ALL SO FREE AND EASY.

NO RESTRAINT ON THE PATRONS OF THE PALACE RINK.

The Air was Blue, the Floor was Damp, and the Audience was Perched on the Backs of Chairs—An Entertainment That Filled a Long-Felt Want.

Everything was free and easy. No police, no ushers, no rules, no unwritten laws; everybody made himself at home and enjoyed the show immensely. And the audience was a large one, for Saturday night. There were only a few ladies present, but that was to be expected. What they thought of the rest of the audience was hard to imagine. There were enough people in the place to fill all the chairs, and it didn't matter whether you sat on the top or the bottom of one. Every man suited himself. Those who wanted to smoke lighted pipes, cigars, and cigarettes, and smoked till the air was blue; those who enjoyed the weed in another form used it in a way that would make a tobacconist dream of gold mines, and that bid fair to float the chairs; no one was in danger of catching cold, for it was in proper form to wear both hat and coat; yet a more orderly and good humored crowd of the kind it would have been hard to find.

It was at the Palace rink, Saturday evening, the last night of the concerts.

Many in the audience realized this with deep regret. The boys about town, who are generally found on King, Charlotte and Union streets, and clustered around street corners and curbings in the evenings, have been wanting just such a resort for years. The Palace rink was more than suitable. It is large and roomy, and "free and easiness" could be indulged in to any extent and the atmosphere still have some claim to being bearable. In this it differed from the gods' gallery of the Mechanics' Institute, or even the main hall.

But there were special attractions—four amateurs. And all four had friends; friends that were ready and willing to applaud and laugh till they fell off the backs of the chairs. So it was easy to tell when an amateur "came on," even if he was corked up to perfection. But then nobody would have had any trouble in finding this out even had the audience been composed of mutes, with their hands and feet tied. As it was, the fact that there were amateurs on the stage was painfully apparent to those who were not personally acquainted with the stagers. Yet, the show was a very good one for the money. The farce with the Indians, Irishman, darkey and boiler cover, was rather antiquated, but the audience seemed to like it; the songs of the Gill children were awfully familiar, but they were favorites still, and the little fellow clinched firmly a hold he had on everyone who had ever seen him act or heard him sing. The "big four" was about the only number on the programme that succeeded to any extent in turning the humor of the audience from good to bad, but they wisely stopped before they overdid the thing entirely. During this part of the show it became very evident that there were as good actors in the audience as on the stage. The boy who remarked that the "fellar with the white pants" was the best dancer, was certainly not bashful, and had an excellent voice.

But the amateurs! Talk about Baird's, Callender's, Gordon's or minstrels that St. John people have heard of, but never seen! They could not draw such applause as the amateurs got from that particular crowd. Mr. McPartland was very good. His mouth is quite large, and he can laugh for some time without getting hoarse. He was encored until he was compelled to deliver an oration on the difference between right and wrong, in which he proved beyond a doubt that one was the other, vice versa, and several other things. It was thought that this would knock all the enthusiasm out of the audience, but strange to say, even this performance was applauded.

All the amateurs possessed one good quality in common, which "stuck out like a sore thumb." They did not stretch their acts out long enough to weary the audience, as many professionals are apt to do. This may have been caused by the knowledge that they were going to be greeted with "rapturous applause," and would be "compelled to respond to an encore." Be that as it may, short performances are more likely to evoke applause than long ones, every time.

But applause was plentiful and everybody got enough to satisfy him. What more was needed to show that the audience was satisfied that it had got its money's worth? Nothing. Of course there were differences of opinion as to the quality of the acting. For instance one man in the audience remarked that the dancing of Gussie Gill was what he called "pretty smart dancing," whereas the man alongside of him was of the opinion that it was no good at all, and that there were "lots of girls in town who could dance all round her."

A couple of colored youths who sat directly under an electric light, and on whose countenances its rays shone with wonderful effect, were decidedly of one opinion as regards the whole show. There were no doubts whatever in the minds of the rest of the audience but that these two gentlemen thought the performance as funny as anything could possibly be, but there were doubts as to whether they were in any danger of exploding.

It was a great place to spend the evening, and it is a matter of regret that St. John seems unable to support such an entertainment all the year round. The majority of the young men who are found loitering about the street corners and curbings in the evenings do not do it out of downright cussedness. They do it because, in many cases, they have "no place to go."

But the girls would be better at home.

SUPPRESSING THE MALE.

Some Advice from a Man to an Association of Women.

Referring to the meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Women, "Don," in *Saturday Night*, says that there are those that believe that politicians, clergymen, business men, manufacturers, mechanics, railroaders, stevedores and everybody else but women-kind have a right to organize. It seems to me, however, that the organization of women for the advancement of their sex and the uplifting of their social life is one of the most meritorious proceedings resulting from the impulse of the century to become better than we were or are. It was no enfranchisement caucus, but a convention of the brightest, brainiest women of the continent to consider what is best for themselves and their sisters. Their name is a good hint to mankind generally and the press particularly—they do not call themselves an association for the advancement of "ladies," or an organization whereby all women may become ladies. I like to see that good, old-fashioned word "woman." I would like to see the women of this country have a vote. If they could deposit more fool ballots than some of the men who have been enfranchized for a quarter of a century, they would have to rise early and sit up late. The enfranchisement of women, it is said, would cause discord in the home. There are a great many homes that need a little more discord if it be made by the wife instead of the husband. Discord is a first rate thing if it means any thing more than an ebullition of bad temper. If discord is introduced into music occasionally to accentuate the harmony so it might properly enter into the family and banish the motto too often accepted by the woman "Let us have peace at any price." May God speed the association for the advancement of women. Every mile that women advances up the mountain of life's difficulties will put the next generation ten miles nearer the top. As in Masonry and other secret orders, they might have an advanced degree and call it an Organization for the Suppression of the Male Egotist, with a final and crowning rite—a uniformed rank, as it were—to be styled a Society for the Extermination of the He Hog.

LEADING DOUBLE LIVES.

How Many Kinds of Social Deception There Are—Pious Frauds.

The despatches from Montreal have related in painful detail the double life led by a French-Canadian clergyman of that city, who is described as a brilliant preacher and exceptionally clever literary man. Of course, when we see a thing of this kind in the daily newspapers we know that it is sensational and that "double life" means an affair with some woman not the wife of the man concerned. It goes without saying that the social sin of this man is a serious one and should debar him from spiritual ministrations. Yet it seems to me that the meaning of this "double life" is narrowed often to this one offence, and the whole weight of public indignation is reserved for the man who commits this sin. It is not necessary to palliate the offence in order to prove that duplicity of life neither has its origin or its ending here. Quietly perhaps, infrequently, I am sure, other forms of a double life are visited by public indignation, but it is worth while examining what we know of those who hold high station religiously and otherwise as to whether it is not the public habit to make this the unpardonable sin and let faults of equal gravity, and duplicity, which wreck more happiness, go unrebuked. We demand in a general way of clergymen a purer and better life than we perhaps live ourselves, and yet our insistence is with regard to public offences while we wink at the known shortcomings which do not bring scandal to the church in which we rent a pew. I presume there are few who have not noticed a tendency if not well-defined guilt in the matter of a double life in some of those we accept as leaders. We have known sweet-voiced and smiling people who, in church and society, are models of the meek and lowly Christian, who at home are naggers and tyrants. Those who preach and pray in accents of undiluted loving kindness on the housetops, often inflict heart bruises and mental torments in the privacy of their homes. There are those who preach benevolence, both in and out of churches, and practice extortion; those who pray in meekness and, like Quilp, pinch in passion, those who give to the "cause" and starve their families, those who smile in the synagogue and scowl at the dinner table. These are all double lives. These examples, I contend, are as pernicious as that of the man of unsanctified armours. They destroy the faith of mankind in the goodness of people and the poison works every day, while the scandal comes with its shock but seldom. Double lives, indeed! Not a hundredth per cent of the duplicity and persistent sin of mankind are written under such headings as were given to the offence of the miserable man who wrecked his life in Montreal.—*Don, in Saturday Night.*

DOGS MUST HAVE TAGS

IN MONCTON, OR THE MARSHAL IS AFTER THEM.

High Dog Taxes Playing Havoc with the Mongrels, and Getting Some Aristocratic Canines in Trouble—Greater Nuisances Than Dogs.

The fiat has gone forth for the slaughter of the innocents, and many a good citizen and true, who walks, or did walk, the narrow path on four honest legs, went to his long home via the public wharf yesterday. Many are doubtless going the same way even as their champion writes, with pen that would be dipped in fire could he so manage it, without burning up the foolscap.

The streets are silent and deserted today as far as dogs are concerned. It is a case of dog gon—but no! I will refrain—it shall never be said of the lowly and painstaking Geoffrey Cuthbert that he soiled his pen with a pun unless, of course, it was decently shrouded in the cerements of a foreign language, and a dead one at that.

It is *Carpe diem* today, yea, and *Cave Canem* too, for the marshall seizes not only the opportunity but also the canine, and casts both into oblivion.

Far be it from me to joke on this subject. It is too near my heart for that; and it is too serious a subject, too, for if ever a senseless law was enacted by a none too sensible body of men, this is the one, and it is essentially a law for the rich, and not for the poor. If the town council would let the dogs alone for a while, and turn their minds to the far more important problem of ridding our streets, first of mud, making our crossings so that one can go over them in fine weather at least without wearing rubber boots and losing them on the way, unless great care is exercised, and then take up the mission of ridding the town of the small army of youthful fiends who make life a burden to respectable people, they would indeed be doing some good.

I suppose an effete and mistaken law prevents us from dropping the more objectionable animals—the boys—over the wharf, but what is to prevent a law being passed to have them muzzled and compelled to wear a collar and tag, certifying that their taxes have been paid? We should then be able to take our walks abroad without having our ears offended and our children's minds polluted by the sickening profanity one hears daily on the Moncton streets from children, many of whom can just speak plainly and no more.

Unfortunately a great many of us will know more about Gehenna in the future than will be altogether pleasant, so we don't want to hear so much about it in the present, as the average Moncton gamin seems to know. But to return to the dogs. It is a well-known fact in our town that all the real canine nuisances are tax payers, those that wear their register tag proudly and cannot be touched; their masters can afford to pay for the luxury of their society and they do so, to the great regret of their neighbours.

But the poor man, the man that really cannot afford to pay a dog tax, is compelled to see his quiet inoffensive dog dragged off by the strong hand of the law and drowned before his eyes, and he has no redress. The child who numbers amongst his or her dearest possessions some treasured pet of purest mongrel descent, and to whom two dollars is as unattainable a sum as two thousand would be to most people, has to stand by and see his devoted friend led to the slaughter without being able to lift a finger in his defence.

And then the price of that small tag! two dollars a year for a dog of the sterner sex, and—*place aux dames*—four, for one of the angelic persuasion. Why it is iniquitous, I don't keep a dog myself; I can't afford such a luxury, so I cannot possibly be accused of interested motives in this protest, but it does seem a little hard that my friend and fellow traveller in the paths of literature, Mr. H. T. Stevens, should have to pay as much per year for his infinitesimal scrap of caninity, invisible to the naked eye and barely perceptible through a microscope, as Mr. T. V. Cooke pays for his one hundred and fifty pounds of best assorted dog.

There is something wrong somewhere, and there was something wrong indeed yesterday, when Marshal Foster seized Mr. Joseph Harris' valuable Irish setter, Hebe, together with her son and heir, and bore them triumphantly to the wharf of death. Fortunately a friend of Mr. Harris, who knew that he was away from home and unable to defend his property, paid the exorbitant charge of six dollars, though he felt tolerably confident that Hebe had merely lost her collar, and the puppy was too young to bear one, and so saved the appointed sacrifices. Dogs frequently lose their collars or have them stolen, and it is not pleasant to feel that a fifty cent council have it in their power to ruthlessly destroy a fifty dollar dog.

Talk about canine nuisances! Why, a well regulated pup ought to be paid a high salary for living in a town where he can't go for a walk, even in the heart of the City (capital C, please) without getting up to his arm pits in mud, and falling over a bank dude at every second step.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

A Free Trip Around the World.

The all-absorbing topic of the day is the Home Fascinator Pub. Co.'s great word contest, affording a grand opportunity to see the world. To the person sending them the largest number of English words constructed from letters contained in the sentence "God Save the Queen," the publishers offer "A Free Trip Around the World," also in order of merit the following additional prizes: A Free Trip to Florida, a Silver Tea Set, $68; a Domestic Sewing Machine, $60; Lady's or Gent's 14k. Gold Watch, $50. To every one sending a list of not less than 25 English words, of four or more letters, found in either Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, a prize will be given. Enclose them 50 cents to pay for a grand Premium Catalogue and a six month's trial subscription to their beautifully illustrated family story paper *The Home Fascinator*. As the person sending in the largest list of correct words may not be in a position, or care to make the extensive trip offered, the publishers give such person the choice of the trip or $1,000 in cash. Contest is open to any person in the U. S. or Canada. Address, The Home Fascinator, Montreal, Canada.—*Advt.*

Diplomatic George.

"Marie, I have come tonight to ask you for your hand—I——"

"You ask for a great deal, Mr. Smithers."

"On the contrary, it is such a very little one that——"

"It is yours, George, dear."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Husband to Have.

"I haven't had an outing for two years," complained Mrs. Jaysmith.

"That's too bad!" replied her husband, sympathetically. "I'll look at the advertisements and see if there isn't a free excursion to a sale of lots you can go to today."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Very Observant.

Maid—If ye plaze, ma'am, Mr. Dudeleigh is at the telephone an' wants to spake wid you.

Mrs. Bloomer—That awfully swell Mr. Dudeleigh! Jane, just hold the wire till I put on my newest tea-gown. That man notices everything—*America.*

Anxious to Work, but Nothing to Do.

"By George," said the tramp, "I'm gettin' discouraged. I ain't been able to get a job at snow shovellin' all summer. I think I'll go out o' the business and take up lawn mowin' for the winter."—*N. Y. Sun.*

So There Was a Coolness.

"That's my Cholly at the door. I know his ring," said Ethel.

"So do I," returned Mattie. "I wore the ring six weeks before you got it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He Got Burned.

Mr. Dashley—Sorry you could not come to our little "house-warming" last evening.

Mr. Henley Peck—I'm sorry, too. But we had a little house-warming ourselves. In fact, the house got too hot to hold me.—*America.*

A more delicious and strengthening drink cannot be taken than half teaspoonful of LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF dissolved in a cup of boiling water seasoned to taste with pepper and salt. It is carefully prepared and highly recommended by physicians everywhere. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

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And thousands of others.

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 emolient 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.

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RECAMIER LOTION will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving. Price $1.50.

RECAMIER POWDER is in three shades—white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving, and for the toilet generally. Large boxes, $1.00; small boxes, 50c.

RECAMIER SOAP is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion. Scented, 50 cents; unscented, 25 cents.

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VIZ: EXCELLENCE IN QUALITY, AND LOW PRICE.

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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