

HE IS FROM DOWN EAST.

THAT IS WHAT IS SAID OF A BAD PEDESTRIAN IN BOSTON.

The Men Who Insist on Keeping to the Left, Just as They Wrongly Do in St. John—A Moral to be Drawn—How the People Appreciated Phillips Brooks.

Boston, Feb. 15—Above the gates at the head of the St. John Ferry floats, there is—or used to be—a notice painted in very large letters. "Keep to the right," it said.

The same advice is posted in a hundred different public places in Boston, but here it means something—something that Progress has been trying to impress upon the people for a number of years, namely, that people should keep to the right of the sidewalk when walking along.

But St. John people don't do it. They invariably keep to the left, and when a stranger strikes the city and attempts to get along a crowded thoroughfare, he usually has to do some dodging and apologizing and all that sort of thing.

It is the rule, and I presume the law, for drivers to keep to the left, on the streets, and any attempt on the part of a teamster to encroach on the territory of the team coming the other way is vigorously objected to. It may be that the people think they should keep to the left because the horses do, but at any rate it is the popular thing to do in St. John, and I remember that when the notice was first displayed on the terry floats there were some doubts as to whether it referred to the side of the walk, or was put up by the Ferrymen's Christian Association as a piece of good advice for the benefit of all concerned.

Judging from past events the notice has been totally disregarded in both respects.

Here in Boston everybody keeps to the right, so far as walking and driving are concerned, but in other respects they are no better, and perhaps not as good as St. John people, when the immoral epidemic breaks out.

There is a little sermon in the sign, which might go a long way in keeping a great truth before the people, and, at the same time, bring the city into line with other places, in regard to sidewalk and street travel. Keeping to the left comes natural to a person after awhile, just the same as Canadian-French does to the people of Quebec, and when he gets abroad a man is spotted just as easily by the edge of the sidewalk he takes as he is by the language or "twang" he speaks.

My attention was called to this on Washington Street the other day while talking to a Nova Scotian. A young man whom neither of us knew was coming along. Every time he tried to get past a crowd he turned to the left, and then endeavored to get along on that edge of the sidewalk.

"That fellow is from the provinces," was the remark passed, and sure enough he was, as we learned afterward.

It is force of habit, nothing else.

Here drivers of teams take the right side of the street. So do pedestrians, and if one wants to board an electric he must get on the right side or climb over a wire fence.

The people "keep to the right," in one respect, at least.

In St. John, however, it seems to be the grand idea to get things of this nature mixed up. The fact that a horse and team must keep to the left while the law says that pedestrians must keep to the right, is on a par with the multitudinous time under which the people try to govern themselves, and which is one of the great features of the country from the tourists point of view; for all whom I have met since I came here have remarked it.

Last week I made some reference to the way in which memorial and monument funds started, and then dropped out of existence, with an incidental allusion to the Fred Young Monument.

The collection for the Bishop Brooks memorial taken in Trinity church last Sunday, however, has proved another instance of the way people will respond to a popular call. Nearly \$24,000 was laid on the collection plates at the morning service. Some of the contributions went as high as \$5,000, and on the same plate many one dollar bills, but this was only another incident showing the popularity of the man with all classes. They gave according to their means. The entire memorial fund is now about \$45,000.—R. G. LARSEN.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE "HAWAII."

Pecculiarities of the Sandwich Islands Language Sounds.

"How do you pronounce the name of the island kingdom which wants to be annexed to the United States?" is a question frequently propounded and variously answered nowadays, says the N. Y. Sun. The most commonly accepted pronunciation, and the one authorized by Lippencott's, Worcester's, Webster's, and the Century's dictionaries, is, for the principal island of the group, "Hah-wi-e," the second syllable accented, and the "i" pronounced as in "pine." The same question was once asked of a high-caste Hawaiian lady, well educated in her own and the English language. See answered:

"The proper pronunciation is Hah-vah-e. The 'h' is no 'w' in our alphabet, and no letter nor combination of letters which take the sound of the 'w' as in the English. The missionaries who first translated our language found it difficult to pronounce or express the sound which is, to my ear, correctly conveyed by the letter 'v' softened

and made full. Our 'a' is pronounced broad, as you pronounce it in 'fall,' and our 'i' is like the English 'e.' The rule is to pronounce every vowel, and as the exception to the rule does not affect the double 'i,' you will see that the word is 'Hah-vah-e-e.'

These are the twelve letters in the Hawaiian language, with their pronunciation: A (ah), e (a), i (e), o (oh), h (hay), k (kay), l (lah), m (moo), n (noo), p (pay), v (vay). There is no sound of 'r,' as in the English language, except where 'ai' follows 'w,' or as the Hawaiian lady would insist, 'v.' There is a great difference in the language as spoken by the high and low caste Hawaiians. The low caste speak with a succession of explosive, staccato gutturals: the high caste with a liquid flow that makes it a beautiful language. The insistence upon the 'v' instead of the 'w' sound is considered, even by some of the well educated and all of the uneducated, as something of an affectation, and one hears 'Hah-vah-e-e' on the islands, instead of 'Hah-wah-e,' about as often as 'valse' instead of 'vase' in American society.

GARDENING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

The Very Extraordinary Experience of a Lighthouse Keeper.

In the middle of the narrow straits of Belle Isle between Newfoundland and Labrador, stands weird, desolate Belle Isle itself, the first land sighted on the grewsome coast. There is a lighthouse on its southern headland, but no other sign of human habitation. The island is simply a tremendous monolith of stone miles long and three broad, rising precipitously from the sea at the outer entrance of the strait, with not an iota of verdure upon its iron-like sides and top. I once sailed close enough to Belle Isle in a little schooner, to supply its hardy keeper with a few newspapers and some comforting American tobacco which prompted this reminiscence from the skipper of our craft.

"Yes," he said ruminatively, "only once a year any government vessel lands there; and the storms are so terrible that every time we sailors pass we dread to look up there, fearing the light 'us' 'll be blown away. How hard does the wind blow? Well, I can't rightly give ye the velocity, but I can furnish facts. Twenty years ago—'n' I well remember him—a keeper named Vaughn had charge of the light. He got sort o' hankerin' arter green things. Awful foolish; but twus hard to git any body to stay there at all, so they lowed his scheme for a garding. They took 'hull boat-loads of soil up there 'n' made him a garding 'n acre big. Nothin' would grow on it, but he liked to dig in it, prob'ly. One evenin' a whirlin' sort of storm riz, 'n' sorter kept risin' all night. When Vaughn poked his head out in the mornin' he couldn't see the garding nowhere. He didn't know at fust but he was a leetle confused hisself, an' climbed back an' took his bearin's; but ther' was no garding nowhere certain. That tornader had just yanked up the hull site an' spilled it all over th' 'Lantic. Vaughn had sperit, he did. He wouldn't stand that. So he threw up the job an' took to 'shovin' seals."

A few years since I found a lighthouse keeper in still greater misfortune than the Belle Isle keeper who lost his garden. This was while coasting among the Bahama Islands. It was at Double Shot Head keys at the edge of the grand banks of Bahama, which you would pass, were you crossing the banks Cubaward, as you entered the Gulf of Mexico. It is a dangerous spot in navigation, low, ugly-looking, dreary, and juts out of the sea savagely. The English government has a lighthouse here. A half-dozen men who make salt, and the lighthouse keeper and his wife, are the only souls who have existed here for a score of years.

The woman is a character. In England she was such a shrew that the government finally took cognizance of her powers of home and neighborhood ruin and provided her husband, who was a lighthouse-keeper on the Devonshire coast, with this forlorn and isolated charge. The woman is forty incarnate fiends. Besides, she is a pirate in her way. Alone and unaided she will haunt the channel for merchant craft plying between Cuba and American ports, demanding tribute. Skippers have a wholesome fear of her tongue and a superstitious dread of her "evil eye," and will humbly toss her pork, beef, sacks of onions or potatoes and the like, glad to thus easily escape her wrath and the maledictions. Her husband is an humble prisoner and slave. Several half-courts but altogether ridiculous attempts to rescue him have been made by wreckers and others haunting the Florida and Bahama reefs and keys, and in each instance this virago of double-shot head keys has nearly clubbed them to death for their pains.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Smart Man or Smart Liar.

The recent cold weather recalls to Capt. Lewis, of Woodlords, that about 25 years ago, there was a similar cold snap and that one day when the mercury was 15 below zero he arrived on the Woolwich side of the river at Bath, to take the ferry across. The ferry slip was filled with ice and the ferry-boat could approach only to the edge of the ice which was frozen from the shore for about a hundred yards. A plank was lowered from the deck to the ice and Capt. Lewis was the first to step upon it. It slipped and he was thrown into the icy water among the ice cakes. A swift tide was running. He was rescued with great difficulty by three men making a rope of their bodies, and was drawn out grasping the leg of one of them. There was a small house on the shore. He rushed into it. The woman was washing and a bedroom adjoined the kitchen. He removed all his clothing therein and handed the different articles to her. She wrung them as dry as possible with her hands. He put them on in their damp condition, gave the woman a dollar, and caught the same boat, it all happening in five minutes. He took the train at Bath and sat beside the stove, steaming all the way home. He did not catch cold or feel any ill effect from his unusual and unnecessary rashness.—Portland Transcript.

MAY TAKE FIRST PLACE.

SOMETHING ABOUT A LIGHT IN THE LITERARY FIRMAMENT.

Walter L. Sawyer Discusses the Past, Present and Future of Will N. Harben, a Notable Southern Author—He May Write the Coming New England Novel.

The critics and others who are interested in authors are especially busy at present with the name of Mr. Will N. Harben, whose third novel has just been sent out by the Arena Publishing Co. Mr. Harben is a Georgian by birth, but he is no stranger to Boston. His tall slender figure and intellectual face, each as Southern as the type, have become pleasantly familiar to our literary people since he joined the Youth's Companion editorial staff, more than a year ago; and his winning personality has completed the work which his genius had begun, of attaching to him a host of earnest, admiring friends.

The average literary man has to wait as well as work for success, and the sober truth about Mr. Harben's career reads like romance. Up to five years ago he had never written for publication. After he left college he engaged successfully in business. The study of German led him to try translating, and from this he began, in fear and trembling, to write short stories. His very first efforts were welcomed by Joel Chandler Harris and the late Henry W. Grady, and printed in the Atlantic Constitution; and northern editors were no less



cordial. The Independent, Youth's Companion, Current Literature, The Arena and other standard periodicals published his work and asked for more. By this time he had been encouraged to believe that he was capable of more sustained effort. A striking short story which he had contributed to the Youth's Companion—and which had drawn out hundreds of admiring or furious letters, gave him his theme. "White Marie" was the result.

Mr. Harben is so far a realist that all his studies of character are based on experience. "White Marie," which was issued by the Cassell Publishing Co., in October 1889, was the story of a white slave who once belonged to the author's family. The measure of Mr. Harben's originality (and courage) is shown by the fact that he was the first Southern writer who treated the "slavery question" from the standpoint of Southern fact and logic. A weak man would never have dared the experiment; but Mr. Harben's insight was so keen, his reasoning so profound and his deductions so sympathetic and truthful that the South and North alike were moved by his book. The Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Tribune joined to praise it!

In January, 1890, appeared Mr. Harben's second novel, "Almost Persuaded." His subject was, opinion and practice—the contrast between theological dogma and personal character. Of this, as of "White Marie," one might say that none but a strong man could safely have written it. Had it not been so sincere, it would have been denounced as blasphemous. It trod to the quick. It touched the great problems of life with a radical, though essentially reverent hand. It fixed a broad gulf between the things we know and them that we only hope. And yet its conclusions were so full of cheer, so brave and at the same time so tender, that one of the first of our critical authorities called it "an eloquent sermon, an earnest, heart-touching lesson, an intensely interesting, brilliant and fascinating book."

Previous to the publication of "White Marie," Mr. Harben had found it necessary, in order to make use of his opportunities, to remove to New York. In September, 1891, as already noted, he came to Boston to take a responsible position on the Youth's Companion staff. In New York, Boston and at his old home in Dalton, Georgia, his third novel has been written.

"A Mute Confessor: the Romance of a Southern Town," is the title of this book, which has just been issued by the Arena Publishing Company of Boston. It proves that Mr. Harben's field is widening,—that he can tell a dainty and graceful love story as well as debate a social problem or a case of conscience. "A Mute Confessor" has an intricate and reasonable plot. Its character studies of the impoverished but refined Southern family, the wavering and doubtful Northern visitor, the proud, yet gracious and most lovable heroine, are keen, colorful and human. One at least of the situations, the rescue from the precipice, in chapter V., thrills and stirs the reader above almost any recent realistic writing. There is humor in the story, that drolly-petich humor of the negro, which Mr. Harben so masterfully interprets; there is pathos, also, the appeal which a misunderstood, neglected woman makes to one's best sympathy; and in knowledge and insight and the flawless taste of the artist can make a popular novel. "A Mute Confessor" will be one of the season's successes.

There was a time, and not so many years ago, when it seemed certain that the "Great American Novel" would be written by a New Englander. We of this section felt that we monopolized the literary force of the nation; and even Mr. Howells' coming out of the West might not have served to undeceive us—since he promptly became a Bostonian. His followers have, however, taught us better, and the men of the new

South have perfected the lesson. We know now, that the crown of the future may belong to Richard Harding Davis of New York, or to Hamlin Garland of Wisconsin, or to Will N. Harben of Georgia. —Walter Leon Sawyer in the Weekly Journalist.

CHATHAM HAS DOGS.

A Traveller Gives an Idea of Their Variety and Abundance.

I have nothing to say about Chatham as a place, other than that the people are kind to a fault, and desire to entertain in every way possible; but let me tell you if you want a dog, or have lost one, then go to Chatham.

I have travelled for years, and over most of the Continent; I have been at dog shows galore, and thought I had seen all the varieties, but, have been agreeably disappointed—I say agreeably disappointed, advisably because I am very fond of a dog, man's most faithful friend.

They have every kind of a dog right there in Chatham. Dogs with tails, and dogs without tails, and thereby hangs a tale; dogs with only the tip of tail gone, and others with assorted tails, mostly with white tips; brown dogs, gray dogs, speckled dogs,—just as if an ink-bottle had been fired at them from a bedroom window; black dogs, curled and plain hair; bronze dogs, fawn-colored dogs; and dogs with all the colors of the rainbow upon their hides; affectionate dogs, and independent dogs; rude dogs and well-behaved dogs.

In conversation with one of the respected residents of the place, he stated that each man, boy and girl of the place had a dog, otherwise they were not noticed by the best families, but I have a scene in my mind that I would like to express nicely on paper. Most of the boys who own dogs and they are legion, harness the same to sleighs or cutters in all shapes and forms. Not content with the roads of the town, they make use of the sidewalks for a trotting track, frequently at the immediate danger of tossing over pedestrians.

Two boys were going at a 3.22 gait along the main sidewalk of the town, dogs sleighs and all in full cry. I jumped into the road and followed with my eye, thus witnessing the finish a dead heat. The boys were heated and likewise the dogs and a regular pitch battle took place between said dogs. In a shorter time than I can express it, the street was full of dogs and boys and they had a high old time.

Conversing with this same resident he stated that he had spoken to those in authority about the matter, but no notice or steps had been taken to reduce the number of dogs, three fourths of which were unlicensed.

The tax is \$1 a year, but when the collectors come around a good part of the inhabitants that own dogs, generally send them out to the country for a week's holiday, and then bring them in again after the collector had gone his rounds.

If the Chicago World's Fair wishes an assortment of dogs, I know of no better place than Chatham in which to secure an assortment. ALONZO ABBY.

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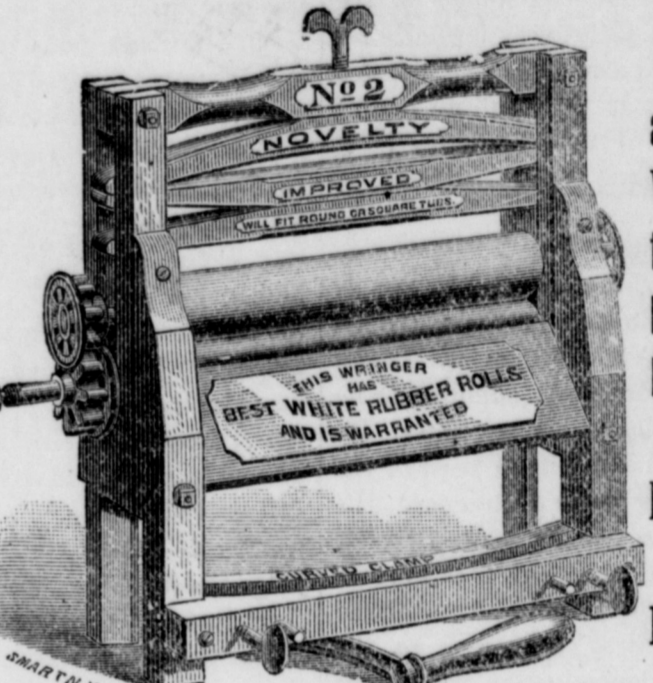
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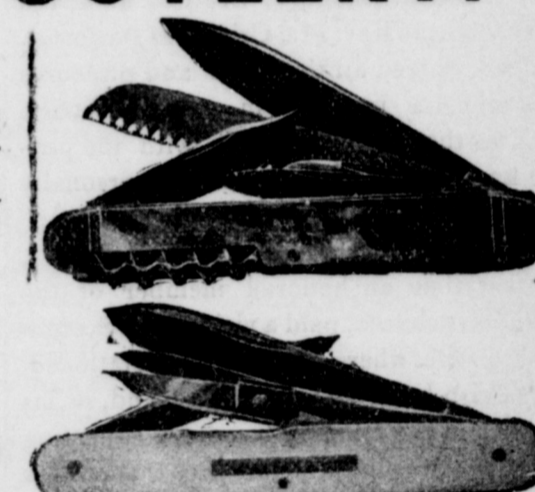
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THE LAND AND PREMISES DESCRIBED as follows:—"All the certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying, and being in the Parish of Lancaster County, Province, etc. aforesaid, known and distinguished as being part of that Certain Lot, No. 19, in Block Thirty, and granted from the Crown to Archibald Jamieson, and bounded as follows, to wit, on the east by lands granted to John Patchell; on the west by lands owned by John White; in the north by lands owned by Robert and John Kennedy, and on the south by the public Highway, leading from Nerepis Road to St. Andrews Road, said lot containing by estimation one hundred and forty acres, more or less, and demised by the aforesaid Archibald Jamieson in his last will and testament to the said Eliza Jamieson. Together with all and singular the privileges and appurtenances to the same, belonging or appertaining." A. D. 1893. Dated this 21st day of January, A. D. 1893. WILLIAM A. BECKETT, Executor. S. B. BUSTIN, Proctor. GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

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