

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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CHOOSE THE RIGHT MEN.

Interest in the civic elections appears to have been felt pretty early this year. It may not be that the general public is any more awake than in the past, but some of the candidates have begun in good time to push themselves to the front. They have been at it, directly or indirectly, for some time past, and their entrance into the field dates back for a long way before the announcement of their names as candidates.

So far, the men who are in the field seem to have come of their own will and motion. In the case of such as are already aldermen, it may be presumed that, where no new men are brought forward by the electors, the people are satisfied with them. It may be that in this respect the people are foolishly indifferent, and the presumption in question is of law rather than of fact. It is pretty certain that the personnel of the council could be improved, and that it would be if the electors would go to work in the right way.

The chief excitement this year seems to be in the West End, and there the agitation is local and sectional. Without for a moment questioning the right of the Carleton people to the fullest measure of justice, it is a pity that this sectionalism should exist to such a marked extent there and to a greater or less degree in other parts of the city. The theory of electing a man to secure all he can for a particular district is, in the abstract, most prejudicial to the general good. It is this principle that has saddled the city with some of its most expensive "jobs," and has added, as it must continue to add to a debt already too large. The men needed at the council board are those who will keep in view the general good, and not be perpetually on the watch to strengthen themselves by grabbing this thing or that for their particular ward, making the whole body of citizens pay for it. It always will be so while the present bad system of ward politics prevails.

The remedy, in part, rests with the people. So long as the present system of ward elections prevail, it is useless to expect the best results, but some improvement can be effected. As a beginning the people should choose the right kind of men and elect them, rather than be content, as they often are, with merely a choice of evils among the men who have the enterprise to nominate themselves. The best class of men are not anxious to come forward, and it is most unusual for them to rush into the fight of their own accord. They do not serve, because there is no effort made to bring them forward. As a consequence, the result of the average ward election is dependent upon the amount of cheek, cash and popularity with "the boys" of the runners in what is too often a miserable scrub-race. The "boys" are the power in certain wards, and very nice fellows some of them are. As a rule, however, they are not heavy ratepayers and are not specially interested in the affairs of the city. Yet they run the ward to suit themselves, because the rest of the voters take no interest in the matter.

The city of St. John is a costly thing at best, in proportion to its size and the benefits the taxpayer receives. The figures already published by PROGRESS show there is need of economy in many directions. It can hardly be hoped that this will come with a council elected and constituted on the present lines. The body is too large, begin with. There is quantity without quality, and worst of all there is a great deal too much sectional feeling. Matters of great importance fail to excite interest, because they have no special local bearing on this ward or that, but let a matter involving a few dollars in this or that place come up, and an hour may be wasted in the discussion of it. Some of the aldermen swallow very large camels at a gulp, but strain exceedingly at the smallest of gnats.

When the council is reduced to one half its present size, and the aldermen are elected by the people, rather than ward

heelers, there is likely to be a change for the better. In the meantime however, something can be done, if only a little, by a careful selection of candidates by the electors who have something at stake in the city. There is plenty of time yet to bring good men to the front in the wards where it is patent they are needed, but to merely submit in every case to men who nominate themselves is folly of the worst kind.

THE POOR ARE WITH US.

It is the habit of many of us to think and talk of the poverty and wretchedness of great cities, and perhaps to feel thankful that in this part of the world the darker phases of human misery are scarcely known. Without great wealth, it merely seem, we are also without great destitution. The beggars are not numerous or obtrusive. All the people of St. John have homes, and while some are undoubtedly poor, yet they contrive to live in some way and the extreme cases are probably looked after—by somebody. We do not attend to such cases ourselves, of course, but there are people who do. The poor must be pretty well looked after, by the unknown somebody—at least, we never read of death from starvation, nor of suicide to escape the slow misery of that death. On the whole, we flatter ourselves that the community is in a fairly prosperous condition, all things considered. So we buy this thing or that which may please our fancy, without dreaming that the stray dollars we throw away are for a moment needed for cases of absolute and pressing want.

Once in a while there comes to the front something that causes some of us to wonder a little. For instance, the papers recently told of the discovery of a widow with a family of small children, "in destitute circumstances and sadly in need of food, clothing and fuel. The house was in ricketty condition and liable to fall at any time." This may seem to be an exceptional case, but possibly it is only that the publicity given it is exceptional. Nay, more it is certain that the horrors of abject poverty may be found in this city by all who choose to look for them.

They are not dreamed of by the greater portion of the well to do public, but they are found far too often by those whose duties call them into the poorer districts, among the back streets and lanes of the North End, the wretched corners which lie to the north and east of Waterloo and Union streets, and in other quarters which give more outward evidence of prosperity. The district visitors know of only a portion of them, as being in some way connected with this church or that. They find enough to know that the funds for the relief of such cases are miserably inadequate to do more than afford partial relief in instances where ten times as much ought to be done. They may do a little here and there, but they can never feel that they have done enough. They return to their homes to think of the foul, unhealthy tenements in which are the old, blind and helpless men and women, the pallid, sickly children in whose faces misery has left no gleam of childish joy. They may quiet the fears of the aged couple whose landlord has threatened to put them into the street because they are in arrears for the rent of rooms in which a merciful man would not permit a dog to live. They may send this and that to make less miserable the last hours of the child whom want has done to death. They may give cast-off clothing to those who are well-nigh naked; but, after all, they feel they have done little to what they would like to do—to what they would do if they had a traction of the money that unthinking men and women spend idly for their own selfish pleasure.

There is a great deal too much poverty in St. John. Much of it is of the kind which those who feel it may strive to hide. The least worthy are sometimes those who are the most clamorous for aid. The really suffering poor—those who are in misery in mind as well as body and estate are often found when they have not called for aid. There is much that can be done for them, if people will give for their relief through the proper channels. These channels are easily found by those who will consult with the workers in those churches which make special effort to visit and relieve the poor, and such churches are plenty.

The people of St. John are quick to respond to appeals in special cases, but it many who are ready to do good would not wait for such cases a great many wretched homes might be made brighter. If more christians would give regularly and systematically to funds for the relief of the sick and needy, they themselves would feel the happier for it. Few cannot afford to give a little; many can afford substantial offerings. Let every one who reads these words ask himself, if he has been and is doing his duty in this respect. If he has not, now is the time to begin.

A resident of Boston, named GILLIAT, has come to the front as the plaintiff in a suit against the Dominion government. He wants nearly \$1,000, which he asserts is due to him under an agreement with the customs department, for services rendered several years ago. These services appear to have consisted of playing the part of an informer by giving "straight tips" by which seizures of stuff sent from Boston to Nova Scotia could be made by

the professional seizers M-LAREN and BONNESS. He claims that he was to get a third of the amount, but the customs officers deny all liability in the matter. They got their share of the seizures, of course, and Mr. GILLIAT doubtless thinks it is a pretty hard show if he cannot get his. The case is interesting as it will bring to the front the methods the government sanctions of pimping and sneaking by the officials and their allies.

If there is any place in Canada which the people of the rest of the world ought to know is not in Ontario, it is the city of Quebec. Yet people in the ancient capital do receive mail matter addressed to "Quebec, Ont., Canada," just as St. John men sometimes get letters addressed to "New Brunswick, Nova Scotia." And the people who send such missives are not ignorant foreigners. Usually they are New Yorkers, who do not know anything about any place outside of New York.

The story of some famous parrots, written for PROGRESS by Dr. GEORGE STEWART of Quebec, will be found to be not only readable but instructive. It appears elsewhere in this issue.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Recreations of An Editor.—We have to ask our readers to excuse any mistakes in this issue, for the fact is that a wild cat visited the premises of the Editor last night and killed three hens, the property of the Editor's wife. That wild cat had to be hunted down and killed whether the paper came or not.—Windsor Tribune.

The Stealthy Detective.—The Wilnot station was broken into on Wednesday night last and a case of merchandise stolen. A colored young man is supposed to be the guilty party. On Saturday a local detective named Joseph Pyke was seen prowling our streets with a pair of steel bracelets in his pocket, on the look-out for the guilty offender.—Annapolis Spectator.

A Prohibition Argument.—The reverend gentleman charged the rum-sellers with being thieves and murderers.—Digby Courier.

At a Berwick Wedding.—The evening was pleasantly spent indoors with music and other amusements, and outside with an elegant bonfire.—Berwick Register.

South Ohio Means Business.—Today being stormy, a number of the citizens met at the shoemaker's shop. After discussing politics and other matters, a question of more importance was brought up, which, if carried into effect, means another factory.—Cor. Yarmouth Light.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise.—Ps. 109, 4. O thou who ever livest to bless and spare, And hast in love withheld thy chastening rod, Accept our heartfelt thanks for this, thy care, Thy mercy, goodness, O Almighty God.

Grant us to know thee as the constant Friend, The great All-Father, full of pardoning grace, Into our hearts thy Holy Spirit send, That we may find through Christ, abiding peace.

Bless our dear ones—restored to us in health— With thy most Holy Spirit's "kinly light"— That they may comprehend thy hidden wealth— And ever guide in paths both pure and bright.

Into thy sacred courts we will repair, And yield to thee thanksgiving, praise and prayer, There all thy servants love to seek thy face, And ask through Christ for pardon, strength and grace.

With contrite hearts may we before Thee kneel, And with accept with joy that precious food, Thy pledge of love and grace, salvation's seal, O Jesu, Saviour blest, the perfect good. Feb'y, 1891. FZRO.

They Have Moved South.—One of a new firm in custom tailoring is that of C. B. Pidgeon & Co. Mr. Pidgeon has conducted a successful tailoring business in Canadian towns for the last fourteen years, and quite understands all the requirements of the trade, while Mr. McLeod, who so satisfactorily filled the position of cutter with the late firm of A. F. DeForest & Co., has charge of the cutting department, and is anxious to add to the reputation he has already made as a first-class cutter.

The Travellers Who Had Pluck.—The mention by PROGRESS of the plucky girl and her brother who walked from Montreal to Quebec is likely to result in their being very much better situated. A number of persons have made enquiries of Rev. Mr. Mathers, and the young woman, who bravely went to work in a factory to earn her bread, will be likely to have much brighter surroundings in the future.

The Congregation Smiled.—A city clergyman in making his announcements last Sunday, announced that a service would be held for "ladies, girls and women." He didn't intend it for a joke, but the congregation looked as if every member of it was reading the bottom of the page of a patent medicine almanac, and didn't know whether to laugh.

It is Worth Reading.—The Mutual Life Insurance company has an announcement in today's PROGRESS that will be of interest to everyone who is thinking of taking out a policy, and in these days nearly everyone who is not already insured, intends to be.

In No Hurry About It.—The committee appointed to investigate matters and reduce rate of assessment from \$147 to \$1.00, has failed to materialize since the first meeting, two weeks ago. The committee has a big contract ahead of it, and does not intend to get out of breath at the start.

THE WITS OF THE HOUSE.

How They Brighten Dull Routine at Fredericton.

The wits of the House of Assembly are Mr. Tweedie and Mr. Wilson. If William could only live as long as he could tell funny stories he would be immortal. As for Lemuel, he knows nearly as many stories as William, and there is a concentrated cussedness about some of his hits that makes him dreaded.

William opened the ball on Friday last. In the midst of one of his most eloquent periods on the want of confidence motion, he was interrupted by an audible smile from Marcus. Turning quickly on the member for Carleton, William shot forth the blistering remark:

"The learned member from Carleton's face is wreathed in a smile. It is a smile of which he has the exclusive patent. It begins to twinkle in his eyes like the first ray of dawn; then it steals across the dim immensity of his cheek, and skimmishes around the whole circumference of his lunar visage, and at last is lost in a mouth that yawns like a crevice in the surface of the earth!"

It was in the evening that the sprightly Lemuel paid his respects to the member for Kent, and rallied him upon having abandoned the county of Kent and taken up his abode in Fredericton.

"The honorable member went forth from Kent as Lot went forth from Sodom. The only difference was that Lot travelled a little taster. He walked; the hon. gentleman went by the Kent Northern. (Laughter.) But I have no doubt the people of Kent regretted the departure of the hon. gentleman. I happened to be at Kent Junction some time after the election, and there I saw a hoary-headed man who crooned this mournful lay:

Come men of Kent and women too, And listen unto me; Our member's gone and left us, Our spouses J. D. P. But we'll not grieve too sadly, Though we can not be gay, For though we've lost our James D. P. We've still some John De K.

Hon. members may not know who John De K. is, but this is not the case with the hon. gentleman from St. John (McKeown) who sent ten cases of John up to Northumberland to defeat me in my last election. (Great laughter.) But it was later in the evening when Lemuel covered himself with glory and lit upon the doughty Daniel in a way that will long be remembered. Those who watched the countenance of Daniel as he waited for the shell to explode will never forget the scene.

"Who wrote the Leary telegram?" roared Daniel across the floor. To which Mr. Tweedie replied: "It is now some sessions ago since the hon. member for Westmorland originated the able question: Who wrote the Leary telegram? He was pleased with the product of his genius then, and he has been so pleased with it since that scarce a day has passed, since that time, when the house has been in session, that he has not thrown across the floors of the assembly this same historic question. But I think the hon. gentleman scarcely does himself justice. It will not be by these words that the memory of the hon. member will be transmitted to posterity. The hon. member has uttered weightier words than these; words that will live in history. Long after his political course is ended; long after his failures as a leader have ceased to be recorded; long after the Tantram marshes and the ram pastures of Westmorland have been swept away by the all devouring tide; long after the gentle bull-trog from his marshy home in the main streets and thoroughfares of Moncton has ceased to croak; long after the bottom has dropped out of the little oil-can of the lieutenant of the Opposition and the lemon squeezer has become a burden; long after the bloom of youth has faded from the girlish cheeks of Alward; long after the hon. member from St. John (Mr. Smith) has retired from the political arena, having attained the height of his ambition by showing that Lunatic Asylum turkeys can be had for 18 cents per pound; long after the pure and spotless Phinney has been enrolled in the calendar of the saints, the words of the hon. member for Westmorland will be remembered. The utterances of great men live after them, and surely the utterances of the hon. member for Westmorland will live after him. Side by side with Wellington's "Up guards and at them;" with Napoleon's "All is lost, 'tis the Prussians who come;" with Nelson's "England expects every man this day to do his duty," will stand the words of the hon. member when, under the canvass of a little tent, alone and unaided, he stood between an untamed bear and a fierce bulldog and a still fiercer agent of the S. P. C. A., and with hair erect and flashing eye, demonstrated the liberties of the small boy, and the inalienable right of wild bears in general and fierce bulldogs in particular to fight, by uttering these memorable words: "Let the fight go on, Selick, I will stand at your back!" The shout of laughter that went up as Lemuel concluded his oration has never been equalled in the legislative halls. For the remainder of the night the usefulness of Daniel had departed.

Not the Oldest Performance.—It has been pointed out in reference to the St. John theatre programme of 1817, published last week, that an advertisement of the first dramatic performance in St. John, March 28, 1789, appears in the Mr. Lawrence's Footprints. PROGRESS was aware of the fact and looked up the reference in question when the programme of 1817 was received. The latter appears to be the oldest original house bill which has yet come to the front.

Next Week At the Opera House.—Josie Mills and a good company will appear at the Opera House next week with a change of bill nightly. The company opens with the Galley Slave a play that has always been popular in St. John, and during the week the Silver King, another play that met with great favor in St. John a number of years ago will be given. Popular prices will be the rule and the company is spoken of as a good one.

ALBION'S FIRST LODGE NIGHT.

An Account of the Consecration and Installation of Officers.

Some time ago the question was raised as to the date of the institution of Albion Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M. The custom has been to quote the year 1822 as that date, and it is so printed on the notices sent out each month, and on other documents. The lodge itself has no archives that throw any light on the subject, but correct information has been obtained from other quarters showing the actual dates of its organization. These are from the official records in Halifax and cannot be doubted:

A dispensation for Albion No. 52 was issued by the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, Aug. 20, 1825. It was opened under that dispensation on Sept. 5 of that year, and a warrant was granted on the 30th of November. The lodge was regularly constituted on Jan. 23, 1826, by Benjamin L. Peters, D. D. G. M., father of the present judge of the county court. The following is from the Courier of the next Saturday, Jan. 28:

MASONIC.

The Installation and consecration of Albion Lodge, No. 52, agreeably to notice, took place on Monday last (23rd). The Right Worshipful Brother, Thomas Wetmore, Deputy Grand Master for the Province of New Brunswick, having deputed Worshipful Brother, Benjamin L. Peters, Past Master of Union Lodge, No. 38, to convene a Grand Lodge, pro tempore, to conduct the ceremony, a Grand Lodge was convened accordingly at Union Lodge Room. After opening in form, they moved in procession to Masonic Hall in the following order:

- Grand Tyler. Silver Vessel with Corn borne by a Past Master. Silver Vessel with Wine borne by a Past Master. Silver Vessel with Oil borne by a Past Master. Grand Steward. Grand Steward. Holy Writings. Grand Chaplain. Ionic Order. Doric Order. Tuscan Order. Right Worshipful Deputy Grand Master. Junior Grand Warden. Book of Constitution borne by a Past Master. Senior Grand Warden. Junior Grand Deacon. Right Worshipful Grand Master. Senior Grand Deacon. Grand Sword Bearer. Grand Steward. Grand Steward.

The Grand Lodge having arrived at Mason Hall was received with the usual formalities by the Worshipful Master and Brethren of Albion Lodge, who together with a numerous body of respectable transient and resident visiting Brethren had assembled there on the occasion.

The ceremonies commenced with solemn music, after which a very eloquent and appropriate Oration on the nature, constitution and design of Free Masonry was delivered by the Rev. Brother B. G. Gray, who officiated as Grand Chaplain, and Consecrated and Dedicated the Lodge in conformity with the ancient usages and Customs of the Fraternity.

The Grand Master then proceeded to constitute the Lodge and install its officers, viz.: Brother William Durant, Worshipful Master; Robert Kay, Senior Warden; Charles G. Brownword, Junior Warden; Thomas Leavitt, Treasurer; H. N. H. Lugin, secretary; Jacob R. Smeden, John Prosser, deacons; Robert Welsh, James Condie, stewards; John Valley, Tyler.

The ceremonies being concluded, the Grand Lodge returned to Union Lodge room, where after closing the members were invited by the brethren of Albion Lodge to partake of a cold collation. A few appropriate toasts and sentiments were given, and the brethren retired, highly gratified with the imposing and interesting exercises of the day.

Albion Lodge at that time met at "brother Welsh's" which was the house on Church street afterwards known as Netherly's Hibernian hotel. St. John's lodge, which had been instituted in 1802, and is therefore considerably older than Albion, used to meet at the Masonic hall, head of King street, afterwards the St. John hotel.

They Sold a Purple Horse.

There was some fun among the horse traders in the North End a short time ago. It seems that several of them bought a horse, very cheap. The animal was in poor condition, and was old and gray. The traders thought they would overcome the latter difficulty with a little dye. So they "painted" the horse. Unfortunately the dye turned from a nice chestnut to purple as soon as it dried on the horse, and in day time he was quite a curio. At night he looked first rate, and it was after dark that his owners gave him exercise. At last they found a probable purchaser, and they made every effort to make the trade at night. They took the horse out for a spin one night and the intending purchaser thought he went first rate. His color was also satisfactory, and a sale was made. The traders got a good horse in exchange and money to boot, but the remarks of the man who bought the purple horse, when he saw his purchase, are not recorded.

Wolves at the Door.

Old settlers say that the wolves are more plenty this season than at any time for the last 25 years. They have been seen at the Nerepis and on the Lancaster stream a number of times lately. It is thought possible they have been attracted by the deer, which have also been reported as increasing within the last year or two.

Here's a Chance for You.

The clearance sale of the Turner & Finlay stock opens Monday. Messrs. Pittfield & Co. have been busy this week marking down the goods, and promise genuine bargains, as they have decided to sell all the stock retail before May 1.

THEY LIKE TO HAVE SMALL FEET.

People Who Show Their Vanity When Buying Rubbers.

"Do you think you could put a patch on that for me," said a customer to a St. John dealer in rubber goods this week. "I've only had them about a fortnight, and there is a hole in the heel. The man I bought them from says it is caused by wearing a boot that is run down in the heel, whereas it should set firmly in the rubber and not give it a chance to spring up and down and finally break."

The rubber man listened patiently to this oration on rubbers, then looked up at the customer and smiled.

"The rubber was too small for the boot," he remarked soberly. "You can see how it is bulged out at the back. That happens when the boot will not go down in it. We often have cases of this kind."

"Then you think people have a weakness for small feet," said the customer.

"I know they do," was the reply. "Nine out of ten people want to get the smallest rubbers they can squeeze their feet into, and the result is they wear out in no time. Of course it's good for our business, but I always advise customers to get rubbers that fit them. I have been wearing a pair of rubbers for nearly a year and they are good yet, simply because they fit nicely, and I take good care of them. But, as I said before, most people like to make their feet look small at any cost. The only people who show wisdom in buying rubbers are countrymen who don't seem to care what they wear. The mistake they make, however, is in getting a rubber that is too large and slips up and down until it 'ships a sea' and loses its usefulness."

OLD ENGLISH NAMES.

They are Oftimes Full of Interesting History.

The Rev. Brook Herford, writing of "An Old English Township" in the Atlantic Monthly for March, says of old names in the England of to-day:

One of the interests of England, to those who care to look below the surface, is in the associations of ancient life and times which cling about it everywhere.

The very names of places and streets are often full of history. You come upon "Lazarus Lane." Now it may be only a plain little street of long rows of cheap brick dwellings, but that name tells of a time, long centuries ago, when somewhere in the neighborhood stood the Lazar house, or leper house, where the lepers of the little town were herded together, away from the other dwellings. Or here is a street called the "Friary," or "Blackfriars," or some other kind of "friars"—Gray, White, or what not; mere shops and houses now, but if you should search about in the old yards and entries it is likely enough that here and there you would come upon some patch of dark stone walling, grimy with age, perhaps a fragment of an old arch that long ago belonged to the monastery which surely stood there.

You have, indeed to be upon your guard against mistakes in such local etymology, arising from the original name having been corrupted into something similar, and yet perhaps entirely different in meaning. Thus the "Deansgate" which you find in various north of England towns does not recall an old city gate by which the dean used to enter, or, as some would have it, by which the Danes made their attack. "Gate," in the north of England, is simply "way," and "deans" should properly be "danes," the way along some old "dene" or "den"—some deep valley or ravine which may be entirely filled up now, but which surely was once there.

Perhaps the best illustration of such a growth of false meaning on to an old name is one that I came across when I was busy over the revision of "Baine's History of Lancashire." I wanted to know whether there were any traces left of the old Roman road which once ran near to Wigan. Having written to a friend resident there to make inquiry, I received the astounding information that there certainly was one most interesting trace of the Roman occupation, inasmuch as a certain highway was still called, and had been from time immemorial, "Seneca Lane," no doubt in memory of the celebrated philosopher. This was too much, however; but it was only after a good deal of inquiry that I found to be the real explanation, which turned out to be that this was an old way to a certain "seven-acre" or, "s'en-acre" field.

Perfect Proportions.

The height of a person with a "perfect figure" should be exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers on either hand when the arms are fully extended.

Ten times the length of the hand, or seven and a half times the length of the foot, or five times the diameter of the chest from one arm pit to the other, should also give the height of the whole body.

The distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head. The knee should be perfect, mid-way between the first-named point and the ground at the heel.

The distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle of the breast.—[New York Home Journal.

A Market Idyl.

It was her first essay at marketing, but she tackled the work with the beautiful hardihood of youth and inexperience. "Have you canvas-back ducks?" she inquired of the man in the stall.

"Yes, Miss, and they are beauties, and mighty scarce at this time of year. An' I've got mallards and red-heads, too."