PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR.

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EDWARD S. CARTER,

SIXTEEN PAGES.

CIRCULATION, - - 11,150

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 23.

CRIME AND ITS PUNISHMENT.

Is it possible for any human code of laws to provide adequate punishment for crime? The world has been grappling with the problem from the beginning, and a satisfactory solution seems as far away as ever. It is easy enough to define certain offences and fix certain punishments, but it is not so easy to make arbitrary rules apply to the circumstances of particular cases. Murder, for instance, has the punishment of death affixed, but nobody pretends to assert that the carrying out of the penalty would always be just. The law defines certain con- men and grateful people. There are and ditions which make the killing of another to be murder, yet there is a wide range between the carefully planned act in which the motive is cupidity or revenge and the act which arises from violent passion, or is done when the reason is obscured by drink. Yet legally, in this country at least, murder is murder and the punishment is death. Juries are told that they have nothing to do with the consequences of their verdicts but must decide according to the evidence. That they very address to her majesty on such often fail to do so need not be said. They will not send to the gallows one who, though technically guilty, has done perhaps what any of them would have done under the same conditions. They disagree or return a verdict for a lesser crime. Usu- people. ally this is manslaughter-sometimes it is

In the recent case of MAUD LINDSAY, Judge Tuck made the statement that, had he been jury as well as judge, he would have had no hesitation in finding the woman guilty of murder. It is not for Progress to say whether this remark was necessary or in good taste. The judge had a right to say what he pleased, and it cannot be questioned that he expressed an honest conviction forced upon him by the evidence. He took the legal view of the case, and it was strictly in line with this view that he imposed a life sentence when nine out of ten men not learned in the law had supposed that the term would be seven, ten or possibly fourteen years. It is in the discretion of a judge to impose a sentence for life or any term less than life. The punishment in this, as in most of the indictable offences, depends entirely upon the view he takes of a case, and this again depends upon the natural temperament of the man. One judge, now deceased, punished crimes against property with what most people considered undue severity, because his mind had that peculiar bent. He give what was virtually a life sentence to an infirm old man who was the tool of others in a forgery case, but it is quite possible he might have considered that less than a life sentence would have satisfied the demands of justice in the case of

common assault.

Thus it is that while, in Canada, five millions of people theoretically make the laws, the punishment to be inflicted is left in the hands of individuals, and they decide according to the view they take of this thing or that. They may act to the best of their judgment, but how often, were the decision of all of them asked to decide in a particular case, would not their individual judgments be found to run to extremes of leniency or severity?

It is, however, fortunate for the prisoner, in many cases that the judge has some discretion, as the law cannot possibly provide that justice will be dealt out when a definite, invariable penalty is affixed to a conviction for a specific offence. Had MAUD LINDSAY been found guilty of murder, she must have been sentenced to death, because there is no alternative sentence. It is not likely that she would have been

hanged, but supposing she were, does any one pretend that her crime is equal to that of BIRCHALL, who was hanged in Ontario a year or so ago? The law makes no distinction between one who plans and carries out a cold-blooded deed and one who is actuated by passion and has not paused to consider the nature or consequences of the act. With proof of malice in either instance, the crime is murder and death is supposed to be the penalty. Very often the sentence is commuted to life imprisonment, and there are cases again where the prisoner has been set free after a few years of confinement. The law has nothing to do with this. The law professes to fix the punishment, but the enforcement of it is another thing. Individuals really decide the prisoner's fate, whether they be judge, jury or friends of the prisoner who strive to have the sentence made lighter. Under these circumstances, there always will be inequality of punishment. Some offenders will get much less than they deserve and occasionally some will get much more. It has always been the case, and always likely to be.

ADDRESSES TO ROYALTY.

Not long ago, a carefully worded and elegantly engrossed address to the Marquis of Lorne was found in an Ottawa junk shop, greatly to the disgust of the eminently respectable body by which it had been presented some years before. It was subsequently shown that it had been stolen, and so the marquis was acquitted of having thrown it into his waste basket as of no value. It is, however, safe to say KNOWLES' BUILDING, GEORGE STREETS. that he never would have missed it, and it is tolerably certain that he had forgotten its existence. Why not?

There is no more absurd thing in connection with royalty and vice-royalty than the multiplication of addresses and conventional replies. When the governorgeneral makes a journey, he is forced to listen and look pleasant at every stopping place while a lot of dreary platitudes are dinned in his ear by some uncomfortable looking but loyal leading citizen. The great man accepts the tribute, hands it to his secretary, and that is the end of it. What the secretary does with it is something which has never transpired.

It may be that the address nuisance will be continued as long as there are great will be times when addressss from certain bodies to certain exemplars of earthly greatness are in perfect order. That does not imply that an address is always in order from all sorts of bodies. That the corporation of London might approach the throne with perfect propriety does not prove that the grand jury at Madawaska, or the county council of St. John should do the same thing. If every such body the empire undertook to send an occasions as the nation wishes to express its joy or sorrow, there would be carloads of stuff piled up in the royal quarters-the accumulated mass making a huge monument of the misdirected energy of a loyal

That the nation sympathizes with the queen and the royal family is beyond question. That a simple expression of that sympathy by telegrams from mayors of leading cities is proper cannot be denied. It is well that what is really the general feeling should be expressed in brief words, and nothing more is needed. An effusive address would be out of place, even if there were any remote possibility of its being read by anybody connected with the court, as there is not. It is read only by those who read it as printed in the local newspapers, and if it is couched in good or bad English these readers are the only critics.

The muncipality of the city and county of St. John has delivered itself of an address of condolence to the Queen.

It means well enough, but the effect is the reverse of what it ought to have been. The work of its framers went too far in one respect and not far enough in another. would have been to tear it up.

However, it will be engrossed and forwarded to the queen. It is a matter of congratulation that she will never read it.

It is is posssible, though far from certain, that the lash as a punishment for some kinds of crime has a deterrent effect, but the whipping of criminals is a brutal business at best. Whatever may be the effect on others, it is certain that the punishment degrades the offender so that he is not likely to ever be of any use to the state. It is not likely that the lad, GRAF, will be on the road to useful citizenship after spending nine months in such an abominable den as the St. John jail and being brutalized by the infliction of 40 lashes. The sentence is proper enough as the law stands, but should there be such a law in this age and country? Is it not possible to provide a salu- apostolic ministry. tory punishment for such crimes without a course which is likely to make a man more vicious at the end of his term than he was at the beginning?

Its Suggestion.

causes a decrease of a million dollars in the post office receipts. This fact suggests the terrible extent of the lottery evil .- Ex.

of the protective tariff.

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

It's So Changeable, You Know. "John will you look out and see how the weather

"Why it was freezing when I came in." "Yes, I know, but that was half an hour ago."

Not Necessary to Call on Him.

Manager-When did Hardpay promise to settle

that account? Collector-Next week, sir.

"When did you see him?" "About a month ago." "Why, he promised you then to settle it the next

"Yes, sir, he always does."

Patriotism Forced Upon Them. Bones-"I say Mr. Lockiter, I see where theyse

agitatin to put flags on the school houses. Yah, to stimilate patrickism. "Patriotism you mean, Mr. Bones."

"Yas-s patrism, I guess that's it. I don't believe in it Mr. Lockiter, do you?" "Why of course I do Mr. Bones. There is nothing like creating a patriotic feeling among the children, and how can you do it better than by keeping the national flag constantly before them, and yet Mr. Bones you object to that bit of bunting."

"Yes sah, I do." "Why Mr. Bones this is outrageous. On what grounds do vou base your objection. "Because whenever they're old enough to pay taxes, they'll get all the Bunting they want."

Due to the Mild Weather.

One of the results of the continued soft weather is that the morning dailies have not had a chance to use the headline "Skated to his Death," since the

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

The Worm Will Tarn. We certainly gave our contemporary credit for having sufficient gentlemanly proclivities in its staff to keep a vile slander on a widowed lady out of its columns. Anything, however, is grist that comes to its mill. Will the Advance publish the fact that an action has been taken against the Globe

baseness of the libel. Keep quiet friend and take the advice we gave you a week or two since. Mind your own business or you may stir up a hornets nest about you; we know what we are about and can take care of ourselves without your aid .- Liverpool, N. S., Times.

for its vile libel. No, because that would show the

In Darkest Moneton.

Meantime it will be well to caution all strangers to avoid places of doubtful resort, the fact apparently being that in such places people are sometimes robbed and kicked outdoors, the law being apparently, in the few cases where appeal is made to it, powerless to protect the assailed or to punish the assailants .- Times.

On His Vacation.

A very large loon was enjoying our mild weather, in sweeping over Shelburne with his widely extend. ed wings, on Tuesday last .- Shelburne Buiget.

Green Pansies in Bloom.

A couple of pansy blossoms were left at this office this morning. They are in full bloom and look as green as at any time in summer .- Moncton Times.

Next Summer This Winter.

We saw a rose bush belonging to Mrs. Delancy Gesner, which last week became clothed in its next summer's foliage .- Bridgetown Monitor.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

PROGRESS records the death of Mr. E. S. Ford, of Sackville, who recently went south for his health, with much regret. Only a few days ago a note was received from him which touched on his health, the climate in Texas, the people, the place and many interesting topics. Mr. Ford, to use his own words "was lost without Progress." He was from the first year of the paper's life a cheerful enthusiastic workers among our subscribers. One evening at an entertainment he collected a number of dollars from his immediate friends and forwarded them to the publisher with hearty words of encouragement. The incident is recalled more distinctly because such occurrences in the first few months of the paper's history were not frequent. The list begun by Mr. Ford in Sackville has grown apace. In common with numerous friends in Sackville and throughout the province who will miss his bright and cheerful presence. Progress extends hearty sympathy to his young wife.

The death of Mr. J. W. Brayley of Montreal was unexpected in New Brunswick, where his friends can be found on every side. When Mr. Brayley went to Montreal he left behind him a name widely known and honored. He was a successful business man and an honorable one; he did not forget that something else besides his business had claims on his attention and his purse. He was generous and sympathtic to a degree. His most intimate friends were in the northern and western sections of the province, and in Fredericton and They neglected the finishing touch, which Woodstock especially the remembrance of him is marked. Much sympathy will go out to his wife, daughter and sons.

PEN, PRESS AND ADVERTISING.

For the pecuniary benefit of the guild of St. James' church, Kentville, but, really for the benefit of all busy churchmen, the Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., rector of Horton, has had his recent admirable lecture

The lecture was delivered before the Church of England institute at Halifax, and at Montreal, Sherbrooke and Windsor. It is an historical lecture and deals with The Church of England; its continuous organic life, and its catholic restoration. It is a most useful piece of work and is put before the public in the author's usual concise and thorough style, and is specially intended for men and women who have no time for historical research, or who would not devote time to it if they had.

To the lecture is appended a valuable sermon, by the same author, on three-fold

The Editor of a Farmers' Paper.

climb up the tree and shake them down. In Canada it would suggest an increase rals, and is particularly hard upon Mr. ings. Mercier .- Butler's Journal.

CRESTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

A Correspondent Who is Anxious to Keep Up With the Times.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: What remarkable changes have occurred in the "Society" of St. John, since the great fire! Families who up to that period had been social leaders, have either died or left the province, or have sank through extravagance or misfortune into a lower stratum of life, while their places have been filled by those whom they had treated as their inferiors, but who now constitute a portion of what is commonly termed "society," in this city. Some of those recent additions to "society" have the good sense to comfort themselves so as to avoid giving offence to such of their former friends as have not yet been fortunate enough to gain admission to the charmed circle, while there are others who adopt a somewhat supercillious manner to their quondem acquaintances and invariably speak of them as "not being in society," little dreaming of the sarcastic remarks they provoke in reference to their own antecedents.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will acknowledge that my family is one of the late additions to the noble "Four Hundred" of the city and my wife and daughter have now the privilege of meeting our bank officers and other fashionable young men on equal footing. Personally. I cannot say that I derive any benefit from the change, and it sometimes annoys me to find that, in order to retain our social position, we have to adapt ourselves to all the new fads and customs of the select circle in whom we have the honor to move.

The latest "fad," and one, I believe, extensively "Bluenose," is the use of some heraldic device on cards of invitation. You may recollect that, many years ago, the "Upper Ten" of England adopted the habit of emblazoning their crest on their note paper and envelopes, but ere long they tound that "them lower orders" also took unto themselves crests and adorned their note paper and envelopes with all manner of heraldic devices, the result being that in England at the present day, the use of crests on note paper is pronounced decidedly "snobbish." But during the last few months I notice that we occasionally receive cards of invitation, on the faces of which are engraved either a lion "rampant" or "couchant." a dragon, a boar, or some other equally terrible animal, surrounded by latin mottoes, which invariably express some pious sentiment, in strange contrast to the appearance of the aforementioned beasts. Not having been blessed with a classical education, I was unable to translate these mottes, but as my girls have lately been studying Latin, as befitting to their altered position, I had no difficulty in obtaining translaters.

Now, Mr. Editor, my wife and family have come to the conclusion, that unless we keep pace with the ways of society, we shall not be able to retain the influential position we at present enjoy, and therefore after a week of profound deliberation we have resolved that for the future, not only our cards of invitation but also our visiting Cards shall be adorned with a crest and motto, just as soon as we can select such as may be appropriate. On making enquiry we accidently found that our friends Brown, Jones and Robinson, had sometime ago clubbed together and ordered through McMillan a copy of Burke's Peerage, with a view of making a selection of crests, but finding nothing in sincere well wisher and one of the most that volume to suit their tastes, they subsequently ordered a copy of Burke's Landed Gentry, and eventually found therein both crests and mottos, which exactly satisfied

their aspirations. I know nothing of "Heraldy," and I am afraid to trust my own judgment in the selection of a crest, having in mind the unfortunate blunder of a worthy old gentleman in Halifax, who some forty years ago built for himself a magnificent stone mansion and having obtained from a master painter an old book containing some wood cuts of family arms, he selected there- thing. from the arms of a Scottish peer and had them carved in stone on the front of his mansion, where they remain to the present day, a frequent object of inquiry to the passing stranger. Perhaps therefore, Mr. Editor, either you or some of your readers will kindly direct me as to where I should apply for reliable information as to a crest and motto suitable to my present position in society, by so doing you will greatly oblige, yours very truly, GORGUIS MIDAS.

THE PRINCE'S PIANO.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I have

Its Owner Will Donate it to a New Prince's

Lodge.

just been reading "Historicus" in your issue of 2nd instant, and agree with his patriotic suggestion anent the restoration of Prince's Lodge. What greater tribute could be paid to our loved queen than such a mark of respect to the home of her royal father, by her loyal subject of Halifax. If the suggested project should mature, I would be happy to contribute the identical piano used at the festive gatherings held at the Lodge and which responded to the touch of the accomplished | belong to me. Madame de Laurent. Let "Historicus" and others who may possess articles of vertoi Mebbe you can do something with the little once owned by the prince restore them to | blade. their former location and thus while showing our respect for the father of our queen, fore. transmit to our descendants not a fac simile of the Lodge and its furniture, but a bona fide reproduction of the building with its walks, hedges, ponds, etc., as well as its furniture. I trust you will aid the praiseworthy efforts of Historicus in saving from the destructive hands of that old vandal Time so interesting a relic of We next come to the Farmer, and shall the last century as the beautiful and classic content ourselves with saying that the editor | residence of His Royal Highness, the is on the whole a genial, obliging fellow, Duke of Kent. The piano to which I refer and knows about as much of practical farm- is a "Broodwood," sold to Bishop Inglis, The Post Master General of the United States says the exclusion of lottery matter from the mails that the best way to gather turnips was to Burpee of your province, and is, I believe, the identical instrument used at the Lodge He produces, however, a very good weekly entertainments in 1800 where the elite of crop of campaign slanders against the Libe- the metropolis spent so many happy even-A. F. FALCONER. Sherbrooke, N. S., Jan. 7, 1892.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Weep Not: Luke 7, 13.

Why will we mourn departed friends, though dear, Who passing safely through this troubled sea, Have reached the promised land, Where Christ is

To dwell in realms of bliss eternally, While on this earth, by faith we onward press, Amid its dangers, daily toil and care, Looking to Him, who ever lives to bless, Our Saviour Christ, who will most surely spare, They are secure, from evil safe, and free From every pressing need and anxious thought, We struggle on, in hope that we shall see, The Saviour's face, in Heavenly mansions bright.

Robert Browning.

He was a prophet. Though he only breathed But seven short years beyond the time that God Appointed for us, yet he gave us food For thought far in excess of poets wreathed With Laurel in the days gone by; bequeathed To us a message-strange as if a good Bright angel called to us and we but understood Him dimly. All his mighty truths so seethed Within him that at times he seems to sing In language meant for other worlds. But time Will show that he but spoke too soon; his rhyme en now bids many reach up higher, wing Their way through gath'ring darkness to the

As yet beyond their grasp, far in the night.

D. K. E.

A Song Resung.

The author having been requested to contribute mething for entertainment at a masonie installation, attempted the following rhymed version of the unrhymed lyric of Walt Whitman, beginning: "Come, I will make the continent indissolubie, I will make the most splendid race the sun ever

will make divine magnetic lands, With the love of comrades, With the life-long love of comrades.'

Come, I will make the nation one With all the lands beneath the sun, Wherever manly blood doth run, With the true love of comrades.

The rich and poor, the bond and free, In this celestial Masonry Shall ever more united be,-This noble love of comrades. The sun's glad eye and radiant face,

Ne'er looked on such a splendid race As then shall fill this ample space, With the high love of comrades. The wide warm will shall furnish bands,-

The clasp of hearts, the clasp of hands,-To "make divine magnetic lands With life-long love of comrades." I'll plant companionship to grow

Like trees where'er our rivers flow; And men shall only brothers know, "With life-long love of comrades." The cities' arms shall be entwined,

Like laughing girls of friendly mind,

To serve, and not to scorn, inclined, By the warm love of comrades Figure and face of "Ethiop mould," And Saxon fine with tressy gold, And tawny arms, shall we enfold,

With god-like love of comrades. O, North and South! O, East and West! O, land, in palms of maples drest! This is your good-the kingliest,

High-towering love of comrades!

My hand, Walt Whitman! while you sing, With you I touch and try my string; Let all men strike warm hands and bring The life-long love of comrades!

My hand, Walt Whitman! Can it be The sons of men who would be free Will bring this true Democracy, With the high love of comrades?

Thy word repeat, renew the strain; 'Tis Bethlehem's hallowed scheme again; Peace and good-will, is the refrain, The royal love of comrades!

PASTOR FELIX.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY

When You Want to Borrow a Knife-Have You Ever Noticed It?

Why, certainly, if it's any use to you. Yes. I've got a kind of a knife, but you can't do much with it.

Well, I've got a knife, but it's a mighty poor one. I don't believe it will cut any-

Yes, I've had this knife over 20 years. It's as dull as a hoe, but I wouldn't like to lose it

I have, but it's not much good. I was thinking of getting a good one. No, I never carry one.

Yes, but it's no good. I don't believe you can sharpen a pencil with it. No, I had a good knife, but somebody

lugged it off. It must costs me at least \$5 a year for knives. Yes, but I wont let you have it to cut tobacco with.

You can have it if you'll bring it back. Where's the last one I lent you? No. I think I must have left it home. Its

o good anyway. Yes, but you can't do the first thing with it. The big blade is broken and the little blade is gone.

Yes, but I'm afraid it wont do to sharpen pencils with. You might try the little No. I had a knife but somebody bor-

rowed it and that was the last of it. Yes, I've got a knife but its too sharp to use on lead pencils. I always have it so it will cut a hair.

Well, I thought I had but I guess I must have left it in my other pants. It don't Yes, but I'm ashamed to lend it.

It appears to me I've heard of you be-

Little Things.

A goodbye kiss is a little thing, With your hand on the door to go, But it takes the venom out of the sting Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare, After the toil of the day, But it smooths the furrows out of the ca And lines on the forehead you once called fair, In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find, For love is tender, as love is blind, As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress, We take, but do not give,
It seems so casy some soul to bless,
But we do love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

SEASONABLE RECEIPTS.

Timely Suggestions Applicable to our Own Market Supply.

Valuable culinary information will be given in this column every week by an experienced Maitre D'Hotel. Housekeepers would do well to preserve these for reference. Questions on this subject will be answered in this column if addressed to the "Editor Seasonable Receipts" not later than Monday of each week.

What Shall we Have for Breakfast?

There is nothing nicer for a change than calf's liver and bacon, if it is properly prepared. The calves "harslets" are not plentiful yet, but by leaving an order for one with your butcher it will not be many days before it is forthcoming.

Cut this liver into slices of about a quarter of an inch in thickness and dredge some flour over them. Take an equal number of slices of breakfast bacon, cut very thin. Fry the bacon first, keep it hot, and then fry the liver in the bacon fat-if not sufficient add some dripping. When nicely browned on both sides, dish the bacon and liver-a slice of each alternately in a row or circle. Keep this in a warm place and make the gravy as follows. Pour off the fat from a corner of the pan and dredge a little flour into the pan. Add a ¼ pint of broth, or if none, water, a little salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup and a spoonful of pickled walnuts or minced gherkins. Stir smoothly together until the sauce boils and pour it into the dish with the liver and bacon. Garnish with sliced lemon and green parsley.

How To Cook Potatoes.

There is scarcely such a thing as a bad potato unless manifestly the victim of disease. The best part is usually taken off with the peelings. To be perfect they must be boiled in their skins with a big handful of salt in the pot, thus raising the temperature to about 216 degrees. After boiling them till the skins burst, pour off the water, cock the lid half off the pot, set back on the range and thus dry them for about fifteen minutes. After such treatment they are delightfully agreeable to the eye and the palate and easy of digestion. They can be peeled after cooking if de-

sired. The potato is composed almost entirely of pure starch and a little lignose. The starch is contained in the corpuscles next to the skin and to make it digestible and agreeable to the eye, its corpuscular elements must be split up by heat in the presence of excess of moisture, and at a temperature higher than boiling water at the sea level-hence the big handful of salt.

The smelt is a small, delicately formed fish, highly esteemed, which, when perfectly tresh, possesses an odour said by some to resemble that of violets, by others that of a freshly cut cucumber. It loses this perfume in about twelve hours after it is caught. Indeed at this season they are generally caught through the ice and immediately frozen; but the foregoing can be verified early in the season by the fish that are caught from our wharves and sold by

How to Cook Them.

They should not be washed but wiped with a soft cloth, and in drawing them the gills should be pulled gently out and the inside with them, as the fish must not be opened unless for broiling, then very large ones should be selected. They are usually fried as follows: Dip them first into beaten eggs, then into bread crumbs mixed with flour and fry a nice golden color. Garnish with lemon and green parsley. Tomato sauce is a nice adjunct.

Points on Frying.

Use plenty of fat-enough to cover what is being cooked and let it be boiling before the meat is put in. Drippings, lard or oil can be used and if strained, can be used over and over again, so there is no waste. The object of deep fat is to cook evenlyfor instance, it the fat in a frying pan is not deep enough to cover what is being cooked you must turn over the meat in order to cook it on both sides, or one side is cooked before the other is commenced and part of the bread- crumb peels off in turning and the result both in appearance and flavor is most unappetizing. Boiling fat will not bubble up like boiling water and the quickest way to find out if it is boiling is to dip your finger into cold water and let one drop tall into the middle of the pan of fat. The cold water having greater specific gravity than the fat will sink and if the bottom of the pan be sufficiently heated, this drop of water will cause a hissing sound resembling that of plunging a red-hot poker into cold water. I would, however warn young beginners against throwing in too much water, as the sudden conversion into steam of the water thus thrown in will cause the fat to splash and perhaps scald the hands. Another way to try it is to throw in a small piece of bread and if it browns quickly the fat is hot enough. If the fat smokes it is too hot and will blacken anything cooked in it.

The Latest Thing in Chops.

Those who would enjoy a mutton or lamb chop should have their butcher saw them instead of cutting or chopping them. Sawing through the meat causes the blood to coagulate on the outside and what is in remains in and the result when carefully broiled is a delicious juicy chop unless forsooth your cook is turning the chop on the broiler sticks a fork in it and lets out all your gravy! Alas, how often is a boiled or roast joint spoiled in the same way by sticking a fork in to turn it over.

A Russian Tea.

A novelty in the way of entertainment will be given in the school room of the Union street Congregational church next Tuesday evening the 28th inst., under the auspices of the young people's society of christian endeavor. This time it is a Russian Tea. PROGRESS has seen the full programme of the literary and musical exercises, but it is understood that the Misses Fowler, Sutherland, and Harding, Messrs. Myers and Woodrow, and others will take part. Mr. A. J. Heath is president of the society. The admission to the entertainment will be 25 cents.—A.

Was With the Minstrels.

Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar instruction. T. C. Wild, 20 Horsfield street .-- Advt.