

MEXICO'S WASH PROBLEM.

Trials That Lead Tourists to Revile the Guidebook.

Of course guidebooks are prone to exaggerate, but their compilers deserve sympathy. For instance, how can one describe anything in this beautiful land and do it moderately? And after one has steeped oneself in old Aztec history, the Spanish conquerors, the viceregal days, the revolutions, the French intervention, it is harassing to the nerves to have some person from afar off declare that he does not believe a word of all that stuff; that the people are dirty, lazy, trifling liars, and all that outburst merely because a lavandera has kept the week's wash too long.

How difficult it is for strangers to realize the needs of lavanderas. How are they to be made to understand that San Juan de Dios Moreno or Felipe de Jesus Montenegro, husbands of the derelict laundresses, wore their pajamas to the fiesta at San Pedro de las Pinos, in honor of St. Peter himself, and, although they had promised not to do so, had remained out too late for the garments to be possibly laundered in time to be delivered on the day promised. Then it is not easy always to redeem articles cheerfully pawned at one of the many shops over Sunday. Unreasoning and unreasonable foreigners often subject these poor women to much discomfort by insisting and insisting over again that two weeks is a long enough time to have one's laundry out; that three weeks is an infliction and four unbearable. Some cases are even worse, according to the foreigner's view, as for example when the wash has been gone six weeks and the owner does not know the women's name nor the number of her house, much less the name of the street. The poor lavandera! They would have a harder time still were they not thus protected by the names of their streets.

A man my storm and demand of innocent and uninformed people where in thunder is La Segunda Calle de San Sabastian el Seco, while his wife may timidly wonder whether it is near la Plaza de la Balm, Calle de la Concepcion or Calle der Tercer Orden de San Agustin. The streets are a mile apart, but short and concise names are easily remembered and happen to come to her.

If the pajamas show the wear and tear of fiestas why worry these poor women? Cases where clothes never come back are comparatively rare and should cause no wonder, being readily accounted for by the extra number of saints' days falling in that age of the moon and making it necessary to wear some of the garments oftener than was good for them to the scarcity of money consequent to so many non-working days. Then why in the name of charity, annoy poor people? By citing one instance it can be proved they are often so embarrassed.

A senorita from the United States of the North gave several dainty garments into the hands of Maria de la Luz Garcia, vinda de Villanuevo, servidora de Usted, which description goes to show that she was the widow of Villanuevo, at your service. She was recommended by all the servants of the house as well known to them honest and prompt. Lists were duly made for the two persons interested, and all promised to go merrily as the 4.30 A. M. church bells which save one from oversleep. Days, however, lengthened into weeks, and the clothes did not come. The cries and moans who had recommended her ransacked their brains and beat their chests as with uplifted eyes they tried to remember the name of the woman whom they had assured the senorita was Segura and a very dear friend to the loved commander of one of their number. Four weeks passed. One morning at 5 o'clock there was a knock at her door, and the senorita spring out of bed and rushed to open it, fearing fire or an earthquake at that hour. There stood Maria de la Luz Garcia vinda de Villanuevo, servidora de Usted. She was in haste as it was dia de su Santa, and she needed her money to spend appropriately on that day of days. Her hurry was so great that the formality of counting and comparing the lists was, in her opinion, a superfluous performance.

It is not being senorita's saint's day, she did not feel such haste as the other party to the transaction. Several garments were missing, according to the senorita's list. Maria de la Luz had lost here, but, possessing a memory most wonderful, she felt sure every article entrusted to her was present. Could the senorita Americana refuse to a poor but honest woman he dues? one so prompt and just in her dealings with others that she could not rest until she had at this early hour delivered me ropalimpia, even before the missa in Santa Teresa's Church, which she was bound to attend at 6 o'clock? Would the senorita have the boudad and kindness to pay her at once in order not to lose time, which to her was far

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

more valuable than gold, yes, than anything save her character and reputation for dealing fairly with, especially the many and beautiful Americans of the North who are so rich and noted for their generosity most marvelous. The senorita was dazed for a moment by this torrent of words. Her studies had not carried her in Spanish beyond "Have you the clean clothes that I should have or have you those which I fear the niece of my mother's brother's sister will never see again?"

"No clothes, no pay," was the idea she intended to convey, and she succeeded, for the lavandera, who had felt it her duty to charge double for the remaining garments—how could she do otherwise and have money equal to the amount she had planned to spend when the wash was given her?—became indignant and declared the young lady must pay or she would have to be taken to the comisaria by a gendarme, and the chances were, be from there conveyed to the prison of Belem. Yes, how very sad that the simpatica Americana had so shattered her fond memories of former doings with those of that race and forced her to violent efforts in her own behalf!

Men are sometimes a long time arriving at a conclusion that a woman reaches with one bound, as did that American who reasoned thus: "The woman is robbing me; I am not robbing her; she needs a policeman to take her to the station, and I shall tell her so." With words well chosen from her vocabulary she informed the washerwoman that she must return the garments or go at once to the comisaria with a policeman whom she was going to summon from the corner below by way of the window. The echo of steps going rapidly down the stairs, through the patio

and out the big zigzag was music to the ears of the listener, who had made a big bluff and won. She was afraid of the woman's threats, but knew she was in the right herself.

The question now in her mind is whether the money due for the clothes returned at double the contract price, will pay for those missing. As they were bought in a gold country and lost in a free silver land Col. Bryan is appealed to decide.

Thus it is that the poor lavandera is frequently pestered as the old Southern mamies would say, by inconsiderate travelers. What wot they that people with tickets and time limited to thirty or ninety days and wishing to see many parts of the republic ere there return do not feel that so much time can be devoted to the sending out and getting in of their laundry? Far better for the nervos to do as did one man from somewhere, who sent out each week's wash by a different lavandera—all warranted segura as the planets.

Being a busy man, not in the habit of attending to his laundry bill even, he forgot all but the last one each week and thought how well he was keeping up with his laundry business. When his friends complained that they had no end of trouble over theirs he smiled complacently and mused to himself: "How strange; there must be something wrong with those other fellows. I never have any of the trouble they speak of." Then the wife came from somewhere and began inquiring into his wardrobe. The supply of fine underwear was reduced to those he wore. Where were the rest? It dawned upon the careful man with the smile that he could remember sending things out. As to receiving them again, that was where his memory failed him. Did he lose his wardrobe? Not one stitch. One by one those good faithful women appeared after an average delay of three weeks each.

BABIES IN PARLIAMENT.

Some of the Strange Visitors in the House of Commons.

The English House of Commons has many strange visitors and many diverting moments; but even an Eastern King or a dusky African chief does not excite a tithe of the interest, and certainly none of the delight, that a casual infant visitor arouses. Babies are naturally very rare and privileged guests of the Houses of Parliament; but when they do gain the entree they never fail to make their presence felt, and usually at an unpropitious moment.

Many years ago, when Lord John Russell was Prime minister and leader of the Commons, a very grave debate was broken into by a child's voice piping out from the ladies' gallery, "Oh, mams, dear, there's papa!" For a moment the House was horrified at such an irreverent interruption. The Speaker, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, looked very grave, and summoning the Serjeant-at-Arms directed him in a voice which was heard all over the House, to "go to the and request the lady in charge of the the equalling barin to leave the house forthwith."

The Serjeant asked the Speaker if he

A pure hard Soap

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

should inquire the name of the child's parents, whereupon Mr. Bernard Osborne jumped up and said, "It's a wise child that knows its own father; why it's Lord John Russell's baby." The House shrieked with delight, while Lord John blushed and protested in vain.

After a time the disturbed debate was continued, and soon the watching members saw the tiny fingers relax their hold on the grille, and the infant was taken away protesting loudly against the indignity.

In the 1886 Parliament, when the battle of Home Rule was so bitterly fought another baby found its way into the House in the middle of a heated debate, in which party spirit was running higher even than usual. More than once the child's voice was heard above the thrice of tongues, with the inevitable result that the Serjeant-at-Arms was sent to remove the stranger.

The stranger, however, had different views, and refused to be coaxed or coerced. At last stronger measures were resorted to, and he was carried off by his mother, shrieking and kicking with a vigor that put to shame all Parliamentary methods. The House was highly amused at the struggle; but the climax of delight came when a witty Irish member jumped up and cried out, "Shure, sir, it's only another of the childish objections to home rule."

Not many months the wife of a well known Liberal peer paid a visit to the House of Lords accompanied by her three year old son. The budding legislator had no great regard for Parliamentary etiquette and soon his comments reached the ears of the Lord Chancellor.

The mother anticipated late, and tried to take the boy away, a proceeding to which he strenuously objected, filling the Senate House with cries of "I shan't go, mams! Leave me alone." This was too much even for the gravity of the Lords; and when the Marquis of Lansdown tried to extenuate matters by saying that it was "natural for the minority to be opposition," the House to a man, broke into undisguised merriment.

Why is it?

A saleswoman sees phases of human nature that are seldom revealed under other conditions, and there is enough of truth in this sketch to make it interesting to both sexes.

The saleswoman whose duty it is to wait upon men was not thus engaged. She had gone to serve a woman, who proved to be an extremely hard customer to suit, calling for one style after another. The assistant was becoming discouraged and beginning to feel as if she didn't care whether a sale was made.

At this point another saleswoman said to her, "Maud, there's a man," and came to relieve her of the uncomfortable customer.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Maud, as she started toward the counter where men's gloves were sold.

"What would you like to see, sir?" she asked of the man who was waiting.

"I want a medium shade of brown, with wide stitch on the back, and fastened with a button instead of a clasp."

The saleswoman placed a varied assortment before him. Quickly selecting a pair, he exclaimed, "Just what I want!" and had one glove fitted. It suited him exactly and having paid for his purchase he left the shop.

Now what sort of gloves does the reader think this man purchased? They were a dark shade of brown, not medium; they had a narrow stitch on the back, not wide; they were fastened with a clasp, not with buttons.

Perhaps some man can answer this question: "Why do women like to wait on men better than on their own sex—because men are so easily pleased, or because they do not really know what they want?"

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness?

No; good pure tea, properly steeped will prevent a restless person from sleeping on the contrary, a tea like that sold in Tetter's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

A Mild Suggestion.

- 'Is this the ladies' cabir?'
- 'Yes.'
- 'Then why don't you write to Postmaster General Smith?'
- 'What for?'
- 'To have it excluded from the males.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Here comes that treacherous sister of mine!" exclaimed an exclamation as the door opened, and the person representing the hero's sister should have appeared on the scene. Instead of that lady, however, a big black cat sprang upon the stage, whereupon the cat coolly went on, "No, it's but her ghost."

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety four, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of St. John as number 65387, in Book 50 of Records pages 30, 31, 32 and 33, on the seventh day of February A. D. 1894, and made between William Thompson of the City of Saint John in the City and County of St. John and Province of New Brunswick and Mary Knox of the same place, widow of the late James Knox of the one part, and George E. Fenety of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and Province aforesaid, Queen's Printer of the other part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured and made payable in and by the said Indenture of mortgage default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the said City of St. John, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF JULY NEXT, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon of that day, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of mortgage described as following: That is to say:—

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land situate lying and being in the city of Saint John aforesaid and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the South West Corner of Duke and Wentworth Streets thence running along the Southern side of Duke Street forty feet in a Westerly direction thence Southerly and parallel to Wentworth Street one hundred and five feet thence Easterly parallel to Duke Street forty feet to Wentworth Street thence Northerly along Wentworth Street to the place of beginning."

ALSO, "All that certain piece or parcel of land situated fronting on said Wentworth Street described as follows beginning at a point on the Westerly side of Wentworth distant Southerly one hundred and five feet from Duke Street thence Southerly twenty one feet on Wentworth Street thence Westerly at right angles to Wentworth Street eighty feet thence Northerly parallel to Wentworth Street twenty one feet thence Easterly eighty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all buildings erections and improvements thereon

Dated the eighteenth day of May A. D. 1899.

GEORGE E. FENETY,
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Solicitors to Mortgagee.

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