

THINGS HARD TO STEAL.

People who Own Them can Afford to be Careless.

Sometimes it seems a little strange that the one business in which a dealer seldom asks for a deposit in advance from a customer whom he does not know is the one in which a very valuable article is given confidently into the customer's hands. This is the livery-stable business. A stranger appears, asks for a horse and carriage, receives them, and nothing is said, except in rare instances, about his responsibility.

The reason is that there is very little likelihood, in any civilized country, that anyone will undertake to steal a horse and carriage. Civilization and officers of the law have made it next to impossible to dispose of a stolen horse and escape capture.

The same principle makes certain extremely valuable diamonds almost perfectly safe property. A gentleman who possessed one valued at twelve thousand pounds passed it freely from hand to hand in a large commercial establishment, and even allowed a man whom he knew nothing about to take it out of the room.

"I should think you would be afraid it would be stolen," someone said.

The owner of the diamond smiled.

"Its value is its protection," he said. "A thief, in order to realize anything upon that diamond, would have to take it to a large dealer, and the diamond is perfectly well known to every such dealer in the world. It would be recognized and held at once."

"But could not the thief have it cut up into small diamonds and sold in that way?"

"To be cut it would have to go either to Amsterdam or to one of two or three men in some other country. In either case it would be found registered with my name as its owner. It would be of no more real value to a thief than a lump of coal."

This circumstance would serve very well as an illustration of the difference between possession and ownership, in the case of the horse as well as the diamond.

In a certain case which occurred not long ago, however, the ordinary rule about letting horses was not applied by a stable keeper. A young man of rather feeble appearance called for a saddle horse for a ride through the park. The horse was saddled, and the stable keeper said:

"I shall have to ask you to pay in advance."

"What?" said the surprised young man.

"Do you think I would not come back with the horse?"

"Not exactly that," said the stableman.

"I'm afraid the horse might come back without you!"

Spoondyke's Joke.

"I shall never forget," said Lawyer McGaffey, father of one of the most promising of our young western poets, "a trip I once took to Jefferson City, Mo., with the clever but erratic Stanley Huntley, author of the famous *Spoondyke Papers*. A mysterious poisoning case had been unearthed at Jefferson City, in which I was retained, and Huntley had been assigned to work up the story for his paper. When we reached the double room to which we had been assigned we found a big stove there, but not the sign of a fire. It was a bitter cold night, but we decided to go straight to bed and have the fire built the first thing in the morning."

"Huntley was the first to open his eyes, and he awoke me by exclaiming that the water was frozen solid in the pitcher on the washstand. He looked around for an electric bell, but that was a luxury the hotel didn't sport. A log of wood had been left over from the last fire, and seizing this Huntley began pounding on the carpet. But we were on the third floor, and beyond knocking of the plaster in the room below no results followed this attack."

"'I'll fix 'em, blank 'em!' hissed Huntley, and he stripped the counterpane off the bed, wrapped it around his bony figure and rushed into the hallway, where he began yelling 'Fire! Fire!' at the top of his lungs."

"In a few seconds there was a fearful commotion in that hotel. Men, women, children streamed into the corridors, all in various stages of undress, frightened out of their wits, and most of them half frozen to boot."

"'Oh, where is it?' shriekingly demanded a poor woman whose bare feet protruded from beneath a red petticoat. 'That's what I'd like to know, madam,' answered Huntley, fiercely. 'I ordered one built in my room this morning, but not a ghost of a flame have I seen yet, I'll have that clerk up here, though, before I get through, or know the reason why,' and again the hall resounded with his cries of 'Fire! Fire!'"

"The terrified guests, perceiving they had been deluded by a madman, sneaked back into their rooms. But the clerk had been aroused, and we got our fire, although we had to seek lodgings at another hotel right after breakfast."—Chicago Herald.

Three Close Shaves.

It is human nature for people in a crisis to imagine themselves as playing the most important role. This is well illustrated by an anecdote told by a naval officer of his first experience under fire during the civil war.

He was midshipman at the time, just out of the academy, and his vessel was engaged in destroying a blockade runner aground near the entrance of Mobile Bay. Suddenly the harassed enemy woke into animation and returned fire. A shot from a rifled gun on the beach came hissing through the air, passed over the Union vessel, and buried itself in the water just beyond.

"I was stationed on the forecabin," said the narrator, "and, I give you my word, I thought that spot was coming straight for my head, or, at any rate, was going to graze it. My first impulse (an uncontrollable one) was to dodge, which I promptly did; my next was to feel ashamed of myself and to glance carefully around to ascertain whether any one had observed my discomfort. A consoling sight met my eyes. The Captain and First Lieutenant, aft on the poop deck, were just straightening into a more completely upright position, and I overheard the Captain remark to his companion, in a tone expressive of some relief: 'By George! that was an awfully close shave, you know. The confounded thing must have passed just over our heads.' While I was trying to reconcile this statement with my own sensation, I heard an Irishman, who occupied

a position between the two points, exclaim, in reference to the same missile: 'Begorra, b'ys, I cud have caught it in me hat!'—Argonaut.

Off for the Labrador.

Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Prof. W. M. Reid, J. D. Scomborger, Lyle Vincent and W. D. Vincent, arrived by the *Halifax* last night. They are some of the party who go to Labrador in the schooner *Evelina* in the interest of the World's Fair to secure an Esquimaux village with some fifty inhabitants and all appurtenances thereto belonging. The schooner left Cunningham & Curren's wharf today on her mission.

A Recorder reporter was talking today to Capt. Wm. McConnell, of Port Hillford, Guysboro, who is in charge of the vessel. An interesting incident was mentioned (and although it sounds like a "pull" of a patent medicine it is worth noting.) "Do you see that man over there," said a friend, "That is Capt. McConnell, who is going after Esquimaux. I have known him for years, and he was that bad with asthma that he had sometimes to be held on board his vessel. You see him?" (he was piling wood in a cord measure to take on board) —"he is a well man; and he attributes it to some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he took, two after each meal."

Out of curiosity, the reporter secured an introduction to the captain, and after some talk about the expedition, remarked: "Is that correct, Captain, about your recovery from asthma, and that you attribute it to those pills?"

"Well, I don't know anything else. I recovered after taking them."

"And haven't been troubled since?"

"No. Of course we will see what this winter may bring forth; I haven't said anything about it."

"But last winter?"

"I began taking them in December, and found the change brought about in my condition, which Dr. Parker, of Halifax, said was about as bad as it could be."

It is not often that a patent medicine gets such a big boom in the incidence of news gathering, as is furnished in the above; but it is all set down just as it transpired incidentally.

The whole Labrador party consists of Messrs. Tabor and Vincent, Prof. Reid, of Harvard College; Mr. Lyle Vincent, St. Louis; Dr. Baur, Philadelphia, a distinguished naturalist; Prof. Gillette, New Haven, Conn.; and Hon. W. F. Ryder, Quebec. They expect to return with about 50 Esquimaux, with dogs, komatiks, kayacks, and a general collection of curiosities from Esquimaux land. The schooner is a handsome model, 95 tons, and is a fast sailer. John Silver & Co., furnished the supplies.

Are You Trying For This?



The engraving printed above is an exact representation of the beautiful Silver Service offered for the most coupons cut from *Progress* from next Saturday (July 9) to Saturday, September 24th. Although this paper has a circulation larger than any other paper in these provinces the publisher has good reason to think that it can be increased two or three fold, and to that end—to gain new acquaintances for the paper—to make new acquaintances for it, this beautiful prize is given. There is hardly a reader of *Progress* who does not know of some

of their friends who do not take *Progress*. This prize is offered with the hope that they will induce them to buy it and give them the Coupon, which will be printed up on the first page of each issue beginning July 9.

Do not imagine that if you live in a small town you have not the same chance as your rival in St. John or Halifax. You have just as good a chance because there will be so many try for the prize in the larger places that the coupons will be more eagerly sought after. Besides this there will be a natural and family rivalry between the

different towns that *Progress* has agents in to see which will bear off the trophy. This will be increased by the fact that that agent of *Progress* who succeeds in increasing his order the most will receive a check for \$20 when the silver service is given. So help yourselves and your agent at the same time. Here is one hint that any one can make use of: Remember to write and tell your friends in other towns that you are in for the prize, and ask them to send you all the coupons they can collect.

This is but one of a score of good ideas that will occur to the competitors. The only conditions in connection with the contest is that no selling agent of *Progress* or any one in the office can compete for the prize. It is the intention of the publisher to exhibit the Silver Service in all the towns where *Progress* is sold—as far as possible—but do not wait until you see it before you begin to work for it. Rest assured that it is guaranteed by Messrs. Ferguson & Page, that it was selected and imported for *Progress* for this prize; that it is the best quadruple plate, and that its value is not less than \$45.

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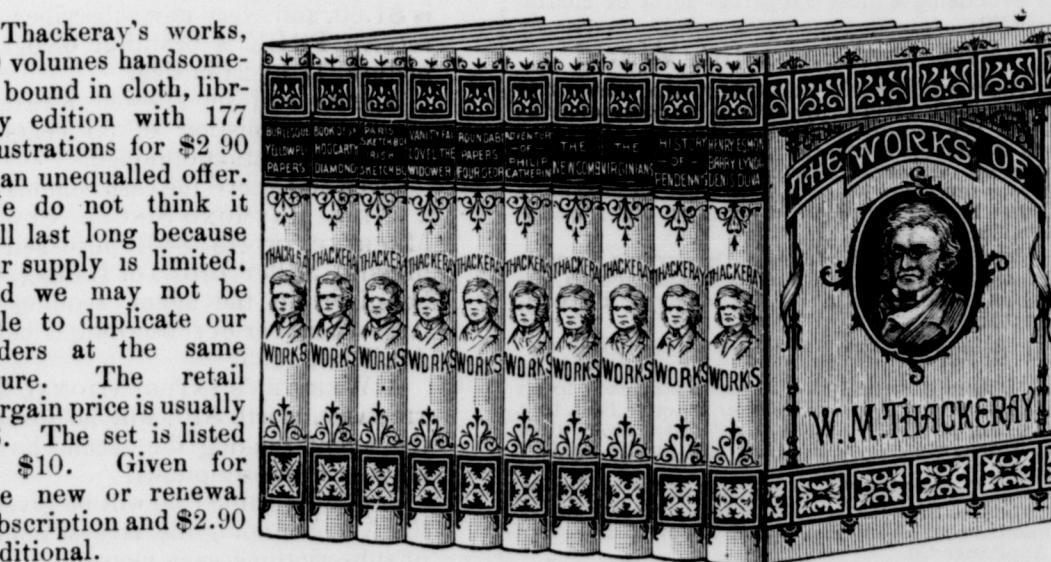
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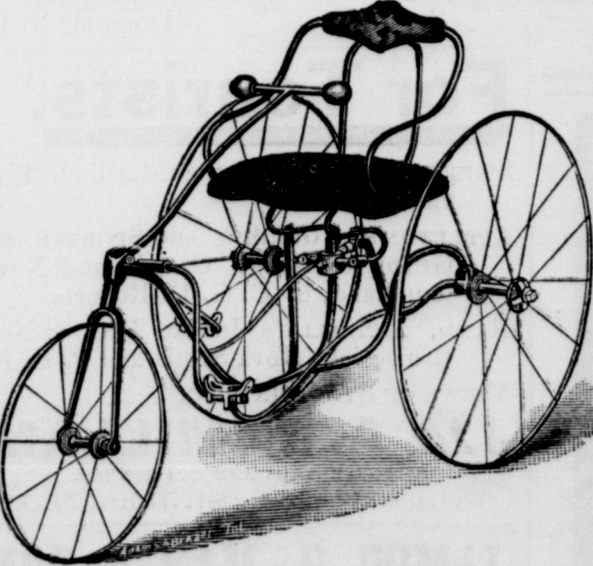
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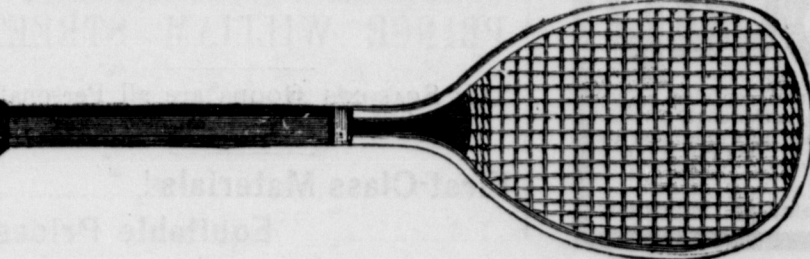


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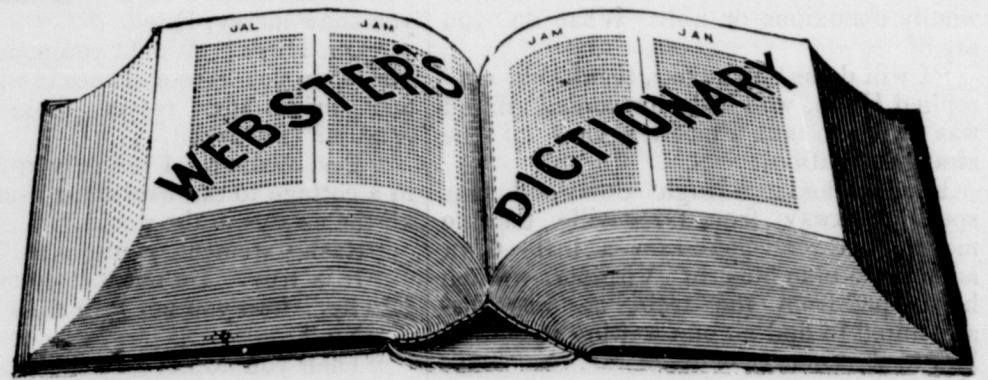
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