

MUST WHISTLE FOR IT.

NEW YORK WOMEN WHO CANNOT
HAIL A STREET CAR.

"Hermia" Tells Both Sides of the Story—
A Discussion of General Interest—
The Sweet Girl Graduate and the Newspaper
men—Blaine at Bar Harbor.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The average woman and the average street-car conductor seem to be as antagonistic as oil and water. He is always declaring that she wears him unnecessarily with foolish questions; that she never knows just where she wants to get off, and frequently stops a car two or three times before making up her mind at which corner of the block she will descend; that when she finds a punched dime or quarter in her change she invariably stows it away to pay car fare with, and as his company obliges him to make good all the bad money he takes in, her trickiness in this respect forces on him a constant alertness that is wearing on his constitution.

Her counter charges are that he is brutally curt in his answers when she is seeking needed information, and that when he is in a sportive mood, he frequently amuses himself by keeping his attention fixed on the left side of the street when she is on the right side frantically signalling him to stop, thereby occasioning her loss of time, temper, and it may be of money, if she is on her way down town to hunt for bargains.

These misdemeanors have occasioned a demand amongst women for some means of calling his attention to which he cannot possibly affect oblivion.

A bachelor who was asked to present his views on the subject, thought it would be a very effective demonstration of the progressive spirit now pervading the feminine world, for her to whistle just as a man does. Someone else suggested that a very large square of turkey-red cotton vigorously waved from the curb stone ought to compel a halt, as even an engine under a full head of steam would not ignore such a signal. A steel or wooden whistle, and a machine similar to a policeman's rattle that could be sprung with a click audible a couple of blocks away, have also been mentioned as effective means of obliging the refractory car conductor to bestow proper attention on female patrons.

As the woman and the car conductor seem to be at odds all the world over interest in the result of this profound discussion ought to be very general.

Miss Irene Coit has had a Byronic experience. She waked up on the morning after the news of her success in passing the Yale examination, went abroad to find herself famous, and troops of reporters besieging the paternal residence in Norwich, Conn.

Miss Coit thought it very pleasant at first, and chatted very amiably, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting reporter with all due courtesy. By-and-by messengers, letters, and telegrams commenced to pour in from editors of newspapers and magazines, requesting an article, a story, or a poem from her pen.

Miss Irene held out bravely until the front parlor wouldn't hold any more reporters, or the hall table any more letters. Then she wilted, wept, and at last fled to her vestal chamber and turned the key, and papa Coit put out the interviewers, and told the postman to keep away for a couple of days. Then the editors scolded and declared she hadn't any backbone, and one very vile editor, who had kept in the background during the journalistic raid, now slid forward and managed at the price of a worth gown to get a column and a half of very school-girlish talk which he would have promptly consigned to the waste-paper basket, if it had reached him from an unadorned source.

The social and theatrical worlds were equally stirred up this week by a report that Mrs. Cora Brown-Potter had married her leading man Kyrie Bellew.

Mrs. Potter is in many respects an American Langtry. Almost equally famous as a beauty, she is of the *creme de la creme* of the South and married into the wealthy New York Potter family, of which Bishop Potter is the head.

Her reign amongst the "400" as a beauty and an amateur actress, was a very brilliant one, but the social world became too narrow for her ambition, and in spite of the combined opposition of her own and her husband's family she went on the stage. She stepped out of a Fifth avenue home, made beautiful and comfortable with every luxury that money and love could procure, into the glare of the footlights, and in this respect she is far as I know, *sui generis* amongst modern actresses. Nearly every society woman who has gone upon the stage has alleged a financially embarrassed husband or domestic infelicity, and the most of them have reached it by way of the divorce court.

Bellew is an Englishman, a most excellent actor, an Adonis in face and figure, and an Alexander the Great amongst Gotham's theatrical masher. Mrs. Potter and he left their last autumn on a theatrical tour through Australia, China and Japan, in which the wedding is said to have taken place.

Down at Bar Harbor the secretary of state, surrounded by all of his family except the tabooed Mrs. James, Jr., is making a sturdy fight for health and strength, with the odds against him on account of his 64 years.

A newspaper woman, who is only in her twentieth year, Miss Marguerite Hamm, sends out all the telegrams relative to his health that are authenticated by the Blaine family.

How she managed to visit Gail Hamilton, who has always been the Plumed Knight's manageress when he needed one, nobody knows, but there she is and thirty newspapers are publishing just what she sends them on the all important subject of the great man's health. She makes all her telegrams *coulour de rose*, and if he is not nominated for 1892 she will have nothing to reproach herself with. A score of interviewers, who cannot get a glimpse at the tip of his nose are camped around Stanwood, and the green-eyed demon is rampant amongst them.

She is the grand-daughter of Gen. Pierre Hamm, who, somebody has discovered, was a leader of the liberal party in Canada about forty years ago, and who wrote a history of Canada.

HERMIA.

HOW EMINENT MEN ARE WORRIED

Autograph Fiends and the Way They Are
Treated.

One of the commonest penalties paid by popularity is subjection to the attentions of the autograph hunter. No celebrity escapes. Many a letter of cunningly worded inquiry has doubtless found its way into the Hawarden post-bag, with the real ulterior object of obtaining for the writer one of Mr. Gladstone's famous signed post-cards. Very frequently success has crowned the effort. But it is not always easy to "draw" the proposed victim. The ex-Premier's great rival, Lord Beaconsfield, would never put his name in full to any written communication sent to strangers. It was difficult for the smartest seeker to secure his autograph except indirectly, of intimate friends, or from the treasure-trove of some official document. Disraeli resented this particular annoyance.

Mr. Chamberlain is said to be equally unmanageable. He meets the insidious advances of the bores by a simple but effective checkmate. His secretary sends out a printed notice that the member for Birmingham makes a rule of refusing his autograph.

Other well-known folk have been, and are, complainant under protest, like Daniel O'Connell, who met an application of the sort with the curt reply, involving a delightful bull: "I never give autographs—Daniel O'Connell." And it was stated recently that a favorite living lady poetess has improved upon the grudging assent. She has a copy of a short poem written plainly out, and signs it and sends it to her eager correspondents for a fee!

Another way in which eminent people are bothered is by applications for information or help from individuals with no claim whatever on their time or means. Lord Tennyson has had publicly to announce that he can do nothing for those correspondents, and that no notice will be taken of their communications.

Lord Macaulay mentions in his journal that a clergyman wrote to him three times to ask what the allusion to St. Cecilia meant in the famous narrative of the trial of Warren Hastings. On another occasion he was earnestly besought by an impecunious Scottish gentleman who had a wonderful novel to publish and required the loan of fifty pounds. If Macaulay would forward him a draft for that amount he would come to London and give the historian the privilege of editing his manuscript. The offer was not taken. And in a further case he was appealed to by a cattle painter—may be a disregarded and obscure Cooper—to hire or buy the artist "a cow to paint from." Surely, "as he loved the fine arts," he would do this. But Macaulay declined.

Longfellow was much pestered by his American admirers, and in his diary and letters he records some grand specimens of Yankee ingenueness. A total stranger wrote to him, pleading that the poet would give him a chance of happiness by composing a valentine, for the applicant to send to a young lady in reply to one received the year previous. In one place Longfellow jots down, probably with a rather weary smile—"A letter from Mr. C—, with fifty questions on classical versification, which it would fill an octavo to answer." Elsewhere he writes—"In the twilight a visit from a vendor of essences, who offered a great bargain, namely, that he would give me one dollar's worth of his essences, and I should write him a poetical epistle to Jenny Lind, asking charity in his behalf. Stupid dolt! It took me some time to make him comprehend the imbecility of his behavior. Truly arnigible Yankee is a very ignoble being."

Longfellow did not object to the autograph-hunter. He only inserted, for the sake of others, a printed slip which said: "In applying for an autograph always enclose a stamped and addressed envelope."

It was in large part the pressure of the worry of a peculiar order of correspondence on his genial and kindly spirit that led him to resign the editorship of the *Cornhill*. He spoke plaintively in his "Roundabout Papers" of "thorn letters" from his would-be contributors, which he shrank from touching. It gave him pain to seem harsh and to return the necessary negative.

The man or woman who is determined to see as many celebrities as possible is a chronic bore to genius. The poet laureate has been a great sufferer from the persistent curiosity of strangers. Visitors to the Isle of Wight used to linger in the precincts of Farringford and pry into its owner's seclusion, until the nuisance became unendurable, and the poet found a new summer residence at Haslemere, far up amongst the Surrey hills. And though this is a less hackneyed haunt of tourists, still they come, and complaint has to be made that they try to attain their end by subterfuge. Calls have even been made at the house, on the off chance of seeing Lord Tennyson, and under the transparent excuse of having lost the way. Byron, in his day, objected to the hardihood of those who, by hook or by crook, meant to get a glimpse of him. At Geneva, on one occasion, he removed from the Hotel Secheron to a neighboring villa to escape this impertinence. But in vain. The proprietor of the rooms he had left furnished the remaining guests with telescopes that they might scrutinize Byron and his friend Shelley whenever they were within range.

It often happens that the well-known man is made the victim of an interviewer who has not the warrant of an editor's commission, and who would be puzzled to allege any legitimate business. It is related that one of these gentry caught a Tartar in Thomas Carlyle. The sage of Chelsea detected few things more than calls the only purpose of which was inquisitiveness. A German from Weimar came over, and soon made for Carlyle's house in Cheyne-row. He was shown into an octagon room, plentifully supplied with doors admitting to recessed cupboards. There he found the philosopher, and, already in trepidation, handed him a note of introduction. Carlyle read it, and saw no excuse which he was willing to pass for the intrusion. "Well, sir, proceed," he said in his most grim and acid manner. The hauteur of the reception fairly upset the stranger's balance. He backed into a corner where he saw a door knob. But he could not get away in that direction. The door was fast. He tried a succession of handles with the same result, and the saturnine old Scotsman seemed subtly to enjoy his misery. At last Carlyle pointed to the true road of egress with the very icy words, "That, sir, is the door." And, no doubt with a sigh of relief, the discomfited German vanished.

Bulow was once conducting a concert in an Austrian town. Suddenly a noise reached his ears like nothing so much as the whirr made by a covey of partridges in rising. He glanced indignantly round. Full in view, in a front seat of the hall, was a lady possessed of more courage than discretion. She held an enormous fan, and she was working it to and fro at a great rate, and literally adding an unauthorized wind instrument to the orchestra. Bulow tried the effect of a cold stare. But the lady was impervious. The fan "whirred" as madly as ever. The conductor's wrath was now at a white heat. He threw down his baton, and addressed the thoughtless offender. His words were, however, full of wit, and ranged the sympathies of the general audience entirely on his side. "Madam," he said, "if you must fan yourself, be good enough to beat in time."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

"SIGNED WITH HER OWN HAND."

How the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland
Agrees to Acts of Parliament.

It is question time in the house of commons, and ministers are laboriously reading their answers to the long list of printed questions on the paper. Presently, with no apparent reason, the outer doors of the chamber, usually wide open, are shut and locked, and the door-keeper stands guarding them, peeping through a tiny wicket in the door, as if he expected an inconvenient du. But, no; the doors have only been locked on the same principle that the little boys on the towing path of the Cam shut the gates when they see an undergraduate approaching, in order to have the pleasure of opening them again—for a consideration. What the consideration of the doorkeeper of the house of commons may be is not known to the public, but the very instant that the stranger approaching has made three modest taps on the door, the watchful attendant flings it open and announces the visitor with a stentorian shout of "Black Rod." Slowly does the elderly gentleman in braided uniform who bears this title and the short rod that confers it advance up the floor of the house, bowing scrupulously three times in his passage. Arrived at the table, he summons "this honorable house" in the name of the crown immediately to attend at the house of peers to hear the royal assent given by commission to various bills. Having given his message, he slowly retires backward, bowing again, with the mystic three bows. Without a word all the members rise in their places, and the speaker leaves his chair and joins Black Rod, who has been waiting for him at the bar of the house. Side by side in brotherly converse they walk off, followed by the sergeant-at-arms and two or three members as representatives of the house, while strong-lunged policemen in the lobby bellow out, "Make way for Black Rod." "Make way for the speaker."

In the house of lords a quaint but not unimpressive spectacle awaits one. Through the stained-glass windows of the beautiful chamber the sunlight is streaming, lighting up the richly carved woodwork and the decorated ceiling, and making the red benches below seem redder than ever. Indeed, on the floor of the house red, a crimson red, is the single note. Row upon row of crimson benches, all empty, and on the woosack three silent peers robed in red. At the table, scarcely noticed in the blaze of red, are three silent clerks in wig and gown; that is all.

But by this time the speaker and his companions have reached the house of lords, and have packed themselves in a little pen opposite the woosack and the throne. There they stand, patiently or impatiently, throughout the ceremony.

The first business is the reading of the commission appointing certain peers to act on behalf of her majesty. The document is very long and very legal. The number of peers named to serve on the commission seems legion. There is the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught; there is "the most reverend father in God and my well-beloved and trusty councillor" the Archbishop of Canterbury; there is the Archbishop of York, and many other notabilities. Finally comes Lord Halsbury, "lord chancellor of that part of my kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britain," and at these words of the reading clerk the lord chancellor, hitherto motionless on the woosack, raises his three-cornered hat in response to a deep bow from the clerk. The next name is the Earl of Limerick, and the clerk bows again, and another three-cornered hat is raised by another figure on the woosack. The same double bow is repeated at the name of Lord Windsor, the third of the three figures. The document then recites that these numerous commissioners, "or any three of them," shall have power to act for the queen, and notify her assent to the bills passed by parliament—"Given at Windsor, by the queen herself, signed with her own hand."

This ends the first stages of the proceedings. The lord chancellor then immediately, without moving, makes a little speech to the empty benches, which he addresses as "My Lords," and calls upon the "clerks at the table to pass the bills in the usual manner."

The two other clerks now step forward, and stand one on each side of the table. One reads the titles of the bills, the other announces her majesty's assent. But this bald statement gives but a poor idea of the acted scene, for the bows have been altogether omitted. No ceremony is complete without a bow, and the passing of bills in the house of lords seems as an onlooker all bows. The junior clerk, as he takes each bill from the table, turns to the woosack and makes a profound bow to the commissioners. Rising, he reads the title of the bill and then bows again. As soon as this bow is over the senior clerk on the other side of the table makes his bow to the woosack. This bow over, he turns round to the representatives of the commons penned up under the clock, and in a clear voice pronounces the crucial words. *La reine le veult*, then turns round again and makes another deep bow to the, red-robed peers on the woosack.

All this ceremonial is gone through with every bill, and as the titles of the bills are read it is not easy to avoid a smile at the incongruity between the nature of the bill and the antique formality by which it is passed into law.

The maid was a vision of loveliness. As she entered the room in her opera dress. The low cut corsage revealed the charms of her shapely neck and her rounded arms. He studied her costume for half a minute. Then he softly murmured, "She isn't in it."

DARWIN'S METHODS OF WORK.

The Perseverance of the Great Naturalist
and His Irreverence for Books.

As a working naturalist Darwin was a model of exactness, patience, and perseverance; he rarely lost a moment, and, while not a rapid worker, he compensated for this by the attention he gave the subject. His study was adapted for work, his appliances being essentially simple. A dissecting board with a low, revolving stool was a principal feature, while a table bore his tools, and various drawers containing the various articles he was likely to use.

Darwin's library was a curiosity, as he considered books simply as a part of the working material, and had not the reverence for them that we find in the bibliophile. They were marked with memoranda, and divided if too large. He often laughed with Sir Charles Lyell over the fact that he had made him bring out an edition of his book in two volumes by informing him that he was obliged to cut the book in halves for use. Pamphlets he cut up, often throwing away all the leaves which did not relate to his work. When books were filled with notes he frequently added an index at the end with the number of the pages marked, and thus had a list of the subjects in which he was interested, so that at short notice he could command all the material bearing on a certain point in his possession. Fortunately, Darwin had ample means, which enabled him to devote his entire time to scientific work without the distraction which would naturally have come from an attempt to make his labor pay a yearly dividend or income. His habits were simple and methodical, and within a short distance of the hum and bustle of the great city of London he carried on his experiments for 40 years, happy in the companionship of such men as Huxley, Hooker, Owen, Lubbock, and others, producing results that will place him among the leaders of science as long as time endures.

One of Darwin's experiments will illustrate his method of work, and the consideration and labor which he gave to it. While on a visit to his uncle, the latter suggested that the supposed sinking of stones on the surface was really due to the castings of earthworms. This idea made so strong an impression upon the mind of the naturalist, that he read a paper on the subject before the geological society. When the farm at Down was secured in 1842, he set apart some of the ground for his experiment, which was to cover a part of the field with broken chalk, and note among other things, the disappearance of the layer through the agency of the worm castings. The plot was covered in December, 1842, Darwin waiting 29 years, or until November, 1871, before noting the results; a trench was then dug across the field, exposing a series of white dots or nodules; the original deposit of chalk being found on both sides of the trench at a depth of seven inches from the surface. Another portion of this field was spread with cinders in 1842, and 29 years later the stratum was also found seven inches below the surface, so that Darwin assumed that the mould, exclusive of the turf, had been thrown up at an average rate of 22 inches per year.—C. F. Holder, in "Leaders in Science."

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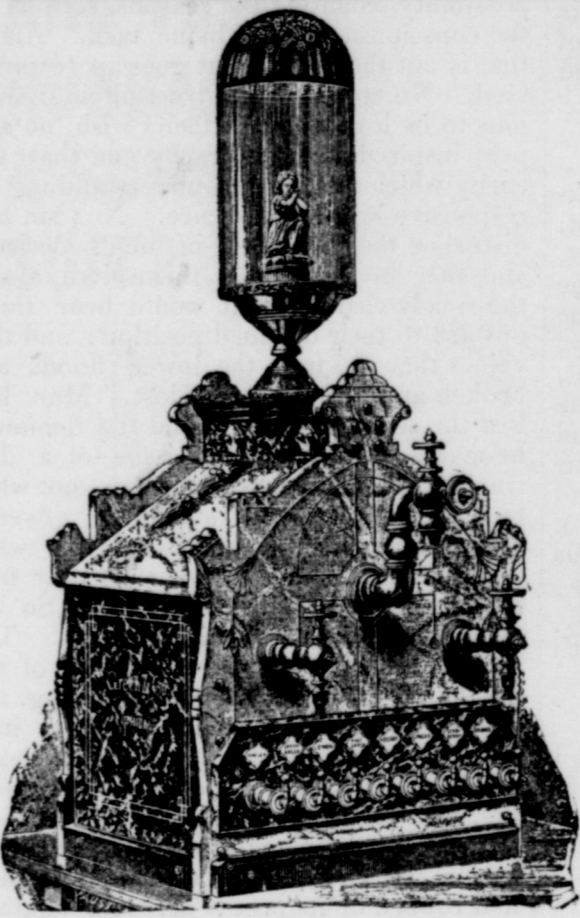
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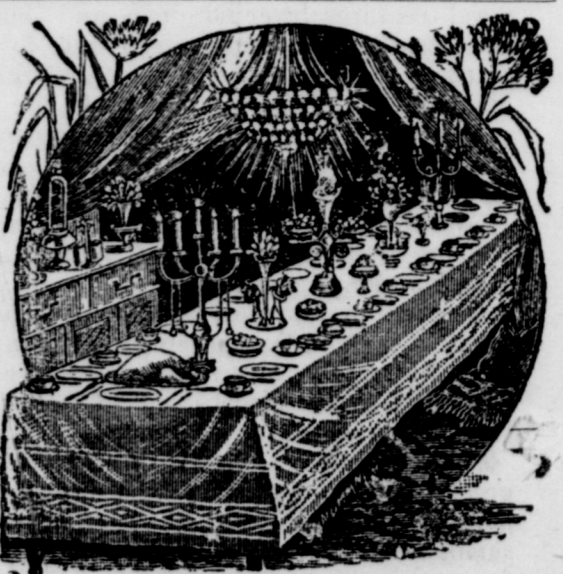
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