

CAPE BRETON RAMBLES.

A VISION WHICH CAME WHEN FAR FROM CHANCERY LANE

Plato the Philosopher and Plato the Dog—Both immortalized in Verse—The Preparations Made for a Descent to Subterranean Depths.

I suppose I slumbered all the more peacefully, because far from my foggy chambers in gloomy Chancery Lane, and as I slept I dreamed. It seemed that there were many steamships in that spacious bay, and a dozen wharves divided its expanse into grimy docks. Landward the sky was red with the angry glare of the blast furnaces and a clatter of ship-builders' hammers rose discordant yet musical on the air.

Out of the pleasant vision I was aroused by some vulgar knocking at the door. I awoke. It was the summons to toil. I had elected to be an amateur pitman and here they were waiting to bear the belated Londoner to their black depths. How our plans change between 9 p.m. and 5.30 a.m. in the winter months! How the roseate aspect fades away and into the vacuum, nature's pours—cold weather. However, I got up and descended. There the lady of the house stood awaiting me with much warm coffee and my "piece."

It was cold—very cold. The dawn felt it and hesitated on the brow of the southern head; the waters felt it and sullenly refused to reflect the coming light; the tree stumps stared vacantly and didn't appear to care. Along the line of rail we trudged to the shaft, Plato at our heels, philosophical but—shivering. I didn't tell the tale of Plato, did I? Plato was a wait of the sea. As he peeped timidly over the bulwarks at the roaring ocean one dismal morning the gallant craft which served him as kennel and fishing ground, touched terra firma and sailed her last trip. Plato—they did not call him Plato then—got ashore and made the best of it. He found a refuge in the same house in which I did and became one of the family. Then they called him Plato. Just as well they did, for he betrayed many of the characteristics of the original Plato, and to that fallen race of thinkers who suppose that the spirits of men return after a decent absence to this terrestrial plane, this dog might be a real discovery.

Suppose the spirit of Plato is really wandering about Cape Breton what a feather it would be in the cap of the thinkers alluded to. Plato, the dog, has conscience, a memory, a sense of humiliation, defeat, victory or worthy actions. If you do not talk to him he will sit on his hind legs and try to converse with you. He will wake you in the morning, or wait for you at noon; he will almost weep if in distress, and rejoice if happy. Moreover, if Plato, the original, has been immortalized in peace this canine Plato has excited the inspired bard. Here is one of these rustic effusions

In a town called I Coo Bay A captain does dwell W'ive his wife they call Mary three cats and hissel, A dog called Plato he does upon, Because he was saved a shipwreck from. Well bred Plato, canny old Plato, Plato's the dog Tally ho! Tally ho! His legs seven inches frae shoulder to paw, Just a foot and a half is the length of his back, His legs like two dackies hang over his jaw, An a sight on his side wad make yer sides crack Well bred Plato, canny old Plato, Plato's the dog, Tally ho! Tally ho! They tuk him a drive to Mina one day I save 't the team, but the go'k wadent stay He dived 'mong the wheels, thumped on the ground, Kicked up his legs an' rolled round and round. Well bred Plato, famous old Plato, Plato's the dog, Tally ho!!! Tally ho!!!!

The readers of PROGRESS will perhaps not be able to read a poem in such an outlandish dialect, but I must give it as it was sung in the contemptuous ear of Plato. The composer is a North of England man—a Tynesider, not a native, so we get a sample of the North of England pitman's dialect as well as the required information of Plato's dimensions and experiences. Good! This is killing two birds with the one stone, and—but we are at the mine by this time, so climbing to the "heapstead" I gather up my "picks" stick a little dismal lamp in my cap and step aboard the cage. The engine snorts,—a spiteful splutter, and as if in protest of being harnessed at that early hour to the burrowing of the dirty mine; the "insetters" grin and down we go followed by the wistful gaze of Plato. Yes, down we go. Ugh! Smoke, sulphur, rushing air, a glimpse of a roaring furnace. Are we all aboard for Hell? Voices mutter up the dripping shaft. Is it the chuckling of the fiends? No, in a moment the

cage stops; dim figures flit towards us, silence prevails, and the water drips. Reader, we are in one of Cape Breton's finest collieries, and creation—the life work on my companions, and ugh! my "piece" has dropped, and down my breakfast tumbles to the earth amid the respectful amusement of the miners.

C OCHILTREE MACDONALD. TWO BORDER TOWNS.

Where St. Stephen Differs From Calais in Some Respects.

Calais rejoices in being called a city, while we are only a town, writes a PROGRESS reader in St. Stephen, but we spend more money, and have a larger debt proportionately, and can stand the rest. Calais elects its municipal officers in April, and we elect ours in a few days. Our neighbors elect by political parties, while our legislators are chosen for their fitness or unfitness for the situation, often apparently the latter. Over the river they are particular and have a good Republican for the chief officer, but here they are not particular in any respect. If a man has influence enough to get a friend to carry about a requisition for him he is generally elected.

The people are queer in this respect. They are liable at any time to elect a blasphemous, immoral man of the world to fill an office vacated by a Sabbath School Superintendent. The week of prayer is finished before the town election comes on and the saints are so busy with the remembrances of the well rounded sentences heard there that they cannot descend to such worldly things as town politics. The local W. C. T. U. sees desecration of the Sabbath in the uncurtained store windows but shares with the Town council and police officers a blindness to the devilry daily and nightly going on about town. Apparently none of them can see the man-holes that are increasing in number and audacity, and they do not know of the second class gambling dive located on the end of the street which the council gave to one of its members.

All was not as peaceful at this place last Saturday night as at the first class dive of which they all know. An altercation took place in which fists and empty bottles played an important part. Sore heads and a badly scalded arm and hand are some of the results. The police magistrate's court records few convictions, and the innocents of the town think all is quiet and peaceable unless an occasional broken window or burglary comes to light, when the fact is that drunkenness and fights on the streets are more frequent than for years. The Father Matthew of the St. Croix has retired from active work, apparently disgusted with his comrades in the fight, and the arch enemy seems to have things all his own way.

John C. went to jail for breaking the Scott Act after my last letter to PROGRESS, but he is in full swing again, and gets unwelcome advertisements when a load of liquor for his shop gets stuck crossing the sidewalk as it did early one morning a few weeks ago. Some one ought to be able to help us out of the few difficulties we have in our pleasant town, and if the new council does so I will write you about it.

The Toilet of Birds. The feathered tribe have many peculiar ways and fancies about the details of their toilets. Some birds use water only, some water and dust, while others prefer dust and no water. Birds are not only exceedingly nice in their choice of bath water, but also very particular about the quality of their "toilet dust."

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and dress their feathers in the early hours of the morning. Sparrows bathe often, both in water and in dust. They are not so particular about the quality of the water as about the quality of the dust. They prefer clean water, but I have seen them take a dip in shallow pools that were quiet muddy. The city sparrow must take a bath where he can get it—in the streets or on the tops of houses—but he is most careful in the choice of his dust bath. Road dust, the driest and finest possible, suits him best. Partridges prefer dry loam. They like to scratch out the soil from under the grass and fill their feathers with cool earth. Most birds are fond of burnt ashes. Some early morning take a walk across a field that has been burnt over, and see the number of winged creatures that arise suddenly from the ash heaps. A darting form, a small cloud of ashes, and the darters disappear.

A Sensitive Tenor. Roger, the celebrated French tenor, was exceedingly proud of his profession, and was apt to take offence at the least slight, whether intended or not. On one occasion he was engaged for the sum of sixty pounds to sing at the house of a rich financier, who thought it the correct thing to have the principal singers of the day at his house-parties. Roger sang his first song magnificently, but not the slightest attention was paid him, the guests talking their loudest. Presently the host thought that it was about time for another song, and sent for Roger, but he could not be found, and was seen no more. On the following day Mr. Plutus was surprised to receive from Roger notes to the amount of eighty pounds, with the following words:—"I have the honour to return the sixty pounds which I received for singing at your party, and I beg to add twenty pounds more to make up for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."

FIRE AND THE MYSTERIES.

Some of the Superstitions Which are Held Regarding It.

Full many an art, surely, have men originated through the employment of that useful servant, fire. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any art or occupation of importance to the world which could exist independent of its agency. Among savages and civilized people alike fire is one of the necessities of life, almost as indispensable as food or drink or clothing. It is no wonder that the ancients had a superstitious reverence for fire, or that certain modern heathen tribes should worship it. Even the most enlightened men in the world cannot fail to see weirdness, beauty and a certain indescribable mystery in flames. Primitive people, among whom the imagination was developed at the expense of the reasoning power, explained the origin of fire by various legends, just as children will form theories to account for many phenomena which are incomprehensible to their elders.

What is fire? Any directory or work on chemistry will give a definition, but even the fullest definition leaves much to be desired. Fire is the evidence of a rapid chemical change, but all chemical changes do not produce it. Even combustible substances combine chemically without flame. Illuminating flames are due to the presence in them of solid particles, usually of carbon.

Water, the common agent for extinguishing fires, is itself composed of two inflammable gases, which, when pure burn steadily. Oxygen is a natural supporter of combustion, and combined with hydrogen in the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, an intense flame is produced. A fortune awaits the inventor who will discover some cheap method of separating water into its gases and burning them.

Combustion may be either a slow or a rapid process. If the latter, flame is produced, provided oxygen is present. Much has been said and written of the spontaneous combustion of human beings in the cases of hopeless inebriates. Modern scientists regard such tales as idle. Enough are down in the books, however, to furnish temperance lecturers with frightful illustrations of the evils and dangers of the alcoholic habit.

A number of interesting experiments, familiar to students of physics, illustrate some of the curiosities of flame. For instance, in a candle or gas jet the flame is far from being uniform in heat. Apply a wire to the dark portion of a flame and it soon becomes coated with carbon, showing incomplete combustion. Put it in the bright portion of the flame and it becomes hot and red, without any carbon adhering. A moist hand can be passed through molten iron without burning, a film of steam being evolved that prevents contact with the metal. In like manner gun-cotton can be burned on the hand and no heat felt, the moisture absorbing the heat as fast as it is evolved.

Some may imagine that if a solid body is surrounded by a flame the flame touches it. This is altogether a mistake; there is a space between the two which it is impossible to pass: a cold and flameless zone which surrounds the cold surface, and which is quite impassable to flames under any conditions, and which most seriously obstructs the work of heating.

To prove that this impassable cold zone exists beyond any doubt, I take a copper vessel containing water, and on the side of this vessel I paste a tin paper label. On this I will direct the powerful flame, which you have seen will fuse wrought iron instantly, and the paper remains untouched, without a trace of singeing.

The "singing flames" are equally produced by burning a gas jet midway of a long glass tube open at both ends. The result is a musical note, the pitch of which can be made higher or lower as the jet is raised or lowered. The sensitiveness of flame to sound is also easily illustrated. Flames from gas jets will raise and lower in unison with the musical strains of a brass band.

The ancients had a means of corresponding by the use of pyrotechnic signals, varying their number and location to express different meanings. Modern pyrotechnists use fireworks for the same purpose. Students of chemistry are quietly aided in their analyses by the well known fact that certain elements, when fused by the blowpipe, invariably give richly colored soot that the practiced eye, noting the colors, can at once determine what metals or compounds are present. The curiosities and the uses of flame are innumerable.

Unique Painting. The smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a French artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, and the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood were a horse and cart, and on the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.

For breakfast. Get Rolled Wheat Flakes or "Petti Johns Col Breakfast Food" and Evaporated Cream, they are most delicious. Western Grey Bunch wheat for Griddle cakes with Dunn's Ham, or Bacon, are no mean substitutes; you can get those and others from J. S. ARMSTRONG & Bro., Grocers 32 Charlotte St.

The Living Words of the Dead Statesman. A CANADIAN TRIBUTE. On the proposed monument to Hon. Jeremiah Rusk, it would seem better to record his homely worth otherwise than in the Latin tongue.—Boston Herald. The railroad men had struck, and fools cried loud for troops to quell a riot; But Rusk said, "Arms are Satan's tools; Can troops keep starving workmen quiet? I'll save some blood by sending bread." The rise of murder—"I'll not run it." When thanked for this he simply said, "I see my duty and I do it." A better boast was never heard— He was not blundered in the flurry; What matter if his noble word Could not be passed by Lindley Murray? Some see their duty, but, forsooth, Are somehow strangely apt to shun it; All praise to him who said with truth, "I see my duty and I do it." Rough, ready reasoning Rusk's at rest;— They weep, who at his jokes made merry; The rich man was his friend confessed, The poor man mourns for "Candy Jerry!" He loved Applause—but Duty more; He did not cringe for Love, but won it— Grave this, instead of learned lore—"I see my duty, and I do it." Harry A. Woodworth, in the Empire.

It Rises in the World.

The condor soars higher than any other known species of bird, spending nine-tenths of its life floating about in the rarified atmosphere at a height of over three miles above the level of the sea.

3 months (\$25) is enough to complete either course, business or shorthand. A life scholarship for both courses \$40.

SNEEL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertions. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AMATEUR Photographers and all who would like to take Pictures, but are afraid to try, should consult us. Outfits from \$3. to \$100. Practical instruction free and success guaranteed. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 Germain St., St. John.

FRAZEE'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 119 Hollis St., Halifax in session day and evening. Best place to learn Bookkeeping, Business, etc., also Stenography and Typewriting. Send for our circular. J. C. P. FRAZEE, Principal.

PROFESSIONAL Photographers are finding out they can purchase from us Plates, Papers, Chemicals, Mounts, &c., of best makes, at low or lower prices as in Montreal or Toronto. Try us. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 Germain St., St. John.

HOUSE WANTED.—To purchase or to rent from May 1st, next a Small Self Contained Home. One with Barn attached preferred. Apply to C. S. W. care DAILY RECORD.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD mailed to us brings you promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self measurement blanks, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P. O. Pants \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. PILGRIM FANTS CO'Y., 38 Mill St. St. John N. B.

WHISTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE Graduates obtain good positions and keep them. The demand by business men for our graduates is greater than the supply. Send for our new catalogue. D. S. WHISTON, 25 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S. 11-11-2m

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developers, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. LUGBIN PHOTO STUDIO, 38 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 11-9-11

A COTTAGE in centre of Rothesay, seven minutes' walk from station; newly papered and painted; suitable for large or small family. Rent moderate. Apply D. RUSSELL, Hawker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec casis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety Barrister-at-Law, Puseley Building. 24-6-11

A personally conducted party will leave Moncton, Monday, Jan. 29th, 8.35 p. m. for "Grand Winter Carnival," Quebec. Rates from St. John for 1st and 2nd trip tickets, including sleeper, (two in berth) meals en route, transfers and four days at "Hotel Florence" or "Royal Albion," within five minutes walk of "Ice Palace," \$30.00. A second rate, not including sleeper, with coupons for less expensive hotel, \$20.00. All applications for coupons not later than Jan. 23rd. A Forty Day's tour to the Pacific Coast is being arranged for March, at Midwinter Fair Excursion Rates, visiting all the principal cities en route. For further information of either trip address: A. M. Crow, 10 Elm St., Truro, N. S.

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Jas. T. Logan and deB. Carritte, under the firm name of "Wm. Logan," has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The said deB. Carritte will pay all legal demands against the late firm of "Wm. Logan," and all debts due the said co-partnership are to be paid to the said deB. Carritte, who alone is authorized to receive payment. Dated this 10th day of January, 1894. J. T. LOGAN, deB. CARRITTE.

Referring to the above the subscriber begs to announce that the business carried on by the late firm will be continued by him under the name of "Wm. Logan." deB. CARRITTE



Madame Dean's Spinal Supporting Corsets for Ladies' and Misses. These Corsets are specially constructed with two curved springs so as to fit exactly on and support the shoulder blades, and another spring to support the spine; both made of the very finest and best tempered clock spring, thus creating a complete support for the spine. They supply a covering for the open space at the back, and thereby protect the spine from cold and also give a smoothness of fit to the back of the dress, making them a most valuable and necessary Corset for general use, highly recommended by the medical profession. We are sole agents for the above celebrated Corsets. Price, MASSES' \$2.00; Ladies' \$2.25. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St

J. D. TURNER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer. OYSTERS, CLAMS, PEANUTS, Pigs' Feet and Lambs' Tongues, Fresh and Salt Fish of all kinds at 19 & 23 King Square.

WHITTAKER'S ALMANAC FOR 1893. Is packed full of valuable statistics and information not obtainable from any other source, relating to the British Isles and the Colonies. CLOTH (full edition) 85c. PAPER 35c. Sent post paid on receipt of price. J. & A. McMILLAN, Booksellers, &c., St. John, N. B.

Here Is a Glorious Chance

to "make hay when the sun shines." Ladies imported wool skirts 70c. Heavy flannelett skirts 50c. Tray flannel skirts all wool 60c. All reduced from 25 to 50 per cent.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 97 KING STREET.

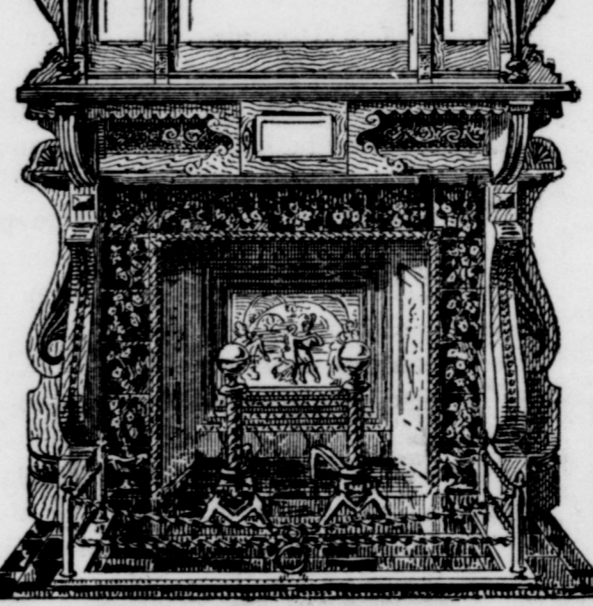
JOSEPH RODGERS & SON'S CELEBRATED CUTLERY.

Table Knives, Pocket Knives, Scissors, etc.

W. H. THORNE & CO., Market Square, St. John.

We Invite the Attention of

BUILDERS AND OTHERS to our line of WOOD MANTELS SLATE MANTELS, Tiles, Andirons, Fenders, &c.



We are HEADQUARTERS for these goods, our Line is Large and our Prices Bottom, and we are always pleased to show them. EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.

ST. JOHN HAIR STORE.

HAIR GOODS, FOR BOTH LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN, Manufactured and Imported. GENTS WIGS, TOUPEES, FRONTS, SWITCHES, BANGS, Etc., Etc. —PERFUMES—As fine an assortment as to be found anywhere. —HAIR PINS—Ranging in all styles and prices, from 15c to \$5.00. —CURLING TONGS—From 5c. to \$1.50 each.

Miss K. A. HENNESSY, Proprietress, 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel, St. John, N. B.

Handy Horse Clippers.

It is singular that any farmer should be without a pair of CLIPPERS which are so handy and useful in the stable, and for clipping the hair from horse, dog or other animal.

We also have a stock of TOILET CLIPPERS, for cutting hair on man or boy. PRICES LOW. T. McAVITY & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Men and Boys now is your time to buy cheap clothing. Our entire stock has been greatly reduced in price, irrespective of size quality or anything else, in as much we have completed our object, viz., made sweeping reductions for the benefit of buyers. All Irish Frieze Ulsters, down at wholesale price—profit entirely knocked off them.

Union Block, Cor. Mill & Union Streets Central Clothing Store