

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Donville, H. Dibble, L. B. Dibble, Fred Hay, F. Wilbur, A. D. Hoyoke, A. Gorden, and I. Dibble. Miss White left on Wednesday morning for her home in Shidac, after a very pleasant visit in Woodstock.

## BATHURST.

[Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Lorton.]

Mar. 6.—The concert given by the pupils of the grammar school was a very successful one. Much credit is due Miss Chilton, Miss Meahan and Mr. Hetherington (teachers) for the manner in which the programme was carried out. The hall in which it was held is quite a credit to the masons.

The drive which was given by Miss Dyer on Monday the 27th party was a very enjoyable one. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart, Mrs. F. McKee, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Barry, Miss J. Burns, Miss Val Miss M. Burns, Miss E. Burns, Messrs. T. M. Burns, Pepper, J. Kearny, and Mr. Branscombe. Tees and cake were passed around during the evening, and at midnight all sat down to a tempting supper. Miss Val and Mr. Branscombe were the fortunate winners. The same evening Miss S. Bishop had her house beautifully illuminated.

Miss M. Bishop has returned after a pleasant visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. White accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Barry, drove to Point Roches on Friday and spent a most enjoyable day.

Mrs. W. Corners, Chatham, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. Baldwin for a few days.

Mrs. F. McKee was a distinguished last week for a few days the guest of Miss Murphy.

Mr. J. J. McMillan was in town last week.

Mr. J. S. Eagles, of St. John, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. J. McGinley is home from St. John visiting his mother.

Rev. Mr. Richards, who has been absent for some weeks, has returned, and held services in the English church on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stewart spent Sunday in Campbellton with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Condon, of St. John, were in town for a few days, the guests of Mr. A. Landry.

Mr. F. Young Carquest spent a few days in Kentville.

Mr. W. Meahan, who left on Saturday for a few days hunting, has returned after capturing two large moose.

## SUSSEX.

[Progress is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Bond and S. B. White & Co.]

MARCH 5.—Dr. Burgess, of Albert County, was in town last week.

Mrs. J. M. Lyons, of Moncton, spent a few days of last week visiting relatives here.

Miss Nellie Ryan is visiting her brother in Windsor, N. S.

Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, is visiting her mother at Sussex Corner.

Mrs. Warren Byrne, of Norton, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Robinson, of St. John, spent a few days of last week with relatives here.

Col. Donville was in town on Friday.

The members of the Christian Endeavor of the Presbyterian Church, held a splendid social in the school hall on Thursday evening which was largely attended.

Mr. G. H. White has kindly given one of his rooms in the new brick block on Main street for the use of the sewing circle in connection with the Church of England, and it will meet there in future.

Miss Rena Culbert is visiting friends in Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod, of Sackville, are visiting Mrs. McLeod at this place.

Miss Kesteven, of this place, is visiting her parents in Springfield.

Miss Annie Gorham is spending a few days in Springfield.

Miss Annie Webster, of Pettitodiac, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hanson.

Mr. Herb Fawcett, of the firm of Morrison and Farlee, is spending a few days of this week in Fredericton.

Miss Mary Congle, organist of Trinity church, who took suddenly ill during service on Sunday continues to improve.

The carnival held in Aberdeen rink Tuesday evening was in every way a grand success. The attendance of both skaters and spectators being very large.

Quite a number from Pettitodiac and Beaumont were present. Dr. Daley as usual captured the first prize; he represented a "Reefer" perfectly, even to the crying, and Miss Annie Kelle, as a butterfly won the ladies first prize. Mrs. Heber Sproul and Miss Bertie Sproul as the McSorley's twins received a prize.

## SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. M. Merritt.]

MARCH 6.—The grand social event of the collegiate year took place on Friday evening when the senior class of the university held their "at home."

The new college residence was thrown open for the occasion and the spacious corridors, the large dining-hall, and the beautiful parlors were filled with the numerous guests. The music, which was furnished by the Moncton orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Watts, was of a very fine order.

Delicious refreshments were served during the evening. A number of guests were present from Fredericton, St. John, Halifax, Moncton and Amherst. The guests were received by Miss Mary Duncan and Mr. Jacob Heaney. The seniors who comprise the following: Thomas Archibald, Daniel Bailey, Sedgewick Bailey, Mary Black, Walter Black, George Black, William Cousin, Roy and Davidson, Fred Day, Lillian Dinwiddie, Mary Duncan, Jacob Heaney, William Jos, Hedley Marr, Albert Safford, and Herbert Simoni cannot but feel proud of the success which attended their efforts. Some very handsome dresses were worn among which were particularly noticeable those of Mrs. David Allison, handsome black silk and white velvet en traine.

Mrs. Archibald, black silk.

Mrs. Andrews, pretty red velvet.

Mrs. Wood, black sateen silk.

Mrs. Charles Picard, a most becoming costume of heliotrope with trimmings of silk.

Mrs. J. Fred Allison, black sateen silk, demure train.

Mrs. Horace Fawcett looked charming in a gown of pale green silk, with trimmings of lace and ribbon.

Mrs. Bennett, black and green silk.

Mrs. Benedict, (Moncton) a beautiful dress of pink corded silk with feather trimmings.

Mrs. Edgar Ayer, pretty dress of pink and white silk, lace trimmings.

Mrs. Lawton, (St. John), black silk.

Mrs. Fred Ryan, black silk with trimmings of white insertion.

Miss Mary Duncan looked extremely pretty in a dress of black velvet, with beautiful crimson roses.

Miss Landers, a very pretty combination of pink cashmere and green velvet.

Miss Ted Deacon looked very pretty in gray silk, corsage bouquet of pink roses.

Miss Grace Shewen, pale blue crepon, with trimmings of white silk.

Miss McMullen, cream cashmere, cream swan-down.

Miss Allison, (St. John), a beautiful dress of yellow, profusely trimmed with white.

Miss Emma Ayer, gray crepon, pink velvet trimmings.

Miss Pickard, a striking costume of white with trimmings of red silk, red gloves and red slippers.

Miss Large, pretty dress of pink and green.

Miss Daniels looked very sweet in cream cashmere.

Miss Borden, pale blue silk.

Miss Marion Long, an extremely becoming gown of pink, with pink gloves and pink slippers.

Miss Alice White, a petite blonde, looked very pretty in black velvet and jet.

Miss Shrewder wore one of the prettiest gowns of the evening, a pale shade of pink silk, with knots of green velvet, in which she was much admired.

Miss Oreta Ogden, pale fawn silk, trimmed with lace the same shade.

Miss Janie Harris, pretty pink crepon.

Miss Daisy Wood, a becoming dress of white silk, with lace overdress, cream roses.

Miss Dick looked pretty in a pale blue silk gown.

Miss Pauline Bell wore a stylish and becoming dress of pale green crepon trimmed with green ribbons and lace.

Miss Sallie Benedict, a pretty dress of cream.

Miss Lotta Shaford, and Miss Edna Shaford, Halifax, wore pretty dresses of blue silk.

Miss Lena K. Rih, cream and yellow costume, beautiful cream roses.

Miss Lewin, pale gray and pink silk.

Miss Edna Ayer, a becoming dress of massive cashmere with velvet trimmings of a darker shade.

Miss Smith, white and yellow cashmere.

Miss Vab! Reimann, a extremely pretty dress of pink crepe with trimmings of pink velvet.

## A LIVELY DOG-FIGHT.

A Contest Between a Terrier and a "Cur of Low Degree."

I watched a scrap on the corner the other morning that was the best managed affair of the kind that I have had the pleasure of seeing for a long time. Not that I am in the habit of attending such functions to any considerable extent, but the few I have hitherto witnessed have been decidedly inferior to this in almost all respects.

It was in the early morning, and I was hustling down street trying not to think of the weather, the thermometer, and that sort of thing, but being constantly reminded of the same by every person I met.

I wonder why it is, when the mercury is down to twenty-four below zero, and one has just argued oneself into believing that it isn't so very cold after all, and that one's fingers and toes are not really freezing, but some one meets you with an idiotic smile and observes cheerfully, "Good morning, awfully cold, isn't it?" and sends you back into the Arctic regions quicker than—

that's neither here nor there, I started to tell about the scrap.

Well, just as I reached the corner I met the principals in the affair, each with the end of a leather strap in his mouth. That is, there was only one strap, but there seemed to be some misunderstanding between them as to who was to have complete possession. They stopped just then to decide the matter. The larger of the pair was thick-legged and short haired, brindle in color, and unmistakably "scrub." The other, though smaller, bore evidences of refined and gentle breeding, and looked every inch an aristocrat. His legs were clean and well cut, his hair smooth, and he stared at his combatant (when he could get time to stare) with a degree of intelligence entirely wanting in the plebeian's somewhat ferocious orbs. But both were mad, and each was intent on the possession of that strap, and each was firmly impressed with the undesirability of the other as a successful rival. The affair was referred by a dapper young fox terrier, who understood its business thoroughly and managed it in a way that would bring the blush of shame and the green of envy to the face of many a sporting gentleman who thinks he knows it all. The crowd was composed of a snub-nosed pug, undoubtedly the bookmaker, a ragged little terrier who exhibited great signs of uneasiness, a grave old spaniel who regarded the scene with quiet complacency, and myself; and I may say that I was by no means the least interested.

The combatants yanked each other into position in the middle of the sidewalk, and the crowd became demonstrative, and the referee raised a dissenting voice, so they steered for the middle of the street instead.

Then began the tug-of-war. They hung into that strap like grim death. They pulled this way and that; they jerked, they hauled, they tugged; they snarled and snapped and growled, but they never let go for an instant. If one attempted an unfair advantage by means of a better grip the referee yelped with all his might and the crowd barked itself hoarse. This was to be a fair fight and no favors on either side, and any trickery was promptly squelched and sat upon. The little aristocrat pulled with all his might; the muscles stood out all over his well-knit body; he dragged his opponent over to the edge of the ditch, but the referee sounded a warning note and back they went into the street again. Then it was the scrub's turn. He made up his mind that now or never was the time, and he preferred the now, and he was "jest a" going to take that blamed old strap in two jiffs.

But whether he wouldn't, or whether he could not. Or whether the "aristocrat" he shouldn't. The world will never know.

However, he made a desperate effort and pulled his plucky little antagonist off his feet, and away they rolled over and over, each clinging to his end of the strap with might and main. The referee stood over them and howled at every violation of the rules. The pug flew hither and thither vainly looking for more bets; the terrier was in a state of the wildest excitement; even the old spaniel seemed rousing to some degree of enthusiasm. Just then there was an ominous growl to the left of us, and the policeman of the beat, a big, black curly Newfoundland weighing fully as much as the whole crowd put together (myself excepted) appeared, bearing down upon us with righteous indignation blazing out all over him. He made straight for the thick of the fight. In less than two seconds there wasn't a dog but himself in sight. He marched up to that strap, sniffed at it contemptuously and walked off the field of victory with an air which expressed plainer than words his idea of his own authority and importance. And I walked on, too, with the distinct consciousness that I had the worst of the whole affair, for I had frozen an ear and the end of my nose while I waited.

SWAP.

Do you want a Bicyc.

The advertisement displayed by the H. P. Davies Co., Toronto, will show Progress readers the class of goods handled by this reliable firm. They have been in the business since its infancy and have now the largest sporting goods business in Canada. It would pay everyone to write them for catalogues of their various lines, as they issue four, No. 1. Athletic

No. 2, Guns, No. 3, Bicycles and No. 4, Fishing Tackle. They sell largely to the trade and refer any correspondence direct to the nearest dealer that handles their goods.

Such the Figures of the Mutual Life Company Show.

The fifty-second annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, showing the operations of the Company for the year 1894, will be found on another page of this issue. The figures speak for themselves with all the eloquence of magnificent results and show:

These achievements during a period of general financial depression and uncertainty are remarkable and unprecedented.

The Company paid to the holders of its policies on account of claims by death \$11,929,794.94, and for endowments, annuities, dividends and other payments to living members \$9,159,462.14. It increased its reserve fund, to guarantee the future payment of all claims, from \$168,755,071.23 to \$182,109,456.14, an addition for the year of \$13,354,384.91.

The results for 1894 indicate increased security and permanent benefits to every member of this Great Company. These stupendous figures indicate the hold that the Company has upon the confidence of the insuring public and show that it seeks, in constantly increasing ratio, the benefits to be derived from the protection offered by this the greatest of all the companies.

A Tobacco Company's Generosity.

The George E. Tuckett & Sons Tobacco Co., Ltd., of Hamilton, nine years ago instituted the commendable idea of presenting a deed of a building lot each Christmas to their oldest active employee.

This year it was the good fortune of Mr. Thomas Milligan to succeed to the firm's generosity, he having been with them for 21 years. In addition to the lot he received a substantial cheque from the same source. The whole staff of the concern also came in for a gift, the day hands receiving an extra week's salary and the piece hands a good sized turkey. Some time ago Messrs. Tuckett turned their factory into a joint stock company, admitting many of the more important employees into partnership, and this additional evidence of desire to share with their men the prosperity of the house cannot help but bear fruit in increased energy and goodwill among all who are fortunate enough to be connected with the enterprising concern.

THE SOLDIER LOVERS.

The following true story of a "man who forgot and a woman who remembered" all came out on the recent death of the woman, who had been a nurse in a military hospital for nearly a generation:

When the American civil war broke out, this woman was a country girl of eighteen, with a sweetheart a year or so older. The girl was unusually tall and masculine, though with good features. The youth was slight, and had a pretty, womanish face. This will explain, perhaps, why the girl loved him and remained faithful; also why the young man grew weary of a big creature who had surpassed him by half a head in height and was getting to look and act more like a man every day.

They had been engaged three years when he finally got tired of it all and enlisted and marched away without telling her, or coming to say good-by. This was in 1862.

For a month or two the girl went about her work as usual. The facts were not generally known, I believe, at that time. Then one day she too, disappeared. No trace of her could be found and the search was finally abandoned. These people lived in Kansas, near the Missouri line, and a good many strange things were happening then along the border.

But far away in the South, where recruits were stumbling along through tangled vines and bad-smelling water, and falling over cypress knees in their mad haste to join Grant's army and be shot at, a big, smooth-faced boy applied one day for admission into the regiment where in the recreant lover was marching. It was at a time when men were needed and volunteers not closely scrutinized. The boy was enlisted and assigned to one of the incomplete companies. Later, he succeeded in getting exchanged into that of the runaway.

Day after day they marched side by side over very bad roads and through moccasin-haunted swamps, where there were no roads whatever. Recognizing a familiarity of voice and features, the truant lover had inquired of the boy concerning his relatives during their first meeting and had been satisfied with the reply. With a trace, perhaps, of the old love in his heart, he grew fond of the new recruit shortly and they became friends.

By-and-by he told the boy his story: how he had loved and grown tired of a girl that had looked enough like the boy to be his sister; also how he had run away from her. Then the boy, in return, told him, truthfully enough, that he had also left home on account of a love affair. But he spoke falsely concerning his home, which he said was in the South. And all the time they were hurrying to the front through the mud and burning sun.

As the days passed, and hardships wore away the last traces of romance, the young man spoke to the boy more and more tenderly of his home and the girl he had forsaken. The truant was beginning to appreciate the love he had thrown away, and, marching beside him, the boy, grown strong and accustomed to misery, listened and grew stronger daily, though he blushed rosy, now and then, for he was still a woman at heart.

One night, when they had reached the end of their hard marches and were lying on their guns waiting for the battle at daybreak, the false one vowed to the boy, who lay beside him, that he still loved the girl dearly; also that he had been a fool and a villain; that if God spared his life until the

## A LIVELY DOG-FIGHT.

A Contest Between a Terrier and a "Cur of Low Degree."

I watched a scrap on the corner the other morning that was the best managed affair of the kind that I have had the pleasure of seeing for a long time. Not that I am in the habit of attending such functions to any considerable extent, but the few I have hitherto witnessed have been decidedly inferior to this in almost all respects.

It was in the early morning, and I was hustling down street trying not to think of the weather, the thermometer, and that sort of thing, but being constantly reminded of the same by every person I met.

I wonder why it is, when the mercury is down to twenty-four below zero, and one has just argued oneself into believing that it isn't so very cold after all, and that one's fingers and toes are not really freezing, but some one meets you with an idiotic smile and observes cheerfully, "Good morning, awfully cold, isn't it?" and sends you back into the Arctic regions quicker than—

that's neither here nor there, I started to tell about the scrap.

Well, just as I reached the corner I met the principals in the affair, each with the end of a leather strap in his mouth. That is, there was only one strap, but there seemed to be some misunderstanding between them as to who was to have complete possession. They stopped just then to decide the matter. The larger of the pair was thick-legged and short haired, brindle in color, and unmistakably "scrub." The other, though smaller, bore evidences of refined and gentle breeding, and looked every inch an aristocrat. His legs were clean and well cut, his hair smooth, and he stared at his combatant (when he could get time to stare) with a degree of intelligence entirely wanting in the plebeian's somewhat ferocious orbs. But both were mad, and each was intent on the possession of that strap, and each was firmly impressed with the undesirability of the other as a successful rival. The affair was referred by a dapper young fox terrier, who understood its business thoroughly and managed it in a way that would bring the blush of shame and the green of envy to the face of many a sporting gentleman who thinks he knows it all. The crowd was composed of a snub-nosed pug, undoubtedly the bookmaker, a ragged little terrier who exhibited great signs of uneasiness, a grave old spaniel who regarded the scene with quiet complacency, and myself; and I may say that I was by no means the least interested.

The combatants yanked each other into position in the middle of the sidewalk, and the crowd became demonstrative, and the referee raised a dissenting voice, so they steered for the middle of the street instead.

Then began the tug-of-war. They hung into that strap like grim death. They pulled this way and that; they jerked, they hauled, they tugged; they snarled and snapped and growled, but they never let go for an instant. If one attempted an unfair advantage by means of a better grip the referee yelped with all his might and the crowd barked itself hoarse. This was to be a fair fight and no favors on either side, and any trickery was promptly squelched and sat upon. The little aristocrat pulled with all his might; the muscles stood out all over his well-knit body; he dragged his opponent over to the edge of the ditch, but the referee sounded a warning note and back they went into the street again. Then it was the scrub's turn. He made up his mind that now or never was the time, and he preferred the now, and he was "jest a" going to take that blamed old strap in two jiffs.

But whether he wouldn't, or whether he could not. Or whether the "aristocrat" he shouldn't. The world will never know.

However, he made a desperate effort and pulled his plucky little antagonist off his feet, and away they rolled over and over, each clinging to his end of the strap with might and main. The referee stood over them and howled at every violation of the rules. The pug flew hither and thither vainly looking for more bets; the terrier was in a state of the wildest excitement; even the old spaniel seemed rousing to some degree of enthusiasm. Just then there was an ominous growl to the left of us, and the policeman of the beat, a big, black curly Newfoundland weighing fully as much as the whole crowd put together (myself excepted) appeared, bearing down upon us with righteous indignation blazing out all over him. He made straight for the thick of the fight. In less than two seconds there wasn't a dog but himself in sight. He marched up to that strap, sniffed at it contemptuously and walked off the field of victory with an air which expressed plainer than words his idea of his own authority and importance. And I walked on, too, with the distinct consciousness that I had the worst of the whole affair, for I had frozen an ear and the end of my nose while I waited.

SWAP.

Do you want a Bicyc.

The advertisement displayed by the H. P. Davies Co., Toronto, will show Progress readers the class of goods handled by this reliable firm. They have been in the business since its infancy and have now the largest sporting goods business in Canada. It would pay everyone to write them for catalogues of their various lines, as they issue four, No. 1. Athletic

No. 2, Guns, No. 3, Bicycles and No. 4, Fishing Tackle. They sell largely to the trade and refer any correspondence direct to the nearest dealer that handles their goods.

Such the Figures of the Mutual Life Company Show.

The fifty-second annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, showing the operations of the Company for the year 1894, will be found on another page of this issue. The figures speak for themselves with all the eloquence of magnificent results and show:

These achievements during a period of general financial depression and uncertainty are remarkable and unprecedented.

The Company paid to the holders of its policies on account of claims by death \$11,929,794.94, and for endowments, annuities, dividends and other payments to living members \$9,159,462.14. It increased its reserve fund, to guarantee the future payment of all claims, from \$168,755,071.23 to \$182,109,456.14, an addition for the year of \$13,354,384.91.

The results for 1894 indicate increased security and permanent benefits to every member of this Great Company. These stupendous figures indicate the hold that the Company has upon the confidence of the insuring public and show that it seeks, in constantly increasing ratio, the benefits to be derived from the protection offered by this the greatest of all the companies.

A Tobacco Company's Generosity.

The George E. Tuckett & Sons Tobacco Co., Ltd., of Hamilton, nine years ago instituted the commendable idea of presenting a deed of a building lot each Christmas to their oldest active employee.

This year it was the good fortune of Mr. Thomas Milligan to succeed to the firm's generosity, he having been with them for 21 years. In addition to the lot he received a substantial cheque from the same source. The whole staff of the concern also came in for a gift, the day hands receiving an extra week's salary and the piece hands a good sized turkey. Some time ago Messrs. Tuckett turned their factory into a joint stock company, admitting many of the more important employees into partnership, and this additional evidence of desire to share with their men the prosperity of the house cannot help but bear fruit in increased energy and goodwill among all who are fortunate enough to be connected with the enterprising concern.

THE SOLDIER LOVERS.

The following true story of a "man who forgot and a woman who remembered" all came out on the recent death of the woman, who had been a nurse in a military hospital for nearly a generation:

When the American civil war broke out, this woman was a country girl of eighteen, with a sweetheart a year or so older. The girl was unusually tall and masculine, though with good features. The youth was slight, and had a pretty, womanish face. This will explain, perhaps, why the girl loved him and remained faithful; also why the young man grew weary of a big creature who had surpassed him by half a head in height and was getting to look and act more like a man every day.

They had been engaged three years when he finally got tired of it all and enlisted and marched away without telling her, or coming to say good-by. This was in 1862.

For a month or two the girl went about her work as usual. The facts were not generally known, I believe, at that time. Then one day she too, disappeared. No trace of her could be found and the search was finally abandoned. These people lived in Kansas, near the Missouri line, and a good many strange things were happening then along the border.

But far away in the South, where recruits were stumbling along through tangled vines and bad-smelling water, and falling over cypress knees in their mad haste to join Grant's army and be shot at, a big, smooth-faced boy applied one day for admission into the regiment where in the recreant lover was marching. It was at a time when men were needed and volunteers not closely scrutinized. The boy was enlisted and assigned to one of the incomplete companies. Later, he succeeded in getting exchanged into that of the runaway.

Day after day they marched side by side over very bad roads and through moccasin-haunted swamps, where there were no roads whatever. Recognizing a familiarity of voice and features, the truant lover had inquired of the boy concerning his relatives during their first meeting and had been satisfied with the reply. With a trace, perhaps, of the old love in his heart, he grew fond of the new recruit shortly and they became friends.

By-and-by he told the boy his story: how he had loved and grown tired of a girl that had looked enough like the boy to be his sister; also how he had run away from her. Then the boy, in return, told him, truthfully enough, that he had also left home on account of a love affair. But he spoke falsely concerning his home, which he said was in the South. And all the time they were hurrying to the front through the mud and burning sun.

As the days passed, and hardships wore away the last traces of romance, the young man spoke to the boy more and more tenderly of his home and the girl he had forsaken. The truant was beginning to appreciate the love he had thrown away, and, marching beside him, the boy, grown strong and accustomed to misery, listened and grew stronger daily, though he blushed rosy, now and then, for he was still a woman at heart.

One night, when they had reached the end of their hard marches and were lying on their guns waiting for the battle at daybreak, the false one vowed to the boy, who lay beside him, that he still loved the girl dearly; also that he had been a fool and a villain; that if God spared his life until the

## A LIVELY DOG-FIGHT.

A Contest Between a Terrier and a "Cur of Low Degree."

I watched a scrap on the corner the other morning that was the best managed affair of the kind that I have had the pleasure of seeing for a long time. Not that I am in the habit of attending such functions to any considerable extent, but the few I have hitherto witnessed have been decidedly inferior to this in almost all respects.

It was in the early morning, and I was hustling down street trying not to think of the weather, the thermometer, and that sort of thing, but being constantly reminded of the same by every person I met.

I wonder why it is, when the mercury is down to twenty-four below zero, and one has just argued oneself into believing that it isn't so very cold after all, and that one's fingers and toes are not really freezing, but some one meets you with an idiotic smile and observes cheerfully, "Good morning, awfully cold, isn't it?"