

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

The notorious Captain Kidd, who, it reports concerning him are true, buried untold wealth in hundreds of places along these shores and the coast of New England, and like his predecessor in mystery, the great GLOSCAP, overturned much of the earth along the shores of the St. John river, "as he sailed," is not going to be relegated to oblivion because of the recent researches made by iconoclasts who wish to prove him only a third-rate pirate. Though many proofs have lately been published that the old sinner did not have any treasure, and hence did not bury it to any great extent, there are still lovers of the mysterious and will-o'-the-wisp hunters who "will not go back on WILLIAM," and the hazel-rod has many worshippers, even in these days of scepticism.

If a man had half the money that has been buried by the fortune-hunters who have searched for gold at Oak Island, he would be far richer than ever Captain Kidd was. And yet the quest goes merrily on, the new company being determined not to rest until they have found the rainbow pot of gold, even if they have to do to Oak Island as the Micmac deity did to Spencer's. The search for gold near Musquash is another example of what a strange fascination the dead freebooter still has over the imaginations of men. There is scarcely a tract of forest on the borders of Minas Basin in which there are not holes in the ground that tell of search for the treasure of KIDD. Work at "the Rocks" on the Daniels hills near Hopewell, beneath which is countless wealth, has again been commenced, and local miners are increasing their interest in the work whilst losing their principal.

The people who still love to believe in the stories of their childhood, in spite of the matter-of-fact testimony of idol-breakers—the people who have faith in BILLY TELL, BILLY PATTERSON, and in that most fascinating of juvenile heroes, BILLY KIDD—these idealists, if they go no further, are respected by all but the GRADGRINDS of this over-practical age; but the fools who sink good money in hunting for a mythical treasure need to be reminded of another tale of their childhood—the tale of the dog who lost the substance in striving for the shadow.

Gibraltar has been for many years "the key of the Mediterranean." It is on this account one of the most precious possessions of Great Britain, and the envy of other great powers. But now the French are planning to build a canal four hundred miles long, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean. The commercial as well as the political benefit to be derived from such a canal, would be immense. The cost of building it would also be immense. Perhaps if the French wait awhile the English will give up the key of the Mediterranean as they did the key of the Baltic. It is certainly no use for a foreign nation to fight England for it. If it is possible to cause Gibraltar to lose its usefulness as being the strongest fortified place in the world, it should be worth the cost of the canal to France. It would almost make the British lion bottled.

The London Graphic is following in the footsteps of the Illustrated London News in regard to Canadian matters. In an article in a late issue, headed "Electoral Corruption in Canada," the Graphic takes the "Dominion" to task for having strayed in the paths of Tammany Hall and "Boss" TWEED, as exemplified in the recent election scandals in Newfoundland. The London editors seem to have gone to school to Mr. SIDNEY'S "Irish Schoolmaster."

This summer has given St. John the right to the title of the City of Conventions. It would be a proud title for any city, showing as it does that it is the chosen place for the meeting of associations having as their aim the spread of religion and fellowship. All classes and creeds welcome the

visitors to our city, and the spirit of the conventions is not self-glorification and exclusiveness, but peace on earth, good-will to men. This fact is a cheering, convincing proof that the world is growing better, and that the time is surely coming to which Archbishop O'BRIEN alluded in his sermon last Tuesday—that glorious time which one of the pioneers in the removal of Pharisaical exclusiveness among the creeds foretold in homely and immortal language:

When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brethren be, as 'a' that.

Many large landowners in England are now selling their estates. But Lord VAUX is wiser in the next generation than they, for he has taken advantage of the selling tendency to buy back Harrowden, which has been out of the possession of his family for over two hundred years. And a half-century hence, if the VAUXS wish, to again part with their land, they will find that they will get considerably more than the present Lord VAUX bought it for.

EUGENE FIELD seems to be trying to gain some renown by indirectly hinting that he resembles a once great labor agitator. In his pen-portrait of DENS in a late number of the Chicago Record, he says that DENS "looks very like BILL NYE." There is no use for Mr. FIELD to deny this fishing for fame, for he must know that McClure's Magazine has already announced that BILL NYE looks very much like EUGENE FIELD.

The populists of Georgia realize what's in a name. They have nominated Mr. TOOTLES of Tattall. Even if this Mr. TOOTLES has no more brains than the gentleman of that name in "Dombey and Son," the populists have made a wise choice. It is a fact that a certain congressman would not have been half as great a man had he been known by some less striking appellation than Mr. LEM QUIGG of Quogue.

The splendid reception given by Moncton to the governor-general and his lady, and the compliments paid that place by the gentle lord, are particularly pleasing after the misunderstandings that occurred before and during his excellency's first visit to the town of the Bore, as it is evident that Lord ABERDEEN has forgiven Moncton, and Moncton has forgiven Lord ABERDEEN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was after all, subject to some of the weaknesses of some of her sex. The ruthless historian has proved beyond a doubt that she eliminated three years from her age when she became the wife of another great poet, on which occasion she gave her age as thirty-seven.

One of the strangest and most instructive lessons that the recent great strike has taught students of "the proper study of mankind" is that which OCTAVE THIANET learned by a brief stay in Pullman. She finds among the working classes of that town a firm belief that the strike resulted in a victory for the strikers.

MR. LABOUCHERE is said to be so intensely radical that he "refrains from giving the readers of his paper any information of the birth of an heir to the throne." And yet, somehow, the fact leaks out.

There Was Nothing In It.

PROGRESS' Halifax correspondent referred, last week, to the paragraph published in this paper the previous issue regarding the death of a Philadelphia clergyman and the alleged circumstances surrounding it. These were vigorously denied by the attending physicians and the correspondent said that what they wrote was probably correct. PROGRESS has learned since by further inquiry that there is no "probably" about it. The rumor which appeared in PROGRESS, attributing the cause of the clergyman's death to over indulgence, cannot be substantiated. Careful inquiry by our representative discovered no proof of the report and PROGRESS, in justice to all concerned, prints this fact with pleasure, while regretting that the paragraph appeared in the first instance.

Who Has This Poem?

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—Will PROGRESS—or any of its readers, kindly furnish the words of a poem composed on the arrival of the "Paris crew" from Lachine, where they met with their first reverse, through no fault or want of ability on their part however. It commences,

"Welcome boys St. John remembers

Not defeat but victory."

The reception the brave crew met with that day, was a glowing tribute to their honesty and manly courage. Who who had witnessed it can forget it? The enthusiasm was unbounded. Many of your readers will remember it and the gallant struggle for victory made by the crew at Lachine. Those were the days of honest boat racing and the "Paris crew" well deserved the honors heaped upon them. Now that we are mourning the loss of one of their number, my memory reverts easily to the bright days when they were upholding the honor of St. John and we were rejoicing in the victories. St. John, Sept. 3, 1894. H. A. L.

The famous White Horse of Swindon is so overgrown with weeds that it is difficult to make out the figure from the vale. An appeal has just been made to have it scoured and kept fresh and clean by a certain Judge Hughes of the County Court Circuit, No. 9. That title completely hides from view the Tom Hughes who wrote "Tom Brown's School Days," and himself scoured the White Horse.

YERRES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Soliloquy.

'Tis sweet to ponder in the silence of the calm and sleeping Night,
On the strange and varied features of this life of gloom and light—
All its passions, woes, and struggles and its hopes and blessings too—
All its scarceness, and its plenty, all its drought or kindly dew.

Back to older scenes of childhood, back to purer better things;
Back in fancy with the rustlings of the guardian angel's wings.

On their quest of love so tender sent to guide the infant feet
In the shadowy region's dangers, many angel eyes we meet.

Ah! those golden hours may never greet us with their loving smile;
Hours so pleasant, guides so loving, wait but on the floor from guile.

Morning hours of life so precious—precious most when passed away.
Fragrant odors of the only time of rose-buds, and of May.

Ah! we little dream when looking in the sunshine over our past,
We will own some day its sweetness, simple sweet—

But May blossoms lead to roses, childhood's love to passion's grandeur,
Fades, roses, love is wasted, and, we alas, hope—less wander.

We have sipped too soon the nectar; fragrant perfume flows away.
And we own at best Hope's ashes, in strong hearts at last at bay.

Had we loved the blossom only we had never loved the flower
And in loving truly, grandly, sunk beneath its blighting power.

Could our hearts e'er keep the freshness of our childhood's happier time,
We'd been happy, oh! so happy! yet how short of things pathless.

Children's feet are frail and tender; they may never reach the hills,
Climb the mountains, Alpine mountains of life's pleasures, and its ills.

For the truest of simple childhood, in the fuller faith expands,
Through the wand'ring often aimless, in those dreary ice-robed lands.

Where the grandeur of life's passion leads the struggling footsteps on
Till that final, closing journey marks the nobler life begun.

Simply loving, never tempted, ne'er betrayed, or led astray
Lies with blossoms of the faded—the now faded flowers of May.

But the lives which loved most nobly, are the lives of those who erred
In the tumult of their struggles, in their battles strange unheard;

Aye, their failings in life's combat, and mistakes by
Marked the breathing of the nobler, truer, grander soul within.

So I ponder in the darkness of my lone and silent room—
Yet I feel nought of the silence—nought of the full ghastly gloom.

In the thinking on the past time—and the things that future brings,
All the silence is now broken—by the sound of angel's wings.

Ghosts forms and shades are round me, and they clasp my welcome hand,
Thus unlike me in present with the noble martyr band.

Bringing me in union with them—thru' the sacred depth of passion—
By their mystic, silent beck'nings leading to mysterious fashion.

Back to where the saviour suffered, "Gross and dread Gethsemane,"
Thus the greater, truer living is revealed by them to me.

And they whisper words of comfort, silvery echoes from above.
"Comrade on, thro' storm and tempest, on to future crowned with Love."

Out I stretch my hand in gladness to the strange mysterious land;
And I feel, or so it fancy? on my brow a loving hand—

But one moment sweet and holy do I own its gracious power—
Then I waken from my dreaming, while the clock strikes out the hour;

Midnight long has passed—soul wandering—and I seek my lonely bed—
If perchance to calm the throbbing of my rapture—fevered head.

But in vain I seek to slumber—soul is busy wandering still—
Fancy's Eden has enapt me—fancies yet my spirit fill.

Ah! ye silent hours of night-time, not in vain your mystic power;
Life's embossed in the grandeur of the solemn mid-night hours,

Sweetened with a balm so precious—dropping from the angel's wings
Bringing clearer truer, clearer echoes of the better things.

Of the pure, and earnest living—fighting for the Master's grace,
Though they leave full ghostly footprints on the saddened dreamer's face.

Yet the greatest in life's battle, are the hearts that suffer most—
In their many toilsome marchings, always found at Duty's post.

Always fighting—yet chance falling—seeming short of deeds sublime—
Have these suffered all but vainly—left no prints on sands of time?

Useless lives perchance men call them—God alone knows what they do—
All they suffer in achieving deed of valiant daring do?

God alone has marked the grandeur, read the truer lie within
Though to man their many efforts seem to never yet begin—

Yet the useless lives to man, are by God esteemed of the best.
Unassuming, earnest efforts hearts silent meet each test.

Halifax. T. J. HUGGARD.

A Psalm of The Blue Chaleur.

Pearls the spray and gold the sand,
And bright the waters smiling;
Along the shore,
O Blue Chaleur—

Our saddest cares beguiling,
And we two by these waiting stand,
Friends in a still unbroken band.

Changeless sea with sorrow's heart,
Soon will thy voice be lonely;
And low and sad,
Where once so glad,

It was with music only,
Deep pain from tearful eyes must start,
Ah! why should here our best depart?

Friend of our life's affection strong,
For these the fond were calling
Finds one reply,
The wild surf's sigh—

Upon the wet reef falling,
The dear old shore along;
Still singing there our parting song.

Summer days and dreams have flown,
But I shall not be forgotten.

That August night
Of dear home light
Just marked by September:
The friendship breathed in music's tone
From true hearts faithful to their own.

The clouds down on the roof at night,
Of times gone by are talking;
They drive me old,
Their thoughts unfold;

And days we knew are walking;
Along the leafy paths in sight,
Grief's silent angels robed in white.

Pearls the spray and gold the sand;
And bright the waters flowing:
They drive me old,
Then many tears;

The coming and the going,
The hearth fire and the shadow hand,
That beckons to a brighter land.

O blue Chaleur, the mighty Lord,
His light across thee moving,
Thy praise receives;
Thy drive me old,

That wreath the merles loving,
By billow, surf, and spray outpoured,
For ever be His name adored.

In the boat, August, 1894. CYRUS GOLDS.

Almo's Rattle-snake to Bite Him.

Prof. Geo. Beyer, curator of Tulane University Museum, New Orleans, last week allowed himself to be bitten to determine if a person can be inoculated with poison and rendered proof against the venom of serpents. From his collection of snakes he selected a young rattler that had been caught a few days, teased the snake until it was angry and then he held out his hand in such a position that the rattler struck his little finger. The professor did not use any antidote and awaited developments. In the course of a few hours the finger became swollen to twice its normal size. The sensation was very much like the sting of a bee, but the pain was intense. Professor Beyer's object in experimenting is to prove that by the gradual absorption of a snake's venom the system will become inoculated, and a person in that condition can be bitten without the result proving fatal. He will permit himself to be bitten again in a few days. It is a line of experimentation few enthusiasts would have the courage to enter upon.

Treasure-Seeking Under Police Supervision.

For centuries it has been the belief of the common people of Genoa that treasures were hidden in the bed of the Polcevera, a stream that runs by the city. Recently a carter, in digging for sand in the bed of the dried up torrent, came upon hidden treasure, of which so far coin of the face value of 60,000 francs has been found and the supply is not yet exhausted. By the Italian law half of this goes to the state and half to the finder. The value of the coins is far beyond the sum mentioned; many of them are rare and of great artistic value; they are chiefly gold and belong to the period between 1400 and 1350, in the reigns of Louis XI., Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., and are all either French or Genoese. The Genoese ducats are especially rare and will fetch high prices. The search for treasure is going on under police supervision.

Electrifying Seeds.

Experiments to determine the influence of electricity upon the growth of plants have shown remarkable results. An apparatus consisting of poles connected by wires for condensing atmospheric electricity over an enclosed area was arranged. The ordinary grain crops grown within the enclosure showed an increase of from twenty-eight to fifty-six per cent. All other crops were increased in proportion. The scientist who conducted the experiments also tried the effect of electrifying seeds before planting and found that when they were subject to the current for only two minutes the rapidity of their growth was nearly doubled.

Slightly Absent-Minded.

A well-known Oxford professor of mathematics is so completely absorbed in his profession that he is becoming more and more absent-minded every year. One day not long back he remarked to one of the students—

"Something very stupid happened to me the other morning—I believe I am becoming a little absent-minded."

"What was it?"

"You see, I wanted to take my wife out for a drive and give her some fresh air, and when I came to think over it, I remembered that I never had a wife."

The Queen Didn't Return the Basket.

A good story is told of a gentleman who presented some fine grapes from his vineyard to the Queen when, on a journey through Scotland, she stopped at a station for lunch. In a letter, a letter came from her Majesty thanking the donor for the grapes, and complimenting him on the fineness of the fruit. The gentleman read the letter to his gardener, who would, he thought, be interested in the compliment, but the only comment the gardener made was—

"She disna say anything about sending back the basket."

Continents Named for Women.

Three great divisions of the globe took their names from feminine originals—Asia from a nymph of that name, Europe from Europa, the daughter of Agenos, and Africa from Libya, or Aphrica, the daughter of Epaphus. And the fourth quarter, America, though named for a man, has been given a feminine ending.

A Deep Laid Scheme.

"No," sobbed the pretty girl. "Harold and I never speak now. And it is all through the machinations of that deceitful Sallie Slimmins."
"Why what did she do?"
"She persuaded us to join the same church choir."

A Lie on the Face of It.

"Awfully sorry I'm so late, dear. Been detained on business with Teddy Newcombe all the evening," said the husband.
"Yes, darling, Mr. Newcombe has been waiting here for you since nine o'clock," replied his wife.

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles I.—with a head capably executed." That is almost equal to the advertisement which called attention to a new work on pedestrianism with copious footnotes.

MONCTON GREETED THEM.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN AND THEIR RECEPTION THERE.

The "Heir of All the Aberdeens" "Yanked" by a Policeman Through a Mistake—The Children of the Town, and the Great Specter They Made.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen, or "the earl and earless," as one old lady from the rural districts described them, paid a short visit to Moncton last Saturday evening; and, as if the citizens felt ashamed of the apathy they displayed the last time the distinguished couple passed through the city, their reception was all that could have been desired. There were not less, at the most moderate computation, than three thousand people, and at least least fourteen hundred children assembled at the station and the vicinity, to welcome their excellencies. The children were drawn up in martial array on each side of the walk leading from the station to the general offices, and their part of the programme was to sing the National Anthem, when the train arrived, warble "My Own Canadian Home," and cheer lustily, all of which they did, except the lustily, but no doubt, they did their best, hampered as they were by their best clothes, the damp grass in which they stood, and the restraining influence of their temporal guardians and masters.

There were those who freely expressed the opinion that this part of the programme might well have been omitted, and the future bone and sinew of Moncton would have been much better at home than running the risk of catching croup and influenza in the chill night air. I confess there seemed a good deal of reason in this view of the matter, and that to the disinterested person who fought his way down that sidewalk, and gazed upon that seething mass of infant humanity without having a proprietary interest in any one of its units, it looked like a pretty large dose of Moncton's most noted product to be administered at one time.

But as it turned out nothing else could possibly have impressed the governor-general with the importance of the city as that concourse of children did! He regarded them with amazement bordering on awe, and remarked afterwards with great feeling that he had never seen so many children at once, in all his life before. I don't wonder he was surprised. I always did say there were more children, to the square inch in Moncton, than in any other town of its size in the world; and I am so glad to find Lord Aberdeen received the same impression.

The children did well however, and as soon as they had sung their little "pieges" upon the able directorship of Professor Watts, they disbanded, and for the next ten minutes the air was parti-colored with infant humanity scrambling for the best positions in the crowd, walking over their elders' toes, tramping each other frantically to the earth in their efforts to be first in war, and on the scene of action, and carrying home torn dresses, skinned noses, and lacerated knees, as trophies of the fray. I think they enjoyed themselves though, and felt that their presence had added a lustre to the proceedings which would have been lacking but for them.

The City was en fête, the streets and residences along the route of the procession being very tastefully decorated, and the shops on Main street closed as far as business was concerned, and given up entirely to festivity. Banners containing words of welcome stretched across Main street at intervals. The first one after passing the station bore the legend "Hail to the Chief," and must have been very gratifying to Chief Ackman, of the fire brigade, who is universally known in town as "the Chief" since Mr. Pottinger ceased to be chief superintendent of the I. C. R. and became general manager, but I think the welcome was really meant for Lord Aberdeen!

Another banner at the foot of Bonaccord street contained the graceful French pun on the name of the street "Bon Accord" framed in thistles and showed his excellency that we all understood French, at the same time paying him the delicate compliment of assuming that he was a French scholar himself.

In front of Victoria block a third banner assured all whom it might concern that there was "cauld kail in Aberdeen, and casticks in Strabogie." To the uninitiated this might have seemed like an insinuation that his excellency had been dining upon cold cabbage, but it was merely intended, I really think, as a reminder that Aberdeen was a flourishing place, and contained plenty of the necessities of life, besides many of its luxuries. Below the railway crossing was the most intensely Scotch banner of all. It bore the words "Oh gin I were where Gadie bums, at the back o' Bannachie," while one in front of the Opera House, informed their excellencies that "We're a' Jock Thomson's bairns."

The vice-regal party were met at the station by the mayor and aldermen, Josiah Wood, M. P., and Judge Wells, not to mention the band of the 74th battalion, a guard of honor from the 74th under the efficient command of Capt. Hannington, and the populace before mentioned. A handsome barouche drawn by four horses was in readiness opposite the general offices

to convey the distinguished visitors to the Opera House, where they were to be presented with an address of welcome, and after viewing the children in awe-struck silence, the party proceeded to join the procession already forming and move down Main street. It was really quite an imposing sight, the bicyclists with their decorated wheels, and the firemen surrounded by a blaze of electric lights, forming a striking spectacle.

To say that the streets were crowded and that to exist at all in the dense mass of humanity which choked the streets, one had to make a perpetual fight for the survival of the fittest, scarcely expresses the condition of affairs. Indeed life was fraught with many dangers, not the least of which were the guardians of the peace who were so devoted with zeal, and the determination to keep the path of vice-royalty clear of intruders, that one of them who was stronger than the others lifted strong men and اسپرming protesting boys up by their coat collar and flung them bodily into the crowd, sometimes using them as missiles, which they threw at helpless struggling ladies, with the result of almost crushing the latter to the earth, but of course it was quite excusable as they were there to keep order and not to protect ladies from danger. Women who are not pugilists should remain at home on such occasions and not risk the danger of encountering the deadly policeman in his larval state.

One of these gentry was so enthusiastic in the performance of his duties that, seeing no one else to grasp in the iron hand of the law, at the moment, he pounced upon a quiet looking lad who was meekly following in the vice regal party, and gave him a terrific "yank," which sent him flying into the crowd with dangerous velocity, only to discover when too late that he had "yanked" the heir of all the Aberdeens out of his proper sphere, and had thrust him amongst the rank and file of common everyday humanity. But the young fellow, who seems to possess a large share of his parents' gentility and good temper, took the mistake very good naturedly and peace was soon restored.

It is needless to dwell upon the visit to the opera house, and the ceremony of presenting the address, and receiving the response; upon the presentations and the visit to the Y. M. C. A. building, which was exhibited to their excellencies, from attic to cellar; the procession through the city, and the many kind words spoken of it by both Lord and Lady Aberdeen. The daily papers have gone into that very fully, and it is only necessary for me to say that the citizens gave them the best welcome in their power, and it one enterprising merchant went so far as to use them as an advertisement and invite the public in huge black letters on a white ground to "try our Aberdeen Blend Tea" and "Aberdeen Flour." He probably intended it as a compliment, and thought they would be quite pleased.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen came to Moncton as strangers, but after their short sojourn of two hours in the city, they left many warm friends behind them, and if they should ever return, as they have promised to do, they will be welcomed next time, not so much as distinguished visitors, but rather as valued friends.

GROFFERY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

When Women Serve on Juries.

MR. B. (returning late from the club and surprised to find his wife at home)—"Why, Mary, I expected that your jury would be locked up over night."

"It did look like it, John. There were ten of the most obstinate men on it I ever met. They wouldn't listen to a word of reason."

"But you brought them over to your side at last?"

"Indeed we did. Mrs. Lilywhite had a fit of hysterics and I think that convinced them how wrong they were."

The Wretch.

Minnie—I never want to see that horrid Charley Ribbons again.

Mamie—Why, dear?

Minnie—Why, he proposed last night, and of course I refused him, and then I told him that it would please me to know that he had made himself happy in some other woman's love, and the horrid wretch said he guessed he would look around and find one.

No End to His Inquiries.

(From a Yorkshire Moor). Sportsman (awaiting the morrow, and meeting keeper as he strolls around)—"Well, Rodgers, things look pretty hopeful for to-morrow, eh?" Rodgers (strong Tory)—"Well, sir, middlin'." But oh, dear, it's aw'k'ard this ere twelfth bein' fixed of a Sunday!" (With much wisdom)—"Now, might Mr. Gladstone ha' anything to do wi' that arrangement, sir?"

Thoughtful.

"So she jilted you, did she?" said the sympathetic friend.

"Yes."

"Did she give any reason?"

"She did. She said it was because of her philanthropic nature; that it was better to make a great many men happy by being engaged to them than to make one miserable by marrying him."

A frequenter of the Astor Library after inquiring day after day for Poole's Index, and nearly always receiving the reply "in use," at length asked why there was not a duplicate copy of the work. "We have three copies," said the courteous attendant