

# PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

## SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 30.

### CONCERNING SKEPTICISM.

THE REV. CHARLES SHAKESPEARE attributes all progress to "a wise and rational skepticism." It is stating the case too strongly to say that skepticism is the working of the divine within us? The word itself frightens people. To the preachers of a school, now dying out, no corner of Hades was too dark for the skeptic. The murderer might be excused—passion and provocation might palliate crime; the thief might be forgiven; the betrayer of virtue be absolved; but to doubt what the church declared to be orthodox was to incur the most awful penalty that an omnipotent God could devise. For the man dying red-handed with the blood of ravished innocence, there was some chance, provided his stolid brutality had kept him from thinking for himself, but for the pure soul who ventured to believe that the ignorance of the church fathers had not been equal to a solution of the plans of the Infinite, there was nothing but instant and eternal damnation. And this beautiful arrangement was declared to be for the glory of the Creator, who could tolerate that a man should violate every one of his laws, but not that he should venture to dissent from what a majority of the church had decided was right.

The day of these super-orthodox people is fast passing away, not without much lament on the part of those timid people who think the universe will go to pieces if it is not run according to their notions. We have no right to assume that it was any part of the divine plan to give mankind an absolute and infallible guide. If it be said that the bible affords this, the answer may be made that it does and it does not. It does, because it teaches that to live in harmony with divine law is to attain to a perfect life. This is likewise the lesson of nature. Development, absolutely in harmony with the divine law, is perfect development, as much in the case of a potato as of a soul. The bible does more than this, for it gives the experience of individuals, to serve as an example or warning. It does more, for it gives the teachings of One who lived in such close relationship with the fountain of law as to feel himself to be one with God. But when it is claimed that the bible is an absolute and infallible guide to systems of theology and church creeds, the answer is that neither extrinsic nor intrinsic evidence can be advanced in support of such an idea. The writers of the several books make no such pretension. For the most part they simply profess to be narrating events, and that, too, in a fragmentary, incomplete manner. The prophecies and the epistles are of another class. The writers of the latter are careful not to make any claim to supernatural direction. The prophets—well, perhaps, when the actual meaning and value of the prophecies is known it will be time enough to build one-fourth upon them. They are probably not much more than they appear to be on their face, highly wrought pictures without any particular meaning. Take the last of them—the book of Revelations. JOHN was an exile in Patmos, a little island surrounded by the sea. The waves that washed its shores separated him from all he knew and loved. Beyond the rugged line where their crests met the sky were the land of his boyhood, all his friends and those with whom he had held sweet converse. The sea was the barrier between him and happiness. So when to beguile his weariness he wrote his visions of the new heaven and the new earth. The first thought to which he gave expression was that in that delightful realm there was no more sea. Yet there are people who accept the notion of an earth without a sea, as the ideal for which we are to long and pray.

Scepticism, that is the honest doubting of a thinking man, is not to be condemned; but between this and the flippant irrever-

ence, which many persons affect nowadays, there is a profound difference. In religious thought a constant evolution is going on. Our conception of things are broadening, and one of the lessons the world is slowly learning is that differences of opinion, hitherto thought to be irreconcilable, may be made to harmonize, that many of the disputers that have vexed pious souls have been simply matters of words, without any real principle involved in them.

### MEN AND THINGS.

A passenger was killed on the Canadian Pacific railway the other day. This is the first case of the kind in the history of the railway. That is a wonderful record, and shows how safe it is to travel by rail.

There are four transcontinental railways completed and running at least one train each way daily. These trains deliver daily their transcontinental terminus at least 2,000 people every day, who have crossed from ocean to ocean. Now think of it. Every day two thousand men, women, and children complete a journey of from 3,000 to 4,000 miles in perfect safety. In the good old days that we hear so much about, a man took his life in his hands every time he went to the next town.

The Prince of Wales owes a million and a half dollars, principally the result of losses at cards and on the turf; at least so say the correspondents of the American papers. H. R. H. is a constant source of trouble to our neighbors. He is either implicated in some troublesome affair, or head over heels in debt, or doing something else outrageous. Nevertheless he continues to be the most popular man in England, is dearly loved in Paris, is welcomed in Germany and Austria, and is accounted a splendid fellow wherever he goes. He is doubtless a long way short of perfection; but in PROGRESS' circle of acquaintance there are others of whom this can be said, and they are not princes either.

A learned officer of the Smithsonian Institute has succeeded in demonstrating that it is scientifically possible for a man to navigate the air. He shows that it is simply a question of motion, that theoretically at least it is possible with our present steam engines to develop speed enough to keep them aloft in the air. The great difficulty to be solved is how to start, but this he does not consider insuperable. He performed several experiments before an equally learned audience to illustrate his views. One of them any one can try. Take a piece of cardboard and fasten it on the end of a stick five or six inches long, so that when the card is on the floor the stick will be perpendicular. Hold the stick in your hand perpendicularly and let it fall. Then twirl the stick between your hands and let it fall, and not the difference in the time it takes to reach the ground. The faster you twirl, the slower it will fall. The problem of aerial navigation has hitherto been left to cranks and mechanical geniuses of the perverted order. Now that science has admitted its feasibility, we may admit with the Smithsonian professor that the days when men will fly may not be so very remote.

Money talks. The CZAR has been running things with a pretty high hand, setting first one power and then another at defiance, but he reckoned without his host when he began his recent prosecution of the Jews. The ROTHSCHILDS have taken up the quarrel of their distressed brethren, and things look as though his imperial majesty of Russia will have to take back water. "The House of Hapsburg wishes for war," said a former king of finance, "but the House of ROTHSCHILDS wishes for peace;" and there was peace.

Some time ago an astronomer named HALL discovered that Mars had a set of moons which revolved around the planet in a direction contrary not only to that in which all other known planetary bodies move, but contrary to the rules deduced by our philosophers from what they regard as the fundamental principles on which the universe is built. No astronomer has yet felt able to grapple with the difficulty presented by this discovery. If the law of gravity is universal the moons of Mars are as much subject to it as Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S apple, but they set it at defiance. What then? Is what we have called a law not a law, and is all our philosophy only an ingenious deception?

A plague of locusts is threatening northern Africa. The advancing cloud was at last accounts many miles long and wide, and a thousand feet thick. They were coming out of the desert. This migration of locusts and similar pests is among the puzzles of nature. Take the case of the potato bug. He had lived in pristine innocence in the wilds of Colorado. Finally a settler came within his domain and planted the nutritive tuber. His bugish had never seen it before; but he knew a good when he saw it. There was no occasion to advertise the new article of diet. All grades of society in the realm at once abandoned their native food and took to potatoes. Nothing wonderful in this, perhaps; but his bugish was not content to wait for potatoes to come to him. He at once set out for the East, whence by some marvellous instinct it had learned that po-

tatoes came, and he has laid the continent from the mountains to the Atlantic under tribute. But he has never gone west. Whether the Rocky mountains were too lofty to be scaled, or pioneer society was uncongenial, the fact remains that this little striped nuisance has treated the potato fields of the Pacific coast with absolute contempt. Now why should potato bugs only travel eastward? And what a career their has been since the first black and yellow rascal on the plains of Colorado first feasted on a potato!

President HARRISON has finished his great excursion. On the way he had the usual assortment of addresses presented to him, in many of which he was congratulated that the fact of his travelling without a body guard was a proof of the esteem in which the government was held by the people, and a contrast was in some instances made with the European nations. In view of the fact that in a little over 25 years, two presidents have been shot, while European monarchs have been coming and going without body guards and have never been injured, with the exception of the czar, who was killed in the midst of his guards, the boast seems a little out of place. Barring the case of Russia, the republics of the two Americas have a monopoly of the assassination of rulers.

The president in his replies did not show much judgment. He seems to have accepted the compliments as a matter of course, and to have talked chiefly about himself. Everyone else knew that the people did not turn out in compliment to BENJAMIN HARRISON, personally, but to see him as the chief officer of a great nation; but such a notion never seemed to enter the presidential noddle. He missed the grandest opportunity any president ever had of getting a hold upon the sympathy of the people. For the most part of the time he was in the hands of the party managers. He greatly offended the Californians by objecting to stopping at what he called "one horse towns," and at the city of Oakland he ordered his driver to turn into a side street to avoid the city school children who had come out with banners to meet him. "Get me out of this," he said, and refused to listen to a word as to the disappointment he was giving the thousands of little ones who had waited for him for more than an hour.

The president of the New Brunswick university announces that \$600 has been secured for five years toward supporting the new chair of philosophy; and that a committee will soon begin to ask for the additional \$400. What then, Mr. President? When the five years have expired, will the new chair follow their example?

### For an Idle Hour.

The excellence of Maxwell Grey's great novel *The Silence of Dean Maitland* prompts one to purchase *In the Heart of the Storm* which has just been issued in the "red letter series," and is for sale at Alfred Morrissey's. While it cannot be called equal to his first book, *In the Heart of the Storm* is far above the average novel, very interesting and well worth reading.

*Criticism and Fiction* by W. D. Howells (Harper and Bros., New York) comes to us from Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. It is one of the handsomest dollar volumes we have ever seen. The title and author, of whom there is a delicate etching for a frontispiece, are sufficient to commend the book to the attention of any reader of good fiction. Anything from Howells' pen is read and appreciated in the United States, and his ability to write upon such topics as *Criticism and Fiction* cannot be questioned.

### NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

L'Anniversaire de la Naissance de la Reine qui est le plus fatigant, un jour de travail ordinaire ou un jour de fête? A en juger par les mortels qui ont rencontré le lendemain d'un jour de fête un drôle qui c'était le dernier.

On dit que c'est une preuve spéciale d'une civilisation avancée que de pouvoir faire les choses étrangères d'une manière agréable, mais si cela est vrai, les choses étrangères ne sont pas civilisées. On a dit également que c'est la marque d'un anglais de prendre tout même ses plaisirs sérieusement. Mais peut-être que quelque chose à désirer dans la civilisation anglaise? Cette réflexion est inopportune, on ne peut pas croire cela. Ces maximes ont été toutes deux sans doute développées dans l'esprit d'un Français; car si l'apprentissage est vrai on sait bien quelle est la nation la plus civilisée et un anglais ne dirait jamais de lui-même une chose comme celle-ci: "Il préférerait dire quelque chose contre les Français, par exemple, "qu'un Français fait tout, même les choses les plus sérieuses en riant;" ces deux notions s'amuse à dire les choses douces l'une de l'autre, quel dommage que les qualités différentes de ces deux peuples ne se modifient pas mutuellement. La *Legier* des Français, ce mot si cher au cœur anglais, n'a-t-elle pas bien besoin d'un peu du sérieux du peuple d'à travers la Manche, ou bien encore n'y a-t-il rien de léger à désirer dans ce sérieux anglais?

On sera convaincu de cela lorsque les deux races se seront mariées davantage entre elles et que toute la civilisation est tellement avancée que ces baines ou ces jalouses de race ne seront offusquées. Mais il est temps de revenir à notre jour de fête. Chacun l'a passé de sa façon. Pour ceux qui sont restés en ville la machine à eu des attractions, mais on a bien cherché le remède pour la maladie noire lequel l'anglais a le titre de "pique" ou à son raison ce jour de fête que nous ne pouvons pas nous imaginer qu'un moment arrive que nous ne l'honorons plus. On a à tel point joué, les situations, le sur le trône il lui faudra prendre le 24 Mai pour l'anniversaire de sa naissance. Mais ce moment, espérons, est loin d'être en même temps le jour de fête de cette ancienne fête en disant de tout cœur: Dieu sauve la reine!

Une Revue.

### POEM WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

My Grandmother.  
My grandmother's lost her youthfulness,  
Her locks are now turned grey,  
And wrinkles take the place of smiles—  
She's fading every day.  
We gaze at her in sorrow now,  
For though I have ne'er been told  
I can but feel the weary truth—  
My grandmother's growing old.

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness,  
Her eyes grow dim with tears,  
Yet still within her heart there shines  
Some light of other years;  
For oft she'll speak in merry tones,  
Smile, as in youth she smiled,  
And o'er her heart some memory steals  
Of when she was a child.

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness,  
Her step has grown slow,  
The graceful form has learned to stoop,  
The bright cheek lost its glow,  
Her weary hands have grown so thin,  
Her dear hand trembles now;  
"Passing away" in sad, deep lines,  
Is traced upon her brow.

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness,  
Her smiles are just as kind,  
Her tones to us are soft as erst—  
Where should we despair find.  
But as we note the trembling tongue,  
And mark the stooping form,  
A sad voice whispers to our hearts—  
"Ye cannot keep her long."

My grandmother's lost her youthfulness,  
We see it every day,  
And feel more dearly the truth,  
She soon must pass away.  
Ah! even now the "boatman pale"  
We fear is hovering nigh,  
Waiting, with white sails all unfurled  
He will not heed our cry.

But gently bear the weariest form  
Into the phantom barge,  
The way will not be dark;  
And safe beyond the troubled stream,  
Her tired heart's strife o'er,  
My angel grandmother, glorified,  
Will grow old nevermore.

SARAH H. MCKEE.

### Lines.

When he was here,  
All nature teemed with glad delight;  
The wintry day shone warm and bright;  
Less dark and drear the wintry night—  
When he was here.

Since he has gone,  
The summer winds are fraught with chill;  
A mockery is each gay bird's trill;  
While sadly purrs the silvery rill—  
Since he has gone.

When he was here,  
The happy hours sped quick away;  
And shorter seemed each joyous day;  
The precious moments would not stay—  
When he was here.

Since he has gone,  
How slow doth old Time wing his flight!  
The day lags on and ne'er seems bright;  
And tears rain thro' the long, long night—  
Since he has gone.

—CASEY TAP.

### A Song of Lone Ago.

A song of lone ago, sing it lightly—sing it low—  
Sing it softly—like the lipping of the lips we used to know,  
When our baby laughter spilled from the hearts forever filled  
With a music sweet as robin ever trilled!

Like the fragrant summer breeze, and the leaves of locust trees,  
And the apple buds and blossoms, and the wings of a honey bee,  
All palpitate with glee, till the happy harmony  
Brings back each childish joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn where the tumbled pine burn  
Like embers in the orchard's lap of totted grass and fern;  
And let the wayward wind, still sighing, plod behind  
The cinder press—the good old-fashioned kind!

Blend in the song the moan of the dove that grieves alone,  
And the wild whirr of the locust and the bumble's drowsy drone,  
And the low of cows that call thro' the pasture bars, when all  
The landscape fades away, at eventual.

Then, far away, and clear, thro' the dusky atmosphere,  
Let the wailing of the kith be the only sound you hear.  
Oh, hush, and sad and low, as the memory may know,  
Is the glad, pathetic song of lone ago!

—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.

### Chats With Contemporaries.

Moncton, Halifax, Amherst and Windsor correspondents arrived so late this week that it came very near making the acquaintance of the "waste basket." That would be a most undesirable introduction, but our bright contributors must remember that mails and trains wait for no newspaper, and PROGRESS must be on the press not later than noon Friday to ensure its reaching its Nova Scotia and other distant readers Saturday morning and afternoon. Thursday morning's mails should bring us all correspondence that can possibly reach us by those trains.

SCHREIBER, Maryville.—We can manage it. JACK.—Your request has our attention. PAUL FAY.—Parcel will be forwarded Monday.

### What a Neighboring Town Thinks.

The St. John PROGRESS contains a well written sketch of the booming town of Amherst, also cuts of the town and many of its most pushing business men. As an advertisement it is worth thousands of dollars to Amherst. We hope PROGRESS will "do" Pictou.—Pictou Standard.

### The Only One in Town.

John Frodham, on Waterloo street has the only feather bed renovator in town. This is worth knowing, and people who have tried to make a feather bed like it should be, have recognized this fact.

### Is History as Charitable?

A professor's little daughter in Vermont was asked at school to find out everything she could about Napoleon Bonaparte. When, accordingly, she plied her father with a multitude of eager questions that evening, he stipulated that first he should know all she knew herself. "Oh," she said, "I know a lot already, papa." Napoleon Bonaparte was a great general of an army, and went down into Egypt and slew the Philistines—and now sitteth at the right hand of God."

Lines Note Paper—25c for five quires, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

### MR. COLUMBUS OF CHICAGO.

The Many Difficulties and Dangers Which Surrounded His Voyage of Discovery.

At last our worst fears are realized. The wires bring us intelligence this morning which confirms the report of the death of the celebrated navigator, Christopher Columbus. The late Mr. Columbus was born in 1435, or 1436 A. D., if my memory does not fail me. Though his parents were democratic in their religious tendencies, they managed to secure for him a good education, and in his later years he often boasted that his insights and up-curves were never successfully gotten "on to" by his fellow-students. From his earliest youth, the victim of these memoirs evinced a great attachment for the sea. At the age of ten he spent a season at Cape May, and at fourteen he went to sea. His parents wished him to enlist in the American navy, but he said no—he felt tired, he said, of *terra firma*, and thought that, perhaps, it would chime better with his ideas to plough furrows in the raging main. He fought against the Mohammedans and Venetians with great skill, and the Doge of Venice offered one thousand pounds and seventy-three cents for his head, dead or alive, no questions asked. This was a genuine offer, and not a Venetian blind, as some historians would have us believe. Luckily for us, there were no takers, for as the Rev. Mr. Burdette remarks, "had it not been for Chris, we would all be injured still!"

One day the late Mr. Columbus received word that his Blankenshott Lottery ticket had drawn a long breath, merely, and he conceived the idea of a western passage to India. But he could get no assistance to carry out his project, though offering to write his patron's name in ten-foot letters across the continent, in India ink. The shocking hurry in which the necessary collateral did not fly to his arms greatly grieved the sturdy Genoan. At the end of eighteen years, however, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain saw his project in a favorable light and provided him with three vessels—the *Pinta*, the *Nina* and the *Ponzon*. On August 3rd, 1492, he sailed with the vessels and sighted St. Salvador island on the 11th of October, and Cuba on the 28th of the same month. When he returned, the Spaniards called out the city cornet band and walked him (Mr. C.—, not the band) around the market square two or three times, and a blond-haired young poet in St. John, N. B., wrote him for his autograph, sending him a steamed-rillet sonnet as evidence of his honorable intentions. Mr. Columbus's second voyage was taken in September, 1493, from Cadiz, with seventeen sail. On the way he fell in with one of the Mount Carmel airships, the *Nymph*, commanded by Capt. Dennis, and the united forces had a royal time around Cuba, smoking Connecticut cigars. Of course Columbus could not have reached such eminence and fame without exciting envy in the breasts of less fortunate or courageous brethren. While on his second trip, many evil stories were circulated concerning him. Some said that he was contributing dialect poetry to the leading weeklies of the country, while others said he was secretly advocating the annexation of Cuba to Canada, with Sir John A. Macdonald as Mudir of Havana.

The discoverer's return in 1496 stifled these rumors, especially as he returned with great treasures, such as \$5,000 post offices and other gems. While on his third voyage, these stories became so frequent that the Spanish court sent out Dan U're Piktchir to the new world to investigate. The Don arrested deceased and brought him to Spain. The Spaniards gave him his liberty, but divested him of his authority as minister to Washington, which post was given to Don Nicholas Ovando, of Ohio. Thus, after acquiring much fame and wealth for the king and queen of Spain, was the great navigator displaced. Their promises to further his expeditions were, however, kept, and in 1502 he left on his fourth voyage in charge of four small caravels, the largest of which was of only seventy tons burthen. During this trip he was shipwrecked and underwent great physical suffering. He noticed in a newspaper that Sears' Soap cured a man's only daughter whom the doctors had concluded to let alone, and Columbus decided to try it. When sufficiently recovered he set sail and reached Spain on November 7th, 1504. In vain he looked for reward for his services.

Isabella has gone over with the silent majority, and her husband was subscribing to several matrimonial journals and couldn't possibly attend to Mr. C. This disappointment, added to his bodily infirmities, hastened his death, and on the 20th day of May, 1506, Christopher W. Columbus breathed his last. (This last is now in writer's possession, where it can be seen by visitors on Sunday afternoons.) His services were indeed important. He had discovered America, with its beautiful authorized lotteries and timber-land concessions; and in his last personally-conducted tour he had received intelligence of Mexico's immense wealth, which was destined to largely augment the revenues of Spain. His loss will be most keenly felt, in 1893, at Chicago (one of his discoveries) upon which occasion the whole world shall pay fitting homage to the memory of its most illustrious navigator, and hotel accommodation shall be quoted at 5 @ 20.

CASEY TAP.

Impecunious Artist.—"Never—no, never no more will I enter that low shop again. To ask me to take the picture out and then he'd lend me a trifle on the frame! The madness of revenge is on me; I'll to another shop."

Neat nomenclature isn't a thing confined to racing circles. A woman in the suburbs has just named one of her hens Macduff, so that it may lay on.

"I'm not in it," as the poor woman said on viewing a sealskin jacket in a shop-window.

### KEEPING CITY BOARDERS.

An Industry at which Enterprising Country Women Make Money.

It does not seem to be generally understood by country people that the keeping of boarders is as much a branch of regular trade as the selling of dry goods or the running of a newspaper. It is said to be the third largest industry in the State of Maine, vying in its results with those of the lumber, ice and hay crops there. Hundreds of other women would be glad to do the same thing if they only knew how. At the risk of saying much that is stale, these few words have been prepared with a few to helping such women. The keeping of summer boarders is a legitimate branch of money-making. Others have prospered at it. Why may not you?

In the first place, your house should be well situated, where no suspicion of malaria can touch it. The barn should not be too near. You are fortunate if your rooms are large, but even if they are not, if other circumstances are favorable, this consideration may not prove a bar to your success. If the nights are cool in your region, it makes little difference about sleeping rooms so long as they are clean and well furnished. Mattings are best for the floors, with rugs—home-made rugs, or pieces of rag carpet will do. It is well if you can have pretty furniture; if you cannot, be sure that it is strong and clean. The curtains of these cloths, or any light material. Your beds must have springs. If you cannot afford expensive hair mattresses, get good fresh ones of some other kind. Most city people are prejudiced against feathers. Try to offering an abundance of sheets, pillow cases, towels and table linen; in case your supply is not large, wash often those that you have.

Most city people do not care to breakfast before half past seven or eight in the morning. By breakfasting yourself at half-past five or six—and do not try to work until you have eaten—you can accomplish much of the heaviest part of the work, before your boarders are astir. If you do this, however, retire early at night. You must have sleep.

Try to use blankets as far as possible, instead of comfortable, which are much less wholesome. Many of our best hotels are buying their towels in the piece, cutting them off and hemming them. Such towels wear better than fringed ones. Fringed household linen of any sort, unless it be dollies, is not an economical investment for hard-worked people. All towels and napkins should be as large as can be afforded.

Do not try to do too much work with your own hands. Even if you have only three or four in your family, unless they are all able to help you, do not undertake to care for more than one or two outsiders without the services of a strong woman. Often, a little girl or boy can be trained to wait on the table, to perform many little services in the kitchen, and to attend to the extra fires so often required in country houses; but too many helpers are a hindrance. Train all your assistants to be quiet in their motions, especially in the early morning. A house where everything is knocking and banging about is distressing. Arrange to have all helpers and the men who work on the farm, eat at a different hour from the boarders. See that screens are provided for every door and window. The plague of flies may neutralize all your efforts.

Serve the dinner in courses, even if there are only two, removing all traces of the first course before putting on the second. A clean napkin and a plate will answer for brushing off crumbs. In serving up puddings and jellies are served, should be set in plates. Hot courses should be always served in hot plates. The food set before your boarders will most influence their opinion of your place. They will often endure annoyances in other respects, if they have wholesome and well-prepared fare. They want, especially, distinctively country products—milk and cream, eggs, fruits and vegetables. Plant plenty of peas, beans, lettuce, beets, squashes, tomatoes and sweet corn—and plant them early, starting them in the house or in a hot-house in peonies. Though you should own a good modern cook-book and know how to make a variety of cakes and desserts, yet your boarders will not require much "made food" if they can only have an abundance of ripe fruit. Early apple-trees are a fascinating feature to city boarders; so are pear, plum and peach-trees.

Good soups, particularly the various cream soups now so fashionable, can be made at slight expense, and add a great deal to the appearance and enjoyment of a dinner. From your flock of chickens, if cooked in different ways, the main feature of two or three dinners each week can be procured. Fresh meat of some sort must always be served at dinner.

If there are any natural curiosities, any fine views, or anything worth seeing in your vicinity, find out all about them, and be ready to direct your guests to them. If you must charge something for the moderate use of your horses and vehicles, make the price small.

Reaching shales confidence at once. Some safe person should be employed, if necessary, to bring the mail at least as often as once each day.

Ice is a great help, but can be dispensed with if your drinking water is from a cool spring, and if you have a cool place in which to keep your supplies.

The people who go to these quiet farm-houses are usually mothers with young children, often ill-behaved and trying; or invalids who are full of whims. But remember the arrangement between you and them is purely a business one, and that in the way of business one must be brought in contact with all sorts of people.

The cost of board at farmhouse varies, according to the fare and accommodations provided, from three to seven dollars per week, five dollars being the common rate.

Clean, comfortable beds, savory food, and the evidence of a sincere desire on the part of hosts to make their guests happy; keeping a pleasant parlor neat for them, level grounds in order for their games, hooks for their hammocks, and as many inexpensive devices as possible for their comfort; these will be pretty sure to produce satisfaction on both sides.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Hark! Somebody is playing a delightful bit of Wagner." "O! that's only Janies shovelling coal into the furnace."

Making

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