

PROGRESS.

VOL. I, NO. 28

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

NER'S
arerooms
STREET.

manufacturers the finest lot of
Chenille Curtains
that will astonish my customers. THE
S EVER QUOTED.

\$12 per pair;
oman Curtain for \$6.50 per pair.
INNER.
Y & DALY,
Street.

TER SALE.
pring and Summer Goods.
25 cents;
cents;
price;
ADES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES,
t. 5c.; do. do. \$1.00 for 75c.;
PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced
prices to clear.

Proportionately Low.
TY & DALY.
s, Stationery,
LAGES, LEAD PENCILS, PENS.

ASSORTMENT AT
S, Colonial Book Store,
ING STREET.

HATS.
S & CO.
of buyers to their Stock of
Felt Hats,
STYLES.

Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades;
ades of
S, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.,
ortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.
STREET. - - - 57.

TELEGRAPH
o Printing Rooms
nterbury Streets, St. John,
EQUIPPED WITH
OVED MAHINERY,
N and ORNAMENTAL TYPE, to which
have been made.

Invited to our extensive facilities for doing
OF PRINTING, ETC.,
EMING.
PHLETS, CATALOGUES, CIRCULARS,
S, LAW CASES, NOTES, CHECKS,
NG, POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
ES, BONDS, MORTGAGES,
AND LEGAL FORMS,
RESS and WEDDING CARDS.
tended to. Estimates on all kinds of Printing will be

T. WM. BELL,
General Importer
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,

88 Prince William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
HIGH CLASS TEAS A SPECIALTY.

DO YOU WANT THE EARTH?
IF SO, we cannot accommodate you, but we will
sell you our ONE MONEY
OUR NEW PEN AND PENCIL STAMP
At Half Price, etc.

as an advertisement, knowing that every one sold
will sell a dozen others. Just think of it! A
Nickle-Clated Pen and Pencil Case, with a self-ink-
ing Rubber Die at one end with which you can
Do not confuse our Stamp with the cheap
Brass article advertised in U. S. &
papers. We sell the best only.

ROBERTSON PRINTING STAMP WORKS,
254 Prince William Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
N. B.—We make all kinds of Stamps, Dates,
Seals and Stencils. Wood engraving at low
rates.

MRS. SIMPSON'S SCHOOL.

HER JANITOR, HER PROCEJ,
AND HER INSTRUCTOR.

All belong to the Master's Woman from
the West and Everybody Who Comes to St.
Martins Must Do Homage to Her—or Get
Out.

When Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Prince Ed-
ward Island, married Miss Northrop of Chi-
cago, a gifted young man and an energetic
maiden became one. Mrs. Simpson was the
pink.

In Duluth, Wisconsin, and Morgan Park,
Ill., the happy pair spent the first years of
their wedded life. At each of these places
Mr. Simpson had charge of important
churches. Mrs. Simpson had charge of
him. It is not recorded that either was
derelict in duty.

Both of them felt, nevertheless, that they
were capable of shining in a wider sphere.
Mr. Simpson yearned to diffuse the wealth
of knowledge that he had garnered at Wolf-
ville academy. Mrs. Simpson fairly ached
to take charge of a large assortment of
bodies as well as souls. Furthermore, Mr.
Simpson had never gotten over his boyish
ideas and his heart fondly turned toward
the maritime provinces as a field for effort.

Strangely enough, the Union Baptist
seminary began to take form at St. Mar-
tins about the same time that Mr. Simp-
son's heart began to trouble him; or Mr.
Simpson's heart turned this way when the
Union Baptist seminary, etc. Anyway,
the movements were contemporaneous.

Mr. Simpson wrote to Rev. J. A. Gor-
don, of this city, applying for the principal-
ship of the new institution.

Rev. Mr. Gordon had been the able and
efficient pastor of Leinster street Baptist
church, but when the directors of the semi-
nary came to the sensible conclusion that
he was the one man for general superintend-
ment, they induced the church to give
him up, and prevailed on him to accept the
appointment. He went to work at once—
it is a way he has. The building was
finished and furnished, dollars rolled
merrily into the treasury, and pupils came
forward by the dozen.

Meantime, Rev. Mr. Gordon had suc-
cumbed to the seductions of the Simpsons
and procured their engagement, so they
packed their trunks and took the first train.

They got here with both feet, and they
planted the feet—Chicago feet, at that—
on the neck of their superior, Rev. Mr. Gor-
don.

Observant persons who have visited the
seminary during the last few weeks say
that Mrs. Simpson has been having a real
good time. She conducts affairs in the
true spirit of liberality; that is to say, she
does as she likes and makes others do the
same. Sometimes she finds stiff-necked
and perverse people who refuse to fall in
with this method; then she sets to work to
make them yearn for the cool and quiet
straw.

The directors don't mind. They are
ornamental rather than useful and duty has
demanded nothing more than that they
should sit still and look pretty.

Rev. Mr. Gordon was the first man to
protest.

He is a courteous gentleman, but he did
not feel that his office bound him to do Mrs.
Simpson's errands. He is a modest man
and has little regard for titles, but he
prefers not to be called "Say, Gordon."

He is a Christian, and is ready to turn the
other cheek, but he objects to parting his
coat-tails and stooping over.

All these things Mrs. Simpson required.
Here is a specimen brick from the impos-
ing structure which the fair lady from the
west has erected at St. Martins:

Scene—the seminary.

Dramatis personae—Rev. Mr. Gordon
and Mrs. Simpson.

Mr. Gordon discovered.

Enter Mrs. Simpson, wearing a porten-
tous frown and other articles of clothing.

Mrs. Simpson—"Gordon, go get some
coal!"

Mr. Gordon—"I am not here to carry
coal; Mrs. Simpson. That is the janitor's
duty."

Mrs. Simpson—"Aren't you the janitor?
What are you here for, anyway?"

Mr. Gordon might have retorted that he
was there to raise the money necessary to
feed and clothe Mrs. Simpson—and others.

He did not. He shook the mud of St.
Martins from his feet, came to St. John
and laid his resignation before the board of
directors.

The directors rubbed their eyes, stared
at Mr. Gordon and each other, murmured
that there couldn't be a school without a
teacher, and went to sleep again.

They will wake up about the time the
seminary falls on them.

Mr. Gordon is calm and quiescent. He
can wait.

Mrs. Simpson is flushed with victory.
So is her lesser-half. Thanks to Mr. Gor-
don, there are pupils in the hall and money
in the pocket-book. When the fair semi-
narian declines to do servant-girl work,
and when the cook begins to scrape the
bottom of the flour-barrel, it will dawn
upon Mrs. Simpson and her annex that
they should have heeded the example of
the late lamented G. Washington. He
never told a lie—and he never slopped
over.

ON THE HOLOPHRATIC SYSTEM.

THE ANAHOLOPHRATIC CHARACTERISTICS
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE CAUSE A GREAT
AND WHOLLY UNNECESSARY WASTE OF TIME. EVERY
STUDENT, WRITER AND SPEAKER REALIZES THIS.

A holophrastic vocabulary seems to be
the crying need of the nineteenth century.
Rev. Dr. S. H. Bond, of Hanover, N. S.,
is about issuing a dictionary on the
holophrastic principle. It contains 40,000
words, or rather ground-forms of words,
which express as much several millions
of words in the ordinary languages of the
world.

It is a Micmac dictionary. The beauty of the Micmac language is
that the substance of a whole sentence is
compressed in a single word, and a vast
amount of wholly unnecessary speech is
saved. For instance, here is a phrase that
one may use every other day in this climate:
"I am walking about carrying a beautiful
black umbrella over my head." With rain
on 25 out of every 30 days in a month, the
man who made the remark to his friends
every morning would in the course of time
expend a vast amount of lung power which
might be saved for other purposes. If he
were a Micmac he would have to say no
more than, "Yale-ook-mak-taw-pok-wo,"
and the whole situation would be under-
stood in a moment.

The possibilities of the holophrastic sys-
tem of talk can scarcely be estimated. Peo-
ple who complain that life is too short for
many things, would find time stretched out
before them as if by magic. One word
would express an idea which can not be
conveyed in less than a whole sentence
with the present radical defects of our
clumsy English language.

In this way, church services would be
shortened up from an hour and a half or
so to five or ten minutes. With every
word expressing an idea the average lecture
of the Institute course would take about
ten seconds, while the average editorial in
the morning papers would be comprised in
one word, or less.

The holophrastic spring poet would no
longer be a terror. The holophrastic bore
would diffuse his sentiments among thou-
sands, where the time required to explain
himself under the anaholophrastic system
now compels him to confine his attentions
to a limited few.

The "Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum" letters would
have taken no more space than an ordinary
cable despatch had Quigley written them in
Micmac.

Some newspapers, on the holophrastic
system, could be printed on the back of the
leading advertiser's business card.

Mr. Rand says that for copiousness,
regularity, simplicity, smoothness and
musicalness, the Micmac language will not
suffer by comparison with the most learned
and polished languages of the world.

He also says that a demand for more in-
formation respecting it comes from all
quarters of the civilized world. What does
this mean? Is it destined to take the place
which Volapuk aspires?

If so, it will be a wonderful thing for
humanity. Life will be worth living when
the eternal chimmers have their vocabulary
reduced several hundred times, and deliver
themselves in one or two words all the
ideas they possess.

As regards the expression of thought,
the anaholophrastic system is like the gas
escaping from a balloon through a pin-hole.
The holophrastic system is the instantan-
eous escape of everything when the balloon
bursts.

Success to Dr. Rand in his wonderful
work.

Rubber Dolls at McArthur's 80 King St.
Decorative Art.

Lovers of art will be pleased to learn
that Miss Bessie Bowman, who has been
visiting St. John for the summer, has de-
cided not to return to Boston until the first
of the new year. Her artistic work and
especially that of decoration, has charmed
all who have seen it. Many ladies of this
city, whose homes are now beautifully
adorned by their own artistic productions,
received their first lesson from Miss Bow-
man. No teacher can give a more correct
idea of decoration, either plush, satin or
china work, than she, and ladies who desire
lessons can address or call upon her at No.
4 Wellington row.

They Keep on Getting There.

"Business is rushing," Coles & Parsons
report. "Our Fancy Countess and Art
Countess stores make every man reach for
his pocket-book, and speaking of those
Gurney ranges—well, we sold out our last
invoice before it arrived. Tell everybody
to come and see us."

The Art Critic's Fine Touch.

Miss Barbour has been particularly suc-
cessful in representing the technique of the
massive cliffs.—Daily Telegraph.

Pleasant Winter Evenings.

The Young People's association of St.
David's church is making up an attrac-
tive programme and otherwise getting
ready for a lively winter.

DOCTORS ARE NOT DEAF.

THE NOISE IN MAKING THEM UP
SO DO THEIR DUTY.

A Much Better Outlook for the Prevention
of Scarlet Fever in St. John—The Board of
Health Has Taken the Matter in Hand and
Is Trying to Enforce the Law.

PROGRESS did some good work last
Saturday.

It waked up several of the doctors to
the fact that there is a board of health to
which they are bound to report all cases of
infectious diseases.

Several whose names had not before ap-
peared in the books of the board came for-
ward during the week with reports. More
than 25 cases have been registered during
the last seven days. Nearly all of these
are of scarlet fever.

This does not prove that the disease is
on the increase. It shows that the doctors
are doing their duty better than they did.
Dr. Bayard has also addressed a letter to
the members of the profession, urging them
to make returns. This will doubtless have
a salutary effect.

It may cause Dr. John Berryman, M. P. H.,
to report his cases. He is one of the legis-
lators who helped to frame the Public
Health act, and he is one of those who have
persistently disobeyed it. So far he has
not reported a case of infectious disease.

Neither has Dr. Tom Walker, who is a
member of the very board of health which
he ignores. Yet he, like Dr. Berryman,
has a large family practice.

So has Dr. Holden, another absentee at
roll call.

Meantime the active end of the board of
health is trying to do all that is possible.
Judge Watters is at the office daily, and is
glad to get information or suggestions
which may aid the board in its work.

He thinks that the law is a good one and
scouts the idea that it asks too much of the
doctors. Their claim to be paid for doing
their duty is probably without a precedent
in the experience of other cities.

Inspector Burns has made a number of
excursions around the city, with tangible
results. He has also visited the schools,
and traced out absentees to learn of un-
reported cases.

Some of the teachers have shown a great
readiness to co-operate with the board, and
will do all in their power to prevent the
attendance of pupils from infected houses.

Altogether, the outlook is very much
better than it was ten days ago.

A possible, and hitherto unsuspected,
source of infection has been pointed out to
the board. When books are returned to
the public library from houses in which
the disease has been, they are, of course, liable
to be direct spreaders of disease. In the
Ontario health act provision is made that
such books shall be destroyed, but our law
makes no mention of the matter. It is the
intention of the board to make an effort to
guard against any possible danger from this
source.

Scarlet fever has not attained the propor-
tions of an epidemic, and there is no cause
for panic if the doctors do their duty. It
exists, however, to such an extent that
neither the doctors nor the board can af-
ford to trifle in the matter.

Young Men, take your girls to the Enter-
tainment and Social in Good Templars'
Hall, Germain street, Monday evening.
The Programme is a good one.

They are the Best Books.

Mr. Alfred Morrissey has received a new
lot of bibles, hymn and prayer books.
PROGRESS has seen no lot of books in the
city which equals them. They were
imported direct from England and are with-
out doubt worth the inspection of any per-
son who likes to see good books. The
binding is superior, the paper the best used
in such publications and the print such as
only comes from the university presses. A
large number of them has already found
purchasers and the demand has warranted
new importations equal, if not superior, to
those first exhibited. The bible is always
called a good book but gotten up in this
handsome form it is in every respect the
best book in Mr. Morrissey's complete
store.

IN THE FRONT RANK.

The St. John, N. B., "Progress" stands in
the front rank of Canadian weeklies. There
is about it a good, healthy atmosphere
which is inspiring. It looks steadily on
the bright side of things, and its readers
are the better of perusing it. Its news and
sketches and social gossip are served up in
a racy, piquant style, its editorials are
short and sensible, and the printed page is
a model of typographical excellence. It is
a new comer, non-political and with appar-
ently good staying powers.—Toronto Enquirer.

A MAN FROM THE BRIDGE ROAD.

He Buys a Barrel of Apples, Doesn't Like
It, and Takes It Back to the Schooner
Man.

An old man from the Bridge road went
looking for apples, around the South wharf,
on Thursday. He had hard work to find
any that suited him. At last he got a
barrel of pippins, and paid \$2.25 for it.

The old man from the Bridge road is an
old and respected citizen. He lives all
alone, but doesn't keep house. He lets the
house keep itself.

His kitchen serves for a parlor, and the
floor does duty as an ash bin. It is the
driest place in Portland.

The old man from the Bridge road took
his apples home and dumped them out on
the floor to count them. He found some
small ones, and some with spots on them.

Then he began to put them in the barrel
again. They were covered with ashes
from the floor; and partly from that cause
and partly because he was a bad steredore
he couldn't make the barrel hold them all.

Then he took them back to the schooner,
and demanded back his money.

The schooner man wanted to know where
all the ashes came from.

The old man from the Bridge road said
it was only a little dust, where they had
rolled around his floor. And he demanded
back his money.

The schooner man told him to go to
blazes.

The old man from the Bridge road went
for a policeman. He found one, and came
back.

"Will you give me my money?" he
screamed.

"Why did you dump your apples in
your ash bin?" howled the schooner man.

"I'll make you pay it in court," said the
old man from the Bridge road.

"You can't do it," replied the schooner
man.

"See here," said a stranger, "what's all
the row about?"

"He won't take his bad apples back and
give me my money," said the old man
from the Bridge road.

"The apples were all right before you
poisoned them in your dirty old house,"
said the schooner man.

"What's the amount?" asked the
stranger.

"Two and a quarter," replied the schoo-
ner man.

"I won't pay it."
"You'd better."
"Why?"
"What'll he sue you?"
"Won't he sue you?"
"What if he does? I can beat him."
"You will have to have a lawyer?"
"Yes."
"And pay him five dollars?"
"Y-e-s. I suppose so."
"And stay here a week on expenses?"
"W-e-l-l, yes. I didn't think of that."
"And how much money will you make if
you win?"

"Take your blamed old money," howled
the schooner man to the old man from the
Bridge road. "I'll pitch the apples into
the slip and I wish you were in the barrel
with them."

But the old man from the Bridge road
only grinned, as he counted his change and
departed.

No Blood Was Spilt.

Mr. Hale, M. P., and Mr. Pond, of
boom fame, arrived in town by the late
Western local train, Thursday night. They
didn't speak as they passed out of the sta-
tion. They had talked a few minutes some
miles up the line. It was quite sultry for
a time in the car. It was hard to tell who
was the madder man. No blows were
struck, but each has the dimensions of the
other's fist in his eye. There were scores
of athletes, but no execution. Passengers
say the genial M. P. was in the right. It
is very fortunate that the gentlemen satis-
fied themselves without coming to blows.
Each weighs 200 pounds or more. Had a
collision occurred, the car would probably
have jumped the track, and there's no tell-
ing what the consequences would have
been.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN.

HOW "PROGRESS" IS PREPARING
TO ROOM ST. JOHN.

The Leading Business Houses Will Do
Their Share in the Good Work—Some
Facts and Figures Showing the Plan of
Campaign—A Big Enterprise.

"Not being asked before, I had about
concluded that PROGRESS would run its
illustrated boom without my advertisement.
Of course, I'm going in. Where have you
been?"

Here was a crusher. The canvassing
end of PROGRESS had imagined he was
getting around the town rather lively, but
to be met with such impatience as this
merchant displayed! It was discouraging.

No undertaking of this paper has ever
met with such encouragement and patron-
age as the proposed boom for the city of
St. John. Every business house whose
patronage has been secured has given it
willingly, enthusiastically.

The merchants of St. John believe in the
go-ahead-iveness of their native place,
and are ready to aid this, the first organ-
ized attempt that has been made to boom
it.

Many of the gentlemen who have looked
at the splendid views of the streets have
been surprised at the appearance of St. John
"on paper." It will be a wonder,
after what outsiders have been led to be-
lieve for years past, if they are not unde-
ceived as well.

PROGRESS undertakes with pleasure to
withdraw the veil of distrust through which
outsiders have been wont to view St. John.
They will look upon a beautiful and sub-
stantial city—the abode of enterprise, the
home of success.

How will it accomplish this? Some idea
of "how" was given last week. It will
bear repetition in part.

A 24 page edition of PROGRESS will be
published on Saturday, Dec. 15, every
portion of which will be illustrated by well-
executed engravings of the streets of the
city, and of the imposing business establish-
ments which line them on both sides. It
may be mentioned in passing that this
edition will be three times the usual size of
PROGRESS and twice the size of any paper
which has ever been published at any time
in the maritime provinces. It will contain
144 columns of matter. The guaranteed
edition is 10,000 copies, which is equal to
30,000 of our regular edition and is fully
if not more than six times as large as that
of any daily paper published in the city.

To those merchants and others who may
think the territory covered by such an edi-
tion small, it may be stated that one firm
—one of the foremost retail, wholesale and
manufacturing establishments in the city—
has supplemented a two column illustrated
advertisement by an order for 2000 copies
of the paper, which will be sent through the
length and breadth of Canada. Other
orders for papers are rapidly coming in,
and the prospects at present are that in-
stead of 10,000 copies being the limit of
the edition, it will exceed 12,000 and ap-
proach 15,000.

Forty-five merchants have already been
asked to partake of the boom. Forty-two
have consented and given their orders.
Forty of these merchants will have en-
gravings of their business houses to accom-
pany their advertisements.

To the impatient who think that PRO-
gress is a long time getting around to
them: Don't wait to be called upon. The
office is located at 27 Canterbury street.

New Goods arriving daily at D. McArthur's.

An Original Truckman.

Fredericton possesses an original truck-
man, who settled in the city quite recently.
His wife accompanied him to his new home
—in her coffin. Stopping at an acquaint-
ance's on the road, inquiry was made for
his better-half, and he casually remarked,
"She's outside."

"Why, bring her in," was the hospitable
response.

"I can't very well. She's dead."
This fall, when the grass disappeared,
his horse died. Depriving the animal of
its hide and shoes, he buried it in his neigh-
bor's back yard, under cover of night.
Last accounts stated he had collided with
the board of health.

They Are Needed.

"Above everything else, St. John needs
street signs," writes a lady who spent the
summer in the city. "Set a sailor down
in the street and he will 'get the bearings'
of the nearest church—steep and find his
way back to any given point—but we can't
all be sailors and I really think the city
council ought to give us poor women some
help."

A Sixteen Cent Trip.

A popular railway conductor tells a re-
markable story. He went to Boston for a
fortnight's vacation. He had \$5 in his
pocket when he set out. He returned with
\$4.84. His expenses was 16 cents.

Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by
experienced mechanics Bell's, 25 King
street.

OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Quaint Occurrences That They Prob-
ably Have Noted.

John Stevens, of Bluehill, 86 years old,
has received a letter from Rockland, direct-
ing him to dig in a cellar in a certain house
in the town, where seven bodies would be
found.

While George Ayer, of Greenwood, was
gathering apples for John Small, he fell
from a tree and broke his nose. In a short
time he resumed his work when an apple
fell on his nose and broke it over again.

Thursday afternoon the engineer on the
down train of the Maine Central railroad,
when about five miles west of Bridgton
Junction, noticed two hens on the track,
both of which the engine apparently ran
over. At Brighton Junction the fireman
got out to oil the engine, and found one of
the hens perched on the cowcatcher.

In West Camden they have formed a
society to boycott "Old Hutch" and his
tribe. The constitution provides that
members shall have four bread and pastry
on the table but once a day, and that they
shall reduce by one-third their usual con-
sumption of all articles the prices of which
are advanced by means of speculation, specu-
lators or trusts.

New Books for Children at McArthur's.
Returns for Hospitality.

A retired military gentleman who lives
some distance out of Fredericton, aston-
ished two youthful assistant engineers re-
cently. The new line of railway runs in
that direction, and one day the weary
youths asked for dinner at the residence of
Capt. Mrs. Captain, truly hospi-
table, had an excellent repast prepared for
them and they enjoyed it. Prior to their
departure, not seeing the lady of the house
again, each visitor deposited a quarter dol-
lar on his plate and both started to walk to
Fredericton. Their absence was soon dis-
covered. So was the silver. The captain
arrived on the scene about this time. An
explanation of affairs was made. He ordered
his carriage and started after the impolite
strangers in hot haste. He found them
and they learned many of the varieties of
the English language in the ensuing five
minutes. Then they saw two bright silver
quarters fly through the air at them, at
which they marvelled and were glad. Had
they known they would never have troubled
the captain to bring them. They wouldn't
have left them.

Rubenstein & Co.

Schaumburg—"I want you to do me
schoost von little favor. I want some con-
fidential informations."

Solomon Isaacs—"Vat is do you vant?"
"Do you know if dot firm of Rubenstein
& Co. was solid?"
"Do you vant to borrow some monies
from Rubenstein & Co.?"
"No, I vant to pay dem monies."
"If you only vant to pay dem monies,
vat difference to you does it make if dey
was solid or not?"

"You was a fool. If dey was solid I
would pay Rubenstein & Co. vat I owe and
buy \$50,000 more goods from 'em on credit
and den I would go into bankruptsy mit five
cents on ter tollar; but if Rubenstein & Co.
was making arrangements to go into bank-
ruptcy, den I keeps de money vat I owes
'em and deal mit some more reliable firm.
Don't you understand?"

That's How the Money Goes.

People who visited Lockhart's this week
arrived at the conclusion that good judg-
ment and judicious bidding and plenty of
money would secure some elegant articles
for use or ornamentation. No one can deny
the elegance of much of the stock, and that
great bargains were made, but as one gentle-
man remarked, "the average prices are
pretty good," which was true. The sale
will be continued this afternoon and finished
this evening, when the sacrifices may be
looked for.

Symposium on Missions.

Christian workers of all denominations
will be interested in the announcement else-
where of a series of meetings to be held on
Tuesday evenings, during the winter, in the
Reformed Presbyterian church. Revs. L.
G. Macneil, A. J. McFarland, W. J.
Stewart, J. B. Saeer, W. Lawson, G. O.
Gates, J. deSoyres and Dr. Wilson, Mrs.
John March and Miss Fannie Palmer will
deliver addresses and a great awakening of
interest is confidently expected to result.

Why Not?

Apropos of the organ recital to be given
by Mr. Morley in St. Luke's church, next
Thursday evening, a leading clergyman
writes:—

I think that through a foolish prudishness
we have too long relegated oratorio music
to institutes and secular halls and theatres.
If it is sacred music, why not heartily wel-
come it to our churches?

Where Does It Come From?

"It has been raining for the last six
weeks, and I can't see where it all comes
from," was the remark of one colored boy
to another; as they met on Canterbury
street yesterday. She is not the only one
who is puzzled over the state of the weather.