

OVER BOSTON COMMON.

SHALL THE CARS TRESPASS ON THIS CHERISHED SPOT?

The Question that Has Been Agitating Conservative Residents of the Hub—A Prospect that Sentiment Will Yield to the Demands of the Times.

BOSTON, Feb. 7.—Between 5 and 6 o'clock every evening, Tremont street from School to Boylston street presents the greatest array of street cars seen anywhere in America. It is the great centre of Boston street car traffic.

For Boston's business streets are narrow, and it would cost more money than the tax payers could stand to widen one of them. Yet in the heart of the city is the Common, with its trees and monuments, the great breathing spot of which all Boston is proud.

The street railway company have been hankering after the common for a long time, and the schemes put forward have been considered again and again, but there has always been a decided opposition.

Here in Boston, however, the people who want the common to remain the "people's heritage," are up in arms before any action is taken; they do not wait until the earth is opened and relies of the past begin to be handled by unceremonious men, nor do they arise in the night and undo the work of the day before.

A large advertisement in the Sunday papers with "save the common, the people's birthright," in large letters, calling upon the citizens to attend a meeting of the committee on rapid transit to protect their rights from the despoiling hand of the West end street railway company.

It is said, however, that the number of people who look upon the common as something akin to holy ground has dwindled down to a small minority, and that the probabilities for the near future are that electric cars will be running beneath the trees from Park Square to Brimstone corner.

So many great men have died recently that it is hard to take up a paper without running across something about them in the way of reminiscences, suggestions or perhaps a fund of one kind or another. About the first thing suggested after a prominent man dies is to build a monument to his memory, and if all the suggestions made recently were acted the monument nuisance would be as unbearable as the telegraph, telephones and electric light poles epidemic of which America is the victim and of which St. John has had more than his share.

These suggestions, however, are made in the spur of the moment, while enthusiasm is at fever heat, and in places where subscription lists have been started it is amusing to see the sum total of the amounts received after weeks of agitation. A few dollars. It is enough to make the dead turn over in their graves with shame, yet the work goes on until it falls through and nobody ever hears about it. There are few instances in which public enthusiasm, and admiration has reached such a point as it did during the few months preceding that eventful day when Fred Young lost his life in Courtenay Bay. The subscription started then was a popular one; all were filled with admiration for the boy, who, almost unknown, while he lived, had by one heroic deed, endeared himself to his fellow men, and made the city anxious to pay tribute to him.

Yet here we have men whose names were known the world over, and for years had been in every mouth, who had served their country, in battle and in legislative halls, or had done good deeds innumerable, devoted a life to making people better, happier, and prosperous and yet when the inevitable monument, or memorial fund is started, how slow the subscriptions come in—how soon people forget.

Charles Dickens probably was blessed with a look into the future before he died, for he particularly requested that no monument be built to his memory. And yet, only a few weeks ago I read of an agitation or something or other, going on in England to erect a monument to Dickens.

Queer isn't it? R. G. LARSEN.

A Remarkable Canal.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England. It is sixteen miles long and underground from one end to the other. In that section of Great Britain the coal mines are very extensive, more than half the country being undermined. Many years ago the managers of

the Duke of Bridgewater's estates thought that they could save money by transporting the product of the mines underground; therefore the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used on this unique waterway, the motive power being furnished by men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with cross timbers, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the loads of coal and push with their feet against the wooden supports of the roof.

IT WAS DREADFULLY COLD.

Mosquito Netting Was no Protection From the Frost.

"I never like to speak of cold weather in the far west," said the man with the bear-skin overcoat, "as people who have not been out there have no idea of it, and are inclined to discredit my statements."

We hastened to assure him that we would place explicit confidence in every thing he said, and he presently continued:

Well, this was up in Pembina four years ago. At noon the 14th of January it began to grow cold and by ten o'clock at night it was—

"Did you say 60 degrees below zero?" queried one of the passengers as the other stopped short.

"No; I did not mention how the thermometer stood. Gentlemen I want to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and yet I know you won't believe me."

"Oh, yes, we will. We know that it gets awfully cold up there in midwinter. Did it go to 70 the night you refer to?"

"Gentlemen, it was a cold night. It was a polar wave sweeping up from Hudson's Bay. I had a spirit thermometer hanging by the door, and so there could be no mistake. At 9 o'clock I looked at the thermometer, and my hair stood up."

"Good gracious! but may it be showed 90 below!" gasped the passenger with the bad cigar.

"I hate to tell—really I do," said the Westerner as he looked around. "If I give you the honest figures you'll be disappointed, even if you don't call me a liar."

"No, we won't!" called three or four men in chorus.

"You want the truth, eh?"

"We do. At 9 o'clock you looked at the thermometer, and your hair stood up. Now, then, what degrees of cold did it show? Don't be afraid to spit it right out."

"Well, gentlemen, as I'm a living man, and on the honor of an American citizen, it was 9 degrees below zero—yes, almost 10—and had a man attempted to sleep outdoors with only a piece of mosquito netting over him he'd have been frosted to death sure!"

There was a long, sad silence, and then everybody mentally sized the old man up for the biggest liar in America.—Ex.

Declined with Thanks.

A Welshman sued a fellow-countryman for money owing to him. The debtor repeatedly offered to work off the debt, but this offer did not seem to suit the taste of the creditor.

At last, when he summoned the man, the judge asked him the reason for his unwillingness to accept the debtor's offer to "work off the debt."

His reply was, "Why, you see, your honour, the man's an undertaker!"

Electors of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— Fair food for deep reflection, Is the Majority election, So I crave your kind permission to invite A reminiscent sonnet, Which gives my views upon it, And I'll tell you what I think in black and white.

I think the present Mayor Is inclined to be a "stayer," And intends again to offer for the place, Tho' 'tis claimed he did affirm That he favored no third term, But that was when he ran a former race.

His Worship should endeavor, To be consistent ever, And never should "go back" on what he said; And fill his lofty station With true self abnegation, Nor should he in the paths of "fibbers" tread.

To his credit—Mr Peters "Sits on" those civic bleaters, Who talk so long, so often, 'tho not bland, And chokes their prolix gushing By deciding points from "Cushing," Which the orators don't fully understand.

A statesman forced to clamber, From Blair's closed upper chamber, A gifted chieftain, of the tribe of Jones, Shouts out "for Mayor I'm coming," And his virtues keeps upsumping In sonorous and most emphatic tones.

'Tis said, "he is a square man, And makes a first-rate chairman," Tho' of him are whispered legends which seem queer About some fabled gravel— How fast such stories travel— Which "His Honor" is delighted not to hear.

Mr. Henry Lawrence Sturdee, Don't think it would absurd to place him on the highest civic plane; 'Tis known his friends will rally, And by all means swell his tally A splendid North End victory to gain.

When met any day now His smile is full of play now, And his manner is intensely suave and sweet; He does speak to his neighbor, The hard-fisted son of labor, Tho' once he only spoke to the elite.

Mr. Samuel Tait is prosing, And before the public posing, As one who'll take the office without puff, Provided he's elected— Which is of course expected— He'll run the civic circus by himself.

For years he represented Duke's ward, but ne'er invented A measure that was sensible or new, But lately he's grown warm And is shouting for reform, And talks of making changes not a few.

He'll quash the toll collectors At the ferry, and Directors Smith and Wisely he'll displace; and it seems clear He'll be a Mayor worth having For he will effect a saving Of some fifty thousand dollars in a year.

I offer, on this question, To the voters, this suggestion: Drop the quartette now aspiring to the "chair," If you want low taxation, And real civic reformation, Then elect some clever lady as your Mayor.

A REFORMER. St. John, N. B., Feb. 7, 1893.

SCOTCHMEN AND WHISKEY.

Modern Days Have Brought a Change—A Characteristic Anecdote.

I am inclined to believe that the drinking prowess of Scotchmen has been greatly exaggerated, says Edgar L. Wakeman. Scotch literature, especially that portion giving expression to Scotch life and customs of a century ago, is certainly full of the humor and pathos of drunkenness. Perhaps Scotch men were drinkers of valor then; but there is not a more moderate and well ordered people today. The old drinking-bouts of the clan chiefs, and, later, of the small nobility and country notables, are no more. From the great St. Andrew feasts down through the countless grades of social festival and cheer to the simple heart-lightening of the fisher-folk, beside the wild sea-lochs, who were once almost savage in their thirst for strong drink, guzzling and drunkenness are almost unknown. "Tay"—and ocean of this—the cup that cheer but not inebriates has almost universally displaced the fiery usquebaugh of old.

If a fondness for liquor lingers in Scotland as a class peculiarity, it still holds among those "children of the mist," those impetuous, canny, though ever winsome Highlanders of the North. In my wanderings among them I have found one curious characteristic. They were born religious disputants. Warm up the cockles of their hearts with a drop of peat whiskey, and they are masters of polemics. It is then that they will stoutly assert that Adam spoke Gaelic and that the Bible was originally written in Gaelic. As a Highland clergyman of Strathglass once told me: "One glass makes them doctrinal enthusiasts and two sets them expounding every point upon 'Justification,' 'Adoption' and 'Sanctification' in an ecstasy of argumentative frenzy."

Many anecdotes are still related in the north of Scotland concerning the drinking habits of the Highlanders. One old Highlander had been brought to his death-bed from exposure and hard drinking. His tearful family and the minister stood by his bedside praying for some token of repentance in his last moments. The minister, noticing a strange light in his eyes, bent over him and eagerly enquired: "Sandy, Sandy, what is the greatest wish of your soul?"

"For a mighty Loch Lommond of whiskey!"

The minister was staggered, but almost pitifully continued his entreaty with, "But what is the second? Oh, mon, mon, remember eternity!"

"Oh, ay, guid meenister," gasped Sandy, faintly: "for—another—Loch—Lommond—o'—whiskey!"

NOT QUITE SATISFIED.

The Inquisitive Traveller Had One More Question to Ask.

"Goin' far, mister?"

They were in a third-class compartment of one of the expresses running from London to Liverpool. The question was asked by a long-nosed, thin-lipped man with pointed chin, scanty whiskers, a slouch hat, and a hungry expression of countenance. He was resting his feet on the opposite seat of the carriage, which seat was partly occupied by a passenger in a grey check suit. The passenger addressed turned partly round and took a look at his questioner.

"Yes, I am going to Crewe," he replied. "My business there is to sell four shares of bank stock, dispose of my interest in a farm of eighty acres, ten miles from the town, and invest the proceeds in a clothing establishment. I am from St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. I got into the train there at 9.35 this morning. It was forty-five minutes behind time. My ticket from Euston cost me 15s. 2d. Had my breakfast about an hour ago. Paid 1s. 6d. for it. This cigar cost me 3d., or five a shilling. I have been a smoker about thirteen years. My name is Thomas Williams. I am thirty-nine years old, have a wife and four children, and am a member of the Congregational Church. I was formerly a chemist, but sold out to a man named Treadway, and I am not in any business now. I am worth, perhaps, £2,000. My father was a cooper, and my grandfather was a sea-captain. My wife's name was Carr before I married her. Her father was a surveyor. The children have all had the mumps, chicken-pox and measles. When I reach Crewe I expect to stop at an hotel."

He stopped. The long-nosed man regarded him a moment with interest, and then asked, in a dissatisfied way: "What did your great-grandfather do for a living?"

The Latest Beauty Device.

The patent office the other day granted a patent on a device worthy of the ancient Greeks. It is a system of finger tapering and joint-reducing bands. The idea is to make thimble-like shaped bands of thin and flint aluminum in sets of various sizes to fit the fingers and thumbs, and, by wearing them at night, gradually produce the slender and tapering digits so much admired by the fashionable half of the world. The aluminum bands are provided with rings, which are crowded down on the outside, so as to compress the fingers and drive the blood back to any desired state of diminutiveness. The letters patent do not state whether the use of the new device is attended with pain or not. It is said these bands have been thoroughly tested by several of the best known ladies of fashion in Washington and New York, and they speak of them in the highest terms of praise. The leading merchant in cosmetics and toilet articles in Chicago is forming a stock company to buy the patent and become the finger taperer at the World's Fair. The patentee says his idea will go like wildfire, as have so many other inventions to produce beauty, and he thinks his patent is worth at least \$50,000.

An Anecdote of Royalty.

Princess May was driving along the Barnes road a couple of weeks ago, when she met a coster who was thrashing his donkey unmercifully, kicking the wretched animal in the mouth, and talking to him in choice Billingsgate. The Princess stopped

her carriage and ordered her footman to disarm the coster (I was going to write "the brute," but I was afraid some hard-hearted person might think I was alluding to the donkey.) The footman descended figuratively to "kick" the coster, who turned on him and gave him a taste of his mind demanding, at the same time, the name of the "woman" with a view to summons her. So H. R. H. obliged him with her card. When the coster saw it was a real live Princess who was interested in saving poor Jack's hide he fell on his knees and swore "so 'elp me taters, as I never'll tan 'im again," and touching his "cady" respectfully, he parted from Princess May, who pleaded with a passing policeman to "let him go, and sin no more." But since then the "Amersmith coster" has never tired telling of his interview with royalty, and his trade has much increased thereby. The most delightful characteristic about all our royal people is their divine humanity, their abhorrence of cruelty to animals, and their incessant promulgation of the gospel of mercy to the great, oppressed, pathetic dumb world.

A Question of Equal Weapons.

An Irish soldier having killed, with a stab of his bayonet, a dog that made a furious attack upon him, was cited by the owner of it before a magistrate, who asked him how he could have taken the life of his canine assailant?

The soldier having answered that he had done so in self-defence, the man of authority said—

"But you should have made use of the butt-end of your rifle and not the point of your bayonet."

"Yes, I would certainly have done so, please your worship," replied the accused, "if the dog had bitten me with his tail, and not with his teeth."—Tit Bits.

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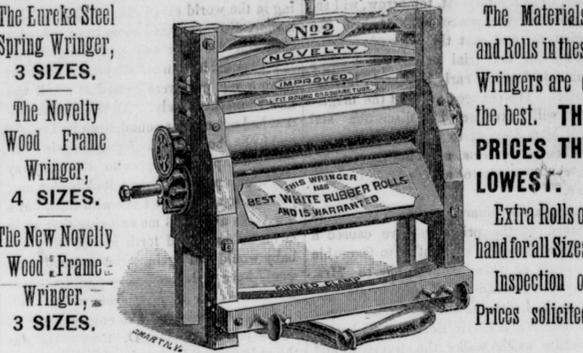
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THE LAND AND PREMISES DESCRIBED as follows:—All the certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying, and being in the Parish of Lancaster County, Province, etc. aforesaid, known and distinguished as being part of that Certain Lot, No. 19, in Block Thirtieth, and bounded as follows, to wit, on the east by lands granted to John Patehall; 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. 1880.

Dated this 21st day of January, A. D. 1893. WILLIAM A. BICKETT, Executor. S. B. BUSTIN, Proctor. GEO. W. GEROW, Auctioneer.

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