

SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

FEATURES IN THE LIFE OF GIRLS AT DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The Demand for Help is Large and Wages are on the Increase—Good Characters a Very Important Essential—Where the Hired Girl Has Advantages.

Many girls have to answer the question: "How shall I get a living?" Their parents may be poor, or they may have no living friends that they care to depend on and so this question forces its way to the front. On the other side of the Atlantic the question is particularly keen, as the number of children to each family is much greater. Many girls have the extraordinary idea that domestic service is menial and derogatory—and so they prefer what is called the independence of factory life with (in England) its small wages, great temptations and hard work. This is a foolish error. Any work is good if it is thoroughly honest and upright and it is quite un-American to look down upon any persons earning an honest living. Domestic service in England is really one of the best and easiest ways in which a capable girl may be independent. Nearly all well-off persons keep two or three girls in the house. In average families they are called cook and housemaid. The cook does kitchen work and the other girl the chamber work. This dividing the work makes it easier for both, and the English girl does not have to work nearly so hard as her American cousin. Extra work is nearly always called in for washing and also when large parties are given. It is very common to find from four to eight girls in wealthy families, while in aristocratic ones the number may range from twelve to fifty or more. Of course these are differently ranked and in large establishments are superintended by a housekeeper. As a general thing a girl is better off as regards accommodations, wages and leisure in a large establishment, but is more liable to dismissal—often owing to the family leaving for the "season" elsewhere.

In England, as a rule, they do not eat with the family. The kitchen is made bright and comfortable and they spend their evenings there. One or two evenings a week they take a holiday but not often. In good families their welfare physical and moral is well looked after. A doctor is called in for illness and books and other interesting works lent them. They are supposed to partake of the same dishes as the family except in very large establishments where a "servants' hall" is provided and where they are waited upon by footmen.

Children are not supposed to take any liberties with the help and are not allowed in the kitchen to interfere with the girls in their work. Boot-blackening, cleaning knives and odd work of such kind is done by a boy hired for the purpose. The worst situations for domestic help in England are those in small families that require a "general" help but cannot afford to pay her properly and work her very hard. This is a thankless position, and I cannot understand a girl of ability putting up with it. There is always a great demand in England for good girls and the wages are rising every year.

One thing many English girls put up with is the wearing of a cap. Some families require their help to wear a cap not unlike what is worn by a hospital nurse. Many girls have objected to this and have even given up good places on account of it.

A girl's character is her first consideration. With a bad character she is helpless. Every lady requires a first class character from the former employer and sometimes searches farther for information. A girl that has been in trouble has no chance, unless, as there has often happened, a Christian woman, in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ has helped the fallen one to regain a standing in the world. Besides this there are homes of refuge and reformation open in all large cities, especially in London. With regard to the girls' education, it is much better than what it used to be and is often very superior. In the nursery especially the help is highly valued, often highly refined. The girls dress very well and are most particular about their appearance. In good families they are always smart and attractive. It is quite common, though not so frequent as formerly, for girls to live with a family from two to twenty years, and after a long time they are sometimes pensioned. When they are married they receive a handsome present, and, if old servants, are mentioned in their employer's will in sums from \$250 to sometimes \$5,000 and more, or an income of \$250 to \$750 a year. As I previously said, it is in families where only one girl is hired that she is worst off.

We come next to wages. There is a great variation in salary. For "general help" it may vary from \$60 a year to \$90 a year—paid monthly. For housemaid when a cook is kept it will be from \$70 to \$90. Girls in large establishments get higher pay—from \$80 to \$150 and private rooms. Cooks get about \$75 in small houses and \$125 in large ones. It must be remembered that when there are many visitors the girls get "tips" of \$1 or \$2 or more. It must also be borne in mind that the purchasing power of one dollar is much greater in England than in America and that a girl can "save much of her wages, and in fact, it is very often no woman is allowed to dismiss her "help" at once without giving her a month's wages; if she wishes to discharge

her she must give a month's notice or the money.

A curious feature in English life is the "beer" question. Many, in fact most, servants expect beer, and it is customary to allow \$10 to \$15 a year extra if beer is not given. Some women advertise for abstainers, others mention the allowance in place of beer in the advertisement. It is quite common to read the following: "Wanted, a good plain cook—25 to 30—active and well recommended, £2 in place of beer. Apply Mrs. —."

Servants who stay year in and out get vacation with wages in the summer. In fact many go with the family to the seaside. A good girl in a God-fearing family is so highly thought of that she is regarded more as a daughter than a servant. Nothing could exceed the kind way and pleasant life of girls in Christian families which are fairly wealthy, and the greatest personal attachment grows up on both sides. Years after they may have left their employer's service they correspond and are welcome to their house at any time. There has been a great change in England in domestic service the past ten years—wages are higher, girls more independent and a servants' union has been formed. There is more changing places now than used to be the case. Girls want to seek a different situation constantly, and as good ones are in demand all over the country they easily get positions but, there are plenty of ignorant, inferior girls to be had. Many girls, very refined and well educated, have entered service as nurse helps and assistants in light housework. This, no doubt, is partly due to the curious fact that servants are paid higher than governesses. That a girl who can teach the children French, English, music and painting gets less salary than a cook in fact only very rarely half the salary.

Why girls are foolish enough to endure the miseries of factory life I don't know, except for the many companions they may have. There are few factories in England that offer any such inducements as are offered in a good household. Apart from advantages in salary the moral advantages are obvious. Very few girls can come out of factory life without being rougher and more unwomanly in every respect, while in good service the English girl has all the advantages that a comfortable home can offer, and the difference between an English servant and a factory girl is immediately seen. The one is smart, attractive and well spoken, the other is rude, coarse and uneducated. Of course American factory life is quite different to that of England and a good many well educated and cultivated girls work in "shops," while on the other hand few American girls care about housework. This may be due partly to the great amount of work that a girl is expected to do and the fact that few families can afford to keep more than one girl. I think that much of the success in English domestic life is due to the personal attachment of the girls to their employer's family—Spencer J. Phillips.

Rat-Catching Clams.

They tell big stories about the feats of Puget Sound clams, but the one told by Edward A. Chase, of the North Pacific Fish company, is just a trifle ahead of most of them.

Saturday morning, when Mr. Chase went into his warehouse he heard a rustling in a box of clams. On investigating he found that a rat had invaded the box, and, just as he approached, the jaws of a monster clam shut down on the rodent's tail, holding it fast. The rat squealed, but the clam held it tight. Mr. Chase, anticipating the comment of friends who would cry clam story, when he would relate the circumstances, called witnesses, and then set about extricating the imprisoned rat. The result was that the rat was released, but got away minus an inch of tail.

An hour or so later Mr. Chase returned to the warehouse to find that another daring rat had ventured into the box, and in an attempt to pull some of the clams out of the shell with his forefoot had also been made a prisoner by the clam shutting down on the member. For several hours the firmly attached pair were exhibited, and then the rat was killed.—Weekly Sitings.

Could Afford It at Last.

Mrs. S. was much interested at one time in a poor widow whom she had employed, who found great difficulty in getting a living. After a while, however, the widow married a man with some money and in a fair business, and Mrs. S. rejoiced over her fortunate prospects. A few weeks later, however, she met the former widow dressed in the deepest of mourning. Shocked and sympathetic, Mrs. S. said, "Why, Mary, I hope you have not met with any loss."

"Sure, Mrs. S.," replied Mary, "when my poor Tom died I was that poor that I couldn't put on the bit of mourning for him, and I said that when I could I would, and so I have."

The new husband must have been a cur-mudgeon if he had objected to this.—Boston Transcript.

Why He Didn't Give Thanks.

The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farmers, but in a country church, not a hundred miles from Arbroath, the office-bearers had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular Sunday Mr. Johnstone, a regular attendant and a pillar of the church (whose crops had turned out very poorly), was not in attendance. The minister in the course of the following week met Mr. Johnstone, and inquired of him the reason of his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Well, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I dinna care about approachin' my Maker in a speerit o' sarcasm."—Scottish American.

IN AN ISLAND OF SLEEP.

CURIOUS PRESERVING EFFECT OF REMOVED BREEZES.

Memories of Thomas Moore the Poet in the Beautiful Islands—The Land Where the Unexpected Is Met—Some Geological Curiosities—Massive Fortifications.

Writing from Bermuda, Fannie B. Ward says: In these summer isles, which were the scene of Prospero's incantations and Ariel's tricky songs, there is a certain narcotic influence in the air, an element of poetic laziness, which makes one speedily forget that New York city, with all the bustle of the near-by-twentieth century, is distant only a few hours' journey. Old Caliban seems to have left behind him a numerous progeny, whose descendants do not relish working any more than he did for his master. On this point Anthony Trollope was not very complimentary to the modern Bermudians, when he wrote: "To say that they live for eating and drinking would be to wrong them; they lack the energy for full gratification of such vicious tastes. To live and die appears to be enough for them. To live and die as their fathers and mothers did before them, in the same houses, using the same furniture, nurtured on the same food and enjoying the same immunity from the dangers of excitement."

A good deal of this universal sleepiness may be attributed to the climate. We had heard a great deal about the disagreeable effects of the south wind in Bermuda—how it generates so much moisture as to quickly cover everything with green mold.

So during the first fortnight here we were continually looking out for moldiness and running about the corner of the hotel to note the direction of the wind by the flag on the signal station; but day after day the wind remained in the north and everything was literally "dry as a bone"—dry as any other lump of coral rock exposed to uninterrupted sunshine would be. When we gave up expecting southerly winds and forgot that such a thing as dampness existed. I think it was a Frenchman who remarked that nothing happens but the unexpected. This is especially true when travelling in the tropics. If you are on the lookout for snakes, tarantulas, etc.; you rarely meet one of them; and everybody knows that the surest way to prevent rain is to go prepared for it, with gum shoes and umbrella. Just so with Bermuda weather. During our two month's stay the thermometer has never risen above 76 degrees; nearly every night a blanket has been needed, and on more evenings than one, a little fire to sit by would have been welcome.

But there came a day when we were overtaken by strange lassitude, when to walk the length of a block became extreme fatigue and desire to lie supine irresistible.

After a week of it, every day worse than the preceding, we concluded we were ill and called in a Bermudian doctor. But the man of pills merely laughed at us, and said, "It is always so when the south winds blow." And true enough—too true, in fact—the wind, which for weeks we had neglected to watch, was blowing straight from the south. Shades of "spring fever" and sassafras bitters! The weather was not hot, but so humid was the atmosphere, so clammy and sticky, that next to Rio Janeiro it was altogether the meanest I have ever experienced. Fortunately, however, the wind, which "bloweth where it listeth," comes Bermudaward almost always from the north, and the climate is all that could be desired.

As peculiar as the weather is the geological formation of these islands. Of white stone composed of minute shells, so soft that it seems as if you might cut up the whole archipelago with a pair of scissors; and yet more peculiar is their natural history. There are but four native animals in the Bermudas (three rats and a mouse—speaking of species, not individuals) and ten resident birds. But to the bird family are added 169 species of the migratory sort, which flock here with the tourists in "the fall of the year." There is only one reptile, the lizard, and no snakes at all. But insects abound, and great numbers of corals and sponges; and fish are so abundant that upwards of 120 kinds have been enumerated.

Perhaps the spot most frequented by tourists is the once "secluded glen," near the Walsingham caverns, where Tom Moore lived for a time and sang the charms of the Bermudian ladies. The ancient calabash tree, under which the lazy poet loved to recline, like Jonah beneath his gourd, still lives, in spite of the severe hacking it has received from generations of vandal tourists, whose carved names are rapidly blurring by saline moisture and the jack-knives of their successors.

Even the wooden bench beneath the tree is still as much an object of curiosity as it was the original one upon which the poet actually sat—and nobody knows how many times it has been replaced, each new bench being carried off, piecemeal, by travellers, as in the days before Garfield's inaugural, when patriotic Americans made a Mecca of the Mentor farm, and carried off not only the President's crops, but those of his neighbors, for the good-natured farmers of the vicinity dumped loads upon loads of apples into the Garfield orchard, and corn into the fields, to be taken away by the pilgrims and treas-

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ured as precious trophies of Garfield's own raising.

A gay deceiver was the Irish poet, for while writing love-lorn ditties to "Nea, the Rose of the Isles" (Miss Fanny Tucker), he was filling letters to his mother with such expressions as these:

"You must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the human face divine has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and, if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my idea of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid."

So, perhaps it was well that Miss Fanny, "the Rose of the Isles" heeded not the rather hysterical invitation of the amatory bard, who besought her to "fly to the region of snow" with him, but very sensibly preferred to stick to her native "silvery bowers." She wedded a cousin, whose name was also Tucker, and their descendants yet live upon the island, and never fail to tell you that their "beautiful ancestress was Tom Moore's sweetheart."

Another delightful drive is to Spanish Rock, on Knappton Hall, and by the way, you must not confound Spanish Rock with Spanish Point, for one is on the north shore and the other on the south, at opposite ends of the island.

Going to Spanish Rock you drive to the foot of the hill, tether your horse to a convenient tree and walk up the steep slope through a cedar grove, intersected by winding paths that lead to nowhere. Birds are singing, wild flowers blooming; being completely shut in from sight and sound of the sea, you almost imagine yourself among the evergreen hills of our northland. But presently you come out by a brackish pond, its sandy shores completely riddled with crab holes, as unlike as possible to our clear, sparkling mountain lakes. Beyond are ragged rocks and beetling crags over and around which you pick a difficult passage—to be repaid at last by the grandest sea-view in Bermuda. From the far horizon the impetuous waves come sweeping in—a mighty host, dashing madly against the rocky barrier and leaping heavenward in impotent rage. With just such fury did they storm and shout centuries ago when a Spanish ship went down before them and Ferdinand Camilo, escaping by a miracle, carved his name and a rude cross, with the date, 1543, where you may yet see it, on a tall, smooth stone called "Spanish Rock."

But so many Smiths and Browns and Jones have since cut their commonplace names all around it, with the recklessness peculiar to such people, that this interesting relic of antiquity is in danger of being quite destroyed. If you happen to reach here at floodtide, the whole broad expanse will be under water; anon the billows, lashed to fury rage so tremendously that the whole island seems to tremble with the shock; and again the water is so marvelously still and clear that from cliffs forty feet above the sea you can count shells and pebbles lying on the sandy bottom, twenty feet below. Then it is hard to believe that these tranquil waves, smiling in the enchanted air, can have lured so many of the sons of men to destruction.

Whatever you miss in Bermuda it must not be a visit to Ireland Island, which, next to Malta, is England's most important military position. The little island, not more than a mile long by a quarter wide, is connected with Waterford, Boaz, and Somerset islands, their surface having been partially leveled by convict labor during the years when this small archipelago was

so heavily burdened with England's worst criminals. The importance of Bermuda as a naval station was recognized early in the present century, and preliminary operations for a dockyard on Ireland Island began. Slave labor was then in vogue here, and skilled artisans were sent from England to superintend them. In 1842 it was decided to substitute convict labor, and 300 felons were dispatched as a commencement. This number was soon augmented by fresh arrivals, until 2,000 criminals were crowded upon the little island. They were distributed in hulks, in the "chambers" of the dockyard and in prisons erected in the adjacent island of Boaz, which are now used as barracks. Naturally the condition of things was simply awful, and in 1861 it was decided to abolish the system altogether. Successive drafts were sent to England and Australia, and the convict period closed in Bermuda. From first to last, something over 10,000 felons have lived in this small colony. There is an old burial ground on Boaz Island, where many of them found a last resting place. Upward of 1,500 of them died during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1853.

From Hamilton's beautiful sunlit bay you glide in and out among the fairy islets of the Great Sound, that reminds you of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Pressing the shore of Somerset and Boaz, you get a good view of the naval and military hospitals, with their broad verandas and shaded grounds. The arsenal on Ireland Island is a very important one: the "chambers," or open basins, improved by the erection of a breakwater, are commodious enough to accommodate the whole English fleet along its wharves. Several men-of-war are swinging at anchor in Grassy Bay, with a multitude of smaller craft; and in her majesty's dockyard, bristling with forts and batteries and alive with soldiers, marines, and busy workmen, the Admiral's ship is lying by for repair. A large number of war vessels, including the flagship of the North American fleet, always rendezvous here during the winter; and there are local officers, with their staff and naval employees, including 100 seamen, 150 marines, and not less than 800 dockyard laborers. There is a steam factory of the first class and every facility for repairing ships of any size.

The fortifications are considered absolutely impregnable under existing conditions of attack, and the important position is completed by the famous floating dock, which was launched at Sheerness, England, in 1866, towed across the Atlantic, and brought into the present position after an exciting voyage of fifty-six days. This enormous structure is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. It is 381 feet long, 134 feet broad, and 74 feet deep, with forty-eight water-tight compartments. It weighs over 8,200 tons, draws eleven feet of water when light and fifty feet when sunk. It took two years to build it, and cost £250,000.

One of the main objects of these heavily-armed forts and batteries which bristle all over the islands is the defense of this valuable dock. In addition to the visible fortifications which are arranged and equipped according to the elaborate English plan, there is a submarine mining establishment by which torpedoes and other subsidiary methods of defense can be put down at short notice, and movable road batteries are prepared to supplement the stationary defenses and to command points where landing might be attempted on the south side of the island. Therefore, Uncle Samuel with his poor little navy and all other powers may as well keep their hands off, for small and insignificant as these islands are, they can easily hold their own as long as England remains mistress of the sea.

Worth the Admission.

Farmer Makestraw—I say, Mariah, we must all drive in to Squashtown next week. A fellow named Professor Flyhigh is going up in a balloon, an' then he'll jump off,

with nothin' but an umbrella to hold him.

Mrs. Makestraw—Is it a free exhibition? Farmer Makestraw—No, it will cost us 25 cents apiece, but if that umbrella ain't no stronger than most that's sold nowadays we'll get the worth of our money.—New York Weekly.

Took him at his Word.

A Detroit drummer was made the victim of a crueler person recently, and he could scarcely be persuaded not to sue the telegraph company for irreparable, exemplary and punitive damages, besides going to the office with a club. It seems that while he was away on a trip a boy, the only one among several girls, had come to his house, and the glad tidings were wired him on the spot. In response this telegram was received:—"Hallelujah. I am experiencing the greatest joy of my life." The fact that he does "celebrate" occasionally was against him, and such an open confession as this was dreadful, and the entire family was almost thrown into hysterics. Two days later he came home, and was pained by the reception he received. Explanations were demanded and he showed a copy of the original telegram, which read:—"Hallelujah. I am experiencing the greatest joy of my life."—Detroit Free Press.

A Pointed Aphorism.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

That is because his nerve energy is exhausted faster than nature can renew it. Then Jack, whether he be boy or man, needs rest and a course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic to renew his vitality and make him fit for work once more.

The country is filled with people who are overworked, or who over-work themselves. To these Hawker's tonic is a boon and a blessing. It's use, it accompanied with common sense precautions as to diet and habits, will give tone to the stomach and nerves and vigor to the mind and body. It renews health. Dyspepsia, general debility or nervous prostration is overcome and life becomes once more a pleasure to be enjoyed rather than a burden to be borne. This remedy is beyond question the one thing needful when a man or woman is suffering from any disease arising from nerve exhaustion, bad digestion, or impoverished blood. It is sold at 50 cents per bottle or \$2.50 for six bottles, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

Knew the Answer.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yesem," from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yesem."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat; and the teacher that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.—Boston Courier.