

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894.

MITCHELL'S MERRY MOOD

MAY MIGHTY MEN MAKE MORE MILD, MEDICINAL MIRTH!

Mr. Mitchell Makes "Miramichi" Men Manipulate Melody—Magical, Melodious, Mirthful, Modulated, Meritorious, Melting Music—Maldens Make Merry.

Who has not enjoyed a summer holiday coasting along the shores of the great bay, into which pour the waters of the noble Miramichi Rivers, should take the steamer "Miramichi" at Chatham on a fine morning and give himself up during the trip to pleasure unalloyed and sights unequalled for beauty. When the Hon. Peter Mitchell left one morning last week on board the above steamer for a trip along the shores of his beloved Northumberland Co., it was not altogether for the purpose of viewing the results of the labors in that locality when minister of marine, for it had been the case he would have been more than gratified with the numerous wharves, harbor improvements, light ships and light-houses, dotting the coast as far as the eye could see, or the steamer reach. But the Hon. Peter simply took advantage of the superb weather of last week to pursue the fleeting phantom, health, as indefatigably, and with the same order, as he ever followed an opponent through the political meshes of an all night's sitting. Seated on the top deck, his legs crossed, with a bundle of papers on his knee, reading the very latest news and unconsciously inhaling the fragrant Atlantic ozone, he formed a most interesting picture of a hale, hearty, well-preserved gentleman of 70 summers whose eye had not lost its lustre and whose mind, whether in politics or business, is as vigorous today as when he made the Dominion Parliament quake in its boots for its treatment of the widow Murphy's cow.

Looking at him one could not help conjuring up some of the transactions which have associated his name with Canadian history. Here was the man who found the marine department of Canada in an embryonic condition, but whose gigantic labors in connection therewith established it on a basis, the routine of which is still adhered to by his successors. Visions of the two beautiful iron bridges spanning the Miramichi river and the north shore route of the I. C. R. were directly connected with his achievements, and in the successful result of the fishery award his labors were never fully appreciated.

Reminiscences of his plucky political battles in his native and other counties, loom up before me as I view this hero of a thousand fights. Nor can I forget the Gloucester election, when a mob of infuriated voters, armed with sticks and stones, undertook to drive the Hon. Peter and his friends from the polls, where he was stationed for the day. In the wild rush off the mob one of his friends was stricken down, and lay to all appearances, dead.

The leader of the crowd advanced towards him, and advised him to retire or his life would be sacrificed. Quick as a flash the Hon. Peter levelled a revolver at the leader's head, and addressing the crowd told them that if any further advance was made by them, he would put a bullet through the leader's brain. Then turning to the leader he compelled him to advise the mob to retire, which they did, and the Hon. Peter held his post until the poll closed.

On board the boat, among the general cargo consisting of boxed salmon, barreled codfish, etc., was an organ, consigned to a lady at Escuminac. It chanced to catch the steward's eye, and awaiting his opportunity when Captain Goodfellow would have charge of the wheel, he "broke cargo" and removing the wrapping from the organ commenced to play and sing. The second steward, fireman, purser and engineer joined in the singing and in a few moments all on board the boat congregated around the organ, charmed with the music. The Hon. Peter among the rest applauded loudly, and taking charge of the whole performance, arranged a programme embracing the popular songs of the day, Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, Daisy Bell, After the Ball, Scotland, Yet, The Harp that Once, and last of all came "John Brown's Body" adapted to the words "We'll send Peter Mitchell to the Commons once again," which brought out a thundering chorus from the crowd.

That it was a musical crew was only too evident from the fact that the part singing was most accurate and the range of pieces nearly inexhaustible. But the singers had other duties to perform. In the midst of a chorus, the fireman would dodge down the coal hole and fire up, and the engineer would fly to the engine and oil up while the two stewards took about making dinner. But dinner was "out of sight" while the music lasted, and was delayed for over two hours. A young lady among the passengers was asked by the Hon. Peter to sing and play and after considerable solicitation on his part she consented and surprised everybody with her accomplishment in that line.

The Hon. Peter ordered liquid refreshments of a very mild nature for all on board and, the perspiration streaming down his features, with his own hand he passed the ginger beer to the ladies. On nearing Escuminac the organ was enclosed in the "original wrapper" and when the lighter came to the steamer it was placed on board. Here the young lady took her departure, but before the lighter had cast off its line she told the Hon. Peter that if he would come ashore to her father's home both she and her sister would drive him down to Bay du Vin, his destination. With the courtly grace of a cavalier and in words of winning sweetness he accepted the offer, and on leaving the steamer three rousing cheers which woke the dormant echoes of the Escuminac shore were given by passengers and crew.

Standing in the stern of the lighter and balancing himself against the oarsman he thanked them on behalf of the young lady, and as for himself he declared that the pleasure he experienced during the trip was only surpassed by his present (pointing to the young lady) agreeable, interesting and beautiful surroundings.

As the lighter cast off its lines, Captain Goodfellow played a solo on the steamboat whistle and the young lady, the Hon. Peter and the organ were slowly wafted by oar and tide towards the Escuminac shore.

TRAVELER.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE.

A Description of Antigonish's College and of its Curriculum.

The calendar or annual announcement of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, N.S., a neatly gotten up little volume of sixty-eight pages, has been received. This College was founded in 1824 by the Rt. Rev. Colin F. McKinnon, bishop of the diocese of Arichat, now Antigonish. It received from the Provincial legislature power to confer the degrees of bachelor, master, and doctor in the several arts and faculties in 1866, and was incorporated with a board of governors in 1882. The building is of brick, and consists of a central part ninety by thirty-nine feet, with a tower ninety feet high, projecting sixteen feet in front, and two wings each thirty-eight feet wide. One of them eighty and the other eighty-three feet in length, the latter having an extension twenty two by twenty-seven feet. It is well plumed and ventilated, and is heated throughout with hot water.

The course in the junior classes is assimilated to the High School curriculum in the Province of Nova Scotia, the student having the advantage over those of the ordinary high school, of being under professors of long experience and thorough university training. The two professors in philosophy are graduates of the Propaganda College, Rome, as are also the professors of higher Classics, and this ought surely to be a guarantee of competency. Elocution, English Literature and Latin are taught by a graduate of the well known Jesuit College, Boston, Mass., whilst the professor of Chemistry and Botany made his science course at McGill and Harvard.

Among those who won good places at the terminal examination, are two young men from St. John, L. V. DeBury, the son of Count DeBury, and Edmund S. Ritchie, son of Police Magistrate Ritchie.

Six pages are covered by a record of the medals and prizes awarded at the commencement exercises. Three gold medals were awarded, one of which was donated by Sir John Thompson, who also donated \$20 for the college gymnasium, another was given by Senator Macdonald, and a third by Rev. A. E. Mombourquette. Two silver and three bronze medals were also awarded besides numerous books by such authors as Cardinals Manning and Gibbons, Maurice Francis Egan, Christian Reid, Archbishop O'Brien, etc. There were seventeen matriculants and ten graduates.

Among the college societies are an Athletic Association, with a Director, President, Vice President, and Sec'y-Treasurer. The sports are baseball, lawn tennis, foot-ball, hand-ball and croquet, each of which is under the control of a managing sub-committee.

Eleven pages are devoted to the Alumni Association formed in October last. Although so recently organized, it has already a membership of 92 with cash receipts of over \$250. This association will undoubtedly do much for St. Francis Xavier's, as kindred associations do for Mount Allison, King's, and Acadia.

At the end is a brief calendar of St. Bernard's Academy for young ladies, conducted by the sisters of the congregation of Notre Dame. This seems to be the female branch of the college. Some classes in it are taught by professors from the college, which also gives to it the use of its physical and chemical apparatus. Looking at the course of studies and particularly at the terms, it seems to be just the place for young ladies to go. In fact the terms in both college and convent are exceedingly reasonable, considering the quality of the instruction and training they give.

Practical Aunt—Do you think you are qualified to become the wife of a poor man? Sweet Girl—Oh, yes, it's all fixed. We are to live in a cottage, and I know how to make cottage pudding.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

THE GIRL WHO PUTS OFF UNTIL TO-MORROW.

"Astra" Tells of the Various Stages of Procrastination—How the Girl Thinks That She Will Wait Till She Gets Married—The Old Woman's Remorse.

The poor widow who once dropped her little all of two mites into the alms box of the temple and then turned humbly away, only anxious that her poverty should not be observed, little dreamed that she was furnishing an example for future generations to profit by, that her act of self-sacrifice would serve as a text for numberless sermons on self-abnegation and faith, and that eighteen centuries after her day was done and the grass growing on her humble grave, the name of the little coin she gave so cheerfully would be a household word everywhere, and form the title of countless societies formed for charitable and religious purposes.

Multum in parvo seems to be a recognized principle in these days, and there is no lesson more laboriously taught by the whole scheme of existence than the importance of small things. Science has opened our eyes to the depredations of the insidious microbe and the deadly bacteria, and at the same time, to the value of many things which were formerly considered worthless. Anyone who has ever visited either a glue factory or a sugar refinery cannot fail to have been impressed with the manner in which the smallest particles of material were utilized, and atoms which the uninitiated would have thrown aside as worthless, carefully preserved.

Of course the visitor to either of these important industries would be surprised at some of the economies practiced, and it is more than likely that after he had once witnessed the ceremony of washing the bags in which the raw sugar is imported, and noted how carefully the filthy water they are washed in, is saved and poured into the great vats in which all the sugar is melted, he will go home, firmly resolved never to touch sugar, or anything that contains it again; quite forgetting that once the sugar has passed through the purifying blackness of the charcoal troughs, it is pure as the falling snow.

One half hour spent in the atmosphere of a glue factory would probably be sufficient to convince any ordinary mortal that a thing which smelt so horribly while it was being manufactured must be dangerous to human life and health, and that it was not a safe thing to have in the house. But yet the process of making both these articles is very wonderful and speaks volumes for the inventive genius of man.

Year by year the human race is learning the value of the mites not only of material but of time, and this brings me to the subject I started upon—the value of the odd minutes which we think of so little importance that we never even try to catch them as they fly past, and make use of them.

"I haven't time!" the schoolgirl says impatiently. "What can I do, when I have every moment of my day taken up either with lesson studying or practicing? I shall have to wait till I have left school, and am grown up before I will have a moment for anything."

By-and-bye that same girl grows up, and "comes out," but still she has the same complaint to make, if asked to do anything out of the ordinary routine. "I really cannot, I haven't time! What can a girl, who pretends to keep up her social obligations at all, find time for? I used to think it hard enough when I went to school to make time even for walking and practicing, and I fancied when I was grown up it would be different, but now it is worse than ever, for I have to keep up my music and painting just the same, and now I have calls to make, shopping to do, church work to look after, dressmakers to see, visitors to receive, and a hundred and one things to attend to which take up more time than school ever did! Perhaps when I marry and settle down I shall have a little worse time to myself, because so much will not be expected of me."

A few more years flit past, and the young matron engrossed in the thousand and one cares which marriage and maternity bring, finds her time more limited than ever, and realizes that sweet as her responsibilities are, and dear as even the cares have become, marriage is not the way to win more leisure after all, and that the woman with a husband and children to look after has her life filled too full of happy duties to have much spare time. As the years glide by the cares seem to multiply instead of decreasing, and now there is some reason in the complaint, which is scarcely so much a complaint now, as a simple statement of fact, "I haven't time, I would be only too glad to undertake it, if I could, but really every moment of my day seems to be so fully taken up that I often wish the day could be stretched out one hour longer!"

And at last an old woman sits quietly in the sunshine knitting, and living her life over again in fancy, as old people will—"I see so many ways in which I might have

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made more of my life," she says sometimes, "but I did not know how then, and now it is too late. I never thought I had time for anything, but I know now that it was because I let the odd minutes slip through my fingers and never caught them up again. It is the odd minutes that count, and save hours of work. I spent my youth and middle age in ceaseless efforts to crowd the work of two days into one, and because I could not do it I was never satisfied; I grudged the time for rest which I really needed, and then wasted precious hours in telling my friends how little time I had, and complaining about the amount of work I did. Now I see my error when I have more time than I know what to do with, and no work to do!"

It is all so true, girls! No one ever accomplished anything in this world by putting it off till they had time, because the desired opportunity never comes of its own accord, we must make it for ourselves, and half the time we can only make it up out of the odd minutes we take so little account. Never deprive yourself of rest when you require it, but use the time you would like to spend in dawdling, or gossiping, or the extra half hour in the morning when you are not tired, or asleep, but merely too lazy to get up; and you will be surprised to find how much leisure you will gain by it.

Elihu Burritt, the scorned blacksmith, taught himself seven languages in the odd minutes while he was waiting for customers, and almost between the strokes of his hammer, and though I am sure that very few of us possess such a capacity for languages as that, yet I am convinced we might all make our lives much easier for ourselves and others if we only utilized our odd moments as he did, and made the time for accomplishing what he wished to do, instead of sitting idly down, and complaining that we have no time for anything. ASTRA.

STARFISH FOND OF OYSTERS.

They Kill Millions of Bivalves Every Year by Eating the Spawn.

This is the season of the year that the oystermen are busy starfishing. They do spend their time catching these, which are objects of so much curiosity to occasional visitors to the seashore, from any love of the work, nor from a hope of immediate profits. The starfish is one of the greatest pests with which the oystermen have to deal.

One of these beautiful creatures will destroy many thousands of oysters during the spawning season. It is the worst enemy these popular bivalves have to contend with. From the number which are taken from an oyster bed by some of the modern appliances for destroying them, it would seem that they are as numerous as the seemingly five-pointed worlds which shine on the top of the water on a clear summer night.

They hover about the oyster beds in June, July and August in schools, droves, myriads or any collective noun which expresses the largest number. They eat the young oysters, or spawn, after it is deposited on the old shells, which are "planted" every summer, and sometimes almost destroy the whole bed when left to themselves.

For years the oystermen have been trying to find some method of destroying the starfish without injuring the oysters. They formerly went through the beds with an oyster rake, and caught a good many in that way. But the method was extremely injurious to the oysters. It disturbed the spawn on the shells and killed many of the young oysters.

Of late years another method has been used. An instrument much resembling a huge mop is constructed for this work. The mops are sometimes fifteen or twenty feet wide. They are made of cotton strings, loosely coiled. This is drawn over the oyster bed so that the strings drag over the oysters. It does not disturb the young bivalves, but it makes a trap from which the starfish find it difficult to escape. The starfish are covered with sharp hooks, on barbs, which are so small they can hardly be seen. They can be felt, however, if one is taken in a person's hand. These barbs catch in the strings of the mop, and the fish cannot disentangle themselves.

The mop is drawn up every few minutes and jumped into a cauldron of boiling water. The starfish are killed and cooked all at the same time, but as they are unfit for eating purposes the cooking is unnecessary. When the cauldron is so full that no more can be put in it, the fish are dumped back in the ocean again. Millions of starfish are destroyed in this way every year, and yet they seem just as numerous as ever.

NEW NAUTICAL TERMS.

Which Young Ladies From Inland Towns are Responsible For.

The yachtsman's vocabulary is a language in itself, and the landsman often runs afoul of it. He doesn't see why one rope should be called a sheet, another a halyard, a third a downhaul and a fourth a clewline. One boat-owner, whose hospitable deck is trodden by many of his friends, has modified his terms to conform with the suggestions or mistakes of his guests who are not expert sailors.

For instance, one landlubber who had gone below for a drink of water, was asked what he had done with the cup.

"I hung it on the post," he said innocently.

Every one roared at the idea that he could be so "green" as not to know what the mast was called, but on that yacht the mast is now known as "the post."

A pretty girl from a "fresh water" district was responsible for another nautical word. The strips of canvas used in tying up the sails are called stops. Some one wanted the stops and could not find them for the instant. "What are you looking for?" asked the young woman.

"I am looking for the stops. They were here a little while ago."

"The stops? Oh, you mean the tapes. They're under the rug."

And now the sails are bound with "tapes."

Another young lady from an interior state had read enough nautical stories to have caught a few phrases here and there. For one thing, she had heard of "hard tack," that staple article of diet at sea. On a visit to the East this damsel went sailing. She was anxious to learn, and when she heard the man at the wheel say "lard a lee," she asked some questions, and found out what it meant.

A little later the steersman said the yacht was going about. Some of the guests were paying no attention, and seemed in danger of being struck by the boom as it swept over to the other side of the yacht.

"Hard tack! hard tack!" cried out the young woman, excitedly.

All managed to duck their heads in time to escape the spar, if they didn't know what the maiden meant by "hard tack," and another joke was added to the yacht's store of them.

Willing To Oblige.

"Let me have six three-cent stamps, please," said a lady to the polite young man behind the counter in the post-office the other day.

"Yessum," he said, handing them out. "Can't you let me have them in one piece?" she asked.

"Certainly, ma'am," said the young man. "Can I send them home for you?"

"Oh, no; I don't live far away, and I am going straight home. I wouldn't put you to trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the polite official. "I haven't very much to do to-day, and I could easily spare an hour."

"Very much obliged," said the lady, smiling sweetly. "Dear me," she added putting on a stamp, "what a bother it is to stamp letters! Why can't we send letters and let the post-office send in their bill once a month?"

"They might just as well," said the obliging young man, sympathizingly. "I'll mention the fact in my next message to Parliament."

"Will you? How nice! But you mustn't mention my name. Say the idea was suggested by a lady."

He Wanted Fair Play.

A few years ago a foreman in the Midlands came into a small fortune. Having bought a neat little house in the suburbs of Birmingham, he prepared to enjoy himself for the rest of his life. Finding time to hang heavily on his hands, however, he decided to commence poultry rearing.

A friend supplied him with the necessary hen and eggs for sitting, and, by way of a joke, included a duck's egg in the number.

When the friend happened to call, a month or so later, he found the ex-foreman in the yard with a duckling in one hand and a file in the other.

"What on earth are you going to do?" asked the visitor.

"I'm going to sharpen his beak a bit," was the reply. "This 'ere cove shovels the grub up; he don't peck fair. If they've all got sharp beaks they'll have to go peck for peck."

Couldn't Stand That.

Minks—What had is your wife following now?

Winks—She is organizing anti-suffrage associations.

"Humph! I thought she was in favor of woman suffrage."

"She was, but I told her one day, as a joke, that congress was going to compel all women to vote."

MOTHERS.

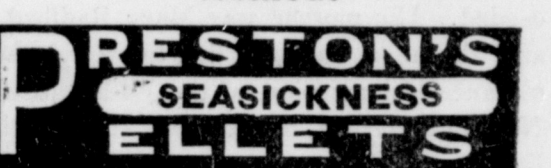
Physicians will tell you that more than one-half the troubles of children are caused by worms; The following are the symptoms:

The countenance pale; eyes dull and pupils dilated; picking at the nose; occasional headache, with throbbing of the ears; slimy or furred tongue; foul breath generally in the morning; appetite changeable; belly swollen and hard; a gnawing or twisting pain in the stomach, or about the navel; the bowels constipated or purged, not unfrequently tinged with blood; stools slimy; urine turbid; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of teeth; starting up out of sleep; breathing occasionally difficult, generally with hicough; temper changeable, but generally irritable.

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