

JOHN BURROUGHS
Presents the result
of his Observations
in nesting time

HE other day I was walking in the silent, naked April woods when I said to myself, "There is nothing in the woods."

I sat down upon a rock. Then I lifted up my eyes and beheld a newly constructed crow's nest in a hemlock tree near by. The nest was but little above the level of the top of a ledge of rocks only a few yards away that crowned the rim of the valley. But it was placed behind the stem of the tree from the rocks, so as to be secure from observation on that side. The crow evidently knew what she was about. Presently I heard what appeared to be the voice of a young crow in the tree tops not far off. This I knew to be the voice of the female and that she was being fed by the male. She was probably laying, or about beginning to lay eggs in the nest. Crows as well as most of our smaller birds, always go through the rehearsal of this act of the parent feeding the young many times while the young are yet a long way in the future. The mother bird seems timid and babyish, and both in voice and manner assumes the character of a young fledgling. The male brings the food and seems more than usual solicitous about her welfare. Is it to conserve her strength or to make an impression on the developing eggs? The same thing may be observed among the domestic pigeons and is always a sign that a new brood is not far off.

When the young do come the female is usually more active in feeding them than the male. Among the birds of prey, like hawks and eagles, the female is the larger and more powerful, and therefore better able to defend and to care for her young. Among all animals, the affection of the mother for her offspring seems to be greater than that of her mate, though among the birds, the male sometimes shows a superabundance of paternal regard that takes in the young of other species. Thus a correspondent sends me this curious incident of a male bluebird and some young vireos. A pair of bluebirds were rearing their second brood in a box on the porch of my correspondent, and a pair of vireos had a nest with young in some lilac bushes but a few feet away. The writer had observed the male bluebird perch in the lilacs near the young vireos, and he feared with murderous intent. On such occasions the mother vireo would move among the upper branches much agitated. If she grew demonstrative the bluebird would drive her away. One afternoon the observer pulled away the leaves so as to have a full view of the vireos' nest from the seat where he sat not ten feet away. Presently he saw the male bluebird come to the nest with a worm in its beak, and as the young vireos stretched up their gaping mouths he dropped the worms into one of them. Then he reached over and waited upon one of the young birds as its own mother would have done. A few moments after he came to his own brood



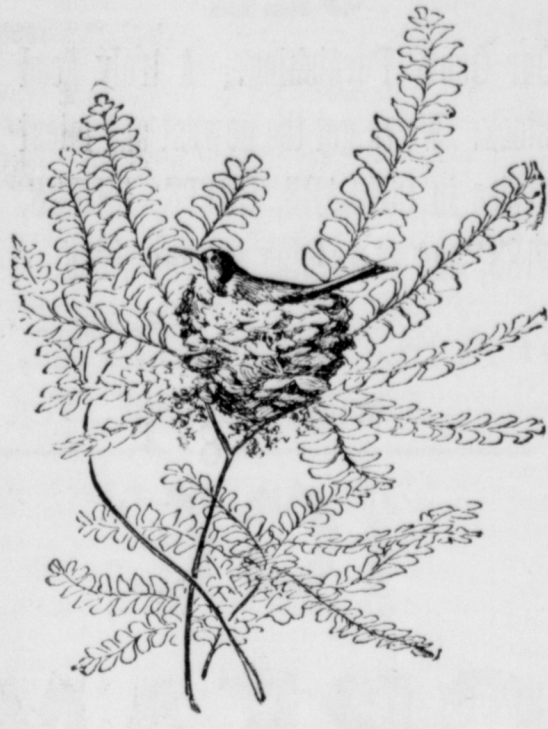
with a worm or insect, and then the next trip he visited the nest of the neighbor again greatly to the displeasure of the vireo, who scolded him sharply as she watched his movements from a near branch. My correspondent says: "I watched them for several days, some times the blue bird would visit his own nest several times before lending a hand to the vireos. Sometimes he resented the vireos' plaintive fault-finding and drove them away. I never saw the female bluebird near the vireo's nest."

That the male bird should be broader in his sympathies and affections will not to most men, at least, seem strange.

Another correspondent relates an equally curious incident about a wren and some young robins. "One day last summer," he says, "while watching a robin feeding her young, I was surprised to see a wren alight on the edge of the nest in the absence of the robin and deposit a little worm in the throat of one of the young robins. It then

flew off about ten feet, and it seemed as if it would almost burst with excessive volubility. It then disappeared, and the robin came and went, just as the wren returned with another worm for the young robins. This was kept up for an hour. Once they arrived simultaneously, when the wren was apparently much agitated, but waited impatiently on its previous perch, some 10 feet off, until the robin had left, when it visited the nest as before. I climbed the tree for a closer inspection and found only a well-regulated robin household, but nowhere a wren's nest. After coming down I walked around the tree and discovered a hole, and upon looking in saw a nest of sleeping, featherless wrens. At no time while I was in the vicinity, had the wren visited these little ones.

Of all our birds, the wren seems the most overflowing with life and activity. Probably in this instance it has stuffed its own young to repletion when its own activity bubbled over into the nest of its neighbor. It is well known that the male frequently builds what are called "cock nests." It is simply so full of life and joy and of the propagating instinct that after the real nest is completed, and while the eggs are being laid, it gives vent to itself by constructing these sham, or cock nests. I have found the nest of the marsh wren surrounded by



half a dozen or more of these make-believers. The gushing, ecstatic nature of the bird expressed itself in this way.

I have myself known but one instance of a bird lending a hand in feeding young not its own. This instance is to be set down to the credit of a female English sparrow. A little "chippie" had on her hands the task of supplying the wants of that horse-leech, a young cow-bunting. The sparrow looked on from its perch a few yards away, and when the chippie was off looking up food, it would now and then bring something and place it in the beak of the clamorous bunting. I think the "chippie" appreciated its good offices. certainly its dusky foster child did. This bird, when young, seems the most greedy of all fledglings. It cries "More," "more" incessantly. When its foster parent is a small bird like "chippie" or one of the warblers, one would think it would swallow its parent when food is brought it. I suppose a similar spectacle is witnessed in England when the cuckoo is brought up by a smaller bird,



as is always the case. Sings the fool in Lear:

"The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young."

Last season I saw a cow-bunting fully grown following a "chippie" sparrow about clamoring for food, and really looking large enough to bite off and swallow the head of its parent and apparently hungry enough to do it. The "chippie" was evidently trying to shake it off and let it shift for itself, for it avoided it and flew from point to point to escape it. Its life was probably made wretched by the greedy monster it had unwittingly reared.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Was Equal to the Occasion

At home stations the private soldier's washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do little repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the private's pay. Private McGinnis had a great deal of trouble with his laundress. Saturday after Saturday had his shirt come back with the neck button off, or else hanging by a single thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see after it, but still the button was not on properly. He got out of patience on a Sunday when the missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed, "Bad cess to the woman! I'll give her a hint this time anyhow." He took the lid off his tin blacking-box—about three inches in diameter—punched two holes in it with his fork, and then tied it on the neck of his shirt that was next to be washed. Next Saturday when his washing came back, he examined his shirt to see if the hint had been taken. It had; she had made a button-hole to fit it.—*English Paper.*

The following militia order was once given: "The battalion will be reviewed by Major-General Dash at sunset tomorrow. The sun will set at 5.30 p. m. By order of Major Blank, commanding."

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THE POOR PRINCE OF WALES.

Something About His Income, Expenses and Financial Troubles.

Some considerable time ago it was whispered that the Prince of Wales was in serious financial difficulties, but the report was not allowed to go beyond a certain charmed circle; but of late the rumors afloat have ceased to be whispers; they have taken upon themselves a louder notoriety and awakened far spreading echoes.

The causes of the money embarrassment of the heir apparent have been ascribed variously and simultaneously to different sources; to the extravagance of the prince in matters of dress, to the tendency of heavy gambling of the prince, to his ill luck on the race course, and to the growing disinclination of the queen to assume the duties of state ceremonies. His very noticeable depression, not to say gloom, the disappearance of much of his constitutional cheeriness and geniality, which could not be attributed entirely to advancing years or ill health, gave credence to the darkest forebodings. It would seem, however, that the queen, who generally manages to be informed correctly of everything that occurs in her own royal circle, in society or abroad, found that it was time to interfere; as she also contrives to do the right thing at the right time, she is credited with the intention not only of relieving his present difficulties, but of bringing him safely through the shoals among which he is floundering, and to make such definite business arrangements as will improve materially his position in the future.

The radicals in the liberal party have always cavilled loudly at the prodigality of the Prince of Wales; those wise censors would probably have been equally, if not more, indignant and abusive if they had any grounds for accusing him of meanness, avarice, or even thrift, for it is a national characteristic of all members of the British community that they expect their royal house to act on all public occasions in a grandly lavish and magnificent fashion, the credit of which reflects in some manner upon themselves. They want the country to be represented with the splendor befitting its wealth and importance, and the heads of the state to behave "right royally."

Under these circumstances, and with these tacit obligations, it is very likely that even the most practical of the cavaliers would find it difficult to make both ends meet if they had only the resources to dispose of which are the Prince of Wales' at present.

His budget consists of £100,000 of civil list, and the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, amounting from £38,000 to £40,000 a year. The princess on her marriage received a more than modest dowry from her father, the King of Denmark, and she would have been positively poor in her own right had parliament not voted in her behalf a civil list of £30,000. Each of her children receives from the country an annual income of £6,000.

At a first glance these figures seem to constitute a large aggregate, and a vast number of practical capitalists are prepared to aver that it is amply sufficient to meet the requirements of the recipient. But perhaps they do not pause to consider what is the comprehensive cost of the establishment which the prince is compelled to keep up. He has three fixed residences, besides the houses he temporarily rents on given occasions—Marlborough house, where only the building is looked after by the state; Sandringham, in the county of Norfolk, and Abergeldie, in Scotland, which, although in the gift of the queen, has to be kept up on his private purse. These three residences entail the presence of an army of retainers—caretakers, coachmen and grooms, keepers, beaters, gillies, gardeners and hangers on. Independently of these, the household of the prince consists necessarily of a great number of functionaries and officials, with whom he is bound to surround himself. He has a comptroller, treasurer—who is no less a person than a lieutenant-general; three chamberlains, four equerries in chief and six others who are supplementary, a private secretary and a librarian, a superintendent of the household, with two assistants, a house and three honorary chaplains, three house and five honorary doctors, three surgeons and a substitute, and a dentist with a yearly appointment. In point of fact the household of the Prince of Wales is on the same footing as that of a sovereign, with the difference that his civil list is inferior to that of every reigning monarch with the exception of the king of Greece. He has never suggested any reduction of this ruinous state or the suppression of any office; it is, therefore, not strange that he has sunk deeper into money troubles.

When to these first charges are added the defraying of a separate establishment for the Duke of Clarence and Avondale since his majority, the expenses of a daughter's marriage—the Duchess of Fife—and the journeys of the princess with her suite, the outlay becomes enormous. The English public has now become accustomed to look upon Alexandra as the leader of fashion, and upon Albert Edward as the best dressed man in the land, and would resent bitterly any falling off from that proud position as a dimming of monarchical lustre. It is easy to reckon what the maintaining of such a reputation costs the princely couple, and what advantages are taken not only by milliners, dressmakers, shirt and bootmakers, and jewelers, but by the horse dealers, the carriage builders and the caterers for the elegant balls at Marlborough house and the large house parties at Sandringham and Abergeldie.

Yet this by no means sums up the list of the inexorable expenditure of the Prince and Princess of Wales. They know what favor they confer in granting a marriage in high life with their presence, and rarely refuse to do so, although it entails making a rich wedding present; they open bazaars and exhibitions, unveil statues, launch ships and lay foundation stones all over the kingdom, always performing these cere-

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monies in state and allowing money to flow like water in their wake. If they travel abroad the "tips" alone amount to a small fortune, for on those occasions lavishness is not only an obligation but a duty, as any stint would be a national offence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MIRACLE OF MODERN DAYS.

Hamilton Produces One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record—"Totally Disabled," Yet Cured.

(Hamilton Times, May 27th, 1891.)

One of the most remarkable cures in the history of medicine has just been effected in this city and the fame of it is fast spreading throughout the land. Over four years ago Mr. John Marshall, then employed as manager of Mr. J. C. Williams' coal oil refinery works here, sustained a fall, which at the time was not thought to be serious. He doctored but his trouble grew worse and contracting cold after cold upon his other trouble he was compelled to give up work entirely. His troubles developed into ataxia, a nervous disorder, held by medical authorities to be incurable. For four years Mr. Marshall has been an intense sufferer. He lost the use of his legs entirely and could not raise himself from a chair except by the use of a crutch and a stick. Though there was power in his legs there was no feeling. They were like dead weights, cold as ice and not susceptible to feeling. He could take his heavy stick and hammer the flesh until the sound of blows filled the house. During the course of these years no less than fourteen leading physicians of this city treated him. Sometimes two or three of them were in attendance at once. All agreed that his disease was incurable. Mr. Marshall went to Toronto for electrical treatment, at a heavy expense, but received not the slightest benefit. He tried every patent medicine that was recommended to him, yet without getting any aid. The "suspension" treatment was resorted to, and he was suspended by means of appliances around his neck and under his arms from the ceiling of the barn, but got no relief. Electric belts and appliances of an endless variety were tried, and thoroughly tried, too, but all resulted the same way—they left Mr. Marshall just as they had found him. At one time twenty pins were run right into the flesh of his leg. He barely felt two of them; the others he did not feel at all. His flesh was cut into with a knife and he felt not the slightest pain; and so he went on until the 13th day of April last, every remedy suggested by any one being tried, and hundreds of dollars spent upon patent medicines, to say nothing of doctors' bills.

Mr. Marshall was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance. He was passed by the physicians of the order as totally disabled for life. The chief medical examiner passed him, and he was paid the \$1,000 paid by the order in cases of total disability.

A day or two ago a *Times* representative called upon Mr. Marshall at his residence, No. 25, Little William street. The door was open, and upon knocking a strong steady step was heard. Mr. Marshall opened the door and received the reporter cordially. He walked without either crutch or stick and looked the picture of a sturdy fine man. He conversed freely of his case, as did Mrs. Marshall who came in later. "Five weeks ago," he said, "I could not raise my foot or bend my leg. As for walking without a stick or crutch it was impossible. I had seen an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as they were especially recommended for nervous disorders, I resolved to try them. I had what the doctors called locomotor ataxia. I had not walked for almost four years. My wife said, 'Oh, what's the use of trying another patent medicine?' but I tried the Pink Pills. I had not used one box before I began to feel the effects. The feeling came back to my right leg first. After using them two weeks I was able to walk up to Mr. C. J. Williams' place on MacNab street, over a mile and a half from here, and back. I had got nearly home when my left leg gave out, and I nearly went down. I had to stand and rub the leg for several minutes. Then it felt as if a thousand pins were running in it. That was the blood beginning to circulate in the leg that had been dead almost four years. From that time it has steadily improved. Now you see how I am. (Here Mr. Marshall arose and walked briskly around the room without artificial assistance.) I have used absolutely nothing but the Pink Pills and taken cold baths as directed on the boxes. Today I walked to the market and back—a three mile walk. I have lived in Hamilton for 30 years and am well known. Hundreds of people stopped me to see if it was really John Marshall. Hundreds of people have been here to see me. Among them came several physicians who attended me. One of them and the one who did the most for me, said, 'Well, you are the first cure in 10,000 cases.' I can tell you of a bank messenger in this city who has not walked as straight in 25 years as he has this last week. He took Pink Pills on my recommendation. Scores more in this city are trying them, and quite a number in this vicinity have been benefited."

Mr. Marshall is gaining strength rapidly and expects to be back to his work before long. He grows more enthusiastic in talking of Pink Pills and he has good reason to, for his is a remarkable salvation. Since beginning to use the remedy he has regained lost flesh and now weighs more than he has for nine years. He has not an ache or pain, but is conscious of a delicious feeling of healthy life in his legs.

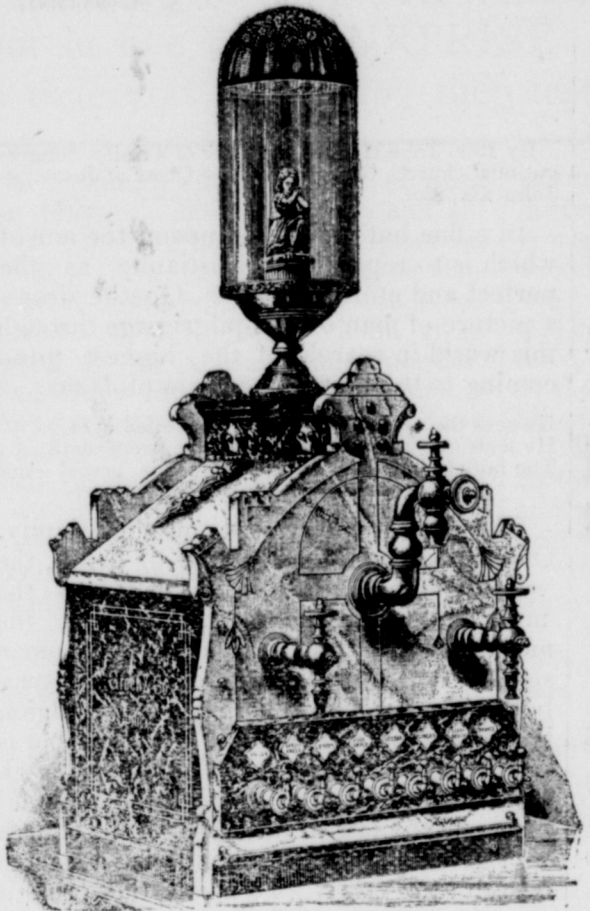
The remarkable case noted in the above article from the *Hamilton Times*, conclusively proves that the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have in no way overstated the merits of their remedy. Pink Pills are a never failing blood builder and nerve tonic, and are equally valuable for men or women, young or old. They cure all forms of debility, female weaknesses, suppressions, chronic constipation, headache, St. Vitus dance, loss of memory, premature decay, etc., and by their marvelous action on the blood, build up the system anew and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions. These pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.—*Advt.*

A merry-andrew, on being asked why he played the fool, replied—"For the same reason that you do—out of want. You do it for want of wit, and I do it for the want of money."

MONEY

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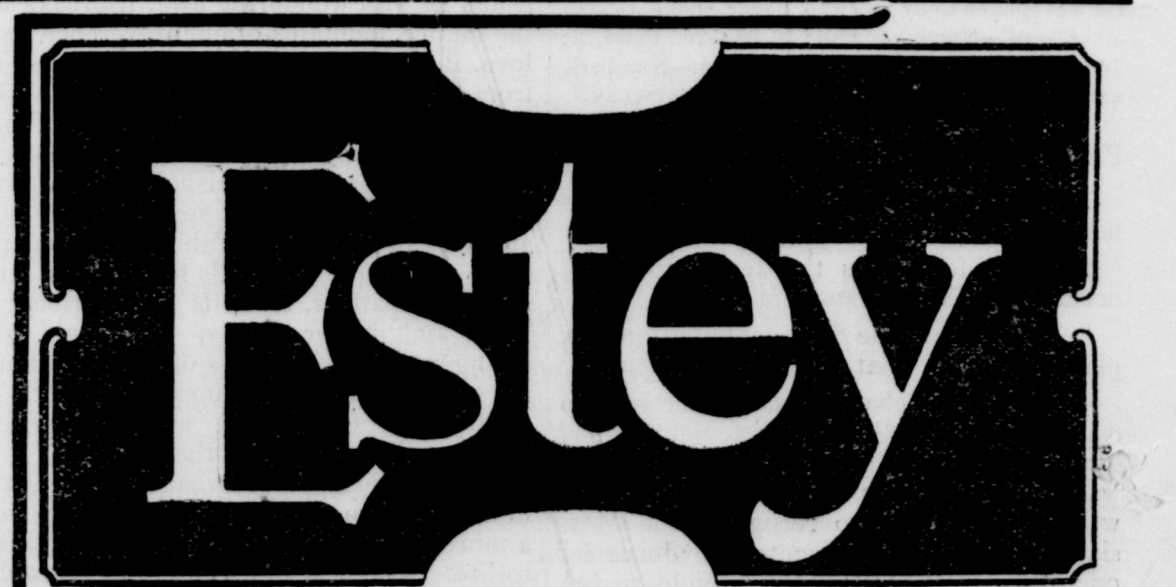


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