SUNDAY ON THE LAKE.

IT WAS A FINE DAY AND HUNDREDS TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT.

"Fast" Guys and "Slow Guys," Skins and Lubes over the Ice, while Hundreds Look on, Sorry That They Can't Break the Sabbath.

Sunday was an ideal winter's day—not too cold to make it uncomfortable, just cold enough to make one lively, and feel in the humor for a good, long, healthful walk. All that was needed was a layer of snow to whiten the ground, and bring a full realization of the fact that it was the Sunday before Christmas. But whether the wish for snow was general is another matter. It might have been considered all right for a week-day, when everyone was in the midst of exciting holiday business, and when nobody would complain if it made business brisker, but Sunday is a day of rest, the cares of business are thrown aside, and people get in trim for another week's work.

Some people. Hundreds were in no humor for work Monday. They had plenty of fun the day before, and thanked the snow for keeping its elevated position and allowing them to have it, but there were hundreds of sore and weary limbs Monday morning.

They were paying their admission fee to Lily lake Sunday, for it was the first good day on the lake this year, and the first skate of the season is usually a memorable one to people who have not given their limbs such an opportunity to develop for a year.

When the day is fine and the ice in good condition Lily lake is the most popular Christmas resort in St. John. People look forward to a day on the lake with pleasure, for it is only on a holiday that the great mass of toilers have an opportunity for an open-air skate, over a surface that will give them a chance to spread themselves.

This year the people did not wait for Christmas, or were afraid to take the chances of a soft or disagreeable day; and the lake was black with skaters and spectators.

The Sunday dinner over, hundreds began a hunt for their skates. As many more had spent the morning in a similar manner, polishing and wrenching until the skates shone like silver and fitted their boots as if they were part and parcel of them, while in the city churches preachers told of the Babe in Bethlehem, and choirs excelled themselves in singing His praises.

Jeffrey's hill and other streets that led to the valley were alive with parties of two, four, ten or a dozen; some with parcels under their arms, some with the ends of skates sticking out of their pockets, while others had a suspicious looking lump where the inside pockets of their overcoats are generally supposed to be.

All were bound for the lake. Over Wright street hill, over Mount Pleasant, out Howe's road, and up through Gilbert's; they got there in all directions; climbing over rough roads of frozen mud and ice, and through the wood paths, where the bushes cracked and broke beneath their feet. But they got there all the same.

The lake was in fine condition. One great smooth surface of ice, not a bad spot anywhere, although in places it was thin enough. There was no wind to skate against, and no one was in danger of freezing his hands. It was, indeed, a glorious day. And hundreds realized the fact, for the ice was black with people. The greater number had skates and were making the best possible use of them, while hundreds who walked over the ice with very short quick steps, gave every evidence of being willing to disregard all religious scruples, if they only had a chance.

There were young men and boys, whiskered fathers and beardless youths, men who could go like the wind, and boys who were "only learning," rich and poor, small and big, all sizes and conditions were represented, but, no women. Two or three very young girls were the sole representatives of their sex in that great crowd of Sunday pleasure seekers. But there were both women and girls on the lake, while as many more stood on the surrounding hills and saw a scene worth looking at. When the Sunday schools were out the female representation was largely increased by winsome, rosy-cheeked maidens with Sunday school books and bibles.

Viewed from the hill the great pleasure ground was full of interest. Here and there on the hills back of the lake, the smoke of a dozen fires curled toward the sky, whole little parties sat around them and warmed their hands, or piled on more brush wood until the woods were in danger of taking part in a general conflagration. Around the edges the ever present unfortunate whose "skates will not stay on," sat on rocks and wrenched and cut until his hands were numb, while in the middle of the lake little groups of small boys were squatted down doing their best to overcome the same difficulty. Past them swept muscular fellows with fur hats and long reachers, which made the lake very short to them, followed by men with short sharp strokes, and who bore as much resemblance to a laboring freight train as the fellow with the reachers did to a fast express. Youngsters with hockey sticks and lobster cans battered the latter all over the ice, with a total disregard to the legs of sight-seeing pedestrians; others played tag, and a number of other games with no particular names, but that fact did not detract from their obstrusiveness.

Down near the dam, where the ice was smooth as glass, a crowd of sight-seers surrounded a ring where a number of aspiring skaters followed a man with a local reputation, who did not seem particularly anxious to skate away from them. Nevertheless the crowd was greatly interested in the performance, the interest ceasing only when the ice groaned under such a load of humanity and was in a fair way of giving them all a cold bath. The ice at this point was not as strong as it might be, and just before a tremendous crack went up and down like a spring board. However, no one got wet, except perhaps the small boys who picked lobster cans out of the air holes with a hockey stick.

It is not often that the lake is in such excellent condition as it was Sunday, but when it is skates receive more attention from the athletic male population than the Sunday observance society.

A HOLIDAY SCENE.

How the Fair Sex Fix Matters When the Bill Comes In.

Ninety per cent. of the shopping since people began to think of Christmas has been done by the women folk, and the joke about the fond husband and father's surprise when the accounts are rendered is brought foward with more frequency than ever. There is a great deal of truth

in it, too, but that does not prevent the fair ones from buying pretty things for all their friends. How to overcome the objections of papa is an afterthought. It is a very hard-hearted man indeed who can hold out against a pretty daughter when she decides to make his ideas coincide with her own, and many of PROGRESS readers of both sexes will probably see something familiar in the illustration.

SAYING GOOD-BYE.

How Many People Give Themselves and Others Unnecessary Pain.

Such as take, or seem to take, their partings heroically, or at least silently, say good-bye quickly and informally.

You have had a pleasant time together, days or even weeks. Then, without a word of scenes which to you have taken the wistful last look, you drive away together to the railway, and you start on the little run of twelve miles. Your friend's eye is never lifted from his newspaper. And when you both descend from the carriage it is just a word, and he has disappeared. Of course this is the better way.

When a lad of not quite twenty went away to India it was striking how for the last two days he kept out of the sight of his father and mother, and was always very busy and hurried; no time to talk. Well they knew why.

It is a mistake, when you are departing from a beautiful place long familiar and now to be seen no more, to solemnly go out quite alone and penetrate into each nook, trying to recall its associations and to bid it farewell. All that is gratuitous pain. And it is not even that hasty glance which will abide in your memory. One would not wish to know when the last look is being taken of a place which has long been very dear. And the look will not merely be painful; it will be disappointing. It will not be the place you used to know.

I am glad I cannot remember the las time I spoke to one who for twenty years was my great friend here. There is an ancient church which has been the centre of all my serious work for more than a quarter of a century. I trust that I may not know when I come out of it for the last time.

Now let us look at a characteristic but cheering picture of the last good-bye. It is of Archbishop Tait, of Canterbury.

"Early next morning we were all summoned, as his strength seemed to be ebbing fast. He bid a separate farewell to each, and then asked for the Commendatory Prayer. He gave the benediction in a steady voice, and then added, quite in his usual manner—'And now it is all over. It isn't so very dreadful after all.'" —*Good Words.*

A Matter of Right.

Dennis Rafferty, on his first visit to a city, missed his return train home. After making some inquiries about lodgings for the night, he was advised to put up at a hotel, and was given the name of a respectable one. This was to be Dennis's first experience of hotels. On his way to it he decided to watch closely what other people did, and follow suit. He found his way into the commercial-room, and was looking around in amazement at the comforts of it, when there entered a commercial traveller, who rang the bell and ordered the waiter to get him a chop and a glass of beer. Dennis promptly gave the same order. Having finished the chop, the traveller rang and ordered some cheese. Dennis said he too would have some cheese. By-and-by the traveller thought he would have a cup of coffee, and gave his order accordingly. Again the simple countryman would have the same. They lolled about till bed-hour, when the traveller called the waiter to get him a boot-jack. Dennis immediately gave the order to bring him a boot-jack too. Turning irately on Dennis, the commercial gentleman demanded what he meant by copying him so? To which the former replied. "An' be jappers! haven't I a right to eat a boot- jack as well as you?"

IT'S HORSESHOES THIS TIME.

Mack Dee Tells About the "Inventor's" Last and Greatest Discovery.

This morning I came down to my office and had barely entered the door when I was caught up and whirled several times around the room as if by a miniature cyclone and then deposited in a most undignified and promiscuous heap in an easy chair, and the burly form of the "inventor" loomed up before me. "Sir," said I, with all the dignity I could command under the circumstances, "how dare you take such outrageous liberties with me?"

"Liberty! Liberty aye?! Why you should be proud, should congratulate yourself that I, the inventor, would condescend to fraternize with you. Had Gladstone or Edison or Pontius Pilate or any of the other great inventors dropped in on you unceremoniously you would have been delighted, but you disdain ordinary sociability on my part, why rebuffs like this are enough to crush the life out of a man and had I not steeled my heart and applied myself to my life's work with renewed assiduity I, too, would have succumbed. The day is coming, even now is, when you will be proud to have even jostled against the greatest living inventor of this or any other age My devotion to inventive science alone upholds me. For years I have suffered the most execrable usage from cold-blooded, mildewed and arrogant people who cover a man with doubled and twisted glory an inch deep if he simply discovers a fixed star or some other old world that is too lazy to get up and hump itself, and forget a man who has invented something of practical utility, something eminently useful, that will revolutionize and etherealize ordinary every-day occurences." Then he thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and assuming an injured air, staired vacantly out of the window. After an intervale of twenty minutes, during which nothing but the scratching of my pen and the ticking of the office clock was heard, I forgot the indignity thrust on me, and casually inquired what he had discovered this time? Then the inventor turned slowly around, walked twice across the floor then stopped directly in front of me, and addressed me in the most grandeloquent manner. "Discovered is a weak term, and does me an injustice, why sir, I have invented, have evolved from my inner consiousness, from the back numbers of my irridescent brain have I incubated a scheme which is marvelous in its simplicity, and wonderful in its results, compared to which sunlight, thought and electricity appear as clumsy as a Dutch ox-team.

But to came to the sphere of practical mechanics. Did you ever consider how many horses there are in this wide dominion of ours?"

"Long dominion you mean," we mildly suggested.

"Both," replied the inventor; "answer my question, young man."

We acknowledged that the subject never came under our notice.

"Well" continued the inventor, "there are five million people, allowing one horse to every five people, this will give a million horses; each horse has four feet on an average, or four million feet to put iron shoes on four times a year or sixteen million shoes yearly. Each horse casts a shoe say four times a year, a low average, a low average, but let that go, or a sum total of four million horse shoes lost to the Dominion yearly, at a cost of 25 cents a shoe amounts to a cool million dollars lost to the commerce of the country yearly. Worth saving isn't it?

"Great Scott, the thing is momentous! No wonder we are poor, its our improvidence in this one particular keeps our commercial nose on the grindstone, and impoverishes the nation. But this frightful drain on the resources of the country must stop here and now, and" bringing his fist down on the desk like a trip hammer, "I'm the man to stop it. No more poverty for me, no more tying the bottom of a pair of old trousers to make a bag to carry my buckwheat to the mill, and wearing a salt bag for an undershirt. No, sir. I am on the highway to fame and fortune, and will dicker with Mackey and Gould and Fairweather and Duffus, and take my own place in society, and make my neighbors so green with envy that they'll have to keep indoors lest the cows will eat them."

"Would you mind telling me the nature of your invention?" I queried.

"That's what I came for I know your cranky and thin skinned, but your heart is right and you won't give me away before I get it converted into cash. My invention is this" and he looked around, coming close and speaking low. "Its a machine like a horse rake to hitch on behind a wagon or cart that will catch up and deposit in a bag every shoe that gets cast, all you have to do is to attach it to the axle and the machine does the rest" and he rubbed his hands and looked as pleased as a man who won his first election.

"Give me your hand my dear sir" I said enthusiastically, "glad to acknowledge your genius and skill."

"Thank you my boy, thank you, I'm on business and must go, but it you hear of any of the boys going to give me a little surprise in the shape of a engrossed address or a gold headed cane, or any other little souvenir just give me a hint, I want to be ready to be surprised. Ta ta" and he gave a profound bow and marched stiffly through the doorway. MACK DEE.

A Bride.

"O, I am weary!" she sighed, as her billowy
Hair she unloosed in a torrent of gold
That rippled and fell o'er a figure as willowy,
Graceful and fair as a goddess of old;
Over her jewels she flung herself drearily,
Crumpled the laces that snowed on her breast,
Crushed with her fingers the lily that wearily
Clung in her hair like a dove in its nest.—
And naught but her shadowy form in the mirror
To kneel in dumb agony down and weep near her!

"Weary?"—of what? Could we fathom the mystery?
Lift up the lashes weighed down by her tears,
And wash with their dews one white face from her history,
Set like a gem in the red rust of years?
Nothing will rest her—unless he who died of her
Strayed from his grave, and, in place of the groom,
Tipping her face, kneeling there by the side of her,
Drained the old kiss to the dregs of his doom—
And naught but that shadowy form in the mirror
To kneel in dumb agony down and weep near her!
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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Who Invented the Cigar?

It is not at all certain that the white race has a prior claim even upon the invention of the cigar. In all parts of New Guinea, the largest island in the world, that has yet been visited, tobacco is cultivated, and in some parts of these districts the humble pipe contributes nothing to the enjoyment of the weed, and is not even known. Dr. Machay saw natives with crude-looking cigars in their mouths who had never seen a white man before, and thought he had dropped from the sky. Dr. Finsch, who some years later explored the coast for hundreds of miles, says the natives of the whole north-east coast of New Guinea, though inveterate smokers, had never heard of a pipe, and returned those which he gave them as articles for which they had no use. He says they roll the partly dried leaves into a rude cigar, and not being blessed with Havana wrappers, they tie around their cigar a large green leaf from a tree. Doubtless the vilest weeds sold on the Bowery are superior to those products of Papuan ingenuity, which hold fire so poorly that a live coal is always kept on hand to revivify them. But they suit the native taste, and the people seem to regard those who draw tobacco smoke through a pipe stem as belonging to an inferior race of human beings. — *Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

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