

# POOR MRS. GRUNDY.

[By Mrs. LYNN LINTON.]

Nothing is so unpopular at the present day as to question the absolute rightness of aught that modern women choose to do or not to do, to think, to write, to say or not to say. Pretty Fanny's way is as the way of a divinity, sacred from censure and free from opposition, while giving the right to censure and oppose all others. Modern women demand for themselves the broadest border and the longest tether, while contracting and shortening for the world outside themselves. However heavily they may tread on Mrs. Grundy's venerable corns they deny her the right of crying out against them, and when they buffet her respectable old face they forbid her to strike back. On one side they are the chartered libertines of society, grandly independent of restraint; on the other they are irresponsible autocrats whose will no one must dispute. From music halls to beer and tobacco their veto is final; but when they desire to tread in the footsteps of men and till the fields hitherto reserved for the masculine plough they are to be free as the wind, and the bit is not made that can hold them back. Cunning fence, they give their untowardness ethical names, and despite the old proverbs, manage to have it in meal and in malt as well. When they write improper books and advocate subversive doctrines they are high-couraged heroines brave towards that truth of life. When they rake over mud-heaps and dabble in filth they are martyrs to their sense of public purity. And when their modest and reticent sisters refuse to follow them in their license here or there prurient espionage there—their copying men's excesses or interfering with their liberties—these modern women turn up their disdainful noses and sniff at their sweeter sisters as squaws and slaves—poor, mean, meek-mannered mice who have no place in the grand march-past of the Amazonian corps.

The queerest thing, however, in all this queer outbreak is the contempt into which Mrs. Grundy has fallen. Now Mrs. Grundy may have been a Tartar with a harsh voice and a heavy hand; but she had her uses, and, as a nongoose among snakes, so was she to the minxes who came within reach of her ferule. And time was when the minxes winced as she belaboured them, and promptly returned to good behaviour and decorum. Time was, but time is not. Like the effete old giants in "Pilgrim's Progress," who sat biting their nails and "grrin'" at the passers-by, our despot of the past is the despised Sairey Gamp of the present. She frowns, and the New Woman laughs in her face. She speaks, and not a Minx of them all heeds. She commands and forbids, and not a Revolted Daughter obeys. Things go on before her eyes which at one time would have entailed social annihilation, but which she is now powerless to check. The homassee and hoydens who revile and flout her, who ridicule and deny her, have dispossessed the bands of modest maidens, discreet young wives, and virtuous matrons who once sat obedient at her feet; and to the ramping and rollicking, to the bold and brazen, to the contemner of man and to his ape, to the prying Apostle of Purity and the prurient moral physician diagnosing social disease, she is as powerless as a Fifth of November Guy or a ragged scarecrow where the birds contentedly perch.

Let us count up a few of the things which the New Women do in despite of Mrs. Grundy. They write books on risky subjects where they call spades, and make neither fuss nor concealment about the nature of the soil which they dig. They describe in plain words both scenes and sentiments at which when only so much as alluded to, Mrs. Grundy, when queen regnant, used to spread her fan before her face, crying "Shocking! for shame!" They distance Balzac, and come up with Zola and Guy de Maupassant, in their frank analyses of the most delicate—perhaps we ought to say the most indelicate—feelings of human nature; and they advocate principles which, were they generally practised, would resolve society into a horde of savages or a herd of wild beasts, where the appetites knew no restraint and each took the thing he desired with no let or hindrance from law. They trick out the elemental instincts in garments of glittering tinsel which deceive the unwary; and when they are preaching unlimited vice and lawlessness offer themselves as the teachers of a new gospel of virtue founded on "individual development." But Mrs. Grundy's arm is weak and her ferule is now no thicker than a straw; and the women who once would have been sent to cool their heated imaginations in Bridewell—the women who deserve Dr. Johnson's uncompromising epithet—are given the upper seats at rich men's tables and are made the lionesses of a season.

Another thing they do which erst the old queen would have made it more than their lives were worth to attempt. They make themselves the nurse of men in hospitals—preferring the male wards to the female or to the children's, where they would be imminent in the right place, instead of, as now, eminently in the wrong. Young, delicately-nurtured ladies, rush off to hospitals to learn

their profession in the male wards. The details of their initiation will not bear description and disgust imagination. Straight from a refined home, where they have never heard a coarse word or seen an indelicate action, these gentle-bred and well-born girls fling themselves into circumstances which go beyond the experience of even the women of the people, accustomed from their youth upward to life without veils. The girl may become a skilful nurse—but at what a price! She has killed something in herself far more precious to the race than her ability to shake up the pillows comfortably, to change the sheets dexterously, to take the temperature exactly. She has her delicacy—her modesty—all the same as has her sister who studies art in mixed life schools—or that other who learns pathology and anatomy in mixed medical classes. That delicacy—that modesty, which used to be her special characteristic—belong now to the men who revolt from the things which do not make her turn a hair. Moreover, she has taken the place of the poorer worker, who could have been learnt all that she has been taught at less expenditure of outraged modesty, and to the sorely needed filling of her empty pocket. This is one of the things that poor Mrs. Grundy has to witness and is unable to prevent—this and the constant visits of young women and unmarried girls to the Lock Hospitals, as well as to the most "spicy" music-halls—where, whether as delators or spectators, they have no kind of business to be.

The curious familiarities permitted by modern manners between pretty young wives and lusty young bachelors is again one of the things which grieve the soul of the poor old queen sitting helpless on her ruined throne. When she was young, she says, she was content with her husband and wanted no other man's attention. She looked up to him as her natural guide and guardian, and his name in the house, The Master, expressed his holding in her life and heart. Now the woman is the master, and the man is the little dog trotting at her heels. And the inverted relations try the patience of the discredited queen of old. She hears of Lady This who will not allow such and such things on her husband's estate—or Lady That who publicly oppose her lord's politics—of another who makes her husband obey her will, he not having the power to command—of wives by the score whose men are known only as their husbands, not as men in themselves—and she feels as if the solid earth were crumbling beneath her feet. Poor Mrs. Grundy! Occasionally she might have rapped too hard, but she was a valuable institution all the same; and the hordes of Minxes and New Women ramping unrestrained about the world would be none the worse for a wholesome taste of her restored ferule.

SHILOH'S CURE, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains 25 drops only 25c. Children love it. Sold by all druggists.

## The Proverbs of Jalapa.

Jalapa means a place of water and sand, says Modern Mexico. It was an Indian town at the time of the conquest, and because its position on what for a long while was the main road between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, it early became a place of importance. After the establishment of the republic it was made the capital of the state of Vera Cruz. Between the year 1520 and 1777 a great annual fair was held here for the sale of goods brought for years by the fleet from Cadiz, whence it derived the name Jalapa de la Feria, frequently applied to the city in documents of the last century.

The city is famous throughout Mexico for the exceeding beauty of its women and of its situation. From these, its pleasing characteristics, arise the saying that Jalapa is a part of heaven let down to earth, and the proverb, "Las Jalapenas son halaguenas" (bewitching, alluring are the women of Jalapa). A less pleasing characteristic, its frequent days of mist and rain, at once the cause and a very serious drawback upon the enjoyment of its green loveliness, has given rise to yet another saying in Jalapa. During these melancholy days the Jalapeno, muffled in his zarape and smoking dismally, mutters, "Ave Maria purissima pue venga el sol!" (Holy Virgin, let the sun shine!)

The city is a curious, old-fashioned place—curious event in Mexico, where everything seems odd to the tourist—with narrow, crooked streets lined with tile-roofed houses, whose pitched roofs project their eaves so far that they seem to cover the sidewalks like a shed, and pending from these are spouts to carry the rainfall from the roof to the centre of the roadway. The city has a perfect drainage system, based upon and, indeed, consisting almost entirely of the facilities so lavishly bestowed by nature in the shape of rain and grade. The streets slope gently from the sidewalk on either side to the centre of the roadway, thus practically forming high troughs or gutters, and all dirt or refuse matter is immediately washed beyond the city limits by the rains, which fall, at least for a short time, almost daily throughout the entire year.

This accounts for the scrupulously clean appearance of the city, which impresses those who have visited other Mexican cities not so advantageously located in respect to drainage

as Jalapa. So abrupt is the descent of the streets down the side of the hill that no attempt is made to use carts or carriages for transportation of goods or persons. A train car, which provides a means of transportation to Coatepec, runs through a portion of the main thoroughfare, and is the only wheeled vehicle to be found within the city limits, and even this requires six mules to haul it up the steep grades from the railroad station to the hotels. All merchandise is carried from one part of the city to another by cargadores and pack mules, which later are used extensively of the burro and the horse.

A walk through the streets of the city is repaid by many interesting sights. The lavanderas, or washerwomen, pursue their avocation in the public streets at large basins or troughs, which have been placed in all parts of the city for their accommodation. The churches are open all through the day, and at all times worshippers may be found.

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Mr. Thomas R. Baxter, of Karsdale, N. S., aged 74 years and fast nearing the grave from a terrible complication of diseases—erysipelas for 40 years, bleeding piles for 15 years, and sciatic rheumatism for over a year—was rescued from torture, agony and death by Paine's Celery Compound after all other means had failed.

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Mr. Baxter writes as follows: "I was afflicted by three complaints that made my life a misery and a burden. I had erysipelas for 40 years, bleeding piles for 15 years, and sciatic rheumatism for over a year. I tried the doctors and all kinds of medicines, but no help or relief was afforded me, and I could not eat or sleep. I was then advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and, oh, what a mighty change! The use of the first bottle enabled me to eat and sleep, and after using seven bottles I was quite another man; was perfectly cured, and felt young again. All that I have written can be proven by merchants, doctors, magistrates, and by three ministers of the gospel, and by scores of other people. I shall always thank you and your wonderful medicine, Paine's Celery Compound."

"I hereby certify that Paine's Celery Compound has made a well man of Thomas R. Baxter."

JAMES H. THORNE, Justice of the Peace.

#### Speed of the Fly.

If the common house fly were as big as a swallow it could buzz around, under and over the fastest railroad train that ever ran and then shoot ahead and be waiting for it at its destination when it got there. The fly, as it is now equipped, could hold its own with the Empire State Express for a time, but what it lacks is staying power.

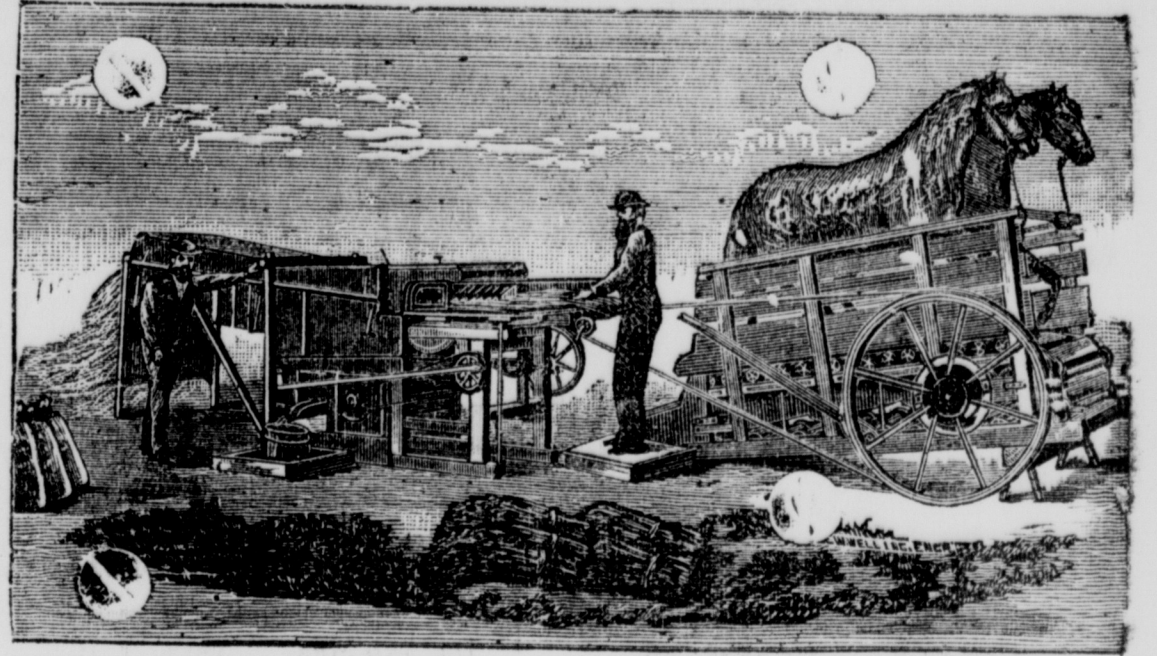
The fastest train in America makes an average of fifty-two and a fraction miles an hour in an eight-hour run, but, of course, at times it has to go at a speed of seventy-five or eighty miles an hour in order to make up for the slower time where the road is not adapted to the highest speed. The little house fly, just as we know the gentleman, goes about his business at what, for him, is a leisurely pace, and that is about twenty-five feet per second. When he is in a hurry from fright or any other cause he multiplies his speed by over six fold and covers the ground at the rate of 160 feet per second. This would take him a mile in about thirty-three seconds, and starting even with the Empire State Express at its full average speed the fly would be at the end of the mile when the express had only covered a little more than half the distance.

If the speed of a locomotive were in proportion to its size, as is the speed of a fly in proportion to its size, how many minutes would it take to travel by rail from Toronto to Victoria, B. C.?

"I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure at the drug store of Mr. Boyle here, I am thankful to say it has proved most effective. I have also tried your Kidney-Liver Pills and found them excellent."—Henry R. Nicholls, rectory, London.

Station Master—You shouldn't smoke, sir. Traveller—That is what my friends say. Station Master—But you shan't smoke, sir. Traveller—So my doctor tells me. Station Master—But you shan't smoke, sir! Traveller—Ah! that is just what my wife tells me.—Tit-Bits.

## What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N.B., April 29, 1895. Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

Scotch Settlement. Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1895. Small & Fisher, Woodstock.

Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully, DAVID DELUCRY.

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