

THEY GET FAT ON IT.

The Food Supplied to the Patients in the General Public Hospital.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of keeper Barnes of the Marine hospital, it is pretty certain that the inmates of that well-managed institution, the General Public hospital, have enough to eat, and of the best.

A representative of PROGRESS made an informal call at the hospital, the other day, and held an investigation on his own account. No one stood in his way. On the contrary, the excellent resident physician and the kindly and capable matron did everything in their power to make the inspection thorough. Dinner was in progress at the time and all through the building, from the spacious kitchen, shining with cleanliness, and laden with appetizing odors, to the light and cheerful wards, where the patients were being tenderly cared for, the reporter saw that the bill of fare met with complete appreciation.

The diet list for the week shows how well the sick people fare. It is as follows:

- SUNDAY. Breakfast—Tea with milk and sugar, bread and butter, eggs or baked beans. Dinner—Roast beef, potatoes and one vegetable, tea, bread and butter. Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter. MONDAY. Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk. Dinner—Roast beef, bread pudding, tea and butter. Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter. TUESDAY. Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, meat and potatoes. Dinner—Salt fish, potatoes, boiled rice, tea, bread and butter. Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, stewed fruit. WEDNESDAY. Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk. Dinner—Stew, rice pudding, tea, bread and butter. Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter. THURSDAY. Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, fish or meat, and potatoes, bread and butter. Dinner—Mutton, boiled or roast, potatoes and one vegetable, tea, bread and butter. Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter. FRIDAY. Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk. Dinner—Fresh fish, potatoes and one vegetable, boiled rice, tea, bread and butter. Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter. SATURDAY. Breakfast—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, porridge and milk. Dinner—Stew, tea, bread and butter. Supper—Tea, with milk and sugar, bread and butter, stewed fruit.

P. M. G. WANAMAKER

Will Give "Cut Rates" on Stamps and Put Postal Cards on the Bargain Counter.

The slating of John Wanamaker, retail merchant and wholesale Sunday School superintendent of Philadelphia, for the Postmaster-Generalship in Gen. Harrison's cabinet has delighted all the women in the city of brotherly love. Visions of cheap postal cards, sickly green postage stamps at cut-rate figures and 1-cent stamps at cost price are conjured up in their minds by the bare possibility of Wanny's appointment—for they all call him Wanny in the city of Penn. What the ladies base these expectations of bargain-counter postage stamps on is well known to all the patrons of Wanny's Grand Depot in Philadelphia; but it will be news to those less favored persons who have to do their shopping in less enterprising stores elsewhere.

When Mr. Wanny gets an overstock of goods on his shelves he unloads them at a dead loss, by piling them up on one of his many bargain counters and selling them off at about half cost price—or more. Whenever a Philadelphia lady wants to buy six yards of sheeting, or two yards of ruching, or a half a dozen pocket handkerchiefs, she lies her straight for Mr. Wanny's bargain counters. If she doesn't find what she wants there she waits a week or two and tries again. Sooner or later she succeeds in finding the coveted article and is happy. Now, several years ago Mr. Wanny got an overstock of postage stamps and postal cards on hand. He had more than he could use in his large correspondence and they kept accumulating day after day. So he put them on his bargain counter and had a sign painted which read as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Quantity (Six, Four, Twelve) and Price (2 cent Postage Stamps for 10c, etc.)

Of course there was a rush for that counter and the news spread through all Philadelphia. Hundreds of women living several miles from Mr. Wanny's Grand Depot spent two car fares and three or four hours' time getting there to buy 10 cents worth of the stamps, and so save of course 2 cents. It is thrice as thick as that has made Philadelphia the solid, wealthy, capitalistic old town that it is.

Mr. Wanny saw that the ladies were pleased, and he has kept the postage stamp bargain counter full ever since. But although Mr. Wanny's philanthropy is unquestioned, isn't it a little dangerous to give him a chance to put his bargain counter policy into practice as postmaster-general? It might even affect the credit of the United States government if it should be raised abroad that Uncle Sam was reduced to offering his postage stamps at bankrupt sale prices. It would certainly

look badly to see such a sign as the following over the door of a post-office:

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS! SELLING OUT AT COST! Great Three-day Sale of POSTAGE STAMPS!!! To Make Room for Our Summer Stock We Will Sell for the Next Three Days Six 2-cent Stamps (Greens) for 10 CENTS. Come Early and Avoid the Rush. 25-Postal Cards at a Big Discount. JOHN WANAMAKER, Postmaster-General and Grand Depot, 13th and Market Streets, Phila., Pa.

Fine, Large, Fat Cockroaches.

Half a dozen St. John boys spent their last holiday in Woodstock. They won't do it again. The night train dumped them at McAdam, and their rush for the dining-room was unanimous. Beans and coffee and cockroaches was the bill of fare. The last named article didn't appear until the beans began to disappear. Then two of them—fine, large, fat ones—started for a race across the board. Another race—for the door—began about the same time, and the boys were glad enough to get away minus 50 cents. The beans and coffee were left to the cockroaches.

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

Johnny Mulcahey Illustrates the Changes Wrought by Matrimony.

I feel terribly lonesome. Bill Johnson couldn't get the rubber gum out of his hair, and 'cause I tried to cut it out with the scissors his mother was goin' to have me taken up. Anyway, its better fur him to have bald spots all over his head than havin' to pry his hat out with a poker. So he wont be let out.

Jenn, she's gone to Woodstock, and it's terrible blank like. Jenn's my girl and I guess I'm mashed on her. I don't take much stock in girls, anyhow, only she don't tell me when I'm jiggin' from school and the teacher tells her to. Besides Jenn's mother says what I'm a young scamp, and locks her up 'cause she goes with me, and ma says she's a bold brat and fur me to keep away. So how could a feller help gettin' mashed.

I suppose I'll git a sickener of girls sum day, like pa says he did. Anyhow, pa's fotergrat has changed a good deal since he was married. Here's a picture of pa what



CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

THE LATEST FROM WHITECHAPEL.

[By Special Cable to Many American Papers.] LONDON, Nov. 24.—"I don't care what Jack the Ripper does hereafter," said Gen. Sir Charles Warren to me, yesterday: "whatever happens, I shall feel resigned. I have felt resigned ever since the government told me to."

I understand that the police would put terriers on the track of the assassin, if it were not feared that when this was done somebody would yell, "Rats!" Enterprising undertakers, armed with cards and price-lists, patrol this quarter regularly. Disputes between them and the gentlemen who are awaiting new discoveries in the interest of the medical colleges are of too frequent occurrence.

The Salvation army has established six outposts in various parts of Whitechapel and conversions have been numerous of late. I hear that after arising from the penitent form, most of the repentant females immediately volunteer for field-service in Patagonia.

Being asked my own opinion on Scotland yard, yesterday, I remarked that in my country, when we learned that a man's Christian name was John (or Jack) we immediately took it for granted that his surname was Smith. The chief detective seemed much impressed with the suggestion and at once gave orders for the arrest of all the Smiths in the directory.

The police speak very bitterly about the unprofessional methods of the murderer. "E don't leave no clues be'ind 'im," said Bobby X 349, yesterday. "Whitechapel coves as cuts up people generally does it to people they knows and where people knows 'em. Wot business 'as this bloody duffer to come hinto a strange place hand commit 'is bloomin' murders? Why don't 'e do his murderink hat 'ome? Hit ain't fair to huss—that's wot hit ain't!"

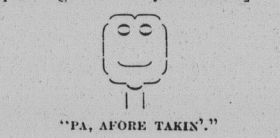
It is now proposed to present every woman in the Whitechapel district with a detective camera in the form of a brooch, and require her to photograph every man who meets her. As a result it is expected that the woman who is murdered will be found wearing the portrait of her murderer.

Setting a Good Example.

Golden Rule lodge, No. 46, I. O. O. F., Carleton, has opened its lodge-room as a reading-room, for the use of the members, every evening, except Thursday, when the lodge meets. The daily papers and current periodicals will be kept on file, and it is expected that a good library will soon be collected.



I drawed, afore he's married. [Mr. Editor, I'll put a sign on it so's you'll know.]



"PA, AFORE TAKIN'." See how he smiles. That's when ma was his lovely dove. Guess he's lookin' at her now. How happy he is. Poor pa! See how he parts his hair in the middle. He's a dood then, and he got 6 dollars a week. He could aford to part his hair in the middle and have enough over to take ma out walkin'. That's afore they had me. Here's a picture of



"PA, AFTER TAKIN'—MA." You'd think he wouldn't be let out after tea and had castor oil fur supper. Things has changed. Pa's mouth is fallin' down, and his eyes ain't got any lustre. He don't part his hair in the middle now, 'cause he says he can't afford it, and besides Pa's got no hair. He looks as if ma's askin' him for a new silk dress when she got a seal skin sack last week. Pa just looks the same all the time now. Pa says he's gettin' 5 times 6 dollars a week now but he guesses he'll have to wear the same overcoat this winter. I guess I wont git married. Whenever I put the maltese cat in the oven they said they'se happy afore they had me, and I was the bother of their life. Then what did pa and ma commence cryin' for when I'ce out boat sailin' and Bill Johnson told them I'ce drownid, just for fun? Bill says they fell onto each other's shoulders and he wanted to see the parlor chares floatin' round, they cried so, and said, "Their dear little boy was lost forever, bring him back to us. Our only dear son." That's me.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Corpse, With Care. Frederickson has a cheerful undertaker. He also has some claims to originality. Quite recently, when the scarlet fever scare was at its height in St. John, he had 500 placards printed. They bore the inscription, "Corpse, with care." The same genius, some time ago, when the capital was thronged with celebration visitors, rented a page of a local paper and welcomed the crowd with elaborate stories of his funeral facilities.

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale and to hire at BELL'S, No. 25 King street.

LOOK AT YOUR GIRL'S LIPS.

They Tell All Sorts of Stories About Their Owner.

Her lips were so sweet that—what else could I do? You'll be angry, I fear, but her lips were so near—Well, I can't make it clear or explain it to you. But her lips were so near that—what else could I do?

"I judge a man by his eyes, but a woman always by her lips," said Benjamin Franklin, than whom no man ever read people more correctly. Queen Elizabeth once refused to engage a waiting woman who came with every possible recommendation, because, she said, "the woman is a tale-bearer. See you not the downward dip of the lips? I will none of her." Abdallah, the sheik of the Persians, who was noted for his wisdom in many things, once gave some advice to his courtiers about choosing a wife. "Let her be a woman whose eyes turn not away when you speak to her, and whose nose has no tendency upward, for the first is an owner of deceit, the second of a bad temper; but above all look you to her lips. Choose no woman whose lips droop at the corners, for your life will be a perpetual mourning time, nor yet should they curve too much upward, for that denotes frivolity. Beware of the under lip that rolleth outward; for that woman hath more desire than conscience. Select for a wife one whose lips are straight—not thin, for then she is a shrew, but with just the fullness necessary to perfect symmetry."

A Hotel Sannambulist.

"Have you ever had any patrons who were sannambulists?" I asked a hotel-keeper.

"Have I! I had one last week."

"Tell me about it."

"One night as I was about to leave the office," said the Boniface. "I noticed a man coming down stairs with his bag in his hand! He was staring straight ahead, looking at nothing just like a three-weeks-old baby. I followed him till he reached the outside door, and then caught him by the collar."

"Wha-wha-what's the matter?" he gasped, acting just like a man who has been suddenly awakened.

"Oh, nothing," said I. "Where are you going?"

"Why am I not in bed?" he exclaimed.

"Not at this present moment," I replied.

"I must have been asleep," he murmured, looking like a dog that had been caught in the act of chasing sheep.

"Maybe you were," said I, "but you can bet the amount of your bill that I'm wide awake." So I brought him back to the cashier's desk and made him settle up. Then the porter and I thoroughly awoke him by kicking him out."

From the above anecdote I infer that sannambulism doesn't pay—at least in a hotel whose proprietor is wide awake.—Eli Perkins.

Get Rid of Your Beauty Spots.

Europeans who have been foolish enough, either in youth or age, to tattoo themselves like Fiji Islanders, Patagonians, or any other race of picturesque savages, may be interested to hear that Dr. Variot of Paris has discovered a simple but effective method of removing red or blue pictorial devices from the human skin. M. Variot has embodied the results of his experiments in an elaborate treatise on tattooing in ancient and modern times, which he has sent to the Paris Biological society. Further, the doctor has experimented on prisoners in the Central Infirmary, to which he is attached, and on hospital patients, all of whom have, of course, offered themselves voluntarily for the operation. M. Variot has also tested the efficaciousness of his method in removing black or brown beauty spots or moles from the skin of animals, and has found it eminently successful. His modus operandi is to prick the marks or spots with needles until the blood flows, then to inject tannin, and, finally to cauterize with nitrate of silver. Very little inconvenience is felt by the person operated upon, unless, of course, the marks extend over a large surface. The wounds caused by the pricking and cauterization become black for a time, then turn red, and after a month or so the marks which have been treated are almost indistinguishable from the adjoining flesh.—London Telegraph.

Why She Asked.

"George, dear," said Mabel, as they sat together in a cosy parlor, "you have been coming to see me every Sunday night for the past six months."

"Yes, Mabel."

"Now, there is one thing that I would like to ask you."

"What is it?"

"Do you think you could ever learn to love another?"

"Never while the stars shine, or the sun casts its beams upon the earth."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I am that I now live. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I was in hopes there was some prospect of your giving me a rest."

Calling a Four Wheeler.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time ago, stood in the hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant in waiting, and called out to him: "Call me a four-wheeler."

Mr. Gilbert placed his glass to his eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said, "You are a four-wheeler."

"What do you mean?" said the swell.

Said Mr. Gilbert:—"You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you hansom, you know."

A Gift to an Emperor.

Among the gifts presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph on the occasion of his fifty-eighth birthday was a representation of a double eagle, made of fifteen thousand beetles belonging to a species found in Austria-Hungary, and displaying all manner of hues. Besides the emblems are the names of the members of the imperial family printed in characters likewise composed of beetles. The donor is a gardener, and it took him, with the assistance of friends in all parts of the empire, two years to collect the insects; the arrangement occupied him for three-quarters of a year.

Taking the Bull by the Horns.

Tommy (anticipating things)—I wasn't at school yesterday, Miss Bangs. His Teacher (severely)—No; you were not. Tommy (decisively)—Miss Bangs, I've got to turn over a new leaf or get into trouble.

Fur-Lined Cloaks, RELIABLE LINING.

Covered with Silk, Satin, Ottoman, Broche and Fancy Cloths, in Black and Colors.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, Now showing THE LARGEST NOVELTY AND BEST VALUES they have ever shown.

MUFFS, BOAS, TIES and COLLARS, in Bear, Lynx, Beaver, Black Marten and Baltic Seal.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS made to order. REAL RUSSIAN ASTRACHAN SACQUES in all sizes.

Have You Seen the Charter Oak,

WONDERFUL WIRE-GAUZE DOOR?

IF NOT, we invite you to do so, or to write for special circular describing it fully, and the marvellous results and saving attained by its use. We claim that the CHARTER OAK with the wire-gauze door, is the most perfect cooking apparatus ever produced, and as a proof of the appreciation of the public, would say that during

The past three months over 500 have been sold.

This is a record unequalled in the history of the stove trade in the Maritime Provinces, and we point to it as the best proof we can offer of the merits of

THE CHARTER OAK.

We have it in all sizes, adapted for either Coal or Wood.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street.

Our present stock of Stoves of every description, for all purposes, is unsurpassed in variety or value.

FOR GOOD VALUE

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats, Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store,

179 UNION STREET. 179

Advice to Singers NEW FALL GOODS.

Just Received, a Large Stock of FALL GOODS For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS.

Call and see our Cloths. JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 34 Dock Street.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's, Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street. Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

MCINTYRE, ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, KEEPS THE BEST Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY.

Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. MCINTYRE - - - 36 King Street.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, JUST THE ARTICLE - FOR - Tea and Coffee. SWEET CREAM. CAN BE HAD EVERY DAY AT THE Oak Farm Dairy Butter Store, 12 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Cherry Blossom, The Fashionable English Perfume. FOR SALE BY C. P. CLARKE..... King Street

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 - - - King Street - - - 84

SPENCER'S Standard Dancing Academy.

CLASSES for beginners will open on TUESDAY, October 20th, as follows: Afternoon, Ladies, Masters and Misses, at 3.30; Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock, in the evening. Pupils must make application for terms. A. L. SPENCER, Teacher, Domville Building.

BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY. The best the market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 German Street, Opposite Market Building.