ANYTHING TO THE YOUNGSTER AT THE POST OFFICE WINDOW.

No Letters for Mrs. Jones, Nor Mr. Smith, Nor Martha Johnson-But Even if There Were They Could Not Get Them After

Seven-Thirty, p. m. There are two things for which the Moncton post office stands out pre-eminent, I think I may safely say in the maritime provinces. One, and by far the most prominent characteristic, is the extraordinary courtesy and politeness of its officials. Never in all my experience have I met with such an obliging and painstaking staff of clerks. From the postmaster himselt down to the junior clerk they are all alike. In fact so noticeable has this peculiarity about Moncton post office become that it seems to be one of the first things to strike any stranger who comes here. Time and again have I heard the remark made by visitors; "By the way, what obliging people you have in the post office! I have never met with so much courtesy!" And it is nothing more than the truth; the smallest and poorest child that goes to the delivery window is sure of a kindly word and polite answer, no matter how much trouble the unconscious and frequently aggravating youngster may give. I have stood in the office many a time looking over my mail, while I waited for a friend and heard dialogues, of which the following is a fair sample, and not at all exaggerated:

A very small tbut self-possessed girl of grimy appearance, climbs up to the window by resting the tips of her copper toed boots on the slight projection in the panelling below the windows and hanging vigorously to the delivery shelf, inquires imperiously, "Is there anything for Mrs.

"What Mrs. Jones, Sissy?" "Mrs. John Jones," with ineffable scorn. The clerk looks over about 200 letters, and answers pleasantly, "nothing for Mrs.

Jones today.' "Well, is there anything for Mr. Sam

The patient clerk takes down the letters which he had put away and goes over them

"Nothing for Mr. Smith, Sissy," and the letters are once more returned to their place, but not long do they remain.

"Anything for Miss Martha Johnson?" I want to shake that child by this time, and have stopped reading my letter, finding that the subject in hand deman's my entire attention; but the post office clerk does not seem to share my teelings. He looks a little tired, that is all, and with unruffled good humor he goes over that bundle of letters again, and pleasantly assures Miss Martha Johnson's envoy that there is nothing for her today. "Are you sure?" pursues the anxious

"Quite sure," answers the modern Job, patiently, and the small damsel reluctantly loosens her grasp of the shelf, and drops to the ground, evidently nursing a dark suspicion that the post office clerk has been deceiving her for purposes of his own.

Not once, nor twice, but dozens of times have I listened to conversations like the above, but I have never heard a short answer given to anyone; and yet it seems to me that the people who never get a letter or paper, are those who go to the office most frequently, and give the most trouble. Poor souls, I trust they will not be amongst those who are always expecting a letter that never comes, until hope deferred makes their hearts sick. Another great peculiarity about the

and are not ashamed to confess it. They do not consider it necessary for the preservation of their official dignity to ignore the people who have been coming in and going out of the post office every day since it was built, and to affect an utter ignorance of their names and faces! Therefore, if you chance to give the key of your box to a friend who has offered to bring your mail up for you some wet day, and that friend goes out of town without remembering to return the key, you need not fear any inconvenience "I've mislaid my key, would you kindly open my box?" and by the time you reach your box it is open! The clerk will not give you your letters, that, I believe, is you a disapproving scowl, as I am told the post office clerks frequently do in other places, nor will he refuse to open the box. He uses his own common sense, he knows who you are, that you pay for your box, and are fully entitled to its contents, even if you should lose your key altogether: so he opens your box with a pleasant smile, and you leave the office thinking what a fine fellow he is, and that if it ever comes in your way you will do a service for him with pleasure, and he makes one more

So much for the advantages! Now for the extraordinary disadvantages possessed by the post office in a city as important as Well I hapened to go out jest when the Moncton. In the first place it closes punctually at seven thirty, standard time, summer and winter; just before the arrival of the three last trains for the night, so that getting a letter however important by one of the evening trains is an utter impossibility as the mails are not sorted. I believe, till the next morning. And worse still, if the C. P. R. from St. John which reaches Moncton at a few minutes before five o'clock should happen to be two or three hours late, as it has frequently happened, no mail can be obtained that night, and, should it happen on Saturday night, none till Monday morning. To those who are anxiously looking for tidings from relatives who are ill, or friends who are absent must needs possess their souls in what patience they can summon

The box holder, whose tea has been a little later than usual, races frantically down town in the hope of "catching the mail," and reaches the post office at seven-thirty-three, has his walk for nothing, and he naturally feels a good deal put out

OBLIGE. council—it is the handsome new post office; hoped his honable frend wood be happy, but I do think it would be a move in the and adorn the honable bench he wus a goin' right direction, and a very popular move to set on," and the folks all hollered and too, if some arrangement could be made by shaked hands. which the post office, or rather the lobby, could be left open till nine or ten o'clock in the evening, so that the box-holders could reach their boxes and get their letters even though they failed to reach the office before half-past seven o'clock. I suppose it is a government matter, though, and we all know that the government, like the mills of the gods, moves very slowly; so perhaps I shall only succeed in drawing down upon my head the wrath of the clerks get into trouble.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE. A PRETTY COUNTRY CHURCH.

Where a Thriving Congregation Worships

at Upper Sussex. One of the prettiest little country churches in the province is situated at Upper Sussex corner, Kings county. It seats 250 people. Every year the congregation has been adding to its attractiveness, and it is now comfortably upholstered and fitted throughout.

The congregation of St. John's reformed episcopal church was organized in 1874.

opened for public worship. By November | was lent, and it was not so much sin when of the next year the debt was cleared off, thay did not dance to band music. I supand the church dedicated by Rev. Bishop pose the brass instruments makes the Samuel Fallows, D. D. The church was difference.

incorporated in 1887. chased, adjoining the church property, on which it is proposed to build a rectory dur
We was all invited into the eatin' room,

the church for nearly seven years, and is very popular with the congregation. He takes a very active interest in church work, Moncton post office clerks is the fact and during his pastorate has accomplished that they know the box-holders by sight, a great deal. He also maintains a strong bond of union with other denominations, being deeply interested in inter-denominational work throughout King's county.

NO MANSLAUGHTER FOR HIM.

'Jeremiah Fodder" and the Legislators--At An Evening Party.

DEAR PROGRESS: I come to the citty with the maple candy, so I thowt you mite like to heer how the wourld's ben a usin me lately. I alwus lay out to git to the next day when you go for your mail. You house of assembly once or twice a session have only to stop at the window and say, to see how the members is a airnin' thare money, and sometimes I have felt bad when I have heerd them quarlin' like dogs over a bone, and lettin' thare angry passions against the rules, but neither will he give rise as the him says. A cupple of yeers ago I was in the galery when too members fit as if thay wood tare each other to peeces. I ses to my frend Mr. McCub who follered me and sot down aside me, "Air them men proffessers," but he stared at me fer a while and then he ses, "Oh, no, proffessers don't never speek out of the colledge." "Ye don't understand me," I ses. "Have thay jined the church?" "Oh, I guess not." ses he, "I don't know what church wood have 'em, but I say its a shame for them to spit fire like that, and in Lent too." men did that hed ben fitin', and thay cheeked up to each other on the steps. "Part 'em, part 'em," I yells, "pervent manslawter," but thay jest turned and looked at me, and one of 'em ses, "Old man I gess you're crazy," and I believe I was, but I'll lay my hed on a block if thay didn't laff and talk as peeceful as if thay hadn't ben jawin' like mad a few minnits atore. I had to walk a mild or too afore I got over the start.

Well, I jest hapened in the "house" yisterdy, and heerd the noo Jedge Hanington takin' leve of Blare and the rest of em. I must say I alwus liked Hanington, though funded he only sed it wus all right, and the and wait patiently through the intervening he was pritty peppery sumtimes, and he driver had charged reesonable, as it wus spoke luvly, you'd a thawt he wus amung alwus dubble fair after dark, and he christian peeple, when he sed so much about prowd at gittin' into sech high society withpeece and good will, and he hadn't a hard out grudgin' a paltry five dollars." If thawt agin nebody, and the wimmin in the that's society's ways, me and them will cry galery wiped there eyes, and sed "it wus quits. bewtiful and most impressin"." But when be naturally feels a good deal put out about it and inclined to swear a little.

Now, I am not finding fault. Far from it; because if there is anything in the world that the true Monctonian is proud of—that the true Monctonian is proud of—the Monctonian i after the town fire engines and the city on the floors of this honable house, and he adder in scripter.

The last time I was in town I was ashamed to see too of the members as set opposite a callin' names, and makin' faces like too bad children acrost a wood pile. I knowed they had irish blud in em thay give sech hard cuts, and throwed up how homly another so much.

I expect you'll laff, but my frend Mc-Cub hes ben and took me to "an evenin" I have been praising, for trying to lengthen party." I hed on a noo soot made by a their hours, and I had better stop before I first-rate taileress, but he sed I'd have to A well known St. John man ware a "dress cote," so he borryed a swaller tail, and put a white stock on me, and made me hire a team, though we didn't have to walk a quarter of a mile. The fust thing he introduced (he called it presented) me to the woman of the house, and I must say she wus a rale nice. clever woman, and talked very pritty; but she was smilin' all the time, and never left off smilin' the hull evenin'. I think her face must hev ben tired. I sot down and wus a Bailiffs, Burgesses and commonality of watchin' the folks, but McCub he wood keep bringin' peeple and "presentin" em, till wun yung feller with terrible thin yaller hare and a sassy countenance sed, "You're quite a lion, Mr. Fodder," and that put me in mind of a bare hunt that me and Bill Staggers hed wun time, so I ups and tells The corner stone of the building was laid them the story. My, how thay laffed, and

wun yung lady-at least she wus drest yung-sed she wood think a "bare hunt wood be gorguos," and she'd love to be thare, but I thawt she didn't know what she wus talkin' about.

I must say as a desent vartuous man I did not like the frock wastes so low in the neck, and I'd be willin' to take my book oath that I did not look much at 'em, but some of the men follered them same wimmen round, and looked and looked, all thay wanted to, and I say its a shame fer men pertendin' to be desent to act so. I told Hanner all about the party, but I never sed nothing about that part of it. Some of the wimmen wus drest rale desent and modest, and some of the men acted the gentlemen too.

I heerd wun woman tellin' another, that she "just luved" a man that I knowed wus married, but when I spoke to McCub he sed thay didn't meen it, and the way society wus constituoted they had be

They got up a little impromptoo dance, as they called it. Thay had only three sets of, I torgit what it was, only it wasn't a ate handed real, as

Then a few more plaid a game or too of Quite recently a lot of land has been pur- wist, but thay left off and denged them-

and I never seen anything so beutiful in Rev. A. M. Hubly has been rector of my life, you'd a thawt it was summer thay was so many flours, and thay smelt so nice, and the vittals looked luvly, but thay wus different from what I wus used to. Bein' an aged man thay sot me down, but when I hitched up to the table McCub whispered to set back, so I got agin the wall, and the same sassy feller came up to me a grinnin', and set "it wood give him grate plesure to wate on me, and what wood I have." I sed I'd like a cup of tee, and a piece of punkin pie or a cupple of doe nuts, as I'd ett a harty dinner, and wasn't hungry, but if you'll belive me thay hadn't none on the table, so he sed he wus sorry but wood I have a few isters, so I sed I'd try em, but I wus afraid thay wood

Well, he brung me a biskit with something dark in the middle and said it wus a patty, and he coodn't git at a scallop. Now Hanner can't be beet for patty pans, but that thing warn't like hers, so I knew he was only foolin' me, and advised him to reed what Solomon sed about respectin' the agid. Another fellow brawt me some cream; now cream wood never set on my stommick, but I tasted it to plese him, and it was a kind of jelly with little peeces of pine apple in it. On the hull I like Hanner's cookin' best.

After supper thay had wun dance more, thay denied themselves and had only wun. I noticed they kind of saled through the figgers, and the men didn't swett none as I'd ben usem to see 'em. I've knowed fellers that didn't have a dry rag on them after dancin' an hour or too, and thay wus oblidged to dry thare cotes and even thare weskits. There wus a good deel of bowin' in this dance, and when the wimmin bowed, omehow the men all grinned, it beats me

what thay was so tickled about. Thay all sed thay had a enchantin' time, but some of 'em wus in the coach with me, and thay sed thay wus tired, and bored, and didn't Miss A. look sweet, and Miss B. horrid, and wasn't the piano an old rattle trap, and Miss C. thawt she cood sing, but it wus only a howl. All McCub wood say when I reesoned with him afterwards, wus, "Dont be a filositer old fellow, it dont pay in this part of the 19th century.

I was the last to get out of the coach, and wood you beleve that there driver made me pay for the hull lode. He sed Mr. McCub told him I wus accountable, I pade it, though Hanner does not know about it yit, but when I talked to McCub the next mornin', and expected to git rethrowed up to me that "I ought to feal

Yours till deth, JEREMIAH FODDER ADDRESSES OF LONG AGO.

They Were Stereotyped and Some of Them Were Worth Reading.

In olden times people were fond of making long addresses to royalty at every possible opportunity as they are today. The only difference seems to be-judging by several old time effusions which have come thay wus. It aint manly, to say nothing to the notice of Progress—that the aduv religion, for our legislaters to sass wun dresses of former days did not adhere to the stereotyped forms and were more likely to be read. Nevertheless they got in a sufficient number of "your majesty's" to

A well known St. John man sends PROGRESS copies of the following interesting documents.

These lines are a burlesque on the following obsequious address, presented by the Borough of Ipswich in 1786 to George III. on his escape from the knife of Peg Nicholson when she made an attempt to assassinate him. The address ran as follows: To the king's most excellent majesty. The humble address of the the ancient Borough of Ipswich in great

court assembled. We, your majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Baliffs, Burgesses and commonalty of the ancient Borough of Ipswich, beg leave humbly to offer your majesty our sincere and hearty congratulations on your majesty's providential escape from the late desperate attempt made on your majesty's sacred person, an attempt, which at once endangered your majesty's life and the happiness of all your majesty's subjects.

Fully sensible of the innumerable blessings we enjoy under Your Majesty's mild goveroment, we fervently pray that Your Majesty's most valuable life may be preserved many years, and that Your Majesty may long reign over a free, happy and loyal people.

Given under our Common Seal, 18th

The Bellmen of Ipswich, unwilling to be outdone in loyalty to His Majesty, have composed an address equally as full of majesty as that presented by their worthy masters to His Majesty. To His Majesty most excellent,

With humbe duty we present, In lines replete with majesty As lights upon the starry sky, Your Majesty to congratulate In being sav'd from th' attack of late-Th' attack against your Royal Life, By woman's hand and blunted knife. How could she dare to lift on high Her hand to stab Your Majesty? That wicked hand with rage so fierce, Your majesty's kind heart to pierce Twas happy for your majesty That providence was standing by, Or else, perhaps your majesty Might have received a blow so sly As would have killed your majesty. What sorrow would the land o'erspread Thave heard your majesty was dead! Your subjects would have wept full sore ave seen your majesty no mo Our thanks unfeigned we send on high, To Him who sav'd your majesty, And hope that he will hear our cry And long preserve your majesty.

Given under our great seal, the lanthorn, staff and

A Prudent Man Eats to Live,

And he eats choice Breakfast Cereals and Hygienic Foods, such as Desicated Wheat, Pearl and Flake Hominy, Wheat Germ they sed thay wood have Meal. Granulated Wheat, Farmia, Rye in July 1875, and in February 1876 it was to deny themselves enny more as it Flour, S. R. Buckwheat, etc., and buys them from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte St.

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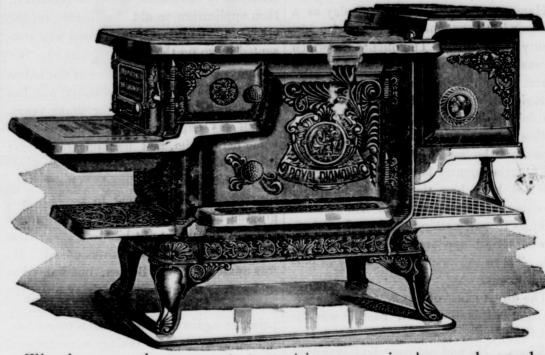
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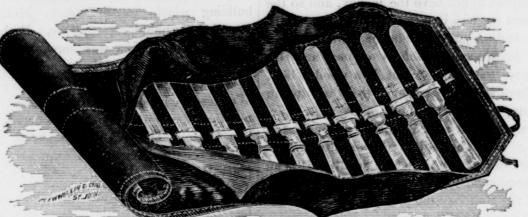
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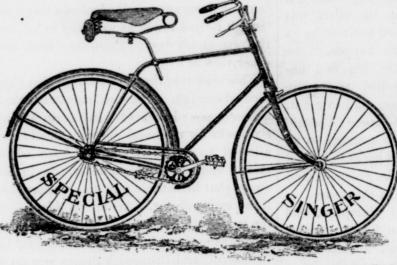
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(Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for

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