McAllister is to be deposed from the chieftainship of the "400." Why he is to be turned out "deponent saith not," perhaps because he has become a newspaper hack. His letters to the New York *World* continue to attract great attention. The last one was on "Divorce in High Life," and was the most readable of the series. He would abolish divorce, except for infraction of the seventh commandment. "Quarrels," he says, "sweeten and cleanse the domestic atmosphere as thunder and lightning do the out-door air," and his advice on the incompatibility problem is practically, "Let 'em fight it out."

Stuyvesant Fish has been mentioned as his probable successor. Mr. Fish has long been scheming to get possession of the McAllister brogans. Two years ago when a great ball was being planned to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of Washington, he managed to have McAllister who had been appointed chairman of the executive committee removed, and

to obtain the post for himself, but the ball through his mismanagement was a dismal failure, and the next time society needed an M. C. its old favorite was unanimously recalled. It seems impossible that it should already have forgotten or condoned what it suffered on that occasion in its person and possessions. Tickets were sold away beyond the accommodations provided, and many were obliged to go supperless. When it broke up the guests found the arrangements in the cloak rooms in such an inextricable state of confusion that they were obliged to take whatever they could get hold of, and it was weeks afterwards before some of the coats and bonnets got back into the possession of their owners.

Miss May Mortimer Talmage, daughter of the great divine, was married on Wednesday with considerable "pomp and circumstance," to Daniel Mangam a business man of this city. The ceremony was performed by her father in the Brooklyn Tabernacle in which are first delivered the sermons that the newspapers afterwards circulate all over the country. Seven thousand Brooklynites tried to fight their way in but it will only hold about five thousand and the balance remained crowded about the door and steps until the bridal party came out. The decorations consisted chiefly of palms, lilies, white roses and chrysanthemums. A great chain of white roses and ferns was wound around a sort of prieu-dieu placed in the open space before the platform. The maid of honor was Miss Maud Talmage a sister of the bride and Miss Jennie Talmage another sister was one of the four bridesmaids. They were all dressed in pink and carried sheaves of pink roses. The bride was dressed in white satin heavily embroidered. A cloud of tulle fastened to her coiffure with a diamond pin almost enveloped her. Dr. Talmage performed the ceremony most impressively, but with many innovations on the prayer-book service. He left out altogether, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and he pronounced the "husband and wife," instead of "man and wife."

"Isabel Garrison"—Mrs. W. R. Smith, of Montreal—author of "Line 45" and "Looking Forward," is staying at the Bristol Hotel in this city. She is busy on a work to be called "Tamar—Beyond the Law and the Prophets," and is residing with us for a time in order to prosecute the necessary researches into Hebrew traditions. HERMIA.

FOR EVERYMAN TO READ.

Some Modest Hints as to What Many Women Want for Christmas.

As Christmas comes on the faces of the masculine half of the human race are shadowed with perplexity. They don't know the shops, and the clerks in the shops pity their ignorance because they do not know what a woman wants. Of some things a woman never has enough—fine handkerchiefs, curious bits of jewelry, silk stockings, and kid gloves. Neither does her soul grow weary of dainty bits of bric-a-brac, of quaint silver teaspoons, nor of curious brass candlesticks and lamps, no matter how thick they might stand about. Women always like etchings, too, or a good print, no matter how small they may be. So, also, with a bit of a statuette in bronze or marble, or in plaster. Even if a woman doesn't know about these things she is flattered that you think she does.

If she be your mother, or your sister, or your wife, you will not have to keep up any of these flattering little fictions, but can just give her a sensible, useful gift. Give your mother a new lizard or seal pocketbook, or give her an elderdown cover for her own bed, or a pair of fur-lined dressing shoes for the feet. Then there's a bit of real lace for the little gentleman, who will lay it away in rose sachets and think up a dozen ways to wear it and be happy in it.

Perhaps your sister's leather card case is a little worn at the edges; or she's lost her visiting list book. If she has set up her afternoon tea table give her a copper kettle or a wrought iron crane. If she hasn't set up the tea table, give her one in bamboo, with the cunning little tea stool that goes with it. If she hasn't a triple dressing mirror, give her that, by all means; there's nothing in all the world that comforts and sustains a woman's soul like being able to see her back hair and her eyes and her profile all at once. Or there's a party fan—an ostrich feather one if you can, a gauze one if you can't—or a big black Spanish lace scarf to wear about her head of an evening. You can give your sister or your wife a Dresden china box for her dressing table, or a blue delft tray for hairpins, or a little china night lamp that will burn ten hours and has a screen before the flame.

If your wife spends your money anxiously and thriftily, just go and buy her what she will call "a foolish gift," that is "too fine for her." She will like it all the better because its fine, and because you thought to give it to her. One man brought tears of joy to the eyes of his little wife by giving her the prettiest, most expensive pair of house shoes he could find in New York. She had not had such pair since she bought her wedding shoes because they were so expensive.

For your sweetheart avoid buying perfumes, because any girl knows what she wants best herself; things to wear, because her father has the right to provide them for her; stationery, because she has her own distinctive style; jewelry, above all, because no man should give a woman jewelry unless they are betrothed or married.

Make the gift useful, but not too useful; pretty, but not expensive; impersonal, yet delicately personal.

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HE WENT "TO HALIFAX."

AN ENGLISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE MILITARY TOWN.

He Fell a Victim to the Cabmen, and Arrived at the Proper Time to Receive a Bad Impression—But Even He Found the Good and Beautiful in Halifax.

I have been to Nova Scotia? Why, certainly! In the days of my youth I was so often told to "go to Halifax," that I wasn't content until I had paid a visit to that distant town on the other side of the Atlantic. I started from Liverpool one very wet November day (I have never seen Liverpool except in a flood of tears). November is by no means the most pleasant month to choose for traversing the mighty Atlantic, I can assure you. It was blowing "great guns" when we bid Queenstown farewell, and for eleven days afterwards we battled with head-winds, huge seas, and snow storms. The saloon passengers didn't number more than twenty, but in spite of the small complement, we succeeded in making the passage a merry one, with the assistance of two "sky-pilots" and a gentleman hailing from New Brunswick, who spent most of his time refreshing the inner man with sundry goes of gin hot, and usually crawled into meals on all fours. The saloon was right aft, consequently we felt the motion of the vessel pretty considerably; now and again, when the propeller was out of the water, it would whiz round at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and make one feel as though one's backbone was being removed by an inexperienced hand. The *Caspian* was one of the smallest ships belonging to the Allan line, but, in spite of being an old tub, she was a very good sea-boat, and commanded by a first-rate Scotchman, who was a splendid navigator, and one of the best skippers I have ever been my luck to sail with. McDougal was certainly the right man in the right place, and so long as he was on board you felt perfectly safe, and could bet your "bottom dollar" that all would go well, no matter what the weather was like.

I hardly know how to describe my first impression of Halifax; during the first few days after my arrival I was by no means enchanted with the place. I landed on a Sunday night at twelve o'clock, when all the good Halifaxians had gone to rest. The wharf was covered with snow, and the wind was blowing hard from the north-east, which nipped my ears and finger-tips, and made me in anything but a good humor. After some considerable difficulty, a lot of talking, and no end of patience with the custom house officials, I managed to get my baggage through and put on a vehicle, the most ghastly specimen of a landau I have ever ridden in; neither of the doors would keep shut, therefore I was unable to put up the windows. The glass in front was missing, and the small window in the hood at the back was smashed. Just imagine the internal draught and wind whistling round the back of my unfortunate neck. My Jehu had imbibed more whisky than was necessary, and instead of driving one straight up to the Queen's Hotel, where I had engaged a suite of rooms, he galloped his prominent-ribbed horses at fire-engine speed to the top of Citadel Hill. Not knowing Halifax, I was perfectly ignorant as to where I was being taken to. At last my *coucher* pulled up on the far side of the Citadel, jumped from the box, and calmly walked off, leaving his horses to graze, and me to shiver and shake for nearly a quarter of an hour, while he got a light for his pipe, a short drink, and had a little confabulation with a chum. This didn't tend to improve the somewhat ruffled state of my temper, as you may easily imagine. However, ere I commenced to think seriously of making my last dying will and testament, Mr. Jehu returned, mounted the box-seat, and whipped up his prominent-ribbed steeds. In a brace of shakes the rattle-trap old carriage was bowling along the ill-kept road, past the Royal Artillery Barracks, down the steep hill into Hollis, and after much swaying about and jolting over the horse-car lines, I found myself deposited in a swimming position on the pavement outside the Queen's Hotel. Still, even that was preferable to being left on Citadel Hill to perish in a blinding snow storm, with only the dirtiest and raggedest of buffalo robes to cling to. Was I glad to get inside the warmly-lighted lobby, and toast myself in front of the red-hot stove? Well, rather—just a little! And I didn't hesitate to accept the glass of steaming dry whisky, and water that was offered me. Not that I am particularly partial to dry whisky, I abominate it; but the very sight of it makes me feel bilious. But the hour was late, and it seemed to me that drinks were scarce, so I eagerly grasped at whatever chance to come within my reach.

Halifax, to my mind, is one of the most unfinished, dirty, dilapidated-looking towns I have ever lived in, barring St. Johns, Newfoundland (commonly known as Newfoundjohn), which certainly takes the cottage loaf as regards its poverty-stricken appearance. All the Halifaxians stores are of a very poor class; the drapers' shops have a sort of broken-down Cheap-Jack look, but really and truly nothing is cheap in Halifax except swaggar. One grocery store had the courage to charge me a dollar (fifty a pound) for vanilla wafers, and to send me a tin of Bath Olivers that had been on the premises for nine years. Just imagine what they were like when the tin was opened! To begin, the tin was red with rust, and had to be forced open with the aid of a hammer and chisel. (During the operation a bell-boy lost the end of one of his thumbs.) Directly the tin was opened the biscuits they crumbled to air got at, and filled the room with a fusty, damp, churchyard sort of odour, which made me feel that the ghosts of my ancestors had thought fit to follow and haunt me even in Halifax town. On putting my nose close to the tin, the musty ashes of the Bath Olivers reminded me somewhat of the catacombs in Brompton Cemetery. You haven't been there? Well, take my advice, and don't go. I only

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visited them once, and that was on a wet December afternoon. I never had a desire to repeat the dose, I can assure you.

Before I had been six weeks in Halifax, skating and sleighing commenced in real earnest, but we got very little of the former in the open, owing to the immense amount of snow. It is a pretty sight to watch the Canadian girls skate; they are all more or less proficient in the art, and disport themselves at the Exhibition Rink, which is situated on the outskirts of Halifax, near to the beautiful natural park at Point Pleasant. The band of the West Riding Regiment used to discourse sweet music twice or three times a week, while the girls (or "muffins," as they are styled) skated with the beardless young subalterns, or flirted with them in the galleries. Some preferred discussing sandwiches and cake, accompanied with hot wine or coffee, which appeared to me far more sensible than shivering on a wood bench or a cane chair; but there's no accounting for taste, *chacun a son gout*. The "muffins" certainly waltz very gracefully on skates, but they are madly jealous of an English lady appears in their midst who is able to execute difficult figures on the ice with anything like grace and ease. They are of the opinion that nobody knows how to skate except themselves, which is a great mistake. Sleighing, perhaps, is even more enjoyable than skating, especially on a clear frosty night, when Lady Luna looks down upon the snow-clad earth, hushed in supreme silence, except for the sound of the sleigh-bells in the distance and the weird song of the breeze as it gently hums through the spectral pine-trees. Our moonlight parties to Bedford (about twelve miles from Halifax) were very enjoyable. All the routes are extremely pretty, but the roads are ill-kept; one doesn't notice it so much when the snow lies thick on the ground, but it is when the thaw sets in, one finds out the holes and uneven state of the ground. In Nova Scotia the roads are fearfully neglected, and I should say, never repaired by any chance whatever.

On arrival at Beech's hotel, Bedford, one was always sure of a hearty welcome from the worthy host and his good-natured spouse, who never spared any trouble in making one thoroughly at home and comfortable on a cold night. The log fires were soon burning brightly on the hearth, and a good meal set on the table. Close to the hotel is situated the Bedford Fish-house, where thousands of salmon breed. Great tanks, filled with young salmon, are sent to the large rivers in Canada each year. The establishment is most interesting. I have spent many an hour watching the baby fish swimming about in the troughs.

During my visit in Halifax the Citadel was burned. Great excitement prevailed in the town that night, for everyone feared the fire might spread to the powder magazines; it it had, the whole place must have been blown up, and Halifax would have been a thing of the past. The magazines are underground, and reach from the Citadel to the Fort at Point Pleasant, which is a distance of nearly two miles. However, only the wood buildings were destroyed, the gunners having taken care to keep the magazines cool by placing an enormous quantity of wet blankets upon them. As a rule, one doesn't relish a wet blanket, but in this instance nobody raised any objection. The fire lasted nearly ten hours—it was a grand sight. Fortunately, no lives were lost, but a Newfoundland dog belonging to one of the soldiers was roasted alive while sleeping on his master's bed.

Halifax boasts of a theatre of sorts, but it is seldom one sees the name of a decent company figuring on the play-bills. I was present at one performance of the *Bohemian Girl*, and was much amused at the following notice in large letters: "Gentlemen are politely requested not to chew and spit in the stalls." From that I gathered the *gentilhommes* of Halifax who frequent the stalls (the most expensive seats in the theatre) were in the habit of committing this unpardonable offence. The wife of an artillery officer informed me that on one occasion when she was sitting in the stalls with her husband, that a couple of Halifaxians not only smoked during the performance, but frequently spat over her shoulder. Strange indeed are the customs of Nova Scotia. The women folk appear to live on scandal and candies, while the men seem to thrive well on gin cocktails and cheap swaggar. Everyone, more or less, I should say, gets drunk between feeding hours, and during their meals endeavour to sober themselves by swallowing glass after glass of iced water, then boiling tea that has been stewing on a stove for perhaps three hours. I

was surprised one day, on going down stairs to the telephone, to find the great square hall filled with seedy-looking bagmen sitting all round. I couldn't quite understand what they wanted, for they didn't reside in the hotel. The manager informed me that they were waiting for a game at "draw." "Draw what?" said I. "Draw-poker," said he. I rather fancy there was a sort of dungeon underneath the house, illuminated with the friendly dip, where these gentlemen spend days and nights, devoting all their energies to the little game called "draw." Such is life in Halifax town.—*Pelican, London England.*

A Xmas Gift!

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It seems to be the custom of some people to say disagreeable things about those whose hospitality they have enjoyed. We fail to see where the "satisfaction" comes in. It does not mark the gentleman surely. And yet it is a fact that within the past month contributions have been sent to Progress from people who have lived years in one place and on the eve of departure could not help a decided "fling" at it. One of these—in verse—was so clever that he had it put in our artist's hands with a suggestion for illustration—an officer on the deck of an outward bound ship—but a second reading changed our decision, and we decided not to publish such an unjust satire. The hospitality of the citizens of Halifax has been extended freely to that officer, as no doubt it was to the writer of the above article in the *Pelican*. For that reason, such complimentary references are in bad taste.—THE EDITOR.]

Demoralizing Newspaper.
A New York paper recently asked for the opinions of a number of clergymen and others in regard to the Sunday newspapers and their effect upon the people in regard to Sunday observance. They are united in condemning the Sunday papers as demoralizing and tending to keep their readers away from public worship on that day. Among the answers received was one from the editor of the *Century*, who had the following to say about newspapers in general:

It has not occurred to me that the pressing need was to fight against the publication of Sunday papers—so much as to protest against all that is vulgar and demoralizing in papers published on every day of the week. It would seem that, if anything, newspapers should be more decent on Sunday even than on Monday or Saturday. But this appears not to be the case. I speak of the purely sensational papers. Some papers are decent the year round. Journalists often hold that they do not create the events which turn into news in their hands, they are not responsible for the news. But no journalist would actually live up to such a doctrine. There are things that happen every day and night that no journalist whatever would literally report—at least no American journalist. So every journalist does draw the line somewhere. And according to where he draws it: according to his own morality and right feeling, as displayed in his paper, the community will forever judge him; nor can he escape this judgment by any theory or device.

Meantime the public ought to remember that the papers are really in its hands. This does not relieve the journalist of responsibility, but it adds another responsibility, that of the reader, for all that is objectionable in the newspapers of our day.

Love and Marriage.

At the far end of Naples lies the church of Santa Maria Annuciata, which, once a year, on the day of Our Lady, wakes into a brief life and excitement. In a silent row before the high altar kneel thirty girls, all in black garments, with folded hands and eyes fixed on the picture of the Madonna before them. These are orphans from the neighboring foundling asylum, and once a year all those who have reached the age of 18 are brought here to the church and may be chosen in marriage by any honest man whose papers are in order and whose character is good. At the door leading to the sacristy leans a gray haired priest, the head of the asylum. By and by a man makes his way from the back of the church and hands him a little packet of papers. These the priest reads carefully, and being evidently satisfied he gives back the papers and leads the applicant toward the row of girls. All eyes are fixed more steadfastly than ever on the altar, all their hands are clasped tighter together, their faces turn a shade paler, their hearts beat quicker as the young man walks slowly along the row. At last it stops. His choice is made. He stretches out his hand with a little smile. The girl rises, puts her hand into that of the stranger, and together they disappear into the sacristy. The ice being thus broken, other suitors come forward.

BACH, THE MUSICIAN.

He Made the Village Schoolmaster a Life-long Friend.

The great composer of sacred music and church organist of Weimar, Johann Sebastian Bach, while on a journey, arrived late one Saturday night at a village. As the inn was pleasant and inviting, and the host so well mannered, he concluded to stay over night.

The next morning while at breakfast he heard the church bells ringing. The innkeeper put on his best coat and invited the stranger to accompany him and his wife to church, and praised the minister, but the schoolmaster received more credit. He could play the organ so beautifully that the angels in heaven rejoiced. What the innkeeper, who was also magistrate of the village, said in praise of the organist and the organ was an especial stimulus to join the company going from the tavern to the church.

Having arrived at the church Bach left his companion and made a visit to his colleague at the organ. The organist was not so great a master as the innkeeper had said, but could play passably well, and the farmers were proud of him. Bach, who sat just back of him, looked over the registers of the organ, watched his fingers or shook his head when there was fault in the bass. The teacher soon noticed the man watching him so intently and addressed him somewhat testily.

"Good friend, it seems that you understand a little about the organ."

"Yes, yes, a little," replied Bach;

"alas! only a little."

"So," remarked the schoolmaster, playing away, undisturbedly, "then you may play when church is leaving out. Play whatever you please."

The sermon was ended, the last verse of the hymn sung and the benediction pronounced. The schoolmaster left the organ bench, to make room for the other master.

"Well, don't be backward. Play your piece."

At first Bach seemed backward; then he took his place and pulled out the register.

In soft tones the music echoed through the church. The schoolmaster was astonished, but soon wondered more, and as the artist touched the keys his great eyes shone brightly beneath his wavy hair. The schoolmaster stood for a moment as if struck by lightning, then said:

"Friend, you are either an angel from heaven or Bach from Weimar."

"My name is John Sebastian Bach," replied the artist; "all my powers and art are used in the service of Him whom the angels praise in their song."

From that day the organ master and the village schoolmaster were the best of friends.

How a Dream Came True.

Appropos of the revival of interest in ghost stories and the "uncanny" generally, it may be mentioned that Lady Dufferin in her *Canadian Journal*, published the other day, gives particulars of a singular occurrence which happened within her own ken. A man-servant of Lord and Lady Dufferin's was, during their Excellencies' tour in the great North-West, drowned at the Mingan. They knew nothing about his people, and were unable to communicate the news of his death to them, so Lord Dufferin ordered any letters that might arrive for the dead man to be brought to himself.

"The first of these, which we have just received" (wrote Lady Dufferin at the time), "was from a servant girl he was attached to at Ottawa, and was dated exactly seven days after the day of the accident. In it she said: 'I have been in my new place a week, and I like it very much; but I had such a dreadful dream on the day of my arrival. I dreamt that you and Nowell were upset in a boat together, and that Nowell was saved, but you were drowned.'"

As the spot where the accident happened was an uninhabited region on the coast of Labrador, more than 500 miles distant from Ottawa, without either telegraphs or posts, it was impossible (as Lady Dufferin points out) that the girl could have had the news of her lover's death when her letter was written.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Yea, I Have a Goolly Heritage.

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep
Pruning for fruit the pleasant twigs and leaves.
Tend thou thy cornfield; one day thou shalt reap
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or if thine be an orchard, graft and prop
Food-bearing trees, each watered in its place;
Or if a garden, let it yield for crop
Sweet herbs and herb of grace.

But if my lot be sand, where nothing grows!
Nay, who hath said it? Tune a thankful psalm:
For though thy desert bloom not as the rose,
It yet can rear thy palm.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

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