

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

MAN'S PATIENT HELPER.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE HORSE GETS.

Ready and Willing at all Times to Serve His Master. He is Often Neglected and Forgotten, Beaten and Abused—Worse Treated Than the Dog.

I wonder if anyone ever thinks what an abused animal a horse is? I don't mean the wretched creature who falls between the shafts from very weakness and is obligingly pricked into an upright position by his brutal master; I mean the everyday truck, cab, and livery horse, whose life is one of bitter and ceaseless toil, and whose life is as devoid of even the simplest and most colorless pleasure as that of the convict condemned to hard labor for the term of his natural life.

The ox has to work, it is true, but still, though he also is very badly treated, he is seldom worked beyond his strength, and he is so slow he is never forced into a pace which is too rapid for him. He has only one pace and in order to change that you must reconstruct the ox. Of course he is liable to meet with a violent death at any moment, but then that tragic end is generally preceded by a period of rest, peace and high-living known as "fattening" and when his last hour is come, it is at least unexpected, and, I trust soon over.

The pig leads a life of self-indulgence, idleness and gluttony, and when the time finally arrives for him to quit the scenes of his earthly carousals and fill the higher sphere of the pork barrel he dies with his face to the foe after making things as unpleasant for his intending murderer as possible.

The dog sometimes has a rough or cruel master who treats him badly, starves and kicks him, but is rather the exception than the rule, and there seems to exist a sort of affinity between the small boy and the vagrant dog, which makes the boy behave with more mercy towards the dog than he shows towards any other member of the brute creation.

I won't speak of cats, because we all know what a cat's life is like, the nearest approach to that existence of perpetual torture, which some theologians believe to be the future portion of those who do not behave themselves in the world. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, and puss's life is sometimes one long succession of beer and skittles, but not often, but at the worst she never has to work, her chosen occupation of hunting is play to her, and she loves it even better than playing.

But the horse, man's patient servant! Day after day, week after week, year after year, there is no change in his condition; early and late through summers heat and winters cold he toils on, ever at his post. For him there are no holidays, because when the weeks work is over, it is his master's turn to enjoy himself, and it is the horse's privilege to contribute to that enjoyment. So he is first driven to church, and left standing either in the bitter blasts of winter, or the scorching heat of summer while the pious family within are worshipping. Then the rest of the day is spent in recreation which consists chiefly of driving and if the horse's owner can borrow a double wagon, he harnesses the hapless animal to it and takes his wife and six children out into the country for a fifteen mile drive, and gets home early—at ten o'clock, so the horse will be fresh for work next day.

This is just the ordinary everyday horse, who is pretty well treated, but what of the horse that draws the butcher's delivery wagon driven by a small boy who is bent on outracing every other wagon he meets. This poor creature has not one moment of rest in the whole day, he is driven at the top of his speed all day long, and lashed when his strength fails him and he stumbles to the ground, and his work lasts from seven o'clock on Monday morning until twelve on Saturday night, with Sunday devoted to racing for his master's pleasure. He is driven until he is in a "lather" as the grooms say, and then left to stand in a temperature of ten below zero to cool off, while his driver is warming his hands and waiting for a fresh load; he sleeps in a shed where

the stars peep through the chinks and perhaps pity his misery, and the biting wind sweeps through each crack; his life is a slow death, and shortened years by the ill treatment to which he is subjected, while his death is a fitting finish to so sad an existence. Some day he falls to rise once more, the usual restoratives of pounding over the face and head, kicking in the stomach and jerking at his jaws having failed, the driver realizes that his victim can no longer feel, and so he desists and leaves his faithful servant in the only peace he has enjoyed since he was a colt capering at his mother's side. The harness is removed, the carcass dragged down to the river by some poor comrade of the dead horse, who may have more thoughts of his own on the subject wandering through his poor head during the journey than you can guess at—and then the owner of the dead beast goes around whining about the loss he has had, and looking for sympathy.

BRITISH FURNITURE.

An Enormous Amount of money locked up in Priceless Trifles.

At the first blush it might seem impossible to form any estimate of the value of the furniture in the United Kingdom. Nobody can go into everybody else's houses, look at their furniture, make a mental note of its total value, and, repeating the performance at every house in the kingdom, perform a long addition sum and arrive at the total value. But there is another means by which some idea of it may be ascertained. The rate-books of the different parishes give us a fairly good idea of the value of the houses in each parish, and the experience of insurance agents goes to show that on the average the value of the furniture in a house is about half the value of the house itself. When we talk of furniture in this way we include carriages, jewellery, and works of art. Taking the insurance agent's idea, we can find approximately the value of the furniture in the United Kingdom since the beginning of this century.

The total value in the year 1800 was about £190,000,000; and in 1890 it may safely be put at the enormous amount of £1,450,000,000.

Coming now to the average value for each individual in the kingdom, we find it on an average, £37.

With a little trouble, we can go further still in getting an idea of the value of furniture. Taking the year 1890, and dividing the population into five classes, we find that £191,000,000 worth of furniture belonged to the first class, which gives an average value £7,000 per house, and a value per individual of £1,270. The second class of less wealthy though still well-to-do people owns £386,000,000 worth of furniture. They have as much furniture in a house as falls to the lot of each individual of the first class, viz., about £1,200; while each individual of the second class can claim £224 worth for himself. The third class owns £242,000,000 worth of furniture; has in each house about as many pounds worth as there are days in the year, and reckons the belongings of each individual at £64. The fourth class claims between them £262,000,000, has in each house £152 worth, and for each member of the class about £27 worth. The combined value of the lowest class is £369,000,000; each house contains about \$73 worth, each individual owns property to the value of £13.

Looked at in another way, it seems fairly near the mark to assert that each individual in the United Kingdom spends on the average just about £1 a year on furniture. The quantity made is estimated to be worth about £40,000,000 every year. The amount in wages paid to cabinet-makers in 1883 was found to come to over four millions and a half, and to be distributed amongst 79,000 cabinet-makers. Of course, there are a great many other people connected with the trade, besides the actual cabinet-makers, who come in for some share of the wealth annually spent in furniture.

Largest Volcano Crater.

Haleakala, or House of the Sun, in the Island of Maui, one of the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific Ocean, has a wider crater than any other volcano in the world. The crater of Haleakala is between six and a half and seven miles in width, nearly thirty miles in circumference, between two and three thousand feet in depth, and is 10,032 feet above sea level. These islands are all of volcanic origin, and contain some of the largest volcanoes in the world, amongst which may be mentioned, in addition to Haleakala, Mawna-Kea, Mawna-Loa, and the far-famed Kilanea, the crater of which has an average width of about two miles. One of the curious features of Kilanea is that no dust is projected from its eruptions, nothing but lava, and much of that in a filamentous condition, so delicate as to perfectly resemble brown human hair. The natives call this hair-like lava "Pole's Hair," the Pole being the name of the goddess of the mountain. According to Mr. Dana, these volcanoes sometimes throw out successive streams of lava two miles in breadth and twenty-six in length.

He Was Satisfied.

Judge Lowery, of North Carolina, was a most learned judge, who, while a practitioner at the bar, unexpectedly lost a case for a client who was a justice of the peace, and in his own opinion a very learned one. The judge was at a loss how to explain the cause satisfactorily to him when they met, but he did it as follows:—

"Squire, I could not explain it exactly to an ordinary man, but to an intelligent man like you, who is so well posted in law and law phrases, I need only say that the judge said that the case was coram non iudice." "Ah!" said the client, looking very wise and drawing a long breath, "if things had got into that fix, Mr. Lowery, I think we did very well to get out of it as easy as we did."

WAITING FOR A TRAIN.

IT MAY BE PLEASANT OR VERY UNPLEASANT.

Everything Depends Upon the Half-Way House, the Way-Side Hotel—It May be Homelike and Comfortable—One Described.

The hungry traveller is always delighted to arrive at a point along the route where he may partake of that which affords sustenance and revives strength as well as courage. These little stations along the way where one may get refreshment are as a rule not overly inviting, but exceedingly welcome. Some persons prefer carrying food with them, but if it is possible to make connections one will find a good warm meal much better than a cold lunch.

When you arrive at some junction, weary and appetite good, you will readily enquire where to get a good meal. If it is a small station there will not be many places for the public use, but perhaps two or three. You enter one of these places and as a rule you will find it warm, dimly lighted and cosy. Mostly everything presents an old-fashioned appearance and you will no doubt have recollections of the old home of some of your ancestors.

There will be many curious looking things and features of interest. The lay of the rooms will be somewhat striking. You will make ready for the meal. It may be supper. When you enter the little room where you are to be made happy you will in all probability find everything attractive and inviting. The linen will be snow white and the dishes clean and sparkling. Of course this is picturing the most pleasing kind of places at these "stop over," or "half hour" lunch places. Possibly you may have to wait at one of these junctions for several hours and if you should be so unfortunate you will find some one of these "tiny" hotels a most delightful and pleasant place to pass the time.

At present writing the story teller is in the office of a very neat and cosy place on the main line leading to the New Brunswick metropolis. Directly in front is an old picture of the disastrous fire which visited St. John, June 20th, 1877. At the back is a large picture of that wonderful gentleman, Sir John A. Macdonald. Upon the wall are various old pictures which add to the attractive appearance and cosiness of the room. There is not an uproarious crowd present, where half a dozen converse at the same time and tobacco smoke and spitting are two of the disgusting things to burden one. In place of the above named, quietness prevails and the angel of peace seems to have calmly unfolded the banner of contentment and granted a period of ease. While writing, a traveller came in out of the storm and immediately upon entering his face lit up and he seemed pleased to have arrived at so inviting and comfortable a resort.

The reader will remember of stations where a stop over of several hours was necessary and everything was dreary and uninviting, and there was not anything to console, save the hope of the train arriving and the prospect of departure. You may have been the only passenger and possibly could not find relief in talking with the station agent owing to his being busy. Perhaps you found some old gentleman who would talk no matter what the circumstance might be. Possibly there was nothing to please you but walk a while, sit a while, dose a while and then get on board the train "after a while."

Travelling is pleasant and unpleasant. It is enticing owing to its changes and adventures. When you stop at a way station, find the best place and then you will not get anything too good.

DON'T CUT OFF YOUR MOUSTACHE.

Its Origin and History—A Distinguishing Mark in Olden Days.

There is a startling rumor in the air just now to the effect that fashion, which has so long played foot ball with the gentler sex intends having a little tussle at the expense of the lords of creation now, and has issued an edict which will cause maledictions loud and deep amongst the men who are determined to be in the fashion at all hazards, and a thrill of rejoicing in the ranks of those amongst the sterner sex who are not yet grown up. The manifesto which is destined to cause such a commotion is nothing less than a decree which says that the moustache, man's most fondly desired, and tenderly cherished adornment must go!

It is almost impossible to believe that anyone could be found to shoulder the responsibilities of originating such a fashion which really seems to partake of iconoclasm, but reliable reports confirm the first rumors and it is really a fact that the man of fashion who wishes to be thoroughly in the prevailing style wears a face as smooth as a priest's, and the fashion changes and disfigures him to such an extent that his own mother would not know him, all his dearest friends walk calmly past him without a second glance in his direction and his looking glass tells anything but a flattering tale; why he must draw consolation from the fact

DECEMBER SALE

Of Fall and Winter Dress Goods.

M. R. & A. have placed on the several counters in their Dress Room an immense variety of seasonable DRESS GOODS for the Holiday trade, and being marked at such low prices must consequently effect a very speedy sale. Among the lot will be found a variety of French Wool Tea Gowns and Wrapper Patterns in cheap designs. Just opened, Black and Evening Tints in the New ACCORDEON PLAITED COSTUMES. The above are made in Wool Crepon.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

that if he is not a very beautiful object, he is at least a thoroughly fashionable one and the consciousness of being up to date in every respect should always bring inward tranquility with it. Of course we must expect to see a great many of our most cherished ideals shattered and our feelings considerably lacerated because many a man who had a thing of beauty to at least a moderate extent when he wore a moustache, will be a most extraordinary mortal without it, while the youth who looked sufficiently saintly to sit for a portrait of Sir Galahad will be surprised to find that he resembles nothing in the world but a particularly tough specimen of the genus circus actor, as soon as "the manly growth that fringed his lip," has been shorn off.



Every suit, reefer, ulster, overcoat is different from the "cheap." Your money back if it isn't right. That's just the difference. You can keep that boy cold or warm—just as you please. Keep him in our clothes for the warm part.

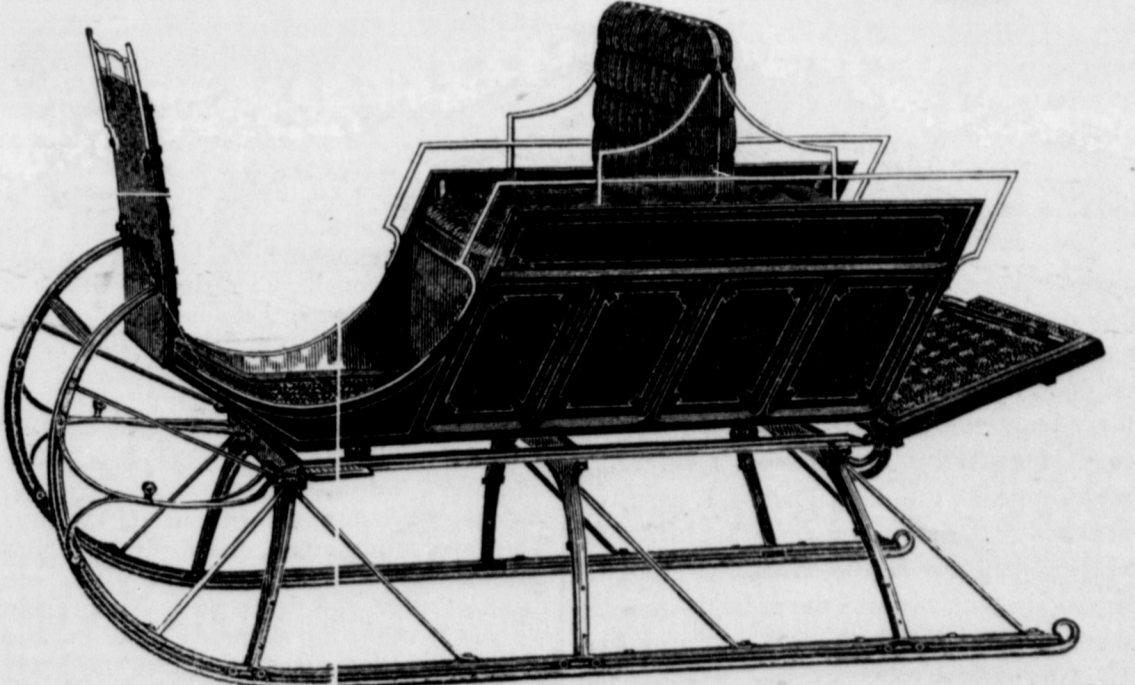
I am afraid it is true that the mouth is more seldom good than any other feature of the face, and that those who deliberately deprive it of the merciful drapery with which nature has supplied the male portion of the human race, to conceal its imperfections, will repent of their rashness in sackcloth and ashes; while the more strong minded who have had fortitude to defy fashion and prefer comeliness, will congratulate themselves exceedingly, and look around at their fashionable neighbors, with a feeling of pitying surprise that there should be so many more ugly men in the world than they had hitherto suspected; while the depression in the matrimonial market which will be likely to result from the general adoption of such a fashion is simply frightful to contemplate in these times of feminine independence and general indifference concerning things matrimonial. There has always been a halo of romance and poesy surrounding the moustache which could never cling to a clean shaved upper lip! The knights of old had moustaches, so had the crusaders and the cavaliers, and most of the heroes of romance and song. It would take a very powerful imagination to picture King Arthur with a long, undraped upper lip, and that peculiar expression of smugness which almost always goes with it, while the idea of a clean shaved Launcelot is something too impossible for the average mind to grasp. I have no intention of advancing the theory that there is any connection between the upper lip and the brain, but still it is a curious fact that many of the most famous poets, painters, sculptors, and men of learning have been possessed of moustaches, while most of the narrow minded tyrants of history have boasted of smooth faces. We are at liberty to draw what inferences we please from these statistics, be they detrimental to the new fashion or not.

OAK HALL, King St., Corner Germain, The Big Shop.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., St. John.

Advertisement for COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL. Text: "Our Christmas Catalogue is now ready. Send for a copy. It will enable you to select suitable Holiday Gifts. We have the finest stock of Christmas Goods in the Dominion. Mailed free. HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL."

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleigh this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton.

BARCAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES. Messrs. Edgecombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale. 3 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc., complete; one Sir Charles colt, 4 years old, bay, kind and good; stock of 75 brand new carriages to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concordas, Piano boxes, Cornish top buggies. A different styles of open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.