

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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

Colonel TUCKER gave his audience a surprise Wednesday evening when he began to enlarge upon the advantage of pure water. There was an impression that he was a better judge of whiskey than water.

Where were the leaders of the youthful grits at the meeting Wednesday? Absent or silent. It is poor consolation to them to know that TUCKER is doomed to defeat. If they had talked less and worked more he would never have been chosen.

A small volume on "the duties of a chairman" should be presented to Mr. G. WETMORE MERRITT, the president of the young liberal club. When he was called to the chair at the ratification meeting there was some surprise that the first appeal for the ratification of TUCKER should have come from his lips.

"With every seat filled, and a crowd of men standing around the walls of the Opera House, last evening" is the way the Telegraph begins its account of the TUCKER ratification meeting. Perhaps it will answer excellently as a specimen of campaign accuracy since there were a hundred seats vacant in the main part of the house, the balcony was not half filled while not a head appeared in the gallery.

Our Halifax correspondent notes in one of his interesting articles that there is an agitation to limit the time of service of the officers in command of Canadian volunteer corps. This would be an excellent move, since there can be but little opportunity for promotion and advancement under present conditions. In our city the voluntary retirement of the veteran Col. BLAINE permitted the promotion of several officers and, no doubt, increased their interest in the welfare of the battalion.

Another accident on the C. P. R. this week! The demand for accident tickets by persons patronizing this road should be increasing. In a seriousness the Maine railroad commissioners should give their attention to that portion of the Canadian Pacific railway in their state. They have the power to compel the company to improve the road at least to the point of safety. The people of the Maritime provinces are deeply interested in this matter because the road is the shortest route to the west and passengers should have reasonable assurances of safety when travelling.

REFORM IN SCHOOL AFFAIRS.

The suggestion of PROGRESS that it was a ridiculous thing for the city to have a branch office in the office of the school trustees where bonds could be issued without saying "by your leave," was noted by his worship the mayor in his inaugural address. The citizens will support him handsomely if he makes a move to change this condition of affairs. The board of school trustees should have the entire management of the schools, but when it comes to providing the funds for school purposes and buildings the city should step to the front and do that part of the work. It is wrong for an irresponsible body such as the board, to have power to increase the debt of the city by raising bonds almost to any amount. There is no necessity for it. We believe that all the clerical work connected with the finances of the board could be done in the Chamberlain's office, perhaps with the assistance of an additional clerk. There is where it should be done.

If, while his worship is giving his attention to school affairs he will contemplate the secrecy of the meetings and the sparse details that are given to the public of what transpires there he may come to the conclusion that all the influence of the council should be exerted to open wide the doors of the trustees sessions. Only a few days ago the fact leaked out that there was a considerable difference in the cost of the new grammar school building as estimated by two different architects. The plans of the architect whose estimate was highest were accepted. It may be that there was good reason for

this but the public should know those reasons. No such expenditure as \$30,000 or as some say \$40,000 should be undertaken without the fullest possible light being thrown upon the project. Every plan, every detail is the property of the people who have to pay the price in the end. If there was a difference in the estimates of the architects why not let the people have an opportunity to become acquainted with the plans and to offer suggestions. These star chamber proceedings must end and the sooner the trustees realize that fact the better.

REASONS AND EXPLANATIONS.

The speeches of the retiring aldermen were quite readable and in the main they lacked bitterness. The aldermen retired by the people bowed to the will of the majority. Mr. ELIZARD spoke with that pleasant dignity that always characterized his remarks and said nice things about the council, the people and everybody connected with his civic labors.

On the other hand ex-alderman at large MCCARTHY was both serious and jocular and the reasons he assigned for his defeat are worth quoting. "Knowing as I did," he said, "that my civic fate, so to say, hung by a thread, and believing as I do that the people's votes and their prayers should be recognized as private personal property, at the absolute control of the owners, I have never felt over-confident in a pending election, and, therefore, am not unduly surprised at my defeat. Mr. Mayor, I had no idea that the effects of the remedial bill would be far-reaching enough in their consequences, as I have been assured has been the case in the late contest," to enter into a civic election in St. John, and to contribute to the defeat of one of so little importance as myself, who has no remembrance of ever having publicly taken sides, for or against, that measure; one, sir, who sincerely deplors the unfortunate conditions which make such a bill necessary in this so-called enlightened age, in this young country of ours, where people of different races, creeds and colors should stand shoulder to shoulder for the common weal, and where discussions and divisions are sure to work evil in the general interests."

It will be a new doctrine to politicians that peoples votes are private property and not to be canvassed for. Perhaps that had more to do with Mr. MCCARTHY's defeat than the other reason viz. the dislike to the remedial bill. If he is correct in assigning such a reason as this for his defeat there is trouble brewing for those who propose to come out openly in favor of it.

The mayor and Mr. BAXTER exchanged a few sentences of mutual admiration. The latter when retiring spoke of the "fair and impartial" character of the claimant and his worship returned the compliment by terming him the "brilliant young BAXTER" whom he hoped to see some day adorning a higher position than that of alderman. And yet this same "brilliant young BAXTER" when one of the T. R. A. candidates did not urge upon the people of Carleton the necessity of GEORGE ROBERTSON'S election. Times have changed and so have opinions. The new election scheme brought about by the T. R. A. was cordially supported by Mr. BAXTER yet on Tuesday he regretted that under the new system a man could be elected by the citizens at large over a man who was clearly the choice of the section the alderman was supposed to represent. This was his case.

It does make a difference whose corn is trod upon.

NOT THE LORD'S PROPERTY.

How a Feud Arose in a Nova Scotia Town Over an Organ.

A good story comes to PROGRESS from a Nova Scotia correspondent which shows that in certain parts of Nova Scotia there is much religious feeling.

It was at Wentworth, and the Christian Endeavor society had gathered for a meeting in the Orange hall. As in nearly all of these halls there was an organ, and it was proposed to open the meeting with music. A Miss Susie Fulton was called upon to officiate as organist which she was about to do, when imagine her surprise—to have one James Miller arise and catch her by the arm, pulling her away from the organ and as he did so he addressed the meeting in these words, "Look, here I ain't agoing to have no vain, profane and lying person playing on that there organ which belongs to the Lord—"

It seems Mr. Miller is an orangeman and the Fultons are not and in that locality—(regardless of the fact that not one catholic resides in the place)—The orangemen and those who are not orangemen are at swords points and it takes but little to raise a feud.

The people who assembled for the Christian Endeavor meeting were highly offended and the result was Mr. Miller was sued for assault and disturbing of a religious meeting. Mr. Purdy of Amherst was retained by the Millerites and Judge McLellan of Truro by the Fultons and the trial came off on Thursday last week but it will be finally tried on the 12th of May at Parrsborough. One thing, however, was settled at the first trial viz.—that the organ was not the property of the Lord nor of his followers but the orangemen and to them alone and for their praises was it to be used.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

When the Red Breast Comes a Warbling.

When the red breast comes a warbling, Waking all the hills at drows; All the green woods and the gardens, From their silent winter dreams, Wont the tall red rose trees yawn, Wont the house geraniums watching For the golden streak of dawn, Wont the honey suckle branches When they see him, laugh right out; Wont the lily leaves uprising Answer with a merry shout, And the mignonette and pansies, Though in seeds they only lie; Almost break their blinded doorways, When the red breast warbles free, Wont the pink arbutus trailing, Underneath the cedar tall; Chant aloud a welcome anthem, With the daisy's merry call; How the daisy and the myrtle, And the violet in blue; When they hear the herald call them Will answer they are true, How the snowball and verbena, And the crocus new this year, And the crocus new this year, Will give a welcome cheer, Will give a welcome cheer, The acacia and the almond, With the tulip proud and gay; From the ashes of their eye, All be looking for the day, Jack in the pulpit brightly robed, Will give out all his psalms; The wild oat strike his tuning fork, By organ reeded palms, The primrose and forget me not, Will open their sweet eyes; The morning glory talk with them, When here the red breast flies, How the wild rose and the blue bell, And the hawthorn buds will sing; Amid buttercups and clover sweet All dance with joy for spring, And the poet crowned with laurel, Sing madrigal and glee, When the red breast warbles call him, From the budding willow tree, CYRUS GOLDBE.

Lake Head Wood.

Woodman, spare that tree.

This song, written by George P. Morris over sixty years ago, was once the most popular in America. It was sung the world around, translated into other languages and quoted in the British House of Commons. It was suggested to the poet by the offer on the part of a friend to pay for the protection of the tree that stood in front of his father's cottage, then the property of another, when the owner was about to cut it down for firewood. It is here reprinted in connection with the remarks of Paterson on the Home Journal's Jubilee number.

Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough! In youth it sheltered me, And I'll protect it now. 'Twas my forefather's hand That placed it near his cot; There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not! That old familiar tree, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea— And wouldst thou hear it down? Woodman, forbear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties; Oh, spare that aged oak, Now towering to the skies! When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their rushing joy Here, too, my staves played. My mother kissed me here; My father pressed my hand— Forgive this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand! My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild bird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree! the storm still brave! And, woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

Sonnets of Place.

I. IRELAND. Thy memory, green Erin, haunteth me Since first I stood upon Killarney shore, Or saw from Limerick spires the Shannon pour Its turbid waters towards the western sea; And in my fancy's hour I turn to thee To muse upon thy never-fading store Of ancient myth and legendary lore, Enshrining every glade and rock and tree. Across thy lonely bays the Bansee moans, At ebb the fiddle cries in mystic tones, And elfin-folk dance on the moonlit green. Thy scenes I love, but chiefly Mullis' dell, Where Spenser rapt in rich enchantment's spell, Saw his great vision of the Faerie Queen.

II. SWITZERLAND.

I saw thy orchards as they lay aglow, With April's bloom; I saw thy lower vales Roll their green waves high as the fields where falls All verdure, 'neath the joy winds that blow Across those wastes of ever-sitting snow. I stood among thy lofty forest dales And saw the peaceful lake, the mirrored sails And all the little universe below, Emblem of Freedom, Switzerland, art thou! Thy air, thy soil, thy mountains, all are free; 'Mid-free thy streams that from the high cliffs' brow Leap joyous down to meet the southern sea. Before thy Tell's beloved name we bow, And hail thee perfect type of Liberty!

From "The Old Fashioned Garden."

The Richest Prince.

Once the noted German princes Sat in festive royal hall, Praised their lands for wealth and valor; Each his own, the most of all. 'Noble,' spoke the Saxon Ruler 'Is my land and all its power; Silver gleams within its mountains, And it holds a priceless dower.' 'See my land in all its fullness,' Spoke the Ruler from the Rhine; 'Golden harvests fill the valleys, On the mountains grow the vine.'

'Large my cities! Rich my cloisters!' Ludwig spoke of Batsen's Throne— 'These have made my royal treasure Never second to your own.'

Eberhard, the royal hearted, Wurtemberg's beloved King Said: 'My land has little cities, And her mounts no silver bring. 'Yet a jewel she has hidden, Treasure to my heart the best,— That throughout her hills and forests, In each home, is safely rest.'

Then up spoke the Saxon Ruler— 'He from Batsen, he from Rhine— Bearded Count, thou art the richest, For the noblest land is thine.'

—From the German of Kerner. Translated by Luella Dowd Smith.

THE NEW WOMAN ECLIPSED.

She Has Given Place to Another Brilliant Meteor.

So the New Woman is eclipsed! That dazzling meteor of a single season which shot skyward like a rocket, and left a brilliant trail of light behind her in her ascent, bids fair to descend from her lofty position almost as rapidly. In short to sink earthward in total extinction like the stick to which the rocket was attached.

I have often doubted in my own mind whether this wonderful being ever had any existence out of news-paper columns, and fiery magazine articles through which she was wont to career gaily, usually clad in bloomers, and mounted on her bicycle, and sometimes, though not always smoking a cigarette. Like Mrs. Gamp's "Mrs. Harris" she was constantly heard of, but very seldom seen; she served literary folk a very good turn too, because they made capital out of her, and wrangled over her even as Mrs. Gamp dangled Mrs. Harris before the envious eyes of her colleague and chum, Betsy Prig; so we grew quite fond of the N. W. and will feel lost without her. The star of greater magnitude who has risen to take her place, has the same initials, but a slightly different name. She is called the Newer Woman, and those two small letters e. and r. have possessed strength enough to make a back number of her unlucky predecessor. A new thing is always popular with a certain class of people until something newer turns up and destroys its prestige.

The newer woman is said to be a decided improvement on her immediate ancestor and to combine all the charms of both old and new, with a large number which are exclusively her own property. It was the complaint of many of her biographers that the new woman in clamoring for equality with man, had stepped down from the lofty pedestal she had formerly occupied, and been content to struggle along in the dust of life's highway shoulder to shoulder with him, and thereby she has lost a great deal of her former influence over him. Well this canvass can never be used again; the newer woman since the platform from which she makes her bid for popular recognition, is the fact that she does not want to be man's equal at all, she is perfectly satisfied to be his superior, and not bully him at all; preferring to rule over him in the good old way. She is going to be loved by him, and to love him back again with all her might in return, and I really should not be surprised if she ended by actually marrying him, and living happily ever after.

The newer woman thought marriage not only inconvenient, and a relic of former barbarism which savored of slavery, but she considered it absolutely immoral! The newer woman will go in for marriage to a limited extent. I don't mean to imply that she has pledged herself to avoid bigamy, and discourage divorce, but simply that she will not consider marriage the exclusive aim and end of a woman's life; it will be an incident, instead of a goal, but still it will have a distinct place in her scheme of existence.

She will be able, and willing to work too, this perfected type of womanhood, and she will be proud and happy to help her husband over the rough places in life, if he needs her help. She will be well educated too, she will be above all other things, womanly! In short it looks to me, very much as if the new woman had grown tired of her self imposed isolation on the heights, that she had found the atmosphere not only very rarefied but very chilly also, and finding that she was being left a good deal to herself she had felt the loneliness of her position and finding that exaltation, and happiness were two very different things she had decided to creep quietly down into the valley again, and seek human companionship and masculine adoration, those two essentials to the happiness of every properly constituted woman.

It is dull work, this trying to convince man that you are his equal when he wants to think you a thousand times his superior; and then when you have nearly succeeded and he stops treating you with reverence, and won't adore you any longer because you will insist on being only his equal, but begins to jostle you quite rudely, and tell you to get out of his way, just as he would tell another man, the result is not at all what you anticipated and somehow things begin to get out of joint and you don't want to be emancipated any more. It is awfully hard to come down to be an imitation man after having been a goddess for so long, and so the result is—reaction—and a newer woman!

I wonder when the newest woman will appear, and what she will be like?

Prevented a Waste of Powder.

A good story of Major Macdonald, who is en route for Akashe, to take command at the front, is told by The London Chronicle. The plucky major commanded a battalion of Soudanese at the battle of Toki— brave blacks who were devoted to him and loved him like a father. During that battle they disobeyed him for the first time. The wily dervishes had lain down a few hundred yards from the Egyptian force and were deliberately drawing the fire of the latter by springing up, waving their banners, and falling prone again in time to escape the shower of bullets that followed. The eagerness of the Soudanese was such

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



that they could not be made to see that the object of the dervishes was to cause them to exhaust their ammunition. Major Macdonald exhorted, commanded, swore in his fluent Arabic, and all to no purpose. The blacks would "loose off" at their enemies. So, at last, the situation becoming desperate, he ran forward, and walking down the front of the firing line he shouted to his men, "Now, if you must fire, fire through me!"

THEY GOT THE LION.

Exciting Adventure of Two Colorado Miners in Their Camp.

"The mountain lion," remarked an old miner some time ago, "is becoming rarer in the mountains of the West. When I first went seeking after the gold and silver of Colorado these animals were rather plentiful. They were met in pairs, and were common enough to make it hazardous for a man to walk in the valleys alone and unprotected, particularly after dark. I remember on one occasion having a slight adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a pal I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray. Winter came on, and one day before the very cold weather set in, we went to the town to get supplies, leaving our little cabin on the mountain alone. It came on to snow soon after we got to Ouray, and we did not get a chance to go to the cabin for fully a week. As we slowly climbed the hills I noticed the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin, and when we reached the house found that we had forgotten to close a window in the side. We had lost sight of the tracks, and the sight of the open window caused me to forget all about the animal and its presence. I started for the window, and was about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl, and the next instant a great yellow body darted through the opening, right over my back, its claws catching my buckskin and ripping it open to my waist, turned me completely over and into the snow. My pal whipped out his gun, and the mountain lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could shoot, the beast was upon him, and seizing him by the slack of his jacket shook him as if he had been a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I sneaked up and put a bullet right through his head. He dropped, and my pal drew his breath freely once more. Neither of us was hurt, but the lions skin in another week was serving as a rug by my cot."

It was a six-foot black-snake, and although it was a little dull from its winter sleep, it had sufficient life to scare Obed pretty nearly out of his senses. With a howl the teacher leaped for the door, holding the snake-encircled arm in front of him as if it belonged to somebody else, and he was in a hurry to the other man to take it. On the doorstep he met one of the pupils, who quickly got a stick and hit the snake a crack that nearly broke the teacher's arm, but it had the effect of making the reptile loose its hold and drop to the ground. "Geewhilkens!" exclaimed Obed. "That was a narrow escape." It was an hour or more before he got his nerves into such shape that he could open school.

The warm days continued, and one afternoon, while Obed was sitting on the platform that raised him eight inches above the level of the floor, tilted back in his chair, and secretly watching the pupils from under his half-closed eyelids, his attention was drawn to a small hole near the middle of the platform, which had served him for five years as a cuspidor. He thought he saw the hole move. He looked at it sharply, but it showed no signs of life, and thinking that perhaps he had had a nap and was dreaming, he resumed his vigil and did fall into a doze.

It lasted only a minute or two, and he came out of it with a start. He saw a wiggling object about two feet long hauling itself through the hole on to the platform. The next instant the pupils were startled by a crash, and they saw the teacher dancing around behind his desk, whipping the floor vigorously with a long supple sapling which he had used in the same manner on some of the pupils.

"What's the matter, Mr. Harding?" shouted one of the boys. "Snakes!" replied the teacher, bringing the stick down with a crack.

In the twinkling of an eye the pupils were on top of the desks, and some of the bravest of the boys rushed to the assistance of the teacher, who pounded the snake until there wasn't a single snake left in its tail. It was a four-foot adder.

The next day in the middle of the forenoon, while the arithmetic class was reciting, a little girl startled the school with a scream, and climbed on the top of her desk.

"There's a snake in the aisle!" she cried, and sure enough a five-foot blacksnake was working its way slowly down the floor between the seats. It was quickly despatched, and the lessons went on.

The schoolhouse is an old building, and in many places the plaster is broken, leaving the laths bare, and the openings have been made larger by the knives of mischievous boys. About an hour after the snake was killed in the aisle one of the boys yelled:

"There's another snake, teacher!" He pointed to one of the holes in the wall, from which a big garter snake was slowly oozing. One of the boys flung a slate at it, and the snake fell to the floor with its back broken. The pupils were getting extremely nervous now, and the teacher had his hands full in keeping them at their books.

In the afternoon three more snakes crawled out of the holes in the wall, and one was found coiled up in a comfortable spot on a bench at the rear of the room, where the sunlight fell. A long about 3 o'clock Obed, who had watched the hole in the platform suspiciously ever since the adder had come through it, saw about six inches of a slim, writhing form rise through it. He reached for the bell and let it drive in the direction of the hole, but it flew wide of the mark, and the snake dropped out of sight.

"School's dismissed," he said, and the pupils' last no time in getting outside.

The next day the teacher, Hiram Sanders, Orrin Bump, and Gib Tripp went to the schoolhouse and killed thirty-four rep-

tiles which they found lying around the floor. The supposition is that the snakes stowed themselves away under and in the walls of the old building for the winter, and crawled out when the warm weather limbered them up.

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For the Study of Art.

The Women's Art Association is of recent origin in St. John but it has been formed under the most favorable and encouraging circumstances, and the members, who number about eighty, are very enthusiastic over it and are of the opinion that by meeting and working together in their new studio on Prince William street, the interchange of ideas and the personal help that can be extended by the workers to one another, will have excellent results. The little friendly rivalry and competition to be found in such classes everywhere, and which is quite desirable, will be an incentive to work and will stimulate the ambition of the members, so that ere long the citizens of St. John may look for a much higher class of amateur work than they have hitherto had an opportunity of seeing.

The headquarters of this association are in Toronto and later on an exchange of work will be made by the different cities where the organization exists. An exhibition will likely be given by the ladies sometime during the autumn.

The studio in the Jardine building on Prince William street is a bright, cheery place and was chosen because of the excellent light to be obtained. Indeed this in itself is a sort of inspiration to the busy artists who meet there for work and mutual improvement.

The Queen's Mistress.

It is said that the one woman of whom Queen Victoria stands in respectful awe is Mrs. Mussons, the housekeeper of Balmoral castle. She has held her position of power for many years, and rules everybody who comes within her domain as a rod of iron, even to the queen herself. Her majesty on one occasion took a fancy to a certain household and requested that the care of her own apartments should be given to the girl Mrs. Mussons, however, thought differently, and informed her majesty that such a mark of preference would only turn the young woman's head and utterly spoil her. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, listened in silence and meekly acquiesced in her housekeeper's decision.

She Was Dissatisfied.

I wish to exchange this thermometer for a good one," she said to the salesman. "Certainly. What is wrong with it?" "The woman who lives next door to me bought a thermometer and paid less for it than this one cost. But it registered seven degrees more than mine did yesterday afternoon."—Washington Star.

The Organist of the Cathedral.

Prof. Amedee Tremblay, Organist of the Cathedral, Ottawa, has recently selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

There are forty-seven Chinese temples in America.