

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1892.

## Quality and Style Combined!



We can recommend the "Sonnette" Corset for Durability, Perfection in Shape and Excellence of Material.

**MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,**  
WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR "P. N." AND SONNETTE CORSETS.

## SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

### Onward March!

In our endeavor to gain trade we recognise the fact that we must give something in exchange for Patronage. What we propose giving and what we are giving is VALUE. We do not want one dollar unless we can give one dollar's worth of value for it. We are building our business upon this foundation, and believe in it. Just now we are trying to make our **CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT ATTRACTIVE**, not only in quality and variety, but in price. We have added to our already large stock an assortment of Children's KNIT SUITS suitable for Boys from 3 to 5 years of age, which only require to be seen to be admired, price \$3.25 to \$4.75.

**OAK HALL SCOVIL, FRASER & CO. OAK HALL**  
St. John, N. B.

### WOMEN WHO ARE BORES.

#### NOT THE PRETTY LITTLE DAMSELS WITH DIMPLED CHEEKS.

But the Elderly Dame Who Has Travelled, and Keeps the Fact Before the Public—The Literary Young Lady Who Cannot See a Joke.

Some time ago Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange made himself immortal by a few delightfully apt remark on bores, in the columns of PROGRESS. He, however, confined his observations exclusively to the male bore, and omitted to mention his female counterpart, to whom, in her perfect state, the male is "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." It has occurred to me that I also may become an ornament to the literature of my country, by endeavoring to describe this species—or a few specimens of it, which have been forced upon me recently, and which called to mind the article referred to.

She is not such a *rara avis* as one might suppose; and although she is generally rather an ancient bird, I have seen some excellent specimens in every stage of development, from the downy to the full fledged. It one could construct a pyramid of bores, after the fashion of George Francis Train's method of arranging the inhabitants of the globe, the apex modestly consisting of G. F. T.—that coveted position should, I think, be awarded to the sportive young damsel of forty nine or fifty, who has travelled, and who insists upon keeping that important fact well before the eyes of all her acquaintances. If she can manage to secure one of these unfortunates, by any of the subtle contrivances of which she is mistress from long practice, and can get them into a corner from which there is no escape, they will wish, ere the sound of her voice and the iteration of her vast geographical knowledge ceases to ring in their ears, that the daisies were well-rooted over them. These, at least, would be silent companions. The old man of the sea is a joke compared with this bore. Simbad the Sailor only experienced in a dim-way what her acquaintances have to endure. I myself have been a victim, and speak advisedly. I have followed the S. Y. D. even to the banks of the Nile, and on such occasions, while thinking capacity was spared to me, I have thought that to have the Sphinx propound riddles to me would be a happy release. Not that I ever guessed a riddle, or even expect to, but I think death could be faced as heroically, as hopeless imbecility for life, which would certainly be one's fate after repeated encounters with the S. Y. D. in question.

There is another and perhaps rather milder type, that I feel compelled to mention. This is the pedantic young lady. She is literary, and writes sometimes a little herself—poetry chiefly. She is usually just emerging from the downy state, and numbers some twenty-two or three summers. She is full of sweet engaging ways, but beware! She may not be fooling thee, but she is going to talk books to thee; and if thou art the average young man, outside of those works that it delighteth George Munro and some others to peruse from impecunious authors across the sea, thou wilt hold for books either a mild aversion, or a grand indifference. And this conversation will have the effect of making you feel that your ignorance is not to be sounded with a fathom line. Perhaps you may when the fates are kind enough to vouchsafe you a space for speech, venture upon thy best and cherished joke. Ah poor fool! for thy temerity shalt thou receive a dreamy stare, and a slightly vacuous expression of wonder. Can the chosen of Apollo condescend to anything so frivolous as a joke?

### ONE OF THE CURED.

#### Jay Bee Writes Some Testimonials Somewhat Out of the Ordinary.

To the Proprietors of "The World's Greatest Benefactor," Gentlemen: Having read with increasing alarm and dismay your pamphlet on "Symptoms," wherein you so accurately described all the symptoms I ever had, and three or four dozen more on which my imaginative brain might work until I had "compassed" them all, I began to realize "the uncertainty of life," and the chances of prolonging it,—through a patient trial of your "Golden Remedial Inventions." My life has been one long blister—made so by constant contact with a pretty rough and jagged world. But, thanks to a careful wife, who having followed up the lists of cures effected by your more than wonderful remedies, I am a comparatively new man. She insisted that we give it a trial so forthwith invested a V in spite of the fact that other interested parties were compelled to renew our notes till my health was restored, and am now happy to say that having procured your before-mentioned remedies am quite myself again. After carefully reading the directions and conditions, I came to the conclusion that the various little abstinences imposed on your "clients" were of themselves sufficient to meet my dilapidated condition. I therefore followed directions, being careful to avoid the "remedy" itself, as they always tend to make me feel nauseous, and as I have disposed of the half dozen bottles to as many tramps who complained of various ills all of which were covered by your pamphlet. I consider myself a humanitarian and my wife a goose.

G. E. T. U. R. GUN.

GENTLEMEN:—Our baby being so unfortunate as to have no teeth, I was persuaded to read your treatise on care of the teeth and gums, and am proud to announce that after carefully and patiently following directions and never allowing the little angel to be a minute without your wonderful Electro-Cutio-Neck-Lacio, and frequently bathing his gums with the lotion by means of a camel-hair shawl—no, I mean a brush—the dear little darling has at last become possessed of his first tooth at the early age of nine months, eleven days and 3 hours, and as the youngster has so successfully attained the first tooth through the instrumentality of your most miraculous invention. I shall continue the use of the same until he gets his allotted number, and you may include me in the list of the delighted parents whose heartfelt gratitude "Webster's Unabridged" fails to find words enough to express, and whose wife joins in the same sentiment baring the sleepless nights and fretful days she spent during our darling's period of tusk finding.

Gratefully and never-to-be-forgotten-fully,  
M. A. C. SHAM.

### Spirits at Home.

There was Father, and Mother and Emmy, and Lou, and Ellen, and John and me—And Father was killed in the war, and Lou she died of consumption, and John did too, and Emmy she went with plenty.

### THE SPIRITS.

Father believed in 'em all his life—But Mother, at first, she'd shake her head—Till after the battle of Champion Hill, When many a flag in the winter-sold! Had craped mixed in with the white and red!

I used to doubt 'em myself till then—But me and mother was satisfied When Ellen she set, and Father came, And rapped "God bless you!" and Mother's name, And "The flag's up here!" And we just all cried!

Used to come often after that, And talk to us—just as he used to do, Pleasantest kind! And once, for John, He said he was "lonesome but wouldn't let on—"

"Fear Mother would worry, and Emmy and Lou."

### But Lou was the bravest girl on earth,

For all she never was hale and strong She'd have her fun! With her voice clean lost She'd laugh and joke us that when she crossed To Father, we'd all come taggin' along!

Died—just that way! And the raps was thick That night, as they often since occur, Extry loud. And when Lou got back, She said it was Father and her—and "black!" She took the table—and we knowed her!

John and Emmy, in five years more, Both had went,—And it seemed like fate!—For the old home it burned down,—but Jane And me and Ellen we built again.

The new house here, on the old estate.

And a happier family I don't know Of anywhere—unless it's them—Father, with all his love for Lou, And her with him, and healthy, too, And laughing, with John and little Em.

And, first we moved in the new house here, They all dropped in for a long pow-wow, "We like your buildin', of course," Lou said,— "But we wouldn't swap with you to save your head!"

For we live in the ghost of the old house, now!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

### UTILITY OF RATS.

#### It has often been said that the glove makers of Paris make use in their trade of the skins of rats which are caught in the sewers, but this has been denied. Certainly the material would not be strong enough to successfully counter the kid unless it were for the thumb part only, which is generally of a thinner and different kind of leather from the rest. A thrifty Welshman at one time exhibited himself publicly in England attired in a costume composed from top to toe of rat-skins, which he had spent three years and a half in collecting. The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters, and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was five hundred and seventy. Most curious of the garments was the tippet, composed entirely of rats' tails.

### SALE OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

At a meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace, a letter was read from the owner of the cottage in which Anne Hathaway lived before her marriage to the poet, stating that he would accept \$12,000 for the dwelling. The trustees decided to purchase the cottage at the price named, providing the title was good. Apart from its associations the cottage would probably not bring \$800.

### THE SUNNY SIDE.

Life holds no rose for me. I knew full well, However evil things may seem to me to-day, Some future joy is certain to dispel.

The clouds that lower darkly o'er my way, And I have noted that one taste of bliss, 'E'en though 'tis but a taste, hath joyous meed To compensate for all that goes amiss.

On which a soul in sorrow long may feed, No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade, No storm e'er raged whose course was not soon run.

And so my soul, by troubles undismayed, Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.

Convalescents  
Invalids  
La Grippe Sufferers  
Weak and Weary ones

Read this!

An  
Invalid's Life  
and  
an Early  
Grave.

Which Road  
are You  
TRAVELLING?

Convalescents  
Invalids  
La Grippe Sufferers  
Weak and Weary ones

Read this!

Health,  
Strength  
and  
a Ripe  
Old Age.

woman can be that, but it suits the tall woman particularly well. She can suggest Bernhardt, if you like that sort of thing, and, besides, you feel as if you had gotten more, as it were, when you do get hold of her.

A tall woman can push her head up under your chin and about your throat, while the little woman has to burrow about your third vest button. She can let her cheek touch yours by mistake, you know, in the dance, or wherever it may happen. There is hardly anything so fetching as that. A little woman would have to get on stilts to do it.

A fellow can keep his shirt front in better order, too, and love-making is less hard work when your girl is somewhere within easy reach. Then, too, if she does take to ordering you around you feel less like a fool than when a five-foot-nothing woman makes you walk chalk. I have even heard men say that a woman taller than themselves was—but I can't believe it.

Fancy looking up at your girl and getting an under view of her chin instead of a sweep of eye-lashes!—*Washington Post.*

### SIDE LIGHTS ON COLUMBUS.

#### Pronounced an Unworthy Man by an American Iconoclast.

The Columbus of history is one of its least pleasing characters. He was evidently a sea rover and a buccaneer. He sold his services to Rene of Anjou or Charles of France indifferently. A rude, uneducated seaman, he joined in the barbarous sea fight off St. Vincent and aided in the massacre of honest traders and useful men. Time somewhat softened his harsher traits, but his early impulses never left him. He became familiar with the slave trade in Portugal and introduced it to the New World.

He treated the natives of the new land with pitiless severity. He threw them into chains, cut off their hands and feet, or sold them as cannibals to misery and death. He probably invented the fiction of the Caribs only to destroy them. Las Casas thought that the judgments of heaven had fallen upon the merciless discoverer. In almost every trait of moral excellence Columbus seems equally wanting.

### Napoleon and the Old Grenadier.

It was at an extempore review held in presence of the enemy at Ratibon that Napoleon first granted gratuities to private soldiers, appointing them Knights of the Empire and members of the Legion of Honor. An old grenadier, who had made the campaigns of Italy and Egypt, not hearing his name called, came up, and in a calm voice asked for the cross. "But," said Napoleon, "what have you done to deserve it?" "It was I, sir, who in the desert of Joppa, when it was so terribly hot, gave you a watermelon." "I thank you for it again; but the gift of the fruit is hardly worth the Cross of the Legion of Honor." Then the grenadier, who up till that time had been as cool as ice, working himself up into a frenzy, shouted with the utmost volubility, "Well, and don't you reckon seven wounds received at the bridge of Arcola, at Lodi, and Castiglione, at the Pyramids, at Acre, Austerlitz, Friedland, eleven campaigns in Italy, Egypt, Austria, Prussia, Poland, and the Emperor cut him short, laughing, and, mimicking his excited manner, cries:—"There, there, how you work yourself up when you come to the essential point! That is where you ought to have

### SAW HIMSELF DIE.

The following story is about Dr. Wilsey, who saw himself die out west and came back to life again. The doctor told how he saw himself go out of his body, saw his body lying on the bed, with his wife and sister kneeling by his side and weeping. He thought it a great joke on them that they should not know he was as much alive as ever. He laughed outright at the "joke" and was surprised that they did not hear him laugh. He went out of the house down street, and then struck off into the country, thinking to himself. "This must be the road people take when they die." He hadn't gone far when a voice warned him that if he got beyond a certain point he couldn't get back. But the sensation of being free from his body was so delightful and the landscape was so inviting that he felt no desire to return. All the while, however, he seemed to himself to be attached to his physical body by a fine, almost invisible thread, which kept drawing him back. He lost consciousness, and when he revived he was again lying on his bed with his family around him.

### Life Near a Powder Mill.

A colony of cripples exists in the little town or city of Hazardville, Connecticut. Nearly every person one meets in that place is a cripple. Men without arms and legs, or with badly scarred and injured faces, meet you at every turn, until a visitor begins to feel as if visiting the grounds of some great hospital after a recent battle. The secret of this strange condition of the population of this place is that near Hazardville are situated the greatest powder mills in the world, and all the cripples have been maimed by explosions.

### The Minister's Invitation.

A facetious clergyman cured his congregation of the reprehensible habit of contributing buttons instead of money to the offertory by the following little harangue: "My friends," he said, "I notice a large number of buttons in the collection-bag, and I am afraid that the male members of the congregation must possess very neglectful wives, mothers and sisters. I can only say that if you will send your garments, together with the detached buttons, up to the rectory, my wife will be most happy to sew them on for you."

### Memento of a Deceased Husband.

The native Andamanese women have a curious custom. When any of them are left widows the bereaved wife is accustomed to procure the skull of her late husband, and carry it about with her suspended by her side. She also uses it as a sort of treasure-box, placing in it her money, jewels, or other valuable articles she may wish to keep in her possession.