

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1894.

GOOD WORK UNPAID FOR.

ASTRA'S CLAIM ON BEHALF OF PROFESSIONALS

Who Have Finished their Courses after Long Study Abroad and Return Home to Compete with Talent of a Cheaper Grade who Fix the Price.

A witty divine once said that the learned professions were so overdone, society would soon be at a loss what to do with the hungry hordes of professional men let loose on an impoverished world, and be forced to shingle the house with young curates, and make corduroy roads of budding physicians, so as to utilize the too large stock of material on hand.

Of course there was a good deal of exaggeration, not to say hyperbole, about such a remark, but it put the matter forcibly at least, and sounded very impressive besides. There are too many professional men in the world, and hardly enough workmen and farmers! Worst of all, the workmen and husbandmen have a habit of clustering together in spots and starving, instead of spreading themselves out over fresher pastures where there would be breathing space for all, and the chance of a few extra mouthfuls of grass for each.

But the trouble, after all is said and done, does not consist so much in overdoing the professions, as in leaving them underdone, if one may borrow a metaphor from the kitchen. The man or woman who learns how to do one thing thoroughly well, whether it be only hedging and ditching on the one side, or washing and scrubbing on the other, is pretty certain of getting work wherever there is any work to be had, and of commanding the highest that is paid for such labor, while their neighbor who is in the same line of business but does not think it requires any skill, finds it difficult to secure a job at any price.

Therefore the young man who has a natural bent towards law or medicine and who applies himself earnestly towards acquiring a technical knowledge of either profession, is reasonably sure of success. So is the girl who takes a first class license to teach school, or who comes out at the head of the class in stenography. She will seldom be out of a situation, and will very soon realize the comforting fact that is always a demand in the market for a good article.

It seems to be a sort of unwritten law in the labor market that first class prices should be asked for second class work, but the frequency with which this law is either evaded or utterly disregarded, is a cause of common and bitter complaint amongst all really skilled wage earners. The student who learns all he can in the schools and colleges of the new world, and then seeks higher instructions in some of the famous institutions of learning for which Europe is noted; and who spends a small fortune and some of the best years of his life in gaining such instruction; comes home to reap the fruit of his labors, and finds that he has to compete upon exactly the same plane with some country lad who has learned a smattering of technical knowledge, rushed through a hurried course at some almost unknown college and won a diploma which at least answers the purpose and is, in the eyes of its owner and his friends, quite as good as his own. The man who holds it has probably spent one dollar in acquiring his profession where the first named student spent fifty. He has devoted one year to study, where the other has devoted two, and yet the "machine made" man commands exactly the same price for his services as the one who brings education and experience into his work, and who represents the very highest type of modern civilization and culture. Indeed it is by no means certain that the man who has remained at home and "patronized home industries" in receiving his education, has not rather the advantage over his travelled neighbor in popularity, if not in skill, since a suspicion of being "stuck up" on account of his acquisitions is very apt to handicap the latter at the outset of his career, and make a certain class of people rather shy of him.

With woman's work it is very much the same. The girl who has a special talent, and honestly wishes to cultivate it, strains every nerve, to say nothing of the resources of the family purse—to the very utmost in order to obtain the best instruction available, and finally succeeds, after Herculean efforts, in getting to Paris, if her talent is for painting, or to Germany if music should be her special gift. There she lives, studies and toils, as only one with the divine spark of genius would be willing to work for three, four or five years, as the case may be, and as her funds hold out. Then she takes her degree, or wins her diploma, and comes home, to turn some of the capital she has expended back again into a means of support; and finds that there are already several rivals in the field from which she had hoped to reap a moderate harvest, and that they are almost without exception, girls whom she had

left in the schoolroom just entering their teens, when she went abroad, but who have had a few quarters' instruction in music and then immediately graduated, without the formality of an examination of any kind, into full-fledged teachers. Their education has cost them comparatively nothing and therefore they can afford to teach for a pittance which is so small that it attracts some people, and finally fixes a price which is ridiculously inadequate to repay any qualified teacher for the time and money she has spent on her education, and yet which she finds it impossible to go beyond.

It is a cruel injustice, but there does not seem to be any help for it until those who engage teachers awake to the fact that if they are paying small prices they are only getting a small return for their money, and decide to employ only those who have passed some sort of an examination and can show a certificate of merit, however modest it may be.

As it is now, even a man who has spent half of his life in the study of art or music is frequently obliged to compete with an irresponsible dandy who has taken four quarters at music or painting and thinks she knows all there is to know of either. Of course, he knows the most, but then she is cheaper and "does very well," so she has a larger class than the man who was a musician or an artist while she was in her cradle.

Under conditions like these it would be little wonder if the ambition to excel in a chosen line grew less, and finally languished from sheer lack of encouragement to exist, since the race is so long and the prizes so few and so uncertain. If only the best work won the highest prizes there would be some incentive to strive for the mastery, as St. Paul says; and perhaps there would be more good stenographers, bookkeepers and dressmakers, and fewer very poor teachers of the fine arts.

THE MILITIA FELL OUT.

Everything is Not Lovely in the Ranks of the 66th Rifles.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

HALIFAX, June 4.—Everything is not as lovely as it should be in militia matters in Halifax. The open rupture, the bitter enmity between Colonel Egan and the officers of the 63rd Rifles is well known. There is much insubordination, it is not friction, in the 76th P. L. F. as well. The Colonel stands fairly well with officers and men, but a couple of the officers are greatly disliked. It is not peculiar that in a large battalion like the 66th such dislike should exist, but it is a little remarkable that the insubordination that exists in the regiment should be accompanied by the inspector's certificate that the 66th is the best drilled regiment in the maritime provinces and second only to one battalion in the whole Dominion.

PROGRESS has already been acquainted with the altercation between Captain Whitman and Sergeant Horneman on the night before the Queen's birthday.

Two other interesting instances of the "discipline" in the 66th P. L. F. were exhibited during the Queen's birthday review. While the battalion was forming up at the drill shed Color Sergeants Hill and Gill, of Captain Ritchie's company, were ordered by Adjutant Kenny to attach themselves to Captain King's company. Captain King is one of the unpopular officers of the battalion, and it was shown how much those two sergeants disliked him, but more interesting is the fact that it was also shown how lax must be 66th discipline occasionally, for Sergeants Hill and Gill refused point blank to obey the adjutant's order. They would not attach themselves to Captain King's company. It was a rather serious thing to so refuse, but surely it is a more serious thing that such insubordination should be allowed in the "best drilled regiment" in Canada. The adjutant allowed the two sergeants to have their own way, sending one of them with the color party and finding something else for the other to do.

Sergeant Hill went further, after the common had been reached and the review was about to begin. The Sergeant-Major told Hill that he was not standing at the proper distance from the colors. Hill replied that he was correct in the position he had taken, and he would not move an inch. There ensued a wordy war between Sergeant Hill and the Sergeant-Major, in which the former threatened "to do up" his superior if he got a good chance later on, or under other circumstances.

Something must be wrong when such conduct goes unrebuked and unpunished, and it is not at all unlikely that Major-General Herbert will "take a hand in" before long. He has started in that direction in ordering the D. A. G., Col. Irving, to hold an inquiry into the "little unpleasantness" between drummer Kelly and Col. Humphrey. The investigation took place on Wednesday afternoon, and the evidence has been sent to Ottawa. There was great promptness in preserving discipline in Kelly's case. It would be well for the battalion if the same care were exercised in regard to the other breaches mentioned.

THEY ASK QUESTIONS.

IN SPITE OF ALL THE SIGNS IN THE WORLD.

Larsen Describes the New Union Depot in Boston and the Necessity there is for Officials to Answer Questions and Set People Upon the Right Track.

BOSTON, June 4.—It used to be quite the thing for everybody who happened to visit the Union depot on Mill street, St. John, to enter a protest when Officer Stevens or Officer Collins refused to let them through the gate, without first showing tickets.

It was hard for these people to understand of what use the officers were, anyway, and before the indignation was completely overcome the depot and everybody with it usually came in for a good deal of criticism.

Most people could not imagine why it was necessary to have a couple of policemen stationed there to tell travellers which train went west and which went north, and a list of other questions, which seem to be the stock and trade of the travelling public. They could not understand why the railway officials did not label the trains, and thus do away with the necessity of answering questions.

I must confess that when in St. John I wrote more than one paragraph suggesting this very thing.

Was it a good suggestion?

I doubt it, now.

People will ask questions. They will not be guided by signs, they're bound to go contrary to all directions 25 times out of the hundred even after receiving verbal directions, and I have come to the conclusion that in a railway especially there cannot be too many signs, bureaus of information, or offices.

The new union depot here in Boston is said to be one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world.

Boston and Maine trains which used to go out of three different depots now leave one, and the Fitchburg road will also use it.

The station covers about twelve acres; 23 acres run into the train shed, and they will accommodate about 160 cars at one time.

It is said 30 millions of people will pass through the station every year.

Every one of the 23 tracks are numbered in great big figures, and outside the fence, directly opposite the end of each track, is a dial telling the time at which the train on that particular track leaves the station. Below the dial is painted in large letters the name of every station at which the train stops.

Furthermore, five minutes or so before the train starts, a porter goes into the waiting-rooms, calls out the number of the train, the number of the track it is on, the time at which it goes, and all the stations. Could more explicit directions be given?

Yet nine out of every ten persons who pass the gates ask the gateman one or more of the questions which the signs and the porter have both answered.

The railway has men whose duty it is to answer these questions, and they earn their salaries.

There is nothing new about this, for every railway company running trains into Boston has been doing this same thing for years, but the completion of the new union depot in which attention is given to every detail, has emphasized the fact more than ever, that the outraged traveller is nothing more nor less than a human query mark.

A reporter from one of the Boston papers went down to the depot a short time ago, with a note book and a sharp left pencil. He was a stenographer. Standing beside one of the gatemen, he made a verbatim report of what he heard. He had a column of questions and answers in a few minutes, and every question asked was answered in big black letters above the gateman's head.

And this notwithstanding the fact that a large proportion of the people were suburbanites who come to town every day. Nevertheless, the sign is a great thing.

There is a law on the statute books of Massachusetts which requires every city, town and village to display the names of its streets, and to have signs at every cross road with a hand pointing in the direction of the town to which the road leads, together with the number of miles one has to travel to get there.

The towns and villages of Massachusetts obey this law to the letter, and as a result Massachusetts is a good place to travel around in.

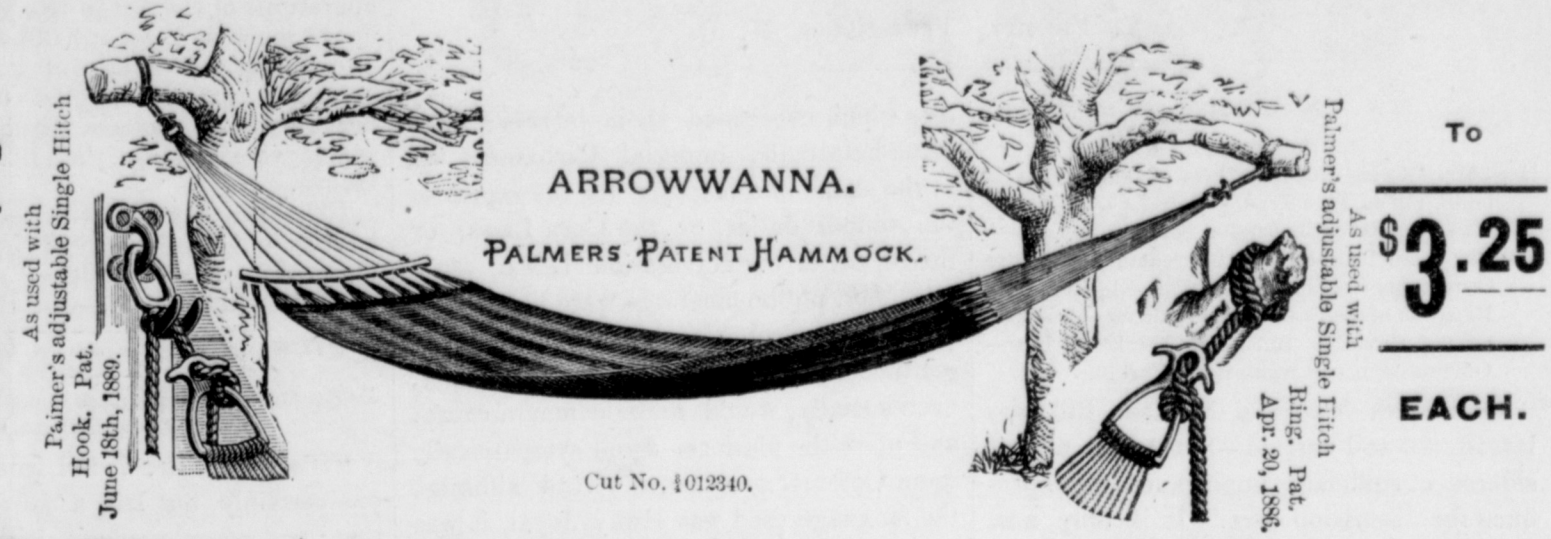
There is never any danger of being lost.

R. G. LARSEN.

Comic Opera 3,000 Years Old.

A Chinese company has produced a 3,000-year-old comic opera in Sydney. A local paper observes that a Chinese opera is like no other entertainment upon earth, except possibly a million iron tanks falling into a gully full of cats and trombones. There is no scenery, and the orchestra, in its shirt sleeves, occupies the back of the stage. When any player's back-hair gets adrift, owing to excessive exertion, one of

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the orchestra rises, fixes it, and then goes back with an air of calm unconsciousness to his instrument. The orchestra consists partly of a Chinaman chopping wood, partly of another Celestial blowing with horrible intensity of devotion a bull's horn, partly of a curious stringed instrument which makes a cry like an infant forty yards high crying in the night, and so on.

HAYDN'S CREATION.

A Description of the Oratorio to Be Given in the Opera House on June 20th.

WRITTEN FOR PROGRESS.

Francis Joseph Haydn, the composer of "The Creation," was born in 1732, at a village near Vienna. His first years were spent amongst a most music-loving people, although they were only simple country-folk.

Haydn's remarkably fine soprano voice gained for him a position in Vienna Cathedral, where he remained for about seven years, during which time he received some desultory instruction in harpsichord playing from the organist. His knowledge of composition was obtained for the most part without the aid of any teacher, although upon the breaking of his voice, he entered the service of Porpora, a celebrated singing master, from whom he obtained help with regard to the more advanced forms of music.

For several years after this, he had a most bitter life-struggle—his home a garret, his only companion a worn-out spinet—making only just sufficient to keep body and soul together. In the year 1760 Haydn's position as an accomplished musician and composer became established, his life being one continuous round of sunshine, musically speaking, from this time until his death which took place in 1809. His infelicitous marriage tie formed the one cloud at this period of his life.

The great work of Haydn's genius was undoubtedly the giving of a definite form to the symphony and sonata. His compositions have never been surpassed, scarcely ever equalled, for pure melody and structural beauty.

It was not until he had gained a ripe experience with regard to his art-work that he commenced to write "The Creation."

This occupied the space of about two years and was first produced at Vienna in 1799. Its success was at once assured. At the present time it ranks second only in popularity to Handel's "Messiah."

The libretto is a much altered and curtailed adaptation of books seven and five of Milton's "Paradise Lost," together with some Biblical narrative passages. The angels Raphael, Uriel and Gabriel—singing bass, tenor, and soprano respectively, together with Adam, Eve and an angelic chorus, give the work a dramatic interest second only to that of the "Elijah" oratorio.

"The Creation" is divided in the conventional manner of the older oratorios, into three parts.

Part I commences with a weird chaotic prelude introducing the words "In the beginning God created the Heav'n and the Earth." Step by step the creative work of the Almighty is depicted by either the solo or chorus voices, each number unfolding new musical beauties descriptive of the words used. This part ends at the completion of the fourth day's work, where a luxuriant flora, all radiant in the sunlight, is awaiting an all varied and vitalized fauna.

Part II gives a full description of the introduction of animal life into the world, and ends with the advent of man, the master-work of creative genius. Haydn has already in the first part shown his powers of musical description, noticeably in such numbers as "The Representation of Chaos," the recitative describing the various storm forms commencing "Now furious storms," and the solo "Rolling in foaming billows." In part two he sometimes goes so far as to give a touch, unconsciously perhaps, of the humorous. This trait is very marked in the trio "Most Beautiful, Appear," where the leviathan is represented as sporting on the foaming wave, and in the recitative descriptive of the different animals, especially the sforzando chord of

disgust between the words "In long dimensions creep," and "with sinuous trace the worm."

Part III opens with an introduction, "Morning." Can anything be more exquisite than this instrumental music representing the unfolding of the rosy morning-light of this, the first day of our first parent's existence? Then comes the series of duets between Adam and Eve, expressive of adoration to their Maker and of mutual love between themselves. These are not the passionate expressions of fallen man, but rather a grateful song of thanksgiving rendered by perfect beings to their Creator. The last chorus, "Sing the Lord, ye voices all," forms a fitting—almost bravura in the solo voice passages—ending to the one acknowledged oratorio having the subject of the creation for its theme.

The numbers for solo voices are throughout exceptionally lovely; whilst the ethereal beauty of such choruses as "And the Spirit of God," "A New Created World" and the delicate accompaniment chorus to the duet "By Thee with Bliss," form a complete contrast to such mighty ones as "Awake the Harp," "The Heavens are Telling" and "Achieved is the Glorious Work."

Undoubtedly in this oratorio, where the epic and lyric are so beautifully blended, we find the warm genius of Haydn focussed. The general consensus of opinion shows this, whilst Haydn himself admitted that, although his "Seasons" was of equal breadth of design, yet taken as a whole, it ranked below "The Creation." He naively put it this way, "I had angel singers in the 'Creation,' but only peasants in the 'Seasons.'"

At the end of the original manuscript of the Creation we find the inscription "Laud Deo."

All who attend the rendering of the oratorio, whether as performers or listeners, must feel that this sentiment is breathed throughout every page of the work. Haydn felt that he was writing a work in which angels, together with perfect man, were the actors. The result fully proves that he was capable of writing music emblematic of such beings.

C. R. F.

AN EFFECTIVE VOLUNTARY.

It Dispersed the Crowd Easily as "God Save the Queen."

Music must be appropriate, as well as good of its kind, in order to touch the senses aright. A hand-organ out of tune is far more effective in dispersing a mob than the most exquisitely played jew's-harp.

A famous musician was spending his holidays in the country. On Sunday he went to church, and asked the organist if he might play the organ afterpiece.

Consent was given, and the stranger produced such wonderful and beautiful music that every one stayed to enjoy it. This vexed the regular organist, who had his own ideas of what an afterpiece was intended for.

"That kind of playing," he whispered, anxiously, "will never get the people out, I'll show you how to do it."

With that he pushed the volunteer aside took his place, and began droning away in his usual style. Speedily the congregation arose from the pews and fled.

"There," cried he, with a self-satisfied smile, "that is the way to play them out!"

An Exact Examiner Fulfilled.

That which seems like impudence on the part of children is often unintentional, and can be forgiven if not laughed at. A story is told of one of her Majesty's school inspectors. While examining a certain school, he asked a somewhat awe-stricken class—

"What is a pilgrim?"

After a long pause, a sturdy little fellow answered—

"A pilgrim is a man."

"A man?" returned the inspector, in a severe tone. "That won't do. Tell me something more about a pilgrim."

Another long pause followed, and the inspector at last said rashly, "I'm a man. Am I a pilgrim?"

"No, sir," promptly replied the little fellow "for a pilgrim is a good man, sir."

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 pupil dilated; picking of the nose; occasional headache, with throbbing of the ears; slowness or hurried 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 infrequently 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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