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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

"A NEW CZAR REIGNS."

The dreary death-bell tolls above the solemn streets of St. Petersburg. After all, how weak was the Autocrat of all the Russias in the hands of the Autocrat Death The fighting Czar who loved peace made a plucky fight against the unconquered conquerer of kings-but the bell is tolling, tolling. Death has won.

It was not by a sudden treacherous lunge that Death laid his great adversary low. The Czar had been watchful. But the strain of this very watchfulness hastened the triumph of Death.

And yet it was not only the anxiety of watching the manœvres of enemies that hastened his death-that undermined his constitution so that an accident was suffi-

however very different things from the "icethe author of "A Perilous Passage" justice, she did not represent the ice-boat she

fifteen feet high." This seems to be a little embellishment that Mr. NORTON throws by intimation into a work of fiction which requires no embellishment. Her statement is simply this: "No pen could do justice to the delight of being the only living thing on a great expanse of clear, glassy ice, and of skimming over it at the rate of ten miles an hour." This showed that the writer had in her mind the ice-

boat of the lakes, and was not very well acquainted with Northumberland strait in winter. In her story there were, at the first of it, eight persons who were experiencing the delight of being the only living

thing on the great wide expanse. Another thing that Mr. NORTON points out, is that the part of the strait where the ice-boats cross is nine miles wide, and not twenty. This is such a well-known fact in these provinces that the story-writer's ignorance on this important parts seems well nigh unpardonable. The most amusing part of the whole tale is the postscript, which says: "This is a true story. It was told to me last summer by the horse-buyer who escap-

ed." That horse-buyer must have been even more of a romancer than the traditional one.

"A Perilous Passage" is not the only piece of fiction that has appeared in American papers, wearing the mask of truth. Every summer papers in the New England States send special writers to these provinces whose duty it is to "write up" this the valley in which GABRIEL wooed and won. For a long time these descriptions had such a wonderful sameness that it seemed as if the writers had consulted previous accounts freely, and changed the phraseology of these only slightly. Each piece had two or three long-winded quotaall of any value there was to it. For a country possessing as lively journalists as the United States, these descriptions were not very creditable. Were it not for the fact saw the writers of the articles among them, in the calm seclusion of a city office, instead of under the shadow of "the mur- have the best side of the argument. muring pines and the hemlocks." The great virtue in these accounts was that there was so little of anything in them that there was necessarily very little untruth. began to go in for something different than the ordinary line. Then it was that they acquired large supplies of miscellaneous misinformation about these provinces. Perhaps-we say it in shame-some of the absurd inaccuracies published in the New York and New England press were due to mischievous provincialists, who, thoughtlessly joking, caused their country to be distressfully misrepresented. There have been passages concerning these provinces in some papers, however-particularly in the accuracy-professing New York Sunwhich certainly seemed to be inspired by a mean spirit of intentional misrepresentation. It is not foreign writers alone, however, who give outsiders wrong accounts of these provinces. A few years ago there appeared in the New York Independent a story entitled "The Witch of the Ardois Hills," which was wildly astray in its topography and geology. The mistakes in the geology and mineralogy of the story might perhaps, be forgiven, since the author had chosen a locality with a picturesque name as the scene of his tale, and it was necessary to the success of the story that he should, in matters of minerals, make it anything but a "plain tale from the hills." But the author did a funny thing when he brought London, the following note written to the Grand Pre into his story. In a tale of restricted locality such as that was, the difficulty of bringing the famous village and the hill with the euphonious name into it would deter an ordinary writer, although doing so would lend the story undoubted rhetorical effect. But this difficulty did not daunt the author of the witch story, in which the "witch" proved to be a gang of counterfeiters. According to that realistic tale, a considerable number of Grand Pre people went from Grand Pre to "the Ardois hills," back again, and from Grand Pre to "the Ardois hills" once more, and yet another time back, in one night. They did all this journeying, besides various other things, on that eventful night. Moreover they ran most of the distance. When going home for the last time, the story does not say they ran, so it is to be

'a dangerous thing" for anybody. "Ice- very little about these provinces, boats" with sails, skimming along at a much and to think he "knew it all." livelier rate than that of ten miles an hour, It was written by a brilliant New Brunsare not imaginary creations of a VERNE, wick journalist, who spent the most of his but are as real as the telegraph. They are, life in the lower provinces. It was copied without comment by several papers in the boats" of Northumberland strait. To do | immediate vicinity of the places mentioned. PROGRESS refrains from criticising these papers. It realizes how easily an overdescribed as skimming along at a high rate | sight may occur, as in the case of "A of speed over "lumps and piles of ice Perilous Passage." One reason why the story was given to the printers after but a superficial examination was because that surname of the writer is that of a family which is very numerous near the shores of Northumberland strait. "The Witch of the Ardois Hills" was not remembered. It is however, probable that the surname incident is but a coincidence, as the great majority of Canadian stories written by Canadian writers for United States papers are correct as to topography, and are such as do credit to Canada and Canadian authorship. It seems strange, though, that one of the most gitted of all the Canadian writers on Canadian subjects-Protessor ROBERTS-should, in an admirable story in the Youth's Companion-a story which was imbued with the essential

element of probability-should refer to the villages of Hantsport and Avonport by the specially manufactured and harsher names of "Hantston" and "Avonville." The idea is not only not original; it is, in that particular story, misleading and unnecessary.

The principal argument brought forth by the Telegraph in an editorial the other morning in favor of having Canadian readers treating of Canadian subjects was that one of the Royal Readers told a story ot a duke and a boy who was driving a cow, whereas in this country we have no dukes. A person reading that editorial might reply that to confine a child to reading that which concerned his own country is unwise. interesting part of the world, especially as, although a coming man should be made to feel that a man's first, best country ever should be his home, it is now considered necessary that every one should learn to be in a measure a citizen of the world. It might also be supposed that, such being the case, a considerable latitude should be given to accounts of tions from "Evangeline," which was about other lands, as a child would learn much this country by hearing it talked of about and seeing it. The ignorance of United States editors in regard to Canada would seem to justify such a course. that the people of these provinces actually But if the lady who is reponsible for "A Perilous Passage" is one of the New they would be sure that they were written Brunswickers who bear her surname, the editor of the Telegraph would seem to The heirs of the "money-lender of Kimberley," one of whom is a St. John man, have found out, after seventeen years. that they are his heirs. If Mr. NEIL But at last the astute visiting journalists MORRISON and the others feel that perhaps, after all, they will not get the money, they may be encouraged by the fact that the last will and testament of the late THAD-DEUS STEVENS, who died twenty-six years ago, has just been pronounced valid by the court of last resort in Pennsylvania. The heirs to the HUNTER estate may congratulate themselves upon their early settlement in a case where the will was lost. The STEVENS heirs have, however, also reason tor self-congratulation, for some of the property still remains for them. Such is not always the case with long-contested wills. At the close of the last of ALEXANDER III.'s annual visits to Denmark, which were his chief relaxation from the cares which killed him, he was saying good bye to his favorite neices, the daughters of the Prince ot Wales. "Good bye, my dears," said the the great ruler, "you are going back to your happy English home, and I to my Russian prison." Was ever sadder monarch's utterance recorded? It was the story of the sad life of a man to whom death was a merciful release. "Happy low, lie down."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY A Trip to Mars. I've been on a flying trip to Mars, Having a charming time;

And a goddess up there ordered me To tell it on earth in rhyme. We walked its crimson lanes along By "anals in golden sand;

A sapphire light is on the sea, And diamonds strew the land. The sea is an amethyst ocean wide.

Under an amber sky;

Its ships are built of quarried pearls With sails of soft pink dye. The people are one generation, They have no age or death,-They number a thousand thousand, Made in the word of a breath. The men and women are both alike, They all have violet eyes; Their hair is the flaxen of yellow gold, And their heads are all of a size. Their faces are creamy peachy, Of beautiful oval shape, Love is all over them every one, And the ladies never gape.

They never have sins or sorrows, Thanksgiving is all their prayers; They never heard of a funeral knell,

They never have idle tears. They live ou ambrosial manna, That nightly falls to the ground;

It is gathered ready for eating, And is meat and drink all round. Their clothing is spangled tissue For both the women and men; They all have but one suit fitted, No more to be changed again.

Their beautiful heads and feet are bare, They need no hats or shoes; They never gossip along the street, Or have society news.

Their language? Well, that's what tried me, It seemed such a foreign dose;

Good day, is Kumtomihartdere, And kiss me is Sippycumclose. Come for a walk is Luvepressmyhand Fan me is Lukatmenice,

And bid me good night in the porch, dear, Is Tell nesoseventimestwice. I gave it up then for the customs

Were more than a poet could stand, I took up my harp and I sang them Farewell to this beautitnl land. Then they beat me with lilies and roses,

They marcheo me those nymphiads there; Away to a mountain of clover, it -is And tossed me right off in the air.

Dreamland, Oct. 1894. CYPRUS GOLDE. The Spruce at My Door.

The scented spruce at my door, Sings to me-"Lorelie, Star of your lone heart of yore, Has no more love for thee-love for thee." And when the red moon comes through The wild vines over my door, A cricket chirps in the dew-"She loves you no more-loves no more." And the autumn winds in the corn, Tell me the same, Midday, evening and morn, They echo her name. The scented spruce at my door, Sings to me, sings to me : The grapes grow ripe as of yore-Red wine for me-wine for me. * * * * * * * * * The scaly spruce at my door Snow-covered, calls to me. "Master, her love is no more-False mistress Lorelie." But I laugh to my friend, Sir Spruce, thou art one Whose love with the sun doth not end-Yea-and thou art but one." G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

From "Marguerite." But her soul went back to its child time; she saw the sun o'erflow With gold the Basin of Minas, and set over Gas. pereaux; The low, bare flats at ebb-tide, the rush of the sea at flood. Through inlet and creek and river, from dyke to upland wood: The gulls in the red of morning, the fish-hawk's

rise and fall, The drift of the fog in moonshine, over the dark

PUGILISTS OF THE SEA.

"Killer Wales" Attack a Cow Whale and Her Calf.

An attack made by three killer whales upon a cow whale and her calt, in a lagoon along the coast just south of here, recently, says a San Diego, (Cal.) despatch, was one of the most exciting fish fights ever observed here. The row whale was of the California gray species, the calf being three times the bulk of the largest of the killer whales. The latter made alternate assaults upon the old whale and her offspring, finally killing the calt, which sank in five tathoms of water. During the terrific struggle the mother was nearly exhausted, receiving several deep cuts about the throat and lips. When the carcass of the calf settled to the bottom the three killers descended, bringing up a large piece of flesh, which they devoured at the surface. While thus gorging themselves the wounded mother whale escaped, leaving a bloody trail.

These killer whales fight almost everything they see, and they fight to win. As pugilists of the sea, they are incomparable. Strongly built bodies, an arrow-like swiftness in swimming and a bulldog disposition strike terror to all their opponents. Even the terrible man-eater and tiger sharks will run from a killer whale. The heavily armed swordfish is an easy victim to this savage toe. Seals, whales and big fish generally have a mortal tear of him, and invariably run away from him it they can. The spectacle of a fight between these worves of the ocean and the large whale they attack is something long to be remembered. When several killers attack their gigantic prey they might be likened in some respects to a pack of hounds holding the stricken deer at bay. They cluster about the leviathan's head, some of their number breaching over it, while others seize it by the lips and haul the bleeding monster under water. When captured, should the mouth of the victim be open, the killers eat out its tongue. Killer whales interfere with the affairs

of men at times. Instances are reported where bands of killers have attacked the carcass of a whale as the whalers were towing it to the ship, and forcibly carried away the dead fish. They destroy many for her to do some kind of work or starve. Then she oegan to sell papers, and since young fur seal, and often remain a long time in the vicinity of the seal islands. In the stomach of a killer sixteen feet long were found thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals. Sometimes the killer attacks a fullgrown walrus, robbing it of its young. These whales are frequently found twenty to thirty feet long. The highfinned killer has an enormous dagger-shaped fin upon its back six feet long. When the fish swims high this fin towers above the surface, and observers unacquainted with it have been positive that it was a sea serpent. This ferocious whale is related to the porpoise and dolphin.

towns and rural communities, of course, lost ground, and the extent of the loss is illustrated in such facts as that during this period the number of farms shrank from 35,522 to 32,573, the total acreage from 4,882,588 to 4,795,636 and the improved acreage from 3,286,461 to 2,655,943, while the unimproved acreage increased trom 1,596,127 to 1,729,703, and is now larger than in 1850.

A COUNTESS WHO SELLS PAPERS. Romantic History of a Polish Girl Who Married a Nobleman.

Early every morning, a little woman of 50 or thereabouts, sets a small table on the sidewalk in front of the Post Office Building on Washington street, in Brooklyn, She spreads out upon the table a great bundle of newspapers and proceeds to sell them. She is a quiet little woman. Usually she wears glasses. Her dress is taded and thin; so is she. Everything about her indicates pinching proverty.

Now there is nothing unusual in all this. There are many other faded and pinched little old women in Brooklyn and New York, and some of them sell newspapers.

But the little old woman is one of those interesting people who have a history. She was countess, once, and is a grandniece of Pulaski, the great Polish patriot, who tought for America in the Revolutionary War and fell gallantly at the seige of Savannah.

Her tull name is Josephine Suffcenzka larozka. Her story, as she tells it, begins when, a young Polish girl, she married Count Paul Iarozka and went to live in St. Petersburg. She had a high social position there. It was almost a generation ago that she was happy in a Russian capital for many years.

By-and-bye she and her husband began to disagree. She does not say what caused the quarrel, but she savs it was no fault of hers. Finally she left him. Then her husband retaliated in a manner that some people might call peculiarly Russian or Tartar. They had a son, a bright youth, and the father caused information to be sent to the government that he was in a conspiracy against the crown.

One day the boy disappeared. The next the mother heard of him was that he had been sent to Siberia to die in the mines. The Countess endeavored to secure her boy's release. She visited officials berself. She asked all her friends to help her, but she could not remove the Czar's chains from her boy. Then she came to America bringing with her a little money she had saved.

She lived in New York and Brooklyn in cheap lodging houses until nearly all her money was gone and the time had come

cient to cause his decease

To be an autocrat of the Russias is no sinecure. A czar has to be his own premier and secretary of state. To be successful monarch in Russia, one has to master the affairs of many departments. ALEXANDER III. mastered all the departments, even those which, as, for instance, the Asiatic foreign ministry, are sometimes overlooked by a Russian ruler. The Czar was an exceptionally powerful man physically. And as he was a conscientious worker, he had need to be.

The dead Czar was not only conscientious in the routine of his work ; he was also a conscientious ruler. But he was by no means as broad a man as his father, whom the Nihilists were crazy in killing. Protestants and catholics were, under his rule, subjected to persecution. The jews were harassed by new forms of proscription, and dead laws against them were revived. Soldiers were quartered on those of the studdist faith. Churches were torn down and pastors silenced. The fact that the foreign policy of the Czar has been peaceful and sensible will, in most minds, scarcely offset his eruel religious persecution. But all due allowance should be made for the effect of an environment like his upon a man's character. He was cruel to those whose religion was not his; but there seems no doubt that he was conscientiously cruel. And he could have been much worse than he was.

NICHOLAS II., the new Czar, has a grand chance to become a great reformer. He will probably not take it, but he will certainly be happier and better if he does. There is destined to be a reform in Russia ere long. This is an age of reform, and reform is what Russia needs. If NICHOLAS will set to work doing his share in reforming the government of Russia, he will do much towards reforming over-zealous reformers. Some prominent Nihilists have already admitted that the body made a mistake in killing his grandfather. If NICHOLAS is a better man than his father, then long live the Czar !

OUR PROVINCES IN FICTION.

My brave world-bearers of the world That tops the keystone star of States, All hail! Your battle-flags are furled A Charlottetown gentleman, Mr. R. B. apers. NORTON, sends a well-deserved criticism of vocative of much laughter in the court. Pointers for the Board of Health. All hall! Your battle-hags are furied In fruitful peace. The golden gates Are won. The jasper walls be yours. Your sun sinks down yon soundless shores. Night falls. But lo! your lifted eyes Greet gold outcroppings in the skies. "And so," questioned the barrister, a story from the Youth's Companion which A correspondent asks PROGRESS to call 'you wish the court to believe that you are was copied in a late number of PROGRESS. the attention of the Board of Health to the a peacefully disposed and inoffensive kind The story was entitled "A Perilous Passfact that scarlet fever is quite prevalent of person ?" Companioned with Sierra's peaks, age," and was selected in a great hurry, it about Brussels and Erin streets and that "Yes !" Our storm-born eagle shrieks his scorn Of doubt or death, and upward seeks Through unseen worlds the coming morn, "And that you have no desire to follow having been supposed, from a casual many of the cases are not placarded. in the steps of your illustrious namesake, glance, that the tale alluded to the genuine There is one at 226 Brussels with no card, Or storm, or calm, or near, or far, and smite the Philistines ?" and others on the same street, though the peril and privation experienced by ice-boat His eye fixed on the morning star, He knows, as God knows, there is dawn; "No I've not," answered the witness. numbers of the houses are not mentioned. passengers on a fatal passage across And so keeps on, and on, and on! And if I had the desire I ain't got the This is the time of year for scarlet fever to So ye, brave men of bravest days, Fought on and on with battered shield. Northumberland strait some years ago. power at present. spread and the board should lose no time "Then you think you would be unable The absurdity of the story was evident in looking up all such cases. Up bastion, rampart, till the rays Of full morn met ye on the field. to cope successfully with a thousand enewhen the proof was read, and as it was Ye knew not doubt; ye only knew To do and dare, and dare and do! mies, and utterly rout them with the jaw-A Personal Matter. then too late to eliminate the romance, an You may seek advice in buying a ho bone of an ass?" presumed that they walked. Any one who e knew that time, th "Well," answered the ruffled Samson, editorial note was written, which, in the work)-Sure it's the continted woman you or a watch, or a business, but when it Would turn the darkest night to morn. has been to Grand Pre, and has "doubled should be, Mrs. Mooney, wid yer hus-"I might have a try when you have done haste that characterized the getting out of comes to clothes you don't consult anyone, Ye gave your glorious years of youth 'Dice Hill,' " knows that they would have And lived as heroes live, and die; Ye loved the truth, ye lived the truth; Ye knew that only cowards lie. band wid a life job as night watchman at the warehouse. Mrs. Mooney (excitedly) with the weapon !" except, maybe, your wife-she generally PROGRESS that week, was mislaid and thinks as you do, so that doesn't count. had to run like the moose of Clote Scarp the A Retrograding State. omitted. The note called attention to the Then heed not now one serpent's hiss, Or trait'rous, trading, Judas kiss. -Continted, is it ? An' that warehouse full of open hatchways ! An' him walks in We would like to show you a line of goods other times, however, in order to perform The population of Vermont was 330,551 in 1870, 232,286 in, 1880, and 332,422 in vagaries of the tale-substantially the which we are cutting up into business suits on that one night, in addition to their other Let slander wallow in his slime; same as our correspondent has instanced. his sleep ! Just the nicest, keep-warm, wear-well sort Still leave the truth to God and time. 1890. In other words, the state has been work, a journey of, at the very least, sixty of goods imaginable. Honest wool, honest "Who ever heard," asks Mr. NORTON, Worn victors, few and true, such clouds After the Fight. Worn victors, few and true, such clouds As track God's trailing garment's hem Where Shasta keeps, shall be your shrouds, And ye shall pass the stars in them. Your tomb shall be while time endures, Such hearts as only truth secures; Your everlasting monuments Sierra's snow-top battle tents. practically stationary for twenty years, and miles. Some of the women and children wear, honest price. We don't know of First Philistine-"Goliath had no busi-"of an ice-boat with sails, skimming along during the decade preceding 1890 the gain was only 136 souls. As Burlington, any way to get more real value in a suit, gain was only 136 souls. As Burlington, Ruthland, Barre and some other large towns had several thousand more inhabit-towns had several thousand more inhabitmust have been tired. at the rate of ten miles an hour over lumps "The Witch of the Ardois Hills" was at any price, than you can get in these. Can't we help you economize? and piles of ice ten or fifteen feet high ?" not written by a United States tourist who GILMOUR. Tailor. The writer of the tale was probably led ants in 1891 than in 1880, the smaller you have much on st?" might naturally be expected to know 72 Germain St. JOAQUIN MILLER. astray by "a little knowledge," which is

Among all the mass of contributions to the English press which have followed in the wake of the recent purity crusade in Pall Mall Gazette by "An Ordinary English Girl" is the most refreshing : Don't you think you men might sometimes regard unfallen women as being interesting? I know we are not considered as interesting, but I do think this fallen woman is having an undue share of attention. All the new books are about her, all the plays, and now all the public interest and the news.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Toronto Mail.)

He rests from Toil. The portals of the tomb Close on the last of that immortal band -" So wrote, amid a universal gloom, A master hand.

And now that hand is stilled; no more its touch Shall wake the music of "the magic string"; But still its soft strains sleep in hearts of such As "never sing."

That good right hand is stilled; no more our souls Shall be made warmer from its cordial clasp; But yet in fancy, though the death-bell tolls. His hand we grasp.

He rests from Toil. The grim gates of the grave Close on the last of an immortal throng-A band to whom the Blithe-heart Poet gave The gift of song :-

The children's bard who keeps one "still a child" The Friend who sang the shackles off the slave; The Nature-poet who to woodlands wild New glory gave;

The sage whose organ-tones men's souls made The singer sweet who softly sang of June ;-

This band has gone to meet its Patron-God With hearts in tune. "The last leaf on the tree" has fallen now :

The wind chants an Æolian requiem; 'The singing leaves' have left their parent-bough Which mourns for them The cheery man who felt himself a boy,

Although his hair was of a sombre grey, With mind kept sound by an unselfish joy, Has passed away.

The one-horse-shay of which he blithely sung Through all its wealth of years was not mor strong Than he who kept his great heart ever young

And filled with song Always a boy !-His age ?-Who cares for that?

Who say that he is dead are babbling fools! For in our hearts the gentle Autocrat Still lives and rules.

How swift this sand, gold laden, runs! How slow these feet, once swift and firm Ye came as romping, rosy sons Come jocund up at college term : Ye came so jolly, stormy, strong, Ye drown'd the roll-call with your song.

WHY THEY STRUCK.

Workmen who Objected to Sitting Around and Doing Nothing.

It has been customary for many people to consider the southern laborer as slow, lazy and shittless, yet a writer in the Engineering Magazine says that no stranger could enter one of the mills or pass a day in the pine-timber woods without surprised by the vigor with which work is performed.

Work has become an instinct; the laborer knows but four conditions-eating, sleeping, working and, after pay day a carousal, or absolute idleness.

A curious story of a strike is told at one of the mills. The hours ot labor are long from dawn to twilight. In the winter the hours are fewer, but in summer the saws are buzzing and the whole community alive and at work before the sun has touched the tree tops.

A northern foreman of philanthropic principles took charge of a certain mill, and sorrowed within his heart for the poor fellows wearing out there lives with canthook and saw. So he decreed that from seven o'clock in the morning to six in the atternoon should constitute the labour of a

There was a murmur in the camp and in two days there was a general strike. Called upon for reasons, the spokesman stated the case of the men :

"We all jus' doan like dis yar gwine ter wuk at seben o'clock. Wha's de use ob sittin' aroun' fer two hours in the mawnin' 'to gwine to wuk? We jus' ain' gwine to stan' it, dat's all."

So the strike was declared off by the superintendent agreeing to allow all hands to go to work at dawn and keep at it as long as they could see.

Worm-Turning in Court.

A well-known barrister relates the following story with great gusto. Some time ago he had under cross-examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Samson, and whose replies were pro-

has earned her living in that

Clearing For Action.

To watch a ship's crew in the most exciting moment of clearing for action is to realize the value of discipline in its most perfect development-the result of the constant practice that gives faultless precision. When bugles sound the call and the boat-swain's mate's pipe shrill echoes the men wherever they may be, whether on watch or asleep in there hammocks, as-semble at their allotted posts with marvellous celerity. There is a momentary trampling of feet between decks, a rattle of arms, and then silence so profound that any word of command can be distinctly heard fore and aft along the deck of even such a ship as the "Repulse."

At the words "Clear for action," there is a commotion which a landsman might mistake for panic as men rush from point to point. A bluejacket never walks when an order is given, but does every thing at the double. Every one knows his station, and goes to it by the quickest and shortesway. With a rapidity that seems wonderful, companion ladders, with their ponderous gangways, are unshipped and stowed away ; railings around the low decks fore and att are lowered; the ventilating cowls and chimney stacks disappear to be replaced with covers flush with the deck : hatches are battened down, water tight doors are closed, and tackle rigged for hoisting ammunition from the magazize. Between decks everywhere something of the same kind is being done as quickly and as quietly, and then the men stand to their guns. When the bugles sound for firing to commence, the great barbette turntables revolve slowly, turned by nnseen power, and the quick firing guns in maindeck batteries are worked with surprising celerity by detachments of Royal Marine Artillery.

Families Supplied.

The other day Mr. Toole entered a dairy, and in his most solemn manner addressed himselt to the man as follows :---

"I will take a boy," looking round at the shelves.

"A boy, sir ?" asked the dairyman, fairy puzzled.

"Yes, or a girl," answered the actor. The man, thinking him some lunatic, said, "Pardon me, this is a milk shop." "Come outside," srid Mr. Toole, and toking the man by the arm, he led him to the door and pointed to the sign.

"I'll take a boy and a girl," repeated the humorist, with not a ghost of a smile. "Read what your notice states, 'Families supplied in any quantity.'

Treasures of the Kremlin.

The czar recently gave orders, at the suggestion of Russian scholars, that the underground rooms of the Kremlin at Moscow should be searched for hidden treasures. It is hoped that in them the famous library of Ivan the Terrible may be found, which contained more than eight hundred Greek and Latin manuscripts unknown to the western world. In the vaults there must also be many documents relating to the history of Russia, while popular tradition fills them with countless treasures hidden in times past.

A Somnambulist.

Mrs. Dooley (whose husband is out of

St. John.

HARRY ALBRO' WOODWORTH. To the California Pioneers.

But now ye lean a list'ning ear And—"Adsum! Adsum! I am here!"