EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 6.

A LITERARY PRECEDENT.

Mr. GLADSTONE is not known to have endorsed Mr. Du Maurier's latest novel. Only a few papers have declared it immoral. And yet it is not only on account of "Trilby's" being a charming story that it is one of the greatest literary successes of the age.

Mr. J. McNeill Whistler, the artist who does nocturnes in blue and gold and vellow and indigo, was very much aggrieved upon reading the March number of Harper's Magazine, because he believed that Joe SIBLEY was in real life Mr. J. McNEILL WHISTLER. It was not until July, however, that Mr. WHISTLER made the discovery that he and SIBLEY were one. Theremaking enemies" proceeded to exercise his | consider gambling in stocks no better than HARPER & BROTHERS.

was born in America, in the columns of the Pall Mall Gazette. The painter claimed MAURIER's pietures of the "lazy, brilliant | illegal." frequenter of studios," were libellous attacks upon him, and that the artistauthor was taking revenge in this manner for an old gruge. It was not until the HARPERS set about publishing the story in book form, however, that their London agent received notice from Mr. WHISTLER'S legal adviser that JOE SIBLEY must not be found in the book, either in the letter-press or the illustrations.

Then followed some delay and much correspondence. The last bit of writing by the HARPERS in reference to the matter was a letter to Mr. WHISTLER in the October number of the magazine, which is just out. The letter was written on August 31. It expresses regret at the allusions made to Mr. WHISTLER, and agrees to stop further sales of the March number of the magazine, unless in amended form. It also agrees that when the story appears in book form, the March instalment shall have been so rewritten as to omit every mention of the offensive character, that the illustration which represents the "idle apprentice" shall be excised, and that "the portraits of JOE SIBLEY in the general scene shall be so altered as to give no clue" to Mr. WHISTLER'S identity. It is said that the presses that were printing "Trilby" had to be stopped, and that the sheets already printed had to be destroyed. Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS can well stand the expense. There never was just such an advertisement for any other novel. Mr. GLADSTONE will have to hide his diminished head.

So SIBLEY has gone. He has gone with his walking stick, his eye-glass and his attitude. And Mr. Du Maurier thought it a very good time to work in some expurgated matter about TRILBY. And while the HARPERS at first thought that they would issue ten thousand copies as their first edition, as nearly everybody had read the story in the magazine, they are now printing over sixty thousand. And everybody is surely happy-unless it be Mr. WHISTLER, who had too much genuine fame, one would think, to wish to acquire such unenviable notoriety as he has brought upon himself, even though Du MAURIER was the prime actor in the matter.

But now that a precedent has been established, the lot of some authors hereafter will be anything but an enviable one. It will be remembered that after DICKENS created the very uncomplimentary character of Squeers, the brutal Yorkshire schoolmaster, teachers all over that country were very indignant, each being sure that he was meant. One dominie said that Squeers, which the author declared was not intended as an impersonation of any particular pedagogue, was undoubtedly himself-"it was so very like him." The master also believed that Phiz's portrait of Squeers was a striking likeness of himself, and so felt as badly hurt as Mr. J. Mc-NEILL WHISTLER, the exquisite humor of

the situation has been exquisitely portray- | VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY ed by Dickens.

The creator of Mr. SQUEERS was also responsible for the character of Mr. Boy-THORN, whom everybody knew to be intended as a portrait of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Mr. BOYTHORN did not pay any higher compliment to Mr. LANDOR than Mr. SIBLEY did to Mr. WHISTLER. Mr. LANDOR was not of the most amiable disposition in the world, any more than Mr. BOYTHORN, but he did not, after reading "Bleak House" in its serial form, prevent its publication in a single volume. It may have been that he did not think of this, the precedent of Mr. WHISTLER having not then been established; but even if he had thought of doing so, it may be that the good sense that both Mr. LANDOR and Mr. BOYTHORN possessed would have prevented him from pos-

ing in another character. DICKENS would indeed have been in a state of worriment if all the characters that he drew from life had swooped down upon him as WHISTLER did upon DU MAURIER. The original Mr. Moses Pickwick, though represented in the story by a very amiable gentleman, might have had his ire aroused even as by the firm of Dodson ard Fogg. Imagine the original of Capt. CUTTLE going on a search for the luckless author, resolving that "when found," he would 'make a note on." And then there is FAGIN, ard BILL SYKES, and BILL SYKES' dog!

Then, if Mr. WHISTLER'S precedent had been properly established in ALEXNDER SELKIRK's time, might he not have caused trouble for the author of "Robinson Crusoe?" And might not Mr. THOMAS MORECROFT have spent his days and nights in studying how to get square with AD-DISON for giving the world the character of WILL WIMBLE? And may not the author of the "Harmony Hall" papers be now in danger from the chance-to; take one instance of many-that the editor of the Telegraph will suddenly discover that "the Historian" bears some resemblance to Mr. JAMES HANNAY?

The courts of Quebec have taken a step upon "the inventor of the gentle art of which seems to convey the idea that they gentle art upon Mr. Du MAURIER and other gambling. A Montreal man bought stocks on margin through a broker, and Mr. WHISTLER first attacked the versa- when his account was closed, was indebted tile Englishman of French ancestry who to the broker for these margins for a large amount. The broker sued to collect the debt, but the courts decided that "trading not only that Mr. SIBLEY was a cariaca- on margins is a fictitious transaction, in ture of himself, but also that Mr. Du the nature of gambling, and therefore

> The inauguration of the gathering together of provincial boards of trade at St. John this week is an event of much importance, not only to the city, but also to the province. Whatever may be the varying opinions of merchants and other people in regard to closer trade relations with foreign countries, there is no one who denies the fact that New Brunswickers should have closer trade relations among themselves.

> Who says that our civilization is a failure, that human nature is deteriorating, that the days of chivalry are past? J. M. KIRKLAND, once of the army of COXEY, offers to be governor of Pennsylvania for nothing. There is no excuse for Pennsylvania being behind in her expenses for the next few years, at any rate.

The figure of Britannia which will grace the top of the monument to be. erected in Toronto to the memory of those who fell in the North-west rebellion, to be carved out of New Hampshire granite. Surely Canada has enough good stone of her own to use in such a

In Akron, Kentucky, last Sunday, a man was struck by lightning while playing in a base ball game. At the same time a church in the immediate vicinity was struck and a worshipper killed. Thus was a great moral lesson spoiled.

The republicans claim a majority of fittyfour in the next congress. The democrats are modest. They only claim a majority of

A Note from Mr. Smith.

To the Editor of Progress: Regarding an item in the issue of the 29th inst., about a Hollis street bookseller and the Queen hotel lessee. You are doubtless aware that there are two booksellers on Hollis street, and as I am desirous of avoiding notoriety of that kind, I do not want the impression to get abroad that it is me. Kindly publish this and oblige

CLIFFORD H. SMITH. Halifax, N. S., Sept. 29.

Talking Through a Human Body.

To talk through a human body, or a row of human bodies for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.

In a Barber's Shop.

Customer-Don't tell me such horrible stories. You make my hair stand on end. Barber-That's all right, sir. I can cut it better that way.

"Progress" is for sale in Fairville at Daniel Brophy's grocery.

My Little While. Calmly I'm waiting my little while, No more will He let me do; Who knows I am longing to see His face, Whose promise is sweet and true. "Agai a little while," He said, And I watch by the sounding sea; For whether it's stormy or clear at last, I know He will come for me.

Over the winter or summer waves, Just which may please Him best; When my little while has its distance made He will tell me it's time to rest. And whether at night or in fair daylight I shall hear this inviting call; My soul must be ready with lamp in hand And willing to give up all.

Repose He will give me in His dear home, He has suffered with me to share; In the mansion through trials he passed into, And is keeping for me with care. And here as I'm waiting my little while, Though others may feel alone; He never will comfortless leave me, no! Nor ever has left His own.

Again but a little while, O friend, Fear not though the winds be wild, And the surges beat on the stormy shore, He loveth His weakest child. Departing He said He was coming soon, Be patient your little day, When He comes in His glory to seek for us, We will follow Him far away.

Robin

CYPRUS GOLDE.

PASTOR FELIX.

Here's a health to you,-Robin! Robin! Ah, but the world's great heart beats true; Soul of song! thou shalt not lack lovers .-Queens and princes have come to woo.

Ha! did they scorn you,-Robin! Robin! Ha! did they scorn you with wreath of rue? Bard of our choice! were ye now among us, Friends and favors should not be few!

Here's a health to you,-Robin! Robin! Not the old baneful, bitter brew! Take the cup of a golden lily, Brimmed with its portion of clearest dew.

Deck it with heather, or hawthorn blossom, Dance around it, ye fairy crew Pluck the red rose, for Robin! Robin! Sweet and sparkling, from where it grew.

Ah! but our love for you,-Robin! Robin! Singers are many, and songs are new; Glad we greet them, and loud we praise them,-Never, never the likes of you!

Here's a health to you,-Robin! Robin! Robin's health shall the world renew, Long as the lark sings high in heaven!

Pre-eminence of Truth. Truth is worth more than error, any day, Though clothed in garments of the plainest sort; Its worth is not determined by display. Nor by the force, nor weakness, of retort. Jesus was Truth alone, personified; As free from error as the sun is free To shine without regard to wind or tide;-And this is why he is so much to me. I, too, was far away from God and Truth, Finding no anchor for my restive soul, Till at the fountain of perennial youth I satisfied my thirst, and now am whole. Had I but daked my thirst at error's fount, Believing what I only could opine, My theories at least would not amount To anything like hope and joy divine, The statesmanship of this our day is vain Unless it show the mind that He possessed: And what the world counts loss is always gain !

To those whose faith and courage stand the test REV. NORMAN LA MARSH.

From "Lux Christi," an unpublish ed poem Whose Little Girl Are You?

The following song is creating a great popularity for itself among theatre goers in New York. It is sung by Catherine Lewis and Henry E. Dixey, in Augustin Daly's production of "7-20-8." The words are by Thomas Naismyth, and George Rosey has fashioned a very pretty air for it:]

Dreaming of love and of beauty, Dreaming of one sweet and fair; Thinking of one and one only, With tresses of golden hair, Dear little, sweet little darling, With blue eyes bright as the dew, Come, little one, now, and tell me, Whose little girl are you?

CHORUS: Whose little girl are you, So winning, sweet and fair; With laughing eyes, so bonny blue, And locks of golden hair; Dainty ways, a treat to see, With heart so light and true; Come, pretty one, now, and tell me, Whose little girl are you?

> Dreaming of eyes full of love-light, Dreaming of one good as gold;
> Thinking of her, my own heart's love,
> And longing my love to unfold;
> Dear little, shy little sweetheart, With heart so pure and so true, Come to my breast, love, and whisper, Whose little girl are you?

Dreaming of love and of beauty, Dreaming of one, my sweet bride, Thinking of one, and one only, My own, whate'er may betide, Dear little, sweet little darling, So winning, loving and true, Stay in my arms, now, and whisper, Whose little girl are you?

Gettysburg. Far heard above the angry guns

A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods And Chickamauga's solitudes, The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew Against the front of Pettigrew! A kamsin wind that scorched and singed Like that infernal flame that fringed The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led; A thousand died where Garnett bled, In blinding flames and strangling smoke The remnant through the batteries broke And crossed the works with Armistead.

But who shall break the guards that wait before the awful face of Fate? The tattered standards of the South Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth, And all her hopes were desolate.

His bravest 'gainst the bayonet ! In vain Virginia charged and raged, A tigress in her wrath uncaged, And all the hill was red and wet !

In vain the Tennesseean set

They fell, who lifted up a hand And bade the sun in Heaven to stand They smote and fell, who set the bars Against the progress of the stars, And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still.
—Boston Transcript.

Lays of City Life.

ROOM ON THE PENITENT BENCH. "The general has come, has come; Whack the tamborine and drum, Jingle, jingle, tumpty-tum." The general preached, the colonel prayed; The charming tamborinist played-How could men have denied her? But when they ceased their blesséd trade, On Sunday, after the parade, Only one convert had they made,

And he was a backslider. "A PSALM OF DEGREES." Bully for thee, lawyers three, Who've "joined the great majority," And now can tack onto thy names "Q. C." And blessé i, too, be DR. Bruce; for we see That at Knox College jubilee, They've given him "a big D. D."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The frontispiece of the October Review

of Reviews is a portrait of William Cullen Bryant. It is just a hundred years since Bryant was born, so this and the article on Bryant's Place in Literature in the same number are especially appropriate. Mr. John Russell Young, once minister to China, and always a writer of peculiar grace, writes of Li Hung Chang, and quotes the words of General Grant, spoken in 1879 at the conclusion of his journey around the world: "I have met on this journey four great men-Bismark, Beaconsfield, Gambetta, and Li Hung Chang. I am not snre, all things considered, but that Li is the greatest of the four." One must not neglect to remember that Li Hung had a similarly exalted opinion of General Grant, which is likewise fully commented upon by Mr. Young. "The Church and its Relation to Labor" was the subject of a remarkable address at the Grindenwald Conference by Alfred Fletcher, editor of the London Daily Chronicle. The whole address appears in the October Review of Reviews. A most interesting article is that showing what Americans have done this year in archæological, scientific and geographical exploration. An article of special interest to Canadians, now that irrigation schemes are being put forth to such a great extent in the Upper Provinces, is that on "The Progress of Irrigation Thought in the West.

Certainly the editors of McClure's Magazine have made a special effort towards getting out a good number for October. As charmingly illustrated article is that on the putting of the "Brownies" of that celebrated Canadian, Palmer Cox, on the stage: Reginald Birch, the artist of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has made several designs of costumes for the forthcoming play, and these are reproduced in this number, together with many drawings of the brownies by Mr. Cox and W. A. C. Pape. "The Brownies" will be one of the finest spectacles ever seen on the stage. Cy Warman, the poet-engineer, author of "Sweet Marie," tells a thrilling train story. When three such fiction-writers as Robert Barr, the Canadian, Bret Harte and A. Conan Doyle contribute to one number of a magazine, that number is apt to be particularly strong in fiction. "Mr. Dana of the Sun" is fully treated in this number, both by letter-press and "Human Documents." "The Capture of Niagara"-by genius and capital-1s fittingly commemorated in illustration and writing.

The Book Buyer opens with a portrait of and an article on Conan Doyle. The genius of the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" is fittingly shown. Frederic Remington is the book illustrator treated of this month. "Trilby" calls for an article. An illustration of the new library window at Winchester, Mass., which represents the taking of the first impression from movable types, is given. The tail-piece of "Trilby" is reproduced. The idea is certainly not original with Mr. Du Maurier.

PASSED THE HALF CENTURY.

Gilmour's Tailoring Establishment And Some Facts About It.

For a business to be "fifty-three years old, having paid every dollar at the right time," is something for the owner of that business to be proud of. There are very few establishments in St. John that have been running for fifty-three years without a break. There is only one tailoring establishment here that has been in existence that long; and that is Gilmour's. It has entered upon its second half century of

life with vigor that is ever increasing. "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," when the mercury commences to go down and the price of coal to go up. Because of the former fact people are thinking of getting overcoatsgood, warm overcoats. Because of the latter fact, they are looking for the place where they can get them as cheap as they can be had, consistent with the very best workmanship. There is one establishment that suits everybody; and that is Gilmour's.

A PROGRESS representative thought he would take a look in at Gilmour's on the way home to supper. The manager has just had the arc-light put in, as he does a large business about tea time and after, and the arc-light shows customers just what they are buying.

The scribbler looked at some overcoatings with longing eyes. They were handsome; they looked warm; they undoubtedly were warm. They looked heavy; but lift them! There was no heft to speak of. Now what could anyone want for winter better than these?

The names of these overcoatings were Montagnac and Shetland Elysian. They were in different colors, and will undoubtedly be very popular. Then there were Irish frieze overcoatings-not Irish frieze that is rough, like a board, but Irish | herself.

frieze that is fine and soft-finer and softer than any Irish frieze ever seen here before. A stylish ulster means a good-looking, comfortable ulster, this year. The beavers and meltons that Mr. Gilmour carries are just what the stylish man wants. The two styles of overcoats most worn this year are the fly-front and the double-

breasted. Just now, the season for balls and parties is commencing. A dress suit is a necessity. One can get a Vicuna dress suit, silk lined, in black or dark grey (they ar wearing dark grey very much in England and the United States now) for only \$27.

For the new long cutaways, clay diagonals in blacks and grays, are selling almost entirely. The three-button cutaway sack-coat is coming into great favor now. It can be made out of any material, preferably of double-heavy serge or tweed.

Last winter there was a big rush for Gilmour's, and, of course, this winter's stock is all new. Last spring there was a bigger run, and more hands were employed than for several seasons past. And 72 Germain is to be the terminus of another big rush this fall and winter.

Now Called "Dominion Atlantic."

The Dominion Atlantic is the new name of two old railroads in Nova Scotia, the Windsor & Annapolis and the Yarmouth & Annapolis. The latter road is better known as the Western Counties, but both it and the Windsor & Annapolis Railway are now consolidated under the broader name of the Dominion Atlantic. This road runs from Halifax to Yarmouth, and touches all the important towns in the Annapolis Valley and along the shore to Yarmouth. Besides running through a rich agricultural country its connections at Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, and Halifax are of the greatest importance The Dominion Atlantic will be under the management that conducted the Windsor & Annapolis and the same energy, capability, and thoroughness that characterized it, and made the Windsor & Annapolis one of the most comfortable roads on the continent, will no doubt extend the same reputation to the whole property.

Messrs. Fred R. Titus and F. H. Tippett announce that they have removed their quarters to 110 Prince William street, where they will carry on a manufacturer's agency and general brokerage business. The Caligraph Typewriter agency will also be there. Both of these gentlemen are well known and their business connections such that they can hardly help being successful. ONE WOMAN'S SECRET OF BEAUTY

Baths in the Blood of Maidens, for Which Hundreds Were Put to Death,

Paris has just been edified by a work treating of the life and proceedings of a lady of the sixteenth century, who carried her care for her beauty to the very utmost limits. This is not a fairy tale, but a sober, historical fact, backed by many official documents of undoubted authenticity, and the lady's amiable weakness is described with a wealth of detail and forcible simplicity of description that is apt to turn the reader sick.

The lady in question was named Elizabeth Bathory, Comtesse Nadasdy, who married at the age of 15, in 1565, Comte Francois Nadasdy, who was not of too mild a nature himself, as, when his wife complained one day that her maid had been impertinent, he ordered the erring handmaiden stripped, smeared with honey, and laid on a wasps' nest, from the effects of which gentle admonition she subsequenuently died. The Countess Elizebeth was left a widow in 1604, and began simply at first to try to keep up the rigorous discipline enforced by her late husband. Unhappily, one day she struck her waiting maid, and so wounded her that her mistress' hands were covered with blood. When they were washed the Countess remarked that her hands were whiter and the skin more supple and firm, and thenceforward her naturally cruel nature was spurred by the frenzied desire to retain her waning beauty at any price. Odd though it may seem in the present day, she used as a cosmetic from that time on a bath of human blood, and the tradition goes that anything so superb in its brilliant tairness as her complexion cannot be imagined. She murdered all her waiting maids one by one, aided by three accomplices, her old nurse being one of them, and when she could get no women to enter her service she coolly sent her emissaries to kidnap the peasant girls of the neighborhood. At last, however, the ghastly scandal rose to such a pitch that even Hungary in the middle ages could not afford to close its ears to the wail of bereaved tamilies; and the culprit's first cousin, Governor of the province, entered the castle on Christmas eve, 1610, to inquire into the truth of there horrible stories, and discovered his fair and honored relative, her fair chin propped by her exquisite hand, calmly watching the death agonies of three girls, while her attendants were filling a bath with the life blood that was to preserve her beauty. The countess herself was too great a personage to incur capital punishment, but for thirty years she was shut up in solitary confinement in the castle of Cseibhe, in Hungary, where she finally starved herself to death. As for her accomplices, they had their hands cut off and were subsequently burned at the stake,

600 girls to her radiance of skin, but the evidence exists of the murder of only 250, paired beauty, it is hard to say, but the that its author was Miss Dearborn, he reinference is that she did, since she killed newed his old acquaintance with her and

reason for sparing lives.

THE COLOR OF GOLD.

Nova Scotia Gold is Prettier than Any of These.

"Most people suppose," says an assayer, that all gold is alike when refined, but that is not the case. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and in some cases from what part of a particular gold district the metal was obtained.

"The Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than the Californian, and this difference in color is always perceptible, even when the gold is one thousand fine. "Again, the gold obtained from the placers is yellower than that which is taken directly from quartz. Why this should be

veins. The Ural gold is the reddest tound Few people know the real color of gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily alloyed,

the case is one of the mysteries of metal-

lurgy, for the placer gold comes from the

which renders it redder than when pure. "The purest coins ever made were the" fifty-dollar pieces that used to be common in California. Their coinage was abandoned for two reasons-first, because the loss by abrasion was so great, and, secondly, because the interior could be bored out and lead substituted, the difference in weight being too small to be readily noticed in so large a piece. These octagonal coins were the most valuable ever struck."

SHE LOOKED STUNNING. The Dress Which She Wore Was Most Ac-

curately Described. While I was stopping at a friend's house the other day, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, her husband came home and before he had taken off his coat he exclaimed:

"Well, I wish you could have seen the woman I saw today."

"Why, was she pretty?" we both asked. "Pretty? Well, I should say so, and she had the neatest little suit you ever saw. By Jove! I wish you could get something that looked like that once in a while," he said, turning to his wife.

"Well, tell us what it was like and maybe I can," she returned. "Oh, I can't tell you just what it was like,

but it had those things over the shoulders like your purple dress.' "Do you mean ruffles?" interrupted his

"Yes, I guess they are ruffles. It had a skirt of a peculiar color, and the basque was a sort of green. She wore a coat of something like most women wear, and a hat with a ribbon over it. She looked stunning, I tell you."

And his wife murmured "I should think

Enormous sums have been paid as salvage money to the rescuers of ocean steamers when they are disabled at sea, and probably this is a more fruitful source of expense to the large companies than any other. On her first voyage the City of New York (as she was then called) ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost the company £20,000 to float her off. In 1890 her sister ship the City of Paris, broke her engines off the Irish coast, and was towed into port at an expense of \$6,-000 of salvage money. The ill-fated ship City of Boston broke her shaft in 1872, and it cost the company £9,300 to get her into port; and the Venezuela, of the red D. Line, stuck on the Brigantine Shoals off New Jersey, in 1889, so that the company had to spend £8,000 to get her afloat. The city of Richmond was towed into Halifax Harbor in 1882, at the expense of £7,000, it will be remembered. This list could be largely extended, showing that the amount of silvage money paid for rendering services to disabled steamers at sea is so enormous, that it almost equals the loss entailed by injuries to our wooden vessels. The loss of life is less. It is quite rare that an ocean steamer is submerged beneath the waves so that the crew and the passengers are lost.

Like the Tale of "Father Hubbard."

At a town in Hungary, certain ladies not long ago adopted the habit of taking to the theatre huge plush bags of loud colors, in which they carried all their miscellaneous belongings, as opera-glasses, gloves, handkerchiefs, smelling-bottles, sweetmeats, etc. These bags they were accustomed to hang over the ledge of the dress-circle, with a picturesque and not wholly unpleasing effect. The fashion spread among the lower classes, and soon every servant girl in the street appeared with a plush bag in her hand. Nobody carries them now. A short time ago the officers of the regiment quartered in the town for several successive nights bought up all the front seats in the dress-circle, and turned up at the performance carrying on their arms an ordinary forage bag, somewhat less than the usual size, which they slung over the ledge in imitation of the ladies. The joke created no little amusement, and roars of laughter shook the house when the officers produced from their bags opera-glasses, sweets, handkerchiefs, and here and there a tobacco pouch or a snuff-box. Since then the plush bags have disappeared from the horizon.

A Lesson in Journalism. Professor of Journalism-'If you were called upon to report a dog fight what would be your governing consider a ion? Class-'To increase the sporting circulation without driving away the religious

Professor-'How is this to be accomplish-Class-'By deploring the orutality of the exhibition, and then describing it.' Protessor—'What destroys barns?' Class—'The fire fiend.'

Professor-'What did the scene do?' Class-Beggared description.' Professor-That will do for to-day.

To-morrow you may prepare yourselves for examination on baffling investigation.'

A Single Tax Remance. Miss Jane B. Dearborn, the proprietress of the Dearborn-Morgan School, Orange, as, being common people, there was no N. J., is soon to be married to Mr. James Ellison Mills, State Geologist of California. It is said that this fair dame sacrificed Miss Dearborn and Mr. Mills went to school together thirty years ago in Brookbiographer states soberly that documentary lyn. Mr. Mills studied for the ministry, went to California and was married. His Whether in after years she considered wife died several years ago. He was atthirty years of solitary confinement too tracted recently by an article on the single high a price to pay for six years of unim-

their engagement followed.