

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 20 1895.

WOMEN'S BAD MANNERS.

A WOMAN SAYS THAT SUCH ANIMOLIES EXIST.

How Some Women Speak to Shop Girls—Thoughtlessness in Boarding Street Cars—The Theatre Hat—How She Monopolizes Seats in a Railroad Car.

We are constantly meeting with items in the papers containing vigorous protests against the manners displayed by the women one meets in the everyday walks of life, in the street cars, and church, at the theatre, and in the crowded shops: in fact everywhere that women do chiefly congregate.

I do not like to take sides against my own sex on any point in dispute, but I am afraid there is no room for dispute here, can be only one opinion on the subject, as the weight of testimony is all against us, and it really looks as if when woman went out of doors to attend to her business or pleasure in the haunts of men, she left her manners at home with her house dress.

It is a source of constant mortification and annoyance to the woman who has still some small fragments of courtesy and politeness remaining, and who is not considered too precious for every day use, to observe the utter disregard of all the small courtesies of life shown in the most open manner by others who in private life and amid their own circle of friends are considered ladies, in the highest sense of the word!

It is simply amazing to watch a well dressed, and apparently well bred woman who is out for a day's shopping, and note the awful rudeness, the appalling—I had almost said brutality—of her conduct towards strangers, and those she is pleased to consider her inferiors.

She speaks to the shop girls who serve her as she might to one of her own servants who was disposed to be impertinent and presumptuous, she tosses the goods about with a lofty disregard of the trouble it will cost to put them in place again, and she pushes her way to the front of the row of waiting customers, coolly appropriates the first vacant stool and as coolly retains it long after she has concluded her purchases, regardless of the fact that there are other, and far more tired women standing behind her, and who have been there since long before she came in.

She loiters on the sidewalk saying goodbye to a friend, until the very last moment after signalling a street car, and then glares a stony glare of indignation at the conductor because the car starts just as she is clambering leisurely on the platform. If the car happens to be full, she scorns the idea of making a spectacle of herself by clinging to a strap like other people, but prattles to wobble all over the aisle and tramp on people's toes at her own sweet will, all the time preserving such an expression of injured scorn that at last some weary man whose shins she has lurching against for the twentieth time, rises in despair and gives her his seat, which she accepts without a murmur, even of thanks.

She goes to the theatre or opera, and because she does not happen to be musical herself, of course it never strikes her that there may be others present, who are, so she chatters and laughs pleasantly all through the overture, and entertains her escort, her own particular party, and herself hugely, but awakens thoughts of homicide in the hearts of all the music lovers near her. Perhaps she may have seen the play before, and if so, that is a perfectly sufficient reason why she should make running criticisms in her ordinary voice all through the action of the piece. Until lately she persisted in wearing a headgear which effectually shut off a view of the stage from those behind her, and she was so deaf to reason, entreaty, ridicule, and sarcasm on the subject that the law was obliged to stop in and curtail her liberty in this respect.

She pays for one seat in a railway car and then deliberately piles one end of the seats with parcels, turns over the seat in front, and fills it with her wraps, her satchel, her lunch basket, umbrella, and any other parcels she may not have found room for on the other seat. Then she settles herself calmly opens her novel and withdraws herself from the outside world as completely as a Hindoo ascetic, especially if the car happens to fill up and there are passengers standing in the aisle unable to find seats. Sometimes the conductor ventures to take part in the drama, and hints to the lady that she will be obliged to content herself with one seat, until there is more room in the car; and then if glances could slay that intrepid man would fall a corpse in the aisle, for the object of his attention could not be more indignant if she had paid for four seats, instead of only one. And she makes it so pleasant for the fellow travellers who share the rest of the journey with her, that standing in the aisle was luxury in comparison with their present state. Of course I have seen men do the same thing, and behave fully as selfishly as we do, but not as often, and then one

expects more of gentleness and courtesy in a woman, than a man.

Very likely, as I said before, the woman who does many of the things I have mentioned moves in good society and is considered by her own friends to have charming manners, but the difficulty is that she keeps them for the benefit of her superiors and equals, feeling convinced, with the majority of her class, that servants, shop girls, conductors and such common folk must be kept in their places, and the only way to do this is by displaying a haughty insolence of demeanor which shall awe them into subjection. Now good manners are about the only thing by which one can judge people on a first acquaintance, or form an opinion of their social standing. They are supposed to be typical of the nature of the person who possess them; to spring from gentle blood, unselfish consideration for others, a kind heart and a refined mind, and if the woman of today persists in neglecting so important a part of her social panoply and keeping it only for use on special occasions she will lose a large amount of that respect which has been paid so willingly for ages past to those who bear and deserve the title of lady.

It is a wonderful thing to be a woman especially in these days when our influence is so wide, and our power so great, but still I cannot help thinking that it is even better to be so thoroughly a lady that one cannot bear to anything which will hurt the feelings of others, or cause even the humblest to feel their inferior position.

ASTRA.

PARIS'S DOLL ROOM.

Started by President Faure's Presents to Children in the Hospital.

Paris is par excellence the city of dolls. There is no place in the world where they are to be found in such dainty perfection as on the banks of the Seine, and people send there from all quarters of the globe, even from China and Japan, for these beautiful counterparts of the Parisienne, both great and small. Just at the present moment there is an altogether unworldly activity in the doll trade, and the manufacturers are jubilant and in their expressions of good will toward the new president, far it is he who is responsible for this boom in dolls.

Ever since his election he has made a practice of devoting at least two mornings a week to hospitals—not merely an ordinary perfunctory official visit, but an inspection into which he throws his whole heart and gentility. Instead of contenting himself with marching through the various wards escorted by the officials of the establishment, he makes a point of going from bed to bed, shaking hands with the patients, inquiring into their condition, encouraging them with cheering words, and all this without the slightest appearance of hurry or being pressed for time. It is especially by the bedside of sick children that he tarries the longest, and, as he is very tender hearted, he generally asks the little patients what he can do to give them pleasure and to make them forget their pain. The answer almost invariably is, "Une poupée," and down goes the child's name on the tablets of one of the President's aid-de-camp, with the result that on the following morning there arrive several boxes containing superb dolls—not mere cheap things, but really expensive ones, such as one would expect to find in the nurseries and playrooms of the rich.

I should be afraid to say how many dolls the President has given away since he became Chief Magistrate, but I should imagine that it must be over a thousand—in fact, considerably above that figure; and inasmuch as not one of them has cost less than 10 or 20 francs, it will readily be seen that this peculiarly touching form of charity has made a little hole in the President's large purse. The best of it is that the example which he has thus set has been extensively followed, not alone by the so-called "nouvelles riches," or lights of the Republican regime, but also by "la haute finance," and even by the noble faubourg. In fact everybody is sending dolls to the children's hospital, orphan asylums, and homes for foundlings, and the dollmakers are at their wits' end to meet the demand.

A Bad Man's Sweet Wife.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, when Browning was calling on her at one of her Sunday afternoons, asked him to write something in his autograph album, wherein many famous people had written. "With pleasure," said Browning, and wrote: "From a poet to a poem."

THEY ARE GIVING WAY.

Physicians Commence to Realize the Value of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

OTTAWA, April 15—The inveterate reluctance to admit the success of patent medicine, usually evinced by physicians is rapidly giving way as far as Dodd's Kidney Pills are concerned. The cases of Dr. Ross and Dr. McCormick, who published details of their recovery from diabetes and Bright's disease, through the agency of this remedy, were the first attacks on the citadel of their skepticism and now it appears as if the remarkable recovery of Mr. G. H. Kent, of this city, the details of which have been already transmitted to the press, would complete what has been so auspiciously begun. The published interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Kent and the sworn statement of the former leaves no foothold for disbelief.

THE PROFESSOR IN THE BASKET.

How He was Compelled to Arrange a "Deal" With the Academy Boys.

I don't know exactly what it was. Perhaps Mr. Samuel Mark Langhorne T'wain Clemens would term it "mental telegraphy." It certainly seemed to me to be coincidental. It happened this way. I dropped into the hotel on Saturday evening last with a friend, smoking one of those poker-dice cigars that a more or less kind fate had thrown into my hands the day previous, and as I closed the door thought I detected a familiar ring in the voice of a gentleman sitting near the window. He was surrounded by three friends—and the wall—to the former of whom he was evidently preparing to relate a story. I hastily whispered to my companion and we took the two remaining vacant chairs and quietly sat down to listen. I had recognized, in the owner of the above-mentioned voice, an old schoolmate of mine named Turner B—, and I was surprised, as he proceeded, to note that he was relating the very story that I had thought to write out for PROGRESS. And just here is where the mental telegraphy comes in. I had just related the story to my friend and was discussing the yarn with him when we entered the hotel. It was an account of a little incident that happened 'way back in '80—but I will tell it as it came from B—'s lips:—

I thought at the time as you say, Ned; but I really do believe my jolliest and brightest days were spent at that old boarding school. At first it seemed a little tough to leave home, with its cherished teas and pies once in awhile, for a lonely year at Squeegee. But we soon got over that languid feeling. Had we been free from restraint, I doubt if we would have enjoyed ourselves as well as we did. You see, the knowledge that we were acting in opposition to the rules of the institution seemed to add a fresh zest to our fun. What seemed the hardest to bear was being locked in at night, like so many head of dumb driven Polled Angus and Durham cattle. At home we could do as we pleased after six o'clock so long as we got in the house before ten o'clock. However, by means of a little fortitude, a bushel-basket and a rope, life at Squeegee was rendered more possible and even bearable. If any concert or dramatic event were going on in the town hall, and any of us had been refused permission to attend said function, one end of the above rope would be "be-layed" to the bedstead, (and the lotus-eaters, one by one, would be lowered in the basket.) One of the boys, generally the occupant of the room, would be detailed to await their return and haul them up to the windows. In the fall of the year, when the vegetables and orchards would be coming to a head, we would lower one of the gang in the basket, and after sufficient provender had been garnered, we would hold a grand raw-carrot and turnip Saturnalia and green-apple debauch. On the night of nights, our commissary officer for that date, Will Bunker, was an unusually long time away after sending up the first load. However, after much anxiety, the signal—three jerks on the rope—was given and we commenced pulling away, albeit marvelling much at the weight of the basket. We supposed that Will had got into the basket with the supplies for the relief of the suffering garrison. Presently the basket caught on the top of the lower window and I looked out to ascertain the trouble. You can imagine my feelings, when I saw the principal, old Dr. Angus, in the basket!

"See here, boys," I said, "tie this rope fast and do not look out until I come back," and I closed the window down upon the rope. They obeyed wonderingly, and I soon returned with a hatchet that the steward used to keep the cheese quiet at night. We all went to the window, raised it, and looked out. A cross eyed bird from Indiantown, over here, was one of the party and he held the lamp. Raising the hatchet aloft, I said, "Good evening, Doctor. It's a pleasant evening. You seem to have us in a trifle of a fix. I may also state in this connection that we have you somewhat ditto. Do you think it will rain?" To this he made no reply but violently shook a large mahogany ruler that he drew from the breast pocket of his dressing gown, and I continued:

"See here, Prof., here are our terms, strictly in advance, now is the time to get up clubs, no stamps. You promise us that you will let us scot-free, and we will lower you down. If, however, you do not comply, down comes the hatchet on the rope!" At first he stormed and raged and said he'd see us all in Cairo first, and I believe he would have attempted to climb the rope had he not been so portly in build. We then dropped the window and sat talking for about twenty minutes, when simultaneously with the splash of rain upon the window we heard the principal's voice calling, "Turner! I say, Turner!" We opened the window and he spoke. "I sur—the word seemed to stick in his throat—"I

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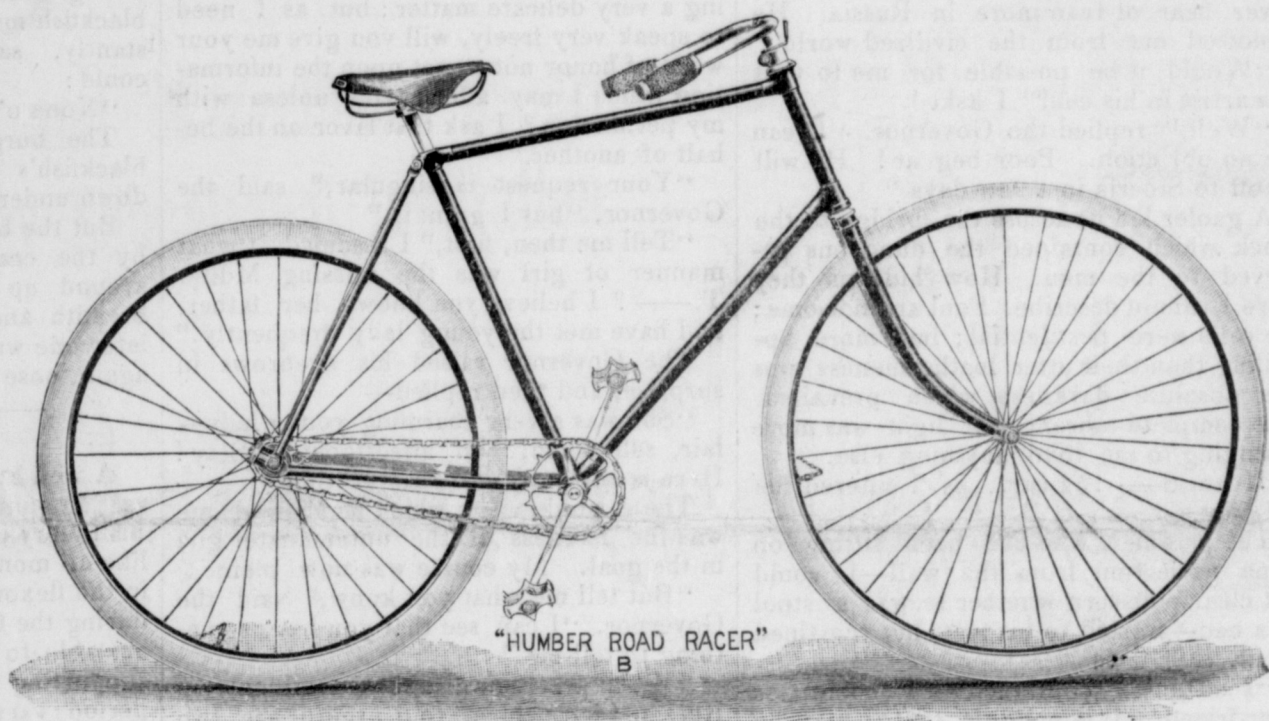
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sur-surrender, boys, if you promise to never disclose the doings of this wretched night. "Sworn!" said we in chorus, and we "paid out" the rope. The next morning our sutler, Bunker, made his appearance soaked with rain, and looking about as comfortable as the man who feels that his clergyman's remarks are directed solely at him. He said he was making his way to the basket with his arms full of carrots when he saw Prof. A. climbing into the basket. Will withdrew and spent the night in the leaky barn, communing with nature and an old red cow with one horn knocked off.

At the conclusion of B—'s little story I made myself known and was, with my friend, introduced to the party, whereupon we adjourned to—but no! It was after hours.

Curiosities of Divorces. Curiosities in divorce are always interesting and sometimes instructive, illustrating as they do the manners, customs and failings of the times. In ancient Rome, among the not uncommon "reasons" given by the husband for a divorce were those of his wife having skeleton keys made to fit his private drawers, and drinking his wine—two statements which show that the honesty of a Roman matron was not cultivated to a great extent. However, it may be there was a skeleton in the cupboard, and so the natural shrewdness of a woman's mind suggested the use of a key to match.

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