

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

GUIDED BY OUR LIVERS.

RECENT RESEARCHES GIVE THE HEART A BACK SEAT.

The Wonderful Physiological Blunder the World Has Accepted for Ages—How an Acceptance of the New Theory Will Modify the English Language.

Another of those i o o elastic scientists who seem to spend the greater part of their time in destroying the most cherished ideals of the rest of humanity, even as the image breakers of old shattered the idols, has just dropped his sacrilegious hammer upon an idol which has been very near and dear to all right thinking members of the human race, from the time when Adam first awoke to the astonishing fact that he had lost a rib and gained another and a better half.

The scientist referred to is a physician. I regret to say, and instead of looking after the physical welfare of his patients, he has soared into the rarified atmosphere of science and frittered away valuable time in tearing away the veil of romance and sentiment which has so long enshrouded the above mentioned idol, and proved at least to his own satisfaction, that it is composed only of clay.

I do not of course know by what process of reasoning he has arrived at such a conclusion, nor what scientific experiments he could possibly call to his aid which would satisfactorily settle all doubts on the subject, now and for all time; but the great discovery to which this unknown genius lays claim is the very startling fact that the liver, instead of the heart, is the real seat of the emotions, and that all of our tenderest impulses, our highest aspirations and our most sacred instincts emanate in reality, from that hitherto despised organ.

Of course this will be news to the great majority, as it was to me, and equally of course it will be very unpleasant news because in the first place I think human nature is born with a dislike for new ideas which are thrust upon it suddenly, and which it is rudely forced to swallow against its will, as a child swallows cod liver oil; and in the second place, the present idea is such a large one and will involve such a revolution of all former beliefs and make things so unpleasant for every one, should it be generally received and acted upon. All the theories of other years and other generations must be set aside and a new era ushered in, not only in the practical affairs of everyday life, but in poetry, art and literature; because the poet who has become accustomed to hunting up rhymes for heart, and has almost used up the dictionary in running the gamut of start, part, art and mart, will have to start out on an entirely new basis, and devote his attention to cultivating a familiarity with such words as river, shiver, quiver and deliver; while the artist who has won fame and shekels by his graceful manner of depicting lovely female figures with uplifted eyes, languished faces and hands clasped rapturously across their breasts, called "Faith," "Self-sacrifice," "Love" or "Hope" will experience some difficulty in adapting his handiwork to the new conditions, and obtaining the same results from an equally beautiful figure which is represented with the dainty hands pressed passionately over the region of the liver. As for the literary man it would be almost impossible to estimate the consequences to him of such a radical change in the ethics of literature, indeed it is scarcely putting it too strongly, to say that he will suddenly find himself, face to face with a problem, beside which the Harris Bill sinks into insignificance, and even the late encounter between England and America, as represented by Messrs. Corbett and Mitchell fails to excite more than a passing interest.

It goes almost without saying that anyone who has read the daily papers carefully for the last few years could not fail to know that "liver was king," since the fact was brought home to them by an almost maddening reiteration, but still the assurance was generally supposed to have reference to the physical, rather than the mental or spiritual structure of the human frame, and the heart was popularly supposed to be in direct communication with the brain; therefore the situation we are called upon to face at the present time falls little short of a general chaos, since every former landmark and tradition connected with affairs of the heart—I was going to say heart-tender emotions seem to be falling about our ears, and it will take some time for us to adapt ourselves to the changed conditions. Just imagine the feelings of an ardent lover who throws himself at his lady's feet, in approved theatrical fashion, and begs her to accept his hand, his fortune and his liver! How awful! Picture the sensations of the man who first experiences the joy of religion and in relating his experiences to the sympathetic audience of a prayer meeting expresses his gratitude for a changed liver! Fancy the blushing maiden, who has not yet made up her mind that she cares enough for her lover to be only, only his, listening doubtfully to his pleadings that she will tell him what he must do to win her liver! The thought is simply hideous.

And then we shall have to grow accustomed to hearing a man speak of his chosen friend as the finest fellow in the world with the clearest head, the strongest mind, and just the biggest liver in the world; while sweet girls will rhapsodize over each other as "the loveliest girl you ever met, so sweet, so clever, so pretty, and with the tenderest liver you ever heard of."

The devoted husband who is praising his wife, and enlarging upon her many perfections will somehow feel as if he had not done full justice to the subject when he has declared that his wife is the best, the truest, and the most noble livered woman the world contains, while the life of the aspirant for dramatic honors will be beset with new difficulties, and the first time he adopts the new custom, and cries out, "She comes! She comes! My liver tells me it is she!" he will be certain to receive a very warm ovation from the upper galaxy.

Of course time works wonders, and we may all become so thoroughly accustomed to the new regime that we will speak as calmly of Mr. Smith as being a good, warm livered fellow, and of ourselves as having a liverache over the troubles of our friends as we now do of its being sixteen minutes past 1:15 o'clock, which would have seemed the very height of absurdity to us a few years ago; but as I said before all great reforms require time, and if the expression "a warm liver" calls up unpleasant visions of stock yards and butcher shops now, very likely by the end of the century it will contain no other suggestion than that of a very amiable and lovable character. So perhaps, in view of the very rapid strides which are being made in the advance of science, it would be as well for us to meet the problem half way, take time by the forelock, as it were, and accustom ourselves to elevating that very useful and troublesome organ from the too obscure position it has occupied for so long a time in our estimation, to something like the importance it is likely to assume in the near future. It will be less of a shock to us then, when we have to refer to it constantly in conversation, as the seat of all the most beautiful, tender, and elevating emotions the human race is capable of feeling.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

THOUGHT THEY HAD 'EM.

How Two Late Diners Got a Pointer in Regard to Naples.

An American general, with a numerous company of ambassadors and consuls, had been to a grand dinner at Naples. The flow of wine had been quite as noticeable as that of the soul, but the general and his English friend were moderate in their libations and left early, intending to take a slight walk before going to bed. Arm-in-arm they wandered tranquilly along until they came to the principal square of the city. In this square was an obelisk, planted, as the general knew, very firmly upon its base; but, mirabile dictu, as he entered the square, he distinctly saw the obelisk wavering from side to side. "Did you see that?" asked the general, grasping his companion convulsively. "Yes," answered the latter. "Well, what do you think about it?" said the general. "Well I think the sooner we get home and to bed the better. Consider the disgrace to our respective Foreign Offices it was were found in the street of Naples in this condition. The general and his friend carefully felt their way along, holding on to the railings. They arrived safely at their hotel, tumbled into bed, and slept late the next morning. When they came sheepishly down to breakfast the bustling waiter's greeting carried with it both pain and pleasure: "Did the noble gentlemen feel the earthquake last night?"

California's Name.

The word California was first used in a work on Spanish chivalry published in 1510. The work was an alleged history of the adventures of "Amadis of Gaul and his son Esplandian." It was of great length and divided into a number of short stories, one of which was the manner in which "Calafia, the Queen of the Island of California, a country inhabited only by women, who lived as Amazons and had gold without end," saved Constantinople from an attack by the Persians. This story, as well as others, was widely read by the people of Spain, and by many regarded as fact. Among the staunch believers were the members of the Cortez expedition, who, upon landing upon the peninsula of Lower California, imagined they were on an island which, owing to its apparent riches, they named after the fabled island, and Cortez himself called the new country "California."

No Conventional Lies There.

Like the Turks, who drop their sandals before the mosque door that its sacred floor may not be defiled, so the Hollanders slip off their wooden pattens before those altars of cleanliness—their tiny dwellings. A common sight in the villages is to see a row of wooden shoes of various sizes, from the big ones of the father down to the small ones of the baby, placed on the outside of the doors, showing that the family is assembled within. No need to ask in these peasant villages if madam is "at home to her friends." The presence or absence of her wooden shoes at the threshold tells always whether she is in or out.

FUN IN THE SNOW STORM.

BOSTON PEOPLE APPRECIATE ONE WHEN THEY GET IT.

Some of the Incidents of Days When Sleights Are Out—St. John Horses to the Front—The Recent Hibernation of Mr. S. A. Wetmore, of the "Herald."

BOSTON, Feb. 1.—We had a real old fashioned down east snow storm last Saturday, and wasn't it nuts for Bostonians?

Well now you're talking. You people down in the provinces don't know how to appreciate a snow storm. You've got too much of a good thing perhaps, or perhaps there is not enough of you to show your appreciation, but we'll let that go. Bostonians do appreciate and they show their appreciation and there are enough of them to show it.

The snow storm was a great thing. It was a great thing for the snow shovellers, and there were enough snow shovellers to make you believe it was a great thing; for they didn't wait until the snow had stopped falling before starting out. The result was that everybody who owned a side walk or was responsible for one, either had to spend the day making journeys to the front door or muffle the door bell. It's no use trying to get a Boston snow shoveller or peddler to answer your bell through the tube by the entry. They are perfectly well aware that the voice of the invisible can shut off the debate quickly, so they insist upon a personal interview, or none at all. On a stormy day nobody disputes the unemployed's figures and every body damns the police census. The police census, you know, placed the number at 5,000.

However, next come the doctors. A snow storm is nuts for them, for it means rain the next day, slush for a week, and pneumonia for a month.

It's the lively stables and the people who own horses and sleights, who whoop her up when the snow comes, and sometimes when it doesn't half come. For its a common sight in Boston to see whole families out sleighing in six inches of mud.

Give them a day like Sunday, though—the day after the storm—then you see the turnouts. A St. John man would be ashamed to be seen dead in some of them—that is in St. John.

The Shatford turnouts of a few years ago, or Peter Clinch's tanzems, or any of these rigs with the young men and women sitting on behind looking as if they did not know what to do with themselves, and apparently conscious of the fact that they bore a striking resemblance to a "boy stealing a ride on behind" a grocery wagon—any of the giddy turnouts which used to make people stare in St. John would be decidedly common-place on the boulevard—summer or winter.

But the rigs on runners! Anything that will attract attention goes, and the cranks do it to the Queen's taste.

Bells and furs and furs and bells, and black sleights and yellow sleights and red sleights. High sleights and low sleights, sleights with one horse and sleights with two horses and sleights with old nags—everything goes—all on the boulevard. Some of them look comfortable, very much so, others seem to have no reasonable excuse for existing, while Russian sleights and sleights supposed to represent every place where the geographies say snow falls, turn up on the boulevard. I saw one on Sunday that knocked spots off of anything a proud father ever harnessed himself into on a Christmas morning to draw his three-year-old heir over the sidewalk. It was painted red, white and blue, had wood runners like a boy's hand sled and no higher, and a great big horse in front of it. It didn't represent anything in particular, and I guess its owner was aware of the fact, for painted on the back were the figures "1894"; that, I presume, gave it an excuse for being on earth. It was "the latest." It 1895 succeeds in breaking the record there won't be any use for circus wagons in this part of the world in 1896.

E. LeRoy Willis, of St. John, is up here, with three pretty fast ones. Monday he was getting the pace on the boulevard with Minnie Grey which he claims is good for 2.20. During the afternoon he was having a brush with John Shepard, of Shepard, Norwell, & Co., and there was a lively time on the road for a while. Mr. Willis was the leader of a group of fast ones, and he was being pushed hard. The horse behind caught his foot in the runner of his sleigh, and the Willis turnout carried the tangled-up team along with it. Nobody was hurt, but there was the biggest kind of a crowd in a very few minutes.

Mr. Willis is up here with three fast ones, Minnie Grey, Wildflower, and Roline. He is taking advantage of the snow. The horses are at the Quincy club stables.

When the little 6 year old daughter of Mr. S. A. Wetmore died Saturday, it was the second death in their West Chester Park home within nine months—both little ones, who had made a host of friends in St. John, particularly in Carleton during their summer vacations. And they had hosts of

FOUR LEADERS IN LADIES' NIGHTGOWNS.

- 1 White Cotton Nightdress, full size, trimmed Lace Edging, with a cluster of 10 fine tucks on each side of frill. Sale Price..... 50c.
2 White Cotton Nightdress in three sizes: Slender, Women's and Outsize, trimmed cluster of tucks and single wide cotton frill with sailor collar or clusters of tucks, narrow frill and centre piece of Hamburg insert with either standing or sailor collar. Good strong cottons, full lengths..... 65c.
3 Made of English Longcloth in three sizes, 14, 15 and 16 in. neck, full length and perfect shaped gown. Back gathered full on Yoke; sleeves cut full with raised shoulders; trimmed frill of embroidery around neck and down front to waist, a cluster of five tucks, frill of embroidery and second cluster of four tucks on each side of frill. Frill of embroidery around wristbands. This is without exception the best value in Canada and would be cheap at \$1.00. We have purchased a large quantity and marked them for this sale at..... 87c.
4 Too many varieties to enumerate. TEN DIFFERENT DESIGNS in Embroidery and Lace trimmed Nightgowns. Three sizes, Slender, Women's and Outsize. Good strong cottons with useful and pretty trimmings. Perfect shapes, full size and length. All marked at..... \$1.

These Garments are actually cheaper than they can be made up for in your own homes, not taking into consideration the worry and trouble to select materials, trimmings, etc.

REMEMBER, 500 SAMPLES at 25c. to \$4.50. All less than Regular Prices.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

friends here—old and young; for such a large gathering of mourners is seldom seen when a child dies.

The first was the youngest, a pretty little girl whom perhaps thousands of the readers of the Boston Christmas Children's Herald did not recognize when her portrait was printed a month ago.

It was a picture of "childhood"—a little lot in a garden—the Back bay park—with a big parasol, a hat held by the strings—a snap shot taken during a summer afternoon—a pretty picture, one that was treasured, and afterward painted in oils by a well known Boston artist. Then when the Herald made up its Christmas issue it was reproduced for the children's supplement, but not, unfortunately with all the detail which gives it its value.

R. G. LARSEN.

MINISTER AND SHOEMAKER.

All Occupations Are Honorable When Honorably Performed.

I came across the other day, a little book, out of which I read a few sentences. I read the title page and it was this, "Hiram Goff, a shoemaker by the grace of God"; then I read the last page and it was stated that, when this man died they put on his tombstone that which he had requested, "Hiram Goff, a shoemaker by the grace of God." I looked to see what was in the middle of the book, and I read this, that a young stripling of a minister who had just come to be pastor in the town, went down to talk with Hiram because he had heard that he was a spiritual man, and he said, "Mr. Goff, and Mr. Goff said, don't call me Mr. Goff. Call me Hiram." Well, Hiram, said the minister, I have come to talk to you about the things of God, and I am very glad that a man can be in a humble occupation and yet be a godly man. The shoemaker stopped and looked up at him and said, "Don't call this occupation humble." The minister thought he had made a mistake and he said: "Excuse me, I didn't mean to reflect on what you do for a living." The man replied: "You didn't hurt me, but I was afraid you might have hurt the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe the making of that shoe is just as holy a thing as you making a sermon. I believe that when I come to stand before the throne of God he is going to say, 'What kind of shoes did you make down on earth?' And he might pick out this very pair in order to let me look at them in the blazing light of the great white throne; and he is going to say to you, 'What kind of sermons did you make?' and you will have to show him one of your sermons. Now, if I make better shoes than you make sermons, I will have a better place in the kingdom of God." From the depths of my soul, I believe that.—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

No Drummers to Kick About It.

No one who has ever stayed at a Chinese hotel is likely to forget his experience. They are all built on the same plan—a large courtyard, round the four sides of which are built rows of small rooms, the restaurant and office being in front. The buildings are built of sun-dried bricks, and are usually in the last stages of dilapidation. Each small room contains a brick bed, in which a fire can be lighted for warmth in winter. There is no furniture but a rough chair and perhaps a table, while the windows are nothing but frames covered with paper.

Go: Out For Nothing.

A notable example of Scotch thrift is recorded of a Mr. M'Catarrack, who was driving a fast horse in a trap with a friend. The horse bolted and the friend exclaimed: "I'd give £10 to be out of this!" "I'd give £10 to be out of this!" replied Mac. "Hold your tongue, man," replied Mac. "Ye'll be out for nothing in less than a minute!"—a prediction which proved true.

No Chances for a Mistake.

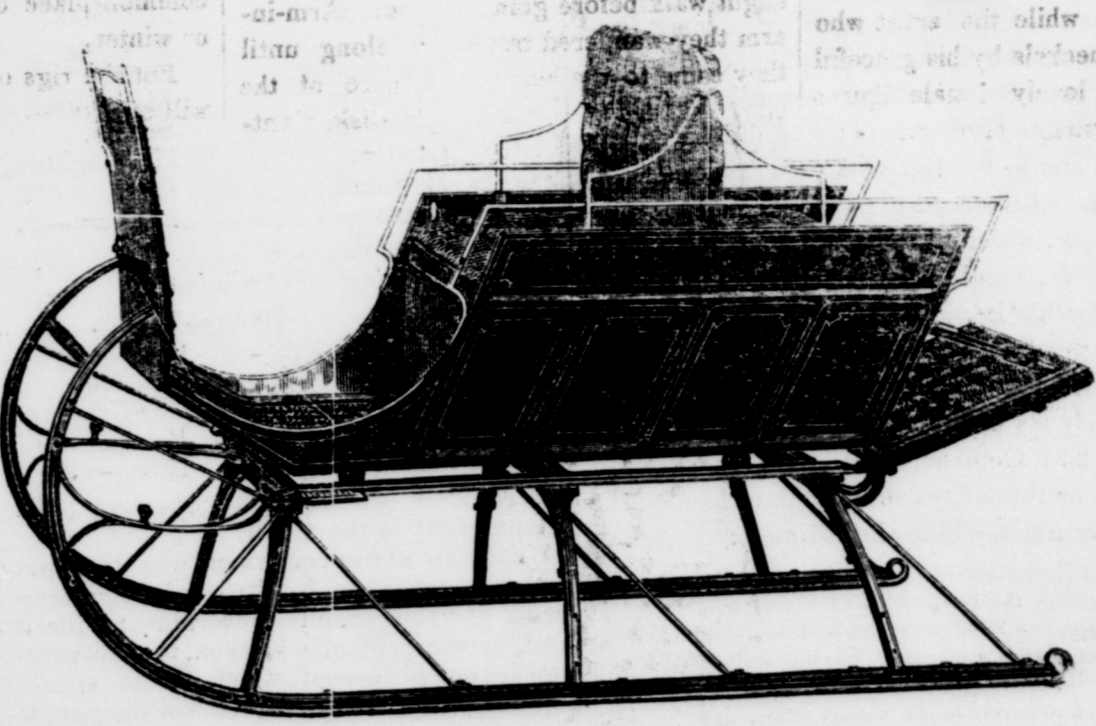
Mrs. Winks—So you have taken another companion for better or worse, eh? Mrs. Second Trip—Only for better, my dear. He can't possibly be worse than the other one was.

They Must Have Gone in Groups.

Evangelist Moody in referring to the World's Fair, said that out of the millions who visited it, he did not see a single drunken man.

PLACE A CAKE of Baby's Own Soap in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot Pourri, in a modified degree. The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better. Beware of Imitations. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers.

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleigh this Winter go no get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton.

BARAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgcombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale. 3 Shetland ponies with carriages, harness, etc., complete; one Sir Charles colt, 4 years old, bay, kind and good; a set of 3 brand new carriages to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concord, Piano boxes, Corair top buggies. A different styles of open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.

HAWKER'S CATARRH CURE SAFE SURE SIMPLE. EFFECTUALLY CURES CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, CATARRHAL HEADACHE AND DEAFNESS, INFLUENZA, ETC. Sold every where. Price, 25 cents. Mfgd. by THE HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B. Full to say completely cured me. I have recommended Hawker's Balsam to very many suffering from La grippe and severe colds and in every case it has proved to be effective. Sold everywhere, 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Bronchitis and Influenza are quickly cured by Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam.