

CHAUTAQUAN CIRCLES.

THE PLAN AND SCOPE OF A VERY USEFUL ORGANIZATION.

What It Is Trying to Accomplish by Systematic Reading and Study—Aids to Study by which the Student is Taught to Think—The St. John Circle.

Quite a number of the young men and women of St. John, who have an idea that life is worth living outside of sporting and alleged society circles, have pleasant memories of the local Chautauquan of last year. They have a firm faith that still greater pleasures await them in the winter evenings which are to come. They belong to the C. L. S. C., whatever that may mean.

The writer is not quite sure what the letters actually mean, but it is very easy to grasp at the aims and objects of the association. According to its programme it "aims to promote habits of systematic reading and study, in nature, art, science, and in secular and sacred literature, in connection with the routine of daily life; to give college graduates a review of the college course; to secure for those whose educational privileges have been limited, the college student's general outlook upon the world and life, and to encourage close, connected, persistent thinking."

It has a definite plan by which the object aimed at may be accomplished. It consists of a carefully outlined course; wisely selected and especially prepared books by the best authors; a monthly magazine with additional readings, notes, suggestions and advice; a membership book containing aid to study, outlines, hints, review papers, to be filled out, special optional test papers, and other valuable matter.

Then there are aids for students reading alone, and in groups, known as local circles, which are said to be very pleasant affairs indeed. They are not primary schools, by any means, but they are especially intended for busy people who left school years ago, and who desire to pursue some systematic course of instruction.

"It is," says the calendar, "for high school and college graduates, for people who never entered either high school or college, for merchants, mechanics, apprentices, mothers, busy house-keepers, farmer boys, shop girls, and for people of leisure and wealth."

This gives the organization a very wide scope. The success of the plan is proven by the record since 1878, when the first circle was organized. Four years of reading are essential to graduation, and there are "classes" from 1882 downward.

The readings of the several classes for any one year are substantially the same. The course marked out below for the year beginning in the autumn of 1890 and closing in the early summer of 1891, will be—

The first year for the class of 1894. The second year for the class of 1893. The third year for the class of 1892. The fourth year for the class of 1891.

FOUR YEARS' COURSE OF THE C. L. S. C.

Table with 2 columns: Year (1891-94) and Subjects (English History, American History, etc.)

Readers of the C. L. S. C. course band themselves together into what are known as local circles. There are four such circles in St. John, and these are again joined by what is called the Union.

The cost of reading with a local circle (above the price of books) is absolutely nothing.

All information for forming new local circles or becoming incorporated with those already in existence will be cheerfully furnished, if a card containing the name and address of the would be reader is sent to the secretary of the Chautauqua Union, P. O. box 324.

And as the work for the coming year is about to be taken up, now is a good time to join.

The Yankee Got Ahead. An American gentleman who struck this city for the first time exhibition week got his first greeting from the coachmen. One of them seized one grip while another yanked his strap from his shoulder and he was left robbed of his luggage. Recovering himself he shouted:

"Say—hold on!" Both coachmen halted. "Do those bags belong to me?" "I guess so," "I guess so," said each jehu in turn.

"Well then put them right down here, right at my feet. Don't touch them. There, that's all right. I don't want you. I want 'you,' pointing to a retiring driver away in the rear, who came forward at once at the call. The hustling pair of jehus were mad, for the Yankee had got ahead of them.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed If your Druggist

to Cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion, don't keep K. D. C.

WHAT A WOMAN'S SMILE MAY DO.

It Has An Influence On Man for His Last-ling Good.

I wonder if any one has ever thought of the actual good done by a bright smile. Surely if we had given more thought to it we would make a practice of smiling upon every appropriate occasion, yet always avoiding that detestation of society a "simper." To some it may be a little difficult to know just where to smile and when to refrain, but to the majority who have the usual amount of tact it will not need a second thought.

Let us trace a true smile in its journey through life, and see what influence it has on those around. Take the baby in its cradle. Has it not an added charm when the rosy lips part in a cunning little smile, gladdening the fond mother's heart and making papa almost crimson with pride? But as the child increases in years, the smile becomes, alas, in some cases rarer, but also more fraught with meaning. The honest truthful child that smiles fearlessly into his mother's face as she presses a good-night kiss, quiets the anxiety for his future, which only a mother's heart can know.

As the maiden grows into womanhood and enters society, mark the effect of her smiles on those around. Is she not sought by the suffering as well as the gay, because of her gentle helpful smile, which can be sympathetic to the suffering, helpful to the struggling, and yet make home what only true unity and peace can make it. But the day will come when the influence of that smile will be felt by one alone, and he will be the better man for succumbing to it. What man is not bettered by loving a good, true woman, who will always be ready with her helpful smile to smooth away the cares of every day life from his brow, and make him feel that "life is worth living?" I have known men who were about to engage in some doubtful transaction stop, as they thought of meeting that happy trusting smile on their return home, and with a muttered "for her smile's sake" spurn the temptation and feel that they were still men of honor.

Never forget girls, how much of a man's happiness you hold in your power to make, or unmake; and remember that every smile or kind look you give does a good work, although you may not see it.

Doris.

REAL ART WORK IGNORED.

Why the Singer Machine Display Was Slighted at the Exhibition.

Many of the people who spent so much time during the exhibition in admiring the beautiful fancy work done by the Singer sewing machine, expressed great surprise on hearing that no notice whatever was taken officially, of this most beautiful exhibit. It did not even obtain honorable mention, and people who are interested in really fine art work are inquiring the reason of such an extraordinary oversight.

It was decided that, being machine work, and not "the work of women and children," as the catalogue said, the ladies who had been appointed judges of fancy work, had no jurisdiction over it, and it was to be left "for the directors to deal with." Apparently the directors did not see their way clear to coming to any decision, so they let the matter drop, and allowed one of the most beautiful exhibits in the building to pass utterly unnoticed.

Mr. Rogers was late in obtaining space and arranging his exhibit, owing to the work being at the Ottawa exhibition, where it received high commendation, and took first prize. It reached St. John only three days before the exhibition closed, and Mr. Rogers feels naturally indignant at the treatment it received after his trouble and expense in placing it where it was undoubtedly one of the attractions of the last days of the exhibition.

He Wanted the Basement.

Time—4.30 p. m. Place—The exhibition building. Elderly deacon from the rural districts to very innocent, and unsophisticated looking youth who is examining the squashes and pumpkins with deepest interest, but who in reality comes from the city and is an incorrigible wag.

"My young friend, can you tell me if there is a basement to this building?" Unsophisticated Youth (hastily but respectfully)—"Oh, yes sir, there is."

Elderly Deacon—"Ah! where is it situated?" U. Y.—"Right upstairs, sir."

She Found the "Weavin'." A very old lady from the country, who, judging by her appearance, had woven many a woof, and filled in many a warp, stopped PROGRESS in the exhibition building the other day with the inquiry, "Would you please tell where the weavin' is?"

"Where the what is, madam?" "Where's the weavin'?" reiterated the old lady, and PROGRESS piloted her carefully to the fancy work booths, and left her with a low bow.

An Infelicitous Quotation. "How good of you to come, doctor. I didn't expect you this morning."

"No; but I was called to your opposite neighbor, poor Mrs. Brown, and thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone.—Punch.

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THIS IS REALLY FUNNY.

MR. VACANT-HEAD CLUBBS GIVES A PAGE FROM HIS DIARY.

His Experience in the Wild and by no Means Woolly East—He Falls in Bad Company and Hears Awfully Tough Yarns from a Professional.

The following is taken from the diary of Mr. Vacant Head Clubbs: I am in the country at the Gut. I am slow and the place is my shape. It is a great large village—no house, but just land. Above is the Gutter, which is longer than the Gut and has chub-fish and mud. You could shoot here. The pigs and goats are thick which are tame fowl. The pigs are fatter than the goats, but the goats get the best grub. I am not a goat, but some others are. I wrote once before but the editor's devil burned the paper basket of which was the sketch. The editor told me so. He said he was sorry. Common folks do not know much about me and Stanley. I have been in Lincoln and Moncton, and only for that devil would have been to print. I hope he is dead. I have never seen the righteous forsaken. We had corned cabbage and meat on the boat for dinner and likewise dessert, and I had cabbage and did not take dessert because of cabbage. The river overflowed once and drowned 40 chickens and a hencock.

The sturgeon boat is here but the sturgeon has flown. He will be back in the spring to build his nest and lay his twigs across. The boat is flat, likewise the sturgeon, which is made of boards and combustibles. They says the crops are good. Selah. When I came up they asked me what I liked and I said "crops," but they just gave me pancakes and sauce. I said if they would feed their crops meal and drive them out of the wet, evenings, they would be more superfluous. In the evening I gathered at the pond and was repeating "Poor Cock Robin" when a bottle necked bull-toad, of the bull-toadest, said "crank" and then I said he was a petrified liar and that his toes were crooked and those of all his ancestors and several others, and then the man who fed me said the toad made a mistake and took me for Oliver Wendell Buckwheat, which lived over the hill and which threw stones in that pond. I would have gathered that toad on the dry land, but he would not.

The toad belongs to a mean family, any way. If he has a jewel in his head, it is stolen, and is in so far it is never seen. I was in the woods, and there were trees and skeeters and others. The others are worse. They stick up the bills and bite without worms. You cannot see the others at work, but I have samples. Jerusha Snapper and Martha Phillipine Johnson were with me. Martha is a nice girl, which milks the ducks on the next farm and picks the weavels. We thought of the wolf and Riding Hood, and then of bears, and then we thought some more, and then the forest cracked. I turned to Martha and warbled, "Verily, can it verify be, likewise it is," and I raised my beautiful eyeballs and saw it was—a bear—with bloodshot ears and tear-all tail. Then I considered, and among several other thoughts of climbing and put a tree under me. Then I kissed my hand through tears, and hollered, "Veni vidi vici," which, translated, means, "Dear, sweet girl, adieu." And then there was a crash, a feminine screech, and—a muly cow. I recognized the bear and fainted on this bosom. When I awoke the girls were not. I wept over the cow with a fence rail and wearily wended. Next day I got this: "Vile coward, adieu. Treacherous, unprotectionist of tender maidenhood, meet me no more. My love is hidden with the cedar in the swamp. You cow rescued me from a life of— M. P. J."

Next evening, while I was basking on the sword and breathing hard on butter-milk and sweltering, my host spoke: "Whereas in the days of the porcupine and skunk, the stage coach and the injun devil, when news had whiskers and the bar ate sheep at the brush fire, and the flint was always set, after the Miramichi confag, huge bars came over here and chewed our small one's up in thirteen hours. Daddy was then running the manor. He went one day at daylight over the old hill yonder to gather cranberries for sauce, and after berrying till dinner time was sauntering home with a large bag under his arm, a milk pail in each hand, and a half-peck measure in his teeth, all empty, when he overheard a rustle and knew a bar smelt him. Now you couldn't smell daddy more'n quarter mile at one time, so daddy knew that the bar was close.

"Just then the bar shunted in on daddy's line, and daddy dropped the measure and made for a rampike which he clum and the bar tried it after he did. If daddy had waited until the bar had tried it first, daddy would not have tried it. Then the bar tried daddy's feet, and then daddy gave him a touch of two shillin' pails, and then the bar took a circuit and snorted several snorts, and went away, and daddy took a notion and slode down, and then the bar shunted and daddy slode up. At last the bar took a notion and snorted, and then he snorted some more and shunted, and still daddy sot on that limb. And just then daddy's only bull, that wis-

noted and which hooked Sal over a worm fence and spoiled \$2 in pink, hove slong. When he saw the bar he put on more steam, but the bar did not move, and daddy thought the bull would strike the rampike and that they were workin' shares. When the bull got close the bar stood on his head and walked on his hands and contorted twice and snorted several snorts which broke the air, and stuck out his right paw and vamped the bull on the left eye, and the bull fell. Then the bar hugged him and hung his pelt on a limb; then he bifled him and split him to the collar bone. Then he swabbed him, and the trees were red, and there was a shower of fodder and fragments hung on the branches. And then the bar gulped him and looked happy, and the bull was bar. The whole thing was done so sudden like, that when daddy's eye struck the bull's hide just as the bar finished, the tail was still chasin' hoss flies. Then the bar grasped the rampike and nigh tore-it from the roots, and daddy trembled three times, and shook one of his shoes off, not thinking it was his salvation, but it was, younger it was, for the bar crawled in and went to sleep, and daddy slode down and laced the shoe."

STENO.

Young Ladies in Camp.

At the last great canoe meet one of the tents was occupied by a lady and her three daughters. They were amongst the most enthusiastic paddlers at the meet. One of the girls carried off several prizes. After the last race a friend asked her how it was that she could so overhear herself without fear of a chill. "Ask mamma," was the smiling reply. Mamma was forthwith interrogated. "I always insist," she said, "upon my daughters wearing pure wool health brand unders, and they seldom, if ever, have even a cold in the head. You ought to get them; but don't forget the brand, 'Health' is stamped on every vest." They are obtainable at any first-class dry goods house.

An Unobjectionable Fad.

Minnie—Even though it was my last chance, I never would marry a man who was devoted to a fad. Mamma—No? Yet that is just what I expect to do shortly. Minnie—And what is his particular hobby, please? Mamma—Me.—Ex.

He Couldn't Understand It.

Small Boy (in infant class of Sunday school)—Wasn't Peter and James and John fishermen? Teacher—They were, Johnny. Small Boy—Didn't they use to go round tellin' what they had caught. Teacher—I presume they did sometimes. Small Boy—Then what do they call 'em saints for?—Ex.

Reciprocity Explained.

Maud—What do they mean by reciprocity? Claude—Now, if I was to kiss you and you should kiss me in return, that would be reciprocity. Maud—Why, it's nice, isn't it? I thought it was something bad.—Ex.

Ye Dainty Ladies Please Take Notice.

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The Most Beautiful Women of Every Country.

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What the Recamier Preparations are, and Why they are to be Used.

RECAMIER CREAM which is the first of these world-famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's. Price \$1.50.

RECAMIER BALM is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial, and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin. Price \$1.50.

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Two Strong Points When Combined!

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We think we have them both in the Goods we are offering for this Fall's trade, and solicit a careful inspection from those who require any goods in our various lines, whether a Cooking or Heating Stove, a Mantel Piece and Grate, or something in the line of Tinware and Household Hardware, of which we have an immense stock, in great variety. A careful inspection of our stock will pay all buyers who are interested in securing the Best Goods at the Lowest Possible Prices.

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TWILIGHT

When I was young the twilight

How often on the western wind I leaned my book against the eaves

And spelled the last enchanting words while my mother hummed

Or sighed a little and said, "The When I, rebellions, clamored for

But now I love the soft approach And now with folded hands I wait

While all too fleet the hours of And thus I know that I am grown

O granaries of Age! O mail! And royal harvest of the countess

There are in all thy treasure here But led by soft descent and grace

To memories more exquisite than Thine is the Iris born of olden

And thine more happy are the That live divinely in thy lineage

So autumn roses bear a lovelier hue In the general, after-sunset

The orchard wall and tremble! Appear an infinite Hesperidean

As, as at dusk we sit in white Who knows, who cares with whom

We wander while the undying When I was young the twilight

—A. Mary F. Robinson, in OFF WINDMILL

The lustrous light of a

over Philadelphia one

1779. The summer air

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