

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, . . . . . EDITOR.

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MR. CLARK GOES OUT.

The place of Mr. GEORGE H. CLARK as a commissioner of the General Public Hospital has been declared vacant by the unanimous vote of the municipal council. The report of the committee acquits him of any wrongful intent in carrying home "samples" from the hospital stores, but it considers his usefulness as a member of the board is gone. This is all that PROGRESS ever claimed, and it is even more than was asserted until Mr. CLARK admitted the statements made by this paper were true in their substance, though not wholly accurate in regard to the quantities taken. It is all, too, that was claimed by the body of commissioners when they requested Mr. CLARK to resign. It may be that he has more fully emphasized his purity of intention by disregarding the advice of friends and resisting to the last, or it may be that he has lost a great opportunity to assert his self-respect by indignantly refusing to remain with those who could doubt even his good judgment, to say nothing of his good intentions. That is a matter for Mr. CLARK to decide for himself, and does not concern the public. The discussion of the proprieties in the case is ended by the fact that he is no longer a member of the board.

It may seem hard to the late commissioner and his friends that what, from their point of view, may seem a small matter should be visited by such emphatic disapproval. To any disinterested person, however, it must be apparent that no other course was open to the council. Admitting as true all the explanations of Mr. CLARK, the vital fact remained that his usefulness had ceased. He was not without friends in the council, and it is safe to say no member of the board had any animus against him, but the council as a body realized that its own usefulness would be materially impaired if it took any other course than that which was taken.

The vacancy thus created has been filled by the appointment of Dr. JOHN BERRYMAN, whose ability and fitness for the position are beyond question. No better member of the medical profession could have been chosen, but as PROGRESS has pointed out in the past there are already too many doctors on the board, and in future appointments representative business men should be selected. Dr. BERRYMAN believes that the privileges of hospital practice should not be confined to the staff, and a good many will be found to agree with him, whether the other commissioners do so or not.

The hospital investigation is now ended. The sole issue in the first instance was the CLARK matter but some officious individual had an idea that all the commissioners ought to be investigated. As a result there has been a great deal of unnecessary talk, as well as blunders which have been mistaken for insults by some of the most respected commissioners. The whole fruit of this motion was a debate on a point which the council has no power to settle, in respect to which a recommendation of the committee was finally tabled. The hospital itself was found to be all right.

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

According to the statements in a Halifax letter to PROGRESS this week, the coroners in that section of Canada are a thrifty class of officials, who value the emoluments as much as they do the honors of their positions. To say the least, they appear to have the business instinct remarkably well developed and the day must be unusually frigid when they fail to profit by visitations of sudden death among the people. That the condition of things in this respect is worse than in St. John may be due either to the fact that our coroners are less grasping, or that being fewer in number, the competition in the pursuit of cadavers is less constant and keen.

Certain it is, however, that in this city a coroner now and then decides an inquest is unnecessary and this too in cases where

the influence of friends of the deceased is not brought to bear in the matter. Such rivalry as there may be confined to the two city coroners, and is not very keen in its nature. Coroner BERRYMAN, as the senior, doubtless feels that he should have the preference, but it now and then happens that Coroner HETHERINGTON takes a case almost from under his nose. In the same way Coroner BERRYMAN, on rare occasions, invades the precincts of the hospital, where Coroner HETHERINGTON is pathologist, and determines the cause of the death of a patient. As a whole, however, the inquests in St. John are not of the class which the public deem unnecessary, nor do they, in comparison with those in Halifax, form a very large item in the municipal account.

At the best, however, the inquest system now in vogue both in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is a clumsy and expensive method of trying to find out that in many instances is not found out. That the subject of the inquiry is dead, that he or she died in a certain way, is known at the outset, and the inquest develops nothing more, in most cases. A recent notable case in this city shows how bare an outline of evidence will satisfy a coroner and jury, when it does not satisfy the public. A coroner is usually a doctor but not a lawyer, and except in the rare cases where the crown is interested from the outset the elements of a judicial inquiry are wanting. It is quite possible for a witness, or a number of witnesses, at the average inquest, to tell the truth and yet leave a good deal untold that would explain much that is allowed to remain a mystery.

That able advocate of a good deal of solemn humbug in law, the late Mr. BLACKSTONE, enlarges upon the honor, dignity and importance attached to the ancient office of coroner, but Mr. BLACKSTONE has been dead for more than a hundred years, and since then the world has moved a good deal in the way of improving on the ancient legal methods. The coroner's inquest has survived, however, and, if anything, has not improved. In the ancient time, sheriffs, coroners and justices of the peace, were very considerable personages in Merrie England, but in the exigencies of this new land the standard has been very greatly lowered. PROGRESS remembers a case in which a county coroner was so ignorant, not only of his duties, but of reading, writing and spelling, that the proceedings were practically conducted by the newspaper men who went to report the evidence. This, too, was in a case where a man's liberty depended on the verdict. This was an extreme instance, but taking the country over, the average coroner is not qualified to carry on an investigation in which not only good judgment, but knowledge and experience in the law of evidence are demanded.

The coroner's jury is usually more of a failure than the coroner himself. In cases of small importance, it is generally of a picked up character, consisting of men to whom the fifty cent fee is an object. Where the inquest is in the higher circles of society, there is always a possibility that the jurors will be more or less of the class who want the results to be as little unpleasant as possible to the survivors who are immediately interested.

The "crown's quest," however, like most survivals of antiquity, has it uses until something better takes its place. It is still retained in some parts of the United States, but in others such as Massachusetts, a very much better system has long been in use. In ordinary cases of sudden death, an official, known as the medical examiner, views the body and decides if an inquest is necessary. In many simple cases, it is not, but when the circumstances point to the need of a more strict investigation, an inquest is held by a judge of a court of record, and there is thus a reasonable certainty of some result satisfactory to the public. Such a system has the advantage of being not only less cumbersome but less costly than the old time method. Still more in its favor is the fact that when an inquest is really necessary it is held with all the advantages of a properly constituted court, and by officials thoroughly competent for the task. It could be adopted with advantage in this part of the world.

PAWNBROKING ON PRINCIPLE.

A clergyman of the protestant episcopal church has opened a pawnbroker shop in Rochester, N. Y., and from all accounts is rather proud of the fact. He has hit upon the idea as a means of aiding poor people of respectable character during the hard times, and only those customers who are vouched for as worthy are accommodated. The rate charged is in the ratio of six per cent a year, and pledges can be renewed from month to month. The highest sum advanced at any one time is ten dollars. At the ordinary pawnshop the rate on this would be about two or two-and-a-half per cent a month, so that the pawnor saves a good deal in the way of interest. The new venture is said to be well patronized.

The ecclesiastical pawnshop scheme is less likely to raise a discussion than Rev. Dr. RAINSFORD's religious beer shop idea. Indeed, the Rochester man's plan has much to commend it. In the mutations of life in the cities of the United States, many a worthy man finds the pawnbroker a real friend in an emergency, and the pledging of personal collateral is considered a trans-

action as legitimate as giving a mortgage on real estate. Even newspaper men with fat salaries have been known to anticipate pay day by "banging up" their watches and diamonds with their "uncle," and indeed all classes of society know something of either the common three-ball shop or the more pretentious collateral loan office. The main feature which bears heavily on the needy, however, is the high interest, which even in the most favored resorts of Boston is never less than two per cent a month and has been as high as that per week. The man who proposes to lend money on personal collateral at six per cent a year is therefore a great benefactor. He will never get rich by the process, and he may lose money by getting stuck with un-pledged chattels on which he has advanced too much. As a step in the interests of the needy, however, nothing can be said against it. Indeed a pawn shop on such a plan is doing, on a small scale, precisely what the eminently respectable banks do on a large scale when they accommodate their customers and take collateral security.

The law in this province seems to have been formed with a view to discourage anybody from doing a legitimate pawnbroker business. As a consequence small loans on personal property are made outside of the law and at rates which are morally equivalent to larceny by the lender. If the pawnbroker, as that individual is recognized, were put on a fair footing with the banks which are quite as much pawnbrokers as he is, many an honest man whose name is no good on a note could tide over an emergency by a legitimate transaction in which he would sacrifice no self-respect. As the law is now it is a humbug. It does not restrain the worst kind of pawnbroking, yet it severely punishes any good Samaritan who lends another a dollar and retains a security for its return.

DR. BAYARD AND THE HOSPITAL.

In the Record's report of the meeting of the municipal council the prediction is made that "DR. BAYARD will be resolved more than ever not to withdraw his resignation as a hospital commissioner." This remark is in connection with the fact that the lengthy and not wholly lucid preamble to a resolution offered by Councillor VINCENT was cut off from the resolution itself. As PROGRESS understands from those who were prominent in the matter, the objection was not to the facts alleged but merely to the unnecessary verbiage. They recognized what DR. BAYARD had done for the hospital, and had the same ideas been expressed in better form they would have endorsed them. They did not think that DR. BAYARD needed a certificate of "honesty, integrity and ability," nor that he desired the council to humble itself before him. This is the true view of the matter, and the doctor probably understands it. Nobody wants the "father of the hospital" to retire from an institution which is his monument now and will be in the generations to come.

So the SHATFORD case is really over at last, husband and wife are "reconciled," if not happy. If the friends of Mrs. SHATFORD had given her wiser council in the first instance, what a disgraceful and demoralizing hubbub might have been avoided.

Commissioner CLARK proved himself a good stayer, but the odds were against him from the start. PROGRESS told him so, and he should have taken its advice to resign rather than to wait until he was put out.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. J. G. Bourinot, in his recently published treatise on "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," pays a well-merited tribute to Edward Blake. In speaking of "the literature of the law," (p. 42-43) he says: "Several excellent books of a purely technical character have been compiled from year to year, but no Kent, or Story, or Cooley has yet appeared to instruct us by a luminous exposition of principle, or breath of knowledge. Those who know anything of Dr. Edward Blake's great intellectual power, or his wealth of legal learning, or insight into the operations of political constitutions, cannot deny that he at least could produce a work which might equal in many respects those of the great Americans here named; but it looks very much at present as if he, and others I could mention, will give up their best years to the absorbing and uncertain struggles of politics, rather than to the literature of that profession to which they might, under different conditions, raise imperishable memorials." Mr. Blake is one of the very few Canadians who have been elected to seats in the British House of Commons, in fact I cannot now recall any other with the exception of Judge Haliburton of "Sam Slick" fame. Neither of these men made a great figure there. Mr. Blake has not the qualities to make a successful political leader. He may be said to be too great a man to be a successful politician. That Mr. Blake's great abilities have been recognized in England though is more evident from published attacks upon him there than from any need of praise accorded. Those who have come in contact with him over there have evidently discovered something more than the "colonial lawyer" of subservient

views. But Blake is cold and impassive and scorns the use of many methods by which other men achieve what they term success. His powers could be eminently and usefully displayed in such a work as that referred to in the above extract, if he could be induced to devote a portion of his time and talents to the preparation of such. Why have not some of our leading jurists in this Province given us contributions to the "literature of the law." It is in such paths that they should shine. The surplus intellectual energy of a Palmer, or Tuck, for instance, might well have been or may yet be turned in such a direction. The motive for such must of course lie in patriotism and the satisfaction of the work.

Dr. Bourinot's work is a sort of catalogue of Canadian literary achievement up to the present time. It does not represent a very great deal but yet is not creditable for a young country—a country that is like a young giant just stretching his limbs and feeling his sinews and beginning to realize the power that is in him. Canada must continue to progress both in things material and intellectual. "Material success is good, but only as the necessary preliminary of better things."

Dr. Bourinot's list shows a large number of Canadian writers of verse. We have done well in this department and produced many versifiers of considerable merit. Some day we hope will come the great Canadian poet "touch with master hand the heart's deep chords."

The period of sensations seems to be over. Even the "Shatford matter" appears to be brought to a close and the air is clear once more. Mr. Shatford, notwithstanding his bad commercial record here, (which some people are considerate enough to attribute to inexperience, etc.) has received a great deal of popular sympathy in the fight he has made for his children and the successful way in which he has himself come through the ordeal.

As for the defendant parties, their feelings must be the very reverse of satisfactory. Folly seems to have characterized all their movements. There is a little verse somewhere which says:

Of fools the world has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass,  
Must hide at home, and boot his door,  
And break his looking glass.

It would not be surprising if there are people about who feel like breaking their looking glasses all to pieces.

The enterprise of the modern daily press is almost boundless. We have now eight here in St. John an illustrated daily paper which is not satisfied with publishing the most fearful and wonderful political cartoons but apparently has its agents spread over the globe with kodaks in hand, ready to "catch" all startling occurrences and have them instantly and vividly reproduced in its pages. If there is a railway accident, its kodak man is right on hand and "snaps" the scene just at the critical time and with the engineer in mid-air, leaping for life. In far Africa another agent penetrates wild Matabele land and "takes" Capt. Wilson making his death-fight, surrounded by savages whose very war-whoop one can almost see—or hear. No section of the globe is too remote to reach, no difficulties too great to be surmounted in securing the triumphs of modern enterprise and art. They are wonders and deserving of recognition.

The Ottawa Free Press seems to be on intimate terms with the ministers. It speaks of them as "Tommy" Daly, "Johnny" Thompson, "Dolphy" Caron, etc. This is rather ahead of the style of designating them as Sir Thompson, Sir Caron, Sir Tupper, young Tupper and so forth. Neither of the fashions is particularly good argument.

CANADA AND ENGLAND.

The Upper Provinces and the Old Country Invaded by a St. John Firm.

H. P. Chestnut left Monday night for Montreal, in the interests of the Hawker Medicine Co. The company propose to push their remedies extensively in the Upper Provinces. They have made arrangements with a leading house in Liverpool, England, to work Yorkshire and Lancashire in their interest. The medicines will be manufactured in St. John, and exported to England, where a very large trade is assured. The company are steadily increasing their local business as readers of PROGRESS are well aware, and at the same time, steadily opening up new markets with great success. The development of the business of the Hawker Medicine Co., has been phenomenal. It is accounted for, first, by the fact that their standard remedies are all that the company declare them to be, and, second, by the energetic manner in which the business has been pushed from the start.

Two Nova Scotian Calendars.

Mr. W. M. DeBlois, barrister and general insurance agent at Annapolis, N. S., sends a very attractive wall calendar to PROGRESS, with a view of the old magazine built in 1462, and the barracks at Annapolis. This is a good way to advertise an attractive and historic town, and at the same time to remind the recipient of the business of the sender.

An equally useful calendar with a characteristic view printed upon it comes from the office of Messrs C. C. Richards & Co. of Yarmouth. These gentlemen are the proprietors of Minard's Liniment, and that fact is also prominently displayed upon the card. This souvenir for the year is at once pretty and useful, and will be prized by all who get it.

How Guns Are Measured.

Probably no one sportsman in a hundred knows what is the basis of measurement of gauge in shotguns, though every sportsman ought to know that as the number of the gauge increases the size of the bore decreases. The gauge is determined by the number of spherical leaden balls required to weigh a pound, any one of which will exactly fit the bore of the gun.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

'Twas Erst Maligned.

In a city where loyalty glows,  
Among those  
Who in fat office, free from toil's throes,  
Thro' life doze,  
There's a historic space  
The fair views on whose face  
Freaks of art and of nature disclose;  
But no savant pretensions  
To assert where it ends,  
And where it begins. Well—who knows  
In Low'r Cove?  
This sweet space has a special renown,  
As is shown  
When at night sportive mortals roam down  
From up town,  
And meander about,  
Riot, revel and shout,  
And to do far, far worse things are prone;  
But mind, those who there bide  
Are with virtue supplied,  
So that there dwell few sinners, or none,  
In Low'r Cove.

There a slender piled trestle is set  
In its wet  
And as tough, slimy mud, as has yet  
Here been met;  
But there's no need to fear  
That its piles will not bear  
All the trade strains they're likely to get;  
And 'longshore sages say  
'Tis steekest right in the way,  
And 'twill draw much less freight than regret  
To Low'r Cove.

In its scope it is healthful to dwell,  
For the smell  
Of the gas works no science can quell,  
And quacks tell  
How the rare perfumes smelt  
So conduce to good health,  
That should they be cut off for a spell  
Those who dwell thereabout—  
Tho' of this there's some doubt—  
Would grow ill, for the stench keeps all well  
In Low'r Cove.

There great warriors try to instill  
Martial skill  
In brave citizen soldiers, and drill  
Them to kill,  
Till so fierce they become  
That the thud of a drum  
Makes them anxious some foe's gore to spill;  
Tho' the signs they display  
(When they march out to pray)  
Of the drill sergeant's polish seem "nil"  
In Low'r Cove.

Let North Enders asperse it or not;  
I have got  
Of the deepest respect a vast lot  
For this spot;  
And its sights I admire,  
Tho' I don't much require  
The sweet scents when the weather is hot;  
But to say that its tongs,  
And its jades, and its roughs  
Are all raised in its bounds is thought "rot"  
In Low'r Cove.

The fair matron who seeks Sidney ward  
Is debarr'd—  
Save it be with her legalized "pard,"  
Which seems hard—  
From respiring the breeze  
With new affinities  
Round the pier or the grand Boulevard;  
For there's ever a batch  
Of bad trechins on watch  
The blind god of merry pranks to retard  
In Low'r Cove.

Fellow Britons, I rise to proclaim  
'Tis a shame  
That this district, which might bear a name  
Free from blame,  
Should be shorn of repute—  
While its friends remain mute—  
By the vile slanders outsiders frame;  
So I now take the floor  
This straight fact to outpour  
That a purlieu full well known to fame  
Is Low'r Cove.  
St. John, Jan., 1894.

The Bashful Bluenose.

It was down in old Annapolis town  
Where the maids are bright and cheery,  
That a nice young man from Stewiacke,  
Came courtin' his deary deary.  
His eye was blue and his hair like gold,  
And she took that young man's fancy.  
A yellow bow on her neck she wore,  
And the people called her Nancy.

He was quite a hustler all around,  
In his homespun coat and beaver;  
But he wasn't the boy to spark a maid  
And win her and then to leave her.  
Says he "I will make her mine if I can,"  
Without any further parley;  
A daisy he plumed in his button hole  
And the people called him Charley.

Now Nancy had a face as fair,  
As a summer sky could lend her;  
She knew what that bow on her neck would do,  
For her motto was "no surrender."  
And many a maid has said before,  
That she never would be taken;  
But say good night to her several times,  
And she's sure to feel forsaken.

They stood by the willows towards the fort,  
He gave her two English roses  
With a quiet glance she honored the gift  
And he felt as meek as Moses.  
He coughed, and heamed, "one day," he said,  
I feel, eh, his charming weather,  
His hands went into his pockets and out,  
And his feet wouldn't keep together.

Just then two robins flew that way,  
Said she, "are those birds mated?"  
So far apart they seem to keep,  
That one of them looks belated."  
"They're getting closer now," he cried,  
His awkwardness to smother;  
"Perhaps," laughed she, "they just have met,  
And are frightened of one another!"  
The hint he took, then coughed again,  
And said, "my time's a comin'!"  
"Nancy,—er, Miss! I feel, I feel—  
A bumble bee a hummin'!"

"One chased me once and made me run,  
I fell right on my knees!"  
"But Nancy could you, Oh do you like,  
That is, do you like cheese?"  
Said Nancy, "frossted cake is nice,  
I think there's nothing sweeter."  
"Oh Nan! Oh yes! Will you? Could I—  
Confound that ere musketeer!"  
He's tipped me right here on the nose,  
Just as I was remarkin'  
The fellers up in Stewiacke  
Said I was goin' a sparkin'!"

Now Nancy, could you,—that is, Miss Spriggs,  
If I should say in writin',  
I wish, I want— Oh dear, I feel,  
I feel a flea a bitin'!"  
She turned so faint he thought she'd fall,  
And round the waist he seized her;  
What smack was that like fire snap?  
At any rate it pleased her!

IN DEFENSE OF MR. ECKERSLEY.

A Halifax Correspondent Gives Another Version of the Matter.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your last issue is a contribution from Halifax reflecting on John Eckersley in his official capacity. The article in question, there is no doubt, was furnished either directly or indirectly by an official of the department who has his own ends to serve by rushing into print and disclosing the facts and his object is known. In what respect did the writer expect the public to be interested in Mr. Eckersley's age except that he succeeded in showing that he is old enough to possess common sense and to know how to mind his own business, characteristics of which this would be traducer is utterly devoid.

When Collector Harrington has anything to report to the department at Ottawa about the department of his official staff, there is no doubt he will avail himself of his right and do his duty. As regards the incident which your correspondent purports to describe, the writer happened to be at the customs house at the time and to see the whole affair, and he can say that he was astonished at the patience and forbearance manifested by Mr. Eckersley during the onslaught made upon him by Shatford and the chief executive officer.

The fact is that Mr. Eckersley accuses Shatford Brothers of gross irregularities which are to be investigated. It will then be known whether the firm are the noble, pure and high-minded gentlemen who suffer so many wrongs after honestly paying into the revenue \$35,000 a year in customs duties; and tax customs officials will be taught they could occupy their time to better advantage in [performing their duty than in writing or inspiring articles for the press. A WITNESS.

Halifax, Jan. 16.

[In order to use the substance of the above letter, it has been necessary to omit a number of statements made by the correspondent, not only because of want of space, but because the allegations as to identity of the author of the communication in last week's issue are based merely on suspicion.—Ed. PROGRESS.]

CALLING HONORS EVEN.

The Tale of Two Dogs Cut Short by The Parties Interested.

HALIFAX, Jan. 19.—Guy C. Hart and A. N. Mitchells have withdrawn from the dog case, calling honors even. The counter case of assault was tried by magistrate Motton, with all due solemnity and appearance of great seriousness. His honor reserved judgment, as he is so prone to do these days. The dog fight was a weighty matter and it had to be ascertained whether the court had jurisdiction to try it. The authorities and dog have had to be looked into.

Meantime the principals on both sides have decided to call off the dogs of war, as it seems, and his honor is not to be asked to deliver judgment. Thus neither side will be in danger of having to pay a fine, and neither side will have the chagrin of being dismissed from court. Now that the matter is withdrawn from its subdued attention, society's busy whirl will soon continue as if nothing exciting had happened.

Built of Buttons.

Clapison, the French musical celebrity, is building a chateau composed entirely of buttons. The walls, the ceiling, the doors, the exterior, the interior are all ornamented with this novel element of architecture. Buttons of every description, from the very origin of their invention up to those of the present day, have been employed in the arabesques and ornamentation of the walls. Every country has been ransacked, and some curious specimens have been brought to light. Those dating from the lower Greek Empire are of the most curious manufacture.

Cannot Steal Them Yet.

The copyright of nine of Dickens' novels, and also of the "American Notes" and all his Christmas stories, has expired, but their are still nine works on which it remains, namely, "Bleak House" (expires this year); "Child's History of England" (1855); "Hard Times"; "Little Dorrit"; "Tale of Two Cities"; "Great Expectations"; (1903); "Our Mutual Friend" (1907); "Uncommercial Traveller" (1911); and "Edwin Drood" (1913).

Where He Lacked Perfection.

When Napoleon III. was approaching sovereignty, he asked a judicious friend to observe him carefully for a week, and to point out to him anything that he did which was not according to the severest code of the manners of a well-bred man. At the end of the week there was only one practice which the friend had noticed. The emperor, after eating a boiled egg, invariably put his spoon through the empty shell.

Not in Sympathy.

"Have you spoken to my daughter yet?" asked the old man.  
"No, sir; I wanted your consent first."  
"Well, I advise you to give up the idea. I don't believe she would marry you; and if she did neither of you would be happy."  
"Why do you think so?"  
"Because you part your hair in the middle and she parts hers on the side."

Very Plain Proof of It.

Hotel guest—Now, you are sure this bed is quite clean? Bell boy—Yes, sir, the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em—they ain't dry yet!

President Carnot, not very long back, received a notice from a French savings bank that the sum of about £2, saved in his boyhood, is still due to him and has been forgotten.