

WILL WE HAVE A PARK?

WE WILL IF THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY GETS US ONE.

They Purchased and Were Presented With Some Property And May Buy Some More—A Meeting to be Called to Discuss the Project—Mr. Allison's Views.

The next step that the Horticultural society proposes in its efforts toward establishing a public park at Lily Lake will be the calling of a public meeting. One will be called next month, said Mr. Joseph Allison this morning, and an effort will be made to get the citizens more generally interested in the scheme.

The association have accomplished considerable already but they have much more to do and they will be pegging away at it all winter. They have now acquired three properties but they have their eyes on two more and when they get these they will have a small but very pretty park area of about three hundred acres.

They were presented by Mr. J. Douglas Hazen with 133 acres of land on the eastern side of Lily lake. Then they purchased from the Messrs. Pugsley 24 acres at a cost of \$2000, these gentlemen having knocked \$1000 off the purchase price as a donation to the association. Their latest purchase was the Fitzgerald property from Mr. G. Sidney Smith. This was sold to them by Mr. G. Sidney Smith for \$1600 and the directors of the association think that as representative of the estate Mr. Smith met them with a most liberal spirit.

This totals over two hundred acres that they have now. They next want to get a portion of the R. F. Hazen property represented by Mr. Geo. Coster, which contains the balance of the lake. They will then have the whole control of the lake. Then the land on the south side of the lake belonging to the Gilbert estate will come next. It is earnestly to be hoped that the present owners of these properties will deal liberally with the representatives of the association in getting the land they require to make the park complete.

Beside the park they propose a public garden. The association owns a lot on Seelye street east of the late Mr. Frith's residence. Here they will have a garden, finely laid out and in the rear of it on a rocky portion of land an Alpine garden will be made. Here rustic steps would be cut in the stone and shrubs and ferns would be planted, and the rock beautified in many ways. A collection of shrubs indigenous to this soil would be gathered and they would be labelled with their ordinary and botanical names, so that the garden would have not only its use for pleasure giving, but would also have its instructive use for teachers and school children and others.

A number of liberal contributions have been made toward the park and garden. Some prominent citizens have contributed \$1,000 each. They need about ten more \$1,000 subscriptions to assure the success of the scheme.

But after the association has laid out the park and has made the necessary expenditure there will be a cost for maintenance. This Mr. Allison said, should be met by the city. The Halifax city council gives a grant of \$7000 a year to their park of several hundred acres at Point Pleasant and garden of 15 acres in the city. This city should do as much and when the park is completed it should be handed over to the city to be controlled by a commission, appointed partly by the people and partly by the Horticultural association.

The association are now building a greenhouse and they hope to be able to show a better collection of plants on King Square next year. They feel, however, that unless the citizens back up the council in obtaining the passing of regulations that will provide for more relief from the dog nuisance that they will be unable to do anything next year. This year many beds had been planted three times.

It is the duty of every citizen to become a member of the Horticultural association. It costs only \$3 to join and much is accomplished by the Society. They received from the city only \$200 this year but already they have spent three or four times that amount.

Mr. Allison said that he wished to acknowledge the donation of a Gurney boiler from Messrs. G. & E. Blake. This was toward the heating apparatus of the greenhouse. Mr. Edward Bates had also given a handsome donation toward the building of the greenhouse.

Mr. Allison has just returned from Halifax where he learned much about the gardens and parks there. He has collected a great amount of information about the gardens and parks in many cities.

Toronto has seventeen parks and public gardens and squares and the city grants \$50,000 yearly for maintenance. In Boston a million dollars have been placed at the disposal of the commissioners of the Metropolitan park scheme. This has been raised entirely by private subscription and public grant.

In conclusion, Mr. Allison said that St. John's will be entirely different from any park on the continent. It will be interesting

to strangers on that account and will be worth taking your friends to. No such facilities exist anywhere as there are here for a public park.

A STRANGE CHURCH SCENE
Which Happened in St. John Over Fifty Years Ago.

(Morning News, July 8, 1842.)
A rather singular occurrence took place in Trinity church, on Sunday afternoon. A gentleman connected with the church, happened to go in about 5 o'clock, and discovered a man, of rather respectable appearance, on his knees, in one of the aisles, who by his actions appeared to be laboring under strong religious excitement. The gentleman watched his movements, at a distance for some time. "I give you one calf, you give me one calf"—was all that escaped the man's lips; and this strange sentence he continued to address to the pulpit, for some time, until the gentleman went up to question him as to his business there. The man appeared to take no heed of him, but continued repeating the sentence, apparently lost in mental abstraction. At length the man suddenly sprang to his feet, as if his senses had returned to him, with a rush and he became aware of "is whereabouts." The gentleman informed him that he was in the "wrong shop" and invited him to leave the church and go along with him and he would put him on the right track which invitation the man seemed quite willing to accept.

"But," said he, "stop until I get my hat—I can't go without my hat, any how you can fix it." His hat, it appears, had been lying some distance from him, on the floor. Accordingly he made over to pick it up; but instead of doing so, he again fell upon his knees, more wild than ever, and fell to work praying again, in the same language as before, but much more enthusiastically. And his heart seemed to be in his prayers; it was not mere lip service with him; for he now bellowed out most piteously, and the tears coursed down his cheeks by the gill. The gentleman became rather alarmed—he saw that the fanatic was a large and stout man than himself, and he did not feel certain but that he might take it into his foolish head, and prey upon his (the gentleman's) carcass, which was not a very consoling thought, although it was conceived in a church. Accordingly, he made for the door as swift as his legs would carry him, and ran up stairs into the gallery, to watch his motions, from above. The man continued on his marrow-bones, repeating in a monotonous strain, the same singular words. At length the gentleman left him to enjoy his meditations undisturbed, and went home. But that is not all connected with this odd affair. In the evening, a lady went to church rather earlier than usual, for the purpose of attending divine worship. On proceeding up the aisle, she suddenly espied the man before alluded to, lying on his side. A scene so unexpected threw the lady into a swoon; nor did she recover until some persons, who entered the church shortly after, and discovered her lying there, rendered her assistance, and restored her to animation. His calfship was put upon his feet, and forthwith marched off to jail, and placed in the custody of the keeper.

THE ETHICS OF TIME.
Mr. Lindsay Thinks Anything but Sun Time Immoral.

There were a few humorous touches in the board of trade conference. Hon. Wm. Lindsay supplied some moderate light comedy. He was quite serious himself, the comedy consisted in the way it appeared to his hearers. It came out in the discussion of standard time. The honorable gentleman is quite old and accordingly is of conservative tendencies. He has opinions on the subject of the ethics of standard time and the humor was when he gave expression to those opinions.

He considered that it would be highly immoral to adopt standard time. It would be a flagrant insult to nature and a gross injustice to old Sol who has shone above us for countless ages. It would be the most stupendous lie upon the face of the earth. It would be countenancing the wrong instead of the right and would in fact be a highly improper proceeding.

And he had yet another reason why he was opposed to standard time. He did not want the railways dictating to him. They owned the country enough as it was and he did not propose to have them tell him when to get up and when to work and when to eat. He failed to see why the railways should be set up in the high eminence where old Sol had previously reigned. Let us be honest, and let us still worship the old god, the sun.

These are not exactly the words of Mr. Lindsay but they convey the ideas which he expressed. The eloquence with which he clothed the bold sentences cannot of course be here presented and have to be imagined by the reader. The others who opposed the adoption of standard time spoke to like effect and put forth arguments of equal value. Then Mr. Geo. W. Allen arose and irreverently endeavored to destroy Mr. Lindsay's and his fellow-sun-worshipper's faith in their divinity. He dared to assert that there were only two days in the year on which the sun was to be trusted, only two days on which it was right. Of course this remark was received with the contempt it deserves.

Then the shade of Mr. Verne's Foggy, the eminent traveller who went around

the world in eighty days, appeared in the midst of the assemblage and settled the convictions of every undecided one in favor of Mr. Allen by recalling his experience. He told them that he was as great a sun-worshipper as any of them when he started out on his memorable trip. But they knew the end of his journey, how the sun basely deceived him and he was a day out of the road when he got round the earth. That incident destroyed his faith in the truthfulness of Apollo, the charioteer, and all modern unbelief and scepticism had dated from that tour of the world. "When I got trotting round the green ball again give me railways and standard time."

DIED STANDING ON HIS FEET.

"About an hour before sunset last evening, Mary Gunsoy, a servant in the employ of John Roach, a farmer living near Searsville, started out to drive up the cows. She had gone but a short distance along the road when she saw a man standing up against the stone wall, or fence. The perfect quiet which he maintained, with the pallor of his face, attracted the woman's attention, and on closer observation she was horrified to find that he was dead."

"She at once gave the alarm. The neighbours assembled, carried the body to a house near by, and summoned Dr. Condict, who pronounced life extinct. The name of the dead man was Patrick Burke; he was thirty years of age. It is supposed that he was taken suddenly ill while passing along the road; that he leaned against the wall and died instantly, his body being supported in an erect position by the wall. After the inquest the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death by heart failure superinduced by gastritis, or catarrh of the stomach—an acute form of dyspepsia."

The foregoing is quoted from the Middle-town Argus of November 4th, 1892—an American newspaper.

Now let us see what lessons the untimely demise of poor Pat Burke has for some other people who, no doubt, fancy themselves safe from such a sudden taking off.

Mr. Thomas Hatt, of Widmore End, High Wycombe, Bucks, was a healthy enough man up to April 1886. Then he began to weaken and fail. Why he should be ill he couldn't conjecture. So far as he could remember he had done nothing to bring it on. He felt surprised, as a man does at receiving an unexpected blow from behind. His nerves were all of a jangle, he had a bad taste in his mouth, and a sort of all-gone sensation as though the very life were ebbing out of him. His hands and feet were cold and clammy, and he often broke out into cold sweats. Dark spots were all the time floating before his eyes, his appetite left him, and when he did eat anything it lay upon him heavy and dull, and seemed to cause a gnawing, grinding pain.

"After a time," says Mr. Hatt, "I had pain and palpitation at the heart, which I was told was heart disease. At night my heart would thump so hard I could get no sleep; it pounded like a muffled drum. After a while the heart trouble got so bad I was afraid to go to bed, and used to sit up nearly all night long. Later on I became so melancholy and nervous that I trembled from head to foot as I went about. I worked a little when I was able, but was always in pain. A doctor in Frogmoor Gardens treated me for some time, but gave me no relief. I thought I might die any day, for I looked upon my complaint as heart disease. I seemed to be walking in darkness on a narrow footpath between life and death."

"Yet the days, weeks, and months dragged by; I could only wait. It was in October, 1886, that I first read of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I can't say I had any faith in it, but there was so much reason and sense in the published accounts of what it had done, that I got a bottle from Messrs. Lansdale and Co., Chemists, Queen's Square, and began to use it. Expecting little or nothing, I received much, for in two days I felt the welcome relief and after having taken three bottles I found myself in good health; and have been so ever since—that is, for six years. You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think it might be useful to others, and I shall be glad to answer inquiries. I am a chair-maker by trade, and in the employ of Mr. Gibson, Slater Street, High Wycombe. Yours truly (signed) Thomas Hatt, November 15th, 1892."

Well, you say, how does poor Pat Burke's case connect with Mr. Hatt's? That's what we are going to tell you. The inquest showed that Burke had no organic disease of the heart at all. When the doctors cut the heart out of his body they could find no signs of disease about it. What killed him so quickly then? Listen and learn. The heart derives its motion from the same set of nerves (the pneumogastric) that move the stomach and lungs. These nerves, poisoned and paralyzed by the acids bred by indigestion and dyspepsia, ceased at last to have power over the heart. Then what? It collapsed in a minute, and the man died before he had time even to lie down on the ground. What a terrible thing! Yet everybody is liable to a like fate who doesn't watch out against indigestion.

We congratulate Mr. Hatt on his escape. But it was long odds against him at one time.

A Lecture on Political Economy.

"What yoh git dat chicken yoh's pick-in?" asked Aunt Seraphina.
"Nemind," replied her husband.
"El yoh's gwine ter bring chickens roun' hyah, I kahn't see why yoh doan' wait till de folks gets 'em cooked."
"Dat shows yer weakness 'bout plitical 'conomy."
"G'long."
"Hit do, sho."
"How do it?"
"Er cooked chicken am in de house, locked up, but de nat'ral fowl am out in de henhouse, whar yoh kin git 'em. All ob whi am in accordance wid de well known principle dat de raw material doan' quire ez much protection ez de finished article."

An Exception.

"One thing must be admitted in favor of our sex," announced an advocate of female rights and superiority to her husband.
"In the time of need we are always strong. Can you mention the name of a single woman who has lost her head in time of danger?"
"Why, there was the lovely Marie Antoinette, my dear," suggested her husband mildly, with a deprecatory smile.

CITY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

A Man Who Was Saved and Hackmen Who Are Wagglish.

Last Sunday morning General Booth gave a fine sermon from Ezekiel and when about half through with his address the General pulled out his watch and made the following remarks: "Well, we must have dinner, even if the judgment day should come to-night." One of the soldiers on going around the congregation looking for somebody to go up to the penitent form came across a reporter of one of the papers, and asked him if he was saved. The reporter turned to the man and asked him the same question. The soldier said he was. The reporter took out his notebook to note the fact, and when the Salvation Army man saw that it was a reporter he was talking too, he looked at him as much as to say: Well, I give it up, you are lost anyway, because no reporter goes to heaven. At the Sunday evening service the General was preaching from St. Luke 17th chapter 32nd. verse, and an excellent sermon it was too, and everybody was paying strict attention to what the General was saying. He was speaking about Lot's wife, and when he got to where she looked back, suddenly the back of one of the chairs, which contained one of our most noted citizens, collapsed and he went on all fours to the floor.

That same evening Colonel Lawry croaked out in a loud voice, "Speak to the one next to you about his soul," and all the lassies and soldiers in the army made an attack. One of the lassies threw her arms around a man's shoulders and asked him if he was saved? "Yes, said the man, I am. I took the liquor cure from C. B. Russ at the Stanley hotel. 'Hallelujah,' she cried and went for the next sinner."

A little six-year-old girl, while out driving with her mother and a friend the other day, saw some cow hites as she passed along, and with wonder and amazement she exclaimed, "Mamma, mamma, look at the peelings off the cows."

The crowd that had gathered on the Monticello's wharf Saturday night to get a glimpse of General Booth were amused by the speeches of the hack drivers. As the passengers who were mostly all Salvationists, filed off the gangway such cries were heard as "Hack for Palestine!" "Market square if you like!" "Right this way girls!" Jerusalem hotel, etc."

When Billy McCarthy and Bob Blackall started in the crowd almost forgot what they were down there for.

Bob who had been carrying a very sober look sings out "Hack for the Home of Mercy" which was supplemented by Billy McCarthy's "Right here for the land of Canaan." When spoken to about it the hackmen said they were not making fun at all. They were there to get fares, and if the passengers wished to be taken to Assyria they would do their best to accommodate them. "It is business with us, you bet," and seeing a Hampton gentleman coming down the ladder, whom they knew would walk all day before he would pay for a fare, they all shouted at once, "Here you are uncle! free ride and your dinner thrown into ye!"

He has a severe cold. He got it standing on the roof of a shop at Sussex when the burglars were there. It is not necessary to mention names. He heard the burglars in the store, got out of bed, seized the double barreled gun from the corner where it stood, opened the window and stepped out on the roof and froze himself. He couldn't get down and he dare not call for a ladder for fear the burglars would hear him. He went die, a man like that never does.

IS ST. JOHN SOLEMN?

Such is the Opinion of a Writer in the "Detroit Free Press."

The Detroit 'Free Press' publishes an account of a trip made last month to New Brunswick by one of its writers, from which the following is taken:—

It is the 'north shore' of New Brunswick, and is washed by the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with its gigantic bays and inlets. There are no speckled trout to be caught from the rocks, though there are millions of them far up the rivers and streams which flow into the Gulf; but the salmon, that king of fish, abounds, as do mackerel, and bass and an almost infinite variety of food fishes, including in its season the princely—and bony—shad. The oyster, too, is a denizen of the coast, and epicures declare that the world renowned bivalve only reaches complete perfection in the native beds around Prince Edward Island, Point du Chene and the vicinity. Without pretending to be an epicure I give them my modest but sincere approval. To taste them for the first time is to experience a wholly new sensation in oyster-eating, and if one does not feel as Thackeray did when he first essayed a Saddle Rock, as if he had 'swallowed a small baby'—the north shore oyster is not large—none certainly does not emulate the great humorist in feeling profoundly grateful.

The north shore of New Brunswick seems at first blush a great way off from Detroit, but railways in these times have almost annihilated distance. One steps on board a palace car on the Canadian Pacific Railway in Detroit, and in thirty-six hours by the watch steps out again at St. John, the metropolis of the Province of New Brunswick. It is a trip that is well worth one's while, even if one has no interest in the objective point. The scenery, though less rugged and startling than that on the western portion of the Canadian Pacific—which is unsurpassed anywhere—is varied and pleasing. After leaving Montreal, where

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

Internal & External. IT IS Unlike any Other.

Originated by an Old Family Physician FOR PURELY HOUSEHOLD USE.

Generation after Generation have Used and Blessed It.

All who order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 35 cents. Six \$2.00, express prepaid. If you can't get it near home, ask first. Sold by druggists. Pamphlet free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 23 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

The St. Lawrence is crossed on a splendid specimen of the cantilever bridge, the road runs to the south-east, and presents the traveller with a panorama which includes the Green Mountains of Vermont, the White Hills of New Hampshire, and what is left of the once magnificent pineries of Maine. There are glimpses, too, of Katahdin and Moosehead Lake, most charming of inland waters; and the frontier is again crossed the wooded shores of the St. John and the Kennebecasis furnish pictures which will linger long in memory's gallery.

St. John is rather a solemn city, and conveys the impression rather of staid respectability and solidity than of thrift and enterprise. It has suffered like all the rest of us from the hard times, and has had the additional burden of trying to recover from the fire which devastated it in 1877. It exhibits, however, less appearance of poverty or idleness than any American city with which I am acquainted of 45,000 inhabitants, and it has the proud record of having no pauper, or any beneficiaries for one.

Attractive features of the provincial city are the high tides, the water rising and falling in the spring and autumn from thirty to thirty-five feet. This tremendous change in the harbor level has a remarkable effect upon the outflow from the River St. John, which takes its rise in Maine, and after flowing 450 miles through that state and the province of New Brunswick empties into the harbor through a rocky chasm not much more than 500 feet in width. At low tide there is a fall at this point of some fifteen feet; and at high tide the fall is reversed, and pours the sea into the river with resistless force. At half-tide the fall can be passed with safety by the wary navigator; but if the latter fails to be exact in taking fortune at the flood—or ebb as the case may be—he finds himself drawn back on his course, and compelled to wait another tide. It is an interesting sight to stand on the suspension bridge which overlooks the fall—on the cantilever just above—and note the daily recurring miracle, as the people call it, of water running up hill.

From St. John to the north shore the route is by the Intercolonial Railway one of the finest and best equipped railways in the country, the connecting link between Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, with terminals not only at St. John, but at Halifax, N. S., and at Sydney Cape Breton Island. Upon this route the traveller strikes for the first time the logical method of dividing the day into hours, treating it as a whole day instead of two halves. Midnight instead of being 12 o'clock, is 24 o'clock, and when one travels over the road for the first time it seems a little odd to be out so late. Recklessness comes with practice, however—as it does under the companion enumeration—and one learns to stay up until 23 or 24 o'clock without a murmur.

TROUT THAT ATE HORNETS.

Rocky Mountain Fish that Made a Dainty Diet of These Insects.

"I was reading in a New York newspaper the other morning," said a Western prospector, "of the finding of a big trout dead in a Canadian stream. There were no scars on its body or signs of injury, but when it was cut open there was found a dead bumblebee. The theory was that the bee had retained enough vitality after being swallowed to inflict a vital sting."

"Now stings must bother Canadian trout a heap more than they do our Rocky Mountain fish for that story to be true. Just before I came East this trip an incident came under my notice which that newspaper article recalls. I was stopping at the cabin of a miner in a gorge near the border line between Missoula and Flathead counties. It is a wild spot about thirty miles from the nearest settlement, Libby, a station on the Great Northern Railroad. The day before I came away old man Logue said: 'Let's give ther trout in ther Big Cherry one more try. Er's kinder hazy en they'd orter bite good!'"

"Of course I was ready, so we saddled our cayuses. It took us an hour to reach the county road to Libby, well beaten and fairly level, and on that we made good time till we came to where the old abandoned Thompson's Falls trail crosses. We turned then and after a half hour's rough ride, for the undergrowth was thick and high, we reached the bank of the Big Cherry. This is a main branch of Libby and it is a beautiful stream. Water as clear as crystal and cold as ice rolls smoothly over the bright gravel beds and here and there tumbles over a steep fall or down a rocky glen. It is only three or four rods wide and not over five feet deep in most places, and it is the greatest trout stream in all the Rockies."

"Just at this place where the old trail crosses is a shadow ford, and below it a deep, dark pool, with a circular ledge of gray granite perhaps 20 feet high along the northern bank, nearly enclosing the hole. A point of stone jutted out over the water's edge at about the middle of this well, and as we rode out upon the south bank old, 'Hutch' held up his hand."

"'Sh! he whispered, 'jis look at them trout!'"

"Sure enough! The whole pool was alive. There was not a square yard of its usually calm surface unbroken by the movements of feeding fish. They leaped and tumbled and circled and splashed like harlequins. A man could wade many a weary mile of brook in this country and never see so pretty a sight as those big

pink-bellied trout were, playing in the sunlight. The centre of the excitement seemed to be directly under a point of rock that jutted out over the water and just now met with the spray from the jumping fish. Not until the old man's keener eyes had spied it out and he had pointed to it did I notice that a huge hornets' nest as large as a peck basket hung from this stone point. As we drew nearer I could see even across the creek the swarm of busy insects coming to and going from their round grey nest. Every now and then a yellow jacket would circle too near the water in crossing the creek and an active trout would seize it in an instant. Sometimes two hornets would get to fighting and drop struggling to the surface. Half a dozen hungry pairs of jaws would snap at them as they fell.

"The flies did not resemble these insects, but we each tied on two orange duns, and with them for the next two hours had grand sport. We did not go over a hundred yards from the ford altogether up and down stream, but from under uplittered rocks, sunken stumps and roots, dragged nearly eighty good-sized trout, the largest weighing two pounds and a half. Several times I landed two together, one hooked on the dropper and the other on the trail fly, and saw one or two more following the flies when these bit. Altogether it was the best bit of sport I ever enjoyed on any waters."

"When we got back to the cabin we dressed some of the trout for supper, and every one that was opened had dead hornets in its stomach. One fish must have had at least forty of the hot-tailed insects in its belly, and I remember I wondered if the stings did not hurt their throats."

"I 'spects,' said old Hutch, 'that them trout gits tired er ordinary spiders en bugs en flies jes same's me en you gits sick er plain venison, en they takes er day off en goes up by some hornets' or bees' nest en stuffs ther innards full er red-hot stingers ther spice ther gullets up, same's pepper en ketchup fixes up our meals wen we run down ter Libby fur er day!'"

"However that was, the trout evidently thrived on the diet, and now I am wondering whether that Canadian trout that died of eating a bee wasn't a sort of a dyspeptic, weak-stomached fish that couldn't stand high-seasoned meals."



HAWKER'S TONIC

is the best Toilet Soap in the market. Try It. JOHN TAYLOR & Co., Toronto, Sole Manufacturers.

Restores Nervous Energy, Mental Activity, and Muscular Vigor. Re-Vitalizes the Blood, Invigorates the Stomach, and Aids Digestion.

HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS 50 CENTS A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES, \$2.50. MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE HAWKER MEDICINE COMPANY, LIMITED, ST. JOHN, N. B.