

ALL IN KNOWING HOW.

AND "GEOFF" DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHITEWASHING.

The Ceiling a Hard Place to Whitewash, but it was Easy to Fresco the Walls and the Parquetting in the White-Washed Parlor.

There is no doubt that amateur work to be a success, must be done well; otherwise it is sure to suffer when subjected to the crucial test of comparison with professional work of the same order.

There is something very deceptive about whitewashing, like editing a paper or raking a fire, it looks so easy, until you try it, and then it turns out to be so very hard.

You watch a professional white-washer pursuing his daily avocation, and you will be impressed with the graceful abandon and easy confidence with which he sets to work, it seems easier for him to whitewash than not, and as you watch him plunge his brush into the crummy mass in his bucket, flirt it airily on the edge of the same to remove superfluous drops and then apply it to the ceiling with long, even strokes that leave a trail of alabaster whiteness behind, and you burn to distinguish yourself in the whitewashing line also.

The first outlay of a dollar and a half for the brush, seemed large, but I reflected that the one brush would probably last a lifetime, and as the amount of whitening which the obliging clerk in the brush store informed me would be amply sufficient for two ceilings only cost six cents, I concluded that I could afford to be lavish about the brush.

It afterwards turned out that the whitening I had purchased would have been sufficient to whitewash the entire interior of a large hotel, but it was cheap at any rate and what is left over will do to clean silver for the next five years.

I carried my purchases home in triumph and could scarcely wait until the next day to begin work. I was determined not to neglect any precaution that would insure success, so I soaked my brush in cold water, the night before, to soften it, and immediately after dinner I set to work.

I had often noticed a streaky appearance about home laundried ceilings, and I decided that it was caused by the whitewash being too thin, so I made it reasonably thick and then I stirred it well and set to work. Somehow it was not nearly so easy as it looked!

In the first place, the whitewash showed an alarming tendency to leave the brush the moment I raised it, and pour in an unbroken stream down my arm, and I am firmly convinced that if I had held the arm up long enough I should have been drowned, but I was only too thankful to rest by lowering it, and the next time I lifted it the brush was perfectly dry, and a few ridges on the ceiling which obstinately refused to be stroked out by repeated applications of the brush carefully moistened with thin whitewash.

Every time I scrambled down from the table on which I was mounted, to get a fresh supply, I had to stir up the mixture with a stick, because the solid portion would sink to the bottom, and a clear and useless liquid rise to the top; then by the time I had laboriously climbed up again, the place I had been working on was quite dry, and the more I tried to smooth it and weld the different strokes of the brush together in such perfect harmony that the joinings would not show, the thicker the deposit and the more distinct the beginning and ending of each "sweep of the brush" as artists say became.

The harder I worked the more the brush leaked, but still I persevered. I persevered until there was nothing in that room large enough to hold a drop of whitewash that was not white, the floor, the paper, the windows, the furniture, myself, even the pup, everything in fact—except the ceiling—that was far from being as white as I could have wished, but what the ceiling lacked the floor fully atoned for.

The whitewash was so thick upon it that if you stood still for a moment you stuck fast. I suppose it could scarcely be considered a success except as an experiment, and a sort of warning to abstain from such attempts in future, because I had rheumatism in my neck for three days afterwards, and the entire suit of clothes I wore during the exercises had to be burned, but still it taught us a very valuable lesson, in one way, whenever I look up at that ceiling which resembles a picture by the old masters, it is so full of lights and shadows, I register a fresh resolution never to step out of my sphere again, or attempt anything which I am not sure is my special forte, also to employ professional labor in preference to amateur when I wish to save money.

Music for the Doctors.

The New Brunswick Medical society meet here next week and a grand complimentary concert is to be tendered them Tuesday evening in the opera house.

Mr. Morton Harrison has the matter in hand which ensures its success from a musical standpoint. At this writing his programme is not complete, but popular talent will not be wanting. Something in the nature of a musical surprise is very probable if Mr. Harrison's mission when he left Progress office proves successful.

It is Welcomed Every Year.

McAlpine's St. John directory for 1892 is quite up to the mark in all respects, and appears to have been very carefully compiled. It compares favorably with its predecessors in every way, and is well got up by the printer, publisher and binder. It is one of the books that no man who undertakes to do business can afford to do without.

Published by D. McAlpine & Sons, printed by G. W. Day, and bound at McMillan's.

Visiting the Warship.

A large number of people have visited the warship in the harbor this week, and today and tomorrow will be the visiting days. A steam launch leaves North on the South wharf regularly during visiting hours, and gives tickets which are good for the return passage. This will be appreciated by those who have paid to get on a warship, looked in vain for the boat they went in, then paid again to regain shore.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS.

Little Things of Interest with Crisp and Timely Comments.

Somewhat has said that a matrimonial boom in summer is an indication of a hard winter. I do not know whether this applies to the community, or only the young married people who are experiencing their first winter of married life, and will not attempt to prove or disprove the truth of the prediction. But a boom in the matrimonial market is undoubtedly evidence of prosperity on the part of the young men of the city, especially when the marriages are well affairs like the majority of those which have taken place this summer.

The efforts of fond parents, charming brides and happy bridegrooms to make a good impression on the public, would furnish material for a good sized book. Stories more or less true are told that do not appear in the newspaper accounts of the happy event, and many of these stories are truly remarkable. In many cases a marriageable daughter proves to be an expensive luxury, so to speak, and an effort is made to make the day she leaves the parental roof one to be remembered.

I heard of an instance recently where a wedding day will be remembered every six months at least. The marriage was a well affair; much of the bride's trousseau was imported, the guests included the best people of a certain "set," the presents were "numerous and costly." The wedding was a grand success so far as the impression made on the general public went. The main object was attained. People talked about it. But to accomplish all this the bride's father had to put a mortgage on his house.

Another wedding received considerable prominence in the newspapers, but there was an indefiniteness in one part of the account that mystified some who read it. The family were evidently anxious to impress upon the public the fact that all the requirements of fashion had been complied with, and gave the reporters full particulars, until the bride's trousseau was mentioned. "You might say that the newly married couple left on their bridal tour immediately after the ceremony," suggested a relative. "Where are they going?" was asked. "Oh, that is not going," was the reply.

The reporter involuntarily looked up stairs to see if the happy couple were looking at him over the balustrade.

In a city like St. John there is always a large part of the population with an uncomfortable amount of spare time to fill in on the summer evenings. There are few places where people who have to work during the day can find amusement and walk in the suburbs or a "tour around the block" is about the only pleasure within the reach of many. We have no park where working people can imagine themselves in the country for a few hours, and the days of open-air hand concerts are apparently over. The squares are looking very pretty but no one could think of spending an hour in any one of them.

That St. John people would appreciate anything in the way of a pleasure ground is evident to everyone who takes a walk up town or down to the depot on a Sunday evening. The streets are crowded with strollers until long after the churches are out, and the number of people who seem to take a special delight in seeing the western train leave the station is a constant source of surprise to strangers. The people have no place else to go. They cannot stay in the house on a fine evening, and are at last how to put in the time. Tuesday evening the depot was crowded and Mill street was almost impassable until near midnight.

There is not much pleasure in seeing a lot of tired and sun burnt excursionists coming home, and nobody expected to see a procession, but the fact that a larger train than usual was expected furnished an excuse for going to the depot, and hundreds went. Many people who would not stroll aimlessly along the streets, do not hesitate to take a walk in the evening if they have some particular place to go, and it takes very little to draw a crowd. The passenger list of the New York boat is not usually a very large one, but the number of people who go down on the wharf to see her coming is increasing every week, while the Boston boats on their arrival are usually greeted with what I once heard a sarcastic American term, "Half the population." Why not give the people band concerts, if we cannot have a park?

Did you ever notice a woman when she wants to take a street car? Car drivers have become notorious everywhere for their inability to see a prospect who is a singer, and when they do notice one, the way they studiously ignore his or her presence is annoying to say the least. A woman cannot run up and grasp the handles while the car is going, like most men do, but she can give a pantomime show for the benefit of the general public, that is appreciated by everyone but the driver. He evidently enjoys it, in a quiet way, for an attempt to assure the woman, by word, look or motion that her anxiety is totally unneeded for, is something unheard of. He lets her wave her hand, or parol, and walk on the track in a vain endeavor to make him notice her, then when she least expects it he suddenly stops the car, and she gets on board with all possible haste for fear he will start up again before she is seated. Then she gets her breath to enable her to give another pantomime show before the sidewalk is reached again. Before she is within a block of her destination her hand is on the bell strap, while she gazes nervously out the window, and finally pulls the strap before the car is within 50 yards of the place at which she wants to get off. A woman places no trust whatever in a car driver.

Brooks.

Diamonds Falling from the Sky.

Meteoritic bodies amongst which some diamonds have been found have fallen in immense quantities. On November 27th, 1872, such a shower fell that competent observers counted singly eight or ten thousand in the course of two hours. The stones in which the presence of diamonds have been revealed are both small and large. In 1803, 2,000 small red-hot stones fell in Normandy, while one is still shown at Copenhagen which was found in Greenland, weighing 49,000 lbs.

BITS FROM "BUTLER'S JOURNAL."

No Money but Lots of Fun.

Volume third of the Journal begins with this issue, and we start on the new volume with new hope and courage for the future. We have not made any money out of it, but we have had lots of fun—have made many friends and some enemies. We propose to go on in the same course. To our friends we extend our heartfelt thanks, to our enemies our respect, but if they are of that narrow, hidebound class who will stop a paper the minute they see something in it that does not agree with some of their pet ideas, giving the editor no credit for these portions of the paper that have interested them. We don't want their names down on our books.

We have received a much larger support than we expected at the start, and often from those to whom we would not naturally look for encouragement, while some of those who agreed the strongest with our opinions have gone back on us. It seemed strange to us, however, that any one among our numerous friends would let the small sum of 25 cents stand between them and the Journal, but that they would all subscribe, as they have always expressed a desire to help us along. But some, while still professing friendship, hang back for the first named cause, while others (we grieve to say it, but it is true) are too mean, and think more of the subscription price than any amount of friendship.

Conratulations.

Our warmest congratulations go out to Peter Farrell and his fair young bride. May the sunshine of life ever illumine their pathway and may their future troubles be only "little ones."

The Record Busted.

A hen of the Brahma persuasion belonging to John Stickney, Gordon Vale, York Co., has busted the record by laying an egg that measures 6 1/4 inches around and 7 1/2 lengthwise and weighs 4 ounces.

The Fellow from Marysville.

A fellow from Marysville was sent to buy some buff Cochins eggs from a poultry raiser at Gibson for another party at Marysville. He bought the eggs, brought them home and set them under his own hen, then purchased some eggs at the Marysville store of the common barnyard fowl, and palmed them off on the man as Buff Cochins. Imagine the latter's surprise and indignation when the hen in the allotted space of time, hatched out a dozen of the common dung-hill variety, while the clever trickster was in possession of a dozen fine Buff Cochins chickens. That fellow will make his way through the world.

The Editor Attends Sunday School.

The road being rough and the people poor I did not call on many families, and during the day can find amusement and walk in the suburbs or a "tour around the block" is about the only pleasure within the reach of many. We have no park where working people can imagine themselves in the country for a few hours, and the days of open-air hand concerts are apparently over. The squares are looking very pretty but no one could think of spending an hour in any one of them.

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THE HUNTER'S FARE.

From "Nehliakin."

No sound, no light as the far chukadee calling, the stillness started. So he trod, And crouching, crept like panther to its prey, For track or trace where went the flying deer, Unheeded his fangs from velvet. Still intent Scanning the snow with undeviated eyes For track or trace where went the flying deer, He lurked innocently. Naught saw he, nor heard, Till, lo! an arrow thro' a stir, proclaimed The universal silence violat!

Ardent, the moon, endangeroed, rent apart Her slowly-darting prison with free feet To look upon the beautiful things in motion; She lit an open space all paved with snow, She lit the graceful, clustering shapes that came, And in her presence something strangely human; Near, curious nudged, she probed, she heard, Hid by scabb'd bole and dark of drooping boughs, 'Neath a gaunt hemlock waited warily.

Covered, he saw, conspicuous in the glow Of the full brightening moon, a monster stag, Never such marvel met a hunter's eye! With beaming front majestic; stature struck, As his huge frame were granite, stood he there, Brightly devised the creature's shape, How nobly fashioned! Of what port superb! His brow, high-browed, seemed armed with powers of stars, Where colly throne'd they sit; his glossy breast Of graceful angles, instinct with powers of stars.

Stung near to madness, with a fierce delight Of what he saw, the hunter bent his bow; Planted a venom'd barb upon the string, And aimed a look of wonder, nor showed fear; The stag, by man surprised, nor fled, nor shied, Nor turned a look of wonder, nor showed fear; But held himself in dreadful majesty. Gazing with mild reproach upon his slayer, Something divine there seemed in his revealed; And in his presence something strangely human; Near, curious nudged, she probed, she heard, Hid by scabb'd bole and dark of drooping boughs, 'Neath a gaunt hemlock waited warily.

Agghast! then Nehliakin then sharply felt Himself deep-stricken; and, as one who reels Forward, low-browed, when a wine mounds to the brain, After a revel, straightway did he swoon, With wavering sense, and with blur-blinded eye, And agonizing throes unintermit.

His outstretched hand clutched a lean shank; his head Itself clinging fingers lost, and grew Instantly hoof'd and bony; his smooth skin Hairy and shag'd became, and his high brow Now low and narrow now, overtopped with hair; While strangely seemed a long protruded face To grow upon him, bestialy inclined. Then, while on his pain'd sense and misted Rang mockery of laughter, deep withdrawn Behind far glades, receding and retreating, Rapturously to his altered self he came.

And sprang, a wounded stag, no more. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Everything in Season.

Native Strawberries and Sweet Cream, Tomatoes, American Fruits from every international boat. Nursery Biscuit, Choice Butter in Rolls and 5 and 10 pound pails. Sold by J. S. ARMSTRONG & CO.

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Including 1892, 1891, 1890, 1889, 1888, 1887, 1886, 1885, 1884, 1883, 1882, 1881, 1880, 1879, 1878, 1877, 1876, 1875, 1874, 1873, 1872, 1871, 1870, 1869, 1868, 1867, 1866, 1865, 1864, 1863, 1862, 1861, 1860, 1859, 1858, 1857, 1856, 1855, 1854, 1853, 1852, 1851, 1850, 1849, 1848, 1847, 1846, 1845, 1844, 1843, 1842, 1841, 1840, 1839, 1838, 1837, 1836, 1835, 1834, 1833, 1832, 1831, 1830, 1829, 1828, 1827, 1826, 1825, 1824, 1823, 1822, 1821, 1820, 1819, 1818, 1817, 1816, 1815, 1814, 1813, 1812, 1811, 1810, 1809, 1808, 1807, 1806, 1805, 1804, 1803, 1802, 1801, 1800, 1799, 1798, 1797, 1796, 1795, 1794, 1793, 1792, 1791, 1790, 1789, 1788, 1787, 1786, 1785, 1784, 1783, 1782, 1781, 1780, 1779, 1778, 1777, 1776, 1775, 1774, 1773, 1772, 1771, 1770, 1769, 1768, 1767, 1766, 1765, 1764, 1763, 1762, 1761, 1760, 1759, 1758, 1757, 1756, 1755, 1754, 1753, 1752, 1751, 1750, 1749, 1748, 1747, 1746, 1745, 1744, 1743, 1742, 1741, 1740, 1739, 1738, 1737, 1736, 1735, 1734, 1733, 1732, 1731, 1730, 1729, 1728, 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