

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

## OUR PARADE WAS AHEAD

OF THE LABOR DAY PROCESSION AT BOSTON.

So Mr. Larson Gives us Cause to Believe—What Makes a Labor Day Demonstration Fall of Meaning—Some Reflections on the Labor Question.

Boston, Sept. 8.—Thousands of workmen, mechanics and laborers flocked to the great heart of the city today. St. John, too, had a labor demonstration, and I have no doubt that, although where you had one hundred men, we had one thousand, the St. John one was better worth seeing, had more good features, and showed more originality than the mammoth affair that encircled the heart of Boston. Unless things have changed greatly within the last few years this is strictly true.

Parades have been done to death in this part of the world, and except in cases where there is some new idea carried out, some new holiday celebrated or the proprietors of mountain hotels are vying with each other, one does not expect to see anything new as not seen before.

This is certainly true of labor parades, as true as it is of an oranger's procession, but in a procession of the kind we had in Boston features do not count for anything, unless they are of the kind which most interested the crowds along the line of march today.

Some of the unions carried mottoes. They were mottoes, too, that made spicier reading than ever Bruce McDougall printed in his Plain Dealer.

The men spoke their minds in regard to certain statesmen and rulers, and the language used was more forcible than elegant.

Miles of marching humanity were dotted with these mottoes, both political parties were scored, and invitations extended by unions in which there were hundreds of men in line to vote with the People's party. Any one who did not know would at times think it was a Populist procession, and yet if the story of last year's election is repeated this year, the votes cast for the parties outside the two big ones will hardly be worth giving space to in the newspapers. When this is remembered it may seem absurd that the labor unions, all of which are supposed to be trying to get what they want through the ballot, should turn out and take this opportunity of roasting those they have elected to rule them, and at the same time advise those not in line to vote for somebody for whom they will not vote themselves, and I do not think the inconsistency of the working man was ever illustrated better than it was today.

Some of the banners they displayed roasted the mayor for the action he had taken in employing cheap contract labor to do city work, yet those having charge of the procession invited the mayor to review it from city hall. He came all the way from the mountains to do so, and must have felt sorry he came, after he saw some of the banners.

It may have been that the workmen wanted the mayor to know what they thought of him, and were under the impression that they would never have another opportunity, but it is not usually considered the proper thing to invite a man to a "roast."

But, aside from all this, the parade was a great thing for labor, and it always is. At this time, after the country has come through one of the most distressing periods in its history, when there has been a fierce battle waged between capital and labor, a battle so fierce that both sides have been forced to play their last card, a parade of this kind in which thousands upon thousands of men turn out, means a great deal.

It means a great deal more than the parade you had in St. John. Yours may have been the prettiest to look upon—and I am writing this before I receive Tuesday's papers—but the men who marched through Boston's streets today are fighting a battle the magnitude of which the provincial workman cannot possibly conceive.

It is a battle that is going on all along the line from Maine to California, with the fiercest conflict in the west; yet the labor unions of Boston are intensely interested in it, and take official notice of every move made on either side. When one reads the flings, the bitter flings at Pullman and other capitalists, and references to local dignitaries that are equally severe and which, had they been made a few years ago, would have the man who bore it one of the unemployed for life, he must realize what a power labor is becoming in this part of the world, despite all its inconsistencies.

And this is where the labor day parade comes in. All these banners and mottoes may not mean anything today or tomorrow, but they show a spirit of antagonism, of resistance it may be, and when the men who have thus expressed themselves look about them and see the thousands who are amassed under one banner, come out into the open to show themselves brothers in the fight, doesn't the labor day demonstration mean a great deal?

These parades cannot fail to impress the men who take part in them with a sense of

their own importance, with the magnitude of their power when they see fit to use it, and the fact that the cause they are all engaged in has recently practically met with defeat, makes the demonstrations all over America today of all the more importance, in that they cannot help inspiring new confidence in the labor camp.

For Labor day was today for the first time a national holiday in the United States, and the scene in Boston was duplicated all over the length and breadth of the land.

And everywhere it amounted to more than organization to meet capital in, petty local differences over wages or the number of hours a man in a certain factory or workshop shall work. This is one of the purposes of the labor organizations of today, it is true, but while these are all we are apt to see on the surface from year to year, there is a stronger and deeper current running beneath all this. It has broken out in the west at times and resulted in the election of long whiskered populists and sockless statesmen, of men pledged to free silver, government control of the telegraph, the telephone, the railroads, all monopolies in fact. Men have been elected whose speeches in congress may seem to the average provincial reader,—it he is interested in United States politics at all, now that the man who used to write about them for the Telegraph is on this side of the line, like the rantings of a man from Fairville.

Yet the same doctrine preached by the populists of the west is preached in every trades union room in Boston every meeting night, and nine out of every ten trades unionists believe in populism, socialism or anarchism, and I might say that the other man is a single taxer.

Men who hold these views are getting to be considered more respectable than they used to be considered, but those who represented such doctrines on election day, are as yet not of the class that will bring out the vote in Massachusetts of those who could conscientiously vote for the principle that they represent.

The working people of the east still prize their old traditions; they want to see the state represented in congress by men who wear socks and trim their whiskers, even if they do not represent their ideas of political economy.

Still the labor day demonstration means something. There were senators in the barouches today, and although these senators did not represent either the Socialist labor party or the People's party, there is no doubt that they would do so if they thought the time had come when they could be elected on either of these tickets.

R. G. LARSEN.

## NAPOLEON AS A DANDY.

After His Shave His Valet Scussed Him With Eau de Cologne.

Readers of advertisements—and these include about all readers of papers and magazines—will remember Tallyrand's remark about Napoleon, which a shaving soap manufacturer has immortalized: "Napoleon shaved himself. Those who are born to kingdoms have others to shave them; those who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." The following article will, therefore, be of particular interest to those who are familiar with Tallyrand's remark:

When awakened it was Napoleon's custom to glance over the paper while the fires were lit. He was sensitive to cold, and a fire was prepared in every room even in midsummer. Then of distinguished people awaiting an audience he would designate those whom he wished to see, after which he would rise and take a hot bath, lasting about an hour. The daily shaving was the next duty. Ordinarily his physician, Corvisart, would be present, chatting and securing favors for his friends.

Napoleon's greeting was usually some badinage, such as: "Ah, charlatan! How many patients have you killed this morning?" And the physician would reply in kind. Two valets were necessary for shaving, one holding the basin and another the mirror. The emperor, in a flannel robe de chambre, then covered his face with soap and began to shave. Throwing off his robe, Napoleon was next deluged with eau de cologne and subjected to a thorough scrubbing with a rough brush. The valet then rubbed the whole body with linen rolls saturated with eau de cologne—a custom that Napoleon had acquired in the east. The scrubbing was none of the lightest, either, for he would call out from time to time: "Harder—rub harder." When the scrubbing was over the emperor dressed himself. A curious detail of his custom was the religious care with which he kept hung around his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained the poison that was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune. This poison was prepared after a recipe that Cabanis had given to Corvisart, and after the year 1808 the emperor never undertook a campaign without having his little packet of poison.

Fauntleroy's Mother.

The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, was at one time a teacher in a little country school. She was so poor that she had not even enough money to buy stamps with, and she earned the wherewithal to post her first manuscript to the publishers by picking berries. As time went on, however, the tide of affairs changed, and Mrs. Burnett began to make money with surprising ease. Her income now amounts to over £20,000 a year.

## WOMAN'S CHIEF CHARM.

GENTLENESS OF MOVEMENT AND SOFTNESS OF TOUCH.

Clumsiness is Bad Enough in a Man, but is Inexcusable in a Woman—How Some Women Rasp Every Nerve, and Make us as Restless as the Wandering Jew.

If there is one thing above another which is attractive in a woman and which perhaps goes a longer way towards making her beloved, than she has any idea of, it is a gentleness of movement and softness of touch which has the same effect on the tensely strung nerves of this highly organized generation, as a strain of soft music has upon the ear or the color of green upon the eye!

We scarcely know why the society of some people has a soothing effect upon us, while that of others seems to rasp every nerve and make us as restless as the Wandering Jew, but I think it is the power of that wonderful animal magnetism about which we talk so much, and know so little. The gentle restful nature exerts an immediate influence over us and seems to communicate its own calm to every one brought in contact with it; while the other unfortunate folk who are always in a bustle and turmoil themselves seem to radiate an atmosphere of distraction, unrest, and general chaos. They can't help it, they were born that way, and they will certainly die without changing; they could not change if they would, and usually they are so aggravatingly unconscious of their defects that they would not, if they could.

Roughness and clumsiness are bad enough in a man, but still they are not unexpected in that quarter! A man is a large, out-of-door animal usually, and if he puts his hand to the plough and works from the rising of the sun till the going down thereof, or even sets the same hand to the oar, the cricket bat, or the treacherous ball; if he toys with the deadly lacrosse stick, or kicks with his foot the murderous football, he can scarcely be expected to possess a velvet touch, or a noiseless footstep, and some allowance must be made for his manner of life and the habits which have become second nature. But in a woman clumsiness and boisterousness amount to positive sins, for the simple reason that her life is spent amongst delicate and fragile things from her very cradle, and therefore she has no excuse for being rough; her very education, it she has any at all, should teach her gentleness, and her occupations should teach her some lesson should her education have been neglected.

And yet there are women in this world, well meaning, kind-hearted women, too, whose very touch is painful, and who wound even when they are trying to heal. Such women are always at high pressure, and never consider anything well done which is not done with all their force. They cannot shut a door without banging it, and when they sweep a room they raise such clouds of dust that after it has settled, the whole apartment looks dirtier than it did before they began. If they take the baby for a moment they begin dashing the poor little creature up and down through the air until it loses all the nourishment it has imbibed for a whole day, or else gets too dizzy to cry, and the sick person who is confined to her well meant, but heroic ministrations, probably prays for a speedy death, or gets well suddenly from sheer terror of remaining under her sway.

Such women cannot dust the parlor without banging the furniture to pieces, or shake hands without causing the victim of her friendship to wince with pain, and if she takes up an animal to caress it, the creature probably cries out, thinking it has been struck.

Books and flowers fare badly at the hands of this class of women, who cannot read a book without breaking the back and "dog's ear-ing" the leaves, or handle a flower without crushing it.

She may weigh but a hundred pounds, and yet to hear her coming down stairs one would imagine her weight to be several tons; she cannot handle a piece of china without running the risk of breaking it, and when she steps she seems to be trying to dig her heels through the floor, and somehow everything she touches seems to be injured by the mere contact of her fingers. Bustle and noise are her ideas of efficiency in any kind of work, and she could no more do a thing without making a racket over it than she could stop breathing, and still live. The quiet worker is in her estimation incompetent, and lacks force, while the quiet woman with low voice and gentle manners is so inanimate and colorless in her blustering sister's eyes that the only wonder is how anyone can waste time talking to such an uninteresting spiritless creature.

And yet the rough woman may be one of the most unselfish and estimable of her sex, with a heart of gold and a thought for everyone who needs sympathy or kindness. She has simply allowed herself to grow into a habit of loudness and roughness which has finally enchaind her to such an extent that the habit has become stronger

## FALL 1894. Cloak Department. FALL 1894.

It is with much pleasure we announce to the Ladies that we have now received a very large proportion (over 2,500 garments) of our importation of Foreign Fashions in ready-made cloaks, Capes, Paletots and Cape Ulsters, and can assure them of finding the most correct styles and newest materials to be seen anywhere in the Maritime Provinces.

The rapid changes in fashion from one season to another are again exemplified this year. The Butterfly or frilled collar so much used on the jackets last season is entirely "passe," likewise the wasp or braided waist jacket. The great demand will certainly be for the TAILOR-MADE EFFECT in both medium and full length garments, which are severely plain, double-breasted, tight and three-quarter fitting with large revers, extremely large sleeves, collars which either turn down or stand, full umbrellas back and very many finished with strapped seams and stitched or bound edges.

Any Lady wishing a fur trimmed Jacket can have it either with edge only or whole revers and collar of any kind of fur preferred.

A MARKED NOVELTY is the new material FRIEZE used for Jackets and Paletots and is well adapted to our cold climate, being thick and warm and not affected by snow or rain. FRIEZE comes mostly in mixed dark Blue Grey shades.

The value of our garments this season is exceptional. Being made without trimming the price is put into the cloth and the JACKETS which we are offering at \$7.00, \$9.00, \$12.00, and \$14.00 also PALETOTS and ULSTERS at \$11.50, \$14.25, \$17.75 and \$21.00, is really wonderful.

Have a look through our stock before purchasing if you wish to see the correct Fashions for the Coming Season.

All sizes in Children's Garments 4 to 15 years of age. All sizes in Ladies' Garments 30 to 44 inch bust.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

than nature itself. She was a wild rude child and no one checked her while there was time, and told her how unwomanly it was for a girl to plunge about like a Newfoundland puppy, and how many more friends she would have if she could walk without jarring every window in the house, or kiss a girl friend without tearing her dress, and pulling her hair down. A little while ago the masculine woman seemed to be having her day, and every girl who was not athletic and muscular, was considered old-fashioned, and out of the "swim," but now the tide of fickle fashion has turned, and it is the fashion to be feminine and gentle. So, girls dear, if you want to be a girl of the period, you must cultivate not only gentle manners, but the habit of moving softly, and touching everything you handle, with tender care.

## IT WAS A GREAT RACE.

Everybody Excited When Pilot, Jr. Trotted Right Away from Archlight.

Evening Record.

The races at Moosepath Tuesday were the greatest of the season, the most sensational, the most exciting and the fastest. The speedy gelding J. O. C. again showed himself a winner though it was by the grace of Isawood, the Moncton mare, who would not win. This was so evident in one heat when the little bay trotted wide of the pole, though with a good lead and carried Natalie Cuyler away out, letting J. O. C. though behind creep up and take first place, that the judges declared that heat "no heat" and ruled Isawood off the track.

But this was but an incident of a day big with interest. The attraction was the Archlight-Pilot Jr., race. Rampart, Jr. was in it too, but only there to fill the event. Distance was waived and as it was necessary for him to start to permit the race to come off he went in. And he did not do badly. In the second heat when the first quarter was made in 36 and a fraction, the big half-brother of Archlight was nosing the leaders' sulkies. He showed that he could go and his owner, Mr. Leaman, was in a smiling mood.

The eagerness of the crowd for the fun was evident from the excitement shown after the first heat of the 40 class was over. Archlight was the first to appear and his friends clapped him to the echo when he flashed by the stand. With his usual luck Driver Bell had drawn the pole and the big Rampart Jr., was in second place. The sleek Pilot Jr., came jogging out and as he and his new owner and driver, Mr. Willis, went by the stand they received an ovation. There was no doubt where the sympathy of the crowd was.

Everything was ready and the three horses went down for the word. Archlight and Pilot were almost neck and neck but they did not expect the word at the first score and were not disappointed. As they sped around the turn, Archlight taking it as only he can the son of Pilot was seen to be no mean adversary. But he broke and many whose minds were already half made up that Archlight would win concluded that he had made the pace to hot for the little black. Messrs Bell and Willis were measuring their swords, as it were, and both came back for the second score smiling. The second score they got off and Pilot though on the outside kept his place beside Archlight until they got into the stretch. Only those who have driven on the outside of the pole horse know how much faster he had to trot to do this, but he did it and when they straightened away the crowd held their breaths for a moment and then the shout, "Look at Pilot!" "Look at Pilot!" went up as though there was somebody who did not see how he was playing with Archlight. With all the grace and ease imaginable he out-footed the horse that was supposed to be the peer of anything in the provinces, whose friends were willing to match him for \$1000 against anything that was in maritime Canada and who has stood as a sort of silent defiance at Moosepath all summer. The pace was too hot and Archlight had to break. This he repeated and yet when he got down to work again

with all his speed he could not collar the fleet Pilot who slowed up on the home stretch and jogged under the wire a winner in 2.25, the fastest race time on Moosepath by four and a half seconds. The cheering, the huzzas for a minute were deafening and Willis was crowded around and congratulated by all his friends.

The second heat saw the black son of Rampart out for revenge. His driver began to realize that far more than the value of the purse depended upon his winning. He had all to lose and nothing to gain. Defeat meant too much to take any chances and Mr. Bell warmed up his horse to be ready for the fray. Willis came again with the coolness of a veteran and showed the pace for the first half with the same ease. Archlight was right on his wheel, and when rounding the first turn on the last half forced the little fellow to a break. He was not used to taking that sharp corner, and when he did break it was always on the curve. Archlight took the lead and the pole, and when he entered the home stretch was square and at least three lengths ahead, Pilot having made another break on the upper turn. But with all that to make up Willis did not falter but made the grandest finish ever seen on Moosepath. Inch by inch and foot by foot he gained until Archlight was but a head and neck in front; then with but 50 yards to go, Teddy shook the whip over his steed and like an arrow he shot ahead, a winner by a neck. Such a burst of speed was never seen before on the old track. Archlight had trotted squarely while Pilot Jr. had not gained a foot by his breaks. The judges, in their anxiety to be scrupulously fair gave Archlight the heat, though the time, 2.24, was that of Pilot Jr.'s.

It was just as well that the decision was that way though it was sharper judgment than has been seen there for some time. There could not possibly be a claim of unfair treatment after such a decision. The third and fourth heats were slow but Pilot had them his own way in 2.27 and 2.27.

If anyone had wished to wager that Archlight would be worsted in 2.27 he could have got all the bets he wanted. Mr. Bell said before the race that the horse that beat him would trot better than 2.20 but it appears different.

Willis drove superbly, with all the coolness and judgment of a veteran. When it is considered that he never held a line over the horse until Thursday; that he never drove him faster than a 2.40 clip until he went out to race the performance is simply wonderful. After the race at Amherst Pilot was roaded 55 miles in a road wagon to his home and it was three days before Mr. Willis could catch his owner by telegraph. He is entered in the 2.40 class at Narragansett in October for \$1000 and is eligible for the 2.40 class on the Island. It is doubtful if he will follow the circuit in this province and Maine.

Trials of a Physician in Russia.

Medical skill is at a rather low ebb throughout Russia, and not without cause. An American physician, tempted by the enormous fees so frequently paid by the nobility, went to St. Petersburg and within a year had a lucrative practice. Then he was called in to attend a baron who was suffering from lung trouble. The doctor gave his patient the best of care and skill, but the baron died, and the widow promptly sued the doctor for damages for unskillful treatment. The unlucky American was sentenced to pay one thousand roubles and undergo an imprisonment of thirty days. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the physician left Russia as soon as he got out of jail, and nothing could tempt him to return.

Mr. Gladstone Inexperted.

A provincial paper records that Mr. Herbert Gladstone was addressing a woman's suffrage meeting at Leeds one afternoon, and passed a compliment upon the eloquence possessed by the fair sex, and the pleasure it gave the masculine portion of creation to listen to them.

And then a male voice issued from the background with:

"Wait a bit, lad; tha't noat wed yet!"

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Dr. Lachapelle, the eminent French specialist on Diseases of Children, states in his work, "Mother and Child," that with the exception of

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I never subscribed or recommended any of the many warm remedies offered; as most of them contain mercury. From analysis, Dawson's Chocolate Creams Contain No Mercury.

I have no hesitation in recommending them to my readers; they are effective, and being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, very palatable, and require no after medicine.

Dawson's Chocolate Creams.

are NEVER SOLD in the form of a Chocolate tablet or stick; but in the form of a delicious CHOCOLATE CREAM.

25c. a Box of All Druggists, or from Wallace Dawson, Chemist, - Montreal.

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has for twenty years HELD THE FIRST PLACE as a strengthening and tonic medicine.

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is agreeable to the most fastidious palate.

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may be taken with perfect safety at all times, and for any length of time, by the most delicate of women and children.

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has, by its timely use, rescued many hundreds from untimely graves.

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## RECIPE

FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH DRINK AT SMALL COST.

Adam's Root Beer Extract..... one bottle  
Fleischmann's Yeast..... half a cake  
Sugar..... two pounds  
Lukewarm Water..... two gallons  
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.  
The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles make two and five gallons.