

KNOWN AS A HUMORIST.

FRANK H. RISTEEN AND SOME OF HIS LITERARY WORK.

One of the Contributors to "Progress" From the First—A Poem that Gives an Idea of His Versifying When He has a Happy Inspiration.

What does a funny man look like when he isn't trying to be funny?

A recent number of the National Stenographer, published in Chicago, gives a practical reply to the question by showing a portrait of Mr. Frank H. Risteen, a supreme court stenographer of New Brunswick, with a sketch of his record as a short-hand writer.

Mr. Risteen's picture, a copy whereof is hereto annexed, represents him in his official capacity, as a man who has written 1042 words in five minutes and been able to read them without an error. It is not every man who can do that, and there is probably not another in the world who can come anywhere near it with the Scovil system. Most Pittman men would declare such a feat impossible, but the record has been made and will stand investigation.

Mr. Risteen first came into notice as a reporter on St. John daily papers, but was fortunate enough to get out of the business before he reached the position of a journalist, where a man knows so much that he never can learn any more. Mr. Risteen might in time, have become a city editor at \$12 a week, but it seemed to him that there were even greater possibilities to a young man with an intelligent mind and a ready pencil. He studied the Scovil system, as a good many have done, and became an expert, which has been the luck of very few. Since then he has done a good deal of official reporting, and not a little humorous writing. He was among the early contributors to PROGRESS, and has maintained a connection with it ever since. Some of his sketches have given him a wide reputation, and many of them are worthy of presentation in a more permanent form than any periodical can give them. Others, written by happy inspiration for special occasions, have been most telling in their hits, and then again there have been bits of bright humor, not dependent on locality for their point, and which would be appreciated by readers everywhere.

It takes all kinds of humor to suit the public, and Mr. Risteen manages to suit widely differing tastes at one time or another, as do a few others even of PROGRESS' writers, and they are a versatile lot. "Bildad," for instance, strikes in a different way from "Jimmy Smith," and yet each has his good points. It is as a writer of verses that Mr. Risteen has made some of his most palpable hits. Certain of his poems have a humor which it would be difficult to surpass. Here is one which is especially happy in its tone and which will give a good idea of the style of the writer:

Wreck of the Heather Bell.

(To Commodore J. L. Stewart, the father of New Brunswick Marine Poetry, by whom my youthful

A MODERN SAMSON.

Why His Annual Assault on all Denominations was Postponed.

Mr. I. S. Holmes, collegiate student, will deliver a lecture in Parrsboro on January 18th, in which he will prove that the Church of England is the best and teaches the most of holy writ. He intends to challenge and defeat all other denominations as he did in Kings Co., N. B., last year.

This modest announcement was in the Windsor Tribune a month ago, but it was not until last Friday that it appeared in Parrsboro's local paper, with the additional information that the annihilation of the Philistines would take place in St. George's church school house, at 7 o'clock that evening.

The modern Samson arrived in Parrsboro on Thursday night, and followed the crowd from the train to the station platform. He was at all, thin man, with a large grey scarf tied over the back of his overcoat. Looking through his spectacles he asked, "And is this Parrsboro?"

"No," said a humorous bystander, "this is Mill Village; Parrsboro is further on."

Back into the car went the student, and spent considerable time waiting for the train to start. He was discovered by a railroad official, who asked, "Are you going any further on this road?"

"Yes," said Mr. Holmes, "I purpose journeying to Parrsboro."

The collegiate student was with difficulty made to understand that what was formerly Mill Village was now the most flourishing part of Parrsboro, and the southern terminus of the Spring Hill and Parrsboro railway.

The warrior then went forth and inquired of small boys in various parts of the town whether he should journey to the printing office. The boys, who did not appreciate this euphemism sent him journeying in several different directions, but at last he reached the office of the Leader and handed in his advertisement.

The rector of Parrsboro was considerably surprised upon reading this announcement after dinner the next day, as Friday evening is his night for holding bible class in the school house, and he had not seen Mr. I. S. Holmes. A little later, however, this gentleman called, and after a short conversation, in which the rector found that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his visitor's philosophy, Mr. Holmes was persuaded that Parrsboro was not the best battleground.

"They tell me," said Mr. Holmes that evening, "that Parrsboro has only two thousand inhabitants, and I think, I could do more good in Windsor. I will journey toward Windsor in the morning."

As the student seems able to fight only one battle a year, the people of Parrsboro were disappointed, but consoled themselves with the pious reflection that what was their loss was Windsor's gain. A prominent Baptist had armed himself for the fray, which promised to be lively.

The bible class was well attended last Friday evening.

"I never was defeated in an argument in my life," said Mr. Holmes, just before starting from Parrsboro. "My special gift is in making things plain. Books don't make things plain; neither do ministers. But you'll see in the papers how I beat the rest of them in Windsor."

The conductor shouted "All aboard" and Holmes, sweet Holmes, went journeying home.

Parrsboro, N. S., Jan. 18, 1892.

Muse was nursed, cradled and frequently spanked, this deathless rhyme is humbly dedicated, by the author.

It was the woodboat Heather Bell, That plowed the wintry main, And the skipper his name was Bowser, And the crew his name was Kane.

White was her deck with the clinging frost, Her sails and her masts all white, And over her bow in the darkling gloom There glimmered her signal light.

The skipper stood beside the helm, His pipe in his mouth was set, While a gross of matches lay strewn around He had scratched on his patericette.

And with every squally gust that blew He would light another match, And for every gripping flaw that flew His gale end he'd scratch.

Then up spake the skipper's mate, (Likewise his name was Kane), "I pray thee put into Oynabog, For I fear a fuyrcane.

"The main sail sheet is frozen stiff, And the martenale leaks fast, The piston-rod is smashed in twain, And the spinnaker yaws the mast!"

"Then haul the bob-tail hard to port And hammer down the hatch!" And the skipper laughed a scornful laugh As he lighted another match.

But wilder and wilder came the gale, And the darkness and the rain, Twin specters from a world of woe, Their wings spread o'er the main.

Then up spake the boatswain bold, (His name likewise was Kane), "O, let us take the larboard tack,— The Jimsag we may gain."

"Go hoosen up the collar beam," The skipper roared aloud, "And tightly reef the throttle valve And jibe the scupper shroud!"

And still from off the Devil's Back, And o'er the reach it blew, And down the vale of Nerepis The fierce tornado flew.

It swept the jilpoko off the poop, It ripped the sails like tow, It stove the gangway into shreds And bilged the dynamo.

Or over the wind blew fierce and fast, Or over the blast blew raw, The skipper cheerily scratched and scratched, But that pipe would never draw.

"Oh, captain, I hear the church-bells ring, O say what may it be?" "Tis the fast express on the C. P. R., Two hours late," said he.

"Oh, skipper, I hear the sound of guns; O say what may it be?" "Tis a Nerepis maiden chewing gum And cracking her teeth," said he.

"Oh, Bowser, I see a gleaming light; O say what may it be?" "Tis the old Soulanges on our bows, And dead men both are we!"

That fierce collision swept the crew, Most crowlily from the deck, And of the blooming mate it made A "dead mate shipment" quick.

At daybreak on the Long Reach shore, The inhabitants gazed aghast, At the still remains of a manly form Lying close to a broken mast.

Fixed were the limbs and fixed the eyes That met their startled sight; And fixed in the stern, unyielding mouth Was the pipe he had tried to light.

Alas! thou matchless mariner Thy piping days are past; Your end is endless and I fear You've gone to Scratch at last.

HOW TO BECOME A NURSE.

Points for Girls Who Wish to be Trained For the Work.

In none of the many professions entered by woman is she more successful than in that of nursing. She seems peculiarly adapted for this work and the large number of nurses annually turned out by the training schools in hospitals speaks for itself.

A few years ago anyone was considered good enough for a nurse, but higher education and the refinement following it has now gone away with that idea. The refined and cultivated do not want a coarse or stupid person to attend them when ill; for that is just the time when anything unpleasant seems so terribly discordant to the sensitive nerves. Refinement, sympathy are requirements of all nurses.

Of course any one can nurse in a way, but to make a successful nurse, that is to pass through one of the training schools and afterwards to make it a profession, require perfect health, average intelligence and also a certain amount of strength of mind. It is only those with good health who can stand the training, for in some of the larger hospitals especially, the routine work is very hard and the constant strain of ceaseless activity soon begins to tell on a delicate constitution. Besides the danger from infectious diseases is much greater to those whose health is in any way impaired.

Education is not the most important requirement, but it is good so much the better. During the course of training in most hospitals, nurses are expected to attend a weekly lecture given by a doctor and learn a weekly lesson in some standard class book on nursing. In the two years they will probably have to pass eight examinations on this book. In some schools these examinations are oral with the last one, a written one, in others again they are all written. If they make one-half the highest possible number of marks they pass, if not, they study one month longer and are then examined again. It is very seldom that nurses altogether fail in these examinations, but they sometimes have to be examined the second time, as the best nurses have been known to fail at the first one.

The sights and sounds of hospital life are rather trying at first, especially to a timid person, but most nurses soon get accustomed to them and become equal to any emergency. A characteristic of well-trained nurses is their power to command, and they probably acquire it from having first learned to command themselves.

When one wishes to enter a training school, the first thing to do is to write to the superintendent for the application papers, which are filled out and returned, together with the names of two references.

When these have been satisfactorily heard from, a list of the articles required for the wardrobe and a statement of the wages given in the hospital are received. Then their name will be put down with the regular class, which begins generally twice in the year; or, if they wish it, on the accidental list. Then they must be in readiness to go at any time, and when a nurse drops out of the school they take her place.

In most training schools the course is two years. The girls go the first month on probation, and whether they are accepted or not, they do not receive any wages for it. After the probation month, if accepted they don the cap and uniform and begin the studies and lectures. The remuneration varies in the different hospitals but generally it is about \$10 per month for the first year and \$14 for the second. They are told that this is only for their books, etc., but their expenses are so light that most nurses make it cover all their outlay.

The wardrobe is a very simple affair as their dresses, when on duty, have to be either print or gingham. In most hospitals they have a regular uniform dress of some particular pattern which they don after the month of probation. Ten or twelve large aprons made of the double width cotton are also a necessary part of the outfit.

The hours of duty are long. For the day nurses they are from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. with one hour off for recreation. Then they are allowed one afternoon and one evening during the week, and some time on Sunday for the purpose of attending church. Night nurses serve from 8 p. m. to 7 a. m. Day duty generally lasts three months and then comes one month of night duty.

The following is a list of some of the hospitals with training schools for nurses in connection: Massachusetts General hospital, City hospital and children's, Boston; Newton Cottage hospital, Newton, Mass.; Waltham hospital, Waltham, Mass.; City hospital, Bellevue hospital, and Mount Sinai hospital, New York.

What has been said in regard to wages, hours, etc., has reference to the American hospitals, and do not necessarily apply to the training schools in Canada. VIOLA.

The Little White Hearse.

A stranger patted a ragged child, And smatted the lid of either eye, And turned and stared at the business signs; And the street-car driver stopped and beat His hands on his shoulders, and gazed up street Till his eye on the long track reached the sky, As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by, In the crowded walks, and she knew not why, But he gave her a coin for the way she smiled; And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange As a customer put back his change With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh, As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by— A man looked out of a window dim, And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry, For a dead child even was dear to him! And he thought of his empty life, and said— "Loveless alive, and loveless dead— Nor wife no child in earth or sky!" As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

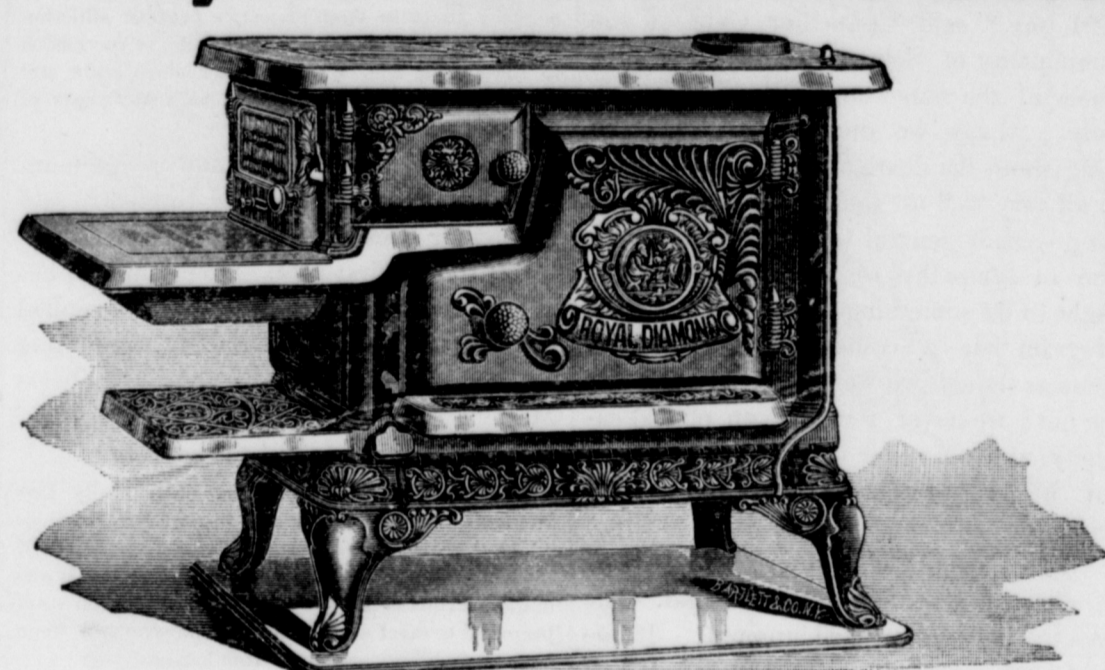
—James Whitcombe Riley.

The Holidays

are over and they are still in the ring with all things in season—Roll Butter, Fresh Eggs Dunn's Hams and Roll Bacon, Christie's Biscuits, Fruits, Canned goods, etc., at 32 Churlotte St. J. S. Armstrong & Bro.

CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches. 1400 Cases In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices. JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

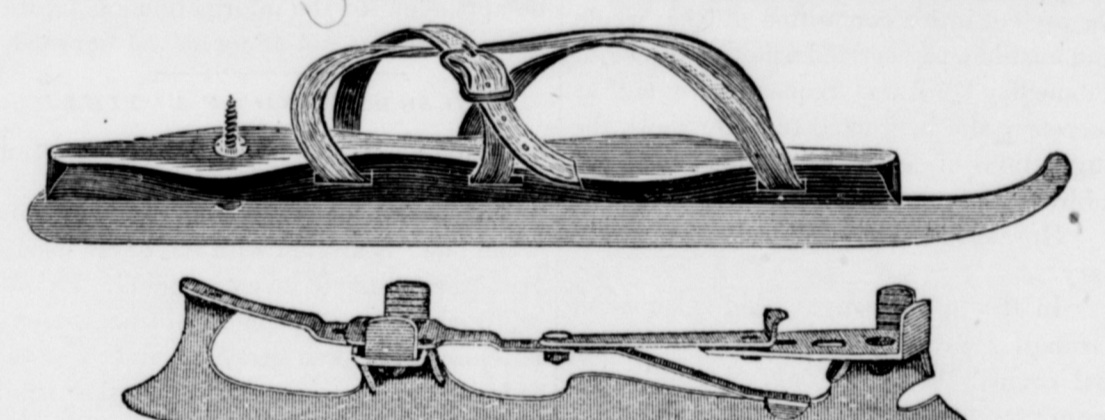
THE Royal Diamond Wood-Cook



Newest! Handsomest! Best! Has all the latest improvements, and works like a charm. The sales of this Stove during 1891 has proven its wonderful popularity. If you require a new Stove and wish to burn wood, come and see it or write for circular.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

SKATES! SKATES!



LONG REACH and ACME patterns. All sizes in Stock. T. McAVITY & SONS, 13 and 15 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

OAK HALL RED FIGURE SALE Of Fine Tailor-made Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

Men's Suits That are made in the best manner, of material exactly as represented and at acceptable prices may always be found here. Some extraordinary bargains at prices that cannot fail to prove most interesting. \$ 3.90 reduced from \$ 5.00 4.90 reduced from 7.00 5.80 reduced from 8.25 6.90 reduced from 10.00 8.60 reduced from 12.00 10.90 reduced from 15.00 \$12.00 reduced from \$18.50

Men's Reefers. Our Clearing Sale will save you many a dollar. Nice clean, fresh goods, no musty odds and ends. Prices that have been \$10.50 now \$7.75. Heavy Beaver Reefers that were sold for \$8.50 now selling at \$6.60. Blue and Black Chinchilla Reefers sold the first part of the season for \$5.50 have been marked down to \$3.90, and one lot of President Reefers broken sizes will be sold now for \$2.50. The assortment comprises two hundred and fifty reefers, and at the reduced prices they are veritable bargains.

Boys' Reefers. Only a few left and sizes broken. Lot 1. \$2.50 former price \$3.75 " 2. 2.75 former price 4.00 " 3. 2.90 former price 4.25 " 4. 3.90 former price 5.25

Trade Brisk, Brisk all over the house this week. Changed prices when made by this store have character, standing. They are accepted at par. We make and sell a known kind of Clothing. Changed prices on the suits now, you know, and we're busy selling them—(Suits and Trousers), although the news has hardly gotten around yet. Some are \$2 off, some as much as \$6, \$4 and \$3.50, some cases \$6; Trousers for \$4, \$5 cut to \$3. But especially busy selling Overcoats at our changed prices. The news about them has had a fortnight to get around. \$3 off some, \$5 off others \$7 off a few kinds. When we say Overcoats, we mean the fashionable shapes, single and double breasted dressy Kerseys and Meltons, soft Naps, Black Corkscrews, Ulsters, Storm Coats, Cape Coats. Three new lots to-day to fill up some entirely sold out, just as great.

150 Dozens Men's All Wool Shirts and Drawers. Lot 1. 39c former price 50c " 2. 45c former price 60c " 3. 50c former price 75c " 4. 75c former price 90c

Cloves. The weather has not been favorable towards them, but now that it has set in, you can afford to buy a pair at the prices now offered by us, regular \$1.50 Gloves for \$1; all the other lines reduced in like manner. 250 Dozens Men's 4 ply linen collars in fifteen popular styles 10 cents each, regular prices 18 cents 20 cents and 25 cents.

50 Dozens Men's 4 ply linen cuffs in prevailing shapes, 20 cents a pair; same quality usually sells at 30 cents and 35 cents. 125 Young Men's Cape overcoats, age 13 years to 20. Lot 1. \$4.40 former price \$ 6.50 " 2. 4.60 former price 6.75 " 3. 4.90 former price 7.50 " 4. 5.25 former price 7.75 " 5. 8.90 former price 12.00

85 Young Men's Overcoats without Capes, age 13 years to 20. Lot 1. \$4.00 former price \$6.00 " 2. 4.50 former price 6.50 " 3. 4.75 former price 7.00 " 4. 5.50 former price 8.25

We Hold Our Trade. Not by proclaiming that we are giving things away, but by never sacrificing the purchaser's interest in order to advance our own. We sell our Children's Clothing on the same principles that would govern you under similar circumstances, and we let no customer leave our store without feeling satisfied that he has been a party to an honest, legitimate and fair transaction, in which they were treated with absolute squareness. Prices have been slaughtered before and prices will be slaughtered again, but it isn't often the knife goes so deep as this.

Children's Suits. Lot 1. \$1.75 former price \$2.75 " 2. 2.25 former price 3.00 " 3. 2.50 former price 3.50 " 4. 2.75 former price 4.00 " 5. 3.50 former price 4.75 " 6. 4.30 former price 5.25

Boy's Overcoats WITHOUT CAPES. Lot 1. \$1.50 former price \$2.75 " 2. 2.00 former price 3.25 " 3. 2.50 former price 3.75 " 4. 2.75 former price 4.00 " 5. 3.00 former price 4.50

Boys' Overcoats WITH CAPES. Lot 1. \$3.00 former price \$3.90 " 2. 3.50 former price 4.75 " 3. 3.90 former price 5.00 " 4. 4.00 former price 5.75

OAK HALL. OAK HALL. OAK HALL. Scovil, Fraser & Company, CORNER KING AND GERMAIN STREETS, ST. JOHN, N. B.