

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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"LET THE LORD BE THANKIT."

There are few things more gratifying to the human mind than thanks for benefits bestowed. And many a verse of scripture shows that gratitude to the Giver of all good is especially pleasing to that Bountiful Father. "Sae let the Lord be thankit."

"The first observance of a day of Thanksgiving," says a contemporary, "was that at Charleston in October, 1631." The general idea is that to America belongs the credit of the first Thanksgiving day, but this notion is erroneous. A day of thanksgiving was specially set apart by the authorities of Leyden after the relief of that city, in the preceding century. America's second thanksgiving day was in February, 1632, when Massachusetts celebrated the passing of an act in England that was particularly advantageous to the colonies. Ireland was the third country to have a day of thanksgiving.

Canada early adopted a permanent annual Thanksgiving day. She still continues it in the old spirit, for she has much to be thankful for. During the past year, she has had particular cause for thankfulness. She has had no wars, nor have rumors of war materially affected her. The most of her vast territory has been, as ever, singularly exempt from the natural disturbances which create so much havoc in other lands. Times have been hard, but not nearly as hard as in many other countries; "Sae let the Lord be thankit."

There are some people who are frequently represented as making Sunday the one day in the week on which they practise religion. The religious muscle of these people is, from want of development, extremely flabby. So is it with people who do the most of that important religious service—thanksgiving—on the day set apart by it by those in highest station. Mr. HOWELL—or rather Mr. HOWELL's little girl—was the originator of a scheme of having Merry Christmas all the year round. And if Christmas, why not Thanksgiving?

The whole secret of happiness is thankfulness. Thankfulness is the quintessence of contentment. Its effect on the thankful and the thanked is most beneficial. "It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." It is the key to the beauties of nature, and to all the other joys of living. Thanksgiving should be, like Christmas, essentially a home festival. It is for this reason that the colleges of the United States—and occasionally those of Canada—show bad taste in allowing members of football teams to go to other places to play on that day, instead of going to their homes. If JOHN HOWARD PAYNE were alive, he would soon show his countrymen their folly in this regard by a song of Thanksgiving day, and its intimate relations with home, sweet home.

There are, perhaps, many saddened homes this Thanksgiving. In some there is a vacant chair which was, perhaps, filled at this time last year. It was thus on the first Thanksgiving day that America saw the hearts of the Puritans were sad because of the death of the sweet ROSE STANISH. But in the passing away of that beautiful maiden the Puritans recognized the same hand which had bestowed so many blessings upon them in the year that ended with the first Thanksgiving, and their hearts, in touch with the wisdom of the Father, were none the less thankful.

THE OSCAR WILDE OF TODAY.

OSCAR WILDE threatens to come to America on another lecture tour, but he may be persuaded to restrain himself. Conditions are not what they once were. For instance, Mr. Wilde has a great deal less hair, and the American women a great deal more sense than they used to have.—New York Herald.

OSCAR WILDE, at the time of his tour through the United States and Canada, was an aesthete who made himself considerable of an ass although he probably got some money by the venture. To make oneself so cheap for the sake of money is not con-

sidered by the majority of wise men a very wise proceeding, however.

The comic artists did more to make OSCAR did himself. Mr. DU MAURIER in England, and Mr. NAST in America, were the two who helped to give the aesthete notoriety by means of their clever pencils. And Mr. DU MAURIER's drawings inspired "Patience."

It is true, as the Herald intimates, that Mr. WILDE was the object of considerable gush on the part of some silly American women, and it is also true that the American women seem to have a great deal more sense than they used to have. They seem to have restrained their admiration for penniless and rascally counts to some extent, and it is not now their custom to run off with coachmen. And it OSCAR came back as of yore, with the sunflower in his button-hole, and the long hair, and the agony, the ladies of the United States would not become as soulfully intense as on the occasion of his former visit. But the likelihood that the American woman should not be as amorous of OSCAR as formerly, does not prove that she is any more sensible. Let some new fad arise, as silly as any that she has already received, and it may get as cordial a welcome as those which have gone out of fashion.

Whether or not the ladies of the States are more sensible than they used to be, there is no question that the cutting of OSCAR's hair had a different effect from that of the cutting of SAMSON'S. Mr. WILDE was shorn of his weakness. And as in the case of SAMSON, a woman was the cause of the change. "Women," says TROWBRIDGE, "can move men any way they like, for good or ill." The lovely Mrs. WILDE did much good for her husband by sending him to the barber.

Then Mr. WILDE began not only to be serious, but to be considered as serious. He wrote an article for the Nineteenth Century entitled "The Decay of Lying." A man has to have wonderful discernment to discover any decay in lying at present, and the gravest people began to nod approval at the man who had overstepped HORACE'S limit laid down for wise men who play the fool.

This article, therefore, was OSCAR WILDE'S first step to an enviable fame. He is now recognized as a piquant epigrammatist who reminds one of LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. He is known as a poet of high order. He is considered something of a playwright. And the wise and bespectacled Boston girls would now give Mr. WILDE an even more hearty reception than that once accorded him by her sillier American sisters.

The Bangor News says that the trouble in literature is that "lots of people who have no more business with a pen than with the heavenly harp are trying for places in the niche of literary fame. They are bound to get there, they think, and being unable to create anything of their own, merely turn back the leaves of old books and appropriate something of their liking—just as they would pluck a rose from another man's garden." The News cites as an example a song entitled "Days of Yore." "H. HEINE," says the News, "was given as the name of the author—the man who wrote the words." Then it quotes a verse from "Days of Yore," and a verse from another song, which greatly resembles the song of HEINE. The News says that it does not know the name of the author of the other song.

"There was a German poet named HEINE," the critic continues, "and it may be that it is his verse that has been used in the song and that the other was made from it, but perhaps the song writer is some other HEINE, who has appropriated the pretty idea and words from the unknown writer. Anyway, one of them is a thief. This is plainly apparent." There is only one H. HEINE who has given to the world such admirable poetry as that quoted by the News, but that the writer of either poem is a thief is by no means apparent. Both pieces are translations from a poem of HEINE, and both are, in most collections, credited to him. It would be indeed remarkable if two translators did a German poem into English verse, using exactly the same words. If such was the case, a suggestion of plagiarism would seem to have a more solid foundation than in the case quoted by the News.

The Chatham World severely criticises some verses which recently appeared in a St. John contemporary, and also says that the editor of the paper published them because he was "unable to resist the temptation of making one man happy and a whole town laugh at one stroke." It seems a little hard that the World should make such remarks, simply because its chief poetical contributor is one of the most sublime singers of any age—a man who in originality of rhythmic diction is second only to JOHN CALLAHAN McCARTHY—the renowned MICHAEL WHELAN of Renous River. This modest bard lately gave to literature, through the columns of the Chatham World, a poem which he himself pronounced far superior to the "Elegy" of Mr. THOMAS GRAY. It is needless to say that the "Elegy" does not now occupy the high position in literature that it so long held. If GRAY had read the lines of the Swan of Renous River he

would not now be "resting his head upon the lap of earth." Robbed of the last leaf of his laurels, there would have been no rest for GRAY, even in the grave. So that it does not show a right spirit for the World to criticise the poetry of less favored journals.

Perhaps the funniest of all the many funny predicaments that extremists in all things frequently find themselves in, is that in which English prohibitionists have recently placed themselves. In a circular in which they commented upon GLADSTONE'S recent endorsement of the Gothenburg system, they alluded to the grand old gentleman as "one of those who are unfortunately accustomed to take intoxicating drinks, and have been brought up to believe in their necessity and utility." The organs of the liquor interests are largely quoting and circulating this indiscreet remark, with the somewhat natural comment that GLADSTONE is at the age of eighty-four mentally and physically a grand old man.

In a Thanksgiving tale in the last number of the Boston Household this passage occurs:

"You especially, my child, should give thanks," said Mrs. JAY, with fervor. "You are a Sioux, one of the ancient owners of the continent. This nation makes you its ward, gives you its learning, its civilization in return for your land. Your position is a noble one in the eyes of the world."

This remark of Mrs. JAY is singularly like that of JOHN BULL, as overheard by that astute reporter, MAX O'RELL. The following extract is from the third chapter of "John Bull and his Island":

"You give me your territory," says JOHN, "and I give you the Bible." Exchange no robbery.

The Religious Intelligencer, in remarking that "Princeton has abolished the brutal practice of having and Harvard is following her good example," intimates that Canadians, who, according to the Intelligencer, "are not behind in imitating some of the faults of our neighbors," should pattern after Princeton in this particular. The Religious Intelligencer is evidently not aware that a New Brunswick college abolished having nearly two years before Princeton.

London Tid-Bits often offers prizes for the best "bulls," but there appeared one in their last number, under the head of "Tid-Bits of General Information," which was due to the editor, and was not submitted in competition for a prize. In it readers are informed that "out of the seventeen existing cables, ten have been destroyed."

The Union Baptist Seminary deserves the cordial support of all the denomination. We are convinced that if a strong and determined effort was made to pay off the debt that in a short time the members of the church would have the satisfaction of seeing this promising institution upon a firm financial basis.

Yankee inventors are ingenious, but it was reserved for a Canadian to invent a mowing machine to be run over the bottom of the bed of the Erie canal and cut the long grass which grows there.

The newspapers of Russia are unanimous in praise of the late Czar. They have to be.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Harvest Hymn.
Let us sing of the sheaves when the summer is done,
And the farmers are stored with the gifts of the sun,
The shouting home from the fields, like the voice of the sea,
Let us join with the reapers in glad jubilee—
Harvest home! harvest home! harvest home!
He hath grown in the valleys our treasures of grain,
That the owner might reap, and the stranger might glean,
For the days when the cold of the winter is keen.

For the smile of the sunshine again and again,
For the dew of the garden, the showers on the plain,
For the year, with its hope and its promise, that end
And its seeds scattered here will be sheaves in the end.

We shall gather a harvest of glory, we know,
From the furrows of life where in patience we sow;
Buried love in the field of the heart never dies,
And its seeds scattered here will be sheaves in the skies.

A Song of Thanksgiving Day.
Thank God that on a thousand hills
His summer gift the landscape fills;
In such times of ill luck and defeat,
And reapers in the joyous morn
Are busy with the ripened corn.

Thank God for coverlets of snow
That kept the corn seed warm below;
And for the patient Mother Earth
That nursed and fed it from its birth.

Thank God for all the generous rains,
And the hot sunshine on the plains;
And that the season's gray and gold
Brought increase of a hundred fold.

Thank God for all the corn that stands
In other fields of other lands;
And that wherever his children roam
Some grateful hearts sing, "Harvest Home."

Thanksgiving.
'Twas King George's prime minister said it
To the king who had questioned in heat
What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving
In such times of ill luck and defeat.
"What's the cause for your day of Thanksgiving,
Tell me, pray," said the king in his ire.
Said the minister, "This is the reason—
That things are no worse, O my sire!"
And whatever of care or of sadness
Our life and our duties may bring,
There is always the cause for Thanksgiving
Which the minister told to the king.
'Tis a lesson to sing and remember,
Can cheer us when days are the darkest—
That things are no worse, O my sire!"

HELEN RUBY JACKSON.
An Uncommon Bowling Match.

A British man-of-war lately put in at an out-of-the-way Scottish port, and her blue jackets challenged the local fishermen to row a race with them. The fishermen refused, not because they were afraid of being beaten, but because, in order to make the contest more even, they wished to let their wives row instead. Under these unusual circumstances the match took place, and the blue-jackets were beaten!

A CRITICAL MAN ABOUT TOWN.

He Reads All the Reports of a Recital and Compares Them.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The following are clippings from the St. John newspapers of Wednesday, 14th inst., and each is supposed to be a report of an organ recital and sacred concert, given by the organist and choir of St. Andrew's church, assisted by their friends, on Tuesday evening last.

(Telegraph.)
ORGAN RECITAL.—St. Andrew's church was packed to the doors last evening to hear the organ recital given by Prof. Fisher and the members of the Oratorio Society. All the pieces were admirably rendered. Prof. Fisher's execution in the Austrian War March was particularly fine. The proceeds of the recital go to aid in the purchase of an electric motor for the organ. At the close of the entertainment the ladies handed refreshments around. Rev. Mr. MacNeill made a few remarks complimentary to those who took part in the affair, and stated that the choir of the church would be glad at any time to assist any other city choir. Remarks were also made by Rev. Mr. Mathers of the Wiggins Male Orphan Asylum.

(Sun.)
An organ recital was given last evening in St. Andrew's church. There were very few vacant seats in the building. The programme as already published was carried out without the slightest hitch, in fact it was of the most successful recitals held in the city for some time. The duet "O Lonely Place," by Miss Pidgeon and Miss A. Lugin, delighted the audience. Miss Forbes sang The Chorister very sweetly. Mr. Lindsay was in good voice and his rendition of "O, Come Let Us Worship," was well worthy of an encore had such been permitted. At the conclusion of the recital the ladies and gentlemen who took part were served with refreshments and Miss Pidgeon and Miss Lugin favored them with a duet.

(Globe.)
The organ recital and concert in St. Andrew's church on Tuesday evening was a very successful affair, both musically and financially. The commodious church was well filled, and those present heartily enjoyed the excellent programme. Mr. Fisher's organ selections were all compositions of high order, and his rendition of them was masterly. The solos by Miss Annie Lugin and Miss Forbes were nicely rendered, and the solo "O Come Let Us Worship" from the 95th Psalm, sung by Mr. Lindsay, was a fitting prelude to the beautiful chorus that followed it. The duet "O Lonely Place" from "Judas Macabbeus," sung by Miss Pidgeon and Miss Lugin, was one of the gems of the concert. The duet "Now We Are Ambassadors," sung by Misses Ross and Allen, was also very pleasing, and the stirring chorus "O, Come Let Us Worship," which followed it, was probably the best sung chorus of the evening.

(Gazette.)
PACKED TO THE DOORS.—St. Andrew's church was packed to the doors last evening with people to hear the organ recital given by the members of the Oratorio Society. The recital was a grand success, all parts of the programme being well received. The solo given by Miss Nettie Pidgeon of North end was remarkable well sung. After the entertainment refreshments were served. Rev. L.G. MacNeill complimented those who took part.

(Record.)
MOST SUCCESSFUL RECITAL.—An organ recital was given last evening in St. Andrew's church and the programme that was presented was an excellent one. There was a large audience present and they expressed their appreciation by enthusiastic applause. Prof. Fisher, Miss Pidgeon, Miss A. Lugin, Miss Forbes, Mr. Lindsay and in fact all who took part rendered their parts admirably. At the conclusion of the recital the ladies and gentlemen who took part were served with refreshments. The proceeds of the recital go to aid in the purchase of an electric motor.

The Telegraph starts off with the statement that an "organ recital was given by Prof. Fisher and the members of the Oratorio Society," and goes on to say that Mr. Fisher's execution in the Austrian "War" march was particularly fine. Now as a matter of fact there were none assisting at that concert excepting friends of the members of the choir, and of course the Oratorio Society, or any member thereof, had nothing whatever to do with it. It may be that some of those friends who did assist are members of the Oratorio Society, but it certainly was not in that capacity they were present on Tuesday evening. The programme, of course, gave the information that the concert was being given by the choir and friends, but it seemed to be unnecessary for the reporter to see a programme as he apparently knew all about it. Had the Telegraph reporter said that "Prof. Fisher's execution in the Austrian War March was particularly fine," he would have been as nearly correct as he was in what he did say.

The Sun reporter would do well to obtain a copy of Tuesday night's programme and betake himself to "a lonely place," and after having read that programme over carefully, deliberately take and kick himself. His misstatement that Miss Pidgeon and Miss Lugin sang a duet after refreshments were served, would seem to indicate that the repast was of a convivial nature.

The Globe report was as nearly correct as it seems possible to have a newspaper report. Its only mistake would appear to be an error of the proof-reader in designating "Messrs." Ross and Allen as "Misses" Ross and Allen. In a city where the proportion of ladies is so large such a mistake can be understood.

The Gazette report seems pretty much like that of the Telegraph's, with two notable exceptions. First, it was careful to state that the church was packed "with people"; and secondly, it strikes out on its own account with the bold assertion that "a solo given by Miss Nettie Pidgeon, of the North end, was remarkably well sung." Could the gentleman responsible for this find time to accompany the Sun reporter and perform with him the physical exercise above suggested?

The report of the Record, like that of the Globe, was not very bad, but it would be well for the reporters on the Record to remember that it is unusual for an audience in a sacred edifice to express its appreciation by "enthusiastic applause"—at least I can assure them that it is so with an audience in St. Andrew's church. It may

have been the lingering sounds of the Australian "War March," or the killing effect of the duet "O Lonely Place" that gave the reporter the idea that he heard enthusiastic applause.

So far as I am aware no applause was heard by any other person present.

Now sir, it is not for the purpose of lowering reporters in the estimation of the public that I address this letter to you, but for the purpose of shewing just how ridiculous a matter may be made to appear on account of a little carelessness. It, of course, goes without saying that the reporters do not intend to misrepresent anything they report, but a little more care in small matters would prevent silly mistakes from occurring. Apologizing for trespassing on your space to such an extent.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.

HE HAD A SORE THUMB.

That Was the Reason That Alcohol Was Required.

It was nearly Sunday morning, local time, by the clock in the drug-store into which a PROGRESS representative stepped, just behind a man with a look of intense longing on his face.

"I hurt my thumb," he said, holding one of those members aloft. "Have you anything that's good for it, any alcohol, for instance?"

"I can't give you any alcohol without an order from a physician," said the druggist.

"You can't, to a man that's suffering?" To a man that's suffering with his thumb especially?" asked the man.

"I can't, without a doctor's orders," said the druggist, firmly but kindly.

"Well, well, well. Haven't you got something else that would do the thumb good?" "Why, yes, I have some liniment that would be a good deal better for it than the alcohol."

"No, I'm feared that won't do any good. Would Dr. — (naming a well-known physician) do?"

"Yes," said the druggist.

"Well, I'm afraid I won't be able to find him. It's pretty late at night. But anything's better than suffering from a sore thumb," said the man, as he went out into the night.

"I used to be in the drug business myself," said an old gentleman who was in the store, speaking to the reporter, "and used to have a good many calls from those fellows. It's the same old yarn. The bars are mostly closed, and anyhow, alcohol is pretty strong liquor. And if he diluted it with water, he'd get a mighty cheap drink."

"Now, perhaps you're doing that man a profound injustice," mused the reporter.

"The druggist would better have strained a point of law, acted the Good Samaritan, and given that fellow his alcohol. His class of muscle is not improved by liniment; it requires alcohol."

"See here," said the retired druggist, "after you've been in the drug business a while you'll be able to spot those fellows without any trouble. They all have sore thumbs, and they all have other marks of dissipation."

Just as the clock struck twelve the man with the sore thumb reappeared. "I couldn't get the order," he said, "but couldn't you let me have some alcohol for this thumb?" "I could not," said the druggist.

"Then," said the injured man, "couldn't you give me a drink of ginger wine?"

The proprietor of the store smiled at the bad give-away, and the retired druggist looked triumphantly at the reporter.

"I haven't any ginger wine," said the proprietor.

"And you can't give me any alcohol?" "Not a drop."

"Ooh-oh-wow!" said the invalid, as he made for the door, holding his thumb in the air, "but it hurts awful!" And, to make up for this outburst of feeling, the man gave a sublime example of stoicism in grasping the door-knob with that sore thumb, without a whimper.

"What on earth did he mean by 'ginger wine'?" asked the reporter of the retired druggist, as both went out of the drug store. "Jamaica ginger," was the reply. "Anything that has a bit of alcohol in it, it doesn't matter what, or he'd have taken raw turpentine if this gentleman had given it to him."

Philosophical.

Dickens, who sketched the character of Mark Tapley, jolly in dull circumstances, but taking no credit for it unless the state of affairs was most depressing should have known a certain old whaling captain. This jolly old sea dog never permitted ill-luck to dampen his good spirits. Returning home from a three years' whaling voyage with an empty hold, he was boarded by the pilot, an old acquaintance.

"Well, cap'n, how many bar'ls? Had a good voyage?" asked the pilot, shaking him by the hand.

"Not 'zackly," answered the captain cheerily. "I haint got a bar' of ole aboard, but I tell ye, I've had a mighty good sail."

According to Galton, the patterns on the finger-tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the fingerprints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000,000.

"It's a great building," said a man who is working on the new post-office, in a town not far away. It'll come pretty near lasting forever." "Well," said Mr. Dolan, "if it lasts till it's done, o' tink it'll hove to."

Some men in Belgium have three votes at each election. Some Canadians can beat that.

A BIG SLANDER SUIT.

(Continued from First Page.)

are with an uncle in Westmorland and a little girl, an infant, is with its mother at Shilbury. The doctor lives in single-blessedness at Daniel Holland's, sleeping in his own house. Some of the hired girls will be called on to tell what they know. It is probable the doctor will hear more of his doings for the past two years than he has ever heard before.

Robinson is determined to push the matter to the extreme limit of the law and will bear of no settlements of the matter, only a complete refutation of the charge on the part of the doctors, publicly attested to.

After this suit is over it is said Mrs. Keith will enter one for alimony and the custody of her children, and it is believed will have no difficulty in winning.

Attorney General Blair appears for the plaintiff, and G. F. Gregory for the doctor.

A WISE ELEPHANT.

How He Speedily Detected that the Cake Was Underweight.

One day, says a writer of English military experience a heavy gun stuck in the muddy bottom of a stream, and the tandem elephant was unfitted to shove behind, or lift the muzzle of the gun with his trunk. But he would not; he only belched and swayed uneasily, shifting from one foot to the other in the sticky mud. At last, with piteous shrill trumpeting, he touched the sharp point of the iron on the muzzle.

"He says he is afraid of hurting himself, sahib," explained the mahout.

"Well," answered the officer in jest, "tell him to spoke the wheel."

"Promise him backbeesh, and he will." "Very well."

The elephant carefully found a secure footing, curved his trunk round a lower spoke, and made the wheel revolve; then the shaft elephant put in his ponderous weight and the gun slowly rose out of the mud and rolled up the opposite bank.

The triumphant mahout demanded backbeesh for his Hooshar Hatti (wise elephant).

"You scamp! You want the backbeesh for yourself."

"No, sahib, I dare not cheat him, and if you don't give him backbeesh he will remember you are no gentleman and will never work for you again."

"All right," said the officer, tossing the man a couple of rupees in succession. "How shall I know you don't cheat him?" "Come and see him feed this evening, sahib."

That evening by moonlight the officer was summoned to see Hooshar Hatti eat his supper. The elephant was swaying to and fro, fanning himself with a branch, and round the fire stood huge chupatties—flat cakes of flour, butter, and sugar—poured with the backbeesh for the Hooshar's supper. The mahout took up one of these cakes and offered it to the "wise one," who weighed it carefully in his trunk and then deposited it with a satisfied smack in his mouth.

Now, sahib, this second chupatti is light weight. See him find it out."

The elephants are accustomed to a certain ration weight, and when the Hooshar took this cake by the edge an angry trinkle came into his wicked eye, and, quick as lightning, he slapped the mahout in the face with the leathery mass.

"See, sahib," cried the man in glee. "I dare not cheat him! And he got up and offered a larger chupatti. 'Here, you foolish one! Did I ever cheat you?' This one is overweight."

The elephant understood, and ate in forgiving tranquillity.

A Book Weighing Half a Ton.

Probably the thickest book in existence is one prepared in the United States a few years ago, which is four feet in thickness. It is a petition of the voters of the City of Albany for the ballot reform. It consists of six thousands pages of 21" square, and contains over 40,000 names, the weight of this large volume being 1,000 lb. The Queen's Jubilee Address Book is 18in. thick and weighs 63lb. The reference Catalogue for 1894, published by Whitaker, is one of the thickest books in the world. This year it is 10in. in thickness, or about half as thick again as the "London Post-office Directory" (which itself is a monstrously thick book), and weighs 14lb. 2oz. The book lists and catalogues of 156 publishers are bound up in one octavo volume. The largest page upon which any book has ever been printed is "Hooker's Botany," on elephant sized paper—6ft. by 4ft. Robert's "Illustrations from the Holy Land" has plates printed on paper 3ft. by 2ft.

Not Empty-Handed.

Ambulance Surgeon (reporting)—Noting that in that last call, Feller was insensible from drink. Brought him to with ammonia and come back.

House Surgeon—But you've got a case in the wagon there.

Ambulance Surgeon (carelessly)—Oh, that's a fellow we run over coming back!

Candor.

Maud—"What is the trouble between Alice and Kate?"

Ethel—"Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her."

Maud—"Yes?"

Ethel—"Kate told her."

In China, England is known as King Kuo, the flourishing country; France, Fa Kuo, the law-abiding country; and Germany, Te Kuo, the virtuous country.

The most curious paper-weight in the world is said to belong to the Prince of Wales. It is—a report goes—the mummified hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.