

ARE CHILDREN KILLED

IN ORDER TO GET THE INSURANCE ON THEIR LIVES?

There are Many Thousands of Children Insured in and Around Boston—The Trust Officers of Boston, and the Trouble That Provincialists Give Them.

BOSTON, March 18.—Provincialists with large families, or small families with the usual complement of unruly boys, are apt to differ with the trust officers when they come to Boston. In fact a trust officer said a short time ago that if the compulsory education law could be enforced as its framers intended he would have more trouble with people from the provinces than with all the rest of the population. Fortunately for those who are disposed to raise objection to having their children sent away because they will not attend school, it is no easy matter for a trust officer to do all the law requires of him, and when parents strenuously object he does not consider the game worth the candle and lets the matter drop. The law says that before a child who will not attend school is sent away, the trust must get the consent of the members of the committee having in charge the school the child should attend, but it was decided later that the entire school board should be interviewed on the subject. This would mean a tremendous amount of work for the trust office and as a result the law is not enforced as strictly as it might be.

This is one of the instances in which provincialists find Boston very different from what they have been accustomed to at home. It is not surprising that they should object to having the state take their children under its special care, when they have always felt and believed that they were the only ones who should say what their children should and should not do. St. John school teachers know perhaps better than most people how general this sentiment is, for it I remember right there have been cases innumerable where parents have made things very lively after learning that the teacher had chastised their children.

So when they come to Boston and the trust officer calls to see why the youngster has not been to school, they usually tell him that it is none of his business, that they know how to bring up their children and propose to do so without any help from him.

I do not think, however, that there are very many provincialists in Boston upon whom it would be necessary for the trust officer to call, if the boys themselves all showed a willingness to go to school. The heads of families as a rule want to give their children all the education possible, and to those who do not take in to consideration the fact that Boston is a very different place from St. John, for instance, compulsory education laws would perhaps seem to be unjust and unnecessary.

But it is a good thing. Here is a city with tens of thousands of people struggling for existence, people from all parts of the world, the scum of the earth, without money and oftentimes without work. In hundreds of cases the combined efforts of husband and wife are inadequate to provide for the wants of the family, and as a result the children must be bread winners almost from the cradle. Children can get work when the parents cannot, and the parents who are willing to let them support the family and the saloon are not a rarity. Under these conditions it is certainly the duty of the state to come in and protect the children and itself, and that is what the compulsory education law does.

It is something that does not concern the child of the respectable citizen, except in rare cases, and the average person is willing to sacrifice a little of his personal liberty for the good of the community.

The great need of protecting the children of the lower classes was brought out very fully at the hearings given at the state house this week on the subject of child life insurance. It was shown that thousands upon thousands of children were insured, some of them from the day of their birth, and the insurance companies admitted that if this class of insurance were taken away from them their business would be very materially affected.

Poor families went without the necessities of life in order that the weekly insurance money should be paid, and it was even asserted that children had died under suspicious circumstances, the inference being that the parents had hastened their deaths in order to secure the insurance money.

The agents of the companies, it was claimed, urged the people to insure their children so that they could have as good a funeral as their neighbors if the child should happen to die, and it is a fact that the funerals of children in the lower parts of the city are remarkable affairs. The occasion takes the form of a celebration. I saw a child's funeral on North street (the Italian quarter) a short time ago. The street was crowded with people and hacks. A little white hearse stood before the door of a rather dilapidated looking dwelling, and across the street the musicians of an Italian band had taken possession of a beer saloon. This was the street view of a child's funeral service. When the procession formed there were almost

as many hacks in line as there are in front of the Union Depot at St. John when a train arrives, and they were all filled, filled with men, women and children apparently off on a holiday, and people who certainly are never seen in hacks except at a funeral.

I talked with an Italian undertaker about it a few days later and he told me some experiences which were decidedly amusing despite the grimness of the subject. "Some of the houses," he said, "are decorated in the most elaborate style with the money the parents receive from the insurance companies. At one place I was called to recently the body of a child was placed on a little cot in the middle of a room. This room was decorated with a white material, which hung from the walls and was then carried to all parts of the room, the effect being such as to represent a large expanse of pure white in the centre of which lay the dead child. With the only light coming from the burning candles, the effect was really beautiful but the cost of the display was sadly beyond the means of those who provided it.

"I remember being called to a house at the west end," continued the undertaker. "When I got there the child was still alive, and I felt pretty mean. I had the candlesticks end crape to put on the door with me.

"I asked the father why he had called me, when the child was still alive.

"Oh!" said he, "she'll be dead pretty soon."

"When I started to go away, he asked me to leave the candlestick and the crape, saying, 'If you leave them I'll fix them up myself, after the child dies. It won't be long now.' There is no doubt that the insurance companies are robbing death of many of its terrors, but the fact remains that the children of the poor in Boston are sadly in need of the protection of the state in a great many ways; and that even if laws are passed which seem to be interfering with the liberty of the individual they are very necessary for the safety of the community and the nation.

Mr. H. V. Moran, of Oak Hall, was in Boston last week, on his way to New York.

Mr. James McConnell, of the North end, at one time foreman of PROGRESS composing room, is in Boston, and will probably remain here.

Mr. John Kyle, another north end man, is visiting friends in Boston.

R. G. LARSEN.

WHY HE WENT MAD.

He Injured His Knee and his Fate Dated from the Accident.

At school, Howard was proverbial for his level-headedness. When the New Brunswicks had won a game of football, or cricket, or base-ball from the Nova-Scotians, and we were accordingly "whooping it up," it was always remarked that Howard, although "wid us," failed to participate in the jollification, and he sententionally observed that possibly the following Saturday would reverse the respective positions of victors and vanquished. And the night we hauled the professor up to the window in the basket—but that, as Kipling would say, is another story, and will keep until next week. So it was a matter of surprise to us when we heard, some five years ago, that Dick Howard was locked up in a lunatic asylum. I hadn't heard, at the time, the cause of his mental downfall, so when a Mr. Lawrence was introduced to me on the train as a keeper in an institution for the insane, I gradually worked the conversation around to special cases and finally asked if he had heard of Howard. To my surprise I learned that this Mr. Lawrence was the very keeper who had conveyed poor Dick from his home to Fairville, and I asked him had he ever heard the cause of Howard's trouble. In reply he said that—however, here is his story in his own words: "Well," said the keeper, "pears 'at this 'ere chap wot you're askin' about was a young feller in business in—ton. He wuz doin' well an' makin' sum money tel one day he slipped on the ice an' sprained his left knee an' pore devil—"

"Struck his head, eh?" "Struck his head, nuthin'! You see, his wife she wuz to home, an' a high labor o' her'n she cum in too, an' she started talkin' about dressmakin' an' such truck like cuttin' a dress a la Pompadour Mulligan with a V-shaped corsage beaten to a yolk an' three cups o' white sugar caught up 'ith loops o' the same on a hot plate, eight plain, eleven narrow, slip one, seam two, embroidered with a dolman stamped with Pokioked signs on two larger spoonfuls (I mean 'spoonsful') o' butter with braid to match, rolled into three sheets an' baked in quick oven, fringed with yaller silk, accorin' to one's own taste, surah, an' keep there till it boils an' then bind off sixteen stitches, seventeen plain, over six, narrow shad! Well, mister, you know, them wimmen couldn't keep that sort o' thing hummin' very long 'bout sumthin' a-givin' way. So, this pore feller, who wuz layin' on the sofa, he begun to squarm an' twist in spite o' his game knee an' then his reason got the collywobbles an' begun to totter on its throwing. First she'd tot over this way, an' then she'd tot over that way, till at last over she went altogether with sumthin' ringin' in his ears about a waist made plain an' trimmed with a yard o' coddiah omerlette on the side next the challe!"

The cars slowed up at Fairville, and bidding me "Good-day," my new-found friend, Mr. Lawrence, alighted and the train tore on through the murky night, like a star-eyed dragon with yellow sidelights.

A STRANGE COMMODITY.

ARE THE LADY SCHOOL-TEACHERS SOLD IN MONCTON?

Mr. Bazanson's Wonderful Advertisement—A Charming Variety of Goods—There should be no Lack of Enthusiastic Customers—A Halo of Romance.

MONCTON, March 20.—Moncton is an enterprising place in lots of ways, and the fact that it shows considerable originality in some of its ventures will be shown in the following rather unique advertisement which appeared last week amongst the locals, in a leading daily paper:

LADY SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

Are you sure to be interested in K. Bazanson's advertisement in this issue. During the last three years Mr. Bazanson has made a speciality of selling lady school teachers on the instalment plan, and does a large business in every section of the maritime provinces. If you want a watch, piano, or organ, you do not have to pay cash down, as Mr. Bazanson will sell you on terms to suit you. Read his advertisement and write him for particulars. Now after reading this work of art over, one or twice two things must be quite clear to the dullest mind. First that there is no further need for those advertisements one so often sees in the newspapers, for a first, or second class teacher to take charge of the school at Scotch Settlement, Irish-town, Lutz Mountam, etc., since Mr. Bazanson now has been making a speciality of selling teachers of the genteel sex, for so long. And second that the enterprising merchant mentioned does not confine his business to one branch of precious material, but sells other valuable commodities, such as pianos, watches and organs.

The only wonder is that Mr. Bazanson never advertised the charming variety of goods he sold before. Visitors to this attractive shop have been in the habit of feasting their eyes on many rare and beautiful things, sparkling jewels, other rich specimens of the goldsmith's art, besides instruments of music, such as the harp, lute, sackbut, cymbals, and instruments of ten strings, not to mention the bulky piano, and the seductive banjo. But the most priceless gems of all, the rarest, and the fairest part of his stock was never visible!

Just imagine the fleet of customers of a dazzling galaxy of feminine loveliness tastefully displayed behind the door of a commodious glass case, which bore the legend Lady School Teachers. For sale, on the Instalment Plan" conspicuously displayed! Why, there would not be standing room in that shop. And as for purchasers—that man is there amongst us who would not cheerfully mortgage his salary for the next year to come in order to avail himself of such a golden opportunity? Why, if I was not a married man myself I'd—but perhaps I had better not put my feelings into words as my wife is a regular reader of PROGRESS. Suffice it to say that I am confident that Bazanson would have no lack of enthusiastic customers. There is one clause in that advertisement that I object to, however. The qualification "on the instalment plan," grates on my sense of the fitness of things. Why should it be used at all, surely no extra inducement is necessary to advertise such merchandise as this? And there is something humiliating in the idea of filthy lucre being doled out in instalments, to pay for such purchase; it seems too sordid altogether.

And yet we are assured that Mr. Bazanson does a large business in every section of the maritime provinces, and has been doing it for three years, so the ladies themselves cannot object to the plan, or else they must have grown accustomed to it.

There are so many things I would like to know about this new enterprise, so many questions I would like to ask, and yet I shrink from doing so. The subject is surrounded with such a halo of romance, and the advertisement is so cruelly unsatisfactory. I would fain find out whether there is a regular scale of prices, a discount for cash, and whether there is any danger of the especial parcel of precious metal purchased objecting to her purchaser, and declining to refund the money on the ground that he does not come up to her expectations in the way of good looks, whether she is willing to give her time to the education of the children, should she be purchased by a family, in return for board, clothing, and the comforts of a refined home, or whether she will expect a salary in addition to the lump sum paid down.

Last of all I would like to know what effect this innovation is going to have upon the educational institutions of the country. Whether the supply of teachers will be equal to the demand, or whether there will be such a famine in the land that the public schools will be closed, and the halls of teaching no longer echo to the music of childish laughter, and the metrical swish of the birchen rod.

I have no ill feeling against the popular merchant who has identified himself with this new venture in commerce, but I must warn them that there are some things the citizens will not stand, and one of them would be the deprivation of Moncton's just right to take away the palm from all other cities of the same size, for the beauty efficiency, and general superiority of her lady teachers. The idea of having this distinction wrested from them, and the harnsing beings of whom they are so

proud shut away in glass show cases, or disposed of on the instalment plan, may rouse public opinion to fever heat, and though the Moncton man is a calm personage, and a deliberate at ordinary times, once his ire is aroused he is dangerous, very dangerous! So, Mr. Bazanson, have a care, these new enterprises are attractive I know, but sometimes they are surrounded by a good deal of peril!

EDITING IN CHINA.

How Manuscripts are Returned in the Celestial Land.

The following is said to be an exact translation of the letter sent by a Chinese editor to a would-be contributor, whose manuscript he found necessary to return:

"Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon, behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I kowtow to thee and beg that thy graciousness thou mayst grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon us. With rapture we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me the Emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equalled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in 10,000 years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant, The Editor."

Pity the Poor Accompanist.

Of all arduous and thankless duties in connection with a professional pianist's duties, that of acting as accompanist is the worst," said a musician of great reputation. "A man may be a magnificent pianist, and yet a very bad accompanist; though, of course, the higher and more cultivated the class of singers he has to deal with, the better for him. But the accompanist is always the scapegoat of incompetent singers—the latter invariably blame him when anything goes wrong. Considering that many people on the concert platform, with big names, know but little of music, the greatest injustice is often done an accompanist in this way, for when such a singer goes wrong, he or she glances fiercely at the pianist, and the audience for the most part think that the latter must be to blame. Even great singers expect the accompanist to slur over for them the parts where they are weak. Say that a tenor has top note: it is easy enough for a band, with a good conductor, to cover the defect; but it is very hard for the piano alone to do so. As for playing at smoking concerts, the accompanist must have an angelic temper. Even with the best known airs, the singers begin suddenly to indulge in all manner of elaborate flourishes not down in the score. When the song ends in a fiasco, they go round the room abusing the pianist.

"Scores of people leave their music at home, and then, amid the din of conversation, they try to whistle or hum over the air to the accompanist, who is expected to be perfect at once."

"Do you let your wife have her own way in everything?" "Yes, it's the only way I can manage her."

"I don't like winter," said one pick-pocket to another; "everybody has his hands in his pockets."

TUITION ONE YEAR, \$50.

Good board only \$2 a week—everything first-class in every way. No matter if you have not been to school much, it may take you a little longer, but we can help you just as well.

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

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHOTO Outfits and materials, Kodaks and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information ensuring success, free, save time and money by consulting us. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Masonic Building, St. John, N. B.

STAMPS For Hand Printing, Merchants, Banks, Railways, Manufacturers and Merchants supplied. Litho Markers, Monograms, Stencils, Seals, etc., to order. ROBERTSON PRINTING STAMP WORKS, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—By a young lady a situation as Companion or to wait on an invalid. Can furnish references. Address "L. B." Progress Office, St. John, N. B. 3-19-95.

SEND 50c, and a specimen of handwriting to GRAFO, Box B, Chatham, N. B., and get your character read by return. 3-9-95.

FOR SALE CHEAP, premises on line of Tobique Valley Railway. Splendid opportunity to invest small capital in general trading business. Now is the time to investigate. Address BUSINESS, P. O. Box 35, Richibucto, N. B. 3-9-95.

WANTED, OLD Postage Stamps of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, P. E. Island, Newfoundland, British Columbia and the Territories of Canada. Address, giving full particulars, Wm. Hewitt, 44 Irving Place, New York City. 2-16-95.

AS YEARS GO BY the public is realizing more and more the merit of Short's "Dyspepticure." For dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., its curative effects are magical. Try Short's "Dyspepticure."

ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful doll parcel. We will send you post free for only 25 cents, 6 eight inch imported, stamped cloth dolls. Address: GEORGE'S ART STORE, 207 Union Street, St. John, N. B. 11-17-94.

\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address and we will show you how to get \$3 a day sure. We will guarantee the work and send you \$300 worth of goods. We will guarantee the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$5 per day. Address: CENTRAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 18 Windsor, Ont. today.

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want anything in Rubber goods? If so send to us, as we supply EVERYTHING known to the trade. Please ask for quotations and you will save money. STANDARD RUBBER CO., ST. JOHN.

RESIDENCE at Rothessay for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the "Tina" prosery about one and a half miles from Rothessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. ZENY, Barrister-at-Law, Fausley Building. 24-4-95.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developers, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. LORAIN PHOTO STUDIO, 58 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 11-9-94.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. ORIGINATED 1810. It was invented in 1810 by the late Dr. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned, noble-hearted Family Physician. It is recommended by physicians everywhere. All who use it are amazed at its power and praise it forever after. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is the best, the oldest, the original. It is unlike any other. It is superior to all others. It is not merely a Liniment, it is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. There is not a medicine to-day which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent. Every Mother should have it in the house, dropped on sugar suffering children love to take it. It produces an increase of vital activity in the system. Its electric energy everlastingly eradicates inflammation without irritation. Generation after Generation Have Used and Blessed It.

Church's Alabastine. For use with COLD WATER. No Boiling or Hot Water Needed. 16 Beautiful Shades and White. Alabastine will stay in solution several hours and yet its hard on the wall finally; this gives painters and others ample time to work the same before the setting process takes place. Saves Time, Saves Waste, and is superior to Kalsomines for Plain Tinting. Also is adapted to Solid Wall Relief Work, Modelling, Combing, Stippling, Blending, etc.

W. H. THORNE & Co., Market Square. THREE REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD BUY THIS Model Art Range. 1st—Because it is the surest worker in the market. 2nd—Because it has a large 20 inch oven and six 8 inch holes on top, and as an all round handy range is without an equal. 3rd—Because the very low price places it within the reach of all.

Emerson & Fisher. The "DEVLEINE" CYRENNE WHISTLE. NICKEL PLATED. NEW! NEW! SOOTHING, UNEARTHLY, HIDEOUS, MELODIOUS. Sounds like a calliope. You can hear it a mile. Everybody should have one. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 85 cts. each. For sale by T. M'AVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

SECOND HAND STEAM PUMP AT VERY LOW PRICE. No. 3 Deane Steam Pump. Brass Lined, Brass Rods. in good order. PRICE: WHEN NEW, \$225.00. WILL SELL FOR 75.00. Also Another Good Offer. 15th pat. Water Heater and Purifier. Bran New, worth \$150.00, will sell for \$75.00. If you want to add years to the life of your Boiler here is a chance to do it cheap. J. S. CURRIE, 57 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B. N. B. If in want of second-hand machinery write me.