PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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

THE T. R.A. A MISTAKE.

The unwise action of the T. R.A. in rushing a ratification of their ticket has done their candidates great harm. We should not be surprised it the feeling aroused over this simple incident had an important effect apon the result of the election, and there is no doubt that it should have. If the association and its candidates felt that they could not trust the people to ratify their action at a small but represent- de-plam . Then the humprist said ive gathering, how can they expect the that on no account, did he want the citizens at large to endorse them. The people detest hole and corner methods; they are opposed to trickery of any kind in a public way and it is with a wirn and hearty support, fild the the editor of the Review even then seemed rule that they opposed so strongly last be endorsed by right thinking people. To establish a temporary business in a ward in order to get past the law, to approach of telepathy. a citizen and gain his consent to be a candidate and then drop him without excuse; to make and break a platform almost at the same meeting; these are indications that the association has lost its balance and, it may be, its influence. We do not think, for a moment, that the citizens are ungrateful for the T.R. A.'s past efforts, but they are the critics of the moment and the acts of the present day will have for greater influence with the citiz n voters than the good work of the past.

right to do so, but it is the duty of the council to allow no man the monopoly of a public institution such as this; and the recent act of the aldermen shows that it is rapidly coming to this. It will be in the discretion of the new board to make such changes in the management of the market as is called for under the new order of things. and the market men and stall holders look for such to be done.

make all out of them he can. It is his

RECOGNIZED SERIOUSNESS.

There certainly seems to be strong beief that "Personal Recollections of Joan now a half-hour earlier than they used to. of Arc." now being published in Harper's | The gas companies are suffering consil r-Magazine, and announced as being by ably from the introluction of standard 'the most popular magazine writer," is by time, and intend raising their rates. MARK TWAIN, although CONAN DOYLE seems to be pressing him hard for popularity at present. Several portions of the "Personal Recollections" recall the manner in which Mr. CLEMENS expound i historical and legendary lore in "The Princ ; and the Pauper" and "The Connecticut Y inkee at King Arthur's Court." Then there is that inimitable Twars humor that will not !e kept down, no matter how much learning

is piled upon it. If the novel is by Mr. CLEMENS, and it probably is, the writer should be congratulated on being at last allowed a greater anonymity than that associated with the words "MARK TWAIN." This writter laims, and challenges the North American Review to deny, that many years Letore Mr. STEAD began soaring in the rehad made a discovery-which discovery was nothing less than the telepathy for which Mr. STEAD gives himself so much credit. But the North American Review would not publish Mr. CLEMENS' article except under his name or nomarticle to appear over either of his names,

both of which were associated with humorous exaggeration. The publication of ei her would prevent the public tron taking keen regret that a large number of those the matter seriously, and, as TWAIN said, who have in the past given the association he was never more serious in his life. But leaders of it now resorting to the same ring to think that the affair was a huge practical joke of MARK's, and refused to publish it year. More than this the association seems otherwise than as humor. So Mr. CLEMENS to have been driven to methods that cannot | indignantly recalled his article, and did not publish it until after Mr. STEAD had been

listened to with respect upon the subject

Boyn to his resting place. A standard time has recently been introduced in Switzerland. The inhabitants of that country, though conservative enough in some of their views, saw the folly of having two or more forms of

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

cortege that tollowed the late Governor VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAT.

time in active operation at the same place. and have for the most part adopted the new time. They are not progressive enough to make the change in time contorm with their usual time for retiring however. The new system puts the clock back a half-hour, and the people go to bed

The sawdust pail was considered a remarkable invention, but siw lust bread will probably be thought even more worthy of note. In Berlin there is a great bakery which turns out every day two hundredweight of bread, which is three-tourths sawdust, the most of the rest being rye flour. A chemical process takes away the tex ure and taste of the sawdust, and liberates the saccharine and other beneficial elements. Those who have eaten flour-bread that tasted like sawdust will now be able to eat sawdust bread that tastes like flour.

The New York A lvertiser illustrates an article on the recent excitement concerning the minister of justice, but seems to be unaware of the existence of any such person as Sir CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, notgions of telepathy, he himself wrote a long withstanding his connection with a recent article to that journal announcing] that he international difficulty. The Advertiser alluded to him througout simply as "Sir CHARLES TUPPER," and embellishes its account with an excellent likeness of the Canadian high commissioner at London.

> As the romances of the period are not specimens of the "linked sweetness long drawn out" so common in days of old, there is material for a first class modern novel in the following brief note from the Hilifax Acadian Recorder of March 29: "On March 18, Rev. F. H. WRIGHT married JOHN HOLT and ALICE COOLEN. This morning Mcs. HOLT applied at the

Not Now. Not now, thou knowest what I do, My child i' may not be:

That what lite's future has for you, The present time should see. Love's swee est smile and sorrow's tear, Oft mingle into one: That in the night of pain and fear, My will may still be done.

Not now my reasons can's, thou learn, My way is of en dark; Faith only can the light discern, And my still footsteps mark. Trust me, nor ask the reason why, Grief comes and parting pain; Ouly believe that I am nigh, The rest will all be plain.

Not now my chill do I unfold, The angel guar led gates; Or is it here to true hearts told, Why sorrow on them waits. Trust most in me thy life is mine, My hand shall be thy guide:

My glory round thee yet shall shine, Come and in me abide.

Not now can we through distance dim, Trace all God's silent way; Enough to sing love's homeward hymn, Down the far aisles of day. We must be satisfied to hear, What some day we shall see; Why what we held on earth most dear, Was not for you or me.

Not now, hereafter His sweet grace, Shall well explain all this; Why some great cross must here efface. What there is sacred bliss. O trust his c re with me, and we, Though our paths must sever; Shall find their crossing place to be. Love's home with Him for ever. CYPRUS GOLEE. Pansy Porch, March 1895.

Eglamor's Sigh.

Chill is the air, and the star Of evening looks cold o'er the pines, Snow dusted. The beech Drops at my feet its late leaves. Bleached ere they fall. 'Tis dusk Here on the hill; and I watch The deeper shadows descending, Darkening Mantua's walls.

Chill is the air, but a chill Deadlier sinks to my soul: Darker the twilight shade That wraps my faltering teet. No genial light, no lamp Of song, buins in my breast; My dreams, my aims, my hopes, My efforts, seem in vain.

Ab, was my birth accursed? What happened, then to me In that strange shade before

Of life for which life is

Calls, implements, high demands; Yet they do no: kindle, arouse, N 'r strongly determine. Ab, That one might but issue firm In action, decisive, clear; What, shall I ask the years For a gift? Yes, there is a grave: Then what is the life men love? It oppresess, it kills delight, It stifles the voice of song, It smothers the heart of joy.

Whirl, ye years! Bring on The oblivious days that bury The singer and his complaint. Years when men shall say,-"See, he was fit for nought." Fit seemed I for the spring, The sweet "eternal prime," Fit may I be, perchance For the gentle grace of age, If that mild bourne be mine, There to complete my dreams. Then shall the world rush on; But I shall have quiet repose, And he who shrank from life In its fury and its lust, May watch the falling ash And flickering fire, and bless The chimney corner decay. The sombre, the senile years. PASTOR FELIX.

Sweetheart.

Of all the maidens I have seen-And that you know is not a few-'Tis thee I rank the fairest queen, To thee my heart yields homage true.

Thine eyes are like the Scottish bell, The bluebell of my native land. The drooping lashes hide a spell Before the which I may not stand.

- Thy smile is like the sunny day That sheds its brightness all around, A love-lit beam, a heavenly ray Descending on unhallowed ground.
- Thy voice is like the summer song That whispers through the hazel dell Or warbles forth the trees among; Thy laugh the tinkling of a bell.
- Thy golden tresses rich and rare, Thy ruby lips enchant my lay, The rose buds on thy lily cheek, But who can paint the bloom of May?
- 'Tis true thou call'st me friend indeed, O may thou not still more award? I offer thee not wealth and power, The honest heart of a humble bard.
- Thy soothing presence doth impart Sweet foretaste of a better life, Ambition's height to say thou art My triend, my sweetheart, and my wife. St. John, N. B. C. H. D.

Disquietude.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

A few months ago PROGRESS, in alluding to a current number of the Review of Reviews, said that it might well be called "a Canadian number." The Easter number of Donahoe's may well be given the same name. "A Winter Visit to Ste. Anne de Beaupre," that famous Canadian shrine, is well treated by G. M. Ward (Mrs. Pennee). The account is illustrated. There is also a good article by G. M. Ward on Sir John Thompson. The article is illustrated by a portrait of the late premier, and by pictures of his birthplace and late residence. "Wendell Phillips-A Reminiscence" is a Canadian reminiscence. It tells how the great American orator was received very coldly by a Toronto audience when he rose to speak of Daniel O'Connell, and how Phillips secured the sympathy of the audience by the tollowing words: "It is over two decades since I stood under the folds of the flig which flies over the Dominion of Canada. I remember the occasion well. The war which recently rent my country in twain for a period hid not vet begun, and we were struggling with great issues. I had reason to visit the city of Kingston; and as I stepped on the dock and saw before me the citadel surmounted by the British flag. I paused, I had but little love for it, it had once done grievous injury to me and mine; great crimes against humanity were represented by its blood red; it had a great history, and millions loved and hated it, but forgettul of its crimes and its glories, as I saw it I thanked the God of freemen that on the American continent there was one flig whose domain held not a single slave."

The "Trilby tad" obtains precedence over the "Napoleon fad" in McClure's Magazine this month. Du Maurier 1s well treated. E. J. Edwards, a most entertaining writer of political history, begins a series of articles on "Tammany." trom its origin twelve days after Washington took the oath of office as president. "The Bank of England" is another interesting article. That new Scotch "lion," lan Maclaren, has a pathetic tale, "Atterwards."

Cupid in Church Choirs.

MONOPOLIZING THE MARKE F.

The letter of Mr. F. L. Ports, published in this issue, throws more light on whose jokes that made him famous as a the market question. Mr. POTTS, it is humorist were not his own, but those of evident, would like to secure a monopoly a journalist who wagered that he could of the market, and would be willing to make any given man famous, and was pay for it; so much is plain from his letter. That he is in a fair way to secure such is also evident when the recent action of the council is considered. They decided humor is a very potent factor in the greatagainst right il not law, that Mr. Ports should have the market this year without ABRAHAM LINCOLN and Sir JOHN A. going through the formality of buying it MACDONALD, it might have been injurious at public auction or by tender. The Ast to their serious position in the public eyes of February, 1895, respecting the market had they been widely recognized as humorlaw, does not contain an intimation that ist before their statesmanship had a chance the market can be sold in any other way to be shown. than by public au tion or by tender. If the council have the right to change this old established custom founded on right and justice, they should be compelled to give some notice of their intention of doing so. Several men in the city were hoping to secure the market this year. Some of them a Maltese cat from a neighbor, and was were willing to give at least one thousand subsequently arrested by the neighbor for dollars more for the right than is now paid. They waited anxiously for notice of auction, and with what result ? They found that the council in defiance of right and justice usurped to themselves the power of leasing the market to Mr. Potts. No reason was advanced for this act of unfairness, only that appear to them, for it is the common law Mr. Ports had "worked up the tolis" and of England that there is no property in a cat. had paid the city more last year then had The prized Persian cat, or the most useful ever been paid before. It was presented mouser, cannot be the subject of larceny as an act of philantrophy and charity on by that law. Perhaps the reason for the the part of Mir. Ports; he was willing to law is consideration for the cat, as a cat aid the city to that extent and such charity which does not like a new home generally should not be allowed to go unrewarded. manages to find its way back to its old And the hearts of the aldermen went out to Mr. Ports and in return he was presented with the market at one

MARK TWAIN is not the only humorist that has suffered from a lack of appreciation of his seriousness. There was a somewhat celebrated United States politician who, according to his own account, "would have been president" if he "hadn't been so funny." WILLIAM WARREN, the popular comedian, was a good tragedian, but was not a success as such, for audiences could never learn to take him seriously. SYDNEY SMITH might have had a greater fame as a serious preacher fit the opinion of the m sses had not been very much that of

his countryman who is laughed at for saying, "We consider him quite our most remarkable buffion." TOM OCHILTREE, given TOM OCHILTREE, might have been quite a statesman had not people thought him a great jester. And although, however, ness of some men in other lines, such as

SeveralEnglish papers, which do not seem to be well acquinted with the laws of England, are laughing at a decision recently made in an American court. A citiz in of Bultimore recently appropriated thett. When the came case on, counsel for the prisoner pleaded that a cat cannot be stolen; and the attorney-general of Maryland has supported the plea on appeal. It is not becoming for the English papers to sneer at this law, however absurd it may one.

The popularity and esteem in which the thousand dollars less than it could have late Ex-mayor PETERS was held was shown

City Hall for a warrant for her husband's arrest for non-support."

Mr. Bok's article on "Tae Young Man and the Church," which clusel a PROG-RESS reporter to take a census of the young men at one of the leading churches ot this city, which census would have surprised Mr. Box, would be more appropriate in in the English town where the following notice is placed on a church door. "Young men are not excluded from the services of this church."

ZADKIEL, the great London almanac maker and prognosicator, in his predictions for 1895, said that Nova Scotia would see trouble during the month of March. The Halifax Echo says that the uneasiness in regard to Sir CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER must have been the trouble to which ZAD-KIEL alluded.

Oat in Lansing, Mich , they have a decided improvement on the suicide clubs, providing that it is agreed that the doctrines of MALTHUS should prevail. At stated intervals a member is chosen by lot whose duty it is to get married within the year.

New Brunswick Bibliography.

A work of great importance to the student of provincial history and literature is that just issued by W. G. MacFarlane, A. B., of the Record staff, under the title of "New Brunswick Bibliography : the Books and Writers of the Province." It is a paper-bound volume containing a hundred pages of double-column matter. Over five hundred authors are catalogued, and in many cases the list of titles is accom. panied by biographical and critical sketches of the writers and by brief descriptions of the more important books. Nobody will be at all surprised at learning that the gathering of the material has occupied a space of five years. The edition is limited and the price has been placed at fitty cents a copy. The book is on sale at E; G. Nelson's and J. and A. MacMillan's. The scholarship and care exercised in the compilation of this work are eminently creditable to Mr. MacFarlane, who is well-known as one of the cleverest writers of the maritime provinces. The book is certainly a most valuable addition to New Brunswick bibliography.

Knocked Out on Hallfax Time. Here is one of the questions that are always being fired at Officer Stevens at the depot. The other night a well dressed gentleman came along and the following

dialogue ensued. "When does the next train leave ?" "At 9.16."

"How long before it leaves?"

My dawn, and its first cry By rolling of what star In its orbit over me. Baleful, that all the ends Ot my life have foun 1 defeat: I the great light have seen. I have hoped as the gods hope, And striven as they strive; In vain! I have failen and risen A thousand times: and the part

Is coming surely to nought. My jubilant tourney field Is deserted now, where, 'mid Youth's dewiest prime, in the sun I strove for the priz : of song, Undoubtingly. Laurels I saw; Smiles fell and cheers. How now ? Let man, who much essays, Look to the end. All's o'er. This is my thrust in the conflict-Oaly a feeble feint. The prizes are borne away. A curse on my coward heart! How dared it be feeble-how! It? and my aim so high? What is this failing within me, That the cry of exultation Turns to the hiss of defeat? The crown I saw afar, Starwise, with gold of song Gleaming, it has become Dearer, beyond my reach-My mockery and my shame. Praise, gratulate, no more. You if perchance I hear Utter the word of cheer.

Myself I shall never please. Failure! Then what remains? Waits me a race untried, For the prize I missed, beyond Under some kindly star, Propitious, and not malign? There may my genius attain Completeness and grandeur of aim Here denied it? May I Recover my talisman. My wizard transmuting touch, And see my Pace lix-hope Her ashea wing replume? Or will the potter make Me a broken vessel there? Stands at the gate of life Where I re-born, go in, The invisible grim fate. Iron:cal, saturnine, To look after me and smile: To wither with his breath My first new buds, and stop My blossom before the truit? Will the weaver, Destiny, Tangle anew my feet, When I set them to the heights; Or urge me witless down Along some profitless path, To the lonely desert goal, Where song and hope are vain? Dowa! yet from each abyss Glimpses of rose-crowned peaks And towers the muses haunt, Where song's divine Ideal, That radiant æ rial, floats. Showing me, till I cry Wildly against the vision

Impossible; vain as the stars To him who lies far in the pit, Joseph-like, hated and sold. Feeding the silent rage Of inward protesting thought?

That summit of life is reached To which wholesome youth aspires; The strenaous testing time. The age of action, meant

The pipes of nightingale and thrush ut to his weary, burdened mind suggest the hallow promises and joys of life. Its stable griefs and never failing strife.

'or him, the heart sick victim of unrest.

There is no skill in Nature's brush;

e moon's soft beams serve but to throw a shade the brook flows mournfully along In chorus with the sad toned song of th' balam-secented breeze, that erst played With merry romp throughout the shaded wood, And to the murmuring pine its love-song cooed. Alone, amidst the bustling throng. He aimless wanders, now dreams of peace, save. In the dark, quiet confines of the grave. CASEY TAP.

> "FILOSOFY AND FOLLY." By "Jay Bee."

Imagination is capable of doing most wonderfu things, but is rarely strong enough to pay a bill. Conversion that fails to make home happier needs

a little more prayer Pride may have its "fall" in winter or spring.

The fire alarm is as efficacious in drawing a crowd as are some other attractions

Never be content with saying "God help you" to the needy without extending a little yourself.

If you get the best of a trade you are considered a 'fakir." If you don't, the other fellow is. Moral-Keep on trading.

Glass houses continue to be built.

"To the pure, all things are pure." That's the kind of grocer to deal with, he does not know what adulteration means.

'Tis time for the maplehoney bee to be getting in its work.

An impatient doctor likes a patient patient. The absconding cashier enjoys a checquered career, a sort of baak-chek er-ed one.

If the soul has any transmigratory propensities what elephantine proportions some will enjoy, while many more will descend to the mere animalculae of

another life, if heart and soul are synonomous.

No one courts death while in the enjoyment of

Amongst housewives, there are generally but too kinds, the slave and the drone

A pauper prince is not necessarily a princely pauper

To move or not to move! That is the question! Whether 'tis better to put up with the inconveniences of the present house, or on the first of May to end them? The consumation so devoutly to be wished cannot be determined till moving time comes round again.

To be dead five minutes is generally conceded sufficiently long to determine one's fu urity.

If you wish to be O K (oak) "spruce" up and don't "pine" "fir" anything.

A word to fatalists .- That cold you have con tracted may have been hovering around for ages awaiting an opportunity for you to "catch" it. Catch on?

A wooden suit, wooden suit a live man, wood it? The mother-in-law is much betler appreciated when she becomes your children's grandmother.

Ability without willingness is of little worth.

There was a young man named Jycle. W ho tried hard to ride a cycle, But the harder he tried To accompilsh the ride, The worse it was for his bycle.

In no.c .nt .- The unpatronized penny-in-the-slot machine.

A man who sings tenor in a fashionable London church remarked to the writer some time ago that he knew of at least half a dozen serious affairs of the heart in progress in as many choirs.

"I believe," he added, "that if statistics were obtainable on the subject it would be found that of single people who join church choirs a larger proportion get married within a year than among an equal number of young people that might be selected anywhere else. A possible exception might be made of the operatic stage Singing, even it it is about things celestial, sets the deepest of all earthly emotions going, and the hearts chord with each other just as voices do.

"If the singer doesn't discover an affinity in a fellow-singer it is pretty apt to be found in the congregation. It a woman has a sweet voice, a face to match, and a figure to go with the other two attractions. she has the best possible opportunity for displaying them, as you can understand. The same principle applies to a handsome man."

Man Against Game Cocks.

A new kind of a combat has been arranged to come off in Portland, Me., in the near future. This is to be between a colored man and three game roosters. The pugilist has knocked out about all of the sluggers in town and in this neighborhood who are in his class, not excepting a few who are a little above it, and sighs for more worlds to conquer. The three roosters are in somewhat the same boat, having licked all of the other roosters for miles around. and occasionally taken a fall out of each other. The match, it is said, was made in a stable recently, the conditions being that the colored man is to be locked into a room with the birds, having his arms tied together and being innocent of trousers. The birds are so fierce that they will fly at any one who pokes his foot at them, and this method is to be used to encourage them. The man is to be allowed to kick a'l he wants to, to kill the birds with his feet it he can, at any rate to knock them out, but he mus not untie his hands or use them in any way to help himself.

But Not in His Paper.

Probably no man ever so comp'etely dominated a publication with his personality as Mr. Bonner did the New York Ledger. When it was first published he formulated a code of morals and manners, so to speak, for it, and no contribution that transgressed these rules was inserted. He objected to stories that reflected on sisters, stepmothers. or life insurance; and if submitted by any of the staff they were rejected. All horses that figured in the pages of the paper had to be named Dobbin, and there was a heavy fine for driving them along faster than a walk ! Neither could cousins marry, in Ledger stories. " Cousins do often marry in real life," once protested a contributor, whose story was rejected on account of a cousinly marriage. "Not in the New York Ledger," aid Mr. Bonner: and they didn't.

How Anarchy Began.

The beginnings of anarchy as a system are generally traced to the writings of Prudhon, but there was a very curious reference to it in France in 1857. At that time a M. Rigault began his election address with the words: " The hydra of Anarchy The way to spell pepper that is halt peas is this, raises its head." It is interesting to find that his opponent against whom this metaphor was level.ed, was Hippolyte Carnot, the father of the late President, who was destined to perish by the dagger of an Anarchist.

been leased for this year. Now it stands by the fact that thousands of people turned out to witness his funeral on Tuesday. to reason that if the council can do such an act without giving any notice they can put There were many women and children among them, and they lined the sidewalks the sole control of the market in the hands of Mr. Porrs by appointing his fath r as all along the City Road. He was well clerk. The market men or country liked by them and it was said that it the people will see the beauties of the system ladies had votes he would have been elected lately inaugurated by the council, and the almost anywhere. Perhaps it was besystem of "working jup the tolls" extolled | cause of their instinctive fondness for a at the recent meeting of the city fathers fine manner and good presence that were will be demonstrated in all its beauty and so well exemplified in him. He did not completeness. We have no desire to deal like much display and so desired his funeral unfairly with Mr. Ports. He is a busi- not to be official. Had it been official it this spring, and customers can rely on getress man and bought the market tolls to would only have been surpassed by the ting best value in all the new goods.

"It is just nine now-in sixteen minutes," answered the officer.

"How long will it be by Halifax time? I have Halifax time, you see."

The officer did not change countenance. He was used to it. But it was a severe blow.

Wall Paper and Window Shades.

D. McArthur, bookseller, 90 King street, is giving special value in wall paper and window shades. His goods are all new

For fruits and for rewards I see them taken;-They go To the resolute, the bold. Alas! I have reached the time For which I was never fit, And dream and song are afar. I stand in disgust and dismay. The years and the men are not As my soul; I hear my heart Utter an alien cry. Give justice to the earth, Give mercy, beauty and love And magnanimity ;-Give these, and take away The craven, sordid and base. Yet the burden of the time Sits hard on me; to bear Irksome, and slow to put away,

pea (p) e double e (e) pea (p) pea (p) e double e (e) are (r).

An April Fool Prank.

A young lady who was going down the street on Monday last was accosted by a body of laughing little maids from school. "Have you got a pin ?" one of them asked.

The young lady obligingly gave them a by pinning on the young lady's dress a tool."

How Dyaks Settle Disputes.

When the Dyaks in Borneo have to de. cide which is in the right, they have two equal lumps of salt given to them to drop into water, and he whose lump dissolves pin, and the little maid basely repaid her first is deemed to be in the wrong. Or they put two live shell-fish on a plate piece of paper with the logerd, "April lime pice over them, the verdict is given -one for each litigant-and, squeezing according to which man's mollusk stirs first