

# THE CITY OF WONDERS.

SOME OF THE MANY MARVELS OF THE MODERN BABYLON.

London and Its People—Figures that Give Food for Much Thought—Immensity of Everything, Including a Cloud of Fog Three Thousand Feet Thick.

Some striking facts about London are given in Tit-Bits. The area of the great city is larger than New York, Paris, and Berlin put together, an area which may be represented by a circle of thirty miles in diameter. Think of its 30,000 streets, which if put end to end would reach from London to St. Petersburg, yet some thirty miles of new streets are laid out yearly. Imagine its thousands of miles of sewers of glazed white brick, all as carefully mapped out as the streets themselves. Consider its seventy thousand gas-jets—to efficiently replace which by electricity would cost twelve millions sterling.

If any one were to undertake to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of as far as it is across from New York to San Francisco. Walking at the rate of twenty miles a day, it would take one some years. A stranger is not so much struck by London's splendour and imposing appearance as by its immensity. In every direction there seems to be no end to the town. Its population is greater than that of many a kingdom. It has been said there are more Scotsmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world. Yet there are so many Englishmen in the capital that one is not likely to notice the people of other nations. Its thoroughfares are the most crowded of any city in Europe.

Ten thousand new houses are annually added to the 700,000 dwellings which shelter its population of 5,000,000—that is, as many houses as there are people in any other town or city in the kingdom. Sixty miles of shops open every Sunday, and there are 1,400 places of worship to counteract the evil effects of some 12,000 public-houses. The population of our mighty Babylon increases at the rate of 200 souls a day. In some districts the number of people has increased by nearly 100 per cent. within the last ten years. Who can realize the multitudinous life of London? Every seventh person in England and Wales is a Londoner. A birth takes place in London every three minutes, and a death every five minutes; recently the births registered twice the number of deaths.

In one year there have been nearly 37,000 marriages in London. Its foreign population has been roughly estimated at well on to 300,000, yet there are only 14,000 police and 400 permanent police detectives to control this multitude. It is calculated that there are fully 70,000 Germans living in London at the present time, and that over 50 per cent. of the foreigners in England take up their abode in the Metropolis.

In short, excess in every way seems to be London's great drawback. You are overwhelmed by quantity, which makes human life and civilization appear cheap to you. Wherever you go on business or pleasure there are already more people than enough in the field; and as the monster grows, so does it depart more and more from the ideal of a convenient society in which intimacy is possible, and in which relations and combinations have time to form themselves. The substitute for this, in London, "is the momentary concussus"—observes a writer—"of a million of atoms." There is no place like London for teaching a man his own proper insignificance. As has truly been said, London throws one swift glance on a new comer, discovers what marketable talent he possesses—it, indeed, he has any—offers him his price, and if he disputes the justice of the verdict, contemptuously pushes him aside and cries "Next!" And the "next" is legion. You may be ever so great a genius, but if you will not do the task London sets you, you and your genius may starve together. This is so true, so cruel, and so monstrous, that there is always an apology for repeating what has frequently been said before about the pitilessness of the great city.

Each day some 10,000 strangers enter London, which is infested by 129,000 paupers. One-third of the foreign immigrants are poor people. Late statistics show that out of the 5,000,000 inhabitants, more than 300,000 families earn less than three shillings a day. From all quarters of the world pour into the modern Babylon an increasing stream of the unfortunate and persecuted of all countries, and the dregs of European society as well. Nearly 1,000 children are born yearly in London work-houses. Two years ago there were more than 12,000 able-bodied paupers in those charitable institutions. It has been calculated that London has paupers enough to fill all the houses in Brighton. One in every eleven inhabitants seeks poor relief in the course of the year, yet we are assured that pauperism in the metropolis is steadily on the decrease.

The workers alone in the London hospitals amount to 7,000 persons, of whom some 1,300 are honorary medical officers, who devote their time to the treatment of disease without fee of any kind. The Hospital Saturday Fund has been the means of collecting over half a million of money.

It is a gloomy fact that there are nearly 1,000 common lodging houses, which have nearly 60,000 inhabitants. These warrens contain nearly 10,000 women and girls, half of them being under the age of twenty-two. There are 250,000 more women than men in London. Over 500,000 homeless wanderers and 24,000 beggars belong to the poorest city in the world; and every night, in this pitiless place, 6,000 persons sleep in the open air. It has been estimated that the amount of poverty is so great and living so precarious, that one person in five will ultimately die in the workhouse, hospital or lunatic asylum.

To turn to the wealthier and brighter side of the picture, London owes her commercial supremacy in a large measure to her admirable position in the centre of the hemisphere of land surface of the globe, and also to the fact of its being the converging point of all the chief railways of a country remarkable for energy, industry, and secure government. Our capital's navigable river has over 700 acreage of docks.

Those at Tilbury are large enough to accommodate the whole shipping of London. Over £10,000,000 sterling is yearly received for customs duties alone. The floating population of the Thames numbers some 300,000 souls, and 22,000 persons sleep nightly on that part of the river which constitutes the Port of London. There are nearly 12,000 pleasure boats on the upper reaches of the river.

The monetary value of this mighty Babylon is worth two and a half times as much as Paris. There are 30 people in London with incomes over £100,000 a year each. Londoners are computed to spend £1,200,000 daily, and in proportion to the population, give away twice as much in charity as any other city in this country. The other year there were three charitable bequests exceeding £20,000 each. The wages bill of the corporation alone exceeds £100,000 a year. We may here mention as a curiosity that the suits of the Lord Mayor's livery servants cost nearly £100 each.

There are ninety-nine different banking companies in London. The Bank of England turns out about £24,000,000 worth of notes a week. Two years ago there was cleared in the City alone no less a sum than 7,800,000,000 and some odd thousands of pounds.

It has been calculated that the annual income of the London Jews is nearly £3,000,000, which means that the Jews are two and a half times richer than the Gentiles. The London morning papers contain about 10,000 advertisements every week. Over 400 newspapers of all descriptions are published in London, two of which are printed in the Spanish language. It is calculated that every weekday morning 1,000 miles of London newspapers are given to the world by means of the rotary press. The combined circulation of these papers is over 30,000,000 copies weekly; the expenditure for news in the capital alone would amount to at least £12,000 a day.

Ten million letters are delivered weekly in London by over 4,000 postmen, who walk together a distance to twice the circumference of the globe. Last year 10,000,000 postal articles passed through the General Post Office a day at Christmas time, a total which has never before been reached in this or any other country. There are twelve postal deliveries a day in the E. C. district. Londoners write more than 57,000 letters a day, requiring thirty gallons of ink, and each inhabitant receives on an average two letters a week. There are said to be twice as many letters delivered yearly in the Metropolis as in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland together in the same time.

The number of telegraph messages received in London last year was 6,000,000—a third of the telegrams daily dispatched in England being sent from London offices; 10,000 miles of overhead telegraph wires almost shut out the smoky canopy over some of the London streets, while 34,000 miles of similar wires worm their way underground, in company with 3,200 miles of gas-pipes and 4,500 miles of water mains. There are well on to 14,000 street hydrants in London. Twelve per cent. of the water supply is drawn from artesian wells, and in one month Londoners obtained considerably over 87,000,000 gallons of water daily from their famous river.

London has the distinction of being the first city to use coal. Its use was shortly after forbidden, and one man was actually executed for violating this law. About 6,000,000 tons of coal are required to produce the gas consumed in London every year. Four and a half million pounds are paid yearly for gas, the gas companies making a profit of £1,500,000. The profits of the water companies last year were over £1,000,000.

We are told that about 150,000,000 gallons of water are used every day by Londoners, and that 45 per cent. of the water used for domestic purposes is wasted. It took 21,000,000 gallons of water to extinguish the 2,300 fires in the capital last year; this gives an average of forty-four fires a week, the greatest number of which occur on Saturdays, the days on which the most crimes are perpetrated.

Firemen save over one hundred lives annually, yet London loses more inhabitants by fire every year than both Paris and Berlin together. Of late years there has been a considerable development of the coal traffic of London, nor can this be wondered at when we recollect that there are about 700,000 houses which on cold days, consume 40,000 tons of coal, emitting 480 tons of sulphur. A few days ago 470 worth of gold was collected from the soot of the chimney in the London Mint, and £600 a year is extracted from the soot of the large refinery in Limehouse. The soot recovered from the London chimneys every year yields an annual revenue of £15,000.

It is not a pleasant reflection for people with delicate chests that fog hangs over the Metropolis for over forty days per annum, and that a scientist says this average cloud is 3,000 ft. thick. The weight of the smoke cloud overhanging the city has been computed by a professor at fifty tons of solid carbon, and 250 tons of hydro-carbon and carbonic acid gases for each day of the year, and its value at £2,000,000 sterling per annum.

## Why is Foam White?

No one can have failed to notice that the foam along the shore of the sea or of a lake is white. No matter how deep the blue of the water may be, there is the same whiteness of the froth at its edge. For that matter, all foam is white. If the blackest ink in the world be beaten into foam, the foam will be as white as the froth of milk. The reason for this is that we see all objects by reflected light. If they reflect all the rays, they appear white; if they absorb all the rays, they appear black. When absorbs all the light, the little bubbles reflect all the light from their surfaces—for reflect all the light from their surfaces—practically nothing but surface—and thus they are white.

## A Question of Whiskers.

The question of whiskers is agitating the British army journals. The regulation governing the point is clear and decisive. Officers and men of her Majesty's army are not permitted to shave the upper lip at all, though some enlightened commanding officers permit young men to shave on the strict understanding that it is done for the purpose of stimulating the growth of a backward moustache. Some officers of high rank are said to disregard the regulation, and so set a bad example to the service by going clean shaven.

## NEW IF NOT ELEGANT.

The Song Which May Catch On as Well as Did "Down Went McGinty."

If you are on the lookout for new expressions of a popular sort, you must have heard this one: "He Got It Where the Chicken Got the Axe," says the N. Y. Sun. It has been in use of late, and it will not be long before all the variety, and some of the legitimate theatres, will help to spread it, while in courts, saloons, clubs, and on cars it will secure extensive circulation.

The genealogy of the expression is this: In most European countries the mode of execution—hanging, guillotine, garrotes, or beheading—disposes of the victim through the most vulnerable portion of his anatomy to force—the neck. It was so in this state until electricity was introduced as the official method of execution. In most other American states hanging, either as the lawful mode of capital punishment or by the intervention of Judge Lynch, is still the ordinary method of execution. "To get it in the neck" has been, therefore, a perfectly logical statement of summary injury or fatal disaster. The author of "Where the Chicken Got the Axe" (it is a song, like McGinty's fall, McCloskey's overthrow, or Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay, and in that form will become most popular) has improved on that foundation, and constructed, so to speak, a "ballad based on the truth." Here is how the first verse goes.

In the country once a farmer killed a chicken with an axe.  
Just by striking him a single little blow.  
But I noticed he took extra care to land upon his neck,  
And the poor old rooster gave his final crow;  
Then I quickly told the farmer that I thought he was a brute,  
And I got so mad I challenged him to fight,  
Then he threw aside his axe and said, "I'll give you fight enough."  
When he made a rush and hit me all his might,  
And I got it where the chicken got the axe,  
Just because I made too many sassy cracks;  
But his blow I failed to check, so it landed on my neck,  
Just exact ly where the chicken got the axe.

Stanza second tells how a youthful swain fell in love with a handsome city damsel who was reputed possessor of great wealth. Soon after their marriage this interesting episode occurred:

When she told him she was wealthy, Brown gave up his job.  
And the best Havana only would he smoke;  
But one night he went to touch her for some cash,  
And then she said:  
"Why, that story of my wealth was all a joke."  
Brown had got it where the chicken got the axe.  
Of her past life then he learned some funny facts.  
She'd been married twice before, Jimmy Christmas Brown was sore.  
For he got it where the chicken got the axe.

But Brown, the joyous Benedict, was not the only man to experience the disappointment of human deceit. Oh, dear, no! There was another individual who suffered from the axe treatment quite as bitterly, if not as long:

In a poker game I sat one night and thought I had a flush.  
With a countryman who lives at Jaxville;  
When he drew one card, said I, he's drawing for a flush,  
And I saw my chance in case his hand fell ill.  
Then from underneath the table I took out four lovely jacks,  
Where I had laid them away to make a haul;  
Then he bet until my cash was out, my diamond pin as well.  
And then, with a smile, I said, I guess I'll call.  
And I got it where the chicken got the axe.  
For, of course, you know that axes they beat facts.  
And the jack contained sad, for he held four aces pat,  
So I got it where the chicken got the axe.

A popular song, like an apartment house or a new hotel, must have "all modern improvements" if its duration in prosperity is to be long, and the chief of these improvements is the addition without number of new verses satirizing or paraphrasing well-known individuals or current events. Every man whose expectations are disappointed, or hopes frustrated may be said to "get it where the chicken got the axe." The phrase has the right ring for one destined to become popular, and will, in all probability, be heard more frequently in the future than it is now, until indeed, it has run its course, which in the case of a slang expression in New York is about six months.

**OTTOLENE**  
IS THE  
POPULAR  
SUBSTITUTE FOR LARD.

ALL THE COOK-ING  
SAINTS AND APOSTLES  
PR-aise IT, SO DO DIET-ETIC SIN-NERS AF-ter THEY HAVE USED IT, SO DOES EVERY BODY WHO HAS TRIED IT. TRY IT YOUR SELF AND SEE.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

Made only by  
**N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.**  
Wellington and Ann Sts.,  
MONTREAL.

## Printers' Stock.

News, Book, Print, Fine Flats, Poster Paper, Cardboards, Envelopes, Ruled Stock, etc., at  
**SCHOFIELD BROS.,**  
Wholesale Paper Dealers,  
St. John, N. B.

# "Canada for the Canadians."

"Canada for the Canadians." That is a good cry! You can build up good citizens, good ships and railways, and great commercial prosperity upon that cry.

Some people think if a thing only comes to them from a great distance it must be better than the same thing at home. Distance fosters illusions. The truth that a prophet hath no honor save in his own country still has application. Berlin, or London, or Paris, sounds so much grander than Montreal. So some people think! Not sensible people! Foolish people who think that big names make the thing better and lend dignity to their position.

Common sense will have ultimate triumph.

Common sense has achieved a signal victory in one particular.

Ladies' Wraps were always expensive. They have always been imported. The duty and the glamor of distance, and the imposing sound of big cities, gave them a high price and a great vogue.

## Why not make Ladies' Wraps here in Canada?

That thought occurred to the proprietors of MELISSA. They should, perhaps, have seized with it earlier, for their success with Men's Coats had been immediate and great. Would the loyal women of Canada not buy an article which was a necessity with them, made right at their doors, if that article was a good deal better than the article which came from a long distance?

It was an experiment, but from the moment the skilled artists which the manufacturers of MELISSA employed got to work, and showed specimens of their craft, success was assured.

So then, ladies, in every city and town and village of the Dominion, you can buy wraps for yourselves and children, more tasteful, more truly artistic in finish, more stylish and fastidious in outline than any that have been imported.

There was a need for the MELISSA in Ladies' Wraps. They had to put up with unsightly rubber garments, much to their discomfort, but they have now perfect fit, with infinite variety of shade and grace, and, not least, absolute protection from the rain, in garments which it will be a pride to wear, and at prices which put them within easy reach.

Here is a new departure, a patriotic enterprise worthy of support for the sake of that national solidarity which the politicians talk about, but chiefly worthy because of its intrinsic merit.

Travellers will soon be on the road with Fall samples.

Designs, Patterns and every other information furnished on application.

Special attention given to letter orders.

**THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
**MONTREAL.**

**J. W. MACKEDIE & CO.,**

MONTREAL.  
Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.

**SHARP'S**  
**BALSAM**  
OF  
EUCALYPTUS  
AND ANISEED

FOR  
**COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH,**  
**AND COLDS.**  
VER 40 YEARS IN USE.  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

**ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS,**  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## The Sun.

During 1893 THE SUN will be of surpassing excellence and will print more news and more pure literature than ever before in its history.

## The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday News-paper in the world

Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year.

Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year.

Daily and Sunday, by

mail, - - - - - \$8 a year.

Address THE SUN, New York

**FIRE**  
INSURANCE  
PLATE GLASS  
INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE  
R. W. FRANK  
78 PRINCE  
ST. WILLIAM  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
STEAM BOILER  
INSPECTION & INSURANCE  
**ACCIDENT**

# More Popular Every Day.

The fame of PROGRESS' Webster Dictionaries is Spreading and where one was sold at first five are sold now. The Price has not advanced and \$3.95 still secures PROGRESS for one year and its greatest Premium.

**PROGRESS** Has a large subscription list, but it does not include all the families in the three provinces. That is the aim of the publisher, and it is being accomplished slowly but surely. It is quite a contract, but when people get hold of a good paper it does not require much exertion to get them to become subscribers.

## Here is an Opportunity

Some time ago arrangements were made to give subscribers a large Webster Dictionary, at a low cost, so low as to make it ONE OF THE GREATEST OFFERS EVER MADE in the Maritime Provinces.

## Hundreds Have Taken Advantage of it.

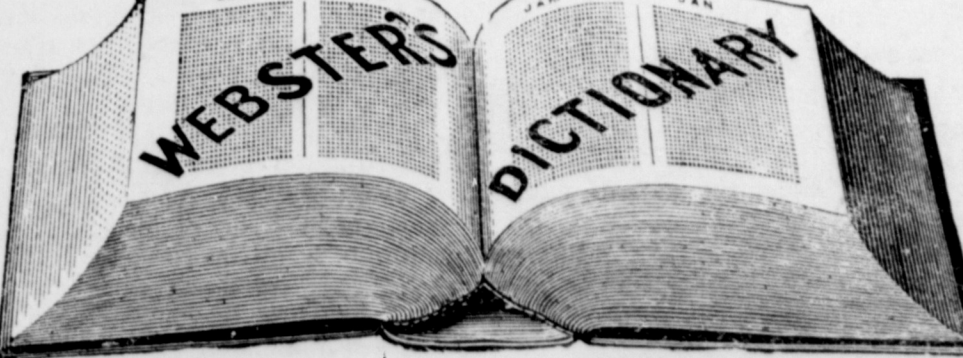
Every week Dictionaries are being sent out to different parts of the Provinces. This is a big dictionary, containing 1615 pages, 1500 illustrations and an appendix of 10,000 words. The subscription price of Progress is \$2.00 a year, but you can get it and the book for \$3.95. Note well the price. This is an offer that cannot remain open for ever. The sole idea is to get new subscribers for PROGRESS. We want the largest subscription list that a provincial paper ever had, and are bound to get it.

PROGRESS has now a circulation much larger than any other Maritime Province paper, but it is sold largely by agents and newsboys. Subscribers are wanted also, and genuine bargains are offered as inducements.

**A BIG BOOK. A BIG PAPER. A BIG COMBINATION.**  
**Something Everybody Needs.**

**A BIG DICTIONARY** In your possession does not necessarily mean that you will astonish your friends with big words, but there are hundreds of things you should know and want to know, but cannot find out without asking. When the English Language is concerned you are never at a loss if you have a good Webster. And when did you ever get a better chance to get one? You have probably seen this offer before, but it cannot remain open for ever. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT NOW. If you have children they could not have a better picture book. FIFTEEN HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS! They all mean something; and it is no trouble to find out what they mean.

The book for the Home, the School and the Office. The paper for the multitude. Don't forget the price.



**E. S. CARTER, Publisher "Progress," St. John, N. B.**