

GUMVILLE GLEANINGS.

THE EDITOR OF THE "GIMLET" AND BROTHER SLOAT.

The Latter Leaves a Souvenir at the Office - The Dispensations of Providence as Experienced by Zephaniah Harris - A Clergyman in Town.

[From the Gumville Gimlet.]

It is not our habit to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, especially when they don't hit us, but we must say that we think the program which has been dispensed upon our old friend Zephaniah Harris of late, might very well have been dispensed with. The deacon started in life on a mighty small capital anyway, consistin' of a game leg, a holler cough and a wen, and by steady attemshun to business he has accumulated two broken legs, one broken arm, one frozen ear, one fractured skull, and has charged to profit and loss seven toes and a knee-cap, which he has yarded up in the woods in recent years. He has lost two wives since he begun, and the number of kids he has stowed away into the silent tomb is amazing. He in general raised his children in the spring and planted 'em in the fall. But this year he lost two of his kids by the diphthery, and then that beautiful sorrel colt of his'n with the white mane and tale (sired by Red Dick out of a half Morgan), broke his neck in the stall, which was a crushin' blow. But it appears as if the devil was after our brother, hoof and horn, for on Friday last that fine bull calf of his swallered a recent copy of the Pennic Peanutt and expired with every symptom of pizen. It is our opinion that people who will persist in taking the Peanutt in preference to the Gimlet ought to expect a judgement. We say that while that Gregarious Aggregation of Soopine Sooperfluity, the Gumville board of health, allows this many and fly-blowned contemporary rag to circulate in this community no man's character or calf is safe. Woe, woe to them which reads the Peanutt! They will be swept with the broom of despare, raked with the rake of remorse, and scraped with the sickle of sorrow. But to resumoon.

On Monday last we was peacefully strikin' off the first side of the Gimlet by means of the hand-press and the joice of our brow, when who should call upon us, in the most unexpected way, but brother Melkisedek Sloat, editor of the Pennic Peanutt. We did not recognize Melky at first, and hence we have to apologize for being a day or two behind time this week in the appearance of the Gimlet. The Peanutt, it appears, hasn't appeared at all. We must own up, as a naber and a man, that Melky was full of grit right through this painful episode, but we claim that he hit us the first time kind of trecherous. We admit, however, that the press-room wanted sweepin' up and we was glad to be able to utilize Melky in this respect. Ta ta! brother Sloat, we shall endeavor to be gratefide to see you later. No fitin' man ought to wear whiskers, Melky, but if you miss the ones you left with us on Monday we will send 'em over to Pennic on the first shift of the wind. But that right ear of yours we could not part with at any figger. We want it as a sooveener of your visit. It has been mounted in cardinal plush by Miss Huldy Hansome and will do us nicely for a paper weight. But to resumoon.

Suppose some of the hide-bound, wall-eyed, slow-behind sons of Belial which have been takin' the Gimlet for the past three months without payin' for it was to bring us a hardshell squash or a barrel of spuds. Do they think we can exist on gratitood and gum, the infernal soundrels? We are livin' now on force of habit, but we need a little solid food.

But to resumoon.

We regret to learn as we go to press, (though it's certainly a god-send for us) of the death, through the dispensashun of Providence and the measles, of Albena Whalen's youngest and only child Darius, which was born to her a few short weeks ago by her husband, Josiah L. It will be remembered that Albena was a Dusenbury. It it only a month ago that Josiah found himself about to become a father and now he's let in for funeral expenses, which, comin' on the head of the school-tax, will be a sad, sad blow. What is the name of the bard which sings—

Under this sod our baby lies; It neither cries nor lollers; It lived just 27 days And cost us \$40. (But to resumoon.)

Precosity is the father of invenshun. Sometimes the kid is a credit to his parents and sometimes he is a blight and a bunyun on the hull naberhood. We are alludin' now to our eccentric naber, Isaiah Slocomb, adopted son of Jeremiah Slocomb by his present wife, Nancy Slocomb, and twin-uncle to young Uriah Harris on his grand-mother's side. Isaiah is an inventive cuss and we are of the opinion that for the originality of the idee and general contour, that scare-crow of his which he composed last week was worthy of a Edison. But we are all likewise of the opinion that to set that scare-crow up in the dooryard, without a warnin' of his mother which was emoshunal and a Harris, renders Isaiah not only eccentric but litterly a d—d fool. Not only did Mrs. Slocomb keel over and sit down in the wash-biler in a way which it is agin the nature of women to be proud of, but young Azariah Scadder's colt, (sired by Young Olympus out of a Logue mare), run away with Azariah and smashed up the load of bark he was haulin' against the hay scales at the corner. Cussed be that that removeth his nabers tanbark. (Job). But to resumoon.

Among the distinguished visitors to the Gimlet office this week was our friend, Rev. Gabriel More, of the Freewill connection of Upper Gumville. Brother More is the owner of a collose intelck, and brot it along with him for company. He had preached a little sermon last Sabbath, he said, from the text, "Blessed are the meek," and he had wrote out a little report which he thought would take the cuss off the Gimlet and elevate our moral tone in general. We glanced at the document in a duberous and critique way, which the leadin' observashun was as follows:

"The sermon preached by the Rev. Gabriel More last Lord's Day on the topic of Humbleness, was the most able and eloquent it has ever been our privilege to listen to. It was litterly jammed with precious gems of thought, and was one of the most profound and inductive researches

ever performed before a Gumville audience."

We stopped right there. We mensuned to Brother More that what the people wanted was horse-notes and murders. We recommended him to the Peanutt office as a brother and a friend. Brother More heaved a few sighs of heavy size, prayed for us without gettin' up much steam and left. We have seldom seen a man in which Humbleness was so Ostensible as the Rev. Gabriel More.

O Brother More, You are a hore, But you can't bore With the Gimlet.

BILDAD.

A JEWISH MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

How Abraham Isaac took the Girl Feige to be His Wife.

The following is a copy of a marriage certificate according to the Jewish law, translated for PROGRESS:

Monday, second day of the month Syvan, in the year 5637 of the creation, our chronology, in the inn of the village Pisark.

The bridegroom Abraham Isaac, son of Moses, the Levite, proposed to the girl Feige, daughter of Zebi, saying: Be my wife according to the laws of Moses and Israel, and I will love, and cherish, and support, and feed thee wives in reality, and I will give thee dowry 200 Zuzim in currency allotted to thee by the laws of our "Torah." I will furnish thee food, clothing and the necessaries of life, and I will cohabit with thee as it is the way of the world. And the girl Feige consented and became his wife and she brought him in dowry from her father in gold, silver, jewelry, clothing, furniture and bed-clothes the value of 100 Zekukim. And the bridegroom Abraham Isaac promised her from his part an addition of 100 Zekukim, which makes together 200 Zekukim, and said as follows: The responsibility of this matrimonial contract, dowry and addition to it I take upon myself and my successors, to be paid from the best of my property, which I own under the sky, and which I acquired already or will acquire in the future, be it real estate, removable property, or even in clothing I wear on my shoulders, with all that I guarantee this matrimonial contract, dowry and addition to it during my lifetime and after my death, from this day and further.

And so the bridegroom Abraham Isaac guaranteed this contract and dowry and addition to it with the legality of usual contracts of matrimony with Jewish girls, which are constructed in accordance with the institutions of our teachers.

This is given by Abraham Isaac, son of Moses the Levite to the girl Feige, daughter of Zebi as it is distinctly written heretofore, representing a value which can be bought and sold, and all this is true and steadfast.

Witness: Moses Aaron, son of Jechekel; Simon Hayem, son of Iliayer, the Cohen.

THE DEPARTED GUEST.

Little Things That Make an Impression Upon Visiting Friends.

The impression of a visitor who visits the home of a once delightful hostess is thus graphically given by a correspondent: Calling on a popular lady, who has been the guest at one of our many pleasant homes, the announcement came like a thunder clap that she had folded her tent and, Arab like, stolen silently away in the night! What a blank and desolate feeling steals over us at such times as these! We are filled with such pleasant anticipations, the transition is so sudden, that we cannot realize all it means at first. On entering the room and while waiting for the hostess it seemed filled with the invisible presence of one who was but lately its sunshine. We look around, there is her favorite seat, the flowers she placed there with such loving thoughts for the pleasure of others, even the book she was reading with the leaf turned down when leaving off, what associations the sight of these mute reminders call up! They seem to have voices telling of her who had gone! Our glance falls on her photo, yes, it is indeed the well remembered features, but oh, how we realize how poor a substitute a sun shadow is for the living presence of a loved and absent one. The affectionate welcome, the sympathetic listening to all we have to tell, the winning ways, all are gone! Then the yearning and pathos of the oft quoted lines comes home to us with wondrous force. Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, for the sound of a voice that is still.

The Stranger and the Politician.

It was in the shiretown of our noble county, and a man stood on the sidewalk, gazing pensively about him. Perchance he looked with admiration upon the severely classical lines of our post office, or wondered to see the highway adorned with various empty boxes, wisps of straw, and other simple yet effective decorations. He was not that we were a beauty-loving people. Suddenly he heard a rush, and felt his hand grasped in a more than friendly clasp. "How do you do; how are you; how have you been since I saw you last?" and the busy politician pursued his impetuous way, not waiting for a reply, which was just as well perhaps. "D— the man!" the stranger said, "Confound his cheek! I never set eyes on him before. I only came down from Ontario last night and it is my first visit too.

He was not a free and independent voter. Which shows that you cannot always tell from where you sit, and it is safer to look before you speak. ISLAY BLEND.

Not Hard to Choose.

A woman without a bonnet lacks some of the charm of her sex. The owners of millinery seem to think so just now from the very taking announcements they are making. Mr. Chas. K. Cameron has an attractive design in another column which will be charming to the eyes of many ladies. He offers an inducement to the out of town ladies who read PROGRESS to send their goods on approval and pay the return express if they are not satisfactory. A glance at Mr. Cameron's store on King street will reveal an immense and varied stock from which any lady could not fail to make a desirable selection.

A FAMOUS COUGH.

"Mack Dee" Tells an Individual How to Patent His Cough.

A tall sallow complexioned cadaverous looking specimen of humanity with a hollow chest and a gripsack walked into the office of the Vendome at New Glasgow, N. S., and after several attempts to clear his throat addressed the clerk as follows: "Did you ever hanker after undying fame?"

"N-o-o-o" replied the clerk, "but I'm terribly fond of liver and bacon."

A look of disgust swept over the sallow countenance of the tall man and he turned as if to go. Then changing his mind he went to the clerk and said in a hoarse whisper, "I've allus wanted to be remembered after I'm gone—wanted to have my name enrolled among the earth's great ones, an' I've swithered my brains nights and Sundays to do it. Last winter I took lagrippe, and—hear this cough." Here he coughed a hollow vibratory cough, with a deep guttural catch, chop, like the water receding from a force pump. When he had recovered his breath, he continued: "Heard about the music of the dying swan, I suppose?" The clerk nodded. "Well, this is the same thing, only on a more elaborate scale. Think I could get a patent on this cough and be talked about all over the world and writ up in the newspapers?"

The clerk looked agast and squinted to see if he could make a break for the side door and escape, but the man with the cough taking in the situation moved so as to intercept him. "The trouble is," he continued, "I haven't money enough to go to the patent office in person, and I can't send this cough by express, so you see I'm in a corner, I know they never got onto anything so good and if I could only cover it with a patent my fame goes to posterity in car loads."

"Couldn't you cough into a phonograph and send it that way?" suggested the clerk. "There's one over at the Eurck house."

"Great Scott yes! so I could," making a dash for the door and looking over his shoulder. "Thank you young man, thank you, I'll get there with both feet if I ever live to reach the house." MACK DEE.

Gettin' Along.

'A' though it comes 'long ev'ry year It allus makes me feel that queer And sort o' juley 'round the eyes— The time, I mean, when dead leaves lies;

'A' when the birds hee lost ther tune, 'A' when the dark drops down too soon, 'A' though the loughs, an' all erlong The road, the wind its dismal song

'Jes' kind o' howls, an' kicks up tricks With all the crustin' leaves and sticks, 'A' flings the dried right in yer eyes; 'A' when the dull clouds heavy lies

Acrost the sky an' makes you think The ole-year's jes' begun ter sink;— Well, thes' erlong the time o' year I allus feel so kind o' queer!

The summer days hez up an' fled, 'A' mos' the trees is painted red; The jay-bird's stopped his little fute 'A' skipped off in his bed-ick suit;

The lily's head hez dropped down low 'A' er it now the chill means flow, 'A' through the air a suddint quack Cums tellin' us the wile-duck's back.

The hick'ry nuts drops of the trees 'A' makes a fellin' thick he sees The woods a-sheddin' o' ther tears 'A' thinkin' of the passin' years;

'Cos when the winds blows s'hill an' cold 'A' fer feels 'A' 'erlong the road— He's sort o' juley 'round the eyes— The time, I mean, when dead leaves lies!

—K. C. Tapley, in Judge.

The Society Hostess.

The society hostess of today is a creation. She was not evolved out of chaos, but from the fusion of centuries of experience. She has been slowly built up during the long ages of the past, until she stands before us today in all the plenitude of her powers. We are proud of her; and rightly. We say to ourselves, there is completion; there is perfection. Nature, assisted by art, can go no further. To talk of electricity or the phonograph, the water railway or the Suez Canal, in the same breath with the modern hostess, as the kindred triumphs of the same dispensation, is to show lamentable deficiency of judgment; a want of proportion which defies equation.

That the modern hostess has her difficulties is the fault of the complex forces of a democratic age; amid which she lives and moves and has her being. In all the ordinary relationships of life, in her contact with the society of her own sphere, she moves with consummate ease. She modulates the tones of her drawing-room with as deft a touch as did Paganini the strains of his violin. She knows exactly how many fingers to accord to the lady who is just beginning to be talked about, and whose end is the court of matrimonial reparation and the newspapers.

Her eye for the people who can be made useful in the various departments of hospitality in town and country is unerring. Her bow, with its infinite gradation, is a fine art; and her kiss, when she vouchsafes one is a social recognition second only to the same function on the part of royalty itself. —Vandy Fair.

The Water in Vases.

A lady visitor, at a home of wealth and taste, noticed that the water in the vases was impure, and, "knowing by experience how fetid and offensive water becomes from decaying stems of plants, I spoke to my friend on the subject, believing that the standing water in so many receptacles was positively unhealthful. 'How often do you clean the vases completely, James?' the hostess inquired. 'We wash everything once a week, ma'am,' he answered respectfully; 'the rest of the time I only take out the flowers that are faded and replace them with fresh ones.' 'Just take out those,' she directed, pointing to a big yellow bowl filled with purple irises. As he lifted the wet mass from the dish the odor was so sickening that it filled the whole room. Now here, I thought, is surely a question for a physician, and yet I have never heard it mentioned. Wherever houses are profusely decorated with flowers, this stagnant water is presumably standing constantly in living rooms, and people are continually breathing what, even out of doors, under the fresh winds of heaven, is generally accounted unhealthful."

Laughter Assists Digestion.

In his "Problems of Health," Dr. Greene says that there is not one remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on the particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what is done at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Microscopic Writing.

Not long ago Joseph English of Boston, Mass., wrote with a pen an entire speech containing 4,162 words on the back of a postal card. On another postal card William A. Bowers of Boston wrote eight chapters of the bible, which contained 201 verses or 5,238 words; while W. Frank Hunter of Topeka, Kan., succeeded in writing the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th and part of the 10 chapters of St. John, or 6,201 words in all, on a space of equal size. But all these performances, remarkable as they seem, sink into insignificance when compared with that of Walter S. MacPhail of Holyoke, Mass., who claims to have transferred to the back of a postal card 10,283 words. These comprise the 9th to the 20th chapters of St. John inclusive, and are written with a pen so as to be perfectly legible—through a magnifying glass.

Col. Bob's Advice.

Everybody knows how busy Col. "Bob" Ingersoll is, but everybody does not know that, no matter how busy he may be, he has always a moment or so to spare to give advice to the young. Quite a number of letters come to him every week, soliciting knowledge on almost every subject. Yesterday one of these letters came to him when he was head and heels in work. It began: "Dear sir: I am broken-hearted—"

"Col. 'Bob' hadn't time to read more, but he made time to make a prompt reply. He wrote: "MY DEAR BOY—If a month from now you will feel only half-broken-hearted, in six months you won't feel broken-hearted at all and in a year you will probably be engaged to some other girl."—New York Advertiser.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

BLACKSMITH WANTS WORK—Used to Country work, shoeing and repairing. Would not object to run a shop. Apply to PROGRESS OFFICE, St. John, N. B. 10-31-11

A SPECIAL LINE of Tweeds— all wool, dark colors, will be made up for \$14.0 a suit.—A. GILMOR, Tailor, 72 Gorman Street.

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of everyone, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

ENERGETIC CANVASSEERS, men or women, wanted to work in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-11

WANTED! SMART BOYS everywhere to sell stamps from our approval sheets, at 25% per cent. commission. Stamps for beginners a specialty. Reference required. Address: HANSON & SAUNDERS, Box 309, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-11

OYSTERS. PRINCE EDWARD OYSTERS, Island oysters; fresh arrivals daily. Prime Apples always in stock. Cranberries, Peas, etc., at L. HIGGINS & CO.'S, Fruit and Produce Exchange, 83 Prince William Street. 9-26-11

LADIES' NOTE PAPER, Centric Pens, Fountain pens, etc. Lowest prices. McARTHUR'S BOOKS, 50 KING STREET.

FEMALE STENOGRAPHER WANTS position. Can take from dictation; uses either Calligraph or Remington; city preferred; references given.—Address "P," Progress Office. sept 5, 11.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, write to GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 19 Spruce street, New York.

SEATING FOR SALE Cheap. Parties looking for seating for sale for new halls or public buildings, of any kind, can get a great bargain in this line by applying to TAYLOR & DOUGHERTY, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE, HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Piano, 7 1/2 octave; four round corners. Cost \$600.00, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, \$250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King street. Aug 1.

BLUINE. THE GREAT BLEACHING Bluing and purifier. A 1 cent package will do 24 washings and last six months. The cheapest and best Bluing on the market. Send 10 cts. to R. PARKIN, 78 Gorman st. for a sample. July 1.

COSTUMES, WIGS, WHISKERS.—A. L. SPENCER, Bookseller, 111-113 King st., St. John, N. B., has the largest and best assortment of the above in the Maritime Provinces, including, Hats, Caps, Carnivals, Theatres, Coacerts, etc., at right prices. dec 27

LAMP BURNER—LAMBERTSON'S safety Lamp Burner, which I have been selling four years, is the most paying, and most satisfactory article for agents to handle. Send 45 cents for pretty sample Burner, descriptive circulars, and testimonials.—A. L. SPENCER, Wholesale and Retail Agent for Maritime Provinces, Balmoral Hotel 10 King st., St. John, N. B. dec 27

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mas. McLENSIE. May 2.

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents each for one insertion—\$1 for one month. If you have anything to sell that all persons want, you cannot do better than say so here.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE; situated at Rotherly—20 minutes walk from station. —For Sale, or to Let for the summer. Just the place to spend a summer holiday. Two minutes walk from Kennebecas; plenty of ground. House in good repair; barns attached.—Apply for particulars, at Progress Office.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where PROGRESS is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to Progress "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salsbury, Norton, Marysville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanceboro, Grand Falls, Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Edmondston, Weymouth, and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling PROGRESS. Splendid profit and little work.—address for information, Circulation Dept. Progress St. John N. B.

CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches. 1400 Cases In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

DROP IN if you have time. If you havn't time, make time anyway, to see our stock of FALL SUITINGS AND WINTER GOODS, an elegant line. Fancy Stuffs if you want a pretty Suit. Our OVERCOATINGS are all New Styles and Goods. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. 47 and 51 KING STREET.

New York, Maine & New Brunswick S. S. Company. 1891. Annual Excursion! 1891. NEW YORK. Four Grand Excursion Trips will be made by the S. S. "Winthrop" between St. John and New York during the month of October.

THE SEVERAL EXCURSION TRIPS will leave ST. JOHN at 3 p. m. on Tuesdays, October 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th, and Tickets will be valid to return from NEW YORK upon any trip within Three Weeks from date of issue. Steamer will leave New York Pier, 49 E. R. on Saturdays, at 5 p. m. \$10.00 FARE FOR ROUND TRIP \$10.00 For further information, apply to H. D. McLEOD, TROOP & SON, Agents, St. John. F. H. SMITH & CO., General Managers, 17 and 19 William St., New York.

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"ADVANCE." The new and best thing in Rubbers, manufactured by the Woonsocket Rubber Co., Providence, R. I. For sale Wholesale at lowest Boston prices, with duty added, by L. HIGGINS & CO. MONCTON, N. B.

A Full Line of Rubber Footwear always in stock, at lowest Wholesale prices.—L. H. & CO. ENGLISH CUTLERY.

A Large Assortment of NEW TABLE CUTLERY received this week, Handled in Ivory, Xylontite, Celluloid, etc. CARVERS in Buckhorn, Ivory and Xylontite Handles. POCKET KNIVES in hundreds of patterns and styles. Largest Assortment of Cutlery in the City. F. L. FINEST QUALITY. LOWEST PRICES.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - - 13 and 15 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE CORONET FRANKLIN, MADE IN THREE SIZES. Handsome! Powerful! MODERATE IN PRICE. Equal to a close stove in heating power, and for living rooms much more healthful. SEE IT! Also, inspect our very extensive stock of Stoves, which includes something suited to every want. All at Right Prices. Emerson & Fisher, 75 to 79 Prince William Street.