

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 20.

THE CASE OF CARLETON.

It seems very difficult for anybody to decide just what arrangement can be made so as to run the ferry to suit the views of the people of Carleton. They do not seem to be agreed as to what they themselves will be satisfied with, short of a free ferry or free bridge. At the meeting held Wednesday night there was a much smaller audience than one might have supposed would gather on a wave of popular excitement, and there was very much less indignation expressed than one would imagine from the speeches of the West End members at the sessions of the council.

Under the old system of three cent fares the people seemed quite contented. Had there been no union of the cities they would have cheerfully paid it to this day, certain classes having their monthly tickets at a reduced rate. The contention that the spirit of the Union Act was to give a free passage, however, led to a demand for a reduction, and the council most unwisely made a downward jump to one cent. In the same year the salaries were increased to the extent of a thousand dollars. If the rate had then been made two cents, it is very probable that the people most interested would have been satisfied, the revenue would have been proportionately large, and there would have been nothing of the present agitation. Once having made the fare one cent, it is quite natural that an advance to two cents does not meet with favor.

Whatever may have been the spirit of the Union Act, it cannot be contended that the people of Carleton were deceived into what some of them now consider an unholy alliance. A great many of them did not take the trouble to go to the polls. The West End came into the matter as did any other part of old St. John, and so far as the Carleton people were concerned the arrangement was, in no sense, in the nature of a bargain.

It may be that justice demands there should be free communication between all parts of the city, and there may be a great deal in the contention that the ferry is as much a highway as is a street. Opinions differ on this point, but it is hardly likely that, in the present state of the city's finances, the ferry will be made free. It would be infinitely better economy to build a bridge. Not only is the annual expense of running the ferry large, but it should be remembered that the boats now in use must be replaced at no distant day. All this expenditure would be at the cost of the general public, which, however well it might suit the few who are really inconvenienced by the ferry tolls, would not meet with favor by the citizens at large.

Carleton should have full justice in all matters, but so far it has not been treated harshly by the ruling majority. It has had the benefits of improvements which it would not have had if there had been no union, and much more will be done to improve its streets and otherwise add to the comfort and convenience of the residents. It is quite possible that some ferry rate may be fixed which will meet the just claims of the working people to a nominal fare. In time, no doubt, there will be a free bridge. In the meantime, it is nonsense to talk of secession from the union, which from every point of view is wholly out of the question. It may be politically important for the aldermen to keep on in their stirring up of matters, but if once a satisfactory reduction could be arranged for the working classes, there would be very little real grounds for complaint in ferry affairs. The rest of the residents would not feel aggrieved. Doubtless, however, some new grievance would be found by the industrious representatives of the people of the West End wards.

FREDERICTON AND OTTAWA.

The granting of a subsidy of \$2,500 a year to the city of St. John in aid of harbor improvements is an act for which the provincial government should have full credit. It was a voluntary gift. The offer

of it was made long before the civic delegation went to Fredericton, and that delegation merely inquired as to the confirmation of the original offer.

Yet St. John, city and county, sends six men to the legislature to oppose the government which has enough interest in the city to offer it money before that money is sought.

The Ottawa government has another way of doing things. It has, so far, neither given nor promised to give anything, and there is no evidence that it ever will do so. The board of trade has talked a great deal about the claims of St. John, but Ottawa is not moved to do anything one way or the other.

Yet while St. John sends six men to oppose the provincial government, it sends three men to support the conservative administration at Ottawa.

You pay your money and you take your choice.

IT IS BETTER TO KEEP COOL.

The number of funerals in New York on a recent Sunday was the largest on record. Not only was every hearse and undertaker's wagon busy in carrying the dead, but many funerals were postponed, because it was out of the question to get undertakers to attend to them. The mortality during the days of the heated term was greater than at any time during the epidemic of the grip, a year or two ago. People died off by scores, simply because they were overheated.

New York is a hot city in the months of July and August, but there are other hot places in the world, where the thermometer rises even higher, but where there is no such large proportion of deaths. The conditions of life in the big cities of the United States are responsible for the mortality. Sanitary conditions, for instance, have much to do with the matter. Some of the most densely populated spots on the globe are found in the tenement districts of New York, and where hundreds are thus huddled together the victims must be many. Yet more than the poor classes die, for the wealthy, who live in cleanly and well ventilated houses, also succumb and go to their death with their humble neighbors. They contribute to their own deaths by their way of trying to get the most out of life. They keep their blood at fever heat and live, as they are apt to die, in a hurry.

The people of New York, and some other cities, seem to a stranger to be in a perpetual rush. They go to their business as though they had word that their offices were on fire and that they must reach them without the loss of a second of time. They run to catch a ferryboat or a car, as if it were the only conveyance to be had that day, when another boat or car for the same destination will pass a few minutes later. They hurry in walking, in working, in eating and drinking, where in nine cases out of ten there is no reason why they should not take their time. They get into a nervous excitement in matters of no earthly consequence and exhaust themselves over the most ordinary matters of daily life. Sudden death by accident is a common penalty. A man rushes to get in or out of an elevator, to save a few seconds, and is crushed to death; he jumps on or off a car and is ground under the wheels. He does many other needless and foolish things for no other reason than that it is the custom of the place. When he has escaped the death by accident he has time and again invited, he falls a victim to heat or the first epidemic that attacks his nervously exhausted system. That is why so many people die in New York, when comparatively few are stricken in what are known as the hot countries of the world.

There is plenty of time in this life for one to do all that lies before him, without keeping his nerves and muscles under constant tension. The men who go calmly and systematically to work are after all those who accomplish most in the end. It is well for us to remember this, whether in the hot season or at any other season. It is a good idea for one to keep cool in mind as well as body.

ANTIPATHY BY INSTINCT.

A reader of PROGRESS would like an answer to this question:

I have an acquaintance, not of long standing, whom I cannot like, though it is apparently to my interest that I should. He has never done anything to make me dislike him, and I know nothing against him. Should I yield to such a fancy and distrust him, or should I endeavor to conquer that feeling and make him my friend?

This is a question it is difficult to answer positively without a further acquaintance with the facts. There are fancies which amount to nothing, and there are antipathies which seem to come by instinct and mean a great deal. If PROGRESS may venture the assertion, women are more subject to fancies than to the instinctive antipathies. Instances are common where they dislike men on first acquaintance and afterwards become their close friends. Men, on the contrary, and especially men who have made a study of human nature, are more correct in the formation of opinions at the outset. If they dislike anybody at the outset, there is apt to be some good reason for it. Apart from any experience in judging people, however, there is in many natures an instinct which never fails to warn of danger in meeting

other people for the first time. It is usually safe to rely upon it.

Nobody can tell why the lower animals avoid poisonous herbs, or select plants which will cure them when sick. They do not know themselves. In the same way some people are able to recognize friends and foes on first meeting, without being able to offer any explanation for their liking or aversion.

When a man meets another against whom he feels repelled, the prudent course is for him to avoid that man as much as possible. He may see many good qualities in him, but in some way or another that man will be his enemy. The less he has to do with him, the happier he is likely to be. Nature has given us safeguards in this respect which we often feel ourselves too wise to heed, and so after a time such faculties of perception become dormant and mistakes are made in the choice of companions or business associates. It is not a bad idea to trust to instinct occasionally, where reason suggests a different course.

The matter is one in which a person of mature years should be able to judge for himself as to how far he is governed by fancy, and how far by instinct. There is very often a possibility of a mistake, where people have not had experience to justify them in trusting to the intuitive faculty.

SHOWING THEIR SYMPATHY.

The daily papers have made the public pretty well acquainted with the particulars of the BORDEN murder case, at Fall River, Mass. LIZZIE BORDEN is now in jail charged with the murder of her father and step-mother, and so far the evidence points very strongly to her as the person who did the deed. Since her arrest however, the public has been sympathetic, and now the chief discussion appears to be as to the chances of her proving her innocence. A late theory is that she committed the crime "unconsciously," and was insane at the time, though her bearing at the examinations has been anything but that of an insane person. It seems very unlikely, even if the deed is brought home to her, that she will be punished as an ordinary murderer. As an evidence of the way her friends look at the matter, a resolution was passed at a Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, Sunday evening, which reads as follows:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, desire to express to our fellow member, Miss Lizzie A. Borden, our sincere sympathy with her in her present hour of trial, and our confident belief that she will soon be restored to her former place of usefulness among us.

This resolution may be well enough in its way, but if she committed the deed nobody can resist the conclusion that she carefully premeditated it and showed a rare intelligence in trying to hide all traces of the crime. The axe with which the lives were taken was found in the cellar very carefully washed, but the microscope reveals the blood stains. Besides, what seems to be an important fact is the circumstance that the usual preparations for dinner were not made in the house that day. After the murder the BORDENS engaged OBRINGTON HANSCOM, formerly chief inspector in the Boston police, but now engaged with the PINKERTONS, whose mission was ostensibly to find out a theory which would point anywhere away from LIZZIE BORDEN. He found nothing, apparently, but in the meantime all that the authorities have learned points more and more strongly against her. It is a queer case, but it is very likely that the girl will escape the penalty prescribed for murder.

Many people have been disposed to grumble at some of the tariff exactions, as if their convenience ought to be consulted rather than the claims of the struggling industries. Nearly everything that a man can possibly eat, drink, wear or otherwise use has to pay tribute, but it would seem that at last a concession has been made in a direction quite unexpected by the majority of folks. If the people had been asked to name any one article which ought to be made free, there would, of course, been such a diversity of opinion that the government would have been at its wits end in a fruitless endeavor to please all classes. Some would have wanted this made free and some would have insisted on that, and it would have been morally impossible to have reached a conclusion as to what was best to be done in the interest of the great bulk of the electors. The government, therefore, assumed the paternal function and made its own unbiased decision. The result is that one very useful article will hereafter be placed on the free list. It is chlorate of potash, of which the people of this great dominion imported more than \$500 worth last year, and which yielded to the revenue \$117 or within \$20 or so of a day's salary of the governor general. And yet the wicked grits will be as ready as ever to talk of the oppressions of the tariff.

The preliminary figures of the United States census show there exist in that country nearly 150 separate and distinct church organizations, representing beliefs in almost everything under the sun. The adherents of each of the sects, even if it was founded a year ago, claim to have the right idea of what ought to be man's religion. Some of the newest of the sects have less

than a hundred adherents, which would seem to imply that the merits of some of the latest inventions in the way of creeds have not yet been recognized.

Russia can give this country pointers on some things. It is now fixing a definite time in which all tanneries in cities and towns shall be removed outside the corporate limits. This country has not yet reached that stage of civilization.

It is said that more than one thousand American girls are studying in Paris this year. One might think that there is quite enough of art in the average American girl now.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Must Have Reached Seventeen Miles. Fire at Amherst yesterday morning destroyed Kelly Bros. steam saw mill at River Herbert.—Herald Recorder.

A New Kind of Crime. George Grant, drunk and in danger of setting fire to his father's house, was sent to Rockland for six months.—Halifax Recorder.

Not Afraid to Speak Right Out. Any one who would rob a grave of the flowers placed thereon is deserving of condemnation and punishment.—Newcastle Advocate.

Some Excitement in Quebec. An isolated electric light pole in St. Saviour was found on fire the day before yesterday. The firemen were called out.—Quebec Chronicle.

More Trouble in Dartmouth. An Indian struck a young lad on Wadwell's wharf on Saturday, and got struck himself for hitting the boy by a man who saw the affair.—Halifax Mail.

Great Doings at Clark's Harbor. Within the past three weeks twins have arrived at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. W. Downey Nickerson, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Levi Kenny, Jr., all within a radius of one quarter of a mile.—Yarmouth Light.

Digby Sees The Circus. The side tent was nothing more nor less than a gambling den, where lots of people lost their money. Hundreds of dollars were taken by these fellows on Saturday afternoon and evening from those who certainly could not afford to lose it.—Canadian.

A Boom for the Heathen. More ways than one to earn money! Such was the thought of some of the boys belonging to the Willing Workers Mission band when they cut from the roadside leading to the river bridge, a large number of burdock plants at half-cents per stock for missions.—Bridgetown Monitor.

Doings at Campbell Settlement. James Morecraft is building a fine new barn. Langley Stairs is putting some repairs on his house. B. B. Brooks is rejoicing over the bright eyes of a little grandson. The potato bug is keeping the little folks busy and some of the big ones, too. Mr. Grass bought a horse a few days ago. The young folks intend to go blueberrying before long.—Fredericton Herald.

The Dark Side of City Life. The borders of the Queen hotel for several hours yesterday morning were annoyed by a Halifax woman, who was slightly out of her mind, singing all night. The unfortunate woman was on her way home and behaved in a perfectly rational way until midnight.—Sun.

WASTE OF GAS.—There was a bad smell of gas in the region of the Jardine building, Prince William street, all last evening, and somebody located the leak at the Water street end of the alley there by means of a lighted match. A strong jet of flame started up alongside the building and very much heated the bricks.—Telegraph.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

God's Holy Word. His mercy great, His power divine In every chapter, verse and line Is plain and clear God's holy word; that sacred book From which His servants ever took Their faith and fear.

Still precious is that sacred word Which tells of Christ, our risen Lord, His death and shame; And gives us hope of peace and rest, In brighter mansions of the blest Through this dear name.

What joy we thereby faint discern, What lessons sweet and dear we learn, Of hope and peace; Our hearts within us glow and burn, His endless love is our concern, His cleansing grace.

And then we learn how great the love Of God who sent Him from above, Our sins to bear. That we being cleans'd from sin and shame Might merry gain through His dear name, His triumph share.

The Best You Kin. There's them 'at gets up on the top, An' them 'at stays below, An' them 'at kind o' 'pears to stop Jes' ha' way up.—So, hoe yer row, An' trudge erlong through thick an' thin, An' do the very best you kin!

Blamed ef I don't sumtimes think Thet them chaps es hes all the gold, Wud sort o' ruther hear the chink Of a gold heart, what they cud hold An' kind o' know for its true worth, An' never part with, top o' earth!

I know the clouds is bound to come An' make the sky look bleak an' black— But ef you jes' jog 'long, an' hum A brave refrain, an' keep the track, You'll git there, sure!—Yer bound to win— So, do the very best you kin!

The longes', darkest's night is bound To end sum time. The snow 'at falls Hes got to melt. You allus found Ef you'd pull strong through all the squalls You'd fetch yer craft all right at last In port, an' laugh at ev'ry blast!

The sun shines allus brighter when The storm hev blowed itse' away— You'd ort to hear the mused-up wren Let herse' out, an' 'pear to say: "That sez a rain! Now, fer a spin!— Jes' watch me do the best I kin!"

The chap wot starts to climb a tree Don't ailus make her out, first shot; He's got to hev sum falls, you see, An' p'raps lots o' 'em, like ez not! But ef he jes' keeps at the game He's bound to git there, all the same!

An' so, my friend, hold up your head, An' let the howlin' winds jes' blow, An' keep a-peggin' right ahead In yer own way. Jes' hoe yer row, An' trudge erlong through thick and thin, An' do the very best you kin!

CASEY TAY.

PICTOU'S POET PRINTER.

Robert Murdoch and His Verses Written for Various Occasions.

The acknowledgements of PROGRESS are due to Robert Murdoch, P. L. P., for a copy of his "Poems, Songs, Toasts and Epigrams, with a Sketch of the Life of the Poet from his schooldays up to the time of the publication of this work." The "P. L. P." stands either for "Pictou's Lyric Poet" or "Poet Laureate of Pictou," and Mr. Murdoch has been a typesetter on the Standard since the paper started. The poems are suited to all sorts of occasions, and abound with original metaphors. Here is an instance:

You are a happy Benedict, Long may you that remain, While life is left you here below, And when you Heaven gain, And your little angel baby girl, May she not with trouble wrangle, But with her God join Pa and Ma, To form a true triangle.

Mr. Murdoch's poems seem to have been delivered often on the spur of the moment and committed to writing later. Here is one addressed to Mrs. R. C., on hearing that she said Robert Burns was a dirty little pup:

You had a book of choicest poems, And choice they are indeed, To folk who have intelligence And an a' o' them read, But folk like you wha's ignorant And can na' read them "up," That is the reason you call Burns A dirty little pup.

Some of the serious poems, however, show a true depth of feeling and are very appropriate to the occasions on which they were written. The sketch of the poet's life is very interesting, and he seems to have had an adventurous career. Speaking of his methods he says, "It is no trouble for me to write six or eight verses in less than an hour, and very often without a single mistake in grammar or otherwise; and as far as grammar is concerned, I never studied it except in a printing office." The volume of poems is bound in cloth and sells at the moderate price of one dollar.

PERTINENT AND PERSONAL.

Mr. H. Wier, the capable news editor of the Halifax Mail, was in the city this week on his way to Boston, where he proposes to spend part of a well earned vacation. He was accompanied by his *fidus achates* Mr. Lenoir, who returned to Halifax yesterday.

Messrs. R. F. Quigley and D. Mullin of this city have entered into a legal co-partnership, and the firm of Quigley & Mullin is now before the public. Both gentlemen are well known in legal circles and Mr. Quigley has won much favor as a lecturer and as a literary man. PROGRESS wishes the new firm plenty of business and success.

Mr. W. F. Ford, the editor and proprietor of the Digby Courier, spent Tuesday in this city. Mr. Ford prints one of the brightest and cleanest weeklies in Nova Scotia. The news and advertising columns of the paper give evidence of plenty of careful work and varied selection, while its mechanical appearance adds further testimony to the good work that can be done by a Cranston printing press.

Mr. Youngclaus returned by the steamer *Sardinia* and was one of seven hundred passengers. The steamer had a pleasant passage of nine days, encountering nothing worse than two or three icebergs and one brief storm. Mr. Youngclaus arrived in this city Saturday night but a few hours sooner than Mrs. Youngclaus, Miss Maggie Youngclaus, and their niece, Miss Bessie Straylorn, who had just returned from a pleasant visit to relatives in Boston.

The thanks of PROGRESS are due to Mr. Stevens, a very successful amateur in photography in Moncton, as well as to photographer C. E. Northrup, for the trouble and pains they took to secure a good picture of the prisoner Buck for PROGRESS representative. Kind and obliging acts for newspaper people in this country are indeed, not rare, but such timely energy and efficient aid as this in an important matter is not soon forgotten by a correspondent or a newspaper.

Mr. Thomas Youngclaus has returned from a ten weeks trip to the old country, a fortnight of which he spent pleasantly in the Isles of Shetland, his parents' native home. The condition of Mr. Youngclaus health in the spring suggested the trip to him, which he arranged should be for business as well as for pleasure. He has returned perfectly restored to health, and on the same steamer came evidence of the business he had done in the shape of invoices of a splendid assortment of new goods for the fall trade.

Pickering in Luck Again.

There was a very lively meeting of the Halifax police board last Friday when they met to investigate the charges against policeman Pickering. Pickering was on hand this time and made his statement. He admitted being in Walsh's playing pool on the night of July 30, but he was not in uniform; that he played six games of pool during the evening, and that he did not drink anything at all, nor did he see any drinking done. Pickering admitted that he was a drinking man and that he learned to drink in Mrs. O'Laughlin's place. The police board in view of Pickering's statements being corroborated by such eminent citizens as John Walsh and others, decided to let Mr. Pickering go with a reprimand. Mrs. O'Laughlin denies that she ever kept a saloon, or that she ever gave or sold anything to Pickering, and has retained a lawyer to bring suit against Pickering for defamation of character.

Garden Party, Sale and Tea.

A garden party, sale and tea, under the auspices of the Young People's society of Christian Endeavor of the congregational church will be held on the grounds of Mr. William Kerr, Cedar Cliff, Mount Pleasant, on Thursday the 25th inst., from 3 to 10 p. m. Admission 10 cents. Tea 25 cents.

TRULY IN HARD LUCK.

Why a Mexican Newspaper Appeared With One Page Blank.

The city of Mexico has a live daily, called *Anglo-American*, which seems to be owned by a native company and edited by imported talent. A friend of PROGRESS sends a clipping which shows that the local subscription rate is \$9 a year, while a copy sent out of the country costs \$11. Single copies bring five cents each. Among the rules of the paper is one that "persons presenting bills not signed by the business department will not be recognized by the management." The slip sent, however, appears intended for the benefit of the "Joys and Woes" department, for which the following leading editorial is considered a suitable contribution:

HALF SHELL. The *Daily Anglo-American* is playing today the gambler's word term, "Hard Luck." The intelligent composing-room assistant fell down a flight of stairs, and pined the first page. According to his own account he slipped and sat down suddenly upon the type, and the only existing copy of that page is imprinted, not upon the hearts of his countrymen, but upon the seat of his ice-cream pantaloons, which will be placed on file in the editorial rooms of this journal.

Is it An Innovation?

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Can you inform an honest inquirer after light, why it is that the priest in charge (pro tem) of the Mission church of St. John Baptist always preaches at choral celebration in his chasuble, in the pulpit. I have always understood that the chasuble was a distinctly ecclesiastical vestment only to be worn by the celebrant, when, if he was also the preacher, the sermon was delivered from the altar steps. The Rev. Father Davenport and his assistant always observed this ritual, which was supposed to be correct.

In that most excellent little book, *The Congregation in Church*, I read the following direction: "If the vestments are used, and the preacher be one of the clergy engaged in celebrating, he first takes off his outer vestment before proceeding to the pulpit. If he be the celebrant, he lays his chasuble on the altar. The sermon is sometimes preached from the altar steps (there being no rubrical directions to do so from the pulpit) in which case the eucharistic vestment is retained by the preacher." As the priest in charge, pro tem., always preaches in the pulpit in his chasuble at choral celebrations the thought has entered my mind, is this the practice in the Protestant Episcopal church, or is it an innovation without authority in the Church of England? LAYMAN. St. John, Aug. 17, '92.

PEOPLE WHO DRESS WELL.

Both Sexes Take a Pride in Their Clothes.—Distressed in Shabby Ones.

There is a pleasure and feeling of self-satisfaction in being well dressed, to which, perhaps, none but eccentric individuals, millionaires, and certain species of geniuses can be utterly indifferent.

Few things will sooner set the mind of the ordinary woman agitating, and endanger the sweetness of her disposition for the rest of the day, than a morning's visit from the parson while she is still in her deshabille, and her trepidation is intensified if the good man be accompanied by his wife. But give her time to set her house in order, fix up her back hair, don her best attire, and she is equal to receiving a whole community of parsons, their wives included.

Most of us have experienced at one time or another the uncomfortable sensation of going out shabbily dressed. How we hope our friends will not beset our path, and if they should, how very interested we suddenly find ourselves with something either on the ground or in the opposite direction to which our friends are travelling. Generally speaking, however, it is on such occasions that by some strange irony fate—cussedness of things, our American friends call it—we run into the arms of the very people we would most avoid.

How very different is the feeling when we are conscious that our clothes are good, their style up to date, and we are looking our best! Do we not carry our heads high and erect, and feel like shaking hands with ourselves as well as everybody we meet? We have a nod and a smile for our friends, and have no objection to meeting our enemies. We look everybody straight in the face; for the knowledge that we are well dressed gives us confidence and courage.

Indeed, then it is that we patronize the principal thoroughfares, and linger long gazing into shop windows; for we have no reason to fight shy of fashionable resorts, or to steal along infrequent ways and second-rate streets. Philosophers may rail and parsons may preach against dress; but to be well dressed is the ambition of most of us—perhaps the only aspiration of too many. Human nature does not alter much; our forefathers were as fond of dress as we are, and knew the value of it, too.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not opprest'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy— For the apparel oft becomes the man!

was the advice Shakespeare put into the mouth of Polonius. Poor, sensitive Oliver Goldsmith hid himself well his clothes were seedy; when fortune sent him a few pounds, the first thing he did was to purchase that famous plum-colored coat, which excited the envy of his enemies and the admiration of his friends.

Would the great, generous and large-hearted Samuel Johnson, of all men in the world, have submitted to the indignity of eating his dinner behind a screen in the same room in which his host was entertaining other friends, had not his own clothes been of such a threadbare nature as to make him ashamed of appearing at the table?

There are people, and good people, too, to whom the idea of wearing shabby clothes is distressing. But there is a feeling of confidence, of comfort, and of pleasure in the fact of being well dressed; and doubtless it is this self-same feeling that causes hundreds,aye thousands, to stint their stomachs to adorn their backs.