

# PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, OCT. 26.

## TIMES AND TIMES.

The citizens are now thoroughly alive to the necessity of dealing with the question of the adoption of a standard of time for St. John, and they are a unit in the opinion that there should be uniform time. This is out of the question if local time is retained, because the railways must be run by standard, and the Eastern standard is the one they have chosen. There are, however, a number of advocates of the time of the sixtieth meridian, which is just an hour ahead of Eastern standard and only twenty-four minutes ahead of the present local time. The practical argument in favor of this is that it is the time of the standard meridian nearest to St. John, and that with the adoption of it, supposing places of business to close at six o'clock, the hours of daylight in the evening would not be abridged as they would be the hour of closing six o'clock Eastern standard. Against this, however, is the fact that the adopted time would vary an hour from the railway and steam time, already in use by many citizens, and that there would be no more uniformity than at present. As a matter of expediency, therefore, the Eastern standard seems to be the best suited to meet all requirements, even though the stores which now open at eight and close at six should have to open at half-past seven and close at half-past five.

So many varying ideas exist as to the localities which ought to be in Eastern time and those which should be in Atlantic time, that a summary of what was decided when the standards were adopted will be of value to the public. As the Globe has pointed out, Progress itself was in error in asserting that St. John was within the limit of the standard for the seventy-fifth meridian and it is quite certain that the same erroneous impression has been a very common one.

Previous to 1883, there was a great confusion of times on the various railways of this continent, due to their being a difference of five hours in mean time in a journey from Newfoundland to the Pacific. Every road had its own standard, and on some roads there were two or three standards when the routes were long. The total number of times used as official was a out seventy-five. To remedy this the railways, at time conventions held in New York and Chicago, in April, 1883, passed a series of resolutions for the adoption of standards of time for each fifteen degrees of longitude. The first of these resolutions was:

That all roads now using Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Toronto, Hamilton or Washington time as standard, based upon meridians east of those points, or adjacent thereto, shall be governed by the 75th meridian or eastern time.

Other resolutions provided for standards for each fifteen degrees west, until the 120th meridian was reached. It was also provided that all changes from one hour standard to another should be made at the termini of roads or at the ends of divisions. It was agreed that the belt of country on either side of a standard meridian generally (with such exceptions as the peculiar relations of certain places may make it expedient to recognize) was expected to adopt the time of that meridian.

No mention of any standard east of the seventy-fifth meridian appears in the authority quoted, but in a colored chart all of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are shown as located in what was styled "Inter-colonial" time, being that of the sixtieth meridian. As a matter of fact, however, all the railways in these provinces adopted the eastern standard, and Halifax, and other places in Nova Scotia though literally correct in adopting another standard are out of line with the routes of travel. It is doubtful if the adoption of the time of the sixtieth meridian would be a wise step on the part of this city, in view of the existing large amount of travel and the greater increase of it to come in the future. St. John would seem to have the peculiar relations referred to as war-

ranting exceptions from the strict letter of the plan laid down by the convention.

The whole question of time having been referred by the council to a general committee, there is now no doubt the matter may be fully discussed in all its bearings, especially in view of the fact that representative citizens are likely to be present to show cause for or against any of the charges proposed. The matter should be settled as soon as possible.

## PLAGIARISM IN ART.

It would seem that painters, as well as poets, are plagiarists at times, and now there seems to be a question as to which of two notable works of art is indebted to the other for the idea of its grouping. One of these paintings is MUNKACSY'S "CHRIST before PILATE" and the other is BROZIK'S "COLUMBUS and ISABELLA."

About three years ago a cheap colored copy of each of these pictures adorned the editorial room of Progress, and one day a visitor pointed out the great similarity of idea in the two. The grouping seemed to be on the same general plan, and the relative positions of the principal figures differed very little. The characters in one scene seemed to have their types in the other, but no attempt was made to trace out the minutiae of the coincidences. That this apparent accident is really a plagiarism is now asserted by LORDADO TAFT, the well known art writer, in a recently published letter from Paris. Speaking of MUNKACSY'S picture, he says:

I made an interesting discovery one day as I chanced to hold in my hands two lantern slides, one of this picture and the other BROZIK'S "COLUMBUS and ISABELLA." The resemblance of the compositions struck me, and putting one slide over the other I was astonished to find them identical in mass and position of most of the important figures. Even the architecture of the room is precisely the same in its arrangement, though differing to some degree in detail. I have never granted my curiosity by looking up their dates to find which painter was the adroit plagiarist.

Judging by TAFT'S general estimate of MUNKACSY he is the more likely copyist, but the question can be easily settled by a comparison of the dates of the two pictures. There seems more than an accident in the close resemblance, though it may be an unconscious plagiarism such as has happened with undoubtedly honest poets and musicians whose minds have repeated ideas from memory under the belief that they were original. MENDELSSOHN, for instance, had no idea he was taking anything from "Auld Robin Gray" when he composed "Oh, Rest in the Lord," in the oratorio of "Elijah." Such, possibly, is the solution of the plagiarism in the work of one or the other of these noted modern artists.

## THE MAYBRICK CASE.

It seems more than likely that Mrs. MAYBRICK, now under life sentence in an English prison, will ere long be a free woman. For several years she has been kept in custody, the result of a verdict that she caused the death of her husband by arsenic poisoning, and in all that time there has been a constant growth of sentiment that she is not guilty. This feeling is not a new one. It was strong during the course of the trial, and the excited populace wanted to mob the court officials when the verdict was given. The leading English newspapers, always most conservative in their comments on judicial proceedings, declared their opinion that the case was not proven, and such too is the recorded belief of such eminent jurists as SIR CHARLES RUSSELL and others. These in a joint opinion on the case have said "there are many matters stated in the case, not merely with reference to the evidence at and the incidents of the trial, but suggesting new facts which would be matters proper for the grave consideration of a court of criminal appeal, if such a tribunal existed in this country."

Unfortunately for the prisoner, there is no such court of appeal in England, and though the Home Secretary commuted the sentence of death to one of imprisonment for life, all attempts to secure a rehearing of the case have failed in the past. The verdict could not be disturbed, for to do such a thing would be to admit the fallibility of courts and judges under the English system, which would be a very dreadful thing indeed. Very recently, however, the House of Commons, on motion of T. P. O'CONNOR passed a resolution that there should be a reconsideration of the case. It is likely that this will eventually result in a pardon, unpleasant as it may be to admit that a British court has made such a blunder by which an innocent person has been made to suffer. It must be remembered, however, that this has happened in the past with other courts, and sometimes after an innocent man had been executed and when no reparation could be made. If Mrs. MAYBRICK is not guilty, there is no reason why she should continue a prisoner merely to prevent injury to the reputation of the court by which she was unjustly condemned.

The reasons given for asking a pardon or rehearing, as presented by Mrs. MAYBRICK'S counsel are fifty-five in number, and cover a great many points in the case. The woman, it will be remembered, was a young and handsome American, while her husband, many years her senior, was a cranky invalid. The alleged motive in the case was to free herself from a disagreeable partner and get possession of his wealth. The prosecution was largely aided by the efforts of MAYBRICK'S relatives in Liver-

pool, while the prisoner, being a stranger had few friends to aid her at a time when they were most needed.

The charge which the prosecution sought to prove was that she murdered her husband by giving him repeated doses of arsenic in his food and medicine, and it was shown that she had bought a quantity of fly-paper containing that poison. A small quantity of arsenic was found in the intestines of the dead man. Mrs. MAYBRICK'S explanation was that she had purchased the fly-paper to make a face wash for herself, and that MAYBRICK had long been an habitual arsenic eater. The latter fact was clearly established at the trial, and it is now known that he purchased one hundred and fifty grains of arsenic for his own use, three months before his death.

In the list of reasons for a rehearing, stress is laid on the fact that though the judge charged that death from arsenic must be established, nothing of the kind was shown. From all that was shown to the contrary, death might have resulted from natural causes. If this were so, and were it shown that his wife gave him arsenic, she would only be guilty of an attempt to murder, but she was really convicted and sentenced for actual murder. The defence also claims to have new evidence which will account for everything in such a way as to exonerate the accused. Apart from this there is and has been such a strong reasonable doubt that she should have the benefit of it.

Among other matters of detail is the fact of MAYBRICK having been an habitual arsenic eater, in regard to which additional and convincing evidence has come to light. No more arsenic was found in his body than would be expected in the case of a man with such habits, and the quantity found was small. At the stage of the trial when some of the medical testimony was given, the fact of the man having been an arsenic eater, was unknown, and the witnesses were consequently misled in their diagnosis. Had arsenic been made from fly-paper been given, it would have been detected by the fibre of the paper, but nothing of the kind was discovered.

It is also asserted that the first serious phase of the man's illness resulted from his taking an overdose from a bottle which did not pass through his wife's hands, and that the day on which he became worse at his office was the particular day on which he forgot to take with him a luncheon prepared by his wife. That he progressed favorably so long as he was nursed by her, and only began to sink after trained nurses had taken charge of him. It is also asserted that opportunities for putting poison into food and medicine were open to persons who were her bitter enemies and subsequently proved themselves hostile to her.

The claim is made that the jury were prejudiced by reports adverse to the prisoner and were not, in any event of a class competent to deal with such an intricate case, while the judge was of failing mind and made serious mistakes both as to law and fact in his charge to the jury. Finally, covering all the points urged, is the declaration that the evidence was wholly circumstantial, and that all the circumstances admit of an explanation which will prove the woman's innocence.

One point laid down in the document, outside of the matters of detail, is that the conviction is really opposed to the interests of society in a general sense. It is argued that punishment can never benefit society, unless public opinion goes with it, and that the public can never rest satisfied unless Mrs. MAYBRICK is either proven guilty or pardoned. This is the true state of the case, and it is to be hoped that the matter will soon be set definitely at rest.

The old-fashioned woman scored one over the new woman in New Jersey, the other night. She was a farmer's wife, driving on a lonely road after dark, when a masked man appeared and seized the horse by the head, while a second masked man attempted to climb into the wagon. The old-fashioned woman did not scream or attempt to jump out, but she reached under the seat and pulled out a common tin candlestick. This she pointed at the head of the highwayman, snapping the adjuster to make it sound like a revolver, and ordered the man to run for his lives. They did so, and the old-fashioned woman quietly drove home with the candlestick and all the rest of her valuables safe.

People who persist in miscalling the river St. John "the Rhine of America," may be interested in the statement that the real Rhine is now so low that steamers have stopped running. The river indeed, has almost dried up, and the depth of water at Cologne, near the sea, is only two feet. The St. John is no such shallow brook as that at its outlet, and the people who liken it to the Rhine have probably never seen the latter.

An expurgated edition of "Midshipman Easy," has been issued by a leading New York publishing house. The works of MARRYATT with all the impropriety winnowed out must take up considerable less room than the original edition.

In his life of Henry M. Stanley, Mr. Thomas George says that the explorer's real name is Howell Jones, and that he was born at Llanwrda, Wales, in 1840. His father was a bookbinder.

## VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The End of Summer.  
The earth is weary of the summer sun,  
Weary of the moon's pale, soft caress,  
And of her silken beams that slumbering dress  
The dusky wood, as though it strove to shun  
All grace but Luna's smile, where moonbeams run  
In silver streams, above it felt the stress  
Of tender light, that makes a sorrowing bliss  
Within the haven of a day that's gone.  
The earth is weary of such gentle joy,  
She fain would wave the wilful wind's away,  
And all the pinches that grey winter gives,  
And see the stars pass frisking thro' the cloud  
O mist, that veils, like a stupendous shroud,  
The secret lair wherein the wild wind lives.  
BLANCHÉ GARRETT.  
Leipzig, Germany.

Love's Sacrifice.  
Ever knocking ever waiting,  
Still outside the door;  
Closed and ever barred against thee  
Day and night on this wild shore.  
Oh my royal Lord and Master,  
Here with a can mercy rest?  
Here can I provide thee bounty,  
For so glorious a guest?  
But enter thou though small the cost,  
Oh what I have or I am lost.  
Ever knocking ever calling,  
Soul beloved, let me in;  
Thine the glory thine the splendor  
Mine the fruitfulness of sin.  
Take my robe all torn and worn;  
Take it stained and soiled full sore;  
Give to me the wedding garment,  
Of the King's most costly store;  
And enter thou, though darkness here,  
And sorrow fill my heart with fear.

Ever knocking ever seeking,  
For the coming morning light;  
When a voice inside shall greet thee,  
After all the deep black night.  
After years my sins have kept thee,  
In the long cold gusts of rain;  
Time indeed the latch was lifted,  
By thy patience and thy pain.  
Enter quickly ere the past—  
Rush back and bar the portals fast.

Ever knocking ever asking,  
Crying give me I have need;  
O the poor and naked many,  
Who implore one kindly deed.  
O the bare feet ever bleeding,  
White hands tender torn and cold;  
O the voices ever crying  
To the lambs within the fold;  
O enter now my Lord and see,  
I know is them I bid thee.

Ever knocking ever peeping,  
At the door the Master stands;  
Not a moment there I keep thee,  
With thy wounded feet and hands,  
There is mercy there is pardon,  
There is sadness in my soul;  
Oh I know thee in thy beauty,  
Thou indeed canst make me whole.  
Enter by thy love and tears,  
And take away the night of years.  
CYRUS GOLDB.  
Sylvan Shore, Oct. 1895.

After "Jay Bee."  
"All the world's a stage" wrote one Shakespeare,  
And long, long has been dust,  
But whose life work thro' time will survive;  
And right wrote the sage, Earth's a swift rolling stage.  
Which the wicked and just  
Seem most anxious to manage and drive.  
St. John, October 1895.

In An Apple Orchard.  
Red, and russet, and yellow,  
Lying here in a heap—  
Pippins, rounded and mellow;  
Greens, for winter keep;  
Seek no more, whose blessing  
The soul of a saint would try,  
Till his face be red like the crimson flushing.  
The cheek of a northern spy.

Hid from the winter weather,  
Safe from the wind and sleet,  
Here in a pile together,  
Russet and pippin meet;  
And in this dim and dusty  
Old cellar they fondly hold  
A breath, like the grapes made musty  
By the summer's radiant gold.

Each seems to hold a vagrant  
Sunbeam, lost from the sky,  
When lily blooms were fragrant  
Walls for the butterfly;  
And when the snow is flying,  
What feast in the boarder's store  
Of crimson and yellow lying  
Heaped high on the sandy floor.  
Fruitage of bright spring splendor,  
Of leaf and blossom time,  
That no tropic land can mend, or  
Take from this frosty clime—  
Fruit for the hearth-stone meeting,  
Whose flavor naught can destroy,  
How you make my heart's swift beating  
Throb with the pulse of a boy!

Apples, scarlet and golden,  
Apples, juicy and tart,  
Bringing again the olden  
Joy to the weary heart.  
You send the swift thoughts sweeping,  
Thence wreckage of time and tears,  
To that hidden chamber, keeping  
The gladness of youth's bright years.  
—Thomas S. Collier.

October.  
From falling leaf to falling leaf,  
How strange it was through all the year,  
In all its joy and all its grief,  
I did not know I loved you dear;  
Through all the winter-time and spring,  
You smiled and watched me come and go,  
Through all the summer blossoming,  
How strange it was you did not know!  
Your face shone from my earth and sky,  
Your voice was in my heart always,  
And outlined in the clear, sharp air,  
Lies a new world for me to learn;  
Stranger than all, dear friend, today,  
You take my hand and do not know  
A thousand years have passed away  
Since last year—when I loved you so.  
—Dolly Radford.

October.  
O'er the distant landscape  
Hazes a deep blue haze,  
Befolding the presence  
Of October days;  
Walls in field and meadow,  
Asters, rich in hue,  
Vie with modest gentian  
In soft tints of blue.  
Gilding all with beauty,  
Golden sunbeams fall;  
Vault of purest azure  
Arch-overs all.  
Gold and blue are mingled,  
Turn me where I may;  
All the world's a symphony  
In blue and gold today.  
—Isabel H. Fitz.

The Typewriter in India.  
A quaint tale of a typewriter is told by an Anglo-Indian who has just come home. One of the English judges in India was an expert on the machine, and it occurred to him to use it for the taking of judicial notes. The machine was conveyed into the court, when a certain novelty was imparted to the proceedings by the click of the keys.

and the tinkle of the bell which indicated that a line had been completed. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced. Promptly he appealed on the ground that instead of listening to the evidence the judge had whiled away his time by playing on a musical instrument.

MADE A HUMAN HARP.  
How the King of a Madagascar Tribe Made Music of His Prisoners.

The most cheerful liar in the world lives in Madagascar. The latest story that comes there tells about Pip, the king of the Lotolies, one of the local tribes which is not busy fighting the French, says an exchange.

This king, the story goes, devised some time ago a human harp. He had been visiting the place of punishment in his village and witnessing the bastinadoing of his captives he was struck by the total difference of their groans. At once he commissioned the royal carpenter to construct a series of stocks in which he placed eight captives, whose howls of pain when the soles of their feet were struck by the rod were so carefully arranged that they made a perfect octave.

This seemed such a success that he had a second frame constructed for the feet of eight more wretches whose average groans ranged a full octave higher. The harp was now complete. On it he proposed to play melodies and started in to practice the national air.

His project was to regulate the length of the note by the violence of the blow. At first the scheme did not succeed at all, for the reason that the captives, hitherto used to hard hits alone, howled loudly each time and with little difference in force. At last he arranged it, however, so that the groans became proportioned to the blows. But the instrument never got quite in tune. Incessant was the cry of some of the animated notes, others would not sound at all at the right time. The beathen king had to give it up. The discord was too painful for his musical ear, for although he tried fresh sets of prisoners the human notes would never work just right.

Shoes of Different Nations.  
Straw sandals are still in use in China and Japan.

Egyptians shoes were made of palm and papyrus interlaced. The ancient Persians wore close-fitting boots reaching to the knees.

The 'brogan' of to-day gets its name from the rawhide 'brog' of the ancient Britons.

Egyptian hieroglyphics show the cobbler to have been known in the time of the Pharaohs.

Removing the shoes is still a mark of respect in the East, as it has been for thousands of years.

The Roman women wore house slippers with cork soles, and increased their height by building up these soles to a great thickness.

The Greeks of two thousand years ago wore shoes closely corresponding to those of the present. Those of the women were frequently green in color, while the 'dudes' wore white.

The turned-up toes fashionable in England during the three hundred years of the Plantagenet dynasty were sometimes two feet in length, and were fastened to the knee by gold or silver chains.

The Heart Does not Grow Old.  
It appears that the brain and the heart are two parts of the human organism that, rightly used, may largely escape growing old. The unimpaired activity of great statesmen and other brain workers at a time, when most of the bodily organs and functions are in advanced senile decay is a matter of frequent comment, but one for which a physiological explanation is given in a recent work by Dr. Balfour.

The normal brain retains its vigor to the last, because there is especial provision for its nutrition. Near middle life the general arteries of the body begin to lose their elasticity and slowly dilate, becoming much less efficient carriers of nutrient blood to the capillary area, but the internal carotids—which feed the capillary areas of the brain—are not affected by this impairment and retain their youthful elasticity, thus keeping up the blood pressure in the brain and giving better nourishment to the brain tissues of the body.

It has Been Much Noticed.

How many more children attend to their teeth now than formerly, but the cause is not far to seek. It is this, "Odoroma," is so pleasant to use, that they regularly attend to their teeth night and morning; then the parents in getting "Odoroma," are educating them in that, which ensures them good sound teeth the rest of their lives. Expert Analysis not only shows that there is nothing injurious, but everything, in "Odoroma" that is good for teeth, gums and breath.

Mushrooms in Russia.

Mushrooms grow in immense quantities in Russian forests, the inhabitants in some places existing entirely by selling them. Kargopol, in Olonetz, sends yearly 5,000 pounds (180,000 pounds) of mushrooms to St. Petersburg. The varieties are many. With one form, the mukhomor, the native tribes of Siberia intoxicate themselves; an infusion from it has a stupefying effect like that of opium or hashish.

Simplex Tunnels.

Tunneling through the Simplex will begin early next year. There will be two parallel tunnels, each 66,000 feet, or about 12 1/2 miles long, 57 feet apart, and connected at intervals of 225 feet. They will be 15,000 feet longer than the St. Gothard, and 21,000 feet longer than the Mount Cenis tunnels, but will be 1,500 feet lower

than the two others, which will diminish the working expenses. It is expected that the work will be completed in five years and a half, three years less time, that is, than was required for the St. Gothard. The estimated cost is \$11,000,000.

Potatoes for the Million.

Potatoes are so plentiful and so unprofitable at ruling prices in North Dakota that a farmer of Grand Forks has announced that he will not dig the large quantities he has, and has invited his neighbors to help themselves and take all they care to for the trouble of digging and carrying them away. What they don't take, he says, will be left to rot in the ground.

Poisoning by Flamed Food.

The London Lancet suggested as a safeguard against poisoning by the use of tinned food that canners be compelled to label the tins with a notice that the contents are perfectly wholesome when eaten fresh from the tin, and afford good food; but the public is advised not to expose the contents for any length of time to the injurious influences of the atmosphere.

Automatic Resurrection.

A Californian, who believes that many persons are annually buried alive while in a cataleptic state, has invented what he calls "a grave signal." If a dead man revives in the grave, a little red ball pops up on top of a rod connecting with the outside world and a lot of fresh air goes in. He cannot die, and all he has to do is to wait patiently for his friends to come to his rescue.

The House was all Right.

Tenant—You said the house was not cold and we have been nearly frozen to death ever since we have moved into it. Real Estate Agent—I had every reason to think I was telling the truth. I had never heard the house complain of feeling chilly. As to the people in it, of course, I knew nothing. That is quite another matter, you know.

Chinese Funerary Ideas.

According to Chinese penal ideas some one has got to suffer, so when three well-known wharf thieves escaped from the Shanghai prison recently the jailers were treated to a daily dose of 200 blows each until they should succeed in producing, dead or alive, at least one of the prisoners.

Where He Drew the Line.

"I'm going to give up my place at this here restaurant," said a Broadway waiter with a look of disgust on his face. "Why?" "Why? Why, they insist on my eating mushrooms before customers to show them they are not too fastidious."

Given Him a Chance.

Mother—Well, my dear, I see you are engaged to Mr. Bashful at last. Daughter—No, he hasn't proposed yet. "What? No? engaged? I saw you hugging and kissing him last night." "Yes—oh, I was trying to encourage him a little."—New York Weekly.

The Usual Prediction.

The Indians in the Northwest are predicting an early and unusually severe winter this year. One thing that seems to back them up is the fact that many of the mountain peaks in that region are already white with the earliest snows known in the history of the country.

Water That Doesn't Wet.

By spreading a layer of lycopodium powder upon the surface of a basin of water it is possible to plunge the hand into the water without wetting it, as the lycopodium powder prevents all contact of the water with the hand.

Never in Doubt.

Husband (admirably)—There's no use trying to disguise the fact; you are smarter than I am, my dear. Wife (complacently)—The fact, my love has never been in disguise among those who know us.—Detroit Free Press.

Crickets In Samon.

Prizes of pigs and eggs of salt beef are the objects for which the Samoans play cricket. The game, which is enlivened by the music of a native drum, takes a large number of players, sometimes thirty or forty being entered on a side.

First English Provincial Paper.

The first provincial newspaper in England is said to have been the Norwich Postman. It was published about 1703 at the price of 1 penny, but "a halfpenny not refused." It was about the size of a sheet of note paper.

Had No Weeks.

Too Greek and Romans had no weeks until they borrowed the division of time from the East. The Greeks divided the month into three equal periods; the Romans into three very unequal, the Kalends, Ides, and Nones.

The Way to get There.

An eccentric citizen of Philadelphia was once met by a man who asked him the way to the sheriff's office. He responded: "Every time you earn \$5 spend \$10."—Christian Advocate.

In the Letter of the Law.

Magistrate—You will be bound over to keep the peace toward all her Majesty's subjects for six months. Bill Sykes—Well, 'evin 'elp the first furrier I comes across.

Just as Good as New.

"So Maud has a title at last," said the dear girl in pink. "Yes, but it's a second-hand one," replied the dear girl in blue. "How so?" "The nobleman she married was a widower."

Monks Were Even.

Young wife—Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence. Young husband—I know it, my dear; and you never wore curl papers in mine.

A Message From God.

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death." 2nd Cor. 7: 10.