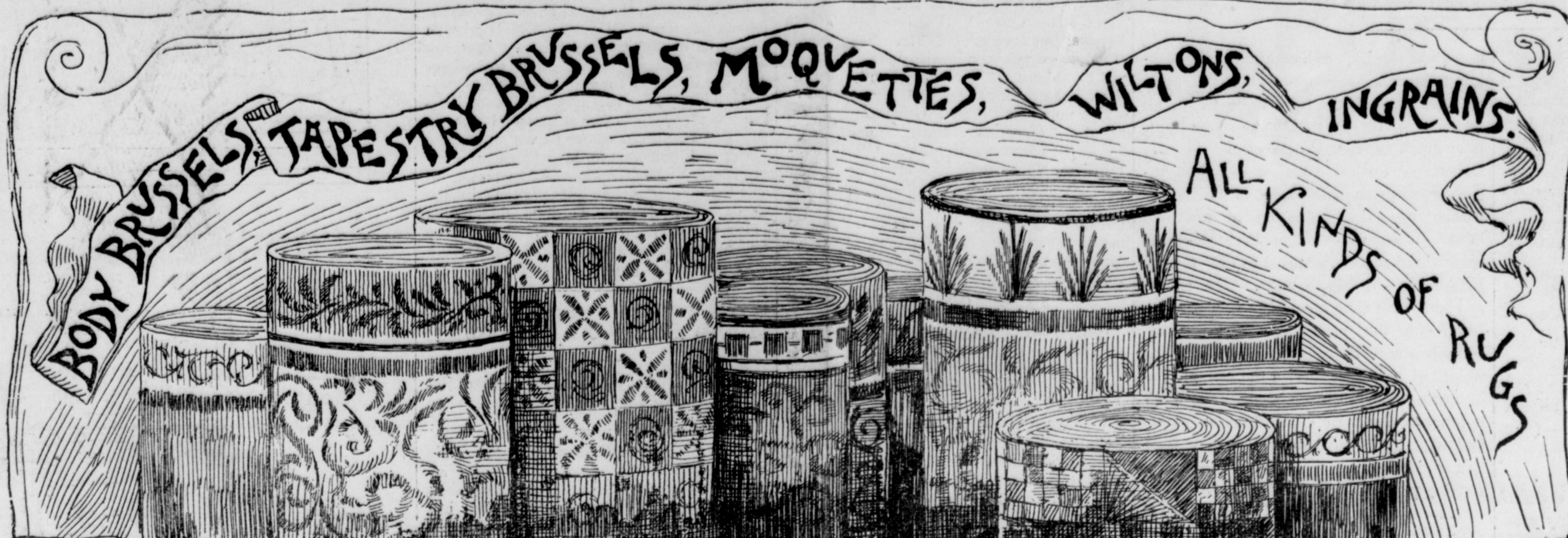


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CONTEST FOR A RECTOR.

DARTMOUTH CHURCHMEN HAVE A LITTLE EXCITEMENT.

The Wilkinson Party Had a Majority of the Votes, and Their Man Accepts the Call. The Question of High or Low, to the Front as Usual.

HALIFAX, APRIL 3. — The excitement of the provincial elections was more widespread, but it was not so intense as an ecclesiastical contest, in a more limited arena, which has just been "brought to a finish" in Dartmouth, the smaller half of the city, across the water. Christ Episcopal church has been without a rector since the resignation of Rev. T. C. Mellor, two months ago. Mr. Mellor was an earnest, successful minister of the congregation, and his departure was a matter of great regret, especially as it has caused so much turbulence on the hitherto placid waters of parish life in Dartmouth. The late rector goes to Guysboro to engage in what amounts to missionary work among the religiously benighted people of that isolated country.

The trouble and consequent soreness of feeling in Christ church has arisen over the selection of a successor to Rev. Mr. Mellor. Two names were mentioned for the rectorship, and instead of the people uniting on one or other of them, the congregation divided into opposing parties, each favoring the clergyman of its choice. The candidates were Rev. Frederick Wilkinson, of Toronto; and Rev. Henry Ward Cunningham, of Springfield, Illinois, a native of Newfoundland.

Mr. Cunningham was supposed to be rather "high" in his ecclesiastical proclivities, though his friends denied it. Mr. Wilkinson was accepted as a "low" churchman, and yet his opponents held strenuously that he was, quite possibly, as advanced in ritualism as their nominee. Wycliff college of Toronto, was the source of Mr. Wilkinson's theological knowledge and that was taken as pretty good evidence that he was about as ecclesiastically "low" as a minister could well be. And yet it came out that he claimed to be a "prayer-book churchman," which was all that Mr. Cunningham had ever called himself. So it began to be agreed that there might not be so much difference after all between the two in doctrine or church practice. Mr. Cunningham's supporters vehemently urged that nothing acceptable came from Wycliff, the only exception being Rev. Dyson Hague, of Halifax. The standard of attainment by Wycliff students and graduates was almost beneath the contempt of the Cunningham party. They laid stress upon all this without taking Mr. Wilkinson personally into consideration, for, they freely admitted, he, like Mr. Hague, might be an exception. They didn't believe he was, however. Appearances were against him, they said, and it was only on the recommendation of one or two ministers that his name had come up as a candidate.

On the other hand Mr. Cunningham's friends advocated him for one thing, as a graduate of St. Augustine's College, England, a college which had sent forth able men, in large numbers. In addition to his collegiate training and the recommendation of several ministers and laymen in Halifax, the friends of Mr. Cunningham had another advantage in being able to say that their man was comparatively well known in Halifax, for he was a classmate of Rev. N. LeMaine, of St. Mark's church, and he had spent several weeks in this city, and became acquainted with many. It looked as though Mr. Cunningham's supporters had a "sure thing" of electing their man.

As time went on another element entered into the contest, for such it soon became. The church-wardens are A. C. Johnstone and E. M. Walker, both work-

ers for Mr. Wilkinson. The advocates of Mr. Cunningham were the wealthier members of the church, the men who had long been interested in it, and who were always ready to put their hands in their pockets when the finances demanded they should do so. The new canvass made by the Wilkinson adherents was that a man should be elected who would be one of the "masses" rather than the friend and nominee of the "classes" in Christ church. They worked for Mr. Wilkinson as "the poor man's minister," in opposition to his rival, who was the rich member's candidate. The alleged ritualistic difference was not lost sight of, but what determined the election was the respective numerical strength of "the classes and 'the masses'."

The Wilkinson party won at the recent parish meeting, by a vote of 53 to 35. The history of that meeting will not soon be forgotten. The vote was the largest in the memory of "the oldest parishioner." The minority are not slow to state that men came to the meeting to vote for the successful aspirant for the rectorship who had not been in church for years, and who would not likely be there for years again, unless another election came off; their vote was needed, and they were brought there to deposit their ballots.

It was the defeated party say is true, the Wilkinson men deserve some credit for the masterly way they worked, and "brought out the vote." But they get none. "The opposition" who gained their victory are far from being praised by the Cunningham people, who were in a minority of eight-teen.

The contest was so keen that it is not to be wondered at if there is some little hard feeling, but, while there is a slight disposition to stand aside and see how the majority will get along with the man of their choice, even the warmest supporters of Mr. Cunningham magnanimously say they wish the new rector well, and while they cannot for a while at least, take the same interest in the church as they did, they will do nothing to hinder its success. They will, they say, to a certain extent, lay back and see what time brings forth.

Mr. Wilkinson has signified his acceptance of the "call," and he will probably assume his duties about the middle of May. Christ church has the largest protestant denomination in that town.

RAMBLES IN CAPE BRETON.

Further Glimpses of Quaint Places and Odd Specimens of Humanity.

Taking up the pen again to discuss Cape Breton, I feel that a little sketch of experiences in which I,—the letter "I"—must appear pretty frequently,—will be excused after such rambling conjectures on the genealogy of the people, or on the narration of the vicissitudes of a sinful bible agent. The difficulty in discussing Cape Breton is not to assemble material, but to condense it, and to lay it all out in readable shape. Cape Breton is prolific of incident. For her size and population I am ready to assert that there is no corner of the wide inhabited earth, so full of "wonderful 'discoveries' interesting 'problems,' dark and fearful 'designs,' tears, tremblings, and gigantic ambition; 'might have beens;' might be's; 'once was;' 'if we had only known etc., etc.' as shaggy 'He Royale.' The gravest and most unpardonable error I committed up there on the island was that of minding my own business. This, in Cape Breton, is a transgression; unless it is the signal for municipal or clerical enquiry.

If you will be jolly and smoke with our friends of Sidney or whistle sticks with the "boys" on the bridge at Cow Bay, you are a first-class fellow. If you don't hoary heads begin to wag and you find people looking at you askance, until one more courageous than his fellows, will call you a tramp, and soon the W.C.T.U. women will caution the community of you.

I will pen a line or two about the photoman. His van is on the village street, and you cannot fail to see it. Frequently he is not. The intervals between his presence and his absence are taken up by tempting shocking pictures of really lovely Cape Breton scenery on the sensitive plates of his camera. He is also poetic, and his

verse is not at all discreditable. He is tall, with limbs like the pillars of Hercules, arms like uprooted pines, a noble head, a mournful Charles the I (Vandyke) expression rests over his features and his throat is adorned by a magnificent beard. Answering the invitation of an acquaintance I entered the "studio," glanced over his work and retired. He stood in the doorway with the sinking sun to gild his classic features, and following my retreating figure, with a disdainful eye, solemnly ejaculated "that man's a tramp." It makes all the difference in the world whether you buy a photo from the walking artist or not up there in Cape Breton.

Now this unique photographer, be it said, bears a praiseworthy reputation and sings loud at meeting. Years ago he built a house, which yet adorns—and here I do not jest—the shores of Cape Breton, but he delayed long ere he paid his bills for lumber supplied. He did not shorten his prayers at meeting tho' I am told they increased in fervency as the bill increased in length, but this I trust a little rustic exaggeration. Still it was rather scandalous and in private it was commented upon. Now their went to the photoman's house a man with a wooden leg, since deceased. Our friend, it is true, had no claim upon the photographer, but his honest nature revolted at last at his multitude of prayers. Like the others he nursed his indignation in silence for awhile, but at length it burst bounds, and every time that man who took pictures as well as other peoples lumber, got into the middle of his prayers, our friend stamped out of church, the clatter of his wooden leg re-echoing through the sacred edifice. This went on until it became unbearable, and the minister was deputed to wait on the uproarious pedestrian. He did. "Why do you persist in going out of church in the middle of Mr. So-and-So's prayers?" he inquired.

Our friend banged down his wooden leg upon the floor, as he answered "Because I can't bear to think of that lumber, and until he pays for it I'm going to get out of church every time he prays." The upshot of it was, at least so it is said—that the poor minister had to come to the rescue of the photographer, and pay for that lumber simply to keep the peace of his church. I have it on credible authority that if you owe that "artist" one dollar, a very little time over the due date, he will almost take you by the throat and hiss between his teeth, "Pay me what thou owest," but I never saw him do it, and of course it may not be true. I would like to deal with the W. C. T. U. woman next, but I feel it ungallant to do so, for as a whole the W. C. T. U. is a noble and christian body. It is beyond the power of my pen and I excuse it.

I may now introduce another side of the picture of Cape Breton incidents. One pitch dark night I strayed from the road between Cow Bay and Glace Bay, and floundering about brought up against a gate in the rear of which I discovered a neat frame house, with a light in the window. This was to "Lead kindly light," in a very practical sense, so I went and hammered at the door. They heard me in a lull of the wind and opened. "What is this place?" I shouted through the gale. "Big Glace Bay" a soft voice replied. "Where are you going to?" I said I wanted to make Little Glace Bay that night. The girl shook her head. "The bridge is down," she said, "and Glace Bay Brook is deep and wide." A silence ensued, broken only by the rolling of the Atlantic surf and it occurred to me that this was a distinct nuisance. I also remembered the day when we used to stand up, with very stiff backs, and repeat that glorious poem "Excelsior." One line began—I remembered as I stood there—"Oh stay the maiden said, and rest thy weary head"—but that didn't seem appropriate, for she had neither asked me to stay, nor wanted me, as that single hearted Alpine maiden seems to have done, to lay my weary head, etc. "Try not to pass, the old man said" was scarcely more appropriate, for the man who now appeared on the scene was young and nothing more, or less than a giant. "The roaring torrent is deep and wide" seemed to fit in to my case exactly, so I inquired what I was to do with the unabridged Glace Brook?

SOUNDS LIKE A FAIRY TALE.

A Morphine Eater And Whisky Drinker Cured.

THEY TELL THE STORY.

Two Physicians of This City Take the Bellingher Cure and are Happy Men Today—What They Told the "Record" Reporter.

Two of the greatest foes of mankind are the morphine and alcoholic habits and the greatest feats of this fin de siecle period are to be the mastery of these deadly enemies by the investigation of scientists.

P. Roe and Dr. Quincy give some idea of what the sufferings of an opium slave are and to day a reporter had his impressions drawn from these books, revived by a talk with one who has been addicted to the habit to such an extent that he was completely in its power. Now the desire has been taken from him and he has to thank the patient toil lasting through many years of a medical scientist for his release from the bondage of the drug.

He is a physician himself, and has resided and practised in this city for years. About thirteen years ago he became addicted to the use of morphine, and has continued to use it until a week or two since, his dose sometimes reaching sixty grains a day. About six months after he commenced the use of the drug he first attempted to leave it off but without success. He commenced by diminishing the dose until it reached one-sixteenth of a grain. Below that he could not get. It appears to be a rule among morphine eaters that they find it comparatively easy to get down to a certain dose, say a quarter or a sixteenth, but beyond that it is impossible to go.

One day he determined to take his last dose. It was on Saturday, and he describes the horrible sufferings of the night as a result of his abstinence. He was seized with cramps that gripped every muscle and gave him a feeling as though his intestines were being torn out. He arose from his bed and when he attempted to go back he fell on the floor. His nervous and muscular system were under a terrible strain and had his whole system loudly calling for the soothing drug. But he held out and the night passed away. When morning came he was still suffering intense agony and might have perished under it had not his mother prevailed upon him to take the drug again to stop his sufferings. He did so and continued its use for a dozen years.

During the last four or five years he has been taking about ten grains a day at regular intervals. If he did not take it at the regular hour, he would be crazy for it in half an hour and in an hour he must have it and would do anything to get it. Without it he would be useless, could not work, his nerves would be completely unstrung. After a few years, too, the pleasant effect produced at first by the drug was gone, and all the effect it had was to bring him up to a sufficient level of nervous strength to engage in the business of his profession.

At length a remedy came and in three weeks he is cured. The Bellingher remedy came to this city, he tried it and found it effective. This what a physician says, what a victim of the habit says and his testimony will carry weight. Two weeks

ago last Monday, he began to take the cure from Dr. Adams, who has charge of the Bellingher company here. On Monday he took his last dose, and he here showed the reporter his purse containing three other powders which he had prepared ready to take that day and which he had carried about ever since.

And here prominence should be given to a peculiarity of this remedy which differentiates it from the Keely cure and every other remedy for the opium or alcoholic habit which has been tried. When patients are undergoing the other treatments they have to be confined to an institute, they have to be watched lest they should obtain surreptitiously the opiate, they pass through intense suffering and when discharged are weak physically and prone to fall before temptation. With the Bellingher remedy it is different. Their treatment takes away all desire for the drug, it provides something which strengthens the nerves so that they do not become weak, they can engage in their regular business while taking the treatment, and they can have the temptation right before them without feeling tempted.

The patient physician has known true happiness for the first time in thirteen years. He has not felt the excruciating headaches which used to be his lot. He sleeps like a child, ruddy color has returned to his face, previously sallow, and he is not subject to the fits of gloom which he used to experience. He sometimes finds himself wondering how it can be.

The usual duration of treatment is about eight weeks, Dr. Adams said, but this patient would be cured in less time. The latter three or four of these eight weeks is merely for treating with a nerve tonic to strengthen the nerves. Next week the patient will commence to take the tonic, the desire for the drug being now about eliminated from his system.

Another physician of this city was interviewed. He has been addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks. About two weeks ago he commenced to take the Bellingher remedy. He diminished the quantity of whiskey used daily and for three or four days has not used any at all and in fact feels a repugnance for it. He has attended to his business right along and his treatment has not interfered with his work in the least.

These are remarkable stories and yet they are true, told by two prominent physicians of this city. Their names are not mentioned here but they will be furnished by Dr. Adams to any one who is interested in the matter.

The Bellingher Remedy was discovered by Dr. Bellingher a surgeon in the German army, and was perfected by his son, about thirty years having been spent in experimenting. The medicine was first introduced into the west, and about six months ago it was brought east and companies have been formed in all the Eastern States. A strong local company has been formed here for the Maritime provinces. The office was opened about a week ago at 78 Sydney street, with Dr. Adams in charge. They invite physicians particularly to examine into their methods, treatment and results.

They Object to Chaperons.

The rumor that young women in England are rebelling against chaperonage is confirmed by the testimony of a young English woman of rank, Lady Kathleen Cuffe, who airs her discontent, and I do not know that of how many other young women, in the current Nineteenth Century. What the young woman wants first of all, we are told, is the abolition of the chaperon on all possible occasions. She considers it hard that she cannot walk the length of two, three or even five or six streets to visit a friend without first having provided herself with an unhappy maid or an attendant of some description, presumably to prevent her from losing herself or getting run over. Or if the friend she wishes to visit lives at a greater distance, she is not considered



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capable, without the aforesaid chaperon, of driving quietly in a hansom as far as that abode. The other hindrances are that she cannot go alone to plays, matinees and concerts.—N. Y. Paper.

ROUEN'S GREAT CLOCK.

It is Perfect in Construction and Wonderful in Many Ways.

The great clock, the pride of the people of Rouen, can not perhaps claim to be the most ancient in France; that of the Palais de Justice and the great clock of Caen may justly claim to dispute with it the honor of antiquity; but it is certainly true that none other can compete with it in perfection of construction. A clock which has practically been going regularly and striking the hours and quarters for over 500 years may fairly be regarded as a valuable piece of mechanism. Finished in September, 1389, by Jehan de Felains, it has been running without interruption from that day to this, requiring nothing except cleaning, and a few trilling repairs of its accessory parts. It was certainly not with this clock that the famous proverb originated: "This is the palace clock which goes when it pleases." On the contrary, the great clock of Rouen had so accustomed the citizens to look upon its exactitude as a matter of course that when, in 1572, the breaking of a wire prevented its sounding 5 o'clock one morning, the population was in a state of consternation. The magistrate summoned the custodian, Guillaume Petit, and remonstrated gravely with him. This unparalleled course from century to century is all the more remarkable from the fact that until 1712 the great clock had no pendulum. For 325 years it had no other regulator than a "foliot," an apparatus of which the majority of modern clockmakers hardly know the name. The case of the clock occupies a space 6 feet 8 inches long, 5 feet 4 inches broad and 4 feet 10 inches high. When one thinks of the size and of the labor of construction by hand of the great wheels of this admirable piece of mechanism, it may easily be inferred that the maker, Jehan de Felains, had ample time to eat up all the little sum he was paid.

The pendulum was introduced into clockwork in 1659, but so well were the good people of Rouen satisfied with the time-keeping of their famous old clock, and such was their veneration for this masterpiece of mechanism, that fifty-three years were allowed to pass before the pendulum was substituted for the "foliot." Equipped with this new apparatus, it has continued to this day to strike the hours and chime the quarters.

In 1892 the commission of historical monuments decided on the restoration of the dial and of the two accessory movements of the great clock, which show the days of the week and the phases of the moon.

There are three important times in a man's life—when he is born, when he marries, and when he dies. And even then his own importance is overshadowed by the curiosity to know if he is a boy or girl, what the bride wore, and what he left in his will.