

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, NOV. 9.

GIVE US THE LINE.

The delegation to Ottawa in the interests of a subsidy for the Beaver line of steamers between St. John and Liverpool has a mission of no small importance to our citizens, and it is a pity that one of the daily papers has gone out of its way to sneer at it as a political dodge. It seems to be one of the matters which are purely out of the domain of politics and in the interest of the people regardless of party. To decide if it is a plot for humbugging the people of St. John to asperse the motives of the delegates is not only purely imaginative writing, but it is in the worst possible taste. The interest such a paper feels in the prosperity of the city seems to be fully expressed in the statement that "no fault can be found with any arrangement that can bring these vessels to St. John."

This does not even amount to a negative advocacy of a measure calculated to advance the best interests of the people. That the Dominion government has not in the past done more for the port of St. John, is no reason why it should be insulted if willing to do something now, and it may be taken for granted the spirit shown by the journal in question is not shared by its readers. The amount asked is small, but sufficient to ensure a fortnightly steamer between this port and Liverpool. That the government will grant it can scarcely be doubted. The provincial government made a grant to the recent exhibition much larger in proportion to its means than the Dominion is now asked to contribute for a permanent and beneficial object.

Success, then, to the delegation, and if its object is accomplished let us recognize the benefit, even though it be no more than should have been given long ago. There should be no further display of bad temper or bad taste by any journal which claims to give expression to the opinion of the people.

ANOTHER MAN MARRIED.

Even though the fight between CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS did not take place last week, the people of this continent have not lacked for a live topic of conversation in the marriage of the DUKE of MARIENBOROUGH and CONSELLO VANDERBILT. The wedding has taken place with all the theatrical effects which money could produce. The display has been magnificent, and being in approved society circles is pronounced to have been in excellent taste. The public have enjoyed a show, and the youthful descendant of the hero of Blenheim has become the husband of the descendant of the toiling, swearing and saving old VANDERBILT.

Honors are even in this instance. The duke, so far as appears, is not like some of the blackguard bankrupts who have bartered their titles for the gold of American girls in the past. He appears to be an ordinary sort of a young man with good title and bad fortune, to whom the five million dollars paid on delivery of his name to the bride, will be a very welcome reviver of his jaded finance. The VANDERBILTS might have made a much worse bargain in buying a nobleman, and they doubtless would have been willing to do so had there been a corner in the title market and only some dissipated rouse with an equally aristocratic lineage been available for the purpose. Congratulations to the bride and her family, on this point, would appear to be eminently in order.

Some of the writers who have been discussing the matter for weeks assert that this was a love match. Perhaps it was. Who can judge the heart of another in such cases. This much is certain, that the heir to an estate which he is too poor to maintain is apt to love money when placed within his reach, while a woman dearly loves a title, and the public loves a show. In these respects, at least, it was an undoubted love match.

It is not every day, or every year, that a duke comes to America to be married, and it is little wonder that occasion was made for

plutocracy to make loud proclamation of its alliance with aristocracy. From the moment of the announcement of the projected marriage until now, the affair has been fully advertised in the press, and the world has been treated to the fullest particulars of the matrimonial opera bouffe and its stars. If the people of America do not know what the duke wears, how he dresses and undresses, when and what he eats and drinks and how he cleans his teeth, it is not the fault of an enterprising press which has endeavored to give the fullest data about his daily life in America. He seems to have borne it all as a necessary part of his bargain, but there must have been much to impress him with the difference between a marriage at home and one abroad. Should His Grace ever be reduced to the extremity of having to engage with a dime museum, his recent experience will be of no small value in enabling him to stand the ordeal as an exhibit.

The wedding itself was a show in the fullest sense of the term. It was a performance for the entertainment of a crowd of house, and like any other stage performance it had been fully rehearsed. The New York Sun remarks that "the custom of wedding rehearsals is peculiarly American." It undoubtedly is, and doubtless it is one of those American customs which is not likely to be imitated in good society in any other country. In this instance the rehearsal took place in the church on the afternoon of the day before the wedding, while policemen guarded the doors against a mob that filed the street outside. To the credit of the prospective bridegroom, he and his groomsmen were not present, but all the rest of the party were, and Mrs. VANDERBILT "bossed the show." The march up the aisle and the tableaux at the altar were rehearsed three times before that lady was satisfied while Bishop LITTLEJOHN stood, his prayer book in hand, and went over the service to show them how the ceremony would be performed. Probably he felt a shamed of himself for lending his episcopal dignity to this peculiarly theatrical expedient, but what was he to do but obey when the rich VANDERBILTS commanded.

The wedding itself was a great show even the "household servants" were paraded in pews as part of the exhibit, and in still worse taste was the parade of the "Tutors and governesses who had instructed the bride and her brothers," as it is democratic America the teachers of the children or money makers were but another class of servants. As a show the wedding was a success, and as a precedent it may, unfortunately, be equally a success. Chicago will undoubtedly try to outdo it, whether there is a duke in the programme or not.

The great and material benefit of the wedding has been the putting in circulation of vast sums of money spent in the dresses and decorations. The duke will go back to England some millions of dollars better off than he has ever been, while the oride wears a coronet and becomes mistress of historic Blenheim Castle. She will have "a house with two hundred rooms, an army of servants and 2,700 acres of land." These, with ten million dollars in her own right ought to make her happy, but if she has no source of happiness, save that which wealth and position can buy, the humblest bride on the land today need not envy her lot.

THE PROBATION SYSTEM.

In another column of this issue will be found a reference in LARSEN'S letter, to the admirable system of probation for minor offenders, which has long been in practice in Boston. The results have been found eminently satisfactory, and it seems singular that the adoption of the system has not become more general among American cities. Apart from the moral good that is accomplished, there is in the long run a clear financial gain. That, at least, has been the Boston experience, and it is easy to see why the same rule would apply in every community.

The methods of dealing with petty offenders in St. John, and many other cities is crude, clumsy and expensive from every point of view. The police court is run, in one way with an eye to revenue, but is a steady source of expense. Heavy fines are imposed for ordinary offences, and when they are not paid the persons convicted are sent to jail to be supported. Last year 989 persons were sent to jail from the police court, and only a very small proportion of these were charged with serious offences. The number of days they were supported was more than 12,000, and in some years it has been fifty per cent more. Twelve thousand days are equivalent to thirty eight years of time taken from the earning capacity of the community, and during one year hundreds of men are degraded, encouraged in idleness contaminated by the foul association of jail life, while those dependent on them may in many cases be compelled to suffer for the ordinary comforts of existence. The great majority of the jail prisoners are men who have committed no crime save to show themselves on the street in a state of intoxication, often perfectly able to take care of themselves but duty the prey of policemen anxious to get off duty early by making an arrest. These unfortunates are dragged before the court the next

morning unless they can deposit the wholly disproportionate sum of eight dollars, to be forfeited for non-appearance, and when convicted by the court are fined with the alternative of imprisonment in jail. By dint of hard and heavy fining the court took in about fifteen hundred dollars in cash last year, for ordering fines, while our city was put to the expense of keeping several hundred persons in jail for various terms, with an absolute financial loss, to say nothing of the results from a moral point of view.

The time will come when the absurdity of such a system will be recognized, as it was long ago in Boston. In that city, a man arrested the first time for a minor offence is allowed to go, after a careful inquiry is made into the circumstances of his case. This same treatment is accorded to him a second time, but when he becomes an habitual offender he is sent to serve a term at Deer Island, where he finds plenty of work to do.

A good general idea of the aims and efficiency of the probation system is given in the letter referred to. It may be added that for the great city of Boston the entire cost of the bureau is only about \$15,000 a year. The cost of the St. John police force was over \$28,000 last year, but the cost to the people in both a moral and financial sense was much in excess of that sum.

The police officials of St. John may gain a valuable point from the recent ruling of JUDGE FALCONBRIDGE in a case at Toronto, where the question of the right of peace officers to search prisoners was involved. Taking his ground from both English and Canadian cases, the judge holds that the right to search a man who is under arrest is not of general application. It is assumed in cases of felony, and it is reasonable when there are grounds for belief that a prisoner has a weapon with which he may do himself or others an injury. In this connection he adds: "But at the same time it is quite wrong to suppose that any general rule may be applied to such a case. Even when a man is confined for being drunk and disorderly, it is not correct to say that he must submit to the degradation of being searched, as the searching of such a prisoner must depend on all the circumstances of the case." By what rule or law policemen go through the pockets of intoxicated men and take their money from them, is something which would be hard to explain. It would be better for the reputation of the police in general if it was not permitted.

A curious interpretation of the psalmist's words, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," is reported from a town in New Jersey. Last Sunday the attendants at a colored baptist meeting house found a placard on the door which read: "There will be no service in our church today, as our most beloved pastor has been suddenly called away." Inquiry revealed the fact that the beloved pastor was under arrest, having been caught the night before in the act of stealing coal for the use of the church. When arrested he was industriously filling a sack and piously humming a hymn. When brought before the court he pleaded that the church was reduced in finances and that his conscience told him it was no harm to get coal for a place when good was to be done. He was released on promising never to do it again, and the grateful evangelist, in addition offered to employ spare time in soliciting orders for the concern he had been so conscientiously robbing. This may seem funny to some readers, but there is a good deal of resorting to queer dodges to keep some of the churches to the front in other places than New Jersey.

The people are bound to have an average of enjoyment. The worthy citizens of St. John were cheated out of the anticipated fun of an election campaign, but they get a pretty fair equivalent in the breeze some of them raised over the proposed changes in the grammar school. St. John should bear the reputation of one of the best behaved cities in America. So long as the present disagreement of clocks exists, the citizens can never go on a time. The Indian Summer was easily recognized in the mild and springlike weather of the early part of the week. Now that it is over, look out for squalls. Partridge are Plenty. Partridge are said to be tolerably plenty around St. John, many of them coming to Indian town from rivers. They are suffered to be sent as presents by pot-hunters who have shot them, but the price is quoted at 50 or 60 cents a pair. The law forbidding the sale of this kind of game, but permitting everybody to shoot it, is one of the most absurd ever enacted under the idea of game preservation. The only way to stop the sale of partridge is to call off the dogs and guns. Mr. Dawson Explains. To the Editor of Progress:—In your issue of Oct. 26th, there appeared an article dated Truro, Oct. 24, in which my name is freely used. Permit me to state that your correspondent is very inaccurate in his statements. Mr. Robbins did not make any reference whatever, either directly or indirectly, to my "passing the plates." Yours truly, C. M. DAWSON. Truro, Nov. 1st, 1895.

Chairs Reseated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Madrigal. Farewell my love farewell, Affection's sacred spell; Once more 'tis sweet to tell. In my soul's sad longing—Memory shall keep, Parting vows of breathe I love In the silence deep; Farewell my love farewell Angels guard thy sleep. Adieu my love adieu, With late and love song true; I sing dear heart to you. Still well you remember Where we often met, Parting pain and tears love. Ere the moon had set, Adieu my own, sweet love Lingers fondly yet. Good night my love good night, Far o'er the willow white; Fast fades the golden light. Softly o'er the mountains Twilight dies away, All the green woods darken Good night my love sweet slumber Speed the coming day. CYRUS GOLDBE. Ery Head West, Oct. 1895.

HOWE. While in st's hand empty on the leafless bough, Or while Acadia's streams run glad and free While Stewiacke's vale is clef, by fruitful plough, Or Mayflowers creep beneath the budding tree; While star or sunset glides the summer sea Washing Cheticou; while, fall, jolly, The robin sings, an' blooms the cherry; then Forgotten by the country cannot be, O lover, and O singer—gifted Howe!

While proud swiftness hasten from Britannia's shore, Bearing the patriot ships to his home; While skaters skim the lake's smooth bosom o'er, Or Micmac rears his wigwam's birchen dome; While Sable's sandy shore is swept with foam; While scowlike Melville Isles' forbidding brow; While waves curling; thy name to mind will come O thou, of eloquent lips, forever dumb,— O lover, and O singer—gifted Howe!

When April Showers Come Down. When April Showers come down From blossom loving skies, And, peeping thro' the grasses brown, Bid sleep's buds arise, Unto the world, so sweet, so sweet, Beneath their smiling towns, I turn my feet, Old friends to meet, When April showers come down. I lift the mossy stone Arbutus leaves to touch, And whisper to them all alone, "I love you, O so much." And for a bud I look, I look, Beneath their shining crown, In every nook, By fence or brook, When April showers come down.

One pink anemone In first my voice to heed; She lifts her starry eyes to me,— Their language I can read, And O! the world is free, And I care not for its ire; Do rattle, do see The change in me When April showers come down.

Unto the fields I go, I climb the brookside steep; I sit where violets used to blow, And wish they would not sleep; Neath dripping boughs I stay, Still heedless of renew. "Come just this way Till merry May." I sing as showers come down.

Unto my work, at last, I went with lagging feet; For rain-drops will not fall so fast, Their touch will not be sweet. And at my task I sing, All moods eases to drows; Sweet thoughts upspring, Unto blossoming, When April showers come down.

IN "SINGS FROM THE WOODS" O. JULIA HARRIS MAY. "In Sings from the Woods" O. "Maine."

Afterwards. This evening pleasure wears an older face,— I see the temptress naked, shorn of grace;— The past, the present and the future seem A dream.

Some may love wildly, others fiercely hate, And some resent with tears the sting of Fate, But I am weary, and what seemeth best Is rest.

How have I borne the burden of life's fray, How did I love so madly yesterday, How could I long and strive, and strive again, In vain.

One cries to me that he has lost a wife, Another, that he dreads a beggar's life, A third that he, in striving to win fame, Earn'd shame.

Harvest of gold, Love's loss, and worldly scorn, Have all been mine to welcome and to mourn; But why murmur, when what seemeth best —Pat Mall Magazine.

Love's Ways. Does love bring peace? Aye, more, a glad rejection. Happier far than some of merry bird; In language of its own it find a voicing, Sweeter than any speech the ear hath heard, Clearer than spoken word.

Can love endure? Aye, ceaseless as the ocean's Firs as a rock or'er which mad billows break; There is no limit to its deep devotion, No sacrifice too great for one to make For its dear, cherished sake.

Does love change? Aye, the second breath of summer, Whispering low to blossoming flowers, and wind, Is not more faithless than this fair newcomer; But oh! unlike the sighing, swaying wind, Love leaves a trace behind.

Does love die? Aye—then lo, at night uprisen, A wan and venereal spirit slips its chain And chews us out of rest. Forsakes its prison To glide into our dreams and wake the pain We thought forever slain.

THE SHREW GRAY SQUIRREL. Attending Strictly to Business, He Gets the Better of a Wily Hunter.

"Of course," said a hunter, "everybody knows that when a man with a gun comes along the gray squirrel goes around on the other side of the tree; he doesn't get killed if he can help it, and he can help himself pretty well. I remember once coming across a gray squirrel up a big oak; he was out on a branch about forty feet from the ground. He saw me as quick as I did him, quicker, I guess, and when I was ready to fire he was around on the other side of the branch. This branch was very small only a mighty little bigger than the squirrel, but he hugged it so close and he was in such perfect line with me that you couldn't see anything of him at all except a little bit of the tip of his tail that was blown out by a strong wind. I blazed away at him and never touched him. Then I went around on the other side of the tree thinking that possibly I could get a shot at him from there, but as I went one way he went the other, and by the time I had got over on the other side he was on the side I

had come from and in just as perfect line with me as he was at first, and just as safe. I tried him again with just the same result. "Then I pulled a stake out of a rail fence near by and planted it in the ground on one side of the tree and hung my coat on it, and went myself over on the other side; I thought that possibly I might make the squirrel think there were two men there, or put him in doubt, long enough to enable me to get a shot at him, but he never paid the slightest attention to the coat. I don't it would have made any difference to him if I'd opened a clothing store there; he knew the man with the gun, and it was the gun that he was looking out for. "Well, we dodged around that tree for quite a spell longer. There wasn't any other tree near by that the squirrel could go to, and he knew his only safety lay in sticking to the one he was in, and the way he did stick to it and keep around always on the other side of that branch was something wonderful. I fired five or six shots at him all together and filled the branch under him half full of shot, but never touched him; and when I thought I had wasted time and ammunition enough I left him."

OLD TIME PLAYBILL.

The Drama in St. John as It Was Seen Nearly Three Score Years ago.

Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald of Carleton is the possessor of the following old time house bill, yellow with age:

THEATRE. By Permission of His Worship the Mayor. Mr. W. R. DERR

HAS the pleasure of announcing to the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John and its vicinity, that at the request of his Friends, (who have witnessed and confessed themselves gratified with his Performances in this Theatre,) he will give an ENTERTAINMENT, for the Evening, prior to his departure for England, and he hopes the Selections of PERFORMANCES he has made, will meet the approbation of the Citizens of St. John;—pecuniary matters preventing his leaving without soliciting their kind Patronage.

TUESDAY EVENING. November 13, 1838.

PERFORMANCE TO COMMENCE WITH THE CHORUS OF "THE SUN IS UP."

(From the Opera of the Massanello.) By Mr. DERR and AMATEURS, who have kindly volunteered their services.

AFTER WHICH The Song, "Caleb Quotem," by an Amateur Comic Song, "Billy Barlow,"

For the first time in this City by.....Mr. Derr. Song "Ax My Eye," by an Amateur

HERCULEAN FEATS OF STRENGTH! ON THE TURKISH COLLENS! By Mr. Derr, the Modern Sampson, who will on this occasion sustain FOUR ANVILS! — Mr. Derr will permit any Gentleman in the City to select the Anvils; they must not weigh over 300 lbs. each.

HIGHLAND FLING, In Character.....By Mr. M. L'Intyre

In the course of the Evening, Mr. Derr will Sing Four NEGRO SONGS, viz: "GUMBA CHAFFE," the Mississippi Nigger; "ROLEY BALEY," the Koon Shooter; "THE BACKWOOD HUNT, OR SITTING ON A RAIL," and "JIM CROW," for the first time.

SONG, "BEAUTIFUL BOY," by an Amateur.

THE CLASSICAL EXHIBITION OF THE SCULPTURED STATUES, By Mr. DERR, who will give a Correct Delimitation of the Vestian Statues.

1. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion..... 6 Positions. 2. Ajax defying the Lightning..... 1 3. The African smothered at Thunder..... 1 4. The Student Throwing the Discus or Quoit..... 2 5. The boxing Gladiator..... 3 6. Cincinnati the Roman fastening his Sandal..... 1 7. The Slave Romulus sharpening his Knife, whilst overhearing the Conspiracy..... 1 8. The statue of Apollo..... 1 9. The Peruvian Hunter..... 1 10. Romulus and Remus, (from David's Picture of the Sabine),..... 2 11. Cain killing his brother Abel..... 3 12. The Fighting and Dying Gladiator..... 6

LIGHT SPARRING Will be introduced in the course of the Evening by Mr. DERR and Amateurs.

The popular to conclude with the much admired and popular Negro Song "JIM BROWN," the "High Muckin'"; by Mr. DERR.

Doors open at half past 6 o'clock; Performance to commence precisely at 7. Price of admission to the box 25 cts., P. 15 cts.

TICKETS to be had at the St. John Hotel; Mr. Nelson's Book Store, and J. E. Ganong & Co's Store, King Street; and at Mr. Seely's, next door to the Theatre.

St. John, N. B., November 13, 1838. VIVAT REGINA! W. L. AVERY, Printer.

COLORING THE PIPE.

The Feat is not Hard to do, but Sometimes it is an Expensive Process.

"Do I know any mechanical way of coloring a meerschaum? Oh, yes; I have known a man to fix up a small rubber bellows that was kept going by a clock attachment, and so did his smoking for him; but a much more common method is to hire some constant smoker to use your pipe until it gets the tint you want. British officers sometimes distribute their meerschaums among their men for this purpose, and on a long voyage passengers give their pipes in charge of seasoned old salts.

"Some years ago we had a customer, a rich Peruvian, who had bought a great many pipes from us; he had about fifty pieces of fine meerschaum. Of course he couldn't hope to color all these himself, unless he smoked like a volcano, especially in the twelve months he expected to stay here. So he asked me if I knew anybody who would do it for him. I introduced him to one of our workmen, a young fellow, and the Peruvian turned over his pipes to him, supplying him with a lot of the very best tobacco he could buy. He used to come in often and watch the man at his work. He would sit and admire the slow coloring of those pipes; as an artist would a painting; you know how you feel as you see the beautiful, rich hues come in, don't you? Well, sir, a sort of friendship sprang up between these two. The Peruvian took a personal, or perhaps a proprietary, interest in his pipe-colorer, and started out by sending him to his own barber, to be shaved into more presentable shape. Then he insisted that the man should have his teeth examined, and he paid a \$75 dentist's bill for him. He sent him to a fashionable tailor and gave him a fine outfit; he bought him a Panama hat,

and so on, until we figured that, with \$1-a-pound tobacco—and he kept the fellow smoking all the time—and all the rest of his expenditures on that workman, the coloring of those pipes cost him about \$1,200. Then he went back to Peru, and I heard afterward that he was killed in Australia. He ought to have remembered the workman in his will, to make the romance complete; but this is a true story, and I can't say he did. Perhaps he felt himself fully furnished with pipes for this world and the next without any bequests."

"Especially if he smoked the ghost of his son; Cavendish in his phantom meerschaum," suggested his listener.

"Ye-es," said the other, who could appreciate Jerome too. "But I don't know about that. You see he smoked most of that out Cavendish by proxy. "Here's another story of meerschaum coloring. The Duke of Castelluciae used to be one of my customers. One Saturday he came in and looked at a fine meerschaum cigar holder.

"That's handsome," he said. But I want it colored; can you have it done for me on Monday?"

"But, your Grace," I said, "coloring takes time. I couldn't have it done by Monday. A few weeks—"

"Bib!" he said. "I will bring it to you on Monday as black as your coat."

"And he did. This is how he did it. He went out and bought a hundred long 5-cent cigars, went home and smoked them all dry Sunday, one after the other, until they were gone. Sure enough, the holder had a beautiful color, but he had nearly spoiled his teeth, and he admitted that he wouldn't do it again. One hundred 5-cent cigars in one day was too much even for an Italian."—New York Tribune.

Masonic Knights Templar.

James B. Nixon of Toronto, will arrive at the Royal Hotel by C. P. R. this afternoon. Mr. Nixon is special deputy to the grand master of the Great Priory of Knights Templar of Canada, and he will leave St. John on Tuesday morning for Charlottetown and will on that evening institute "The Prince Edward Preceptory of Knights Templar. Dr. Roden Macneil the grand master of the grand lodge of Freemasons of P. E. Island will be the chief officer of the new preceptory. Frates of the order, especially those of the Maritime Provinces are cordially invited to be present at Charlottetown on this occasion.

New Costumes.

Ladies will soon be thinking of new costumes. There is nothing better than a Cravenette. It is waterproof and dust proof, and yet perfectly porous, so that it is a pleasure to wear it. The Cravenette is made in the following shades; Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black. Light and medium weight. In addition to all these qualities, the Cravenette is extremely stylish, and makes up with a smart distinctive appearance which the ladies much appreciate.

Bridget's Appreciation.

A lady employed a very ignorant Irish servant, who would not rise in the morning at a sufficiently early hour. An alarm was therefore bought and presented to the servant with the words: "You know Bridget, that I require the fire alight every morning by 7 o'clock; but I cannot get you to do it; so I have bought you this alarm." Bridget examined it and said: "Thank you mumm; it's very pretty. But fancy a thing like this bein' able to light a fire. Sure, it's a wonderful invention, mumm."—London Household Words.

"FILOSOFY AND FOLLY."

"Tis easier to view two valleys from the top of one mountain, than to see both sides of a mountain from the centre of a valley, also is it more natural to criticize the actions of others than be the victim of criticism.

Better to have loved and lost, than take any divorce court chances.

It sometimes takes a greater number to "make up" than it does to start a quarrel.

Parity of mind finds expression in the actions of the individual, while the actions of the individual does not always denote the state of the mind, this latter owing to misconstructions being placed thereon.

Physiognomy is N. G. in the case of a Jaykel and Hyde existence.

There would be fewer church mortgages and copper collections under the one-tenth-of-our possessions style of christianity.

"Inability" does not depend upon "disability" for an existence.

Many a good resolution we meant to materialize in the near future, that we would hardly dare postpone for years, at the time we first held them in the prospective.

If you wish to feel that life is not worth living, confine your literature for a while, to the "before" of thousands who found no relief until they tried one of the many wonderfully curative pills or lotions.

Have you ever heard a good reason given, as to why a whole family should be disgraced because of the act of an individual member of it?

Reflections cast in the mirror of the soul, do not always show in the face.

A policeman is the "spirit" that moves a corner loader.

A saucer—answer is good for the goose as the gander.

To the end that your cup of joy may never be empty, nor your cup of woe never be full, keep your "spirits" up, and never let them get "down."

Women and elephants are equally afraid of mice, and some men are scared of all three, else they'd marry one of them.

The main reason many people are not afraid of Ghosts, is that they never encountered one.

He who has no need of a Doctor or Lawyer is doubly blessed.

The graven image as displayed upon coins of the realm, has still many worshippers.

Never condemn a man for smoking if you chew, apply this principle to other matters if you chew.

He who enjoys good health, the confidence of his friends, and freedom from debt, is, or should consider himself wealthy.

The reason a storm in winter resembles a cold in the head, is, it blows its snows. JAY EZZ.