

WIVES VERSUS CLUBS.

MEN ARE LIKE SHEEP—THEY FOLLOW THEIR LEADER.

How a Man is lured to join a Club and what keeps him there—When He Tires of It He Finds His Wife Tired of Him.

The man who belongs to a club doubtless has lots of fun, but he makes things unpleasant not only for his own family but for lots of other families besides. If I were a woman, I would rather be the most miserable old maid that ever dried up and blew away, than marry a club man, and if I married a man in the state of innocence and freedom from the club habit, and he contracted that pernicious weakness afterwards, I should most certainly make it cause for divorce, and if I could only succeed in getting a jury of my peers—women—to deliberate upon the case I think I should be pretty sure of my verdict. A clever woman once told me that men were like sheep, where one went the others were morally sure to follow! It is not very complimentary but I believe it's true.

We don't go to places because we want to, or because we are sure of having fun there, we go simply because the other fellows do, and if they find so much enjoyment in it why should not we? So we'll try anyway. So with the club man: at first I firmly believe that he would be far more contented and happy in his own home, but he gets an idea into his head that the fellows will think him mean if he declines to be proposed as a member of the club, when some jolly bachelor friend suggested it, and then after he is elected he feels he has to go out of compliment to the boys who have taken such a kind interest in his election.

Then he finds that his wife distinctly disapproves, not only of his particular club, but of clubs in general, and he feels that he must assert himself and show his independence of character; nothing is more despicable than a hen-pecked husband, and his wife must learn that he is the head of the family, entitled to the only judge of his own actions, and arbiter of his own fate. Once he has asserted his right to do as he pleases, he will drop out of the club by degrees, and only go once a week, or even seldom.

But somehow it takes longer to convince his wife of his absolute supremacy than he imagined; she has opinions of her own—very different ones, too—and one of them is to be that home is the place for a married man in the evenings, and consequently her conversion is a slow process. By and by, however, she ceases to complain of his absence, for the simple reason that she has become so accustomed to it that she no longer misses him. She has other pursuits, and alas! other interests; she has learned to provide for her own amusement without reference to him at all. She has friends in to spend the evening, or she goes out herself, and in place of the old home quiet of the anti-club days, she has rather a gay time, so that if he should take it into his head to stay in for an evening, he would feel like a fish out of water in his own house.

She is thoroughly convinced by this time that remonstrance is hopeless, but, like the opium habit, the custom of spending most of his time at the club has become a sort of morbid appetite, and he finds he can't give it up. He would not know what to do with himself if he had not the club to go to now, and his wife would be surprised if he stayed at home, so there is nothing for it but to keep right on. And so domestic life becomes a thing of the past, and two people who once were happy in each other's society, drift so hopelessly apart, that if they are thrown into each other's society unexpectedly for an hour or two, they find they have nothing to say, and are constrained and embarrassed.

I don't take a sanctimonious view of the matter. I am not a member of the Y. M. C. A., or the S. P. C. A., or even the W. C. T. U. I don't belong to the Freemasons, or the Oddfellows, or even the Good Templars. I am not even an Orangeman or a member of the S. P. C. K. I have no initials after my name to make it look like a kite with a long tail, nor have I a handle attached to it to take hold of. No, I cannot possibly be accused of putting on style, but neither did I ever belong to a club. I never felt that I could afford it, in the first place, and in the second, I did not think I could stand the mental strain, or play poker well enough. So I refrained. I don't think it was my virtue! I am convinced the above mentioned considerations had much more weight, so I don't take much credit to myself for self-abnegation; we all have our individual tastes. If it did, I think I should feel so ashamed of myself, that I think I should—in the words of Dickens' immortal landlord—

"Take and drown myself in a pail."

GEOFF.

It is telling on a woman to be rubbing away at an old washboard, and many times they are worn out before the board is. How simple it would be for you to let your wife send her laundry to Ungar's this winter and let him do it for her. Look at the facts broadside, and know that it is cheaper and better to let him rough dry her washing. Send next week's to Ungar's Steam Laundry.—Advt.

WHAT HIS FINGER COST.

A Cool Two Thousand Lost by a Bruised Digit.

Wall, ya-as, naybor, that was a purty narrer 'scape, fer fac'; but I got a story as kin beat your'n all holler, I reckon. See here! look at thet finger. Don't see enything wrong 'th it? Wall, ther ain't nuthin' the matter 'th it now; but friend, six months agone thet same finger cost me two thousan' dollars; Yessir—ce—a fac'! two thousan' dollars sliak as vasserlene in August.

It was jess 'this way. You see, I never did take any consid'able stock in these yer blame lot'ry schemes—'cause I get the noozpapers onct in erwhile, an' thet kinder put me on my gaird—an' I 'member readin' in a porty-book onct how a couple o' chaps—I think ther name was Injin Dick an' 'nother pilgrim called Nye—how these chaps, b'gosh! was 'berguiled by thet the same;—so I was kinder steerin' clare o' all such games. Wall, one day the pas' summer, a kind o' agent cum to our neck o' woods, an' hed in his possession a hull raft o' dockymens o' some sort or ruther about a blame lot'ry he was a commershil tow'erist fer. It 'pears the thing was drawed ev'ry two months, an' ev'ry time yer tried the game you hed to send the chap a dollar bill wrapped up in one o' them envelopes that Jim Burns sells. Jim keeps our post-offis at Waybak, an' runs a kind o' giner'l store—mos' ev'rything a person wants—needles, an' molassis, an' shoe-strings, an' axe-helves, an' clo'es-pins, an' hoss-bitters, an'—but, es I was remarkin' before I begun to 'rev'ry,' es the noozpaper feller calls it, you send this genial feller a dollar ev'ry two months an' then he's to trust in the Lord an' let nacher take her course. Wall, when he fust cum, I was fer tarrin' an' feather'n the sharp an' runnin' out o' our pat'ickler bailiwick, but S'repty—S'repty's my ole woomin—S'repty, she sez, 'Look-a-here, Josh Wilkins! this ole farm ain't a-payin' grub, an' I'm blamed ef I see wot we're to do ef sumthin' don't turn up lively. Let's try this lot'ry business jess onct. I've got that dollar you give me a-Crismus afore John's folks was here a-visitin'. Who knows—we may draw thet two thousan' dollars?' Wall, I didn't know wot to say, but I tole S'repty I'd consider; 'cause, you see, I wanted to kind o' dead-lock the ole woomin's jaw, 'cause she kin match a stove-polish agent, er a noble patriot fer talkin'. Well, thet night I was talkin' to Jim Burns, an' he was chock full o' this lot'ry game, an' afore nine o'clock cum, he had me well nigh daff to get hold o' S'repty's dollar an' send it to the swin'ler. Jim sed fer me to send fust—Jim's a sly one, min' I'm tellin' you—an' he would send in two months, nex' time the thing was drawed. 'It's a whack!' sez I, an' went home. Wall, nex' day I was workin' the ole mare a clearin' sum land a little bit back o' the barn, an' the lines got kilted under ole Dolly's foot—Dolly's the ole mare, rec'lect—an' I was reachin' down to clear 'em, an' she jammed this finger agin a rock an' hurt it so it swelled up like a counciller an' I had to cum in an' get S'repty to doctor the thing an' dress it. Wall, that night I see Jim, an' sez to him, 'Jim,' sez I, 'you'll hev to send your dollar to the lot'ry fust, fer my writin' han's got a impediment.' You see, naybor, S'repty, she can't do any ortographin', at all, 'cause the blessed boon o' eddication has been denied her—tho' ef I do say it myself, she kin cast buckwheat cakes an' darn socks agin any earthly angel thet ever flapped a wing. 'Nough sed,' sez Jim, 'an' you kin send nex' time.' Wall, Jim, he writ a letter an' wrapped his dollar'n sent it to the chap's eddress what he left away an' we heerd nothin', 'cept a tickle, from the lot'ry, an' I begin to think maybe my lame hand hed saved me from makin' the bitter remark, 'Good-bye, One Dollar!' when one day a letter cum to Jim fer him to take his blame ticket to a bank an' they'd get him his two thousan' dollars! You see, ef I hed sent my dollar insted o' Jim he'd, why I hed surrounded them two thousan' dollars myself, sure es hay-rakes! Wall, Jim, he bought a fine farm about twenty-miled from our place an' put his George, his oldest boy, on it, an' he's makin' lots o' money sellin' his perdue, min' I'm a-tellin' you, well, thet night after the money cum to Jim, S'repty an' me sed nuthin' at all but went silently out to the barn, an' dissolved about a pile o' pine edgin's on Dolly's hin'er-parts.—An' Jim? Oh, he's home to Whaybakkkk yet. He sez his boy's well-fixed an' he don't care about himself untel he gets so ole thet he can't lick post-stamps er measure out fact'ry cotton. Eh? No, thank you! Never use s'gars, you know, but ef you hev any chewin'-No? Wall, no harm done I hope,—an' say, ef you're goin' to run this story o' mine into the noozpapers, you might state es Jim Burns' number on the lot'ry ticket was the same as thet in the porty-book I was tellin' you 'bout—'7-2-9-8-4 was his hand.'—Wall, I mus' get on my car. So long! CASEY TAP.

The Obliging Chaperon.

Some chapérons are old and cross and some are young and meek, And some see every glance and hear each word the young folks speak. But chapérons the girls like best—so debutantes all say— Are those who at the proper time will look the other way.

—Chicago Evening Post.

THE COLD WATER CURE.

HYDROPATH ENTHUSIAST'S CURE FOR THE MEASLES.

Simple, but Exceedingly Vigorous—Nothing but a Sheet and a Tub and Its Contents—The Writer's Rough Experience of the Treatment.

The enthusiast, pure and simple, is not only a trying companion, but a good person to avoid. He represents a sort of a materialized whirlwind if he is a man, and if she is a woman—'faugh a ballagh!'—which is good Irish, and means 'Clear the way.'

I once knew an enthusiast of the gentler sex who became converted to homeopathy in the most complete and violent manner. Her family simply lived on pellets and the very water in the glasses on the dinner table had a peculiar milky look which the family never pretended to notice. They knew in their secret hearts that each glass contained the regulation allowance of either acetonite or mix somica but it was not considered etiquette to wound the feelings of the house mother by seeming to observe her little artifice, and as experience had taught them that her drugs never killed, and in fact seldom had any effect on their constitutions, they accepted the situation with equanimity, and said nothing. But in the fullness of time the homeopathy lost its charm, and the enthusiast sought fresh excitement and found it in the principle of hydrophaty. Then the trouble began to brew and the last state of the family was worse than the first, because cold water treatment was something that could not be taken in blisful unconscionness, like homeopathic medicine. It was too heroic by many degrees, and as kind fate would have it an early opportunity offered for the exercise of her new found skill in an attack of measles which descended upon the household in the nick of time; and the way those children suffered in the cause of science and hydrophaty was enough to draw tears from a police magistrate. I was one of those myself so I ought to know, and one special feature of the performance is imprinted on my mind so indelibly that I think it must have acted as a sort of a mental tattoo.

The victim was disrobed in full view of the instruments of torture, which consisted of a tub of ice water in which reposed a harmless looking sheet, just an ordinary looking sheet, solid cotton, and two yards wide, 'Only that and nothing more.'

When all was in readiness for the sacrifice, the lamb—I mean the kid—was laid out on the bed, the sheet was wrung out of the ice water, and the victim's shrieking and shrieking form was wrapped in it, the arms were placed close to the sides, and the patient rolled over and over, until the sheet was wound round him as closely as the silk round a cocoon. He was then rolled in blankets, the room darkened, and he was left to his fate, which—in my experience, at least—was worse than death. He was supposed to get into a glow of heat, and if he was so lost to all sense of what was expected of him, as not to do so, why that was his own lookout, and by no means to be blamed upon the treatment. I did not get warm, for one, and I know just how it feels. It is impossible to move hand or foot and he lies there, and grows colder and colder, till a merciful unconsciousness sets in, and he falls into a sort of stupor, in which his only definite impression is that he is in his coffin, and wishes most sincerely the funeral was over. Somehow or other I lived through it, though, and even got over the measles.

Do you want to hear anything more about enthusiasts? Well, I don't feel like writing any more about them. The chill of that icy sheet seems to be crawling up my spinal column even now, and it has dampened all my enthusiasm, and congealed my ideas.

GEOFF.

The Champion Salvation Drummer. There is a drummer belonging to one of the numerous bands of the Salvation Army in London, who has a great and brilliant future before him. He is the most energetic young man in the business. I saw him passing up the street the other day with his band, and the only thing that had any resemblance to the way his arms flew about was a Dutch windmill in a storm. He looked like a man with at least ten arms, and as many drumsticks, yet with all his flourishes he contrived to hit the drum at the right time in every instance. Sometimes he held his good right hand over the drum, and with his supple wrist managed to make the business end of the drumstick hit each side of the drum at almost the same time. After doing this for a little while he would break out into his muscular fireworks, again eliciting the greatest admiration from the crowd who looked on. It is half as good at converting people as he is at beating a drum—that young man must be a boon to Gen. Booth.—London Letter.

A Common Sense Judgment.

The New York court of appeals has decided that lot owners are not responsible to municipalities for damages secured against them by injured persons on account of defective sidewalks. The decision is based upon the ground that a municipality has the power to compel owners of property to keep their sidewalks in good repair, and in the event of their failure to make the repairs and recover the cost from the owners. If, therefore, a municipality fail to exercise this power it is responsible for all damages, and cannot fall back for relief upon the owner of the neglected property. The decision clashes with that of some other judges, but there is a good deal of common sense about it.

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A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

A College Escapade Related—Eccentric Fads in Scarf Pins.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The season here is well begun, even the most fashionable among the society leaders have returned from their country homes, and theatre parties, dinners, and dances are the order of the day.

The Kendals are very much the fashion among theatre goers; everyone raves of her sweetness, and their wonderfully good acting, and they are nightly drawing crowded houses. I saw Sothern, the other day, in *The Master of Woodbarrow*, and enjoyed him most thoroughly. He is certainly a master in his art and loses his identity completely. I could not help wondering how he could stand the strain, night after night, for there were elements of tragedy in the play that worked him up to the highest pitch, and must have caused a reaction later on.

Mothers and fathers, beware! lest in forcing your young son to excessive mental exertion you lose him altogether. I see that an Austrian school boy of Wein found such difficulty in mastering the third declension in the latin grammar that he took his own life. Speaking of matters educational, reminds me of an amusing account of a college escapade that I heard of a few days ago by an American university man. 'A party of us,' he said, 'had been out on Halloween, tearing off gates and signs, and otherwise sporting ourselves after the fashion of college youth the world around. We had brought about a cord of broken store signs up to one of the rooms, and were merrily burning them in the big fireplace. The ceremonies were at their height when two or three professors, excited by the movement by indignant townspeople, who—their signs having been ravished had followed us to the college gates—rapped loudly at the door for admission. Something had to be done, as it would never do to let in the professors with the evidences of our guilt scattered round the floor. One student how a state senator in Nebraska was equal to the emergency. It was a rule of the college that no professor should be denied entrance to a room, no matter the hour, unless the occupant was engaged in prayer. In event of the present progress of this religious exercise, the professor was made to wait until the 'Amen,' and could in no wise complain. At the first rap, Nesbit, the student who had come to the rescue, broke into prayer. In a loud, sonorous voice, he sought mercy for himself and companions. Continuing, he beleaguered the throne of grace in behalf of the college, as well as the professors, both singly and in a body. Next the students all came in for notice, by name and in bulk, as well as the every attaché of the place, to the small person who cleaned knives and forks in the kitchen. No one was slighted or overlooked. Then Nesbit went for the government, and prayed for the nation at large; then the president and his pressing needs were named, and Divinity was pleaded with for their fulfillment, then all the departments and various officers of the state, and when these were exhausted, all the states, beginning at Maine and ending with California, were interceded for. After this Jack went to Europe, and beginning with England, related the necessities of each government, and sought their satisfaction.

THE FASCINATING WIDOW.

Her Chances are the Best—Why a Man Should Hesitate Before Venturing.

Somebody, who doubtless knew what he was talking about, has said that for every chance of marriage the fairest maiden has, the blooming young widow has at least five. I do not know why this should be so! I do not think I should like to marry a widow myself, it would savor too much of going deliberately to a second-hand shop and buying an article there, which could be purchased across the way, 'bran new' for the same price.

I may be selfish, but I am very sure I should have a decided objection to placing myself at open disadvantage with so unsatisfactory a rival as a dead man, a ghost! too intangible to be met in open warfare, and yet perpetually sitting, a silent and uninvited guest at all domestic feasts. During the honeymoon, he might be laid for a time, but over his grave I would feel sure was written 'the fateful word Resurgam' and that at the very first difference of opinion, the departed one would be resurrected for my confusion, and final extinction; and the helpless living, floored by the sainted dead! There is occasionally a decided disadvantage in being alive, and one is apt to realize the fact with painful force, when his predecessor rises up to meet him in all the dignity of a canonization so recent, that the subject of it has not yet got used to it himself. No one has ever yet pictured the situation, with the life-like vigor that Amelia Rives infused into her vivid pen when she wrote *The Quick, or the Dead*, but even she quailed, when it came a depicting the married life of the lovers, so she did not let them get married at all. She grew faint hearted and separated them. The ghost of Barbara's dead husband rose up before her once too often, and she sacrificed the living lover, for the memory of the dead. Wise Barbara! to do it in such good time, and spare the living lover so much in the days to come. Why the cheerful custom in vogue amongst the ancient Egyptians of keeping a skeleton at their festive boards, has not to be mentioned in the same breath with what a man would have to endure, who was perpetually confronted with the past master, so to speak—of his adored wife's heart.

Unconscious Creed Revision.

Rev. Newman Smyth, D. D., in an article in the *Christian Union*, writes: 'It has often been said that the great creeds of the church were born rather than made. They were not so much products of theological workshops as issues of the Christian life and thought of an age. Hence, we are naturally suspicious of new-made creeds, and somewhat reluctant to adopt a confession which bears on it the marks of the hands by which it has been manufactured. We remember how long that simplest and ecumenical creed, the Apostles', was in growing. The new creed which seems to be predestined for the Presbyterian church, in the good purpose of God, will surely come to pass in its day; but when it is formed, it will be found not to comprehend merely the results of different theological endeavors, but to bring rather to some simpler and clearer expression the truth of the Spirit which has been quietly and virtually working in that church since the Westminster Assembly adjourned. Because we believe in the Holy Ghost, we must expect to see new creeds in their season among the fruits of the Spirit. But it often takes long years to ripen on the tree of life. The law of this advancement of the Christian life in the traditional forms of belief. The creedal forms adjust themselves slowly but surely to the vital changes in the Christian type of character.'

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Far down in my inner consciousness I have always doubted the ability of the rightly constituted mind to love truly and earnestly twice. I hold to a conservative belief that there are just two things in this world which will not warm over, and they are pancakes and affections. Of the two, I really think pancakes would come through the trying ordeal best. I don't say there are not cases where the last love is the best; doubtless such instances are common, but still there is a curious jealousy implanted in the masculine breast which makes the average man prefer to be the first. First in war, first in peace, and first in the heart of his wife. He does not want to be a sort of composite photograph on her heart, an impression through which the former picture imprinted there, shines too plainly to be ever entirely effaced.

If I were a woman I am sure I should not care to marry a widower, and being a man, I want to be some girl's first love, or at any rate, since that is well nigh impossible in these flirtatious days. I want at least to be her first husband, and have the inside track if any wife ever gets to be a widower.

GEOFFREY.