

HOW SOCIETY CAN LIE.

INSTANCES OF PREVARICATION IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

What Gentle Women Sometimes say in the Way of Polite Deceit—Cases in Which Upright is the Rule—The Society Man Also Lies Sometimes.

If it be true that the recording angel regards white lies, as very black ones, I cannot help wondering how he looks upon the average every day society lie which we all tell so glibly, with such an air of sincerity, and with such an inward pride in our performance. Indeed I doubt if our education can be regarded as beyond the elementary stage from a society point of view until we have taken the degree of P. M. O. S. F.—Perfect Mistress of Society Fiction—and as soon as we are entitled to wear those letters, invisible but potent, after our names we may consider ourselves eligible or a position in the front rank of thoroughly agreeable, and polished men, or women of the world.

The society dame arrays herself in rich garments, and stepping into her carriage, sallies forth to make a round of calls, and as she tucks her cap case into her muff, she glances skyward, and murmurs piously "what a perfect day! Thank goodness everyone who has sent a reception day will be certain to be out." And then she calls at the house of Mrs. T. Jefferson Ashburton, leaves a card with the trim maid who informs her almost too glibly that Mrs. Ashburton is out, murmurs regretfully "I am so sorry" and steps back into the carriage, with a devout sigh of "Well that's over how fortunate I was!" While Mrs. T. Jefferson Ashburton, who is engaged with her dressmaker, and has been watching her visitor from behind the sewing room curtains, exclaims cheerfully to her sister, who is spending the afternoon with her "How lucky it was that I told Maria to say I was out, I never could bear that woman, and she is such a talker that she would have kept me for at least half an hour, my dress could never have been fitted. Nevertheless the next time these ladies meet they shake hands rapturously if they do not kiss each other, "I was so sorry to miss you the other day your visits are always such a treat and I see you are so seldom lately!" While the other responds "I don't believe you were nearly so much disappointed as I was. I have been so unfortunate the last two or three times I have called, you have always been out." And then they part regretfully, each feeling perfectly satisfied with herself, and neither of them at all taken in by the other's pretty speech. I wonder if the recording angel I have mentioned before, does not sharpen his pencil, and turn over a fresh leaf, when someone gives a small musical evening, and a number of people, most of whom are utterly indifferent to music, and a fair percentage dislike it earnestly, are gathered together by an unfeeling hostess, to suffer several hours, upheld only by consciousness of what is expected of them, and a lively anticipation of supper? I really think he must, because he has a heavy evening's work before him. A young lady whose only gifts consist of a boundless nerve, and a firm conviction that her voice only needs judicious advertisement to be recognized as fully equal to Patti's gets up and sings the most difficult song she can find with as much expression and pathos as a ventriloquist's doll would display, and when she finishes there is a burst of applause, a chorus of "Beautiful!" "Thank you so much!" "How charming!" while one society man whose hardened conscience will not permit him to thank the songstress for the suffering she has inflicted on the company, waits till the enthusiasm has somewhat subsided, and then remarks in his gentle, distinct voice in which there is almost a suspicion of emotion, "That is such an exquisite song, Miss Smith; it was always one of my favorites," and creates twice as deep an impression of impassioned appreciation, as the more gushing amongst the audience succeeded in doing while two elderly maidens whisper to each other that it is such a pity that poor girl thinks she can sing, and that her parents have wasted so much money upon her. The brilliant young lady who does not sing but is strong upon instrumental music sits down to the piano, and after a brief skirmish amongst the upper notes, settles down to her work on the intermediate and bass keys, with a muscular force, and a dashing abandon that makes the long suffering instrument shiver to the innermost recesses of its being, and under cover of the noise, the little brown-eyed damsel in the corner whispers to the musical curate beside her, "What on earth is she playing, it sounds like the Salvation Army bands trying to outplay each other" and on being informed, she waits till the performances are over and then exclaims in her clear little voice, how I do love Wagner! I think his music is so soulful, when you understand it properly" while the stout old gentleman on the hearth rug mops his forehead and grunts out "thank providence that is over! I thought she'd break the piano into a thousand pieces." The society man goes home to dinner with a friend who is a young married man, and after dinner the proud young mother insists on having baby brought in to show his father's friend what a lovely boy he is, and the friend admires him, lifts him for a moment to see how heavy he is and even kisses the wet open mouth of the cherub, with an in-

ward shudder; pokes the proud father in the ribs, and says "By Jove old man you ought to be the happiest fellow in the world" and then he goes forth into the wicked bachelor world of which he is an ornament, and confides to his particular friend that he would not change places with that poor devil Wilson for all he ever saw. "A living death my boy! By George a living death, dancing around after that gaping wet mouthed kid of his, and staying home every evening with his wife. Thank fortune I never married!"

Oh yes, I think the angel whose business it is to take note of the ways of polite society in the "upper sushies" has a hard and a heavy task.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

TWO WAYS OF TIPPING.

Britons Do It with a Grace that the Americans Cannot Imitate.

There is a great distinction between British "tipping" and American "tipping" in great Britain. Your true Briton "tips" with something like unconscious kindness. We Americans who travel in Europe bestow our gratuities largely, loosely, loudly, as though we were either delirious with criticism or resenting petty brigandage.

Quite as striking a difference will be found in the disposition of all British serving people in their acceptance of "tips" from Briton or foreigner. They often seem bulks to us, because our manner arouses their antagonism or cupidity, or both. But they are veritable lambs to their own folk, and the Englishman who is the greatest of travellers in his own country, will leave a shining trail of gratitude and good will behind him by the judicious use of copper only, when we perforce follow in perturbation and discomfort, though we spangle our way with silver.

I have seen the English side of this fact illustrated on countless occasions. Only recently while waiting for a London train at the great Rugby station, a handsome, portly, venerable gentleman alighted from the carriage of a train from Coventry. A porter hastened to his assistance and conducted him to a comfortable seat near the door where I stood. Then he struggled with the luggage. There were altogether sixteen parcels. Four were huge leather hand-bags, each of the size and weight of a marketable Limerick pig. They were all finally piled alongside the distinguished traveller. The latter's hand went into his pocket where there was apparently much coin, and surely, I thought, it will reappear with at least a shilling, possibly with a half crown. I could not help seeing it was only a ha'penny. But the bland and perfect grace with which it was bestowed, and the momentary, half-conscious look of attention and sympathy which accompanied it, were what filled me with amazement and admiration. The porter still blew from his nostrils, and said "Thankee, sir!" in a tone of positive gratitude. In response to my own "thrippenny bit" and an inquiry who the gentleman that "tipped" with half pennies might be, the porter answered heartily:

"I'm 'W'y'es the Earl of— An' a werry fine man he ee is sir." "What an excellent courier he would make?" I could not help thinking and saying.

"Don't know as to that, sir," replied the porter admiringly; "but ee's a werry fine man, sir; werry good un to ee's people."—Edgar L. Wakeman.

A Wonderful Clock.

A German paper says that the most marvelous of clocks has been built by a Black Forest maker and sold for \$4,000. Besides doing everything that most clocks do in the matter of time and calendar, it shows the time in Berlin, St. Petersburg, Madeira, Shanghai, Calcutta, Montreal, San Francisco, Melbourne and Greenwich. Every evening at 8 a young man invites the company to vespers in an electrically illuminated chapel where a young woman plays the "Maiden's Prayer." On New Year's eve two trumpeters announce the flight of the old year and the advent of the new. In May a cuckoo comes out; in June a quail; in October a pheasant appears to be shot down by a typical British sportsman, who proceeds to bag his game. At daybreak the sun rises and some bells play a German air entitled "Pleasant Awakes." On the night of the full moon they play another German air, entitled "Sweet and Tranquil Luna." There are other features too numerous to mention.

No Worry About.

Freddie Gray and his aunt Helen, who were visiting the Grays at their summer home, were one day crossing the pasture together. When they were half way across the lady noticed two oxen and paused doubtfully.

"I don't know about going past those oxen, Freddie," she said.

Freddie tightened his hold on her hand encouragingly.

"Don't be afraid of them, aunt Helen," he said, "they won't hurt us. The first time I came down here I was afraid of them. I didn't dare to go behind them and I didn't dare to go in front of them. And I didn't want to go back and never go through the pasture at all, so I thought of a way to get by, and the three-year-old sage looked brightly up into aunt Helen's face. 'I just crawled under them,'" Ark. Traveler.

The Chemist and the Explorer.

When Stanley returned from his last expedition to Africa he told the world that he had found an inexhaustible supply of rubber trees in the interior of that dark continent. This at the time was intensely interesting but it has lost very much of its interest since Rigby, the chemist, has made it possible for us to have tweeds, worsteds and any of the various wool materials from which our clothing is made, rendered perfectly waterproof, without changing either their appearance or the porous nature of the cloth in the slightest degree. Ladies or gentlemen may now have an outer garment made from material to their taste, which will keep out the rain without their experiencing any of the discomforts produced by a rubber coat.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A CHILD SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

An Extraordinary Experience by a St. John Family—Some Facts That Read Like a Page of Fiction—Particulars of a Story That Many Remember.

The following, from the St. John New Dominion, of May 1st, 1875, has been handed to PROGRESS with a request that it be republished. It will be found a readable story:

On the 27th June, 1855, a little girl two years of age, belonging to Andrew S. Condard, living at 314 Orange street, in this city, was missed from the front door step, where she had been left by her mother, for a few moments, while engaged with some household duties within. Returning to the door, after the lapse of not more than three minutes, the child was missing and nowhere to be found. As the shades of evening drew on apace, the anxiety of the parents became painfully intense. The houses of friends and relatives were enquired at, but no tidings of the missing child—the pet of the household. During the entire night the most diligent search was instituted by numerous friends of the family in every section of the city and suburbs. Captain Scotland, who was then chief of police, detailed several men under his charge to aid in finding the lost child, but still not the slightest clue to its whereabouts could be obtained. The mother all this time was in a state bordering on madness. Her heart appeared breaking under the intense agony of mind, which the unfounded belief that the cold grave had received her child, was now prostrate on a bed of languishing, slowly consuming beneath the fires of a terrible fire, her life was despaired of. The father, in the bitterness of his grief, moped about, as one having no aim in life. His faculties seemed to be impaired; and with the loss of his darling child, his mind, and the probability that the cold grave would soon cover from his sight for ever, the loving partner of his joys and sorrows, he too succumbed and for weeks was unable to leave his bed.

At length, after the tenderest treatment of friends, and all that medical skill could bring to bear upon their cases, both Mr. and Mrs. Condard were restored to health; but from the mother's cheek the rose of youth had faded, and the merry laugh (for she was full of life and love and humor) was not heard again in her household. That joy which superabounded in the presence of her little Nettie, had emptied itself out of her mother's heart into the grave of mystery, where lay entombed her first-born, lovely child.

On the 16th of November following the disappearance of the child, it will be remembered by many, how that word was brought to the coroner that the mutilated body of a child had been discovered among Wilson's fishing wires at Courtenay Bay. Though five months had rolled away since little Nettie disappeared from her mother's door step, yet that fond parent's thoughts were ever turned in memory toward the object of her aching heart, and hence, when the news broke upon her ears that the mighty ocean had cast off its burden of a dead and mangled child, her heart bled afresh; and, while she almost recoiled from even looking upon the mangled features of her dear, lost one, yet her motherly affection triumphed over this phase of her feelings, and she hastened to the place by the shore where the remains of the tiny dead were deposited, awaiting recognition. As she gazed upon the little human casket before her, and endeavored, in the absence of form or feature, which the ruthless rocks of the ocean had marred and spoiled, to find in the scantiest shreds of garments which remained upon the lifeless body, some identification of the remains, she thought she had it in a small remnant of ragged and faded ribbon, and, therefore, claimed the corpse, which, in due time, amid fresh weeping, was carried to the cemetery, and consigned to the narrow house, there to sleep till the resurrection morn.

Twenty years have passed away, and though the bleeding hearts of the bereaved parents have recovered from the wound inflicted by the melancholy and untimely death of Nettie, yet memory will steal back to those golden days, when the cherub prattle of the little lost one was as sweet music to the ear, as she glided on tiny feet, from room to room, and chirped the ever dear name "mama." Nettie's flaxen locks, and her warm cheek and childish voice are still seen, and felt, and heard—for fond memory can never die out of a mother's heart. In the meantime Mr. and Mrs. Condard, still living, with four children born since the eventful day when Nettie met her early death, have removed to the town of Portland—the husband pursuing his occupation of house joiner, and the wife busy as was her wont, and careful above measure, for the comfort and guardianship of her children.

On the register of the Victoria Hotel, April, 29th, 1875 (Thursday last), appeared the names "Martin Manion and lady, and servant." Mr. Manion is a tall, well proportioned gentleman, of swarthy complexion, betokening southern birth. His wife, a medium sized, slightly built woman, possessing a countenance of rare intelligence and beauty, was the admiration of every guest at the breakfast table of the Victoria. During the day Mr. Manion made several enquiries of the clerks and waiters of the hotel, and of Sirriff Harding to whom he was introduced on the street by Mr. Edwards. We infer that these inquiries elicited the information of which he appeared to be in search; for, about 8 o'clock that evening, soon after the shades of night had crept over the city, a coach drove up to the door of the humble residence of Mr. Condard, and after letting out the occupants, a gentleman and lady, drove off. The two visitors stood at the door and rang the bell, and in answer to enquiries made, were told to "walk up stairs," and in doing which, Mr. Condard bearing approaching footsteps opened a door, and coming to the out of a mother's heart asked who was there. The reply was "person who wishes to see Mrs. Condard," whereupon they were ushered into a neat and comfortable sitting room. Mrs. Condard, who had been sitting at a table, surrounded by four pleasant looking children, arose, and laying aside her sewing, came forward to receive her guests, to whom she proffered seats, wondering all the while who they could be, and what was their business. After the visitors were seated, and the

usual salutations regarding the weather, etc., were discussed, Mrs. Manion began a change of conversation by enquiring of Mrs. Condard regarding the loss of her little girl so many long years ago, whereupon the lady repeated for her edification the "old, old story" told so often, and with heavy heart. At the close of the sad narrative, Mrs. Condard volunteered to recount the history of a child, who had disappeared from its home in just as mysterious a way—kidnapped by an uncle, who being on a visit to the family of his sister, had become enamored with the sweet face of the baby girl, and had hired a person in the locality to steal the child, and carry it to him in Charleston, South Carolina, some two months after he had completed his visit to his relative, in order that no suspicion might rest upon him. This uncle was very rich, and unmarried; and receiving his treasure in due time, took all possible care of it. The child was nurtured kindly, while abundant means were freely expended in furnishing it with all the accomplishments of the age. Thus the girl grew in beauty of mind as well as body, and at the age of nineteen gave her heart and hand to one worthy of them in every respect. The nuptials were duly consummated, and ere the honeymoon had passed, the bride and groom were summoned speedily to the chamber of the uncle, where upon a coach, in the last throes of death, he lay the victim of paralysis. Taking the hand of the bride, he revealed with his dying breath, the story of her early life, telling her of her abduction, who were her parents, and where they could be found, and his last words were for her to seek them and obtain forgiveness for his great sin, and the anguish his act had caused to a sister he had loved as his life, and her devoted husband,—"and now," continued Mrs. Manion, rising and throwing her arms around Mrs. Condard's neck, "MOTHER, behold your long-lost and wept for Nettie."

We will not spoil the picture by further description of this most happy scene of domestic joy,—but merely add that Portland is terribly excited over the affair, and particularly since it has become known that the uncle in his will, in order to make amends in some degree for his cruel act, bequeathed a large fortune to Mr. and Mrs. Condard. The only way by which the public, now are able to account for the finding of a child's body in November, 1855, and by which Mrs. Condard had been deceived into the belief that it was her child, is that a short time previous a schooner called the Mary Jane, bound from Digby to this port, and having on board the captain's wife and child, was wrecked on the "American Rock," at the entrance to the harbor, and every soul perished, and the body found must have been that of the captain's child.

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