

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

GIFTS OF THE FAIRIES.

BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

The Fairy Godmothers Content and Cheerfulness are Better Than Any of Those We Read About in the Fairy Tales—A Charming Girl That "Astra" Knows.

In the good old days, when fairies roamed the earth and obligingly stood up at christenings as self-appointed godmothers to certain favored infants, it was their custom to hang some special gift on the cradle of their young charge. Sometimes they conferred great beauty on the child, sometimes riches, luck, or it might be courage, the gift of winning love, or of seeing clearly through all falsehood. Whatever the boon might be, it was sure to be of great use to its possessor throughout life, and give him constant cause to shower blessings on his revered godmother as long as he lived. She had a kindly way of watching over him too, and appearing suddenly before him with offers of help and counsel, in any great crisis of his life when he was particularly in want of assistance. And she was altogether quite the most delightful character in fiction, so charmingly original and so thoroughly untrue to nature, because, unlike real guardians and friends, she was always sure to pop up before her charges just when they needed a friend, and so far as history has informed us on the subject, she never wasted her time in upbraiding them for getting into the scrape, as real people do, but saved all her energy for getting them out of it as soon as possible.

There are no fairy godmothers to look after us now, alas! But yet the wonderful gifts are not absent from our cradles, though they take a different form, and no longer come to us from fairy hands. We accept them as our natural characteristics now, that is all, and if we are wise we make the most of them and give the credit where it is due, to a wise providence.

Of all the blessings ever granted to poor humanity, I think a cheerful disposition, and the habit of looking on the bright, instead of the dark, side of life is the most to be desired! It is not a common gift, and those who possess it scarcely realize its value. It is the unfortunates who are always stirring away at life's cup, in order to find the dregs, and see what they are going to taste like, who appreciate a sunny nature in others, and regard it with a hopeless envy, just as we regard great beauty, or great genius, or anything else unattainable.

Did you ever see a child who had a nauseous draught of medicine to take, and who insisted on being allowed to taste it first, and see how bad it was! Well, some people in this world are just like the child; they must anticipate the evil, and therefore go through it twice, once in imagination and once in reality.

"What a glorious day it is," says the cheerful man, "The sky is like an arch of turquoise, and the air like wine!"

"Yes, so it is, just now," responds the other man, who is always on the lookout for something disagreeable. "But just look over in the east and see if that low bank of clouds does not predict a storm inside of twelve hours. These fine days are always weather breeders."

"Mrs. Blank is a most charming woman," says Mrs. Optimist. "I really don't know when I have met anyone I took such a fancy to!"

"So she seems at first sight," responds Mrs. Pessimist, "but I cannot get over a feeling that somehow she is too sweet to be wholesome."

I believe there are people in this world who are good-hearted in their own way, and well meaning enough, but who are constitutionally unable to see the best side of anything, they must look for the thorns before smelling the rose, or admiring its beauty, and they honestly find it impossible to see the good qualities of those around them, because to their distorted vision the faults stand out so plainly that the virtues are utterly obscured, or else they are absorbed in looking for the fact, that they deliberately overlook the good. There is an awful amount of evil in human nature I know; so much that the best of us cannot help but see it, and feel discouraged, but still I often think what mines of health we might discover if we only took so much trouble to find out the best, as we so to unearth the worst, in our friends. We are none of us perfect, and I really think the thought of what our friends might say of us, if they were so minded, should have the effect of keeping the most conceited of us humble. We criticize them on our hearts' content, and often do them cruel injustice, quite undisturbed by any consideration of the glorious time they might have at our expense, if they chose. And I am afraid the reason is that we have such tremendously good opinions of ourselves, that we don't believe these anything to criticize about us.

I believe with all my heart that there is no surer way to lose a battle than to expect defeat, and to be always anticipating the worst goes a long way towards bringing it

to pass. If it be true, as some wise men believe, that our lives are largely what we make them, what a terrible amount of suffering we often bring upon ourselves by our foolish determination to look upon the dark side of life; and worse than that, what a burden we are to our friends, and how much needless gloom we often bring into their lives by our selfishness!

So much for those who expect the worst, and richly deserve to get it, I think; unless bitter experience has ground all the hope and the cheer out of their lives in its cruel mill, and taught them to anticipate in the future only what they have known in the past, for these I have only the deepest sympathy. It is with the cheerful ones we have to deal now, and the mere thought of them is like a gleam of sunshine, or the summer breeze which has passed over a bed of mignonette.

I know a girl who is blessed with the happiest nature I ever encountered, or imagined possible, and who serves as the best illustration of the good effect of cheerfulness that could be found. I believe it she were going to be hanged for some crime she never committed she would manage to find an excuse for those who condemned her, and take consolation from the fact that her early death might spare her from a good deal of future suffering, and therefore was quite a blessing in disguise. I have yet to meet the person who was so utterly disagreeable that she could not find something to commend in him, and I cannot imagine any circumstances under which she would not make the best of things, and take what was sent just as it came without a murmur, in the fullest confidence that it was right, or else it could not be. With her the weather is always just as it should be, and even if it happens to spoil her plan she does not complain because the whole universe cannot be put out of gear, to suit her. I know of no one for whom it is such a pleasure to do any little service, because her appreciation of it is so genuine. Just to be with her is to give one a better and purer view of life, and of human nature, and I think it is partly because she only looks for good in people that she finds so much; those who know her well unconsciously try to live up to her estimate of them, and be what she thinks them.

Of course she has numbers of friends and is welcome as spring flowers wherever she goes, since her happy disposition not only makes her the pleasantest of companions, but is so contagious that it spreads an atmosphere of serenity around her, and brightens up the gloomiest natures, like a sudden burst of sunshine making its way into a darkened room. I wish there were more like her in the world, but alas!—"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," and I think one of the first to set up a coach-and-four would be a modest "literary woman," as Mr. Wegg would say, called ASTRA.

DEFENCE OF REPORTERS.

A Telling Article Clearly Denoting Their Position.

The following editorial in answer to an attack on reporters is from a late issue of the Toronto Telegram:

"These reporters made themselves so obnoxious by their impudent intrusions upon the privacy of the sorrowing family that they had to be expelled from the house. In such occurrences the presence of a good heavy, thick-soled boot on the foot of a healthy athlete should be in attendance and made to vigorously perform a necessary duty."

An extract like the above from the Canadian Manufacturer is inaccurate in fact and unjust in spirit. A journal that extended every consideration to the sorrowing family in question need not declare its lack of sympathy with the treatment which some papers dealt out to the Westwoods. Reporters were expelled from the house under circumstances not creditable to them. While the coroner and the jury were viewing the body that part of the house which they occupied was in law a public court room, and the owner of the residence had not the shadow of a right to exclude or admit anybody. The coroner was master of the room where he and his jury were, and the reporters who retired rather than make a scene were in no sense intruders.

The Canadian Manufacturer ought to know enough to keep from raving nonsense about reporters. Reporters are merely the servants of forces greater than themselves. They have to act in harmony with the spirit of the paper that employs them. It is a matter of duty and bread and butter with the reporter. Personally he is not interested in the funeral of this man, the wedding of that woman, or the murder of that other boy. What people insist on regarding the impertinence of a personal curiosity in adherence to a duty which he must discharge. People whom the reporter has to run up against might remember that the duty is as disagreeable to him as it is to them. If more people recognized this and acted towards reporters with common sense and decency they would have fewer grievances against a class that has grievances enough against individuals they are driven into contact with in the service of public curiosity.

No Need for Formality. "Why is a great strong man like you 'round begging?" "Ah, madam; it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."

A GAY MILITARY CITY.

HALIFAX, ITS OFFICERS AND ITS SOLDIERS.

The Different Regiments and Their Commanders Discussed—Lists of the Officers—The Connection of the Various Companies With "Society."

HALIFAX, Nov. 24.—Socially speaking, Halifax without its military element would hardly know itself—that is, the self-constituted upper society circles would be partially obliterated. The standard for the aspiration of "climbers" and others would be gone if the military were taken away. Whether there is any real benefit to a city in having such a social set as is constituted by the garrison officers may be a question, but Halifax certainly reaps commercial advantages from the large amount expended in the maintenance of a British force here. The imperial soldiers in this garrison number 1400 men. There are eight companies of 100 men in the 8th King's Liverpool regiment. The two companies of royal artillery have each 100 men.



Col. T. J. EGAN, 63rd Rifles.

and the royal engineers are represented by two companies, each also with 100 men, one of sub-marine miners and the other of fortress engineers. The army medical staff corps; ordnance store corps; army pay department, with general's staff, bring the total number of imperial troops here close up to 1400 men.

In a town where the regular officers hold such a commanding position, and where the rank and file have so good models to copy, one would naturally expect to find an ambitious, enthusiastic and effective volunteer force,—a condition which indeed prevails. There are in Halifax three battalions of Canadian militia, aggregating 1,000 "officers and men." The senior force is the 63rd Halifax Rifles, a battalion which comes down from pre-confederation times, and including six companies of 42 officers and men, has a regimental strength of 250.

The 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers, organized in 1869, with its eight companies and 668 men, is the purely infantry regiment of the militia.

The 6th Halifax garrison artillery has four companies of 100 men each.

This makes a militia force of 1318 men.

The desire of our young men to become citizen-soldiers is commendable. The training they receive is beneficial to themselves and may be of value to the country, even though the sole motive of many of the officers is to attempt to secure for themselves a common social standing ground with their brethren of the garrison, for undoubtedly, were it not for that desire, many a young swell in Halifax would never don the queen's uniform. The three militia battalions in Halifax have very distinctive characteristics, affording ample opportunities to officer or man to select the corps which best suits his tastes.



Col. W. M. HUMPHREY, 66th P. L. F.

The 63rd Rifles, the regiment through, presents little social difference. From Colonel Egan down to the latest recruit officer and man, except when on parade, they are more or less alike as regards financial, business and social standing. The rank and file are recruited from our very best families, if not in the fashionably social sense certainly in the sense of merit. The 250 men in the 63rd are either intelligent business men, mechanics or well-to-do clerks. That

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is an accurate description of the rank and file and of the officers. The 63rd is "the people's battalion," with no social distinctions except such as discipline demands between officers and men while on parade. The 66th P. L. F. is entirely different.

There is a great gulf fixed between the rank and file and the officers. The "social line" is distinctly drawn. The officers belong to a very different class of citizens from the non-coms. and men. No effort is needed to keep up that distinction, for it seems natural, and the difference remains as marked when the regiment is off parade as when the uniform is worn. Civil service officials, bank clerks, business and professional men make up the staff of officers almost exclusively, whilst, though there are exceptions, the non-coms. are mechanics or ex-British soldiers, and the rank and file is composed of men who have had no business or mechanical training. Good, sturdy honest men they are, but with not the slightest pretension to "social standing" in the community. The officers, on the other hand, are nothing if not "society men," but that does not spoil all of them. Many of the 63rd officers are thoroughly good fellows. A few of them, however, this "society mania" injures, and under the red coat and helmet they show signs of fully developed "swelled head." Captain King's company, known as "the dude's company," is an exception in the social relationship of officers and men.

The Halifax garrison artillery furnishes the third choice for the seeker after the militiaman's glory. Socially the H. G. A. is a kind of composite battalion. The men are drawn largely from the mechanics of the city—intelligent, prosperous artisans, amply prepared to earn their own living no



Col. A. E. CURREN, H. G. A.

matter what happens. They make no boast of their intelligence or worth, but they are the "bone and sinew" of the city's industry. While there is not the same comradeship between officers and men that prevails in the 63rd Rifles, there is not a rule anything like the same ever-present sense of social difference, imaginary as it is, that prevails in the society battalion of fusiliers. Colonel Curren is the most influential society man in the militia force, but some of the officers who serve him care not a fig for society, and they have not the slightest desire to be considered in the so-called "upper" set. Some of the best officers in the H. G. A. are men who belong to neither of the clubs, whose names are never mentioned by the society writers, and who doubtless are very well pleased at the immunity thus granted them. An officer in the H. G. A. is made to feel comfortable be he "society man" or not.

A glance at the officers of each battalion in detail is interesting. Colonel Egan, of the 63rd Rifles, in business is a gun-maker dealer. He has far more enemies than any other commanding officer in the force. There is an unfortunate feeling of opposition to him among the officers. With but one or two exceptions the officers of the 63rd have done, are doing and will do, their very best to drive Egan out of the regiment. He is objected to on various grounds, PROGRESS readers, having previously been made partially familiar with the story. His officers argue that now that he can retire retaining rank he should

go. No other regiment than the 63rd could stand such a conflict among the officers. The 63rd stands it and prospers. The majors are J. Noble Crane, bookkeeper, and A. A. Cunningham, buyer for Lawson & Harrington.

The captains are H. Hockler, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war and a tobacco dealer; T. C. James, civil service official; J. T. Twining, insurance agent; W. J. Butler, merchant and capitalist; S. J. R. Sircom, post office official; C. W. Gunning, paper merchant. The lieutenants are: L. Dixon, clerk; E. J. Egan, gun-maker; H. S. Jacques, physician; G. Downey, shoe merchant; W. Taylor, confidential bookkeeper; J. W. Vidito, clerk. The second lieutenants are: S. Y. Wilson, fish dealer; W. E. Thompson, lawyer; W. C. H. Moore, clerk; W. J. Forbes, of Forbes Mig. Co.; L. M. B. Bullock, insurance clerk. C. de W. Macdonald is the adjutant, and though his enemies say he does not know the new drill, he defies them to prove it. He is Colonel Egan's mainstay. The quarter-master is Major Bishop, a stone cutter and a magnificent rifle shot. Capt. Corbin, of Bedford, is the paymaster. D. A. Campbell, M. D., is surgeon and A. W. Cogswell, M. D., assistant.

Colonel W. M. Humphrey, of the 66th, is the superintendent of Bradstreet's in this city. Col. Humphrey is the most popular colonel in Halifax and a commanding officer. He keeps the battalion together better than could any other man in the regiment. The utmost harmony prevails. He is a strict disciplinarian, and when he gives an order has it carried out implicitly. He knows his drill and never gives an order which is not correct. Outside his business there is nothing in which he is so interested as the 66th. That is his hobby. He leaves nothing to his subordinate officers that he can do himself, and possibly would please some of them better if he gave them more to do. Personally he is popular with his officers, and the men like him. He is hospitable and entertains well at his down house, whilst no man could take more pleasure than Colonel Humphrey in making friends, of the battalion feel at home in the regimental mess hut at Bedford.

Major B. A. Weston, "Barney," as his fellow officers call him, is the next in succession, but if he should be called upon, good and efficient as he is, Weston would find it hard to fill Colonel Humphrey's shoes. "Barney" is suave, liked by his fellow officers, and knows his drill, and does a little more than he is compelled by duty to do. Major Menger, A. D. C., is a dapper little fellow, one of the best-known society men of the regiment. Major Kenny, the adjutant, is a most capable officer, who knows his drill perfectly. For some time he had the distinction of being the only Roman catholic officer in the battalion.

Captain Brown, of the post office, and Captain Chipman, agent of the Canada Atlantic steamship line, have charge of the veteran companies, largely composed of British soldiers well decorated with medals. Captain J. D. Ritchie, a gentleman-at-large, well known in St. John, has one of the smallest companies. Captain King is traveller for James Fraser. He commands the "dude's company," and by his severity makes his men afraid of him, but they also respect him. This company is the great recruiting ground for officers for the battalion. Captain Whitman is a lawyer, Captain C. C. Hale an insurance clerk; Captain T. E. Davison is in the post office, and Captain Lithgow is in the Dominion Savings bank. Captain Nagle, a son of the late town mayor Nagle, has just been promoted from a lieutenantancy.

Surgeon major Currie is a good looking and popular physician, as also is Surgeon Kirkpatrick. Rev. Canon Partridge, D. D., and Rev. Canon Carmody are the honorary chaplains. The lieutenants are: Guy Matt, student; H. Stairs, lawyer; J. G. Harrington, clerk; F. D. Henderson, bank clerk; G. P. Lea, student. W. Doull, student; H. Johnston,

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bookkeeper; J. Bauld, clerk; Mr. Ritchie, student; Mr. Sawyer, student; Mr. Stewart, student; Mr. Farrant. The majority of the subalterns are students with a view to admission into the imperial army. H. Humphrey, brother of the colonel, is paymaster, and W. H. Stevens, Dartmouth, is quarter-master. The H. G. A. is commanded by Colonel A. E. Curren of the milling firm of Cunningham & Curren. He was formerly adjutant of the 66th P. L. F. and had he remained he would now have been senior major. When he accepted the invitation of the officers of the H. G. A. he took a step which gave him a good rise, and was at the same time a fine thing for the artillery. He has brought the battalion up to a first-rate state of efficiency. He is a big society man and he is also big physically, standing about 6 feet 4. His officers like him and say he is the best commanding officer in the militia of Halifax.

The majors are: W. A. Garrison, of the customs; James Maxwell, merchant tailor; F. H. Oxley, of Bauld and Gibson; A. G. Hesselien, proprietor of the Halifax hotel; W. J. Stewart (adjutant), of M. S. Brown and Co.

The captains—F. W. Parker, post office; Harry Flowers, with Cunningham and Curren; Guy Hart, bookkeeper; J. S. Dimock, carriage builder; C. S. Reynolds, groceries and ships' stores; E. D. Adams (paymaster), commission merchant, and H. J. Harris (quarter-master), customs. Lieutenants—F. E. Halls, bank clerk; H. M. Wyde, of Acadia Powder Co.; J. E. G. Boulton, of Gordon and Keith; J. A. C. Mowbray, clerk; R. W. Crowe, lawyer; J. H. Marshall, book-keeper; B. Courtney, insurance clerk; John Parker, jr., insurance clerk. Dr. T. R. Almon is the veteran surgeon. Such is the militia force of Halifax. Together with the imperial troops they number 2,728 officers and men. Some day they may again be called upon to repeat the good service rendered at the time of the northwest rebellion by the Halifax provisional battalion.