

GIVING FREE ADVICE.

A FORM OF GENEROSITY THAT FEW CAN APPRECIATE.

People Who Can Always Teach Other Folks How to Build Fires—Some Personal Experience in This and Other Peculiarities of Human Nature.

The love of giving gratuitous advice seems to have been implanted in the human breast from earliest infancy, and even though we have most of us heard, and probably ourselves asked the time-honored conundrum, "What is it that everybody is anxious to give, and no one willing to take?" the answer to which was "Advice"—quite often to have impressed the wisdom of its teaching upon our minds; we still persist in trying to advise our friends upon matters about which they know a great deal more than we do; and the fact that the would-be adviser is systematically and consistently snubbed in return for his well meant efforts to adjust other people's concerns for them, never seems to have the effect of discouraging him: he returns to the charge with the buoyancy of a rubber ball or a hungry mosquito, and tries his blandishments upon a fresh victim in the hope that he will encounter a sensible man, or woman, at last.

Of course we have all had many instances of this peculiar form of generosity on the part of our friends, but I think perhaps the man who undertakes to either edit a newspaper, or poke a fire, has richer opportunities for observing it than most of his fellows. Fortunately not many of us get a chance to try our pretence hand at the editing of a paper and although most people have reasonable opportunity of perfecting themselves in the art of poking a fire it is perhaps equally fortunate that etiquette prescribes seven years as the requisite length of time for knowing a person before one may take the liberty of poking his fire; since it is so sacred a privilege, that one can scarcely endure seeing nearest and dearest relations touch the poker and simply never permits them to do it unassisted. Even if he manages to restrain his strong desire to take the poker out of the operator's hands he finds it beyond his strength to avoid telling him just how to do it.

I really believe many of the accidents one hears of, are caused by an abnormal development of this instinct, which induces the prospective victim to undertake a race with the train and when he miscalculates his speed, as he usually does, he gets beaten, and the papers contain an account of "Another frightful railway accident." I very nearly witnessed one the other day, and I assure you girls, I have not taken any "wildcat risks" with trains since. Two young men were walking along the railway track, evidently returning from a walk in the country, when they were overtaken by an express train just as they reached a bridge over a small, but very deep creek. One stepped off the track quietly and sensibly, while the other looked back, measured the distance between himself and the approaching foe, and must have been immediately seized with a fit of emotional insanity, because he took to his heels and actually started to race that train across the bridge.

It was a close race, I assure you, and after one frantic yell of "police!" I remembered that police interference would be useless now, I managed to restrain myself and watched the exciting scene in silence. The way that youth got over the railway ties was a revelation. He was very tall, and gifted with unusual length of limb, even for a tall person, and to those long legs of his he owes his present existence, for the "iron horse" gained from the start, and just as I expected to see him flying through space with increased velocity, and was wondering whether I would be called at the inquest, he reached the end of the bridge and had just time to spring to the ground as the train caught up with him. It was great fun, no doubt, but if his foot had slipped, his ankle turned, or his toe caught, what a different story I should have to tell. And he really looked as if he realized his danger as he fanned his glowing face and paused to get back his breath, and listen to the vituperation heaped upon him by his chum, who joined him a few minutes later. Somehow I don't think he will try such an exciting amusement very soon again; and, as I said before, I have been very careful myself since.

freely remarked, with a self-satisfied sigh,—"What a queer thing a woman is! she always thinks she can do everything unassisted, and even experience never teaches her wisdom, and her own helplessness. You would never have got that fire to burn if I had not told you how to set about it, and yet I suppose the next time, you will do precisely the same—" I did not hear the rest, because I was half-way across the hall, but I thought I heard a faint chuckle, as my liege lord wheeled his chair across the room, to rest his slipped feet on the fender, and enjoy the fire he had helped me to make!!

Yes, there is no doubt about it, there is too much gratuitous advice given in the world, and strange to say, the only advice we ever really value is that we pay our lawyer for, at so much a word.

Another peculiarity of human nature, which has often puzzled me, is the curious disposition it generally displays to work hard when there is no occasion for doing so, and to loaf when there is every necessity for working. To loiter when there is need of haste, to hurry when dawdling would serve the purpose equally well. It is very curious, but I think perfectly true, and anyone who takes an interest in mankind's "proper study" man, cannot fail to have observed this weakness of his if he has ever formed one of a crowd of people approaching a railway crossing just as a train comes into sight. They may be strolling leisurely along with no apparent object in view, and no sign of haste, when suddenly a whistle is heard, the train sweeps into view and the easy-going strollers are galvanized as if by magic into a hurrying, struggling crowd, each bent on getting across the railway track before the train passes, as earnestly as if his life depended upon it, and no one seems to breathe freely until the desired goal is reached, and he stops, panting and triumphant on the other side of the track, just in time to avoid having his heels scraped by the engine pilot. It seems to be an instinct none of us can resist, and we everyone of us do it; the moment I hear a train coming I begin to scamper myself, and race until I am fairly over the track and out of the way of all detection.

I really believe many of the accidents one hears of, are caused by an abnormal development of this instinct, which induces the prospective victim to undertake a race with the train and when he miscalculates his speed, as he usually does, he gets beaten, and the papers contain an account of "Another frightful railway accident." I very nearly witnessed one the other day, and I assure you girls, I have not taken any "wildcat risks" with trains since. Two young men were walking along the railway track, evidently returning from a walk in the country, when they were overtaken by an express train just as they reached a bridge over a small, but very deep creek. One stepped off the track quietly and sensibly, while the other looked back, measured the distance between himself and the approaching foe, and must have been immediately seized with a fit of emotional insanity, because he took to his heels and actually started to race that train across the bridge.

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It had been so warm during the middle of the day that the parlor fire had been allowed to go out, but the evening was chilly and as I had some old letters and waste paper to burn I thought I would utilize it as a foundation and make a fire. Geoffrey was sunk in the depths of his big chair, deep in a magazine and apparently oblivious to all that went on around him, so I proceeded cautiously in the faint hope that he would not find out what I was about until the task was accomplished, and I secured a card of matches quietly from the nearest safe, sat down on the rug and went to work. There were plenty of nice charred cinders of coal and wood, and some sticks of wood piled inside the fender as a sort of reserve fund, supplied kindlings for those who were sufficiently enterprising to pick them off and too lazy to go out to the woodshed for the proper supply, so there was nothing wanting but the necessary genius to use these materials, and as I possessed it in a remarkable degree, I was contentedly nursing a very promising little blaze when Geoffrey's voice broke in upon my musings with cruel distinctness. "I've been watching you Astra, for the last fifteen minutes, and wondering how it is that some people will work so hard to save themselves a little trouble! I suppose you cannot have less than three splinters in each finger, you have broken several of your nails because I saw you sucking the ends of your fingers affectionately, your dress is in a mess, and worst of all, the fire will never burn, just because you were too lazy to get some respectable kindlings. If you had asked me, now, you would have had a proper fire burning by this time because, if there is one thing above another that I really can do it is—Astra you don't mean to say you are going to poke that fire from the top, after all I have told you?"

I reminded Geoffrey with gentle firmness that I was making the fire, not he, and intimated that if he paid as much attention to his magazine, as I was paying to my fire, he would find his mind much improved; but he is one of those good-natured people, who won't be snubbed unless it suits them, and it did not suit him this time, so he sat there, and poured out enough advice to have sunk me fathoms deep in debt, if he had been a lawyer, and talking for money; while I cherished the infant flames, as if they had been my own children, and by strict attention to business, and the most unremitting care, developed them into a sturdy fire, and as I threw on a last shovelful of coals, before leaving my completed work to take care of itself, Geoffrey remarked, with a self-satisfied sigh,—"What a queer thing a woman is! she always thinks she can do everything unassisted, and even experience never teaches her wisdom, and her own helplessness. You would never have got that fire to burn if I had not told you how to set about it, and yet I suppose the next time, you will do precisely the same—" I did not hear the rest, because I was half-way across the hall, but I thought I heard a faint chuckle, as my liege lord wheeled his chair across the room, to rest his slipped feet on the fender, and enjoy the fire he had helped me to make!!

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DORCHESTER.

MAY 15.—Miss Willard Hutchinson died at his home in the Row, on Friday evening. He has been suffering for months, with cancer of the eye, and recovery in his case has been despaired of, some time ago. He bore with great firmness and resignation his affliction, till a merciful death released him of more than ordinary physical pain. Deceased was sixty years of age. He had been a division trackmaster of the I. C. R., but of late years occupied a position on the penitentiary staff, being an efficient and popular officer. His funeral on Sunday, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather, was very large. He was buried with Masonic honors, Sussex Lodge, No. 4, of this place, with a number of outside brethren marching in procession, followed by the penitentiary guards and officers in uniform. Rev. Mr. Campbell officiated at the service for the dead in Trinity church.

Mr. G. F. Wallace went to Boston last week, returning on Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Wallace, who had been visiting her daughter there.

Miss Holt, St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. D. Richard.

Mr. G. B. Dibblee, of Manchester, England, the youthful manager of one of the leading papers there, was here last week, on a short visit to his cousin, Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith. Mr. Dibblee was on his way home to England after attending the opening of the World's Fair.

Mr. C. J. Sayre, of Richibucto, spent a couple of days last week, in Dorchester.

Mr. Henry J. McCreath, returned on Saturday, after an absence of some time in Woodstock.

Rev. Mr. Harrison, of Sackville, preached in the Methodist church here, on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Pascoe, of Pettitodiac, spent the week here, with her sister, Mrs. Kellor.

Mr. J. W. Y. Smith, went to St. John, on Monday.

Mr. Fred J. Shreve is spending the week in the Bank, in Sackville.

Judge Hanington and Mrs. Hanington were in Shediac last week, as were also Judge and Mrs. Landry.

Mr. R. W. Hewson, and Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, were here on Tuesday.

Miss Ella Tait, returned to St. John, on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Will Barnes was in Dorchester, on Saturday evening.

Messrs. C. E. A. Simonds, and W. W. Wells, Moncton, were among the visitors in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Hanington spent a few days here this week, the guest of Mrs. D. L. Hanington.

Mr. A. B. Goup, of Joliette, has entered the office of Messrs. Emmerson & Chandler, where he will read law during the summer, until the opening of Dalhousie law school.

Mr. E. V. Godfrey left for St. John, on Monday, where he takes a position in the office of a leading law firm.

Mr. E. Knapp, was in Moncton on Monday.

A number of Dorchester gentlemen have purchased a fishing lake in King's county, and are building a club house there. The gentlemen interested are, I believe, Judge Landry, Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Hon. A. D. Richard, Capt. Bishop, and Messrs. Wm. McCreath and S. E. Wilson.

Mrs. Hanington entertains a number of friends this evening, (Tuesday,) at a progressive whist party.

BUCTOUCHE.

MAY 15.—Miss Lorena McIntyre returned home from Boston on Saturday evening. She expects to spend the summer months at her home here.

Miss Doherty, of St. Nicholas river, is visiting her sister Mrs. J. A. Irving this week.

Mr. W. H. Irving spent Sunday in Shediac.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Irving are visiting Moncton today.

Last Wednesday two meetings were held in the Methodist church for the purpose of organizing a Sunday school convention. At the afternoon meeting the advisability of having a P. S. S. convention was discussed, and it was decided to have one under the name of the Wellington Sunday school convention which comprises the presbyterian and Methodist Sunday schools in Buctouche and the Sunday schools at Little River and Mill Creek. The meeting was adjourned until evening when it was duly organized and Dr. King was appointed president, Rev. Neil McLaughlin vice president and Miss Maggie E. Foley secretary and treasurer. The convention is to meet quarterly.

Rev. A. Lucas, field secretary, delivered a very instructive address on Sunday school work. Mr. Lucas was the guest here of Dr. and Mrs. King.

Mr. West, of Cocagne, spent Wednesday here.

Mr. W. P. King, of Truro, spent a few days here last week.

GREENWICH.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Prince and children, of St. John, spent Sunday with Mrs. Prince's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McLeod.

Mrs. Chas. Whelpley, of Fredericton, is also visiting her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod, Jr., intend leaving soon to return to their home at Rat Portage. They will go to Toronto where they will visit Mrs. McLeod's former home, and from there will proceed to Rat Portage, Ontario.

Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, returned from a trip to St. John, last week.

Miss Rennie Short has returned from a visit to St. John, she was accompanied by Miss Ray Kindred.

Mrs. W. L. Belyea made a trip to the city last week.

Mrs. and Miss Dalton, of St. John, spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss Eliza Miller also spent Sunday here.

Mrs. D. Marley is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hannay, St. John.

Mr. Duval Whelpley was also in the city last week.

The friends of the late Mrs. Wm. Whelpley have a great deal of sympathy in their recent sad bereavement.

Mr. Domville Richards is making a visit at home.

ANAGANCE.

MAY 15.—Rev. I. N. Parker of St. John's spent last week with his daughter, Mrs. George Davidson, at the I. C. R. depot.

Mr. G. H. Davidson spent Friday in St. John.

Mr. Elias Snider of Portage spent Saturday last with friends in Salisbury.

Mrs. Helen Storrie of Roxbury, Boston, Mass., arrived here on Monday last to visit her mother, Mrs. Henry Davidson on "Apple Hill."

Mrs. Storrie intends remaining in our midst for a couple of months, her old friends are pleased to welcome her home again.

Masters Clarence and Harold Price were visiting their aunt Mrs. G. H. Davidson last week.

Mrs. McNaughton spent Friday last in Sussex visiting friends.

Messrs R. D. Hanson of Sussex and Host Price of Pettitodiac spent Saturday in Portage fishing the speckled beauties out of the Rhine of Kings county (the noble Kennebecus river). Mosquito.

HILLSBORO, N. B.

MAY 15.—The concert and social given by the ladies of the W. C. T. U., Wednesday evening last was a great success. The following programme was well carried out:—Chorus, "Consider the lilies;" duet, "The pilot boat," Mrs. Peck and Miss Nettie Curry; reading, Miss Lena Rowe; solo, "The Tempest," Mr. Duffy; tableaux, "Sing a song of sixpence," in five scenes; reading, Miss Mabel Gross; duet, "Murmuring sea," Mrs. Peck and Mrs. McPeeters; reading, Misses Mabel Gross and Lena Rowe; solo, "Nightless land," Mrs. Peck; reading, Messrs Gross and Rowe; chorus, "Wake the song."

Dr. Somers of Moncton, was here Saturday.

Mr. R. Christie of St. John, was here last week.

Mrs. Curry and Miss Annie Geldart, have gone to St. John for a few weeks.

Mr. Crawford of St. John, was here Monday.

Mr. Malcolm Somers of Boundary Creek, spent Sunday here, the guest of Mr. Isaac Gross.

May-flower excursions are the order of the day. A large party of young people went to-day and returned with large bunches of the pretty pink blossoms.

soms. There are to be two more excursions to-morrow.

Miss Mary Robinson, who has been visiting Mrs. Osman, left for her home, Digby, N. S., to-day.

Mrs. James Scott is confined to the house with a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gross of Amherst, are spending a few days with Rev. M. and Mrs. Gross.

Mrs. Beatty Steeves has gone to spend the summer in Newton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sears of Montreal, are visiting friends here.

CARAQUET.

MAY 15.—Our Jersey friends, who very wisely cheat the Canadian winter by repairing to the other side, have given us the first real signs of spring by appearing once more among us.

The first to arrive was Mr. Homer, who was followed in a few days later by Messrs. De Gruchy and Abier.

Mr. Abier leaves for Shippegan, this morning.

Mr. Flott, who spent the winter here as agent for Robin & Co., left on Friday for Gaspé. Mrs. Flott will join him there later in the summer.

Before leaving Mr. Flott entertained the Caraque Club of which he is a member.

Mrs. Rive gave a very pleasant little card party last evening, in honor of the new arrivals.

Messrs. Fred and Lee Young, spent a couple of days at Bathurst last week.

We have had a number of afternoon teas during the last two weeks, all of which were very bright and pleasant affairs.

Those from Caraque who attended the parlor concert given by Mrs. S. Bishop at Bathurst, speak of it as a most delightful entertainment. Even.

MAUGERVILLE.

MAY 17.—Mrs. Sterling, relict of the late Daniel Sterling, died suddenly at her residence here on Tuesday last, at the advanced age of 84 years. She leaves three sons and two daughters; one son, Rev. G. H. Sterling, resides in St. Louis, Mo., another, Walter, is in Virden, Manitoba, and A. McL. on the homestead.

Rev. H. E. Dibblee is attending a Sunday school convention at Moncton this week.

Miss Agnes Wilnot spent last Friday with friends here.

Miss Bessie Clowes is staying in Fredericton for a few weeks.

ST. GEORGE.

MAY 17.—Among those in town last week were, Sheriff Stewart, Dr. Maloney, St. Andrews; Mr. Will Thickins, St. Stephen; Mr. James Watson, Boston.

Mrs. Grierson and son, have removed to Northfield, Vermont, followed by the best wishes of their friends for their future welfare.

Rev. O. E. Steeves arrived from Wolfville on Tuesday.

GRAND MANAN.

MAY 15.—Mr. T. Redmond went to St. Stephen on Wednesday.

Mr. W. C. H. Grimmer, of St. Stephen, is here on legal business connected with the Dunbar case.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson gave a very pleasant party to a number of their friends on Tuesday evening.

The many friends of Mrs. Covert will be glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent illness. Mr. B. McDonald returned from St. John on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. B. McLaughlin and his daughters, returned from Eastport, on Thursday.

There are rumors of an approaching wedding. The high contracting parties both reside at the southern part of the island.

Dr. Covert spent the latter part of the week with his parents, at the rectory.

Mr. I. Newton returned from St. John on Thursday.

SEA-WEED.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

CURE

SICK HEADACHE,

Disordered Liver, etc.

They Act Like Magic on the Vital Organs.

Regulating the Secretions, restoring long lost Complexion, bringing back the Keen Edge of Appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These Facts are admitted by thousands, in all classes of Society. Largest Sale in the World.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

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A nice assortment of Light Driving in stock from \$10.00 upwards, and all kinds made to order at lowest prices at

WM. ROBB'S, 204 Union Street.

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST

132 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

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WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record for FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

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Cash Capital.....\$2,000,000 00

Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.....205,581 17

Reserve for Re-Insurance.....1,815,903 28

NET SURPLUS.....1,517,079 63

TOTAL ASSETS.....\$5,624,814 73

KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST

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