

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE:

KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS.

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

GIVE THEM A TRIAL.

The citizens of St. John have a plain duty before them next Tuesday. It is to cast their votes for the men who are pledged to civic reform and the reduction of the burdens of the rate-payers. That the public have little confidence in the present council is beyond dispute. That the best men now in the council—the redeeming features of it—are on the reform ticket is equally beyond question. As between the two tickets there is all the contrast of day and night. Men who have made the council notorious, whose course has led to the cry for change are on the anti-reform ticket, and they are the men who are straining every effort to secure their own election, whether their associates on that ticket stand or fall. Some of them are even now reported as knitting their friends in order to have the figures in their own wards of a respectable size, whether they win or lose. This is a pretty mean business, whoever may be responsible for it. Men who would do such a thing are not wanted in the city government of St. John.

The best men having been chosen from the old council and a sufficient number of good men from the body of citizens added, a reform ticket is presented which every friend of reform can vote without a scratch. That is the way it should be voted. There should be no question of personal like or dislike about it. Every name scratched out on the T. R. A. ticket means a vote against civic reform.

The friends of tax reduction have already accomplished much by reducing the size of the council, and they promise to do much more in the line of civic reform as opportunity may be afforded. It is only reasonable that they should have a trial. The men who are opposing them have already been tried and found wanting. It is time that others had a chance.

IT IS A SWINDLE.

Lotteries, in the abstract, are swindles, but some are a good deal more so than others. That which was permitted to flourish at St. Stephen a few years ago, for instance, was an example of clear and straight theft and fraud. It took the money of thousands of people and never attempted to give a return. It was only suppressed after legislation both in the United States and Canada had been made to cover the peculiar circumstances of the case.

A concern quite similar in its methods is now in operation in Kansas City, Missouri, and it is possible some of the St. Stephen swindlers are connected with it. In case any of the readers of PROGRESS should encounter any of the circulars of this concern a word of warning may be in order.

As such affairs go, the Louisiana lottery has enjoyed a good deal of favor in the past, from the fact that it undoubtedly did distribute prizes. Some of these were baits, no doubt. That is, a man in a community would get a prize on condition that he gave publicity to the fact and asserted that it was for a much larger sum than he really received. This would excite so much interest in that particular part of the country that the company would be more than repaid by the additional sales of tickets for future drawings. It was, however, not an unusual thing for holders of tickets to get a few dollars in prizes now and then, and so the Louisiana continued to be popular both in Canada and the United States, until its charter expired and it was forced to move to Honduras. It is still in existence at the latter place, though its operations are greatly restricted by recent stringent postal laws enacted at Washington.

The manager of the Louisiana lottery was one M. A. DAUPHIN, who is dead, though this fact is not known to many to whom his name has been familiar for years. It is the knowledge of this fact that has given the Missouri swindlers a chance to operate on the credulous all over the continent. They have been sending out circulars and "confidential" communications, and are

understood to have already secured a large number of victims. For instance, a man will receive a "confidential" letter enclosing a \$5 ticket given to him free of charge, and fifty \$1 tickets which he is to sell. The circular is so worded that he believes his own ticket will be made to draw a big prize, to advertise the lottery in his neighborhood, and he is also offered a commission of twenty-five per cent on all the tickets he may sell. The circular is signed "M. DAUPHIN," and connecting the name with that of M. A. DAUPHIN of the Louisiana lottery, the victim is very apt to bite at the bait.

The Kansas City concern has never had a drawing and is fraudulent without a redeeming feature. It simply takes all the money it can get, and gives nothing back. That was the simple and effectual method of swindling which was so eminently successful at St. Stephen.

It need not be added that the recipient of a "confidential" letter who consents to be a party to the plans of the company, under the idea that he is to be bribed by a big prize, is entitled to no sympathy when he finds that he gets nothing. His less culpable neighbors to whom he has sold tickets are more to be pitied, even though they do not have to pay a very large price for their experience.

In the meantime, the United States postal officials are trying to suppress this fraud, but as it is likely to come to the front in some other place now and then in the future, it is well to sound a note of warning.

The best way to avoid losing money in any lottery is to avoid putting any money into it.

About the nearest kind of business in which Chief CLARK'S men are engaged is the constant nosing around after small shops, where they usually find something less than a single bottle of liquor. Not a "raid" of this petty kind is made in which the police do not pass extensive establishments where the law is violated every day of the year, and which are well known to the chief and every man on the force. The pretext of enforcing the license law in St. John is a howling farce. The vigilance is all devoted to about a dozen small places, while the influential law breakers do as they please. There ought to be one law for all, but there does not appear to be in this part of the world.

New York state has what seems like a very sensible cat law. It provides that, in the large cities any cats found without a collar bearing the name and address of the owner may be seized and disposed of in the manner prescribed for stray dogs. The S. P. C. A. proposes to gather in all such strays, keep them forty-eight hours, and if not then claimed, either find good homes for them or destroy them in a humane manner. This plan should be mutually advantageous to the public and the animals, though the cats most troublesome to the peace of society are the agile kind which are not easy to seize on sight.

Something or somebody around the police force seems to need investigation. The noted Sergt. COVAY recently charged policeman BURCHILL with being drunk on duty. Chief CLARK had one of his so-called investigations and found the charge not sustained, yet he seems to think COVAY was right in making the report. Either BURCHILL was drunk or he was not. If he was, he should have been disciplined; if he was not, some action should be taken on COVAY for making a false charge. There is a right or wrong in the matter, though the chief does not seem to have found it.

The extent to which PROGRESS was justified in asserting, from the outset, that Mr. SKINNER had no chance of getting the judgeship was proved this week by the appointment of Mr. VANWART to the coveted place. This was not due to any lucky turn in the latter's favor, for it is quite certain that Mr. SKINNER never had any chance. His friends might have saved themselves a good deal of trouble, as well as paper and postage if they had taken the well meant advice of PROGRESS on the subject.

It is four years since PROGRESS came to the front with the plan for a reduced number of aldermen and the abolition of ward elections. It took some time to educate people into the idea, but when the Tax Reduction Association was formed last year, the ideas of PROGRESS were adopted at last. It may or may not require more than one election to purge the council thoroughly but anti-reform is likely to meet its Waterloo next Tuesday.

Chief CLARK shed his heavy winter overcoat during the fine days of this week and appeared in all the glory of his summer uniform. Simultaneously with this fact is the announcement that an amateur astronomer in London, England, has discovered, this week, what he believes to be a new and very bright comet. Can it be possible that his powerful telescope was pointed in the direction of St. John?

You pay your taxes and you take your choice—men who have already begun reform or men who have opposed it—the KELLY combination or a ticket on which every man has a good record. Which?

The advantage of having an historian on a newspaper is shown by the Telegraph's

revival of a joke of the last century in regard to the "bottomless PITTS." The title was originally applied to WILLIAM PITTS, who has been dead for considerably more than a hundred years.

It is bad enough for the ignorant and malicious to misrepresent the climate of this country in papers published on the other side of the ocean, but nothing in this line is likely to make a worse impression than the alleged pictures of Market Square published in Wednesday's Telegraph.

An Ontario man wrote "all is well," on the margin of a newspaper sent by mail, but concluded all was not so well when he was fined \$10 for violating the post-office law. Served him right. In these days of postal cards there is no excuse for this petty fraud on the revenue.

The shameless BRECKENRIDGE seems to have a lawyer who is as big a blackguard as he is himself. "Col" THOMPSON'S speech, some of which is reported to be too broad for reproduction, was one of the prominently indecent features of this most disgraceful trial.

Rector LITTLE has written a smooth letter to the Sun concerning the discredit he has brought upon the church in Sussex. If the reverend gentleman would preach as pleasantly as he writes he would seem almost too sweet to be good.

The men who have come out under the wing of JOHN KELLY thereby proclaim themselves opposed to reform. They have no claim to consideration on personal grounds. They must be judged by the company they keep.

The recent purchasers of the electric railway propose to spend \$300,000 in pushing the road, and there is no doubt they can do so easily. Major MCLEAN and Col. TUCKER represent the St. John end of the syndicate.

Some men who wanted a job at the public expense had a happy inspiration when they hit upon the idea of a royal commission on the liquor traffic. It has already cost the country \$34,000, and still the boodle hunters are not happy.

Candidate TUFTS is opposed to the T. R. A. because it has six of the old council on its ticket. He must admit, however, that those six are a good deal to be preferred to the aldermen who are on what Mr. TUFTS calls "our ticket."

Judge VANWART is a native of QUEENSBURY, York county, but all the same it can hardly be said Mr. SKINNER was knocked out under the QUEENSBERRY rules.

The best way for Rev. A. F. THOMPSON to get the further notoriety he appears to crave is for him to say enough about Judge FRASER to get himself looked up for contempt of court.

Whatever aldermen may be elected next Tuesday, there will be eleven less men to pocket a hundred dollars each at the expense of the people every year.

History repeats itself. JOHN KELLY, like the king of France, has marched his army up the hill, and next Tuesday he will march them down again.

As between the Tax Reduction candidates and the KELLY contingent, the citizen with any stake in the city has no chance to hesitate.

Judging by the attendance at the opera house Tuesday evening, the Horticultural Society is considered a very deserving charity.

It is not because the spirit of gambling is on the decrease that nobody is anxious to bet on the anti-reform candidates.

The big April storm came a week too soon to be utilized with the "snowed under" joke in the civic elections.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The leading article of Worthington's Magazine for April is one which should interest all readers. "Some Great Libraries of the United States," by S. G. W. Benjamin, treats of one of the most important influences now shaping the character and destiny of the youth of the country. "American English," by Richard Burton is a critical essay that will command special attention from writers and speakers, and all who would preserve the purity of the language.

Mrs. Livermore's serial, "One of the Forty-Niners," is dealing with that troubled time of civil war. Each installment of this thrilling story leaves its readers eagerly awaiting the following chapters. A pleasing story is that entitled "Powhatan and Pocahontas," by S. Edgar Benet, illustrated from drawings by the author. A genuine love story with both its humorous and pathetic side artistically displayed, it will be thoroughly enjoyed by all. Other short stories, poems and essays are exceptionally good, and selected with a view to variety both in subjects and manner of literary treatment.

As bright a story for young people as has ever been furnished by any magazine in this country, is "Giant's Bracket," by Katharine Lee Bates. It is full of vivid interest, and not only the young, but the middle-aged and the oldest readers have expressed their delight in this most charm-

ing serial. Other departments present a varied store of interesting and entertaining articles and items.

For this month the publishers offer to send a specimen copy of a recent number, for six cents in postage stamps. \$2.50 per year; 25 cents a single number. Hartford, Conn. A. D. Worthington & Co.

THE YOST WRITING MACHINE.

Scientifically and Thoroughly Tested and not Found Wanting in any Respect.

The manufacturers of the old style ribbon machine becoming alarmed at the rapidity with which the "Yost" is gaining the ascendancy have invented many canvasses against this machine.

The old story that "you find the most sticks round the best apple tree," is well illustrated in the case of the "Yost" as it is the best abused machine in the market today.

One of the weaknesses of the "Yost" (as claimed by its competitors) is that the type-bars are not durable. The following test will convince the most skeptical as to this point.

In order to test to the last degree the enduring power of the type-bars in the Yost Writing Machine as now constructed, the framework of a machine was set up, one type-bar and key complete placed therein, and an apparatus applied to operate said key and type-bar by means of a cord and pulley continuously during all the working hours of the factory. This apparatus was started on March 16th, 1888, and was run continuously during factory hours (fifty nine hours each week) for a period of forty-two weeks, without repair and without replacing any portion of it. The apparatus was arranged to produce upon the key a blow precisely similar to a hard finger blow. The average number of strokes per minute. At the end of the period above referred to, while the joints of the type-bar were somewhat worn the type-bar itself was in every respect as serviceable for actual usage in a machine as upon the day it was put in.

This is a marvellous test. Reduced to figures, it shows that this type-bar, which was taken at random from those going into machines, and corresponding with them in every respect, made 18,600 strokes per hour, 182,900 strokes per day, or 1,097,400 strokes per week, making the total number of strokes during the forty-two weeks 40,090,800, at the end of which period a new and heavier bar, which had been adopted, was substituted. Average the number of strokes for instance, to the hundred words (fifty); calculate the average work of a machine at 8,000 words per day, and you will find this type-bar made more strokes than the most used letter on any machine would make in 11,525 days. And this means that all the type-bars of the Yost Machine are constructed upon a model tested and proven capable of more than thirty-six (36) years hard service.

The result of this remarkable test is fully borne out by the experience of those who have used the machine. The manufacturers are receiving daily evidences of the appreciation by the public of the great advantages of the Yost machine over other typewriters.

From Journalism to Law.

HALIFAX, April 12.—This city this week has one less newspaper man, and a good one, but Halifax sees the addition to a prominent legal firm of a citizen who will there add to his journalistic and political laurels destination at the bar. Charles H. Caban, the late leader of the opposition in the local legislature and ex-M. P. P. for Shelburne, has joined the legal firm of Harris & Henry, which becomes Harris, Henry & Caban. Mr. Caban has for nine years been connected with the Halifax Herald and Mail, as Ottawa correspondent and editor. For the past four years he represented Shelburne county in the house of assembly and he has become one of the best known men in Nova Scotia. Though defeated with his party in the recent general elections Mr. Caban's abilities make success in his new sphere a sure thing. He has plenty of brains and knows how to use them, and he has the best wishes of hosts of friends.

Should Change the Position.

One of the improvements which may be suggested to the new owners of the electric railway is the making a clear distinction in the minds of passengers between the bell cord and the cord attached to the fare register. Any man or woman who is not used to the cars is apt to pull the latter in mistake for the former, and thereby is charged five cents for the error. The arrangement is so bad that it ought to be easy to find a better one.

Give Them a Full House.

The City Cornet band entertainment is one of the events of next week and it is one of those affairs always looked forward to and generously patronized. This is very properly so too, for the band exists by its own efforts and is a credit to the city. The full particulars of the entertainment can be found in the advertisement.

Found On Other Pages.

The musical and dramatic notes for this week will be found on the twelfth page. On the eleventh page is an interesting letter from Hon. Winifrede Sugden to Mrs. T. W. Daniel of this city.

It Was Truly Horrid.

"Isn't it horrid," remarked Miss Swyftly to her friend—"isn't it horrid that men will put these nasty old pipes into their mouths?" "Yes," said her friend, emphatically, as she stooped and tenderly kissed the black face of her pet pug; "yes, indeed it is."

J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

FAMILY GROCERS.

Have just received No. 1 Canadian Timothy seed, Alsicke and long late Clover seeds. Turnip seed and Peas. 32 Charlotte St. John.

NOMINATION PAPER.

The nomination paper of Mr. George Robertson, the T. R. A. candidate for Mayor was signed by the following electors—

- James F. Robertson, Joseph Allison, John A. McAvilly, E. C. Jones, J. S. Sanderson, James Jack, Wm. Jarvis, Thomas Deane, Boyle Travers, M. D., John P. MacIntyre, W. V. MacIntyre, Ward C. Pittfield, J. Gordon Forbes, Albert J. Lordly, Walter A. Lordly, J. D. Howe, John K. Storey, Thomas Lunnay, Joseph Finley, R. K. Cameron, T. S. Smith, J. J. McLaughlin, W. Frank Hatheway, T. L. Coughlan, S. S. Hall, Thomas Gorman, John Sealy, James Dillon, J. M. Barlow, J. J. Bostwick, Ernest J. Todd, R. C. Cruikshank, Alexander Miller, W. K. Mollison, Henry Gilbert, Jr., J. B. Robinson, W. Y. McTavern, Peter Sharkey, E. J. Sharkey, L. L. Sharpe, A. T. Bustin, John McCloskey, J. A. McCarron, M. D., James S. May, A. E. MacIntyre, Robert McConnell, J. J. Poirer, Jos. A. Likely, J. S. Harding, J. B. Woodburn, C. Flood, M. F. Manks, Robert Magee, William A. Magee, Frank Paterson, S. B. Patterson, Wm. Hillman, P. S. MacNutt, E. H. McAlpine, J. J. Porter, W. G. Moriarty, E. Slater, S. A. Blaine, W. G. Moriarty, C. W. Holder, Geo. H. Waterbury, J. Hollie Wasson, Frank Spittle, sr., P. O'Brien, John Johnston, John Driscoll, J. McA. Hutchings, John Stewart, James Fleming, George W. Fleming, W. G. LeWitt, William King, W. L. Dwyer, F. J. Murphy, G. W. Waters, Amos Fales, Thos. Brown, C. J. Elderkin, H. Williams, John Hannah, Wm. Crab, George H. Shannon, Wm. Hazelhurst, T. Collins & Co., Jas. A. Estey, S. Schofield, Donald Carmichael, J. H. Scamman, S. F. Hatfield, Andrew Robertson, J. William Belyea, Geo. V. Beatey, A. M. Hamm, John J. Carvell, Frank L. Carvell, J. A. Weirly, S. L. Gorbell, N. Berry Smith, C. H. Hutchings, James Russell, Daniel Monahan, John A. Sinclair, John Hopkins, Peter G. Sharkey, George F. Baird, Alex. W. Baird, W. H. Fowler, J. M. Robertson, Thos. Potts, M. S. Austin, C. N. Skinner, David Lynch, A. F. McAvenny, E. C. Foster, John H. Parks, Arthur Wright, Thos. J. Dean, Hugh Crawford, Jas. Collins, Thos. Sweeney, Geo. R. Davis, W. M. P. McLaughlin, R. W. McCarthy, R. G. Sharp, Jr., Moses Hamlin, C. H. L. Johnston, M. D., W. P. Best, W. J. Grady, C. C. Parker, R. R. Richey, Robert Richey, Jr., W. A. Beckey, R. W. Leetch, Wm. Geo. Dunlop, James Scully, John McKay, J. S. Dunn, James Scully, Y. Harvey, D. Coughlan, W. G. MacFarlane, H. A. Ford, W. D. Bassford, G. H. Clark, Gilbert Davidson, C. J. Armstrong, A. J. Charlton, James Gault, J. W. Keast, Henry Hilyard, Saml. A. Corbit, R. Leonard, John I. O. Sullivan, Henry Finigan, J. O. Biedermann, William Kirk, Fred LeVane, R. V. deBury, C. J. Milligan, Oliver A. Lordly, Thos. Harrison, James McMinney, Jr., H. Atkinson, Jas. Reynolds, C. P. Clarke, Alfred Morrissy, J. Pope Barnes, R. A. C. Brown, D. A. Kennedy, G. K. Cochran, R. J. Ritchie, John O'Neil, M. V. Ryback, Jas. Morgan, Wm. Kiley, D. I. Delaney, A. L. Paterson, Jr., T. McMaster, H. W. Fiewelling, H. D. Fritz, M. D., Chas. T. Jones, W. E. Stevens, M. F. Cavanaugh, P. Fitzpatrick, John Town, J. S. Brown, Jas. Crawford, John McBay, James Bond, E. F. Greany, M. O'Mahony, A. G. Gray, Robert Ewing, Ira Cornwall, W. S. Willis, Joseph Taylor, John Collins, James McInerney, J. A. Miller, John Crowley, C. A. Owens, Edward Burns, D. H. Short, R. M. Smith, George F. Bissett, A. Manuel, Fred Fowler, Chas. E. Lowe, W. C. Hatfield, W. T. Lilley, W. H. Smith.

A. G. Burnham, T. J. Gunn, G. H. Clarke, C. G. Johnson, J. E. Stocker, J. S. Higgins & Co. P. J. Quinn, E. C. Hickson, G. D. Sweeney, J. Edgar Edgott, Arthur G. Branscombe, W. Robson, Robert Willis.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The River of Dreams. Oh, what would I give for a sail to night, On the beautiful river of dreams; On the peaceful breast of the calm LaHave, Where the magic of starlight gleams. Oh, the bright green valleys and the hillside fair, Are the fairest the wide world knows; And the picture I love is a pure white sail, Where its whispering water flows. From its source where the gliding brooklet sings, To the spray of old Iron-bound; Sweet nature her lovely landscapes took, And strewed them here over the ground. Oh, I wonder tonight how the music swells, And the wild pine forest seems; With the moonlight deep in its weird paths, On the beautiful river of dreams. Oh, memory's idle are you happy yet? Are you minding a dipping oar? Do you think of the golden summer days, And the greetings that come no more? Oh, never at a twilight tender wing, Comes tinted with purple beams; But memory hallows the matchless scene, On the beautiful river of dreams. Dream on, oh! soul of the longing night, Oh, heart of the prayerful past; Some days must in shadows descend to earth, Some nights must be overcast. Oh, spirit of love that must sometimes bring, A sorrow the Father deems. Is best for a life; keep the faithful watch, On the beautiful river of dreams. Oh, wings of the faces that come and go, Float back from your golden time; And wait me the musical voices still, In the leaf strewn isles of time. Oh, bring me the language love hallows yet, As the sweetest of all life's themes; And sing with me when the night winds sleep, On the beautiful river of dreams.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

The Baby. Who keeps you awake from night till morn, Makes you wish you'd ne'er been born, And treats you with contemptuous scorn? The Baby.

Who when his first teeth he is getting, Makes you grind your teeth and keeps you fretting, And at defiance you he's setting? The Baby.

Who when he older gets, 'tis true, Is just as great a plague to you, Yet for his love you still do sue? The Baby.

Who when he older still has grown, And just a few "wild oats" has sown, And makes you think of times long gone? The Baby.

Who when you have him by the score, And scarce the wolf can keep from door, And makes you feel both poor and sore, And yet you always look for more? The Baby.

JAY LEE.

For Jesus' Sake. I'll but one kind, gentle word could I speak, To cheer the heart of some weak, erring soul, By loving act, some happy truth unfold, To lead but one, the path of peace to seek, The path that leads to Christian love and grace And ends in Heaven's eternal rest and peace. And all for love of Jesus, blest, The Rock and Stay, the perfect rest, My life were not in vain; For in the sight of God he dwells in one Redeemed, through Jesus Christ, our Lord—the Son And cleansed from sinful stain. What gladness, joy within the realms of light Resound, in songs of praise by angels bright, Worthy the Lamb, once slain, To ever live and reign, To whom all glory be, Now and eternally. March, '94. FERG.

A Straight Answer. Sai h Robinson Smith Green to Miss Jones Brown, While both were flirting at a church fair; "Who's that old fellow in the magenta hair, The flashy head-gear, plus the ancient gown, That faded nummy with the vicious frown Who squints at us with such a vague glare, And shakes her top-knot with a haughty air, That scarecrow yonder, just now sitting down, She smiled divinely, for her latent ire, Was not aroused until her glances fell Upon the criticized; she gazed at her, Then at the dude, her eyes surcharged with fire; And he, poor fellow, did not feel quite well, When Miss Jones Brown said: "That's my mother sir." St. John, March, 1894.

Optimism. You may reap your harvest of wheat and tares, You may gather your cockle and barley, You may husband a harvest of joys and cares Laboring late and early; The grain of gold And the poppy head And the corn flower blue for adorning; But the fairest ears of the seven fat years Will be gleaned by the gleaner next morning. You may draw your nets, you may draw your line, You may slay fish in plenty; You may angle for honor, hook titles fine, And of places and posts fill twenty, The fish of weight Swallow up your bait, Your lurs and your wiles not scoring; But the lustiest trout, there's no matter of doubt, Will be caught by the fisher next morning. You may think out thoughts that are witty and wise, You may think some deep, some shallow; You may strew your brain with truth or with lies, You may set your brain like fallow. Thought is good, Be it understood; But this fact on your mind must be borne in, That the latest thought marketed can be taught Will be thought by some thinker next morning. You may cling to this world of time and sense, You may think of another rarely; You may sigh, Ah, whither? and ask, Ah whence? And end the puzzling fairy, Yet life is sweet, We sit in repeat. On this dear old earth we were born in, Good bettered to best, best changed into best When we wake to God's cloud's next morning. Blackwood's Magazine.

Nursing a Cold on Good Medicine. A Cincinnati druggist said: "Most people like a little whiskey and I don't make many exceptions, I had one queer customer, but I never gave him away. He was a minister in high standing and almost a fanatical prohibitionist. He would buy a quart bottle of whiskey about every ten days from me and always had it put in a peculiar bottle of his own. Ostensibly he bought it for lung troubles, as he coughed occasionally. To the whiskey I always had to add 10 cents worth of rock candy 5 cents' worth of glycerine and a little quinine. Well, whiskey, glycerine and sugar is an imaginary remedy for colds, but it is a powerful good drink. My reverend friend's lung troubles continued for years. He is still afflicted and still takes the same remedy. Otherwise he is a man in perfect health and his lung trouble will never kill him."