

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

WHAT THE TOWN NEEDS.

"MACK DEE'S" IDEAS FOR A ROOM IN NEW GLASGOW.

The Board of Trade and How it Might be Made Useful—A Proposed Influx of Bachelors or Maidens—Other Suggestions Worth Reading.

Men, women and time is the raw material out of which a town is constructed, and one of the great needs or requirements of a town in order to build and enlarge it is therefore more men and women. With regard to time the other prime necessity, we have as much of the raw material on this as towns of much greater importance, in fact we have as much time as either New York or London, and hence, although time is one of our needs, it certainly is not one of our defects. True there is a peculiarity about time that forbids us to make any present use of the past except in the way of experience or the future, except to contract and accumulate drafts and other obligations of a compulsory and importunate complexion.

Some towns like some men live in the past, in the halo of a departed glory, and we say of them that they are behind the times, that they are not up with the procession, that they really are not in it. Others are in advance of times and also of their finances. There is a great difference between a man's wants and his needs. A man may want the earth in harvest time but only need a most infinitesimal portion of it, so with a community of interests. Hence we must draw a distinction between what a town wants and what it actually requires.

Report says that members of the feline tribe have each nine lives: in one sense a town has many more, but I prefer to group them and discuss its commercial life, its social life, its civic vivacity.

New Glasgow has a board of trade. It is a moribund body with broken down constitution and sore head, whose component parts lack enough life to pull itself together and decide definitely that it is dead, or in the throes of a ghastly dissolution. A live board of trade is a valuable adjunct to the business machinery of a town. Therefore, we need to resuscitate the old one, for outside it there is not enough timber to constitute another.

The great need of our social life is a half a dozen or so eligible young men who would devote their entire time to 5 o'clock teas, skating parties, croquet, and picnics. Talented men of great continuity of purpose; men who would throw the energy of a George Francis Train coupled with the erudition of an Oliver Wendell Holmes into the business, making it pleasant and profitable. We need them, O, we need them, every afternoon and evening. Desultory work in this connection won't do; we want a sort of secretary and executive committee to put it on a proper basis.

With some show of reason, ardent advocates of hygiene argue that a matter of paramount importance to the welfare of the town is the immediate erection of a grand sanitarium on the summit of Fraser's mountain for the alleviation or cure of pulmonary diseases. A place where pure air, sunlight and ozone coupled with sea bathing, a magnificent view, and an efficient staff of doctors and nurses would woo back to health those in the earlier stages of that disease and lengthen the days of others too far gone to hope for complete recovery; a place where rest and nature's sweet restoratives would aid man's skill in lengthening life and soothing pain; where instead of rushing off to the hot springs of Arkansas or the arid climate of the Pacific, there to leave their bones to be deposited by the hands of strangers in unmarked graves where no loving hand ever strews them with the symbols of affection, they could at home receive such treatment that this New Glasgow would become the Mecca of the consumptive, whether the people from the surrounding county would constantly flock—this is a consummation which is certainly not freighted with misfortune.

A live daily paper devoted to the best interest of the place, decimating news, educating, and instructing its patrons, with a sharp eye towards affairs of a civic nature, advocating necessary reforms and doing for the town what only a live daily paper can when under energetic management. This is no inconsiderable part of the needs of New Glasgow.

Some might be disposed to think that the lack of some wonderful natural curiosity which would attract people from all parts of the civilized world, some subterranean cavern where dead heroes lay embalmed, and where wonderful hydroglyphics fresco the walls, some cave where glittering stalactites made a canopy of diamonds, where long sinuous passages pierced their gloomy way deep in the bowels of the earth. Or perhaps we need some well of St. Ann, where the lame and the halt and the blind, where the maimed, the mangled, the misshapen and afflicted would come to worship at her shrine and return overjoyed in the fulness of health and a rejuvenation of bodily decrepitude and decay. A perchance some phenomenon, such as a two-headed boy, or pair of Siamese twins would, although difficult to arrange for, be a great advertisement to our town.

After, however, carefully examining the situation, I have come to the conclusion that one of the serious defects of this town is the appearance of some one who would be to the world of manners and morals what Jenner, Pastuer and Kelley are to the world of medicine.

In short, we want a man to arise who can discover the germs or bacilli of all that is best in man's nature, and be able to propagate the same. For instance, should it be discovered by some overt act that a man was deficient in caution, it would be in order to inoculate him with the germs of that peculiar proclivity, should he be low in benevolence, then at once introduce into his system a peculiarly live bacilli of

that peculiar species. Should his besetting sin be selfishness and chief characteristic greed or egotism, we then could by a simple operation change him into a generous, high-minded and magnanimous individual. Should a council duly empowered decide that some man or woman lacked that love for the beautiful, the good and the true that should form part of our composition, then it would be in order to round out their existence to the true plane of manhood or womanhood by the immediate introduction of the necessary qualifications into their system. Instead of educating the eye, or training the mind by a long series of lessons, all that would be necessary to develop a connoisseur would be to puncture the arm and presto! A second Oscar Wilde. In this newer plan we accomplish at once what previously took years of study and appliance, toil and self-denial. Care would need to be exercised that none would receive an overdose, as it would be dangerous to give the taciturn man an overdose of loquacity—for he would turn around and rend our hearts with a deluge of hilarious eloquence. However, those details would in due time adjust themselves.

Some might argue, and that with reasonable grounds, that what we require is an influx of bachelors, handsome amiable bachelors in easy circumstances, recently imbued with the idea that it is not good for man to be alone. Such an emigration would doubtless fill a long felt want. Or again that we require the fair sex to invade the town and capture the hearts of the lonely bachelors and lead them gently to the land of the benedict that bourn from which no traveller returns except with extreme difficulty.

Passing to graver themes there is reasonable proof that one of the dire needs of the town is a—synagogue. The persecution of the Jews in Russia has drawn towards that people the sympathy of the christian world. This is nothing new for the Jews. I mean the persecution, not the sympathy. The Jews have been mixed up with more persecution than was agreeable. They are the oldest living bacilli that we have with us excepting original sin. Jews saw the rise and fall of nations whose very names are forgotten. They were horey with age and traditions when the Egyptian pyramids were first planned. Babylon, Tyre and Sidon, Heliopolis were in their turn things of but yesterday compared with the Jews. They saw Greece and Rome rise into proud prominence, then sink almost into oblivion. They saw nation after nation rule the world then decay and pass off the world's drama, but the Jew had come to stay. He is with us now and will be with our children's children if we happen to have any. In fact the race to which the old clo. man and the cigar peddler belong have as a race been coeval with all the great events that mark the milestones of the ages since the time that Jacob tended the sheep and cattle and cast the eyes of the former at Laban's pretty daughter and got tricked into first marrying the homely one. They are a people without a flag or a country. Their race has been the longest one known on the turf, and although they are slightly disfigured are still in the ring and three brass balls hang over their door, it is meet that such a people should have a Rabbi and a rendezvous. Therefore, we need a synagogue.

MACK DEE.

Oddities of Colour-Blindness. While the number of colour-blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred suffering from any defect in this respect, and most of those being affected only in a minor degree, yet the phenomenon sometimes assumes very remarkable phases.

Captain Abney recently stated that he had found two persons who possessed monochromatic vision—that is to say, all colours appeared to them to be simply different shades of grey. If the reader will look at a photograph of a landscape, or better, of a garden filled with brilliant flowers, he will be able to form an idea of the appearance which Nature must present to one who suffers from the affliction called monochromatic vision. One can sometimes imitate the effects of colour-blindness through over-fatigue of the eye. Thus Mr. Brett, the painter, told the members of the Royal Astronomical Society not long ago, that in painting a scarlet geranium, after working at it for a quarter of an hour, the artist will not know that it is scarlet at all, but will go on painting it as if it were black or colourless. "Red," he explained, "is a very brilliant colour to the retina," and he added that "you can look at green until all is blue."

Worshipping Plants. Large numbers of plants have been worshipped amongst the nations of the east, including the lily, the myrtle and the onion, the latter having been an object of worship amongst the Egyptians. The Jains, a religious sect, very numerous in Bombay, worship five grades of life: first, trees and plants; second, worms; third, ants and creeping things; fourth, winged creatures; and fifth, all higher animals. In the Toga Islands of the Pacific Ocean the natives lay offerings at the foot of peculiar trees, with the idea of their being inhabited by spirits. The Talcin, of Burma, before they cut down a tree, offer prayer to its "kaluk," or inhabiting spirit; and the Siamese offer cakes and rice to the takhtien-tree before they fell it, and believe the inhabiting nymphs or mothers of trees pass into guardian-spirits of the boats built of their wood. In Ceylon the Bo-tree is found in the precincts of every Buddhist temple. At Anarajapoor there is one of these trees of peculiar sanctity, to which thousands annually repair to offer prayer for health and prosperity.

A Thoughtful Child. Lady Caller—You said you had two cats. Little Girl—Yes'm I have a white one and a black one. Lady Caller—You have only brought me the black one. Little Girl—Yes. They is both sheddin' their coats awful, and I brought the black one, 'cause your dress is black.

MEETS THEM HALF WAY.

EDITOR BUTLER'S RELATIONS TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Bright Paragraphs From "Butler's Journal," in Which the Editor Speaks His Mind Regardless of Consequences—Doings on the Nashwaak.

The idea seems to have got abroad that our paper is anti-English and rebellious, and an enemy to the existing order of things. Nothing could be farther from the mark. Because we advocate a separation from England and the setting up of an independent, democratic form of government by Canada, there is no reason to infer that we hate England; we should be very recreant to our British blood if we did so. Because we believe in a Republican form of government there is no reason to infer that we hate the Queen and royal family. We have never said anything derogatory of them, and while we do not believe in cringing to them or consider them any better flesh and blood than any one else, we have nothing against them. Why should we have? They have never done us any injury. We think at least quite as much of them as they do of us, which is as far as we meet any one—half way.

The Family Next Door. It noise was the only requirement we have been particularly fortunate in the present location of our sanctum, for the family next door do not mean that the world shall be kept in ignorance of their existence.

They number between ten and twenty, are of all sizes, from the old woman to the new arrival of a few weeks ago; and there is anything in which they excel it is lung power. From early morning until late at night it is one continuous round of yelling, singing, whooping, jumping and swearing. They disdain to speak in ordinary tones like civilized human beings, but pitch their voices to G sharp, the volume of which has been known to scare the rabbits in the backwoods of Maryland. Barnum's menagerie is nothing to it. The salvation army is not a circumstance, and even the kids of Duffy street dwindle into insignificance in comparison. All this is very soothing and conducive to the performance of literary labor, and if in the future our readers detect any mistakes in the Journal, they may know it occurred in chasing an idea around the block that was scared by the big throats of the neighbors next door.

What Might Have Been. September 1st was our birthday, and we had just turned the 35th milestone. We had intended to make it the occasion of a celebration, having a great spread and inviting all our brother editors to the Scotch Barracks, to oysters and devilled chicken, and wine and champagne for those who wished it, but as we only arrived that day from the country, and having no wife to do the honors of the Journal office, and mother being sick we reluctantly postponed it till some future occasion. What a great treat we have missed! What a "feast of reason and flow of soul," as they certainly would have accepted the invitation. Jimmy Crockett could have given us points on Blair and told us it there would be an election this fall. Pitts could have given us a temperance lecture, while Dr. McLeod (or if he is absent his son Harry) could have given us some pointers on the prohibition commission. McNutt could have given us the condition of the crops in the Northwest, while Allie Machum could have given us an account of the Star Social's moonlight excursion. If the editor of the Reporter or Intelligencer (both being temperance men) objected to wine we could have given them buttermilk, and it would object to the singing of the "National" anthem at parting, we could all have agreed on "Tar-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

Subscribers and Subscribers. I proceeded onward, and after taking dinner at Mr. Jeremiah Bell's, reach that night the home of Mr. John R. McB., at whose house I was more than welcome, and who paid up for the Journal for the past year and a year in advance, quite different from another subscriber at a short distance who, because I notified him by postal card got mad and stopped it. It is no use trying to please such sensitive people, but we must say that we have a large list of good paying subscribers along the Nashwaak as we have anywhere else for the same extent of territory, and with the exception of the few who stopped it on account of the Chiniquy article, have not lost a subscriber, and some of those have got ashamed and come back. We wish to say once and for all that we have never said anything against our good country friends at any place, and among our many sins ingratitude cannot be counted on our charge. Our political opinions in some cases may be unpopular, but they are our own, and we cannot change them, and we think our friends should allow us a little latitude and permit us the editorial column for the expression of our views, seeing that they have the rest of the paper to themselves. Knowing us so well, and the way we have struggled to get along, they should all subscribe; 35 cents a year is not a great testimonial of friendship when we give you a paper worth 50 cents.

Congratulations. The marriage of Mr. Well Burden to Miss Edith Boone is one of the latest society sensations. We hope that everything will go along "Well," and that it will prove a Burden to her she may prove a Boone to him.

The Gentleman from Wayback. A gentleman from Wayback the other day came into the post office and putting his mouth to the letter slide, thinking it was the delivery holler: "Is there any mail for me?"

The Changes of Time. I found the family at home and well, except Martin, who has sore eyes, the effect, I am told, of too persistent search for a wife; but Kenneth has been more fortunate and has one of the nicest little women on the Nashwaak, and is beside the father of

One Dollar

IS NOT A LARGE PRICE TO PAY

For a Good White SHIRT!

and by a GOOD White Shirt, we mean The Best Shirt in Canada for the money. Manchester, Robertson & Allison's Unlaundered White Shirts at \$1.00 is good enough For all Sorts and Conditions of Men, being made from Extra Quality of Materials, combined with the very best workmanship. All hand-made button holes. Reinforced all over, and perfect fitting. All Sizes—1 3/4 to 18 inches \$1.00 each.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. 27 and 29 King Street.

Odd Pants—2000 Pairs Marked Down!

THIS is between seasons and we are selling more pants than anything else. Your Summer Pants are done but the Coat and Vest is good. Just match your Suit with some our Pants at—

Table with 8 columns of prices for pants: \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.70, \$1.90, \$2.25, \$3.25, \$4.50, \$5.50. Corresponding values in the second row: 1.30, 1.55, 1.75, 1.95, 2.50, 3.50, 4.75, 5.75. Third row: 1.40, 1.60, 1.80, 2.00, 2.75, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00. Fourth row: 1.45, 1.65, 1.85, 2.10, 3.00, 4.25, 5.25, 7.00.

Scovil, Fraser & Co., Oak Hall. Cor. King and Germain Streets, St. John, N. B. All our Goods are ONE PRICE, and the Marked in PLAIN FIGURES.

"bouncing baby boy."

It would be drawing it mild to say that he would be proud of it. Time indeed turns some queer somersaults. Those whom I played with and carried in my arms as kids a few years ago, are married and have kids of their own; while I am still doomed to "single cussedness," there being too much good timber lying around for the girls to think of picking up a broken stick like me; but if I have no sweethearts among them there are many who are dear to me as sisters, from whom a smile or a kind word has often done much to cheer my drooping heart when days were dark and life not half as pleasant as it is now, and I comfort myself with the words of the poet:

"No one is so accused by fate, No man so wholly desolate, But some heart though unknown Responds unto his own."

And she may remain forever unknown, but there is nevertheless a pile of comfort in the thought.

The Story of a Picture.

The death of John Graves, a London print dealer, may recall to some the picture entitled "Can't You Talk?" The history of its production, as told by Mr. Graves under the shade of the historic mound at Waterloo, is interesting. Seeing one of his children playing with a pet collie dog one day, the idea occurred to him that the subject would make a charming picture, and he gave a commission to an artist to carry out his idea. The price was \$1,000, and the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy's exhibition, where it attracted the notice of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who expressed a desire to purchase it. Mr. Graves, who had placed on it what he considered the prohibitory price of \$5,000, informed the prince that as he had had the picture painted solely for the purpose of engraving, he did not wish to dispose of it, but the prince granted graciously the engraving right and became its purchaser. Up to the present time reproductions of the picture have netted more than \$120,000. Near the field of Waterloo Mr. Graves purchased an estate several years ago, and he was almost a monomaniac on the subject of that decisive battle. He confined his reading exclusively to it.

Love, Superstition and Cruelty.

Two young girls were cited before the local Bezirksgericht in Ottokring a few days ago on the charge of cruelty to animals. They were both scarcely 16 years old, yet each had her lover. In order to secure the affection of these young men to them until the end of their days the girls resolved to carry out a love-charm which is guaranteed to be effectual for that purpose by a "Zauber- und Wunschbuchlein," printed as long ago as 1706, and still regarded as an infallible helper. The "prescription," which is in Old German rhyme, and probably a good deal older than 1706, runs as follows, roughly translated:

Would'st thou have thy sweetheart true? Give him cat's eyes I his wine. Thou thyself must pluck the eyes out; Twelve weeks old must the cat be; At midnight by light of the full moon Thou must burn the eyes to a powder; Put the dust into his wine, and say, "Cat's eyes, cat's eyes, never look with love at another. Keep thine eyes ever for me alone!" Do this, and he will be eternally true.

In order to carry out this hideous superstition, the young girls took two kittens belonging to a Frau Helm, dug out the eyes from the poor little beasts, and then prepared their love-powder.

"The Thieves' Kitchen."

Another of the spots immortalized by Charles Dickens—namely, "The Thieves' Kitchen,"—in Oliver Twist, has within the last few days passed away. The kitchen was situated in Laystall-street, near the new Clerkenwell-road and Rosebery-avenue, and Mr. Dilloway, the builder, of Fulham, is now erecting two shops on the site of the old house, next to the Red Lion, the resort of Bill Sykes and the ill-fated Nancy, with Fagan and their numerous associates.

Three Lines of Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, viz:

- 12c. per pair, 2 for 20c.
25c. " " 2 " 50c.
20c. " " 2 " 35c.

PLAIN WOOL HOSE. In Sizes 4 to 9 1/2 in. In Price 12c. to 25c.

SPECIAL.

Curtain Damask 10c. per yd.

G. H. McKAY, - 61 Charlotte St.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN CANADA.

St. Paul's, Halifax, Celebrates Its 142nd Anniversary.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 8.—It is given to few pastors and to few peoples to join in celebrating the centenary of the founding of their church, but Rev. Dyson Hague and his people have surpassed even that distinction by celebrating the 142nd anniversary of St. Paul's church. Few indeed realize as they pass along in their daily avocations, that the substantial looking building facing the parade is as old almost as our city and the oldest place of worship in the Dominion of Canada.

Founded within a few months after the first landing of the pioneer settlers on the wooded shores of Halifax harbor, it has grown up with the city until today it is the largest protestant church in the maritime provinces. For the first time in three decades its history was the history of the city and its parishioners were the colonists of Nova Scotia; it was really the corporation of Halifax and had concern for the social as well as the religious welfare of the citizens. Through trying times it must have passed, but sturdy purpose and earnest zeal triumphed and made the little mission planted by the settlers from old and new England a mighty power in the early colonial days.

The rector, Sunday morning, read the words from Psalm xc: 17, "Establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it," and said: It is always the desire of good men that their work shall last, that the work of their hands shall have the stamp of permanency. Men die and pass away, but that which they have wrought in God, remains long after they have gone into the silence of the tomb, as a monument and an example for future generations. It is with this prayer of the psalmist we enter upon our services today, and raise our voices in thankfulness.

One hundred and forty-two years ago, within three months of the first landing of the New England settlers, this church was built and opened the first church where the gospel was preached in all our beloved country, and for more than twenty years the only protestant church in Canada. Since that time what momentous changes have taken place, what struggles and conflicts and revolutions (have come and gone,) but withal this grand old church has stood the test of ages and the original building still stands as a wondrous illustration of the text, "The righteous shall flourish as a palm tree."

The very monuments and tablets which stud the walls tell how much sameness there is in all ages. There are monuments of sailors and soldiers, valiant soldiers of the crown and devout soldiers of the Lord, of the illustrious statesmen Wentworth, Haliburton and Uniacke. Strange to say there is today with two exceptions not a single surviving family to represent those



WE SHALL SHOW YOU THE BEST LINE OF THE SEASON. STYLES NEW. PRICES FAIR.

who were the leaders of the people in the olden time and scarcely more than three names survive to perpetrate their memory. Behind the pulpit is a tablet to the memory of the first protestant bishop of this land and his son the third rector of St. Paul's and the third bishop of this diocese. There is also a beautiful memorial to the distinguished Archbishop Willis at one time rector of this church. The prominent thought this morning should be gratitude to God. Why has St. Paul's been so blessed and so strengthened? The answer is two fold. Fidelity to truth and fidelity to the Church of England. It has always kept the truth of the church and it has had a long line of men, who preached the simple gospel of Christ in its fullness and power; St. Paul's has never been exclusive; it has at all times opened wide its doors and bade the stranger enter of whatever communion or sect he was.

In these republican days many believe the mission of the Church of England is over. There are three reasons why it is destined to be permanent.

First—The church is apostolic and scriptural.

Second—She is democratic and admirably fitted to be the church of the people.

Third—She is practical.

The Church of England does not occupy the position she should. She has been cold, dead, selfish; she has introduced ceremonies which do not belong to her and she has looked aslant on those outside her doors. If she had been true to her faith and her creed she would today stand in her right place. I believe God intended this church, the first planted in our land, to be first in doctrine, first in faith, and first in the hearts of the people.

Oh, would that day soon come, when all would be united, not in that union, which would place the Church of Rome on one side and the Protestant Church on the other, but rather that truer union in which all could gather round a common centre—one faith, one Lord, one baptism.

Brave Ladies of Vienna.

The tyranny of la mode de Paris, and propose to set the fashions in future for themselves. Why, they question with reason, should we wear a particular color or a special cut, because Parisian milliners say it is the proper thing? There seems to be widespread discontent, not to say revolution, in this respect in fashion's realm. Only Parisian women are servile imitators of the mode, wear unquestioningly what the mysterious or dit of the oracle commands. In London French fashions are modified until scarcely recognizable to their own designers. Particularly is this true among American women, whose skill in the adaptation and manipulation of modes to suit various styles of beauty is quite equal to the fertility of French invention, and results in an originality, individuality, and harmony in dress unknown even at Paris.