

LOOKING FOR A HOUSE.

EXPEDITIONS THAT WERE DECIDEDLY INTERESTING.

The Poor Dear Children and the People who Were Unfortunate Enough to Own Them—Modern Improvements, Big Rents and Other Things As Seen By Competitors.

Progress today prints another instalment of house hunting experiences. They show one of the greatest institutions of civilization in all its phases, and after reading them it is hard to understand why so many people move annually and undergo mental and physical torture or house-hunting year after year with wonderful regularity. The prize winner is announced on another page of today's paper.

THESE PEOPLE HAD CHILDREN.

But the Landlords Couldn't See Their Right to Such Possessions.

Edward and I came to the conclusion that we were living in too large a house for a small family, only four children, so we made up our minds to take a smaller house or tenement as the case might be, and as we own the house that we are living in, we must let it, and to responsible parties. Well, we had to let inserted in the different papers, we were not to let ours until we had secured one, so, not to be left in the lurch; my girl had left the week before and now I must leave the children with grandma; poor grandma. This is about the only time that mothers-in-law are appreciated on either side. However, that may be I started out to see what I could do in the house-hunting line. I can find a house without rats, mice, cockroaches, waterbugs, and bed-bugs. I have not succeeded. I can assure you that I am thoroughly disgusted with this whole business.

At one house that I was inspecting I asked if there were bugs of any kind in it, and the landlord's reply was, that he did not own houses for bugs nor children to live in. 'I put it in his own words,' he said, 'I would just as soon have one as the other. I said to him children must live, and in houses too; yes, he said, there is no law to prevent them living, but I would like to wring a few of their necks.'

I said we were all children. Yes, said he, but when I was a boy children were taught to mind and did act as though they were a little above the brute creation, but I am sorry to have it to say that there is so little good can be said of children from eight to sixteen now-a-days. I began to think his experience had been a hard one. How many of a family have you? I said only seven—five children; I would like to take your house, I think it would just suit me. Well, said he, it might suit you but it wouldn't suit me. Do you call seven in a family a small one and five of them children between two and fourteen years. Yes I said, I most certainly do; my grandmother, bless her old soul, had fourteen; my mother had eleven. I think I am justified in saying that my own family is a small one, and I guess it is all right. No, said he, it is not all right; it is all wrong. Your grandmother was wrong, your mother was wrong, and you are wrong too. I left him.

The next was a house of two tenements; one was occupied by the owner, the other was vacant, and I did not much wonder at that, for there were several little ones and the youngest were twins, the mother would so like to have me come there, my girls were just the right age to take care of babies, and she had a very pretty carriage for the twins, and she was sure I was fond of children, and we would get along so nicely together; 'don't you think you will take it. I will take the card right out of the window now if you will just say yes.' I replied that I could not decide just then, but I don't think it will do. She was very sorry, but perhaps I couldn't pay such a high rent—ninety five dollars per year. I didn't choose to enlighten her on that subject, and left her hearts to conquer.

At the next house the landlord was not a bit pleased with his tenants. They didn't furnish the house to suit him, and if I took it he would like me to put a good carpet on the hall and stairs anyway. I told him that had I never furnished my house to please the landlord and didn't propose to commence now. I told him his rent was very high, and with tears in his eyes he replied: 'I am so heavily taxed I cannot let it for less,' and added, 'I am going to leave this country and try some other.' By this time the tears were running down over his cheek, and he was obliged to use his handkerchief. I left him feeling very sad. This morning Edward decided to take his dinner in town, so I got the children ready for school, and the little ones were to stay with grand-mamma as usual, and I started out again, but found nothing desirable and came back tired and discouraged. I called for the children. School was over, and they were all there waiting for mamma. I went directly home so as to have tea ready for papa, and when I opened the front door the hall was full of smoke and gas. I rushed for the kitchen door, and there was Ed. He had changed his mind and came home to dinner.

I said nothing to him about my going out and he supposed I was at home, but not finding me attempted to get something to eat himself. When leaving the house I closed the dampers in the range so to keep the fire until tea time. Well, Ed. don't know how to manage a range, and thinking that the soot had gotten into the pipe and choked it up, he caught up the poker and commenced beating the pipe and down it came. He had placed the teakettle on the floor and in trying to get out of the way of the pipe he fell over the kettle, turned it over, of course all the water ran out and the stovepipe struck him after all, and his face was so black his most intimate friends would never have recognized him. His hair was standing on end. By this time the children were all crying and he shouted at the top of his voice, 'if you don't take those children out of this kitchen I will throw the stovepipe at them. I got them out as soon as possible, and quieting the poor little ones I changed my dress and leaving the children in the sitting-room I mustered courage enough to go back to the kitchen and see what could be done. Ed looked at me very wickedly out of the corner of his eyes, and although I was nearly dead with fright I laughed and cried, and was obliged to leave him still trying to put the pipe in place. He had been in all the afternoon and must be tired, and had had no dinner. I went out again and asked him to let me put the pipe

up. He said, 'You know nothing about it. Where have you been?' 'Very meekly I replied, 'I have been looking for a house.' 'Well,' he said, 'You need not look for any more houses, for if this house had one hundred and fifty rooms I should stay right here, and if you are so fond of moving you can move all of your traps into one room and if you don't like that room move into another, and so on, until you have tried them all; and when you have made up your mind which you like best, settle down for a while and we will let the other rooms so you can have plenty of company and some one to talk to and keep you from feeling lonesome.' I had just made up my mind that Ed. had been drinking when the bell rang. I went to the door and a man wished to measure the parlors for carpets. I said, 'you have made a mistake, this is not the house, as we have not let it and are going to remain.' 'Will you be so kind as to inform me who occupies this house?' 'Certainly, I said, 'Mr. Edward Wiselhead lives here.' 'Then I am quite right,' said he. 'Is your husband at home?' 'Forgetting all about what a plight he was in, I called out to him and he made his appearance just as he was when I left him in the kitchen. The man looked at him and left without a word, running as fast as his legs could carry him. It seemed that Edward had let the house, and thinking that I would get one without any trouble, said nothing about it to me, and had even forgotten that he had let it until this very moment. I am sure I don't know what we are going to do. Time will tell.

HULDAH NO-THING.

THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

How the Hunters 'Run Down' a Suitable House for Business Purposes.

No doubt the trials and troubles of the 'house-hunter' will be sore and numerous, and may I put in a plea in their behalf?

February arrives, the 'ads' are inserted, and then, oh dear! the worry is equal to that of a lawyer's hearing of half a dozen conflicting witnesses in one case. The 'house-hunters' receive their instructions from paper-families before starting. The common substance of which will be most cases be as follows: Moderate sized house, from 7 to 10 rooms; hot and cold water, gas—in fact all modern improvements—but the rent must not exceed (\$200) two hundred dollars.

So off they start, examining every nook and corner of the house they enter, finding a great deal of fault and bestowing a little praise. The obliging tenant comes in for her share of the trials too. She will be cross-examined like a witness on the stand.

One room will be too small, the next will be too large; their carpets will not half cover the floor. However, having selected their house, they start off to interview the landlord or landlady, as the case may be. They already know far more about the house than the owner, and they know what the rent should be as well. The house will have so many faults, the owner cannot help wondering they are so eager to rent it. The 'house-hunters' know they have secured a bargain, and are well pleased.

But business is business, and they have a right to get a house as cheaply as they can, provided they do not expect a \$300 house for \$200.

ROLLING STONE.

'DOROTHY' WASN'T SUCCESSFUL.

But She went House Hunting and was 'Shown Through.'

'Won't you come house hunting with me Tuesday? I hate to go alone, and we must move this year.' Thus constrained I start out with my friend in high hopes of improving the family environment without lessening the family purse.

Some 'very desirable' houses and flats are on our newspaper list and 'modern improvements' are common as chimneys, and as liable to end in smoke, we sorrowfully discover. Being accustomed to living within her means, my friend passes by the pretentious and unpretentious houses on 'Windbag Avenue,' and went our way to less fashionable dwellings. Here on the sunny side of a narrow street 'in a good locality' is a pleasant looking house. On a closer inspection the bricks have an out-at-elbows expression, due to persistent crowding of their neighbours and intellectual struggles with wind and frost—in a word 'It was built after the first.'

But a modestly civil housemaid admits us, and a tolerant mistress shows us through, after a quick, sharp glance to decide which one is the possible tenant, a large summer sitting-room, two stately parlors with the inevitable folding doors (would have made one large comfortable room), three oblong bedrooms that may be described as 'little' 'less' 'least,' or hall room that may be sewing-rooms, or library, narrow halls, and that housewife's horror—a basement kitchen, whose only outlook is somebody's back yard! The 'girls' room' is situated in the stairs and certain regions between the back stairs and the coal-cellar, and in one otherwise comfortable house it was stowed away in a closet-looking place, under the stairs, not even a window! 'What think ye, oh woman, of this?' Should not the architect and owners of such houses be held partially responsible for the death of efficient help in the homes of our city? But we must return and search out the modern improvements. Yes, the gas is in, but the fixtures belong to the tenant who is willing to sell them, the bathroom has hot and cold water, but being in the basement, freezes periodically, closets are conspicuously absent, and heating facilities indifferent. Rent \$275, last year \$250, not on account of improvements, but ostensibly by reason of the burden of taxation. But why should rents increase out of all proportion to the increase of taxation?

We come out with discouraged faces, converse in interjections for a few blocks—then try again, this time a flat in a wooden house of modest appearance. Through this we are shown with great alacrity by a slipshod landlady, who discourses volubly of the manners and morals of several previous tenants, interspersed with items of family history and questions that show a general thirst for information. This house has all its rooms except kitchen off one side of a narrow hall, so the heating question is a problem to be solved at some expense we surmise, and a remark from my friend about the dingy paper on the sitting room brings out a ready promise of new paper, besides sundry improvements. Rent moderate.

We reserve judgment and out on the street again speculate as to the reason why

landlords are so complaisant towards new tenants, and so niggardly about expenses for the benefit of those who have been paying tenants for years!

The next house had been 'taken yesterday,' at informed the occupant with scant courtesy informed us that 'the house could not be seen by nobody!'

Daunted, but not destroyed, we try once more—this time a large house in a convenient business locality. We are admitted and escorted with a great show of dignity and evident forbearance up one, two, three flights of stairs, through bazaar-like parlors, a cramped sitting-room, a glittering dining-room and finally reach the pleasant part of the house, the bedrooms, large, airy, and with such a pleasant outlook. Our guide, so far non-committal, in a burst of confidence informs us that the house is surprisingly cold and the amount of fuel consumed enormous—but we find they have stood this frigid climate for five years, and inwardly marvel. We had almost doubt the fact when the old lady summing up the number of rooms remarks: 'There are just ten rooms, not including the bath room!'

We wend our way homewards with a growing conviction that moving is often only exchanging our own discomforts for those of our neighbors. We hope the time may come when men of means will build suitable houses at reasonable rents. Already discouraged households are breaking up homes and 'boarding'—a mode of living that will react against the best interest of society. I mean the term in its wide sense—not the small cliques who crowd each other's houses to eat, dance and give presents on a commercial principle, whose basis is exchange!

These are the records of one day's experience, and we decide to wait till next year and buy a house; it will be cheaper, if rents keep on expanding, but we have gained an afternoon's study of human nature.

DOROTHY.

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

Mrs. Maloney has to Move, But Strikes a Snag in Mrs. Gilhooly's.

Mrs. Maloney went house hunting this year, and this is her experience:

'Shure Mike an' the dirty owd Misher Clowesthew coom in this marnin' an' sed he whas gowan to raise oor rint, so I jist up an' towld him we wad lave at the ind av the wake. An' thin the dirty blackgaard sed sez he, 'Will a gude riddence.' An' shure he didna wait to have the lenth of me tongue, but startid doon the rood with that tremenjouse strut av his that would make a paycock invious. Shure the blatherin' owd jit, did he think we would pay him more than 25c a wake for the owd shanty whin he won't lit us kape the we pig in by the kitchen stove an' no whater fachelts like there is at Mrs. Jones, where I washed last Monday, an' noo lectric light in froom av the hoose.

'Shure an' its mad I phas an' I jist lit him know it as long as I could mak him hear, and thin I turned me back on him an' whint in the hoose, an' made up me mind I would find anooth hoose this very dlay. So I put on me grane an' durple plaid dress an' me nuw bunnet that I got las' Christmas coom a year ago, and tuk the unbrel-tran for I wanted the naybours to say hoo much dignation I hed.

'Thin I whint up to Mrs. Gilhooly's an' knocked wud all me might at the dhure jist to lit her say I knowed phat manners phas fer I sed her peepin' oot av the pane av glass in the windder that phasna stoofted full av rags.

Thin I opened the dhure an' called out, 'Be ye in Mrs. Gilhooly?' 'Bless me soul, an' it is ye Mrs. Maloney?' sez she, 'phat a start ye give me; coom right in.'

So I whint in an' took me handkercher an' doosted the cheer she give me an' thin spired me dress oot will on both sides av me, an' sed, sez I, 'I coom to mak a formation call on bisness this marnin' Mrs. Gilhooly.'

'Indade,' sez she, 'the gowan to moove this spring?'

'Noo,' sez she, 'we haint.' 'Waal,' sez I, 'this hoose will jist shunt me, an' I want to coom it at the end av the wake, so ye can jist luke up anither as soon as convyanant.'

'Jist thin we Timmy pulled aver the pan of portaters that she was washin' fer dinner, an' she loked to see phat the noise phas before she sed, ye 'phat impidence is this yer given me! Shure me an' me Tim ain't gowan to moove fer the loikes an' ye, an' I hev ye knoo it too!'

'Jist thin she tuk up the broom to dhrove oot the pig, shure it was all the time chawin' away at the portaters after they tell, an' thinks I she's gowan to hit me, an' minds ye I allus loike to be ahead so I up an' hits her a gude whack wid the umbrella, an' that made her mad an' she jist made a grab at me new bunnet. Av coorse we both yelled an' thin we Timmy began too, an' the pig started fer the dhure, but he ran agin me an' jist tuk me feet from under me as clane as a whistle. I grabbed Mrs. Gilhooly as I whint and down we baith whint together an' rolled around in the dhirty whanter. I pulled her hair an' she tore me gude bunnet in paces an' blacked me oie an' thin I got up an' started fer hoom to git ye to tak the law av her.'

MARRIED WITHOUT A HOME.

The Experience of a Young Couple who will Know Better Next Time.

Like very many other young people who will not take sage advice and build a nest before mating, my young husband and self started out on life's journey some few years ago homeless. As we had married on a salary of \$900 a year and had but \$350 cash in hand it was an utter impossibility to think of furnishing for a year at least so we settled down in a pleasant boarding house till we had saved enough for the little home we had planned and dreamed of. Houses were very scarce, for it was shortly after the great fire and I really felt glad to think at least everything would be new and modern. I had made up my mind what I wanted was a self-contained flat, drawing-room and parlor, with folding doors, dining-room and kitchen with pantries, two good sized bedrooms, bath, servants', and at least two large clothes presses. I remember starting out one bleak day in March, tramped street after street, finding n' thing but lower flats with basement dining-room and kitchen; and just here let me say every basement in this city should be turned

into coal vaults, and furnace rooms for one gets under ground soon enough. If you chose an upper flat the bedrooms were all up stairs. Now, as the roofs of those houses generally were gravelled, one would could have an idea of the refreshing slumber they would enjoy of an August night, even if we do live in a cool climate. The rents of such were from \$220 to \$260 a year, and as \$175 was my limit I decided that fewer rooms would do. At last, oh, joy! I heard of one on Princess street just what I needed, started to inspect the premises and found everything to be desired outside, but alas! all was disappointment within. I said to the landlady, why in the world when you were building did you not have the rooms, especially the dining-room, made larger and have a bath-room? 'Well, um, you see, the say bath-rooms is goin' out of style (this is a positive fact) and as for the dining-room, I don't know why anybody would want it bigger. Well, I said, I think it is only within the past few years stationary bath-tubs have been put in St. John houses, and those who are accustomed to them would scarcely like to go back to the old tin-tubs of their childhood. 'What rent do you ask?' '\$200, and that is very cheap for the street it's on.' I thanked her for her trouble, and started out with the firm intention of building houses for rental when I had accumulated money enough. I had a list of houses to be let, and found the next would be in the vicinity of Queen street. In reply to my importunate ring a sable hand-maid appeared looking as cross as the proverbial two sticks. Asked her kindly if this house was to rent. 'Yes! but she want goin' to waste any mo' time that afternoon shovin' the hoose.' But I said this is the day it is advertised to be seen from three to five is it not? 'Yes, she knew, but de missus had done gone out and would spect the work done when she came back, and she want goin' to show it,' so I left to inspect another on St. James street which I afterward took although it was minus a bath-room, and I was forced to use the back parlor for a bedroom those designed for that purpose making good clothes and trunk rooms.

This year of grace, 1892, I accompanied a friend on a house-hunting expedition, and I find rents are increasing steadily, and these are as homes planned and built for a clerk or a mechanic whose salary is less than \$1,000. There are many houses seemingly from \$275 to \$500 a year, but what we really need is some good old philanthropist to purchase a tract of land and build a terrace of houses, some self-contained to rent for \$250, and others in flats for \$125 each. I am quite sure this can be done and pay good interest for money invested judging from the plan of a house I saw the other day. Of course it is not to be finished expensively and instead of those ugly imitation mantle-pieces is to have them of native wood with a few tiles set in. Then again there need not be so many doors for the interior. The dining-room and kitchen would need them to keep the smell of cookery out, for in these degenerate days we take the doors down and put up portieres which are very much prettier.

I hear the Street Railway company are contemplating building houses in the suburbs and as an inducement to rent will give each householder two or three car tickets a day. I only hope they will begin operations at an early day, either out the Marsh or in Fairville. Meanwhile I give this advice to young people contemplating the holy bond:

'Before you marry Be sure of a hoose Wherein to tarry.'

ELISE.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Common sense is the greatest inheritance.

Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters is highly recommended for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, etc.

Every one can stand a little more than he thinks he can.

The best remedy for Summer Complaints is Fellows' Speedy Relief. Speedy in results as well as in name.

It is not necessary to giggle in order to prove that you are in good humor.

TESTIMONY OF WM. CUMMINGS, Esq., senior partner in the firm of Wm. Cummings & Sons, Wholesale dry goods merchants, Truro, Nova Scotia. It is with pleasure that I give you the following testimonial of the wonderful cure that has been effected in me by the use of K. D. C. Three months ago my life was a burden to me. My food would not digest. I had sour stomach and heavy headache. I was prevailed upon by my wife to try K. D. C. After taking it a short time I found myself growing much better. Today dyspepsia is all gone and I cannot describe the change any better than by saying that there has been a new creation in my digestive organs. Four packages made an efficient cure.

Common sense is the measure of the possible; it is composed of experience and prevision; it is calculation applied to life.—Aniel.

PALO ALTO.

Humphreys' Veterinary Salesman crossed the Continent to visit Palo Alto, the stock farm of Governor Stanford, the home of Sunol, Arion, Palo Alto, etc. After presenting proper credentials and exhibiting the list of prominent stock owners who are using the Specifics, Mr. Reynolds, the Superintendent, and Mr. Marvin, the Trainer, consented to his treating Sunol and Palo Alto, as they were suffering from lameness. After thoroughly testing the Specifics on these and other cases, Mr. Stanford's Business Manager and attorney, Mr. Lathrop, placed an order for Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics, probably the largest ever given for Veterinary medicines alone. This completes the list of prominent stock owners who have adopted the use of Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. Veterinary Manual mailed free on request. Address Humphreys' Medicine Company, cor. William and John streets, New York.

Seeing is Believing.

Go to any first-class furnishing house and ask to see a Rigby Coat. Blow through the cloth and assure yourself it is porous, feel the goods and see if you can discover any difference between that and any ordinary tread, then ask for a glass of water and pour over it, and note the astonishing result, after which act as your judgment will direct.



Fresh and Strong after the wash.

'Tis easy to wash with Surprise Soap on wash day.

Surprise does most of the work. There's no heavy wash-boiler about, you don't need it; there's no boiling or scalding the clothes. It saves a lot of work.

There's no hard rubbing needed—More work saved. It takes not more than half the time to do the wash—So still more work saved.

You save hard work; you are free of "that tired feeling."

You feel fresh and strong.

Surprise Soap does it.

Insist on having Surprise.



He Can't Move the Whole World

Neither can Ungar; but he can wash woollen dresses without shrinking them, and that is a more momentous question to most women just at present than moving the earth ever will be.

If you want your woollens to look nice and bright send them to Ungar and give him a trial.

You possibly know that old black silk dresses can be made any shade at the Dying department, but this will help you to keep the fact in mind.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax; 92 and 64 Grandville street. It'll be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

THIS IS THE SOAP Which Saves Hard Work, Backache, and Sore Hands, and which brings Comfort to all who use it.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN "SUNLIGHT" IT WILL NEVER DISAPPOINT YOU.

Sunlight Soap Depot for Quebec and Eastern Provinces, Frank Major & Co., Montreal.

NEW DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine, IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.

Apply the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for a like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, released from observation. Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 74 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can send to-day. Register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$5.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed. SPECIAL—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present with a SILK DRESS, 15 yards best silk. Extra Large Bottle and samples of all to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents. HOME REFERENCES—The Lytle Safe and Lock Co., 145 to 150 Water Street; Edwin Alden Advertising Agency, 248 Race Street, and John D. Park & Sons Co., Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IMPERIAL SUPERPHOSPHATE. - POTATO PHOSPHATE.

THE PRIZE CROPS. 1st Prize for Potatoes, \$60.00, taken by C. Pickard, Sackville.

This is to certify, that I the undersigned, assisted Mr. Lund to measure one acre of Potato Land, and assisted Mr. Bowser in checking and weighing the Potatoes taken from said acre, on which we used 5 barrels of your Special Potato Phosphate only, and find the crop four hundred and thirty-one bushels, 27 1/2 lbs., (431, 27 1/2). About three-quarters of the Potatoes were Beauty of Hebron, the remainder Black Montana. The Hebrons grew at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre, and Montanas full 600 bushels to the acre. (Signed) C. PICKARD.

Affirmed before me this 13th day of Nov. 1891, at Sackville.

Signed, CHARLES E. LUND, J.P.

This is to certify, that I have this day parted off one acre from Mr. Charles Pickard's potato field, and marked the bounds of the same for the purpose of a prize competition. (Signed) C. E. LUND, D. L. Surveyor. Dated at Sackville, 26th Sept., 1891.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Co., 89 Water St., St. John, N. B.