

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14.

HAIR FOR FAIRVILLE.

The actual estimated loss of property by the Fairville fire does not amount to more than was incurred by the destruction of one building in a large city, but the fire means a great deal more than this on account of the large number of poor people who have been rendered homeless. The situation is one which appeals to the sympathy of all classes, and the responses so far show that St. John, at least, is prompt to render aid at such a time. More money will be needed, but the total sum is not so large that it ought not to be raised in a few days. The case is one where prompt and generous action is needed in the present. It may be assumed that so soon as the immediate effects of the fire are over, the people now in distress will need no further care. The community is one where there is everything to favor a rapid recovery from the disaster. In the meantime, prompt contributions of cash speak more to the point than all the words which can be written.

WHICH SHOULD BE BOSS?

A reader of PROGRESS would like an answer to this question: Which should be the boss of affairs—a man or his wife?

The precise meaning of the word "boss" in this connection may not be fully understood by the readers of PROGRESS in distant lands, though the term is familiar enough in most parts of the United States and Canada. WEBSTER defines it as "a master workman or superintendent; a director or manager; a political dictator." The verb is given as meaning "to hold mastery over; to direct or superintend; as, to boss the house." With these definitions, the idea which the inquirer has in mind is quite clear. She (for it is a woman) wants to know whether it is the man or his wife who should hold the mastery, with the direction and superintendence of affairs. The answer must, of necessity, be a qualified one.

The woman has been made subject to the man from the beginning. She is traditionally the weaker, and man is her champion and defender. It is as much her duty to love, honor and obey the husband as it is his to love, cherish and protect the wife. The duties are reciprocal. When they are understood and an effort is made to mutually carry them out in the light of God's teaching, there is no need to ask which ought to be the boss. There should be no boss in the household of those who are properly mated.

Unfortunately, it is to be feared, a good many people have an idea that either the husband or wife ought to "rule." The man in his egotism feels that it is due to his dignity that his wife should be kept in subjection, and if he be a brute, that she should even fear him a little. Such a fellow delights to give orders and to find fault, while his wife, if a timid, patient creature, quietly submits and worries herself in the fruitless effort to please. If she is a woman of spirit, she declines to be bossed, and the result is the occurrence of what are known as family jars. They may be of sufficient importance to be called fights, but they are serious enough to mar the lives of both parties and to turn matrimony into a galling yoke. It is a bad state of affairs when either husband or wife is boss, but it is worse when both want to exercise the functions of that office.

Then their are mild mannered men who feel rather happy than otherwise in the knowledge that they have strong minded wives who will take charge of them and most of their affairs. Many a man has owed his success in life to having a wife who could boss him when he lacked the wit or the energy to boss himself. Yet, after all, a woman cannot have a very high respect for a man who has so little force of character that she

can govern him as she pleases. It is questionable, in such cases, if the woman is not merely governing her husband for the sake of the advantages that will come to her through his success. She may like him well enough, but she likes herself better. A man who is afraid of his wife is not of the stuff of which heroes are made.

Both husband and wife can have marked individuality and yet not be antagonistic in their natures. Each will rule in the proper sphere and neither will seek to boss the other. The man has his duties and in regard to them he ought to be the best judge of what is best, leaving the woman the same liberty in the things which pertain to her domain. If each is true to self and to the other, there should be no attempt to dictate. It each seeks to promote the happiness of the other, there can be no bickering and disputing. The happiest households are those in which the husband commands the respect of the wife without seeking to secure her submission; and where the wife rules the husband by the power of love alone.

The boss is an objectionable feature in a good many places. Nowhere is he or she more out of place than in the household.

THE CHRISTIAN WAY.

When Dr. PARKHURST rose into unenviable notoriety by searching into a house of more than questionable repute in New York, drinking beer with the inmates and witnessing scenes not to be described, there arose a sharp and just criticism of him. It seemed hardly the course for a minister of the gospel to take, even though his object was the suppression of vice. Some of the religious papers, however, have attempted to defend Dr. PARKHURST's extraordinary conduct, and to laugh at Dr. DA COSTA, who believes there is a better and more christian way of dealing with the degraded. His plan is to go into such houses and pray with the inmates. The Boston Congregationalist sneers at this idea, and tells an irreverent story to illustrate its point. This is quoted with approval by the Messenger and Visitor, of this city, and it adds that "the woman who keeps the house ridicules the good doctor (DA COSTA) and his visit." As if this were of any value as evidence!

Dr. DA COSTA has, however, something more satisfactory to say in the matter. He is president of the White Cross society of St. John the Evangelist, and has given careful attention to the subject of dealing with the degraded. He believes that the unfortunate class whom the SAVIOUR did not condemn can be reached and made better by earnest christian effort. He has tried it by praying in evil resorts and is satisfied that much good has been done. Among other things, he says:

A large work has been done for twenty years past, and the Episcopal Midnight Mission and the House of Mercy have done and are doing a splendid and successful work. One needs only to consult the annual reports of the last twenty years to be fully convinced of this. Ten thousand dollars a year spent on a mission to the fallen is much more productive of permanent spiritual results than the same sum spent in an ordinary parish. The fallen, who live on the brink of despair, have no time to doubt. Nearly all are religious in their way and are anxious to escape from the terrible life which poverty, drink or man's peridy may have brought them.

They are very susceptible to religious impressions, and I have found them not only respectful in their attitude to religion and its ministers, but thankful for any kind interest taken in their welfare. About 400 immoral houses have been visited by certain christian workers in the past season. My work in this line has been aimed to show that christian workers do not approve of any criminal prosecution proceeding from the church or churchmen, especially when based upon deceit and carried out upon the idea that good ends justify bad means. An effort has also been made to learn more fully the causes which have led women into the lower departments of immoral living and to learn on what terms they may be willing to abandon an immoral life. In connection with such visits repentance in hundreds of instances is found to be genuine, and in connection with the particular case you mention results followed that I did not immediately anticipate and proved most gratifying.

The points of difference between PARKHURST and DA COSTA may be easily summed up. The former visited a notorious place to procure evidence for prosecution. He witnessed and became an accomplice in most shocking scenes. As a result, the proprietor of the house has been convicted on the evidence of him and two other spies who accompanied him. The published evidence has disgusted all who have read it, and much that was told in court has not been printed. Now, Dr. DA COSTA has simply tried to carry out the precepts of the Divine Master, and even if he had failed, and his work appears far from a failure, he should have been encouraged and supported in his effort. Instead of that, such papers as those quoted think it a smart thing to belittle his prayerful work, and to defend the disreputable tactics of Dr. PARKHURST. Religious papers might be expected to support the teachings of true religion, but do not always appear to do so.

WHAT IS SOLD AS COFFEE.

It is not everybody who knows how to make coffee, under any circumstances, but it is a clever person, indeed, who can succeed when the material is adulterated, as it seems to be in many cases. A recent bulletin of the inland revenue department gives the results of the analysis of a number of samples procured in various parts of Canada last autumn. Many were found to be adulterated. In a great many instances, however, "the article was sold as a 'compound' or 'mixture,' either

verbally or having one of the words written or printed on the package. These compounds were very often remarkable for the very small amount of coffee they contained." Of 146 samples, 54 were genuine coffee, 55 were adulterated, while 31 were sold as "compound." It seems that the makers of what is termed "sophisticated" coffee, use chicory and roasted peas and grain, as a rule. There is also an imported article called the "essence of coffee," which is a species of burnt sugar from the glucose factories, costing from three to five cents a pound. This stuff gives a good color to the "coffee" when ready for drinking.

The New Brunswick grocers make a very fair showing, as compared with their fellow grocers in other provinces. Only two of the nine samples procured in St. John were adulterated, and one of these had 3.74 per cent. of chicory, was marked as dandelion, a substitute. The other was a French coffee with 33-34 per cent. of chicory, manufactured in London, England. One adulterated specimen is reported from Dorchester, one from Sackville, one from Truro, and one from Amherst. Three samples procured at Hampton stood the test, as did a like number from Sussex and Moncton respectively. Every sample procured in Montreal was adulterated, and Halifax made an equally bad showing. The inspector must have been unfortunate in his selection of shops, for nobody is likely to suppose that good coffee cannot be had in the latter city at least. In most cases, doubtless, the retailer was innocent of blame in the matter, and possibly the publication of the names in the report will lead to more caution in selecting in the future.

The adulteration of food and drink is one of the great evils of the age. It is a thing to be dealt with by more stringent legislation than that now on the books, and there should be a more frequent and general collection of samples of articles with which fraud is possible.

HAIRLY A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

The supreme court of Newfoundland has decided that where a man will not work on Sunday, he has no right to claim a share in the profits of those who have not regarded the day. The case arose from the cruise of the sealing steamer Nimrod, which had 167 hands on board. On two Sundays all hands were ordered out to kill seals, but 35 of them refused to be of the number. At the end of the voyage, when the time came for paying off, these men found that they were each allowed some \$20 less than the Sunday workers. They, therefore, brought suit for the difference. The court in which the case was tried held that the seals caught on Sunday belonged to the men who worked on that day, and could not be shared by those who had refused to work. On appeal to the supreme court the decision was unanimously affirmed.

It will strike most people that the judgment is quite just. If a man does not want to work on Sunday, he should not be compelled to do so, but when he is anxious to have the profits of those who have worked, he is not likely to get much credit for his alleged conscientious scruples. There are a good many people in this world who object to sinning themselves, especially if there is any hard work about it, but who are quite willing to be benefited by the labors of those who do sin. A man who is enough of a christian to keep Sunday as a holy day, ought to be enough of a christian not to grasp for what he has not earned, or to have part or lot with those who have made Sunday a day of toil.

It seems incredible that in a place the size of Fairville there should be practically no water available in case of fire. This is the more surprising when it is understood that the pipes for the Carleton supply pass through Fairville, and that only hydrants are wanting. A very little expenditure in this direction would have made a wonderful difference in the amount of property saved last Sunday. When the people of Fairville get to work again, their first step is likely to be to arrange for some hydrants and a few joints of hose.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

In a Scott Act Town. A prominent clergyman of the city might have been seen at an early hour this morning making desperate efforts to guide a bicycle right up and down Church street. His efforts were partially successful.—Moncton Times.

At the Fairville Fire. Daniel Brophy turned his colts and cows loose and then ran away down the road.—Daily Sun.

It is Doubtful if He Predicted It. It is doubtful if when he placed the hydrant in his yard (the property in which Wm. Barnhill now lives) that James P. Ellis thought it would ever be the means of saving what property escaped the flames yesterday. Mr. Ellis should never be forgotten.—Daily Sun.

The World Do Move. Mr. Muise is improving the appearance of his shop, by having his window sashes painted.—Weymouth Free Press.

Spring in Nova Scotia. In spite of the chilly winds, suggestive of large fields of ice, April has not been altogether barren of that ever welcome harbinger of spring—the golden dandelion. The first blossom we have seen this season was brought to our office by Master Chester McDonald.—Weymouth Free Press.

Billy Woke Up the Town. Billy Whyman raised quite an excitement this morning as he rushed wildly through the street to the fire bell on which he rang a peal that brought

the fire company to the shed in short order. Before they started for the scene of the fire a message arrived with the news that it was only a chimney in Mrs. Whyman's house burning out.—Windsor Tribune.

The Dark Side of City Life. ACCIDENTED FOR.—A bad odor in a Sydney street boarding house was accounted for a day or two ago, when the heating pipes, having been taken up for the purpose, the body of a cat, very much decomposed, was found in the cold air tube.—Tel.

SEEN ON THE STREETS.—About 200 people near the L. C. R. station, on the departure of the first train, last night, watched with interest a deadly combat between two cats.—Tel.

Pursuing his along the streets was a much tried amusement yesterday.—Tel.

A portion of the city hospital fence was blown down yesterday afternoon.—Tel.

THAT SPRING HILL RELIEF FUND.

Assertions that There Has Been a Queer Way of Doing Things.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Your reference in the last issue of PROGRESS to the case of the widow and child from Springhill sufferers from the explosion in 1891, appeals strongly for sympathy. It does more—it casts scathing odium on the mismanagement of the fund raised on behalf of these sufferers.

To those who have not taken especial interest in this matter little or nothing is known of the deep dissatisfaction of the majority of these sufferers and what good reason they have for their bitter complaint.

The unwarranted seizure of the funds subscribed so bountifully by the public for the sufferers only and the surmounting transfer of \$30,000 of their money to the mining company's insurance relief funds, without the consent or even the knowledge of Mayor Hall, to whom it had been forwarded, three suspicious at once on the transaction and led him to advise Mayor McPherson, of Halifax, to retain the custody of the balance (some \$12,000) until its equitable distribution could be secured.

Although repeated attempts have been made to effect this object, all have been in vain, and to the recent request of the Halifax trustees that the mayor of Springhill should convene a meeting of the sufferers themselves to choose a local relief committee, Mayor Cooper distinctly says he declines to call any such meeting.

Your able and persistent advocacy of justice to sufferers, and your powerful influence in bringing about a much needed reform in this regard, induced me to invoke your aid on behalf of the widows and orphans of Springhill—the bereaved fathers and the disabled miners. I place at your disposal press notices of the whole affair, and feel assured that a glance at these will satisfy you as to the necessity for interference and remonstrance.

ANONYMOUS.

SALVATIONISTS AT WORK.

A Novel Blood and Fire Entertainment at Parrsboro.

The unsaved and sinful people of Parrsboro, N. S., were greatly surprised a few days ago upon reading the following notice, printed on a blood-red dodger:

I'm the Little Dodger, Have come to invite you to the Trades Union Meeting to be held in Salvation Army Hall! Everybody on platform at work at their trade for 10 minutes. Something Entirely New! You cannot afford to miss it! Admission 10 cents.

As some of the members of the army are not popularly supposed to have any trade, the sinners were, as previously intimated, overcome with surprise, feeling that this latest innovation of the salvationists, would be, indeed, "something entirely new."

At this unique meeting one of the lassies was engaged in culinary duties, and another, in the words of A. Ward, was "boss of a sowin masheen." The young lady who had a telegraph instrument in front of her seemed to be sublimely ignorant of how to work it, but placed several messages of salvation in Western Union envelopes, which she handed to a fair messenger. Two men were busy at caulking a miniature vessel, while a carpenter sawed a board, the end of which another mechanic held. A teacher did some ciphering on a blackboard, and one old gentleman industriously whittled a stick. Several of the salvationists who had been laboring—laboring under the impression that when they joined the army they were saved, not only from the works of darkness, but also from all other works—were evidently puzzled to know what they should do, so that erring mortals could have their ten cents' worth, while others looked with compassion on the multitude, content to have no other trade than the glorious one of saving souls.

Where Do They Go To?

Several correspondents of PROGRESS from northern New Brunswick have complained that their letters have not reached this office of late. It is difficult to imagine where they could go to, or how they could be delayed. One gentleman complained that a cheque for a large amount sent from a northern town to one in central New Brunswick failed to reach its destination.

Putting off the Day.

It is stated semi-officially that the Gift opera drawing will not take place until June 27, and that it is contemplated disposing of the unsold tickets with the help of the "summer company" which is to open this month. This is prolonging the agony with a vengeance. It is not probable that the proposed delay will be relished by the ticket holders.

When the Artillery Come On.

The Artillery band concert comes off May 17 at the Opera house, and present indications point to a grand success. A good programme has been made up, of which the selections by the band will be a feature. Since Mr. Horseman arrived, the Artillery band has become one of the finest in the provinces, and is the largest in New Brunswick.

WHERE THE KEYS ARE KEPT.

A Record of Value to People When a Fire Breaks Out.

In referring to the fire alarm keys last week, PROGRESS stated that the nearest place at which a key could be found for box 23 was at the Royal hotel, a block away. It seems, however, that a key has been kept for years at the store of Aaron Armstrong, but as there was nothing on the box to show this it might as well have been anywhere else. None of the residents of the neighborhood of whom inquiries were made knew that Mr. Armstrong had a key.

A good many keys have been given out at one time or another since the boxes were introduced, and all trace of many of them has been lost by people moving away and neglecting to return them to the present or previous chief engineers. The police, firemen, and others have keys which they carry in their pockets, and there is a sort of a record of keys which are supposed to be available at certain places when a fire is discovered. The following is a list as far as can be easily gathered:

- Box. 2.—Engine house, S. Piercy. 3.—Engine house, F. Blackadar, Hamm's stable. 4.—Harris Allen, H. A. Drury. 5.—Wilson's saw factory. 6.—Harris Allen, M., R. and A., Parker Bros. 7.—Janitor Mechanics' Institute. 8.—Call Bros., John Walsh. 9.—Miss Adams. 10.—J. Andrews, S. Dunlap, W. Farren, Smith's bakery, R. H. Sancton, H. L. Sharp, C. R. Treuman. 11.—E. Gilman. 12.—John Nugent. 13.—Peter Kearney, Jas. Nixon. 14.—Adam Young. 15.—Peter Murphy, Scott & Lawton. 16.—Jones' Brewery, C. H. Peters. 17.—Mrs. Daley, McKelvey's house. 18.—John Finn, Shaw's bakery, R. H. Sancton. 19.—Aaron Armstrong, M. R. & A., Royal hotel, Victoria hotel. 20.—McGregor, Queen hotel. 21.—Engine house. 22.—Chamberlain's office. 23.—D. O. L. Warlock, D. McDermott, A. C. Smith & Co., Victoria hotel. 24.—Hawarden hotel. 25.—Thornhill, Troop & McLachlan. 26.—Lanchester's bakery. 27.—At 188 King Street east; Alex. Lockhart, H. J. 28.—Thornhill, Troop & McLachlan. 29.—G. S. Fisher, Janitor McDonald. 30.—T. Kitchie. 31.—Wm. Dunlavy, Miss Sturdee, S. Tufts, C. H. Fairweather. 32.—St. John hotel, I. S. S. Office, Wm. Cummings, J. E. Turnbull, New Victoria. 33.—Wm. Cummings, Robt. Magee. 34.—Haley Bros, J. McKinney. 35.—Haley Bros, P. Trainer. 36.—H. Duffell. 37.—Fleming's Foundry. 38.—N. B. Cottle, Hatfield's. 39.—Gen. Public Hospital.

North End.

- 121.—Stoness' mill. 122.—Horsecastle's Lorne hotel, Akerley's, Jas. McCann, Aid. Nase, Jas. Quinn, Waring's foundry. 123.—Capt. Brennan, Horsecastle, Lorne hotel, McCann, Quinn, Aid. Nase, Wm. Brown. 124.—Jas. Hamilton (Douglas ave.). 125.—Jas. Hamilton (Douglas ave.), Norton's. 126.—John Kelly. 221.—Alex. Johnson. 222.—Schiffel Terrace. 421.—McInerney's.

Boxes 51, 124, 134, 135, 142, 143, 213, 241, 312, 321 and 412, do not appear in the record as having any keys specially located for them. There are probably keys near all of these, but the difficulty is for anybody to know where to find them.

What common sense suggests is that over each box should be a tin or some other sign, having upon it the information as to where the nearest key is to be found. The trifling expense may save thousands of dollars some day.

It seems next to impossible to impress upon people the necessity for listening at a box before pulling the hook, in case an alarm has already been sent in from another number. Even people who know it ought to be done seem to lose their heads at the critical moment. The remedy lies in having what are known as non-interfering boxes, but to procure these and put the alarm otherwise as it should be would cost about \$2,000, and in the present state of the city finances the money is not to be spared for such a purpose.

ANYTHING WILL BE ACCEPTABLE.

Rev. J. C. Titcombe Makes an Earnest Appeal to the Ladies.

When the Fairville fire was at its height, last Sunday, there was every indication that the church of the Good Shepherd and the clergy house would be destroyed, and willing hands were busy in removing valuables to places of safety. So soon as it was seen that the danger was over, Rev. J. C. Titcombe began to plan what he could do for the relief of the sufferers. A number of city visitors who were present assisted him in raising a sum sufficient to supply coffee and other refreshments for the people who would be sheltered in the school house that night, and Mr. Titcombe has been very busy ever since in doing what he could to relieve the distress of his neighbors. He asks PROGRESS to publish the following letter:

To the Ladies of St. John.—No doubt in your homes there are many superfluous pieces of furniture, much of it in the way, and perhaps you have often wished it out of the way. If you will allow me, I will come to the rescue and take it right away. Spring cleaning is coming on. A lot of dusting and rubbing to be gone through. I think I can suggest a way to lighten your burdens somewhat. You have all read of our disastrous fire, and have no doubt expressed much sympathy for the poor creatures who are now homeless and destitute. Many families have lost their all—many men, women and children have only what they stand up in. Perhaps in your wardrobe you have some clothes thrown on one side, in your kitchen many pans, pot and kettles you have no use for; in your dining rooms some plates, knives and crockery; in your lumber rooms some pieces of diseased and discarded furniture. If you have, please hunt them out; if the clothes are out of repair, we can mend them; if the furniture is broken, we can fix it. If you have, and wish to fulfill the adage "That a friend in need is a friend indeed," send them along to me. You cannot send too much. I can find use for anything and everything—from a loaf of bread to a joint of meat, from a button to a suit of clothes. If you cannot send it drop me a post card and I will bring or send a wagon round to collect. I have often appealed to the ladies of England in this way for poor people, and I have never been disappointed. I do not think I shall be in this instance. Some ladies have already sent me things. I do not ask for money, because a channel has been opened for funds, and the men I know will see to that. I ask for clothes, household utensils and anything in the shape of food. Our relief fund will not be in working order just yet, but people are hungry, need clothes, furniture, etc., to go on with. So send it along. A post card sent to the clergy house, Fairville, will find me. Now, ladies, as soon as you have read this, put on your mother Hubbard's and set to work. I would also suggest if the children (and I know from experience how children delight in doing anything of the kind) wish to help, let them peep into their money boxes, see how much they have and buy a pound of something—tea, sugar, butter, cheese, anything, and send, or better still, bring it out to the clergy house. A list of all the posts and other things received will be published later. Commending this to your generous consideration and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the substantial response—my school room is ready. I am, yours truly, J. C. TITCOMBE.

INCANDESCENT STRAWBERRIES.

The Fun They Made in a New Glasgow Family, as Told by "Mack Dee."

A New Glasgow landlady had for days been missing strawberries from her pantry. The downward tendency of the jam was apparent, but the cause was not, and the landlady's amazement rose in proportion as her strawberry jam fell. The matter grew serious, and a strict watch failed either to detect the thief or preserve the preserves. The thief preyed on the jam, and the theft preyed on the landlady.

After this sweet-toothed marauder had despoiled the pantry, might he not turn his attention to the servant girl or the kitchen stove and carry them away piecemeal? The thought was exasperating; so it occurred to her that a good way to detect the thief would be to add a quantity of strong cayenne to the jar, which seemed the present of point attack. This was done and for days a close watch was kept to hear if anyone was strangling, had the jam jars or gave other certain and incontrovertible evidence of having surreptitiously procured strawberry jam.

No strawberry mark indicated the audacious purloiner. He came no more and in the constant supervision of household duties the hostess forgot that a certain jar of strawberries was loaded for bear, and one memorable evening serenely carried it down and directed the table maid to serve it for tea.

Besides the landlady and her son a boy of fifteen, the family consisted of a newly married couple, a dignified elderly couple and a fat bachelor-deacon. All sat around the table the acme of good manners, unconscious of the fact that the strawberries were sixteen candle power and contained latent energy equal to a dog fight and four Scotch eels.

A habit of the boy was to fill his mouth stealthily when the maternal eye was not on him, so he took the first chance to dive into the strawberries and down them at a gulp. It was an awful gulp. It was not only an awful gulp, but a yawning abyss of white heat and smothered excretions. With a wild gurgling yell he sprang from the table upsetting his chair and going through a series of dumb pantomime, rushed out and sounds as if a bear dance was in full swing in the kitchen were heard all over the house. While the landlady attempted to apologize, the bride gasping for breath, dashed from the room followed by her husband, whose turn it was now to apologize. While he yet spoke the fat bachelor suddenly choked and suddenly rising went cavorting around the room like an animated haystack suffering with blind staggers, leaving ruin, desolation and swear words behind him.

The old couple had now arrived at the jim-jam era in this eventful meal, when the lady gave a prolonged o-o-o-o, and without any further preliminary remarks, acquired extraordinary agility, jumped around like a colicky kangaroo. The husband thinking there might be a wasp's nest under the table hurriedly swallowed about three hundred volts of strawberries intending to look for it. He found it. It was in his mouth and along down his throat and swarming all over his stomach. He didn't wait further to investigate, but rushed for the hall when he tumbled against the young couple who were apparently making heroic efforts to swallow the newpost.

Meanwhile the boy entered the dining room wildly gesticulating, and as he jumped over chairs and over ruins his head came in violent contact with the stomach of the fat deacon and their mutual recriminations were of so lurid and peppery a nature as to be utterly unfit for publication. Suddenly the landlady realized the cause of the inglorious holocaust, and without stopping to think, quickly stuffed a spoonful of incandescent strawberries into her mouth. Then she was certain not a scintilla of doubt remained on her mind. So well assured was she that she uttered a wild shriek, sprang from the table and joined the mad hodge of electrified guests, whirled through the door, through the hall, through the garden gate, where she attempted to extinguish the fire in her mouth by filling it with water. An hour later a sort of Johnstown reunion took place around that table. There were tears in their eyes, murder in their hearts and burnt strawberry patches in their stomachs. "Mary-Ann," called the landlady in a tone of meek submission.

"Call her Cay-Ann," said the deep bass voice of the fat boarder. Then a silence fell on the group, which was a cross between a funeral pall and a wet blanket.

New Glasgow, N. S. MACK DEE.

Goods for Good Boys.

There are a good many matrons all over the provinces who delight in seeing their boys in some handsome yet inexpensive suit. Mr. E. C. Cole, of Moncton, sends an advertisement to PROGRESS too late for insertion in this issue, in which he offers to send stylish knit suits on approval, prices ranging from \$3.75 to \$5. Always state chest measure and age when writing.

Minstrels For the Holiday.

Arlington's minstrels are to appear at the Mechanics' Institute, May 23 and 24, giving a special matinee on the holiday. This company is well spoken of by the newspapers of other cities. It is so long since a good professional minstrel company has been here that they should do a good business.

The Marriage of Indian Youth.

An association has been formed at Sholapore, India, for the purpose of retarding the marriage of Indian youths until they have attained a suitable age, and are able to secure an independent income sufficient to supply the wants of a family. The pledge which the members are asked to take is simple enough. If he is a married man the associate undertakes that he will not marry one at least of his sons till he has an income of his own sufficient to provide for all the wants of a family. If a single man, he pledges himself that he will "not allow himself" to be married till he has an income large enough.