

A FIGHTING TEACHER.

CHRIS. PAGE GOT THE BEST OF THE BOYS.

The Whole Crowd was Aggressive, but he Managed Them All—A Gang that Used to Raid Bangor—The Young Man who Had Beaten Other Teachers.

"It is owing, perhaps, to my long absence from my native State," said a Maine man residing in New York, "that I have not in recent years heard much of Chris Page. In the fifties he was a famous schoolmaster in Maine, where I have no doubt his exploits are still often recounted, as in many another part of the country to which Maine men have wandered. His specialty was the teaching of hard schools in rural districts, a vocation at that period calling for much the same qualities required in wild beast taming or the breaking of wild horses. The boys that attended these schools in winter were many of them grown men in size, and taken altogether, were as unruly a set of wrestling, fighting, hard-fisted youngsters as the world could produce. It took pluck and muscle to run a district school, and lacking these, a master would better resign his office in time than to await the indignity of being thrashed by his own pupils, or the humorous attention of being carried bodily out of doors and deposited in a snow bank.

"To undertake the hardest school that could be found was a pleasant recreation to Chris Page, and his services in this direction were much in demand. Tall, thin, and wiry, a rollicking daredevil by nature, he had a vein of quaint humor that took sometimes a grim and startling turn. Catching an offending small boy by the collar and pantaloons, he would throw him up through the open scuttle in the ceiling calling after him as he disappeared: 'Take him, Gabriel!'

"He delighted to open a school campaign with a surprise. Being called to a certain school, notorious for its gang of tough boys, the terror of their teachers in the past, he agreed to come under condition that his name should not be revealed by the school committee. On the opening day of school he let the scholars behave as they liked, and, in the enjoyment of the pandemonium they created, the big boys thought they had a teacher whom it would be a picnic to walk over after their usual fashion. On the second morning, after he had called the school to order, the master gave the pupils a short address on their misbehavior of the day before, and wound up by saying:

"Yesterday, boys, you ruled the school. Today Chris Page rules it."

"At that the big boys waited for no more, but jumped from their seats and made a rush for him. Chris Page, who was quicker than chain lightning, pulled from his pocket a short cowhide whip and met them on the open floor before his desk, cutting them across the face with the lash as he leaped and turned so as to keep them always in front of him. They soon fell back under his rain of stinging blows, and then, dropping the cowhide, he knocked them all down in succession with his fists. He kept them lying on the floor as they had fallen until the noonday recess, and then dismissed them with a brief lecture. After that episode he had a school of very docile pupils who, by one of the laws of human nature, soon came to idolize their fighting teacher.

"It is part of the story as it is usually told in Maine that Chris Page, out of school hours, became the leader of this same gang of tough boys. He organized them into a following, and under his lead they used to go to the dances held in neighboring towns. At some hour of the night they would, at a concerted signal, start a row, clean out the town's boys, and break up the dance.

"One school that Chris Page engaged to teach had for years been dominated by a ringleader in mischief, a big, two-fisted fellow, who defied all rules, and sooner or later each winter had thrashed the teacher. When Chris Page arrived on the scene the school committee, seeing a tall, thin, loosely built man, who affected a cough and an appearance of general debility, had grave doubts as to whether he could manage the school. The father of the bad young man came to Chris and offered to keep his son away from school for fear he might hurt the fragile looking teacher.

"Let the boy come," said Chris, mildly. "Perhaps I can do some good by precept and Christian example."

"So the big young fellow appeared at the opening of the school, and, for the first week was allowed to go about as he pleased, so things went on smoothly. On the next Monday morning, after school had opened, the master sent him out to fetch an armful of wood for the great open fireplace, that warmed the schoolroom. The young man, eager to show his strength and independence, came back carrying a heavy log on his shoulder, stamped noisily down the aisle, and flung the log down upon the bed of glowing coals in the fireplace, roaring out as he did so:

"Lie there, four and sixpence, d—n you!"

"As he straightened back the fist of the master caught him in the back of the neck, knocking him into the fireplace across the log.

"Lie there, four and sixpence, d—n you!" said Chris Page, who had followed him silently down the aisle."

Gentlemanly Burglars.

It is said that even the most gentlemanly of our burglars have much to learn from Japan in the way of politeness, if one may judge by a description of the manners of robbers in that country.

Three men broke into a dyer's house while he was away and gently asked his wife how much money there was in the place. She answered that there was just a little in the house.

The robber laughed and said—
"You are good old woman, and we believe you. If you were poor, we would not rob you at all. Now we only want some money and this," placing his hand on a fine silk dress.

The old woman replied—
"All my husband's money I can give to you, but I beg you will not take that, for it does not belong to my husband, and

was confided to us only for dyeing. It is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another."

"That is right," approved the robber, and he immediately went out with his confederates.

NAT. GOODWIN'S BAD BREAK.

He Said He Was Trying to Hold the Mirror Up to Nature.

The audience at the Park Theatre in Brooklyn, where Nat Goodwin is playing "A Gilded Fool," were convulsed with laughter on the day after his great drinking spree; a few minutes before Mr. Goodwin made his actual appearance upon the stage. Mr. Goodwin's first lines are spoken from behind portiers, where he is supposed to be just waking after a night with the boys. Goodwin's escapade on Tuesday night, when his condition made it necessary to ring down the curtain before the play was half over, was well known to the audience, and this knowledge make his lines seem funnier than ever.

Mr. Goodwin's first words from behind the curtain addressed to his valet on the stage, were:—Say, Perkins, where was I last night?"

The question threw the audience into convulsions of laughter, and when the actor followed it up with such exclamations as "Oh, what a night!" and "Give me a bucket of bromide," even the valet on the stage had a hard time keeping a straight face.

Goodwin looked very much ashamed when, attired in a dressing gown and with dishevelled hair, he finally appeared. The audience applauded, and Goodwin blushed furiously. His next speech was a hard one to deliver under the circumstances. Looking around the mussed-up room, with its chairs overturned and with broken glasses and bottles strewn around, Goodwin caught his valet by the arm and in a hoarse whisper said:

"Say Perkins, what the devil did I do here last night?"

Perkins evidently struggled with himself for a moment, and then said: "Sang Marguerite and Sweet Marie, sir."

Then I must have been loaded," said the actor with gravity.

This was too much for the audience, and they burst into laughter, which continued for a long time.

The end of the first act ended the jokes and seemed to be a great relief to Mr. Goodwin, for his acting was much smoother during the remaining three acts.

At the conclusion of the first act Mr. Goodwin came before the curtain. He had to wait several moments for the applause to subside and then he said:

"During a professional career of nearly twenty years this is the first time I have appeared before the curtain with a heavy heart. I assure you that what occurred last night was the fault of the head and not of the heart. I was trying to hold the mirror up to nature, but I failed. A man who has no excuse is defenceless. I am in that position to-night. If you will forgive me, you will make me happy as well as those who love and are far away. I beg of you to pardon this offence, and what happened will never occur again. Thank you and God bless you."

Mr. Goodwin's speech was frequently interrupted with applause and cries of "Bravo!" and, as he concluded, a gentleman in the audience arose and cried:

"We believe you! We believe you!"

A CLEVER BAILIFF.

How He Managed to Serve a Writ on an Irish Gentleman.

Not many years ago, if a bailiff ventured to serve a writ on an Irish gentleman, he was almost sure to receive a warm reception. Many daring officers were forced to eat the document, others were horsewhipped and even beaten to a jelly, while some even died as a consequence of the ill-treatment they received.

Mr. O'B—, a "Sunday man"—one who could take his walks abroad only on Sunday, for fear of too pressing attentions of bailiffs during the rest of the week—was served by a resourceful bailiff in the following ingenious manner.

One morning Mr. O'B—, standing at his library window, caught sight of two policemen dragging an apparently drunken man up the avenue. Mr. O'B— was a magistrate, and naturally supposed the constables were bringing the man to him so that he should sign a warrant.

Well, what has this fellow done?" he asked.

"He smashed a publican's window, your worship," was the answer, "and, into the bargain, threatened to fight every man that he met."

"Oh, indeed, that's his game, is it?" exclaimed the magistrate as he prepared to sign the required warrant. "He'll get it pretty smartly."

"Och! sure, your honor," interrupted the prisoner in a whining voice, "I'm a poor man, looking for a job, an' it's fine character I have from my old master. Read it, sir."

The suspecting J. P. took the paper, and then the bailiff, for such he was, called out in an altogether different tone of voice—

"You're served, sir!—and—turning to the constables—"I demand protection from you."

An Extraordinary Memory.

There is a bank cashier in Chicago who was the hero of a wonderful performance, just after the great fire. The books of the bank in which he was employed were entirely destroyed by the flames, and with no data except the passbooks of the depositors and his memory, this man restored all the fifteen hundred accounts so successfully that every depositor was satisfied.

His Defence.

Prisoner: "Yes, sah, I tuck de chicken. I was gwine ter make some chicken-pie, and I tuck de cook-book and read de direeshuns, and it says, 'Tak' one chicken.' It don't say buy one chicken, or borrow one chicken, but it says, 'tak' one chicken. It don't say whose chicken ter tak', so I jes' tuck de fust one I could lay my han's on. I follered de direeshuns, sah, in de book."

THE MECCA PILGRIMAGE.

The Second Frenchman to Get Through It Alive.

Not many gaiours have hitherto succeeded in accomplishing the pilgrimage to Mecca. M. Gervais Courtellemont is the third Frenchman who has done so, but he is only the second who has come back alive. M. Courtellemont has just given an account of his experiences in the Holy City of Islam. During the journey he posed as an Algerian who had been lately converted to the faith of Mohammed, and arrayed himself in Arab costume. Notwithstanding his perfect command of Arabic he was looked upon with suspicion by his fellow pilgrims, and he often found it difficult to procure his bread and salt. The long journey from Jiddah to Mecca was performed on asses in a single day. Although the heat was great M. Courtellemont kept the law in all its rigor, and traveled with his head shaved and uncovered. This was in order to disarm suspicion. Many of the faithful, however, made no scruple about keeping on their turbans, as there are facilities for obliterating such a venial sin at Mecca.

On more than one occasion M. Courtellemont nearly compromised himself in consequence of his excessive thirst, the Arab custom being to refrain from drinking until the meal is ended. On entering Mecca it was with difficulty that he avoided treading upon the myriads of sacred pigeons which swarm about the streets. He circumambulated the sacred Kaaba (cube) seven times, kissed the Black Stone, and drank of the spring Zemzem, at which Hagar is supposed to have quench her thirst. Legend says that it is impossible for any christian to drink the water of Zemzem. Certainly such christians as Burton have maligned it, and set it down as being anything but medicinal. M. Courtellemont declared that he honestly liked it, but possibly this was because he felt it a pleasure to be able to do anything which would insure him the character of a good Mussulman and save him from the knife. Sanitation would appear to be making progress in Mecca. Previous visitors have described its streets as filthy, but M. Courtellemont found them clean. The inhabitants, too, have been pictured as a rabble of vicious and blood-thirsty fanatics, whose chief aim is backsheesh. Strangely enough, M. Courtellemont describes them as loyal and disinterested beings, and lovers of liberty and honor.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

There is Something in Air Besides Oxygen and Nitrogen.

Thomas A. Edison has recently been reading up on argon, the newly-discovered gaseous constituent of the atmosphere, and on the experiments of Lord Rayleigh and others abroad. He said yesterday that he intended to do some experimenting himself as soon as he could get around to it. "That will probably not be before next summer," he added, "as I am still very busy with my mining operations. I do not know of any investigation into the nature of argon, and it is quite likely that in looking for it they will find other new elements in the atmosphere."

"The discovery of argon is a fresh evidence of how very little we really know. Here is a constituent existing in the atmosphere to a considerable percentage, and yet the air has been analyzed and analyzed for more than fifty years without its presence being suspected. The investigators would withdraw the carbonic acid and the oxygen and say that what was left was nitrogen. Somebody finally noticed that this nitrogen possessed slightly different properties from pure nitrogen obtained in other ways, and the result was that argon was discovered."

"My investigations will be made in connection with my incandescent lamp. Phenomena take place in the lamps which cannot be explained except on the hypothesis of a new element in the atmospheric residuum left in the bulb. Whether argon is responsible for them or not, I don't know, but I shall try to find out. It seems, from investigations already made, that argon is a perfectly inert gas. It has not been found to unite with anything. I believe it is possible, however, that it may unite with incandescent carbon. It isn't argon that attacks the filament, it may be something else which hasn't been discovered yet."

Mr. Edison has also been working recently on the combination phonograph and kinetoscope.

"The only trouble," he said yesterday, "is a purely mechanical one. The jar of the machinery impairs the image. When the picture is thrown on a screen the jar is magnified as much as the image. We intend to have a life-size picture of a man speaking which will show the action while the phonograph supplies the words. Then we can have an orchestra playing, with the music and the motions shown by the combination. We'll have it pretty soon, too."

A Place to be Good In.

If there is any place on earth where we should be uniformly at our best behaviour, and make the maximum of our acceptability our general average that place is home. There we find the best market for our most complete stock of all "the things that make for peace," and to meet the de-

What St. John People Say of

THE YOST Writing Machine.

ST. JOHN MERCHANT and others are obtaining a majority for the fine character of their typewritten letters: Compliments are constantly being received by the users of the "YOST" machine in this city from correspondents throughout Canada and from the various parts of the world, even from China and Egypt. Enquiries are being made from users of the "YOST" machine as to the kind of machine

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made it should be our most earnest endeavor to keep a full line of that class of goods, and display and serve them to best possible effect. Our homes are where we really live, and where we can least afford to impose or to be imposed upon.

No One Else Curious.

Max O'Rell tells this story of Mr. W. Redmond, M. P., who, not long back, was touring in America and Australia. In Sydney, the celebrated Commoner and Home Rule advocate was at Centenary Hall. There was the wildest kind of enthusiasm when he had finished addressing the great mass meeting. The chairman of the meeting was a very meek, mild man. The chairman arose when quiet had been restored, and said—

"Gentlemen, I am requested by Mr. Redmond to say that if any one present wishes to ask him a question he will be glad to answer it."

A man arose from the body of the meeting and ascended the platform. "Mr. Chairman," he said, but he never got any further. He was recognised at once as a notorious orangeman, and quick as a flash a great big specimen of an Irishman sprang at him and struck him in the temple. The man fell like a log, and it was thought he was killed by the blow. They had to send for doctors and had to carry the man out on a stretcher. Imagine the excitement all this time, continuing for a quarter of an hour. Finally the chairman tapped gently on the edge of his desk, advanced to the front of the platform with his eyeglasses poised on the end of his fingers and it became at once as quiet as could imagine. Then, very deliberately, the chairman said—

"Gentlemen, is there anyone else who would like to ask Mr. Redmond a question?"

"Who I am, too."

There is an old saying, that time and tide wait for no man, and we may add a third—the train.

One day, in the good old times, the train was in the station of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, ready to start. Two passengers were still walking up and down the platform, talking busily.

To them advanced the guard, and politely begged them to enter. No notice was taken of his request, which was repeated.

"Leave us in peace," exclaimed one of them. "Don't you know I am the Elector of Hesse?"

"All right," replied the guard. "I'll show you who I am, too."

On which he whistled, and off went the train, leaving the two staring into space.

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