

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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TOO FAST A PACE.

The fact that extravagance and hard times are merely cause and effect ought to be more generally recognized. In asserting, last week, that one of the detriments to matrimony was the expense, nowadays, PROGRESS told only part of a great truth. Young men are afraid to marry, because they will have to support an establishment beyond their means in order to keep up appearances. The same principle is found among all classes between the extremes of the very rich and the very poor. There is a foolish ambition to appear to enjoy life when the effort to so appear brings anything rather than enjoyment. This is always wrong, and in some instances it is criminally wrong.

The people on this continent are prone to seek to move at a pace beyond their ability; whatever the latter may be. A man may have enough to enable him to live in comfort but he is unhappy unless he can appear to live at a rate beyond this. The old-fashioned content belongs to the old-fashioned times, and it is too rarely found in this age of electricity and steam.

But the high pace too often results in a breakdown, and in time of financial stringency like that of the past year a good many learn a severe lesson from their folly. There may be hard times with the most prudent, but were it not for the almost universal extravagance of living, those times of stringency would neither be so general nor so frequent.

It is well to build according to one's means, and not beyond them after the modern style. It may require courage to do this in many cases, but the effort will have its reward. Live within your means is not only a sensible maxim, but it is one of which the results are resolved into a certainty. It is a pity that everybody would not understand this and act upon it.

PATRONIZING LENT.

It would seem that what is termed "society" in New York and other large cities is becoming more and more graciously disposed to "patronize" the Lenten season each year. There was a time, not many decades ago, when such a thing would have been decidedly out of the orthodox line in fashionable American circles, but it seems to be quite the correct thing now, and in favor with those who consider that religion should be aesthetic, whether they trouble themselves or not with mere questions of faith.

According to one of the New York papers, "the Lenten season's legitimate recreations are exceedingly elastic and have become easily adapted to all social requirements. Weddings, dinners, dances, and theatre parties are readily modified to a proper degree of gaiety without necessitating any change in the continental dress or a lesser interest in the prospective fashions." Another paper quotes a lady who is a leader in society as saying that "Lent is a time when most of the dinners and theatre parties are given. Balls only are tabooed; the person who would give a ball during Lent would be regarded with great disfavor." Further investigation reveals the fact that one of the fashionable "Lenten organizations" is the "Amusement club," in which progressive euche is a prominent feature. Interwoven with this is a considerable amount of fashionable devotion, and the names are published of a number of wealthy, if not patrician, dames who include more frequent attendance at church services as part of the programme of the season.

With a due knowledge of the danger of wrongly judging anybody's earnestness and sincerity, it is fairly safe for an honest man of any creed or sect to have a pretty poor opinion of this fashionable mixing up of the world, the flesh and the devil, under the mockery of an observance of a season which is recognized by many as a time of abstinence, repentance and prayer. To treat it as a "season" for this or that modification of fashion, to combine week day services with progressive euche and theatre parties, to refrain from balls and

devote the energies to elaborate dinners, is in line with much else that has the hollow ring of humbug in modern society. It is in line too with the aestheticism which so often usurps the place of devotion in some of the phases of fashionable religion.

If an intelligent pagan from the antipodes were to visit America to study its people, he would find two classes whom he could respect for their course in regard to the observance of Lent. One would be composed of those who feel under no obligation to observe it otherwise than they observe other times and seasons, while the other would consist of those who feel (in conscience bound to keep themselves within the spirit of the penitential time, so far as their opportunities will allow. The pagan would be rather puzzled at the third class who "patronize" Lent by adopting certain methods of recreation, which are in some instances rather more enjoyable than those of the gayer seasons.

There is a good deal of rubbish in modern society life, and it is never more apparent than when there is an attempt to mix up religion and fashion.

MERELY FOR PUNISHMENT.

The ROBINSON-DIBBLEE breach of promise case has come to an end, to the undoubted relief of all the parties immediately interested. It can be readily understood that the publicity given the matter at intervals for months past has been unpleasant to the young lady and her friends, and the more so because that publicity was due to no fault on her part. The delinquent suitor, too, is probably glad the matter is ended, and that he has got clear by the payment of a smaller sum than, it is likely, a jury might have considered adequate under the circumstances.

The case, from first to last, has had all the elements of a romance, and the final act in it is as much out of the common as was the beginning. Mr. JOHN ROSEBY ROBINSON, brother of the lady, tells the story in a letter addressed to various daily papers, and seems to feel that PROGRESS, among others, has made misstatements which ought to be corrected. Briefly stated, he claims it is untrue that Mr. DIBBLEE ever wrote requesting to be released from his engagement. Had he done so all trouble would have been averted.

On the contrary, at a period when Miss ROBINSON was in great affliction he simply wrote and broke off the engagement. No suit was ever brought, but the matter was put into the hands of a solicitor, who arranged with Mr. DIBBLEE's solicitor as to the amount of damages to be paid. The sum agreed upon was five hundred pounds, which was all the income of the defendant would allow. The object in claiming and accepting this money was not to get a compensation but to punish the delinquent for his conduct, and the amount having been received has been devoted to religious and charitable objects. One thousand dollars has been given to the Protestant Orphan asylum, alike sum to the Diocesan Church society, and the remainder, even to the odd cents, to the episcopal church at Sackville.

The public will be very glad to have this authoritative statement of facts, and must honor Miss ROBINSON for the high and honorable stand she has taken from first to last. In the letter of Mr. ROBINSON, he complains particularly of the statements in PROGRESS and other papers which announced the termination of the case, alleging that they were "grossly astray as to the facts, misleading in many respects and full of unpleasant innuendo." So far as this assertion relates to PROGRESS, it is not correct, though it is true there were mistakes as to fact. From the outset, the aim of PROGRESS was to spare the young lady annoyance in the publication of what had become a matter of public interest.

The story of the extraordinary engagement by telegraph was told in such a manner as to give offence to nobody, and purely out of regard to the lady and her friends no mention was made of the subsequent breaking of the engagement. Later, however, acting on what was believed to be correct information, the statement was made that "counsel has been retained in England, on behalf of the young lady, and that damages to the amount of \$25,000 have been claimed." This was denied by relatives and the assertion made that no suit had been brought or was to be brought. Mr. ROBINSON repeats this in his letter, but he also says that "our solicitor was merely authorized to write that unless damages were paid an action would be brought." There may have been a clear distinction in the mind of the claimants between authorizing a solicitor to state that an action would be brought and having no intention of bringing that action, but such a letter would quite warrant the statement made by PROGRESS, in November last, that "counsel had been retained" and "damages claimed." It now appears that no suit was brought, because the defendant recognized his liability, and the only question involved was as to the amount.

Nothing which PROGRESS has said in the matter will bear the construction of an "unpleasant innuendo." Nothing of the kind was intended, and nothing of the kind expressed. What other papers may have said is a different question.

The case is ended, and Miss ROBINSON can well afford to forget the prominence

into which she has been unwillingly brought, in the knowledge that her course must receive universal approval and redound to her lasting credit.

Can anybody imagine a great exhibition in London, at which SHAKESPEARE'S cottage, brought by rail from Stratford, would figure as an attraction, or that any other historic structure would be moved about the country in that fashion? They do things differently on this side of the water, however, and the original LIBBY prison, from Richmond, Va., was one of the popular features of the World's Fair. After the same fashion, the fort of JOHN BROWN, from Harper's Ferry, was torn up and carried to Chicago, but the enterprise did not pay. It now appears that there were other bits of unsuccessful enterprise in the same direction, and one of them was the buying of a log cabin which had been built by ABRAHAM LINCOLN in 1830. Some speculators purchased it two years ago for ten thousand dollars, took the materials to Chicago, but abandoned the idea of reconstructing the cabin and left the logs in a pile, where they remain today. Is there any other country in the world where speculation would go so far as to ship ruins by rail to be put on exhibition to tickle the fancy of the mob? It is a wonder somebody did not try to get the Old South church away from Boston for the occasion.

After all the fun that has been poked at collectors of cancelled postage stamps of common denominations, it appears that those articles have really a pecuniary value. One dealer in New York gives from five to ten cents for ten thousand of them in first-class order, while a Boston dealer gives double that figure. One wealthy Brooklyn lady, indeed, disposed of a hundred thousand for the substantial sum of seven dollars and a-half, but this high price may have been because the proceeds were for the benefit of a church charity. "We do not allow ourselves to think of the labor of the task," she is quoted as saying. "It is work for the Master, and we are happy." All this is very encouraging. So far as can be learned the uses to which the stamps are put is the decoration of the walls of rooms, and to some extent of white china ware.

It seems a great pity that the oldest college in the maritime provinces should be considering the expediency of closing its doors for lack of support. King's college, Windsor, has a record of which any institution of learning might be proud, but this will not avail it in the struggle against a constantly increasing debt. King's has always been a very conservative institution, and other colleges less rigid in their views have greatly interferred with it in recent years. Then, too, the low church majority in Nova Scotia have not taken kindly to what they consider is in the line of high anglican teaching, and so from various causes, the time seems to have come for the struggle of several years past to come an end.

It is scarcely necessary to say that PROGRESS does not agree with a correspondent who urges that the interests of temperance can be best served by treating drunkenness as a crime, and punishing the drunkard. Such a principle is opposed not only to the christian idea, but to the now well understood medical fact that chronic drunkenness is as much a disease as rheumatism. To expel the poison from the system and restore the subject to normal health is the true method of making men better, and it is a wonderful improvement on the still current idea of knocking the life, energy, and ambition out of a man by classing him with the morally depraved offender against society.

The editor of the Chatham World seems to have made good his claim that he was employed on the Telegraph when JOHN LIVINGSTON was editor, and is entitled to all the credit which the proof of such an important fact merits. The present editor of the Telegraph has gone still further by claiming that he rather than WILLIAM ELDER was the writer of many articles for which the latter got credit. These are things worth knowing. They would never be guessed at by the style of the World or extent of the Telegraph's influence at the present time.

It would seem that the last hope of FRENDEGAST, the slayer of CARTER HARRISON has vanished with the refusal of a new trial. With what seems to be either inexcusable thoughtlessness or gross ignorance of propriety, the day fixed for the execution is Good Friday. This is thoroughly characteristic of the way things are done in some parts of the United States.

Who is the Mr. "GAULT" mentioned by most of the city papers in connection with the MITCHELL correspondence? That is not the way Sir A. T. GALT spelled his name.

Little Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, lives in a stately but rat-haunted old palace, once the town hall of Amsterdam. She doesn't have a very good time as a girl, and one of the apocryphal stories of her is that she scolded her doll this way: "Now be good, or I'll turn you into a queen, and you won't ever have any more good times."—New York World.



HON. JOHN R. PARTELOW.

This portrait of Mr. Partelow is given in connection with Mr. Fenety's Political Notes, on the tenth page. Those who remember Mr. Partelow will agree in pronouncing it an excellent likeness.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

The question of whether intellectual women are loveable or not is one which has been asked by every man who has given much attention to woman and her ways, and is usually answered one way or the other from the standpoint of personal experience. This is wholly too narrow a view to take, and indeed the question is one which, in the abstract, can hardly be answered in the negative, as it frequently is—or in the affirmative—as it is now and then. An answer of the latter class is the subject of a readable paper by Junius Henri Browne, in "Worthington's Magazine," for March. The same number of this periodical has an interesting contribution by Bettie F. Pool, which appears to make certain the fate of Aaron Burr's daughter, and confirms the original belief that she met her fate at the hands of justice on the North Carolina coast. "Worthington's" has much of interest this month, including a fully illustrated leading article on the Snake River Valley, and another illustrated paper on Peasant Life in Picardy. The stories and poems are good, as usual, and among the latter is one by Walter L. Sawyer, formerly of PROGRESS, which was copied in the last issue of this paper. For this month the publishers offer to send a specimen copy of a recent number for six cents. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co.; \$2.50 a year. 25 cents a single number.

Among the contributors to McClure's Magazine for March are such well known writers as Kipling, Herbert Spencer, Robert Louis Stevenson, Conan Doyle, and Octava Thanet. The short story by Mr. Kipling is one of his best; the short story by Octava Thanet is one of her best. Conan Doyle's contribution, "The Glamour of the Arctic," is not a story, but it has more than the interest of one, for it is an account of Arctic whaling, written with Dr. Doyle's best grace, from his own personal experience. Herbert Spencer writes of his intimate friend of forty years, the late Professor Tyndall. It is in part reminiscent, in part critical. Closeness and sympathy of personal relation give a special value also to a biographical and character study of Ruskin by M. H. Spielmann. There is a profusion of illustration in this number, not an article, except perhaps a short poem or two, but the artist, as well as the author, has exercised his pen on it. In freshness and importance of information Miss Ida M. Tarbell's account of the scientific method of identifying criminals in France must be pronounced the leading article of the number. It is illustrated from photographs especially provided by M. Bertillon, the inventor of the method. The subjects of the "Human Documents" portraits are Andrew Lang, J. T. Rowbridge, and Renan. New York:—S. S. McClure, Limit, 743 Broadway.

Mr. J. T. Logan's Soap Business.

The business card of Mr. James T. Logan appears on the 7th page of this morning's PROGRESS, and announces to all his old customers and as many others as may see it, the fact that he is again engaged in the manufacture of fine laundry and toilet soaps, and prepared to meet all orders that may come to him. Mr. Logan is located on Germain street in the former quarters of Messrs Stewart, which are at once convenient and suitable for his purpose. He has the right to manufacture the popular "Magnet" brand, and also places upon the market such well known brands as the Maple Leaf, Ideal, Myrtle, and a new floating soap called "Venus." A more extended description of his new quarters will appear in another issue of PROGRESS.

A New Way to Get New Clothes.

With the approach of spring everybody is beginning to think of lighter garments, of a change, Ungar's dye department is endeavoring to impress the fact upon them that it is willing and able to give them such a change without much additional expense. It is really remarkable how new and fresh old garments may be made to look by their dyeing and cleaning process. It is worth the while of anyone who has a presentable stock of last year's clothes to try their plan.

Worse Than a New Baby.

Winks—What's the matter, old boy? You look as if you didn't get sleep enough. Got a new baby? Jinks—No. Got a daughter old enough to have callers.

HER EARLY-TO-BED PAPA.

One of the Disadvantages of Possessing a Methodical Father.

Daisy was indignant. That was evident by the manner with which she straightened up her shoulders and then proceeded to spitefully pin back all the stray curls that fell around her ears. The gentle girl had tact enough to leave her severely alone until the wave of indignation had rolled by to a certain extent. Then she said: "Come, now, let's have it out. Tell little sister all about it."

"I suppose I'm a perfect goose to care," Daisy said, "but you see papa sticks to his old-fashioned ideas about 'early to bed, early to rise,' and when I have callers he uses various methods to tell them to go home at reasonable hours. Along about 9.30 o'clock he usually marches into the parlor and says, 'Good-night.' At 9.45 he returns and fumbles with the lock on the front door. Ten o'clock is the hour for him to lower the gas in the hall, and after he does that he coughs loudly, and tells me that I mustn't forget to turn out the gas in the parlor. If my callers don't take the hint by that time papa comes in about 15 minutes later and says, 'Daisy, your mother wants you to take all the plants out of the windows; she is afraid they'll freeze,' and then he deliberately goes over to the radiator and turns off the steam."

"Of course it is very embarrassing all around, but my older callers are becoming accustomed to it, and one friend says that he regulates his watch by father's visits. It wouldn't do a bit of good to ask papa to cease the little custom, because he has made it a habit, just like winding up the alarm clock and fastening the windows every night—it is a part of his routine work."

And the gentle girl said it was a positive shame.

BY THE COLOR OF THE EYE.

One of the Ways by Which Criminals Can Be Identified.

The color of the eye is the result of the fusion of two elements, the shade of the ground of the iris and that of the aureole which surrounds the pupil. The usual method of classifying eyes in the past has been to regard them at a distance of three or four feet, and to mark the result of the fusion of the two elements. Eyes thus studied are classified as blue, brown, green, and gray, or as dark, medium, light. But there is little precision in this method. M. Bertillon resolved to study the eye close at hand, and to analyze each of the elements. He found that the ground of the iris is rarely decided in shade, varying from a sky blue to a slate blue, and changing according to the intensity of the light, and is, therefore, of little service in an exact description. The pigment of the aureole around the pupil is, however, more pronounced in color, and less variable in the light, and therefore better capable of serving as a basis of classification. By means of it the eye can be separated into seven sufficiently distinct classes. (1) Pale, or without pigment; that is, an eye in which the aureole is absent or very insignificant, and in which the iris is marked by whitish streak. (2) Yellow aureole. (3) Orange aureole. (4) Chestnut aureole. (5) Maroon aureole in a circle or disk around the pupil. (6) Maroon aureole covering the iris irregularly. (7) Maroon aureole covering the entire iris. Each of these divisions may further be divided into light, medium dark, according to the shade. The sub-divisions approach closely sometimes; thus an eye may appear to one person as a dark orange, which to another will seem light chestnut.—McClure's Magazine.

PROTECTING MEDICAL MEN.

A Correspondent Who Has Some Suggestions of the Subject.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I notice by the provincial newspapers that the medical fraternity of the maritime provinces are endeavoring to secure a reciprocity in the matter of registration. In the report of the committee which met at Truro it is provided that a doctor to be eligible for registration shall be a graduate of a school that requires a four year's course. It may require four years of study for a man to become sufficiently acquainted with the medical profession, but does it not seem rather inconsistent for medical boards to make such a demand when two-thirds of the members which compose these boards are graduates of schools which demanded at the time of their graduation three years and in many instances less, or has the present class of graduates so deteriorated that it requires four years for them to learn what their older brethren acquired in two or three? It may all be done for the advancement of science, but to the suspicious it savors somewhat of protection.

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton, That lieth far and near, And dreamlike in the haven We're wont to see them clear; With blown sails leaning whitely, Sure winged 'neath storm or star; They straightway start, for still they hear The love-bells o'er the bar.

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton, Within those coasts of white Love dreams of love and listens For footsteps in the night; Like gulls, their glad way winging, They speed from wings afar; For still they hear, in music clear, The love-bells o'er the bar.

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton? Love blows across the foam; For still the sea sings ever The songs of love and home; Nor spy isles with splendid smiles Can win their sails afar, While softly swells that chime of bells, The love-bells o'er the bar.

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

O, ships that sail to Melton, With captains glad and grand, The stars that light the ocean Are the stars that light the land; But say for me, adrift at sea On lonely wrecks afar, My heart still hears, and dreaming nears The love-bells o'er the bar! —Frank L. Stanton.

THE DOCTOR'S WATCH.

I hate the sound of the doctor's watch As it ticks so solemn and slow; In every beat ye hear the feet Of the hopes that come and go. Ah! come and go, and go and come, Till the heart and the ticks are one; And they strike together till life-links sever, And the watch ticks on alone.

A Neighbor Who Brought News.

While Mr. J. L. Wilson was getting ready for church, on Sunday morning, he was surprised to hear, from a neighbor, that his house was on fire.—Telegraph.

A Man Who Will Read the Sun.

A correspondent writes from Sussex that he will henceforth read The Sun.—Thursday's Sun.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Love's Mission.

In a stately mansion old, and grand, Amidst grounds of the rarest beauty, Where the robins sing their roudelay As if 'twere a joyous duty. Where the lilies fair, and the roses bloom, And the daffodil, heartease and daisies, And the ivy green, in its glistening sheen Wraps the grand old oak in its mazes.

When the birds, mid't the trees, are singing sweet songs—

And the fountains seem sparkling with gladness, Where the beautiful sunlight glories all, Alas!—in that mansion, there's sadness; For once; those two are dwelling there, Now finding in life little pleasure, Were happy and gay and enjoying each day, To its very utmost measure.

But now, alas; the love light has fled;

And each day goes slowly over; As they show to the world a smiling face; But there is for each no love— So the days are long and life is drear, And their proud, stubborn hearts are aching While they dreamily think what "might have been." But neither any overtone making.

'Twas nothing at all, a tiff or two,

That caused the first dissension, But it grew and grew until mountains high, And nether the cause would mention; Thus they lived on, from day to day, In their innermost hearts still loving, But just coldly polite, for appearance sake; And each, their lone path treading.

She was handsome and gay, he brilliant and rich,

And the blind world envied them greatly, For how could it know, they each suffered so, While treating their guests so politely. But one day in that home a small stranger arrived, Causing new and unwonted commotion, And 'his new frail life, with a giant's strength, Swept pride from its very foundation.

So this beautiful home has its sunlight again,

The sunlight of love, with possession; While the birds are trilling grand carols of praise, To the new-born, who came in "Love's Mission." There's a lesson just here, my dear friends if you will, Not to think others proud and disdainful, While perhaps they're recalling the love that's estranged; With feelings both sad and regretful. Moncton, Feb. 13, 1894. ALLIE.

Destiny.

Soft stillness of June, the evening bright, As we wandered forth on that star lit night. Let me not think of her witching face! I gazed in her eyes. At her look so sweet, I plucked her a pale sweet mara verte. Oh! my Lillian! Queen of grace.

'Mid the wild beauty of the grove,

I poured out my mad impassioned love. Must I never forget her sad sweet air? It struck on my heart as the menacing bell Strikes on the ear in a moaning knell. Oh! my God! My heart is bare! For vain regrets and a heart that is left And broken vows are all that are left. Oh! let me not think of her drooping head! The fattering voice, the hopeless cry, The question but never answered why,— Oh my heart! Forever dead. RADLOR.

Beverly Bells.

Hark! Hark! Beverly Bells are ringing, O'er twilight square and street; 'Twas years ago they once rang so, And O, the dream was sweet! He is not dead but faithless— She donned her gown in vain; Though her heart yearns for his false sake, He will not come again! Ring, Bells of Beverly, Ring on as ye ring them; There is no mirth in heaven or earth, No truth in the hearts of men!

Hush! Hush!

Beverly Bells are dying Upon the still night air; There's a figure in a white shroud, There's a sad heart in the town; Is that a bride by the gray fire-side, Clad in a wedding gown and crown? Ring, Bells of Beverly, Ring on as ye ring them; There is no mirth in heaven or earth, No truth in the hearts of men!

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