

THE MODEST MAN'S COW.

IT VISITS A WIRE FACTORY WITH CURIOUS RESULTS.

What the Modest Man did About It—His Ingenious Device to Enable the Cow to Walk—Mack Dee Tells the Story Without Mentioning Names.

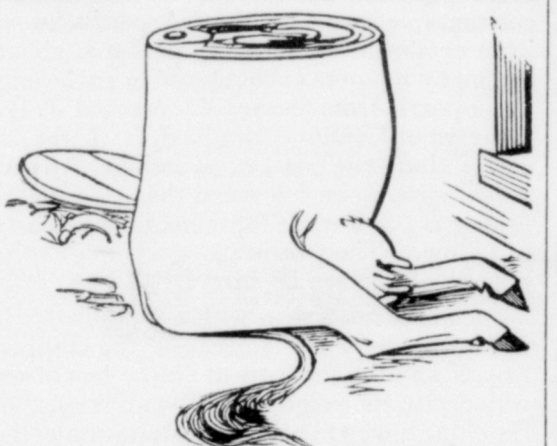
A New Glasgow man is in luck, but his natural modesty and inobtrusiveness of character deter him from reaping the full benefit of his good fortune. He hates anything bordering on notoriety, but by the exercise of a little persuasive eloquence and by dint of cross-questioning I wormed the story out of him, which at first blush seems almost incredible. I am under a strict and distinct promise to suppress his name and being a man who prides myself on my truthfulness will stand solemnly by my compact. What is a man's life worth anyway particularly a poor man like myself whose veracity is impugned. He becomes a prey to an outraged conscience and a bye word to be scoffed at by a giddy world.

Story telling is not my stronghold, but I will endeavor to relate this, holding nothing back except the man's name as for reasons aforesaid.

This man, whose name I suppress, was the owner of a very handsome cow of the Alderney tribe. She stood four feet in her stockings at that time and was a kind

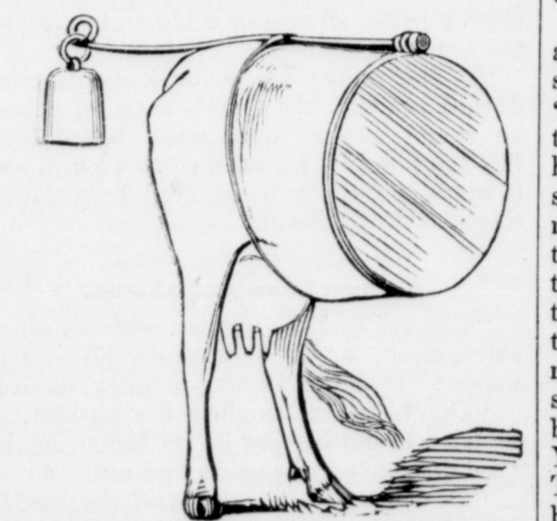
and considerate cow and a great milker and had withal an enquiring turn of mind. One day in the pursuit of her ordinary vacation she roamed to the vicinity of the wire factory and stepped through a loop of wire that hung through an open window. When she was exactly half way through the machinery started, and the wire suddenly tightened, and that cow was cleft in twain as clean cut as a hemlock log by a cross-cut saw. The hind end fell backwards and sat there like a piece of bread, butter side up, but the forward half all went to pieces. The owner (whose name I suppress) happened by, just then, and grasping the situation, and the head of a puncheon that lay conveniently near, laid it carefully on top of the cut, pulled the skin up nicely and after tacking it put a hoop around the puncheon head and the butt end of the cow at the same time.

Then he buried the front half, and when he returned he found that the blood had



"THE HIND PART FELL BACKWARD."

coagulated, and, with a little assistance, he managed to get her on her feet, or at least on her two remaining feet. But here a new dilemma arose; her feet were too near one end to preserve a proper equilibrium, but being a man of resources he overcame the difficulty by fastening a rod along her back by girths and allowing it to project about two feet past the root of her tail, and to this he adjusted a weight which balanced the cow, or what he managed to save of her. A little careful practice learned her to walk, although never so gracefully as with the four feet, being more of a waddle exactly like a duck. Not until a week or so later did it dawn on him what a treasure he had secured. You see, not having any mouth or stomach, she did not require food, a great desideratum in a poor man's cow; and, after the first shock, the diminution of milk was hardly perceptible. She had no tell-tale horns to give away her age or appraise her of the time she might reasonably be expected to give up all interest in sublimity things and snug things up preparatory to giving us a last adieu, hence she might live for



"WITH A WEIGHT NICELY ADJUSTED," ages and retain perennial youth. Then her tail, that in former times could not knock a fly off her ear; now in the absence of other members grew quite important and put on considerable airs, whisked around continually and would not allow a fly to gain even a foothold, and had the cow, or at least what remained intact of her, under complete control.

By raising her body erect the end of the rod would touch the ground, and for hours she would stand like a three-legged stool with the puncheon lid, on which hair had, grown, as a centre table. For a long time he did not know what use he could make of her when she took those dreamy and abstracted fits, but his wife, the man said, whose name I suppress, conceived the idea of setting her bread to rise on it as the temperature was about right.

The man said, whose name I suppress, that she was admirable adapted for a poor man's cow, requiring no pasturage. Once she wandered away and walked into the pound, and the keeper came with tears in his eyes and begged him to take her away, and in order to facilitate the matter offered

him five dollars if he would get her away quick. The pound man said that his dog was in convulsions in the off corner of the pound, while the entire family were huddled in the cellar awaiting his return. He said that a cow that was so foreshortened as that one was made him long to die and get out of the immediate reach of such innovations.

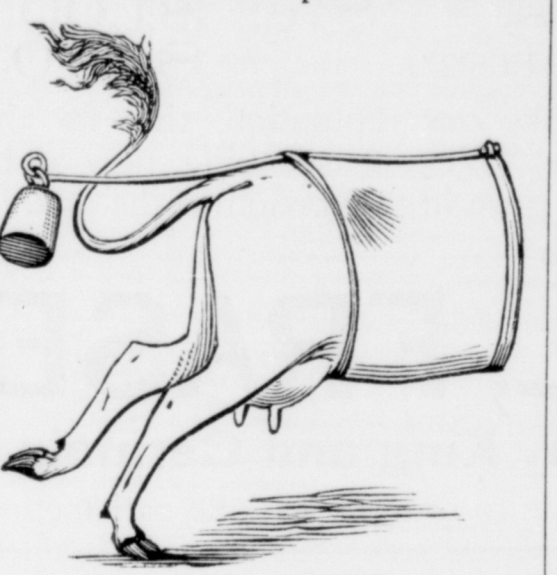
He said (the man said, whose name I suppress) that the only difficulty he



"LIKE A THREE-LEGGED STOOL."

encountered was that in some of her festive moods, she would gambol indiscriminately around and trip up and fall flat on the puncheon lid while the rod would stick straight up in the air and her hind feet, in fact the only live feet she had would fly around like a windmill.

Of course he said the (man said whose name I suppress) that having so much time on her hands, or rather on her feet, she was subject to long fits of abstraction and despondency. She would grow moody and thoughtful and would lean up against the fence and ruminate and wonder if she had not lived in some other sphere or if she had



"ON THE GAMBOLE."

a better half what in thunder had ever become of it. Why don't you give her to some dime museum or show people? I asked; but the look of pain that swept over his face and his evident horror of notoriety made us sorry that we ever asked the question. His last words as he wrung my hand at parting was a pathetic request to suppress his name.

Mack Dee.
New Glasgow, N. S.

THE AUTHOR OF "COMRADES."
Felix McGlennon's Success as a Writer of Songs for the Masses.

A good deal of popular interest has been excited in this country recently regarding the authorship of a number of popular songs, including "Comrades," "That is Love," "Oh, What a Difference in the Morning" and others of a similar character. Although, to the highly critical musical mind, these songs are beneath criticism, they have obtained enormous sales, and have done much to lighten the cares of millions of persons. Therefore, it can be said truly that Mr. Felix McGlennon, author of the songs referred to with titles, and of hundreds of other popular songs, is a public benefactor. This young man—he is only 33 years old—is a resident of London. He was born in Glasgow of Irish parentage. He is thoroughly domestic in his tastes and habits, and he possesses a modesty which has not been impaired by his extraordinary successes. He has extraordinary facility in the creation of popular songs. He has occasion frequently to compose an air in the short space of five minutes. He has reduced song writing to a science. Curiously enough, like Stephen Foster, the late Charles A. White, and other noted composers of popular songs, he has a very limited knowledge of the theory of music. He cannot play on any musical instrument. He manages to pick out, with his right hand, on the piano, the air of his inspirations.

"In my youth I came to Manchester, and about twelve years ago began to write songs," he said, in a recent interview. "My first efforts were ballads, and I used to work a good deal in collaboration with high-class Manchester musicians. But I soon learned by experience that it was far more profitable to write for the music halls than for fashionable concerts. About the time I came to this conclusion I went to London and struggled for years there, trying to secure a foothold. But many a time I had to be satisfied with a smoke for dinner. The first song that brought me before the public was 'Three Young Men Who Never Went Astray.' This song is unknown in the United States, but it had a great run in England several years ago. Shortly afterward Tom Costello, then an unknown singer, but now one of the leading variety singers of Great Britain, was engaged to play in a pantomime, and he asked me to write his chief song. I wrote 'His Funeral's Tomorrow.' It was a new departure in music hall songs, the first of the grim humor class. The management was opposed to its being sung, but Tom insisted that it should not be cut out. This threat won him the day. The song saved the pantomime and made Costello a successful man. Costello sang 'Comrades' when it first came out, and his salary was soon raised from an insignificant sum to £30 per week. I soon had offers to write more songs than I could possibly produce. I then looked about and found several able word-writers whose work, though imperfect and unmarketable, was good. I have about half a dozen of them around me, and they write songs which I dress up. That is, I put the finishing touches to them. In this manner I have brought out several pupils who are gradually acquiring reputation. Thus you will see that my study is a veritable song factory."—N. Y. Sun.

LONGEVITY OF MEDICAL MEN.

Irregular Hours and Want of Sleep Breaks Them Down.

The general average of life in persons over twenty is nearly fifty-two years. The average among professional men—ministers, lawyers and doctors—is considerably higher than this: in the case of clergymen sixty, or a little more, and in that of lawyers and medical men about fifty-six and a half years.

It will be seen that doctors lose nearly four years of life as compared with clergymen. This can hardly be due to the greater liability to disease arising from broken rest, irregular meals, bodily fatigue and much responsibility, for the doctor's active life, much of it out of doors, and his special knowledge how to care for himself, must more than compensate for such disadvantages.

The medical man needs more mental diversion. It would be well for him to cultivate flowers, to study some science, or some department of history, literature, or art, or to take up some simple mechanical occupation, to which he could turn from time to time for refreshment.

He really needs more exercise. It would be well for him often to substitute the bicycle for the carriage. He needs more sleep, too—fully seven hours—and as his sleep is often broken in upon at night, he should form the habit of sleeping at odd moments, even by day.

The folly of incessant work is well illustrated by the case of the late brilliant Dr. Golding Bird.

A few months before his death a professional friend, Doctor Routh, had occasion to call on him. The waiting-room was full, and it was three hours before Doctor Routh gained admission. Naturally he made some remark about his friend's great popularity.

"Yes," said Doctor Bird, "you see me, at a little over forty, in full practice, making my several thousand pounds per annum. But I am today a wreck. I have a fatal disease of the heart, the result of anxiety and hard work. I cannot live many months, and my parting advice to you is this:—"

"Never mind at what loss, take your annual six weeks' holiday. It may delay your success, but it will ensure its development. Otherwise you may find yourself at my age a prosperous practitioner, but a dying old man."

The foregoing facts and suggestions may profitably be taken to heart by business men as well as by doctors.—*English Paper.*

How "Soldiering" is Avoided.

In the countries of Europe in which the military conscription exists many tricks are resorted to by conscripts in the effort to escape service. Often men have been known to mutilate themselves, as by cutting off a forefinger, in order to render themselves unfit for the service. Pretended inability to see is exposed by the surgeons without great difficulty, but pretended deafness sometimes baffles the examiners.

A counter-trick on the part of the officers was for some time effective against this fraud. The recruiting officer, after a conscript had pretended to be deaf, remarked in an ordinary tone of voice, "You are unfit for service; you are free." In many cases the recruit showed by evident signs of

HOW TO TELL GOOD WHISKEY.

The Chief Analyst of the Canadian Government Informs the People.

A 43-page pamphlet recently issued by the Inland Revenue department, under the title of "Bulletin No. 27," furnishes information concerning the quality of liquors of such an interesting and valuable character as to make it an excellent guide book for importers, retailers and consumers; and one that should be in the hands of all who desire to know the names of reliable distillers and dealers, and the way to tell high-class liquors from inferior grades. The information contained in the pamphlet is very full, and is presented in a manner that reflects credit on the Laboratory branch of the Inland Revenue department.

On page 41, referring to Scotch Whiskies, the Analyst says:—"These whiskies claim, I believe, to be produced by distillation of malted grain, or a mixture of malted and unmalted grain, in pot-stills. They are characterized when new by the very large amount of so-called 'emphyreumatic oils' which they contain. The new or raw spirit, being quite unfit for use, is aged in wooden vessels, and in the course of time, through the changes which take place, the oils are oxidized or otherwise converted into products which give the characteristic bouquet or flavor to these whiskies."

Page 33 says:—"Any volatile oils present in a liquor are carried over with the vapor of alcohol, and are therefore found in the alcoholic distillate. Such oils are, as a rule, insoluble in water and nearly insoluble in very dilute alcohol. In consequence of this when water is added to the distillate, so that its volume is double that of the liquor distilled, the oils are largely thrown out of solution, and the emulsion so produced becomes decidedly opalescent. In genuine Scotch Whiskey such oils are necessarily present. Grain spirit (alcohol) is free from these oils and gives no opalescence on dilution with water. As rye whiskey is generally made from such spirit we find no opalescence on diluting the distillate from this liquor. Six samples of artificial liquors were produced in the laboratory from patent still spirit and essences. None of the distillates from them gave any opalescence on diluting with water. It is not

satisfaction that he had heard the remark. He was then recalled, told that he had been detected in his fraud, and sent to the barracks.

After a time, however, the conscripts became too wary to be caught in this trap. They had heard of the trick, and were on the lookout for this remark, and when it was uttered they made no sign of intelligence.

Lately the French officers have invented a new "trap," the success of which is a curious illustration of the ingrained courtesy, on the part of Frenchmen of all classes.

After the "You are free" has failed to excite any sign of understanding in the recruit's face, the command to go is shouted at him. He starts out of the room, the door of which is held open by mechanical means. As he passes through it the officer says:—

"You might at least shut the door!" This little unjust impeachment of the man's politeness is said, in nine cases out of ten of pretended deafness, to result in a quick turning of the man's head. He is then called back and told that he has been found fit for the service.

A Japanese Bath.

In hygienic matters the Japanese have everywhere a habit which may have a lesson for us. In their nightly bath and morning wash the water is never cold, never warm, but always hot as it can be borne.

To foreigners this habit seems very surprising, but the most inveterate Englishman, if he stays in the country long enough, abandons his cold tub in its favor. The cold taking which it is suspected must follow it is not found to occur if the water has been hot enough. This heat is maintained by a little furnace beneath the bath.

In the bath the bather or bathers take a prolonged soaking, the washing proper being done on the bath room floor; then follows a second and final soaking, drying with towel, and a lounge in bathing wrapper. This habit seems to promote softness and suppleness of the skin, and by persons inclined to rheumatism is soon found to be altogether preferable to the cold bath in every particular. The poorest of the Japanese hear of a cold bath with amazement, and would be sure the man who used it must be a barbarian.

A TONIC

HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate.

A preparation of the phosphates, that acts as a tonic and food to the exhausted system.

There is nothing like it; gives great satisfaction.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

unlikely where the opalescence is very slight the liquor is essentially an imitation article, to which a proportion of genuine liquor has been added. Since in every case in which a high degree of certainty exists as to the origin of a pot-still liquor a very decided opalescence has been found."

On page 34 of the report the government analyst, in reference to fufural reaction, quotes M. L. Lindet—Ball. de la Societe Chimique de Paris, tome V, p. 20. as follows:—"The presence of fufural in liquor is believed to be due to the charring of portions of the malt (or other material used) during process of distillation." Continuing the analyst says:—"In patent stills, where steam heat only is used, this charring of the contents of the still does not take place, and in the spirit produced fufural is not found. The ageing of the spirit which causes changes in the nature of most of the secondary constituents of spirits, does not apparently affect the fufural, which is present as largely in old as in new pot-still whiskies. (The analyst quotes the foregoing from the evidence of A. H. Allen before the select committee on spirits appointed by the British House of Commons 1891.)

The report furnishes on page 21 a list of the Scotch Whiskies analyzed, with the following results:—

Opalescence on Diluting Distillate.	Fufural Reaction.
Mackie & Co.....Distinct.	Very distinct.
J. B. Sheriff.....Distinct.	Distinct.
Bulloch, Laid & Co.....Slight.	Distinct.
Bernard & Co.....Slight.	Faint.
Donald Stuart.....Slight.	Faint.
Kirker, Greer & Co.....Slight.	Faint.
"Heather Bell" Brand, manufactured in Montreal, Slight.	Faint.
Mitchell's Heather Dew, None.	Faint.
Thom & Cameron.....Distinct.	Very faint.
Artificial Scotch prepared in the Laboratory from Spirits and essences.....None.	None.

Several other brands, shipped by blenders and distillers, whose names do not appear, not having been given the inspectors, are not included in this list. These, however, appear in the report in connection with the vendors' names, and are all ranked as more or less inferior to the highest grade above mentioned.

So that, according to the official report of the laboratory branch of the Inland Revenue department, the highest recognized authority in the Dominion of Canada, MACKIE & Co.'s Scotch stands conspicuously at the head of the whiskey list.—*Adet.*

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. MARK how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash, How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE.



THIS IS THE PICTURE OF A MAN

Whose wife had her lace curtains done at Ungar's. They were so nice and white that he mistook them for something else when he awoke, but his appearance indicates that he needed a fright of some kind. Ungar does up lace curtains to look like new. Not a thread out of place and as square and even as it is possible to make them. Consider the cost of having them done up at Ungar's, and then think of the trouble it is to do them up yourself, and your chances for getting them just right. This is the time when people are making their homes bright and cheerful after moving and house cleaning. Move with the world—send your curtains to Ungar's this week.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 88. Or Halifax: 62 and 64 Granville street. It'll be done right, it done at

UNGAR'S.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN. WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st, 1891.
Cash Capital.....\$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.....236,831 17
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....1,813,903 88
NET SURPLUS.....1,517,079 88
TOTAL ASSETS.....\$5,624,814 73
D. W. C. SKILTON, President.
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NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidentally spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and so great has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairline. IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT. Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury when applied or ever afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for like purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate beard or hair on their neck, find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairline which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Price of Queen's Anti-Hairline \$1. per bottle, sent in safety mailing boxes, postage paid by us (securely sealed from observation). Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with us and you will find everything as represented. Cut this out and send to-day. Address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 174 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can register your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay \$5.00 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed. SPECIAL.—To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairline, we will present with a SILK DRESS, 15 yards best silk. Extra Large Bottle and sample of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents. HOME REFERENCES.—The Lytle Safe and Lock Co., 146 to 150 Water Street; Edwin Alden Advertising Agency, 248 Race Street, and John D. Park & Son Co., Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.