

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1894.

BEAUTIES OF HALIFAX.

HOW A VISITOR IS IMPRESSED BY WHAT MEETS HIS VIEW.

Among An Hospitable People in a City Which Has Many Natural Attractions—Features of Special Interest in Respect to Romantic Scenery.

Out into the mystic and ever wonderful Atlantic, reaching toward the motherland as if the first of all the provinces to welcome and receive strangers and visitors from the old world, Nova Scotia brings to our mind contrasting conditions. Within, the harbor and cities and people of the Garden, Maritime Province of Canada represent nothing but hospitality; while without the cruel, beating waves, the swift running tides, the blinding fogs, and the sullen rocks suggest all that is inhospitable. The Bay of Fundy does not suggest the characteristics of the people of the provinces on whose coasts it spreads its foaming breakers and the expulsion of the Acadians should never be credited but to the few, who, in council passed decrees that should conserve the interest of a growing British commonwealth. In fact in whatever part of Canada one may travel he observes that the virtue of hospitality is prominent, and nowhere is it more striking than in the city of Halifax.

This is the first thing that impresses a visitor there. Distant hill and further distant mountains shelter one of earth's most peaceful cities and most beautiful harbors. From the summit of the citadel, which, towering high above the city, overlooks the plan of the whole city but also of the landscape for miles around, one can have a complete bird's eye view of not only harbor reaching into the northern basin and southward twenty miles toward the ocean; and the beautiful northwest arm of the harbour as it breaks away from the main channel and running in a north westerly direction forms, in conjunction with the harbour, the picturesque Point Pleasant. We might give greatest praise to Haligonian scenery were it not that Canada in nearly every part of her vast domain is possessed of the grandest displays of natural phenomena that defy the pen of the topographer or the brush of the artist.

The citadel is in the centre of the city; and viewed from the harbor, suggests the presence of a stranded modern ark, upon a modern Ararat, with its three high spars reaching into the heavens. Within is a Spartan city. Here high walls encompass one and the gay and unrestricted are forever excluded. Men here must walk, talk and act "straight"; and if they wish to see feathered bonnets or eat with the "more genteel" sex it must be seen and enjoyed without.

It is a city of magazines, of offices, of posts, of "quarters" and squares, and the cleanest of cities. The place may be visited on special occasions but a few of its wonders are never seen. No one knows whether the tunnel from the citadel under the harbour to Dartmouth is a reality or a myth. From this commanding position looking in a north easterly direction we can see one or more man-of-war ships in port. Usually there are two: sometimes there are five including visiting admirals. They look harmless as without motion these great Leviathans rest their snoring, screeching, thundering internal forces. On all national occasions peaceful citizens who never go to battle and only know what thunder sounds like get an idea of what a naval battle might be.

Every night the citizens, those who have a mind to leave the hum of the city, may enjoy listening to the best band music and that played on the water.

To have this privilege they may ascend the citadel and there amidst silence, with stars twinkling above and below them, rest and drink in the silvery strains; or they may launch out from the docks anywhere along the harbor in any sized boat and sitting there, without tide or wind to disturb, delight themselves. But in neither place can an enemy be hidden. There is focussed upon him a flash of the brightest and most searching light imaginable. This electric search light often falls upon the friendly city and the most hideous, screeching thing that could be invented often disturbs the most restless society in the city. Halifax is occasionally treated with a "sham naval contest," while a "fight" between land forces on the large commons is a common thing.

Point Pleasant is now to our right, almost due south. This is one of the most pleasant of places and is a natural park. Many "summer shelters" adorn this cool retreat. A beautiful sight can here be seen of the bar that makes out into the channel.

Ten miles distant the breakers can be seen wasting their energy on the sand, and struggling as if endeavouring to tear away the navigator's only hope, it reaches out from "Gibraltar the second" or properly named York Redoubt for half a mile. In a south-east wind the breakers upon this reef are immense and the whole mouth of the harbor is walled by them. Here is

where the wreck of the majestic British ship "La Tribune" occurred.

Here is where Capt. Barker exclaimed: "Not a soul quits this ship as long as two planks hold together" and as a result the lives of two hundred men were thrown away to save the reputation of one.

Opposite is Herring cove, made immortal in the minds of men as the place where the ship finally laid herself to rest, sinking with all on board.

"La Tribune was a captured French ship and was taken to England as a prize, but she learned how inhospitable are the coasts of Nova Scotia. G. O. O. G.

HE WAS A VERY BAD SHOT.

A Halifax Man Who Tried To Shoot Cats—How a Pony Was Nearly Starved.

HALIFAX, March 8.—The society for the prevention of cruelty is one of the most useful in this city of useful benevolent institutions. The calls upon it are multi-form and come from all quarters of the province. Yet it is inadequately supported financially, and it is deeply in debt. Few cases of needless suffering come to light without an appeal to the society, or a reference to it, and the word invariably is—"Send for Secretary Naylor." That good man promptly responds if he can, whether there is any money in the treasury or not.

Two cases the society now has in hand are just the opposite of each other and serve to show how it is called upon to redress all forms of suffering whether wilfully or carelessly inflicted. The first is that of a man in a south-end hotel who has a mania for feline destruction. It's all right to kill your own cat, though it must be done humanely. But this hotel man killed everybody's cat that came within his reach. His favorite pastime was sitting in a back window of his hotel and using the cats in the neighborhood as targets for his pistol. He was a bad shot and long practice failed to improve his aim. It was this inaccurate shooting that finally brought him into collision with the S. P. C. The lady boarders at the hotel insisted that he should not take three or four shots to dispatch a cat. On one occasion after wounding a cat with his bullets they compelled him to finish his work with a club in mercy to the poor brute. It came to the ears of Secretary Naylor, and now a summons has been issued to him from the police court. The cats will have a respite.

The other case in which the society recently interested itself was on behalf of a Sable Island pony owned by the wife of an army officer, whose husband is not at present in the city, or at least he does not reside at home. The pony was left for days in the stable without food because there was no one in the house, even its mistress, sufficiently interested to remember that it was in existence. The poor animal would soon have starved had it not been that the S. P. C. took measures to ensure a supply of food.

Such work as this keeps the society busily engaged and it should be liberally supported though regrettably, it is not.

THE PRINCE WAS FRIGHTENED.

The Expedition of an Officer Who Was Not Fond of Escort Duty.

When Queen Victoria was in the bloom of youth, she was fond of going up and down from Windsor Castle by road. It was a delightful drive and her Majesty enjoyed it none the less that she did the journey fast. But the story goes that all the escort were not equally delighted with these expeditions.

On one occasion, therefore, a young officer was graceless enough to try a little device of his own when riding on the Queen's escort. He was at the head of his troop, and immediately behind the royal carriage. Just opposite, seated with his back to the horses, was one of the royal children, no other than H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Soon after the cavalcade started, the officer—who was not handsome—began to make the most hideous grimaces at the Prince. The Prince began to cry, and the Queen, to pacify him, took him on her lap. When quiet the Prince was restored to the back seat.

Again the officer made his grimaces, and even went so far as to shake his fist at the royal child. There was a fresh outburst of crying, the same method of pacifying, the same process repeated several times, until at last Windsor Castle was reached and the escort dismissed.

Then the Queen questioned the young Prince as to the reason of his being so naughty on the road down, and was told exactly what had occurred.

The officer was, of course, severely reprimanded, and, as a supreme mark of her displeasure, her Majesty gave orders that he was never to be allowed to ride on her escort again—which was just what the reckless young gentleman desired.

People of Single Lives.

Americans returned from San Domingo give a curious account of the republic. The native negroes live in a state of extreme simplicity. Children run about naked up to the age of twelve years. When the family go a visiting the children that go along are clad for the journey after some crude fashion but when the place of destination is reached all the children of hosts and guests are turned loose together in a state of nature.

IN CAPE BRETON MINES.

LIFE AMONG MEN WHO WORK BENEATH THE SURFACE.

Their Groundless Fear of the Inroads of the Iron Man—How the Miner Prospers—His Wages and the Conditions Under Which He Works from Day to Day.

The cutting of coal in Cape Breton, until quite recently, was delightfully natural. In those mines the iron coal cutter, or "Iron Man" so well known in the coal districts of the United States, has only within the last year or two disturbed the peace of mind of the people of Cape Breton. I happened to be in Cape Breton when they were introduced, and found it most interesting to listen to the droll comments of the miners, as they watched their iron helper, untiringly beat down the solid "fou" of coal. Not a few of them feared too, that the "coal cutter" would take the bread from their mouths. Altho' this fear was groundless, it was excusable. Rumors of the power of the "Iron Man" had preceded the appearance of the machine itself, reduction of human cutters as its chief advantage, suggested the depopulation of the mines, and wise men shook their heads! Nothing came of all this apprehension, however, the machines did their work side by side with the men, and owing to the expansion of markets causing increased demand the men felt little inconvenience. It may be said without fear of contradiction that the Cape Breton miner is quite as prosperous, despite Iron Coal Cutters, as he is honestly simple-minded. What has he to do with the great world, surging round outside him? Rising early in the morning he descends to his work early and in consequence finishes early. About three o'clock in the afternoon the pitman may be seen returning to his comfortable home, rather dirty, it is true, but still fresh and active, worth about \$2.50 or \$3 more than when he dropped out of sight at sunrise. In our busy cities how few get home at that hour of the day plus \$3! Shopmen work on up to eight p. m. and cannot count up their gains to \$3. Laborers start at seven a. m. and cease at six p. m. and do not make \$3 per day—in fact there are few indeed of the better classes who do. Let us look at the miner a moment or two in his native element. He arrives at the face of the coal about 7.30 a. m. The "face" is divided into "rooms" drawn in various widths up to 30 feet wide. In height they vary of course with the dimensions of the coal from five to ten feet. Through these rooms abundant volumes of fresh air circulate at rates varying from 30,000 cubic feet per minute. As a rule the "rooms" are free from water and if the miner is as careful as we are in proportion, above ground, there is little danger to his life or limb. This rests almost entirely with him, it should be said. With him rests the task of putting in the pit props which support the roof and if he keeps these well up to the face of the coal there is no danger of a fall of roof. Miners, however, are as prone to carelessness as other people and it sometimes happens that this is neglected until it is too late.

In my opinion there should be a fine imposed upon the man who neglects to secure the roof, exactly as, in gaseous mines there is a fine inflicted upon the man who takes his pipe into the workings or tampers with the lock of his safety lamp.

Under these conditions then the Cape Breton miner works out the coal which is becoming famous on both sides of the Atlantic. First of all he "mines out" the coal along the floor in from the face of the coal about 3 feet by one foot high—without doubt hard work,—then he cleaves or cuts out both ends of the room from the top of the portion so mined to the roof of the room. This cutting extends about one foot from the wall and the result is that the coal is left in an overhanging state clinging to the roof of the mine. Iron wedges are then driven into the mass of coal at various distances apart, about twelve inches from the roof. These are driven right home with a sledge hammer and in a few minutes the mass of coal rolls down. It is then loaded into the tubs, taken in charge by the drivers and conveyed to the bottom of the shaft. A "ticket" attached to the wagon, before it leaves the "room," indicates at the surface, by whom the coal was moved, and the weight—one of whom is elected by the men and the other by the owners of the mine, credit the miner with the 20-25 cwt. of coal. The daily limit of the miner averages five of these wagons so loaded, and the wages paid to him for loading and cutting vary up to 48 cents per ton.

This as nearly as can be described is the daily routine of a miner in the collieries of the American Corporation.

C. OCHILTREE-MACDONALD.

Will Hold Millions of Headaches.

An enormous cask has been constructed for a wine hall in Paris, a cask that puts the famous one of Heidelberg to the blush. It holds 22,270 gallons, and is twenty-three feet high. The staves are each of a single piece. The cask is divided internally into five separate compartments, each of which is for itself and does not communicate with the others. The cask weighs 22,000 pounds, empty. Full, it will weigh 192,000 pounds.

"DRAP-DE-DAMES," SPRING 1894.

We have just opened in our Ladies' Cloth Department a magnificent range of 52 inch width

French Broadcloth,

FOR DRESSES, COSTUMES, CAPES AND JACKETS.

This line of "Drap-de-Dames" is guaranteed to have been dyed in the yarn and manufactured from Specially Selected, Pure, Long Staple, Fine Wool. Only those who have made a study of the subject realize the importance of this fact, and the vast difference it makes in the Quality, Finish and Color of the cloth. The superiority of "YARN" dyed cloth to "piece" dyed is not only seen in the bright finish and richness of the shades, but is an additional guarantee of the greater durability of the material and lasting (fast) quality of the color. This splendid quality of "Ladies' Cloth" is superior to any we have sold at \$1.50 per yard, but, having purchased under most advantageous circumstances, we intend to give our patrons the benefit and have placed it on sale at

\$1.25 PER YARD, - 52 INCHES WIDE.

In 20 different New Shades and Colors for Spring, including the New Green and Brown Shades, also Navy and Black.

Take the elevator to second floor, LADIES' CLOTH DEPARTMENT.

New Stock of Box
Cloths now received,

90c., \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.70, \$2.40.

For Ladies' and Children's
Jackets and Capes

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

MORE ABOUT PAULINE JOHNSON.

Pastor Felix Gives an Interesting Account of the Canadian Poetess.

I noticed, with interest, the communication in Progress of recent date, respecting the nationality of Miss Pauline Johnson, the Canadian poetess, of Mohawk descent; and, as the pleasure of receiving and communicating knowledge should be mutually interchangeable, I venture a few additional remarks. A literary friend, full of sympathetic appreciation of whatever is excellent in his contemporaries, and with a quick eye to see and a cunning hand to describe,—has lately given me a sketch of the Indian poetess, which I believe he will not object sharing with your readers. He gives it as follows: "There has been but little break in the current of my life since I last wrote you. Mrs. M—n and I with a daughter-in-law, made a trip to Niagara Falls in the summer,—a very pleasant outing. We had seen the Falls twice before; but we found the charm of their grandeur and power undiminished. The journey from Queenston in the electric car, up the historical heights past Brock's monument, was a new and romantic experience. Then, the trip on the little Steamer, N. J., up the river directly below the Falls into the spray, and into the frothy lips of the giant of waters, was a sensation not to be forgotten. We returned by Hamilton, stopped there overnight, and took steamer thence to Toronto. I met Pauline Johnson on board, after leaving Toronto. She was on her way to Kingston to take part in a canoe regatta at Squaw Point, where she distinguished herself, not only as a canoeist, but as a reciter of some of her Indian poems. I had her company nearly altogether all the way. She is a good talker,—free, fluent, no affectation,—a child of nature, vivacious; indulging, at times, in a soft, bewitching laugh, that I found better as a tonic than any patent medicine. Her aged mother accompanied her; and it was pleasing to note how attentively, how tenderly, she waited on the old lady. I was introduced, of course, and found her an intelligent little woman, with every mark of refinement. Pauline is not little. She is tall, straight as a grenadier; lithe as a leopard; blue-eyed; half-Indian complexion, through which the radiance of a quick, poetic intellect shows itself as sunlight through a silken, olive transparency. Verily, she is a girl worth knowing!"

Whatever of honor or profit may accrue from this gifted, genial woman,—interesting not only from the race whence she has sprung, but from the conspicuous gifts adorning her mind and person,—all belong to Canada. Brantford,—that seat of the powerful tribe of Mohawks,—is now her home, and that of her mother. It is historic and poetic ground, abounding in legends and memorials that may well stimulate her muse, and give her a choice of interesting subjects. The race, of which she has become a rare ornament, is spoken of by Mr. Lighthall, in his "Songs of the Great Dominion," as "to-day thoroughly civilized, and occupying high positions all over Canada," and as having had "a wonderful record of unswerving British alliance for over two hundred and twenty years, during which their devoted courage was the factor which decided the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon in North America. They produced Brant and Tecumseh, and the visit of their chiefs to Queen Anne is recorded in the Spectator. At the close of the American Revolution they retired with the other Loyalists to their present reserves, where they have prospered. Miss Johnson, was born at the Johnson estate of Chiefswood, on the Grand River, on the 10th March, 1862. She is the youngest child of Chief G. H. M. Johnson, head chief of the Mohawks, and of his wife, Emily S., youngest daughter of Henry Howells, of Bristol, England,—thus being a cousin of W. D. Howells, the novelist. She writes poetry only, and contributes to the leading Canadian weekly journals, and to many American papers. She was educated in childhood at home by a resident governess, then sent to

THE BRANTFORD MODEL SCHOOL; and after leaving school resided at Chiefswood until her father's death, in February, 1884, when the family went to Brantford, where they now live."

Miss Johnson's poetry is inspired by the scenes amid which she lives, and the common events of life; and though there is evidence of spontaneity and of emotional origin in her pieces, they are cultured and finely polished, and have artistic value. The poem, "In the Shadows," is a good example of her work:

I am sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle, as it passes
To and fro.
On the shore the heat is shaking,
All the golden sands awaking
In the Cove;
And the quaint sandpiper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
When I move.
On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow,
Green and cool;
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
Emerald pool.
Where the very water slumbers,
Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber-crowned, and pearl-crested—
Fair and frail.
Here, impossible romances,
Ineffable sweet fancies,
Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still, September fletness
With a sound.
I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
So remote;
For the lagged river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
Where I float.
Where the river-mists are rising,
All the foliage baptizing
With their spray;
There the sun gleams far and faintly,
With a shadow soft and saintly
In its ray.
And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
To exhale;
All its smoky fragrance, dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
Where I sail.
My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream;
Half in slumber I am gliding,
Eastward, indistinctly gliding
Down the stream.

Miss Johnson is not only gifted with the power of embodying her conceptions in graceful verse, but also of rendering them effectively upon the lyceum platform. The listener, who may look upon her attractive presence and listen to the melody of her voice, will experience a pleasure of which he will desire the frequent repetition.

PASTOR FELIX.

Where Sugar Gives Strength.

Dr. Vaughan Harley (London Royal Society, Dec. 14, 1893) considers sugar as the principal factor in the production of muscular energy, and gives not only chemical reasons for his belief, but details the results of experiments that confirm it. It was found by comparing the strength on a day when nothing but water was taken into the stomach with that of a day when 500 grams of sugar were added to the water, that the sugar not only prolonged the time before fatigue occurred, but increased the muscular work done by from 61 to 76 per cent. When added to a small meal it increased the work 6 to 39 per cent., and when added to the full meals of a day from 22 to 36 per cent. The work done was estimated from results obtained from the ergograph, the work done by the middle finger of each hand in raising weights being the quantity directly measured.

Only One Deduction Possible.

A member of a well known club in London lost his umbrella in the club and was resolved to draw attention to the circumstances. He caused the following notice to be put in the entrance hall: "The nobleman who took away the umbrella not his own on such a date is requested to return it." The committee took umbrage to this statement and summoned the member who had composed it before them. "Why, sir," they said, "should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?" "Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules says that 'This club is to be composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman."

THREW IN THE TROUSERS.

How Humboldt Came in Possession of a Valuable Old Book.

One October afternoon, as Humboldt, the great naturalist, was passing through a market, his eye fell on a pair of horse pistols inlaid with pearl, which attracted his attention by reason of their antiquated design and workmanship. He purchased them and on his way home made the interesting discovery that the paper in which they were wrapped consisted of a leaf torn out of an old "Book of Herbs."

In order to rescue from destruction the remainder of this ancient specimen of the art of printing, Humboldt at once retraced his steps to the market. But he was unable to find the vendor of the pistols, for all the brokers imagined that he had come to cancel the bargain. However, on his assurance that he wanted to return some change he had received in excess, all the brokers rushed out of their shops to report themselves.

Thus beleaguered on all sides the great savant threatened them with his pistols which had the effect of scattering the crowd and causing the real vendor to declare himself, by requesting the gentleman to put up his pistols as they were not loaded, adding he was now prepared to receive the money. Humboldt followed the broker into his dingy store, asked to see the old book in question, which, with its vellum binding, he found, with the exception of a few leaves, in perfect preservation, and an exceedingly valuable one.

On being asked the price of the volume, the broker took down an old pair of trousers that had been re-seated and replied: "Give me twelve shillings and you shall have the nice trousers into the bargain. They'll serve for you to cut a dash in on Sundays!"

The bargain was concluded, but Humboldt declined the nether appendages. In after years, when showing friends the treasures of his library, he never failed to recount the story of the purchase of the old "Book of Herbs."

Well Prepared for Matrimony.

A minister's wife, who is not so seriously minded at all times as her husband is, tells some laughable stories relating to marriage ceremonies which he performed while they were living in a newly settled district in the backwoods of Canada. The minister always felt it to be his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take and the new responsibilities they were to assume.

One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married. "And now," he said in closing, "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are prepared for it."

"Prepared?" she said, innocently; "well, if I ain't prepared I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brand new feather beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four linen table cloths, a dozen spoons, and a good six-quart kettle. If I ain't prepared no girl in this country ever was!"

Diamonds on the Move.

Sir Robert Ball tells us that, instead of being at rest, as a diamond is usually thought to be by observers generally, and apparently a solid and motionless hard substance, it is found by experts that the atoms composing it are each in a condition of rapid movement.

Each molecule of the diamond is actually bombarding its neighbours, and the whole congregation quivers from the shocks of these ceaseless encounters which occur millions of times in each second.

The hardness of the gem seemingly refutes the supposition of its being a cluster of rapidly-moving particles, but its well-known impenetrability arises from the fact that when an attempt is made to press a steel point into the stone, the rapidly-moving molecules batter the metal tool with such extraordinary vehemence that it fails to penetrate or even mark the crystallized surface.

After the Chinese Plan.

A Chinaman in Oregon was betrothed in China some years ago to a bride only two years old. He had never seen her since, but six months ago he was married to her by sewing together two cards on which the particulars of the betrothal were written, and sending them to China; he received a similar pair of cards from the bride. Now a United States Judge has decided that the wife may land in this country, because the marriage being valid in China is valid here, and even a Chinese may have his wife with him.