

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Catherine street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every many of the cities, towns and village of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

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Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Special notices should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies, is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Half-year Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 30.

REVISION OF SENTENCES.

The story of the disproportion of some of the sentences awarded to persons convicted of larceny during the past year was told by Progress last week. The statements then made showed very clearly that however good may be the intentions of the adjudging powers, the punishment appears to be very much more than fits the crime in some instances, while in others the offender is able to get off very easily indeed. When one man is sent to the penitentiary for four years for pilfering less than a dollar's worth of goods, and another who steals all the money within his reach gets off with a month in jail, there appears to be an unevenness in the penalties which may well excite wonder. Nor is there less cause for surprise when of two men convicted on the same evidence of a joint crime, one is sent to the penitentiary for three years, and the other goes to jail for only six months.

On the same day that this story appeared, the police magistrate, who not long ago sent a man to jail for one month for stealing and absconding with \$19, sent a man to the penitentiary for two years for stealing and absconding with \$113. At the same session of the court he sent a boy to the reformatory for three years for stealing a few newspapers. This latter sentence was probably given on the theory that the reformatory is an institution where the boy may be made better, and that the longer the term the more likely he will be to forget his evil associations and be prepared to do better when released. On this reasoning the two sentences may not be so disproportionate as many might suppose, especially as the reformatory is a place which is frequently visited by benevolent people, including the magistrate himself, to instruct the inmates in the principles of honesty in regard to what is the property of another.

If there had been no reformatory, however, it would not have been surprising if the boy had been sent to the penitentiary for the same term, judging by some of the sentences imposed in the county court. It would be a matter entirely within the discretion of a judge or a magistrate, and there would be no appeal from it on the ground of excessive punishment through mistaken judgment. When the Criminal Code gives such a wide latitude the length or brevity of a sentence depend wholly on the view one man takes, and that such a man is a judge does not of itself give any certainty that his view will be the correct one. In the history of criminal courts the world over, it can hardly be doubted that many an offender has had a harder fate than he would have had because a judge has taken a personal prejudice to him, or even because a judge had had a fit of indignation or a bilious attack. Judges are not always men of judicial minds, and indeed where they have been appointed because they were political partisans, they may be men who are by nature of quite a different mental temperament. At the best, however well they may strive to live up to the ideal of their functions, they are liable to err like all other mortals, and to err on the side of severity rather than of leniency. A judge may give a man a sentence of five years where two years would be amply sufficient, but none may gainsay his decision. The public may feel that he has made a mistake, but they are powerless to remedy it. A judge himself may later realize that he has gone too far, but even he can do nothing to recall his words. The prisoner goes to his fate and the public forget the matter.

The liability of a judge to base a sentence on his personal extreme views has been seen in the case of some excellent jurists. Judge DUFF, of the supreme court, for instance, will be remembered as a man who looked upon offences against the rights of property as deserving of proportionately greater severity than any other crimes. Some of his sentences were very severe, though he believed he was doing no more than his duty. When a man of

such recognized worth as CHARLES DUFF could be so prejudiced, there is always danger with a man of less ability and sound judgment if placed in a judicial position.

It would seem only justice if there were either some safeguard against errors of judgment by judges, or some remedy when such errors are made. The only safeguard is one in use in some jurisdictions, that of allowing the jury to fix the punishment when finding a verdict of guilty. Considering the make-up of some juries, however, this course would not be likely to have satisfactory results in this part of the world. There would be a greater diversity of sentences than there is even now. The judge is obviously the man to determine what the punishment shall be, and with some judges little fault can be found in regard to the terms they allot this or that class of offenders. Where a judge does overstep the bounds, however, though within the limit of the penalty prescribed by the court, there should be some body before which the case can be taken for reconsideration in respect to the penalty. The composition of such a board of revision would be a matter of detail easily arranged. It might be composed of judges or of members of the government, including the attorney-general. The creation and continuance of such a body would involve some amendments to the present laws, but there would be very little machinery about it. Its duty would be simply to hear the essential point of the case and either confirm the judge's decision or modify the penalty as justice seemed to require. It is understood that prominent legal gentlemen in this province believe there should be some such appellate body, and public opinion must certainly favor it. It is probably needed as much in one province as in another.

SEEING ONE'S OWN BRAIN.

What seems to be a very important scientific fact is announced by a certain Professor LLOYD in a recently published work. This is that any simple process which involves no surgical operation, or indeed any knowledge of science. The person in quest of knowledge requires only a lighted candle and a perfectly dark room which has either a black wall, black curtain or other flat black surface. Then, "the candle is moved laterally to and fro in front of the eyes, keeping it about six inches from the face and just below the tip of the nose. In a few minutes something, as if thin mist, seems to grow more definite and gains outline. Soon one can distinguish the venations and divisions of the brain. One is seeing his own brain."

The theory of this, as explained in "Information," is that the moving light produces a counter irritation of the nerves that conduct the impression of sight to the brain. The current is simply reversed and the brain is pictured on the eye. In other words, the brain has a looking glass under the conditions in question. This is important if true, and a general knowledge of the fact ought to save the world and individuals a great deal of trouble.

If one could see his own brain and judge also of what it was capable, there might be fewer misplaced men in the world. If a person about to choose a vocation could learn in advance whether he had or had not the mental outfit for the work, he would know what course to take. As it is now he often makes only a guess and sometimes a very bad one. Thus it is found ministers who ought to have been merchants, money brokers or book agents, lawyers who ought to have been farmers, discount clerks or pawnbrokers. Indeed, in every line of work there are men who ought to be at something else, and would have succeeded where they now fail, could their brains have been sized up at the start.

The experiment of the dark room and the candle might also be tried with advantage by some who have an idea that their brain is abnormally large, or in other words are suffering from big-head. The results might not be flattering to the experimenter, but the revelations ought to do him good, when he has any sort of a brain at all.

PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS.

Tomorrow will be Advent Sunday, the beginning of the christian year and the ushering in of the season wherein the world delights to celebrate the birth of CHRIST. Already in many homes the little ones are looking forward to the day of rejoicing and gladness, while the older ones are planning what they can do to bring a special happiness to those near and dear to them. It is time to begin to prepare for Christmas.

With many gives the most troublesome question will be as to what form their gifts to their own shall take. They hesitate between this or that costly article in their anxiety to bestow as much pleasure as is possible. They fear that this child would rather have this than that, or that this friend has already so many of this or that kind of costly keepsakes that care must be taken to give him or her something more valuable or more to be prized for its novelty. They are keeping their eyes open to make their friends happy.

This is the way that many are already beginning to think of Christmas, and it is well they should do so. It is meet that we

should have every regard for the happiness of those near and dear to us, and should strive to make that happiness as complete as in our power at the time when all people are called upon to be glad.

All people. When that is said then comes the reminder that a great many in this world are not so situated as to enjoy what we may enjoy. Christmas to them is a name which does not bring the joy it brings to others. It may be their own fault, or the fault of others. It matters not. If we know of them they are our neighbors, and we should not be unkindful of them in our pleasure of adding to the happiness of those who are bound to us by the ties of family or friendship. In our preparation for Christmas we carry out simply CHRIST'S teaching when we remember the poor. They should enter into our plans now, and not be merely recipient of the crumbs when we have been prodigal of our bounty to our friends. They should be a subject of forethought rather than of afterthought, and of consideration from this time forward.

There are many kinds of poor and many ways of making Christmas brighter for them. The consideration of them does not always mean charity in the cold, practical sense in which that term is used. There may be cases where charity or aid that resembled it would be offensive, and yet where kindly tact can accomplish a great deal in bringing happiness at this season. If all of us will stop to think of those whom we can make happy, at a very slight sacrifice to ourselves, few of us will fail to find some outside of our own immediate circle of kindred and intimates. Little deeds, here and there, may be done with the knowledge that some one is happier for our having thought of them, and the consciousness of having made lighter some heart that would have been heavy but for us, will of itself be more than an ample reward.

It is therefore a good idea to prepare for Christmas by letting our thoughts go beyond the circle in which custom bids us do good deeds. At this time of the year, above all others, the poor, the sick and "all who are in any wise afflicted or in distress" have an imperative claim upon our thoughts. The opportunities for doing good in this way are many, and if they have not yet come to us we are all the more christians if we seek them.

It is just twenty years today since the New Brunswick railway was formally opened from Gibson to Fort Fairfield. Those who were present on that occasion will remember that the great obstacle to the progress of the excursion was the vast quantity of snow which delayed the train at various points along the line. There was no bridge at Fredericton at those times, and the excursionists crossed on the ice, some of them having their ears badly frozen on the return trip at night. The growth of railways in the provinces since then is an interesting matter for reflection.

So far everything is going smoothly in regard to the railway facilities for the Beaver line steamer at Sand Point. The vexed question of the purchase of the CONNOR lots has been settled, and the C. P. R. and the city are bowing to each other most politely in their assurance that each wants to advance the interest of the other. A few more weeks will determine the ability of the city to build a bit of railway, all by itself, but whether the happy consummation can be effected without the usual row remains to be seen.

Those people who have been flattering themselves that the long delay in the approach of cold weather will shorten the winter, will probably find that nature will have her compensation in a like delay of the approach of spring. The law of average applies pretty closely in respect to the weather from one year to another.

The discussion on the merits of standard time seems to have taken a rest, pending some action by the common council. In the mean time the custom house has adopted the eastern standard, and the chances of Atlantic standard being accepted by the citizens seem to grow smaller every hour.

A curlew bell to be rung at nine at night to warn children off the streets, may be a good idea, but what seems to be needed also is a bell telling young fellows when they have made a long enough evening call, and don't seem to know when it is time for them to say good night.

Consumption Caught from Cows.

The startling statement was made last week in New York city by reliable authorities that 5 000 persons who die every year of consumption in that city are inoculated for the most part by impure milk and diseased meat, the product of milk cows in the dairy districts that are affected with tuberculosis. Also it is stated, as based on experience, that from 60 to 70 per cent of all the milk cows from which the milk supply of New York city is derived are affected with tuberculosis.

His Chief Drawback.

"Where's your red headed office boy?" "Oh, I had to let him go." "Well, he's the red headed fellow I ever saw." That was the trouble; half a dozen times people were so startled at meeting him in the hall that they ran down the fire-escape.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Lute Chords. When the blue sea murmurs / On the jeweled moonlight sand; / And the red robed leaves are falling / Over all the silent land. / When the beauty and the blossom, / Of the summer time is o'er; / My rose of love is sweet Laurene / 'Till roses bloom no more. / Oh, the bloom of leaf and flower, / And the foliage all must go; / And the sad waves sing their heart songs, / As their muffled echoes flow. / But the bloom of love's bright morning, / It can never fade from me; / Though sublimed from the wide world fly, / Or waters from the sea. / On the sweet voiced white camelia, / And the hyacinth may sing; / In gardens of the beauty, / With birds of golden wing; / But my true love's voice beside me, / Has a deeper charm by far; / In the music, in the lute chord, / Or the purple twilight star. / In a garden by a fountain, / In the bloom land of my soul; / There's a rose of deathless beauty / While eternal summers roll. / There its life breath all immortal, / Keeps love's life forever green; / And this fair sweet land of Beulah, / Is my beautiful Laurene. / ERY HEAD WEST, Oct. 1895. / CYRUS GOLDBE.

"I Love You Dear." She looked at him with quick surprise. / She looked at him with tear-brimmed eyes, / Her tight-closed hand no motion shaped, / No words her curling lips escaped, / His eyes were bright, his voice was clear; / He only said: "I love you, dear!" / Her eyes were deep with anger's hue, / They softened into tender blue; / The haughty curve her lip forsook; / Her hand lay open on her neck, / Then as he spoke he drew more near, / And said again: "I love you, dear!" / Where sweet love dwells wrath cannot stay; / And the tears away / She looked at him, "Ah, do not fear, / I, too, can say, 'I love you, dear!' / His smile replied, "Our hearts are near." / His words were still: "I love you, dear!" / Ah! when the fire of anger burns, / And all life's sweet is bitter turns, / When eyes are flashing, lips close set, / Prepared to storm and to regret, / Then happy we if greet each near, / Have strength to say: "I love you, dear!"

Winter. There is no rose on any bush / To wake a song in me, / And in my heart but last year's thrush / To make a prayer for thee. / The round, wide world is deep in snow, / And hope itself is cold— / And how the bitter north winds blow / When one is snowed out!

A simple rose is just a prayer, / A prayer, a simple rose, / And it will seek thee over there / Where summer-time is long. / Again, I know, I'll find thy heart / When all my songs are sung— / Ah! ho! the whips of memory smart / When one's no longer young!

Dear, tender partner of my past, / Keep thy brave manhood on; / We'll kiss the world away at last / Beyond morass and sea— / And never look across the snow, / But with trust in each heart / Into eternity we'll go— / To never drift apart. / —John Ernest McCann.

We parted where the shadows crept / Along the valley, damp and chill, / And low the waiting breeze swept / Around the solitary hill; / And love was broken back by pride / With angry words an bitter speech / Till, pausing where the paths divide, / We turned in silence, each from each. / Have we been happy? Was the thing / We strove for really worth the strife? / What good has come and anger bring / Save broken vows and severed life? / Oh, sweet blue eyes with trouble dim! / Oh, tender glance, half frank, half shy! / Love's cup runs over at the brim, / And shall we lightly put it by?

Dear, lay thine hand in mine once more, / In perfect trust of heart and mind; / Turn to the happier days before, / Leave us the darker hours behind. / From life's dark past new hopes are born, / The fading dream slowly ceases; / And through an ever-brightening morn / Sweet love walks hand in hand with Peace. / —Chambers' Journal.

Four-Leaved Clover. She journeyed north, she journeyed south, / The whole bright land she wandered over, / And climbed the mountains white with snow, / And sought the blue where pain had grown, / But never found the four-leaved clover! / Then to the seas she spread her sail, / Fied round the world a white-winged rover; / Her small foot pressed the Grecian grass, / She saw Egyptian temples pass, / But never found the four-leaved clover!

A sudden whirlwind came at last, / A little tempest rose, and drove her / Homeward bent, alone and poor, / Prepared to find the journeyings o'er, / That never found the four-leaved clover! / "Alas!" she sighed, "all hope is gone, / I've searched the wide world over and over, / My eyes are worn with toil, they see / But this small strip of grass—there free / And strong it grew—the four-leaved clover!" / —Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Annapolis Royal. A stranger here within this ancient town— / Long time ago the rising host of France, / The seed of empire,—as in trance / Mid storied scenes I wander on and down; / Along these shores have hundreds died and died / To save this jewel for the Gallic crown. / But fate ordained it for another race; / The sturdy Saxon till you meadows wide; / Peace rules o'er all; war's trumpets sleep unblown. / —Edw. Blackadder.

Love's After-Years. Each on his own strict line we move, / And some find death ere they find love, / So far apart their lives are thrown / From the twin soul that halves their own. / And sometimes, by still harder fate, / The lovers meet, but meet too late. / Thy heart is mine!—True, true! Ah, true! / Then, love, thy hand!—Ah, no! Adieu! / —Matthew Arnold.

FILOSOFY AND FOLLY. A Contractor thinks it is "tough" when his "tender" is rejected. Chrysanthemums as "Bloomers" are more popular than the bloomers as worn by the fair sex. Dr. Blossom—Martha please mention the objectionable feature to our marriage. Martha—Well! Your most objectionable feature is your nose. Man's heart is a book that only God can read. A hatched faced man should be capable of "sharp" sayings. A thinking man cannot be quite alone. Are "brunt" remarks due to "dull head-aches"? Some people who cannot write poetry, can see it in almost anything, and admire it as much as if they could write it. Sometimes the better to give thought to expression, than expression to thought. Next to hypocrisy, is the seeker after it in others.

There is as wide a difference between love and admiration as exist between wealth and poverty. Many an one dies rich, that had they lived rich, their days might have been lengthened. When a "cold" wave strikes in among friends, there is not enough "warmth" to keep them together.

"Love one another" you may love one, but if you do "another" there is trouble ahead. "Credit (and debit) to whom credit (and debit) is due" is the business way of it. "There is a tie" in the affairs of women, which if applied to the tongue leads on to misfortune. All hens that perch, are Rooters. It was a Dutchman who owned a clock, that when it struck twelve, and the big hand pointed at seven and the little one at two, the time was a quarter to five. St. John should have some to suit the admirers of Local, Atlantic and Standard time.

"Easier for a man to get credit for ten dollars, when he only gives five for charitable purposes, than it sometimes is for him to get credit even for five, if it is given in a gingerly manner. JAY BEE.

Wants the Name of a Poet. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I would like to ask, through your paper, if any of your readers can tell who is the author of the verses, "Only Sixteen," written on the death of a young man on the Tantram marshes, while under the influence of liquor; or where a copy could be procured. / ONE OF YOUR READERS.

BURNS AT ECLETFECHAN. Letter of the Poet that May Be of Interest on this St. Andrews Day.

One day in the winter of 1795, (7th February,) when the wind whistled, and piled the snow across the highways, Robert Burns, in the capacity of gauger, or supervisor of the excise was unassiduously domiciled in an inn at Ecclatichau in Annandale, writing to George Thomson, of musical fame. And thus he wrote.

You cannot see any idea of the predicament in which I wrote to you. In the course of my duty as Supervisor (in which capacity I have acted of late) I came yesterday to this wretched unfortunate little village I have gone forward, but snows of ten feet deep have impeded my progress; I have tried to "gag back the way I came again," but the same old stack has shut me up within insuperable bars. To add to my misfortune, since dinner, a scraper has been torturing caught, in bottles that would have insulted the dying agonies of a sore under the hands of a butcher; and thinks himself, on that very account, exceeding good company. In fact, I have been in a dilemma, either to get drunk, to forget the miseries; or to hang myself to get rid of them; like a prudent man (a character congenial to me) every thought, word and deed, I, of two evils, have chosen the least, and am very drunk at your service!

I wrote you yesterday from Dumfries, I had not time then to tell you all I wanted to say; and heaven knows at present I have not capacity. As I am just going to bed, I wish you a good night. P. S. As I am like to be storm-stead here tomorrow, if I am in the humor, you shall have a long letter from me. R. B.

We wish not to prescribe the reader his opinion of this letter, nor to declare to him in how exalted a mood the writer was, and how "very drunk" he must have been to have written it; nor whether the poet may not, like Byron, sometimes have been pleased to defame himself that he might shock or amuse others; but only to remark his contempt for a now celebrated locality where he had stayed over night and had his horse shod.

It was then "the day of small things" with this unfortunate, wicked little village; but Burns should have remembered that his shadow had fallen on it, and it must thereafter be famous. Not only was it then inhabited by a peasant of such integrity, intellect, and piety as made him the peer of Burns' own father; but in the home of that man—who had once looked steadfastly, somewhat disapprovingly, upon the poet—was on the 4th of December, a year later than the date of Burns' unlucky visit, born one of the immortals. Thomas Carlyle leads a lustre not only to Kirkcaldy and Craigenputtock, but to Ecclatichau, second only to that which falls on Ayr, Irvine, Mauchline, and Dumfries; for there is the great man's cradle; and there, in the midst of his humble but virtuous kinsfolk, is also his grave.

Smaller notabilities have belonged here. "No less than four individuals, whose names and deeds have been rescued from oblivion," writes John Muir, "and who accompanied Burns part of the way in his all too brief earthly pilgrimage, were born in Ecclatichau, viz., Janet Little, the Scotch milk-maid, who corresponded with, and addressed several poems to Burns; also William Nichol ("Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut"). But it is chiefly as the birthplace of Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, the amiable editor of Burns' Works, and the most effective friend of the poet's family, that Ecclatichau interests admirers of Burns."

The reader cannot fail to be reminded of a passage in the "Reminiscences," where Carlyle is writing of his father's preferences in poetry: "Yet it was not with aversion that my father regarded Burns; at worst with indifference and neglect. I have heard him speak of once seeing him standing in 'Rob Scott's smithy' (at Ecclatichau, no doubt superintending some work.) He heard one say, 'There goes the poet Burns.' He went out to look, and saw a man with boots on, like a well-dressed farmer, walking down the village on the opposite side of the burn." PATERFEX.

Omnibus System in London. The omnibus service in London is capable of much improvement. Vehicles going to different districts are often painted the same color, and frequently passengers find out too late that they have got into the wrong one. At night the confusion is even worse. People leaving a theater or reunion find it impossible to see what route a bus is to take, as there is no distinguishing lamp or mark visible. On one or two lines, where the vehicles are furnished with electricity, a green or red light serves as a guide, but the great majority of buses show nothing but a nameless oil lamp.

NEW YORK PAWN SHOPS.

Variations of Their Business Are Among the Signs of the Times

There is a curious family likeness in pawnbroker's window, and, though they vary with varying times, they for the most part vary together, says the N. Y. Sun. They are just now recovering their cheerfulness after a depression sympathetic with the late hard times. When times are at their hardest the pawnbroker's window is garnished with the necessities of life as well as the luxuries, or, perhaps, more accurately, with what men think at ordinary times the necessities, but come to regard as luxuries at a pinch. The most pathetic evidence of the recent hard times, as exhibited in the pawnbrokers' windows, were workmen's tools still showing marks of use. There are always some such tools on show—masons' hammers in mid-winter, panned by improvident men who cannot carry their few possessions over a time of idleness, and must trust to luck to obtain tools when work is resumed. With the improvement of the times boxing gloves, musical instruments, walking sticks, fishing rods, and like luxuries are again conspicuous in the windows of the pawnbrokers. Between any two periods of general depression there are individual ups and downs by the thousand that make possible the ceaseless flow of luxuries into the shop of the pawnbroker.

It is a mistake to suppose that the pawnbroker is unpopular in the region that furnishes him the bulk of his trade. On the contrary, he is often regarded as a friend by that considerable percentage of the population that lives upon the edge of want. Again, it is a mistake to suppose that the pawnbroker rubs his hand with glee when a pawn is forfeited by the owner. The pawnbroker's profits are really the usurious interest upon loans and not the proceeds of sales. There is, indeed, a considerable loss often upon many classes of goods. The pawnbroker welcomes with cheer the workman who comes to pawn his tools, knowing that in all probability they will be redeemed. It is the steady customer who comes frequently but has the faculty of recuperation. The pawnbroker occasionally loans more than the value of an article when he is perfectly sure of its prompt redemption by the owner. It is a notorious fact that the pawnbroker is a better man to deal with than the old clo' man, though many a bachelor in straits will invite in the casual old clo' man from the street and submit to his extortions rather than defy convention by carrying a bundle to the pawnbroker's. One thing the pawnbroker insists upon when household linen is brought to his counter, and that is absolute cleanliness.

The German Pianoforte of the east side and of the far west side is open late on Saturday to furnish funds for the coming holiday and to give others time to redeem their Sunday clothes, in pawn since the previous Monday morning. Some articles neither these nor any other pawnbroker will take, unless, indeed, the occasional pawnbroker who is a fence. It is extremely difficult to pledge bicycles, because they are frequently stolen, and the wheelman's unions of various names have employed detectives to look after stolen wheels. Type-writers of the best known manufacturers can hardly be pawned, because all of them are registered and many are in the hands of others than the owners, employers, for example, or concerns that rent the machines. Manifestly poor people find it hard to pawn new garments, the pawnbrokers having learned to fear the workman or workwoman that pawns such things sent out from the factory to be finished at the homes of the workers. New York is really one of the best cities in the country for the gentleman in temporary difficulties, since the business of the pawnbroker is strictly regulated by law, and his rapacity thus in a measure kept in check. The Bostonian hard up in New York is astonished at the benevolence of the local pawnbroker, for the heart of the Boston pawnbroker is as the nether millstone, and nothing intervenes between him and his victim.

New York pawnbrokers fear the casual customer and treat him less kindly than the regulars, for not only is he more likely than they to prove a thief, but is much less likely to redeem his pawn. The richest pawnbrokers have dealings with persons whom their neighbors would never suspect of such resorts. Actresses' diamonds are certainly more often pawned than stolen, though the pawnbroker is not esteemed in the profession so good an advertising medium as the thief. The pawnbroker, in the case of his most distinguished customers, is merely a somewhat usurious money lender, who is a little insistent about collateral, as Falstaff's tailor was about security.

Influence of Corsets in Japan. The effect of European clothing upon Japanese women is quite remarkable, for whenever it is adopted modern manners and customs usually go with it. The educated Japanese say that when a native woman adopts modern dress she insists upon the same treatment and courtesies that her sisters in Europe receive. It is a curious fact that when a woman is dressed in the Japanese costume her husband always precedes her when entering a room or in walking the streets, and treats her as Japanese husbands generally treat their wives; that is, like servants. But when the same woman puts on modern dress the conditions are reversed. Her husband pays her the same deference that European and Americans show their wives and recognizes her as an equal. Therefore, dress reform has had a powerful influence in the advancement of Japanese women, and those who have embraced Christianity and are laboring for the emancipation of their sex are all working quietly, zealously, and effectively to promote the reform that is going on in the home and the wardrobe.—Chicago Record.

Chairs Rescued, Cane, Splint, Perforated by Dual, 17 Waterloo Street.