

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUG. 18.

The visit of the Governor General of Canada is an event in St. John as it is with all the cities of the maritime provinces. This has not been considered a serious drawback, hitherto, but, after the pleasant feature of this week and the brief acquaintance of the people of the province have made with ABERDEEN and the Countess it must be confessed that the upper province centres have a distinct advantage in the fact that he lives and moves among them. The departure that he has made already in spending a few weeks in the maritime provinces in the enjoyment of our delightful summer climate leads to the hope that, after all, we may know and appreciate the present representative of Her Majesty better than we have those of the past. We, in New Brunswick, are more democratic than our Canadian friends to the east or west and yet when the right man comes we enjoy the honor of honoring him.

A BUNGLE AND AN OUTRAGE.

The fact that both COREY and MARVEL are at large, having obtained their liberty by an order of Judge TUCK, has, perhaps, excited no little wonder among the people, who have not been slow to inquire why all the fuss was made by the police authorities.

COREY has not borne an enviable reputation. He has been in trouble before and his manner and methods have not been such as to inspire confidence in his thorough integrity. He is acknowledged to be "smart" and appears to have been acute enough to puzzle our local detective force. At any rate, there is not any doubt, that, in spite of the numerous charges against him—serious ones at that, too—he is enjoying the fresh air of heaven, perfectly free to move among his fellow creatures and to again engage the attention and employ the time of that portion of the police force, which, by courtesy, is termed "detective."

Then the other case is even more remarkable. An American—a stranger—well dressed and harmless, asks for the attention of the chief of the police. According to the latter's version of the interview he endeavored to attack his integrity, to storm the fortifications of his honesty, as it were—in other words, to induce him to accept a proportion of the receipts of a gambling concern in return for police protection. Instead of having him repeat this conversation in the presence, or the hearing, of a reputable witness, the chief of police calls for an officer, gives the stranger in charge and straightway makes a most damaging charge against him, not upon the records of the office, not before the magistrate, but in the newspapers. Columns were filled with the story of how the honesty of the chief had been assailed, how firmly he had resisted the temptation and the fair inference was drawn that we were at liberty to shake the hands of our fellow citizens in congratulation over the fact that our own chief was above reproach. No matter what might be said about the police in other cities, no matter what might be thought about the strange commissions and omissions of our force, the fact stood out in bold relief that there was at least one point upon which we could not possibly be assailed, the honesty of our chief of police.

Perhaps in fairness to this stranger, this man MARVEL, as he called himself, it should be stated that he denied the conversation and utterly repudiated the idea that he wished to start a gambling saloon or to secure the cooperation of the police. There was also the fact that he was kept for some time in confinement without so much as a scratch of a pen against him, simply locked him penning an inquiry by the "detective" force referred to already into his private character. Of course he was a "crook"—that was already decided upon, though it is usually acknowledged that these gentlemen who have the honor to bear this degree of rascality are not so thoroughly verdant as to place themselves in the power of a police officer in so simple a manner.

But two inquiries went on, one by the police magistrate, before whom the chief told the newspaper story, and the other by the detective force, into the private character of this American tourist. The result was that after sojourning for two or three weeks in the county hotel, contributing to the income of a clever lawyer and passing such a period of anxiety as no man would care to be subjected to, he was released by simply signing a paper to appear when called upon.

Such an outrage as this has not been perpetrated here for many years. The chief of police should hang his head in shame that he should so abuse the liberty of any man, more especially when he happened to be a visitor. This alone would be sufficient in any other city to mark his incapacity for the office he holds but in the light of the COREY case and the trouble and expense to which the crown and county were placed further emphasis upon this fact does not seem necessary.

In speaking of ex-Vice President MORTON's chances for the presidency, the New York Sun says: There have been twenty-three vice-presidents of the United States. The first two, JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, were directly afterward elevated to the presidency according to the political usage of that day. VAN BUREN, TYLER, FILLMORE and ARTHUR, succeeded to the presidency.

As TYLER, FILLMORE and ARTHUR became president respectively upon the deaths of W. H. HARRISON, TAYLOR and GARFIELD, it is evident that the Sun uses the phrase "succeeded to the presidency" in a restricted sense, which it is quite proper for other papers to follow, having the authority of such an accurate journal the Sun. But the paper does not mention the succession of ANDREW JOHNSON, who was vice-president under LINCOLN, and who became president because of one of the most memorable calamities that has ever befallen the United States. The Sun does, however, make mention of VAN BUREN, who, although he was vice-president during the administration of JACKSON, certainly did not "succeed" to the presidency in the sense in which the Sun uses the word. Mr. VAN BUREN was elected president in November, 1836, but, like all presidents-elect since JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, was not "directly afterwards elevated to the presidency." When JACKSON retired from office on March 4, 1837, VAN BUREN became president. General JACKSON did not die until June 8, 1845.

We, in St. John, like to claim that we are abreast of the time, that our town is modern, perhaps a little more so than other Canadian cities of the same size. But every now and then we are reminded in a quiet way by some stranger that we have not as much to boast of as we imagined. A gentleman leaving the city by the Sunday night train remarked in a quiet way to the writer that it was strange a wide awake city like this had not some arrangement whereby the hotels and box-holders could get their letters on Sunday. It has been a serious inconvenience to him, and there is no doubt that his case was not an exception. We know that Halifax throws its post office open for an hour Sunday and box holders thus have a chance to receive their letters. This is a great advantage to sailing vessels and steamers that leave port on that day, and the benefit to the traveling public, and especially commercial travelers cannot be estimated. Quebec and Montreal enjoy the same privilege. Why not St. John?

The negligence of an official is always an unpleasant matter to refer to, but the interests of the people require it. Last week PROGRESS spoke again of the indifference of the police magistrate to the fact that the monies that pass through his hands in one month should be accounted for promptly at the beginning of the next. This is not done. The council should see to it that it is. If there is no way to compel a settlement when it is not made promptly this too should be met and the necessary legislation obtained.

It has been pointed out that under the existing law it is the duty of the mayor and common clerk to sign the coupons of the new issue of bonds just negotiated some 60,000 times and that this, at a very reasonable calculation will take them 50 or 60 days, devoting seven hours a day to it alone. Cannot this be avoided by asking the legislature to make coupons signed in facsimile perfectly good? The bonds could then be signed by the mayor and common clerk and an immense amount of needless work avoided.

There are a few people in Halifax who think our correspondent is too outspoken—writes the plain facts without applying the varnish brush. They are pleased at times to call the articles "scandal," "villainous" and other equally pleasant terms. We have had some experience of this before and in the majority of cases found that those who talked in this fashion had either been struck or were afraid that the blow would come.

Our Halifax correspondent notes that a move has been made to remedy the affairs of the police court of that city. PROGRESS is too modest to claim that this is due to the exposures printed in these columns, but the fact that something is likely to be done must be gratifying to the people of that city.

IT WAS A MERRY WEEK.

(Continued from First Page.)

By some oversight the window was not taken out and it required agility to perform such a feat, after dinner. But they all gained the post of vantage in some way, and watched the firemen approach in all their glory. The cycles had passed and thus an attractive part of the procession was lost.

If thousands lined the streets in the morning, tens of thousands assembled in the evening. It was a glorious sight—the massing of the people—the brilliant illuminations from every store and house—the darkened squares and the flickering torches of the firemen. Then the Chinese lanterns, all shapes and colors, the bright hued lanterns and all that man could think of and science provide combined to make the scene a piece of memory.

Why attempt to describe the indescribable? Why endeavor to portray a picture that could not be photographed? Words as well as the camera fail to give any idea of the character of the scene.

Suffice to say that it did every body credit—the firemen, the city and the visitors. It pleased Aberdeen and the counters and it pleased the people—what more was wanted?

St. John was truly a magic city. The mendacious story-tellers who are responsible for the Thousand and One Nights would hide their heads in heaviest humility before the reality of that one night in the enchanted city of St. John. They would be particularly surprised at the electrical display of Manchester, Robertson & Allison. The doors and windows of their store were completely outlined with about four hundred incandescent lamps. In the centre, above the main entrance, were a crown and the letters "V. R." Talk of Aladdin's palace! The beauties of the decorated engines and hose-reels were enhanced by illumination. The colored lights, the torches carried by the firemen, the fireworks—all combined to give the scene a splendor, to quote Spartacus, "unsurpassed, even in this luxurious city."

And as the procession of the morning, rendered more beautiful by the light that did not fail, was not sufficient to satisfy the crowd, there was a bicycle parade. And such a parade! There was a bicycle transformed into a steam engine. A phantom sloop, went by like the Flying Dutchman. There came a bicycle "built for two," and ridden by two, but nobody would have thought it a bicycle. It was more like the steamer Clifton, with smoke coming in thick wreaths from the funnel. Then there was a large horseshoe mounted on a wheel. On it were the words "Welcome to Lord and Lady Aberdeen." All the bicycles in the parade were splendidly trimmed. The decorations on one of the most tastefully rigged bicycles caught fire just before the procession started and furnished an illumination that was not on the programme. A beautiful umbrella canopied one bicycle. A lone fisherman sat on another machine. It was not a water bicycle, however. A star went by like a meteor. A tramp wheeled a bicycle above which was poised a placard with the inscription, "All that is left of Coxe's army."

PEN AND PRESS.

Dr. George Stewart, editor of the Quebec Chronicle, was in town for a few days this week enjoying the cooler breezes and the bracing air of the Bay of Fundy. Mr. Stewart says we have much cooler weather than Quebec, where the thermometer frequently climbs above the point of comfort. As he is just recovering from an attack of illness he is doubly appreciative of the change and the short vacation trip.

Mr. Thomas Feeney, "one of the brightest" of the Boston Herald, has been studying the typography of St. John for a week or two and enjoying, with all the zest of a hard-worked and energetic Bostonian, the good things placed before him by the clerk of the weather and the kind friends who have him in charge. Mr. Feeney is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wetmore, of Carleton, whose son, Mr. S. A. Wetmore, is the popular and capable city editor of the Herald.

The tall and commanding form of editor and publisher E. E. Sheppard of Toronto Saturday Night was seen upon the streets a few days ago. This is Mr. Sheppard's yearly trip to the Maritime Provinces. He is an enthusiastic Knight Templar and from his brothers in the order as well as from his fellow newspaper men he always gets a warm welcome.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The August number of Donahoe's is a good one. Henry Latchford condemns the silly custom that prevails at Harvard of destroying roses on commencement day; P. O'Neill Larkin throws a fierce light on the real workings of some American monopolies; Hawthorne tells the pathetic story of John McCullough's last days, and George H. Brennan has a sketch of Hawthorne's career. There are four short stories, each of which teaches a lesson. The series of articles on Woman's Occupations is continued.

Condition of Two Good Horses.

"I do not think Katrina will start again this year," said Dr. Steeves to PROGRESS. "She is practically well but I have not harnessed her yet and the time to fit her again is short." Driver Shipp says Brazilian is knocked out, he thinks for the summer. In the last heat of the Yarmouth race he struck his leg under the knee. The swelling is large and will break.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Among the Fairies.

My hammock swings this summer night, Under the merry moon;

In the spruce and pine on Sea-Crag shore, And the tossing spray in tune.

I swing, and play on an amber flute, And lo! in the silver shade, The beautiful eves and fairies come, In marvellous robes arrayed.

They dance the Lancers late at night, When the moon is full and round; Or as long as I play a Danube waltz, They never forsake the ground.

I hear them calling each other's names, I see them as plain as day; But when they dance, if I dare to speak, In a breath they vanish away.

Oh, the fairy dance, and the laughing glee, And the music that loves the flute; And the elf-wood voices ringing a song,— Be my heart forever true!

If I'er forge the mystic ring, Of the skipping feet at night; The hammock swinging beside the sea, And the full moon veiled in white.

Fantastic beings they come and go, Bright robb'd sprites and fay; Gossamer wings and silken caps, Of all shades and colors gay.

Shoes of jewels of every kind, Now through the middle and down; I hear them going, then round the grass, Swing cap and ribbon and gown.

The king is blowing his jewelled horn, Takes orders at once and gay; To Sea-Crag near, and softly sing To the dreamer a lullaby.

Then gather by all the houses great Through the doors and windows go; By the keyholes find all secrets out, And the lovers out walking slow.

Believe it or not it is sweet to me, In my hammock over the spray; Throwing its pearls on ag's row, In a dream to swing and play.

Tunes for the fairies who love the moon, Under the balmy pipe; And dance as long as they hear a note, From this magical flute of mine!

Sea-Crag, August 1894.

The Haying Time.

Click, click, click! go the mowing machine, With its shining iron and malicious keen, As over the plain it speeds, Like a proud triumphant car, Like a chariot of war, With foaming, springing steeds.

The field with a thrill of fear is stirred, The startled bobolink has heard The warning and goes in quest Of his mates; together they fly, Now circling low, now high Above their rush-hidden nest.

But the iron oppressor's work is wrought With a swift and steady hand, And the tall grass, purple-crowned, With the flowers in fragrant bloom, Go down in common doom, And lie withered on the ground.

Tans the sons of toil their tasks fulfil, Lightened by man's inventive skill, But a spirit of sweetness hath flown That haunted the green highways Of the old-time haying days, Ere the iron-wrought mower was known.

When summer days with songs were blithe, And the sturdy mow-er with his scythe, And the best man, never loth, Led the haying crew with pride Through the dew-drenched, scented tide, Turning the double swath,

Close followed by boys, bare-footed and brown, Joyous y spreading the windows down; Thus they toiled from early morn, Ever watchful for a sign or snow, Till the sound of the dinner horn.

Then the bolnik might safely rest, For a snail's pace to mark his rest, By the mower was kindly spared, And he stayed his brawny arm, Lest some nestling suffer harm, For they are his friendship share!

We will honor with song our modern ways, But a tender remembrance please Is echoed in memory's chime Of the days so glad and long, When the hopes of youth were strong, In the sweet old haying time.

A Ballad of Crossing the Brook.

O, it was a dainty maid that went a-Maying in the morn, A dainty, dainty maiden of degree, The ways she took were merry and the ways she missed forlorn; And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

She was fain to cross the brook, was the dainty, dainty maid; But first she lifted up her eldly eyes, To see if there were cavalier or clown a-near to aid— And the water-bubbles blinked in surprise.

The brook bared its pebbles to persuade her dainty feet, But the dainty, dainty maid was not content, She had spied a simple country lad (for dainty maid unmet), And the sly water twinkled as it went.

Now, that simple lad had in him all the makings of a man; And he stammered, "I had better let you over!" Said the dainty, dainty maid, "Do you really think you can?" And the water hides its laughter in the clover.

He reached the other side; he set down the dainty, dainty maid; But he trembled so he couldn't speak a word, Then the dainty, dainty maid—"Thank you, sir! good day!" she said— And the water-bubbles chuckled as they heard.— Charles G. D. Roberts, in Scribner's Magazine.

Song of the Bullet.

(J. WHITCOMB RILEY.) It whizzed and whirled along in a blurred And red-rent track; and it licked the star Of an epaulette, as it snarled the word, "War!"

On it sped—and the lifted wrist Of the ensign-bearer stung, and straight Dropped at his side as the word was hissed—"Hate!"

O! went the missile—smoothed the blue Of a jaunty cap and the curls thereof, Cooling, soft as a dove might do— Love!

Sang!—sang on!—sang hate—sang war— Sang love, in sooth, till it needs must cease, Hushed in the heart it was questing for.— Peace!

At Minus Basin.

About the buried feet of Blomidon, Red-breasted sphinx with crown of grey and green, Swift tides of Minus, with their crescent glow, On high feet-oared by galleys of the sun. The tidal breeze blows its divinely gale, The blue air winks with life like beaded wine! Storied of Goo-cap, of Evangeline, Each to the setting sun this sea did sail. Opulent day outpours its winged gold, Till all the west is bolt with crimson bars, Then darkness lights its silver moon and stars, The festal beauty of the world new-born. Facing the dawn, in night that never sleeps, The sphinx her secret of the Basin keeps.— Dr. Theodore H. Rand, in Parrisboro Leader.

Carnal.

Death, winged with fire of hate from deathless hell Wherein the souls of anarchy hiss and die, With stroke as dire has cloven a heart as high As twice beyond the wide sea's westward swell The living lust of death had power to quell Through ministry of murderous hands, whereby Dark late bade Lincoln's head and Garfield's lie Low even as his who bids his France farewell. France, now no heart that would not weep with thee Loved ever faith or freedom. From thy hand The staff of State is broken; hope, unnamed With anguish, doubts if freedom's self be free. The snake-souled anarchy's fang strikes all the land Cold, and all hearts unshuddered by the sea.— Alceon Charles Swinburne, in Nineteenth Century.

THEY DON'T LOVE EACH OTHER.

But all the Same the Governor General Was Guarded.

HALIFAX, Aug. 16.—There might be more love than there is between the officers of the 63rd, Rifles and of the 66th, P. L. F. Officers and men of the two battalions are looking askance at one another. The immediate cause of this lack of regard is the visit of the governor-general, a visit which in some other respects has brought many people closer together. The point at issue is the furnishing of guards of honor for his excellency.

When the first guard was called for it was given to be understood that the 66th would not furnish it because it was to be a "complimentary" guard, the service would be given gratuitously. The 66th, claims that they were a militia battalion and not a volunteer corps, and that it would be contrary to their traditions to serve without pay. Some of the 63rd men at once proclaimed that for their part they were not "50 cent soldiers," and the authorities of that battalion signified their willingness to form the guard of honor without pay. They accordingly first performed the duty on the occasion of the civic reception at the town hall. The second guard of honor, a "complimentary", was furnished by the H. G. A. at the gardens concert.

Then came the vice-regal drawing room, and this time the 63rd were ordered to form the guard of honor, the men to be paid for their work. The 66th are said, by this time to have become tired of being thus left out in the cold as it were, though in the first instance it was on account of their own conduct that they were not called upon. So before the dinner by the national societies came off, it was announced that the guard would be furnished by the 66th—a "complimentary" guard which at first those militiamen professed to scorn.

True enough, when the night of the dinner arrived the 66th, in all their glory, were stationed in front of the Halifax hotel. An interesting feature of this guard is yet to be related. It is authoritatively stated that the 66th parade was irregular. When a guard turns out the order or "request," as the case may be, comes through Colonel Irving and is entered in the brigade order book. It is positively alleged that no order appears on the book for the parade of the 66th on the night of the dinner, and that the turn out was no mark of a "volunteer" movement as to be quite unauthorized. Some 63rd men say the 66th repented so bitterly of their unwillingness to parade without pay that this guard was given irregularly and without request or order from any paper source.

The governor-general is said to have shown by his manner towards the battalion, on arrival at the hotel, he knew there was something wrong about it. His excellency did a gracious act in sending \$25 to the 63rd band after the drawing-room, thereby showing his appreciation of the rifle corps.

By this way, it is said that general Herbert is in favor of a few large battalions rather than many small ones. He has increased the establishment of the 66th to nearly double its former size. Some of the knowing ones, who probably know but little after all, say that the idea of the commander-in-chief is to have the 66th of such a size that it may eventually absorb the 63rd. If that is his plan the general will find it will not work. Riflemen say they don't relish the scarlet tunic and will never wear it.

Sabbath Observance.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Please allow me space to reply to some of the "Church of England notes" in the Sun of August 4th. The writer of the notes remarks that Westfield and its Sunday sojourners forms a significant parallel to notorious facts at Rothesay. Now, sir, what are the facts of the case? The leaders of the Sunday desecrations here are members of the congregation in St. John whose rector is the writer of the notes in question. This rector's time is evidently so taken up in hurling his thunder bolts at Windsor College that he has not the time at his disposal in which to instruct his own flock in the way they should go so that when they are away they will not depart from it. It seems to me, sir, that this rector in question should confine his whole and undivided attention to his young flock so that when they come to Rothesay for the summer months they might be an example to us and not a stumbling block. The writer of the notes also says that one of the speakers, at the last meeting of the synod, attempted the doubtful logic to explain modern desecration as a reaction from a supposed earlier exaggeration of its sanctity. This remark the writer of the notes aims at the head of a brother clergyman in St. John, at whose church he was invited to preach the anniversary sermon of the saint's day after which the church was called. This sermon, in which it was stated that St. John the Baptist was a somewhat shady character in theology (or at least his words implied as much), was of such an extraordinary heterodox nature that on the Sunday following the good priest in charge had to preach another sermon to counteract the bad effects of the other. And it is needless to say that the writer of the notes has never had the opportunity to preach in the same church again.

My advice to the writer of the church of England notes is to attend strictly to his

own flock and to endeavour to be loyal to his own church and prayer book so that when he builds a house on the lot of land that he has bought at this unholy place he may be able to influence the members of his own flock living here to properly observe Sunday.

ROTHESAY.

PASSENGERS PICKED BERRIES.

Through the Courtesy of the Management—The Adventures of an Engine.

The passengers who patronized the Shore Line one day this week made a tour of discovery and had rather a pleasant afternoon of it, while the sunshine lasted. They were permitted to do this by special favor of the management, who allowed them three and a half hours to roam about on the blue berry plains and pluck the large and luscious fruit that flourishes where nothing else will grow.

The train reached this city finally at 10 45 and in spite of that free blueberry lunch the passengers were hungry. One of them who had finished his repast an hour later and was wondering whether it was worth while to walk around for an hour or two for the sake of his digestion, spent a few minutes relating their "experience."

He was a St. Stephen man and perhaps that accounts for the fact that he blamed the whole business upon the dispute between the St. Stephen water works and the railway. Ever since the town charged the company for water the management has been hunting around for a natural spring that will bubble up and fill the tank for nothing. That is why the delay occurred Thursday and accounts for the blueberry picnic upon the Shore Line. Manager McLean wasn't there and it may be that he won't hear about it until he reads PROGRESS.

The train started from St. Stephen at the usual hour, about one o'clock. There was a scarcity of passengers and water, and the prospect of filling up both cars and tank was slim indeed. When the usual watering place was reached there was a halt and an inspection.

This revealed the fact that there was no water and there was a difficulty. The only place to get it was eight miles away on the back track. There was no help for it, and the engine started leaving the cars and the passengers in the blueberry patch. There they remained for three and a half hours.

Meanwhile the engine had an experience. When the tank was filled with muddy water it was found that something else had gone wrong and had to be remedied. This took time and when they did get under way that muddy water began to get in its work. The tubes filled and had to be cleaned. Altogether the passengers had plenty of opportunity to become acquainted, get hungry and exchange opinions on railroad management.

A Newspaper Man Takes Greeley's Advice. It would have been a very merry party that sat down to a repast in the Stanley on Wednesday night, had it not been a very sad one—that is, if the reasons for sorrow had not greatly outweighed the excellent provision made for a good time. Mr. George D. Fenwick, of the Gazette, has accepted a lucrative position on the Minneapolis Tribune. He goes west to-day, and the gathering was of some of his many St. John friends, who sincerely regret the removal of a good newspaper man and a good fellow from St. John. The usual toasts were drunk, and the toast-master, Mr. H. H. Pickett, presented Mr. Fenwick with a silver inkstand. The warmest good wishes of the people of St. John, which furnishes the United States with more good newspaper men than any other Canadian city, go with Mr. Fenwick to that point of the compass whither the star of empire takes its way.

He Didn't Know a Shampoo. A young gentleman unused to city ways arrived in the city on Thursday night and went to a barber shop to get his hair cut. After the operation was performed, the barber asked him if he would have a "dry or a wet dress." The young gentleman interpreting the artist's remarks as asking for a choice of a moist or a dry hair-comb, said that he would have his wet, but to hasten, as he was in a hurry. He got it wet. "The first thing I knew," said the young man, "my hair was deluged with water. I was in a big rush, but that fellow forced me to stay there several minutes. And when I asked him what the price was, instead of fifteen cents he told me it was forty. And he said it in such a bland manner, too. I was so mad I planked down the money without another word, and left the shop."

A Query for Superintendent Clayton. A correspondent wants to know if it is part of the duties of the Rural Cemetery superintendent—Mr. Clayton—to move his friend Mr. Creighton with the horse and wagon of the company. The question is a simple one that the officer of the company will probably answer or request Mr. Clayton to answer, but there has been some discussion about recent changes in the cemetery and this, perhaps, is the reason why the query is put. The sudden dismissal of Mr. Ryan, there for so long, offended a lot of his friends and they are apt to keep a careful watch upon the management. More than this, the lot holders have complained that the work of caring for the lots is not done promptly and this, too, may have prompted some of them to inquire how Mr. Clayton can find time to do outside work and not attend to his business as promptly as they think he should.