

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 2

EXHIBITION PROSPECTS.

There is good ground for the belief that the provincial government will show its appreciation of the efforts made by St. John citizens to hold an industrial exhibition this year, by rendering substantial assistance in furtherance of the undertaking in addition to the usual grant for such purposes. This is as it should be, for the proposed exhibition is intended to be a provincial affair in the best and broadest sense of that term, and as such there is no section of the province so obscure or remote but that it will share to some extent in the beneficial results.

A large part of the work involved in the arranging and carrying out of the plans for an exhibition upon the comprehensive scale that a provincial exposition should require, and no small proportion of the expenses involved, must necessarily fall upon the St. John people. They will be found equal to the occasion however, and may be relied upon to cheerfully perform their share and more of the labor, if they have the assurance of support and aid from the provincial government to encourage them. Without such tangible assurance the exhibition could scarcely be made representative of any interests or sections outside of St. John city and its immediately tributary territory.

The exhibition prospects now seem bright. That the fair will be held, there is no longer serious reason to doubt. It only remains to devise ways and means to ensure the greatest possible measure of success for the enterprise, and as St. John always does a thing well when she does it at all, only the cooperation of New Brunswick in general is required to make the proposed fair not only a success as a show and a festival, but as a grand and comprehensive industrial exposition representative of the natural wealth, industry, skill and intelligence of the province.

MR. DICKEY IN ART.

In "The Wild Horses of the Canadian Parliament; Premier BOWELL'S Difficult 'Manage' Act," one of Mr. BENGOUGH'S cartoons which is copied into the American Review of Reviews, the artist does not feel fully competent to show Secretary of State DICKEY'S face, so contents himself with drawing the back of his head, and affixing a label with the secretary's name. The clever Grip artist should visit this part of the country often than he does, for the only other member of the cabinet whose face he does not draw is his Prince Edward Island representative.

Mr. BENGOUGH'S resource is not quite as unique as THOMAS NAST'S when he was unable to secure a picture of the gentleman who was candidate for vice-president on the HORACE GREILEY ticket. Mr. NAST, after hunting long and fruitlessly for a portrait of the unlamented aspirant to the vice-presidential chair, was sadly discouraged. The forms of Harper's Weekly were delayed so that Mr. GREILEY'S partner should receive recognition from the pencil of the artist. When the forms and the engraver could be held no longer, Mr. NAST was seized with a brilliant idea. He quickly attached a card bearing the name of the nominee for vice-president on the tail of GREILEY'S famous white coat. The joke took, was continued throughout the entire campaign, and is said to have aided in the defeat of the republican candidates.

Neither of the new cabinet members from the maritime provinces deserve like treatment from Mr. BENGOUGH. But still the picture of the Canadian cabinet is not at all true to life as regards Mr. DICKEY, at any rate. The picture of the back of the new secretary's head is not at all like what it seeks to represent. And as to the secretary's head, Mr. DICKEY, like EUGENE FIELD, EUGENE DEBS, and many of the other famous men of the day, strikingly resembles, although he surpasses in beauty, the immortal BILL NYE.

Rev. Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE is the author of "The Man Without a Country," but this seems not to be his only work of fiction. A year or so ago he wrote a remarkable article to one of the leading re-

views, telling how much of VIRGIL'S Aeneid he had mastered in a certain period of time when he was a young lad at school. PROGRESS has it on the authority of a professor of classics who is a remarkably fast reader, that such a feat as Dr. HALE claims to have done would have been absolutely impossible. He says that to simply read the Latin, without any attempt at translation or memorization, in the time specified by Dr. HALE, would have been a considerable undertaking. And now the great author seems to be again soaring in the vicinity of Fiction's dizzy heights. In an address at the old South church in Boston a few days ago he told his audience that when DANIEL WEBSTER in his speech at Plymouth on December 22, 1820, used the expression, "Will any man dare to say?" his little son EDWARD, unaccustomed to hearing his father opposed, piped up, "No, pa." The Boston Transcript is a great admirer of Dr. HALE but feels that it is its duty to show that EDWARD was only five months old at the time, and that no such question as quoted occurred in the Plymouth address.

There are a good many old Canadian coins which, like a good many old Canadian stamps, are very valuable. But the inexperienced collector is often deceived, not so much by imitation Canadian coins as by too readily jumping at conclusions. A medal of Cardinal RICHELIEU is often supposed to be Canadian, merely because he was one of Canada's early prime ministers. A French medal struck in honor of JEAN VARIN is sometimes set down as Canadian, because another VARIN, whose first name was FRANCOIS, and who certainly did not deserve honor, being the greatest boodler of his time, was so intimately connected with Canadian affairs. A coin of Ottawa, Illinois, is claimed as having been coined in the Dominion at the time when the present capital of Canada was first known by that name. But perhaps the most deceiving of all the coins that have been supposed to be Canadian is one which bears the name "Nova Scotia." It is really an operative check of a cotton mill of that name near Manchester, England.

Congressman HENRY C. BLISS, of West Springfield, Mass., is out with a new scheme to prevent a person's voting more than once at elections. In a few days he will introduce a bill in the house of congress the provisions of which will call for the presence of photographers at all polling places. Mr. BLISS wants representatives of political parties to be given the opportunity of standing at the rail in polling booths, camera in hand, to take snap-shots of strangers as they come up to vote. All men suspected of being "repeaters" are also to be photographed. Mr. BLISS'S scheme should lessen the liability of impersonation, but the accomplished voter who is wont to exercise his and other people's franchises "early and often," will probably find some means to circumvent the photographer.

The article in PROGRESS this week treating of the manufacturing development of the maritime provinces being the substance of a paper read before the manufacturers' committee of the St. John board of trade—is one that will interest all classes of readers throughout the provinces. The thoughts expressed and ideas advanced, the needs set forth and the ways pointed out by which our general industrial growth and development may be promoted by home enterprise as well as by foreign capital, are equally applicable to any town or section, and full of suggestion to all.

A most interesting article is that concerning WELLINGTON and NAPOLEON which appears in another column. It is from the pen of Lord ROBERTS, and shows that WELLINGTON was as great a general, if not a greater, than the man about whom the literary and historical world is now going hero-mad. This is a belief shared in by many, and it is well brought out in CHARLES LEVER'S most famous novel. In connection with the Napoleonic craze, a St. John musician informs PROGRESS that SARDOU started it in his play of "Malandre sans Gene."

Halifax people are writing to the papers of that city saying that nothing is so clean and vital so efficacious for sprinkling on icy sidewalks or slippery streets as salt water sand. "It is so inexpensive and easily obtained," says the Echo, "that the suggestion has been made that the city keep a quantity on hand and give employment to a few of those out of work in scattering it where needed when necessity arises." Perhaps this system would work well in St. John. At any rate salt water sand is preferable to salt.

MARK TWAIN says that "TOM BAILEY ALDRICH has said 1,500 if not 15,000 things as brilliant as the things TALLYRAND said." As Mr. TWAIN and the original of "TOM BAILEY" are both as famous as there is any need of being, this compliment of MARK does not necessarily presuppose a return compliment from the man whom A. WARD called "the graceful and pleasing Mr. ALDRICH." In this days of prearranged literary amenities, such an assurance should be cheering.

A Wisconsin general has the misfortune not to have a singular name—which appears to be a most potent element of popu-

larity in the United States just now—out he is striving to gain political notoriety by blasphemous remarks about President CLEVELAND, and extreme and ridiculous remarks concerning the punishment of strikers. He is obtaining the desired prominence, for many papers in both the United States and Canada are publishing his strictures.

If the editor of PROGRESS wished to begin a personal controversy with the editor of the Telegraph he could not ask for a better subject. But if Mr. HANNAY forgets what is due to the paper he edits and disregards what is decent in journalism, that is no reason why the editor of PROGRESS should follow his example. The publication of the paragraphs in the Telegraph of yesterday has injured both the editor and that newspaper far more than they will discredit PROGRESS.

They must play hockey at Montreal with even greater vim than at St. John or else the lady mentioned in the following paragraph from the Montreal Star is guilty of some slight exaggeration: "An American lady present at the match in the Victoria Rink on Saturday remarked that the late civil war on the other side of the line was a child's game compared with hockey as played here."

ANDREW CARNEGIE, in his lecture before Union college on "Wealth and its Uses," indulges in considerable hypocrisy, in much gush over the editor of the New York Sun, which is duly copied into that paper, and in something that practically amounts to plagiarism from "Pad'head Wilson." One would never have thought, until one read this address, that Mr. CARNEGIE wished to die poor.

Any of the readers of PROGRESS who may have correspondence with a HARRY B. CLARKE of Halifax will please take notice that he has no regard for the privacy of the contents of letters marked "private" and govern themselves accordingly. The experience of the editor of PROGRESS with this individual warrants this assertion.

The Massachusetts legislature is considering the restriction of advertising on fences, barns and scenery generally. The majority seem to be inclined to the belief that advertising in newspapers is not only more profitable, but also more proper.

If it true, as a correspondent states, that eight or ten dollars were taken from the pocket of brave MORTIMER DAY when he was insensible after his gallant rescue the other evening, it is the meanest, most contemptible act on record.

The tribute to "M. J. K. L." by PASTOR FELIX in another column is well deserved. Acadia has had many singers far less worthy of being sung than that MARY JANE KATZMANN LAWSON.

The most talked-of personage in the city of (physical) culture this week is a certain able young man of St. John.

CASIMIR-PERIER'S photographs are now a drug in the French market.

A Query For Mr. G.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Having read in PROGRESS about a cruise down the St. John river by G., I would kindly ask you if the author ever published an account of a trip down the Susquehanna river he refers to in the St. John's cruise. Now I have made the cruise of Susquehanna river myself and would like very much to get a good account of a cruise, especially in the manner G. gives it.

H. E. BLACKBURN.

117 Jones St., San Francisco, Cal.

Nicknames and Old Customs.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In a recent issue of your widely read paper, under the caption "Episcopalian," it was stated that the "ancient custom" of evening communion had been re-introduced at a church in your city. I think it would be well if these ecclesiastical notes were supplied by members of the churches or denominations to which the items appertain. Then what appears under each heading would be likely to be correct—like-wise the headings themselves. Is it right that such a caption as "episcopalian" should be used when there is no church that calls itself by that name, or is known to the lay-by any such designation? It is not best always to call a spade a spade, or use nicknames? When the church of England is meant, why not say church of England?

As to the "ancient custom" referred to, it may be of interest to some of your readers to know that it is a very recent innovation in the English church. The ancient and universal custom of using the Holy Communion Service in the morning only has always prevailed in the church of England. It is less than half a century since it was first used in the evening. It is not a custom of the English church, for it prevails in only a few parishes.

J. SIMONDS.

A Correspondent's Query.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS. In reading Frederickson Society news in last week's PROGRESS, it struck me as a very strange thing that in the long list of children's names at the "At Home" given to them by our worthy governor and his most estimable lady there should not be one catholic child's name. Now we Presbyterians are considered a bigoted body of people, but at least we are honestly bigoted. We have many worthy Catholic Tax payers whose children would, I feel sure, grace any entertainment, and the day has gone by, I hope, for such extremes. Don't you think I am right? C. Frederickson, Jan. 30th, 1895.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

"She Sleeps." She sleeps! She sleeps! Around her bed The holy in-sun-dial odors meet; The blue sky bends above her head, The drif't snow her winding sheet; I call her, yet she answers not; And will not, may not, wako for me! Ah, long, and deep, and cold's your sleep, Too cold, my precious one, for thee! She sleeps! She sleeps! I cannot see her where she sleeps!

She sleeps! She sleeps! Her coverlets With diamond braid from heaven are bright; The red sun glids them while he sets; The white moon sheets them through the night; And up her curtains blue each morn, Wild birds may carol widest glee; But cannot break the rest you take, Else you would wake and speak to me. She sleeps! She sleeps! Heart-breaking sleeps! Still she sleeps!

She sleeps! She sleeps! Beneath her breast Are laid in fold her dainty hands; Her temples in their tresses rest; Like jewels rare in silken bands! I know, I know—she sleeps so fast, Though moon, or light, or morn may see The low deep shade where thou art laid; Most precious spot on earth to me. She sleeps! She sleeps! And, ah, so long my darling sleeps!

She sleeps! but still her morning lauch, As ever greets my listening ear; And as the night-time shadows fall Her fall voiced evening song I hear; And in the enchanted halls of sleep, This white-winged angel suffereth me To touch thy hand, in shadow land, And catch a glimpse, my child, of thee? She sleeps! She sleeps! O Father, soothe me, while she sleeps!

She sleeps! But God, our Father, knows To hide my darling thus from me; Can bring my heart but wild repose Unless it findeth rest in Thee. Oh, wilt thou see my love for me? Exceeded mine for Thee, O God? And can this be the reason why Thou hast not deigned to spare the rod? She sleeps! She sleeps! But I am waking while she sleeps.

She sleeps! She sleeps! She dreameth not, On yon low couch—Ah no! Ah no! But mine hath been a dreamer's lot, O thou my God who shaped it so Who givest such soothing dreams in sleep, In sleep, oh grant them still to me, But take, oh take, for Jesus' sake, These waking dreams of agony, She sleeps! She sleeps! One parting kiss, because she sleeps!

She sleeps! She sleeps! O fount of light! O fount of love! O fount of life! It thus I sleep along my night, When wondered, what can weakness do? I know—I know, she was too fair For earth, the tomb of fairest flowers, And while I own she's Thine alone, I can't forget that she was ours. She sleeps! She sleeps! I bow to Thee in Whom she sleeps. St. John, Jan. 2nd, 1895. Mrs. J. SIMMONS.

"Frankincense and Myrrh."

Thine, rarest odors, wafted from the shore Of some green isle; the sweetest incense, thine— Mix'd spices burning in a holy shrine, Or ceper, swanz Love's temple; raise before, Sacred the page that doth thy thought restore, Thou vestal maid, charming the golden hours, Melodious chiming 'neath Chebucto's bowers, Consecrate with affection's tenderest lore.

Now while each healing leaf I linering press, Instant and glad its fragrance it yields, With youth's bright memory, woman's gentleness, Balm-breathing from Acadia's mimic fields; Misty mine eyes—mine inward vision clear— For boyhood, home, and native land are here! Hampton, Mr., Jan. 19th, 1895.

A Flower of Friendship.

A sweet and beautiful flower Blooms in a silent place; In my heart's rose island bower, Watered with dew of grace, No other can match its splendor, Or ever as fair to see; And a hand that is friendship's warmest, Planted it there for me.

This flower of friendship golden, Like a sun in winter's white, For me it is alone unfolded, As a star unfolds its light. As the leaves of a purple pansy Kiss the delightful air; The love of a life that loves me Is summer forever fair.

Sweet peace of her loving spirit Is my flower of ten breath; Whatever may here befall me, So only can change in death. The love of her sunny being, Like a calm vale alone; And the warmth of love's life stream, Is the soul of my soul's song. Basy Poreh, Jan. 1895. CYRUS GOLDS.

Sorrow's Dream.

Thy form lies in sweet sad dreams That bring a vague and coming glow; I know it is thy soul's bright gleam That lights the shadow of my sorrow. Care and distress has been my lot Since thy dear form was placed away; Tho' in my heart thou'rt ne'er forgot, No hope have I for shining ray— Save when in dreams thy spirit comes And commences with my lonely soul; Ah! does the soul thus find its own And to its mate its love unfold?

And then thy dear loved face so smiling Is lit with beams of radiant joy; 'Tis heaven with thee, sweet love, beezuling, What artifice dost thou employ? And if 'tis thus, as we suppose, When life forsakes this vale of tears— Loved spirit to loved spirit goes— Kind God of love, haste thou my years. J. S. CLARKE.

An Evening Meditation.

Soft breezes, wafted from the fertile leas— Perfume laden, from wild flowers, wood and brake, Just sway the lofty tops of stately trees, And stir the placid surface of the lake. The daily work is o'er, all silent there Where late they gathered treasure from the soil, The flocks are safely kept, with thoughtful care. Sweet sleep rewards the hardy sons of toil, The glorious orb of night fall, and serene, Lights up the charming summer evening scene Of sparkling wavelet, meadow, grove, and hill. Enchanting to the sight, so soft and still, Conviction strong, within the inner spirit Of conscience, thrilled by truth, spirit divine, Awakes to welcome a celestial light, The pardoning love of Christ, so gentle, bright, And, thankful heart, renders with fervent word Praise, deep, sincere, to Christ the Saviour, Lord. FERR.

A Morning Bath in Maui.

From cloth of gold of eastern looms, And whirl and glare of city rooms, She fled away to woodland bloom, In softly swaying holokou. Her bare feet wet with morning dew, She strayed up in the hills she knew; She climbed among the waterfalls Where tremble unto streamlet calls Amid the sombre canon walls. And at some placid pool between Where forest trees together lean, Making unobtrusive perfect screen, She stayed and listened for some sound Of man or beast that, lingering round, Might trespass on her chosen ground. The oos sang their roundelay; A lily flushed, a crimson ray; A bird rustled in the soil, The oakbough swayed its slender rod, Tossing her hair the birds and God. Like an expectant euryalus, She shed her clothes as thines amies And radiant stood for wind to kiss; She shook her dark hair to the breeze, And so arrayed unto her knees, She stole among the whispering trees And climbed among the rocks that lie In primal masonry on high, And stood outland against the sky. The sun shone on her body fair, The trade winds frolicked with her hair; All nature did her homage there, And she there standing in the sun Was with other nature one; And felt its currents through her run. To soon, alas! in sinuous grace She ran with swiftly flying feet, And boldly sprang from that high place, And like a meteor in its flight, Or unheeded knightly sabre bright, She dashed one moment in the light, And then in watery eclipse, From velvet toes to finger tips, Went out that sweet apocalypse! —Hawaiian Gazette.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOOLY.

By Jay Bee. About the time a man becomes resigned, that de-spot death, it mads his resignation. Heavy drinkers do not hanker after the "meek in spirit."

An ineffective orator is as the murmuring conch shell. One of the lost arts—badly broken statutory. I hate to look or feel ill in the presence of an undertaker.

Pugilism is one of the "fine" arts, at least pugilists find it so when hauled up for the same. Slow pay makes time resemble eternity to some.

When posing before the camera of public opinion, be thou thankful if the picture produced be truthful, not to say flattering. Inspiration is something the result of serious thought.

He who loves me for my money is either ignorant as to my wealth, or his love is not deep rooted. Time is a slice of eternity.

Clothes will continue the style this summer, excepting of course at fashionable watering places and full dress evening parties. "I was only twelve a year, nine friend, summer and winter," was the way he said it.

Poets are born, not made. Well! in what respect do they any advantage over other mortals. If you wish to know the "ins" and "outs" of it, just watch the result of an election.

A warm time—when a "broth of a boy" gets "in the soup." Self-condemnation is not sufficiently common to determine its praiseworthiness.

Solomon slights reversed—Tommy, who was suffering with stomachache caused by green fruit, said to his mother, "O's mamma! Feed me on love, for I am sick of apples." "Crooks" are "fishers of men," this kind they call "Gulpins."

There are chromes given with black T. green tea and mixed T. but no premium on Hones-T. Time is the only "flyer" whose wings never weary. Sadoctor! do you think the patient's case serious? Doctor—Well as to that, if he dies under my treatment, it will be sufficiently so.

ADDITIONAL MONOTON NOTES.

JAN. 31.—Anything the masons get up is good," is a saying which has been frequently heard, and the Monoton Lodge certainly upholds the reputation of the fraternity. This evening, when they entertained their friends in the Palmer block. The arrangements and decorations of the departm'ts showed that considerable preliminary work had been done by some willing hands, previous to the meeting of the guests; and the quantity and quality of the refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake and coffee, showed that many skilled hands had been busy for hours before at the oven and in the crank of the ice cream freezers. The first part of the evening was devoted to the carrying out of a well-arranged programme of addresses, songs and readings, which were given in their different lines. The address of the Rev. Mr. Prince was a good one. It was very concise and plain, and it was quite evident, from the speaker's manner, that he is endeavored to man-ory. The readings of Miss Williams were good. She is certainly very talented. Her first number took the audience by storm, and was splendidly received. The succeeding ones, though good, did not stir up the ability like the first. Mrs. Fayer's readings were gems and she is always a favorite. Mrs. Armstrong's solos were all very good. She is a sweet singer, and is a favorite. Both ladies were obliged to respond to an eucoc. The address of the Rev. Mr. Robinson was a very able and exhaustive one. Mr. Givans's solo, Mrs. Hall's solo, Mr. Hooper's solo, and the quartette, were all very much enjoyed, as was the band. The evening was delightfully spent, and our correspondents firmly believe that next Monday's will be a "good one."

Matchmaking in New Mexico.

In the old Spanish-American days in the Southwest marriage was a matter in which the contracting parties had little to say, the question of choice and fitness being settled by the parents of the couple. The practice has fallen so much out of date in the present generation that it sounds odd to read now in a published account of a recent marriage at Guadalupita, New Mexico, in which a Mexican of 68 years wedded a senorita of 16 years, that the compensations he was called upon to make for the difference in their respective ages was settled at thirty varas of land, an adobe house, and five apple trees, presumably paid to her parents.

Bride! Fealty in Russia.

The woman suffragists who object so strenuously to the word "obey" in the marriage service, should reflect what an advance the harmless little word upon the old Russian custom which requires the bride presents her intended husband with a whip made with her own hands. A feature of the marriage service was a stroke of this whip given by the bridegroom across the shrinking shoulders of the bride as an earnest of what she might expect in the future if she failed in wilely duty, according to his notions.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The article in the February Review of Reviews, of most interest to Canadians is "Canada's Prairie Province. A Study of Civil Government in Manitoba," by E. V. Smalley. It is illustrated by portraits of the leading men of Manitoba and pictures of Winnipeg public buildings. Stevenson receives a great deal of attention in this number. To Rubinstein are devoted three pages. Many of the tributes paid to him are quoted, but there is no mention whatever of the greatest one he ever received—the charming sketch entitled, "How Ruby played." It is shown that his grievance against the world was as follows: "The Jews consider me a christian, the christians a Jew; the classicists a Wagnerite, the Wagnerites a classicist; the Russians a German, and the Germans a Russian."

Napoleon, Lincoln, Stevenson and Pinkerton are the persons most treated of in McClure's Magazine for February. The article on Napoleon treats of him in the role of a king-maker. The detective in real life, says Cleveland Moffett, is very different from the detective of fiction. Mr. Moffett mentions no names, but he clearly hints that some of the actions of Sherlock Holmes were not wise, or such as practised by Pinkerton detectives. "Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief" is an interesting article on the great president as was ever published in the Century.

Town Affairs in Sydney.

SYDNEY, JAN. 31.—Sydney is shortly to have new sidewalks (the old ones were taken up when the mining society were here last July) made out of stone, concrete asphalten gravel, wood, a-hes, clay, or any other commodity the "Cavillers" and "Roundheads" of our civic government can peaceably decide upon. The "Classes" and the "Masses," the "upper tendom" and "lower tendom" in this town are "at daggers drawn;" when the one is uppermost it is a reign of terror, and when the other is an evidence it is a rain (a regular downpour) of inability, extravagance and squandering. I might—here remark that in one ward we have the Siamese twins seeking civic honors—the one for mayor, the other for alderman. The connection between these two is not a natural one,—they are not the heavenly twins,—but they were drawn together by a sort of magnetism had through connection with an incandescent electric system, and have since become so firmly connected together that, were they but male and female, one could truly say of them "they twain have become one flesh." The twins have for two sessions been in the cold shades of opposition, but have now come to the conclusion that they should no longer neglect the voice of the old text, which loudly calling, says "Be not thou weary in well doing," but be up and doing and have cement sidewalks through all the lanes of the town. Booodle! Booodle!

The Hatchet is Buried.

The presence here of Henry and Stewart with the Wanderers' Hockey team from Halifax recalls the criv'et grievance of last summer. It will be remembered that at that time Stewart declared that he would never again play with Henry in the same team. But their friendship, it is pleasant to note, has not suffered after all and they appeared to be on good terms. One was "Charlie" and the other "Billy" and no one would have thought that a few months before they had been in deadly strife.

An Election Story.

While an English candidate was making a high-flown speech, he paused in the middle of it, and exclaimed—"Now gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man in the crowd rose, and with one eye partly closed, said, with a Scottish brogue—"Mister speaker, I think, sir—I dae indade, sir—I think that it you and I were to stump the country together we could tell mair lies than any other twa men in the country; sir; and Mr. Speaker, I'd no say a word myself 'a the time."

A Strategy.

At the session of the School for Non-Commissioned Officers of one of the companies stationed at Fort Wagne, the following question was asked of Sergeant —: "What is strategy? Give me an instance of it." After studying for a moment or two, the sergeant gave the reply: "When in battle and you are out of ammunition, and don't want the enemy so know it, it is good strategy to keep right on firing."

The Gentleman was Flattered.

Lady (widow)—"Do you know that my daughter has set her eyes on you, Herr Muller?" Gentleman—(flattered)—"Has she really?" Lady—"Certainly; only to-day she was saying: 'That's the sort of gentleman I should like for my papa.'"

Literal.

Nurse (to doctor, who has just been called in).—"It appears to be a very complicated case, doctor. Can you make anything out of it?" Doctor—"Well, between you and me, I think I can make a couple of hundred out of it."

An Oversight.

Ton is so very punctilious and in this case was especially anxious about producing a good impression. But the florist made the mistake of sending with the roses the card that bore the inscription: "Do the best you can for \$2."

The Single Tax.

"I see," observed Mr. Chugwater, looking over his morning paper, "they're making another effort to put a tax on bachelors." "Is that the single tax I've heard so much about?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.