

HISTORIES OF WORDS.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SOME THAT ARE IN COMMON USE.

Disputed Origins in Regard to Many. While the Date of the Entrance of Others into the English Language is Well Known—Some Common Instances.

Mention has been recently made of the disputed origin of the word "teetotal," claimed by two inventors, one living in England and the other in America, and each of whom may have hit upon the word independently and for the different reasons assigned. To such curious-minded persons as like to know the whys, whens, and wherefores of everything, the origin of popular catchwords and figures of speech is an interesting subject.

The word "machine," as we use it politically, is another which, like "teetotal," is of doubtful parentage. In the days of the old volunteer fire companies, which in large cities were potent factors in local politics, the phrase "to run with the machine" came into common use, and it meant that a man so spoken of was identified with the political coteries of the fire company with which he trained. The famous Boss Tweed began his career in New York "running with the machine" as a volunteer fireman. Yet the term as we now employ it was used in England long before. The Duke of Wellington in a letter to a friend in 1815, deploring the increasing influence of popular agitation on the action of the House of Parliament, said: "Such is the operation of the machine as now established that no individual, be his character, conduct in antecedent circumstances, and his abilities what they may, can have any personal influence in general. We have derived our term 'the machine' from our old volunteer fire company days, but in Wellington's time there were no fire companies exerting any political influence.

That much overworked word "crank" first gained universal vogue in connection with Guitau's assassination of President Garfield, but it was long before that applied by the late Don Pitt, who claimed to be its inventor, to Horace Greeley, the purpose of it being to liken the famous editor to the crank of a hand organ, which is forever grinding out the same old tunes. The word, as we have now come to apply it, means much more and worse; it implies a condition of mind verging upon insanity, and this has given rise to the erroneous notion that it has its origin in the German word "krank." The word "Dago," now commonly applied to Italians all over the country, came originally from Louisiana, where it at first referred only to people of Spanish origin, but was later applied to Italians and Portuguese as well. The word is a corruption of "Diego" (James), a common Spanish name.

Another word of incessant employment in American speech is "dude," with its feminine compliment "dudine." This may have come to us from the old English word for clothes—"duds" in earlier times spelled "dudes." Thackeray writes of one of his characters: "Her dresses were wonderful, her bonnets marvellous. Few women could boast such dudes." Shakespeare, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," writes of a "bucke of dudes"—meaning a basketful of clothes ready for washing. Its present day literary currency dates from February, 1876, when the word appeared in Putnam's Magazine. But a famous New York club man, Mr. Herman Oelrichs, claims the credit of first starting it as a popular term of contempt or ridicule for an over-dressed person. He claims that a youth of this type, who passed by the Union Club windows with a mincing step, provoked himself and another club man to hum together an accompaniment to the youth's walk, thus: "Du da, de, du du, du de," and that he remarked: "Good enough. Dude is the proper name for it," and that thus the word was born.

The words "Jingo" and "Jingoism," just now at the end of everybody's tongue and pen, are also of disputed derivation. We all know about the English music hall song which set the word going with a new meaning in 1877, but the original coinage of the term, "By Jingo!" is quite doubtful. In the Basque language the word Jingo means God, and is widely believed that "By Jingo!" was a form of oath with which the Basque sailors familiarized the English sailors, and, through them, all English-speaking people. But others believe the word is a corruption of St. Ginnolph. It is one of the oddities of popular word-making that the term "Jingoism," as now used, is a complete travesty of the sentiment of the song from which it was taken. A Jingo, either in England or America, is now set down as a man spoiling for a fight, eager for war at any cost. But the original music hall song, with the Jingo chorus, expressed exactly the opposite sentiment—a desire for peace. It began with "We don't want to fight," and its fiercest war note was struck in the declaration that if they had to do what they would rather not, they had plenty of men, ships, and money.

"John Bull," the mythical personage supposed to represent the English people, and now figuring largely in our editorial writing and in cartoons, was the invention of Dr. Arbuthnot, in one of his satirical sketches ridiculing the great Duke of Marlborough. In the opinion of Dr. Johnson,

Arbuthnot was "the first man among the eminent writers in Queen Anne's time." He drew John Bull as the typical Englishman—a stout, red-faced old farmer, far too corpulent for comfort, choleric, but with an honest and well-meaning fellow. He clothed him in leather breeches and top boots, but a stout oak n cudgel in his hand a bull-dog at his heels, and so set him up for all time to serve as the representative Englishman. He may have been not so bad a caricature in the days of Queen Anne. But today certainly there is much force in Leslie Stephens' remark that "he completely hides the Englishman of real life." The average Englishman of 1896 is physically no stouter than, probably not so stout as, the average American, and the stout cudgel and the bulldog are no longer apt symbols of the modern Britisher's disposition. He has lost the excessive pugnacity of his forefathers, and, as we have lately seen, is above all anxious to keep the peace with his Uncle Samuel.

Speaking of "Uncle Sam" and "Brother Jonathan," whose names are being freely used, too, in the passing international flurry, there is no doubt about their origin. When Gen. Washington went into Massachusetts to take command of the Revolutionary army, he found a great lack of ammunition and other supplies. He turned for aid to Gov. Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut, and got it, and in many emergencies of that period he used the phrase: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The expression became naturally current, and it stands as the American parallel to "John Bull." Uncle Sam was not invented until the war of 1812. Two inspectors of war supplies at Troy, N. Y., were named Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. A workman in their employ was marking a lot of casks received from one Elbert Anderson, a New York contractor, and which were thus stamped: "E. A. U. S." A bystander asked the workman what these marks meant, and he replied that they probably meant "Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Inspector Samuel Wilson, who was locally called Uncle Sam. Thus the initials of the United States were transformed by a local joke into a national sobriquet, which will doubtless last as long as our republic.

But who first undertook to give the portrait of Uncle Sam or Brother Jonathan as a long, lean, slab-sided, lantern-jawed individual is not known. Whoever he was he libelled us. There is strong reason for believing that the average American of today is heavier in the scales, broader between the shoulders, deeper in the chest, and of more generous waist girth than any of his civilized contemporaries.—Baltimore Sun.

A Chinese Ventriloquist.

The following description of the performance of a Chinese ventriloquist is given by the author of "The Chinaman at Home." It was furnished to him by a friend who heard the performance in Peking. The ventriloquist was seated behind a screen, where there was only a chair, a table, a fan, and a ruler. With the ruler he rapped on the table to enforce silence, and when everybody had ceased speaking there was suddenly heard the barking of a dog. Then we heard the movements of a woman. She had been waked by the dog, and was shaking her husband. We were just expecting to hear the man and wife talking together, when a child began to cry. To pacify the mother gave it food; we could hear it drinking and crying at the same time. The mother spoke to it soothingly and then rose to change its clothes. Meanwhile another child had wakened and was beginning to make a noise. The father scolded it, while the baby continued crying. By and by the whole family went back to bed and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse was heard. It climbed up some vase and upset it. We heard the clatter of the vase as it fell. The woman coughed in her sleep. Then cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard. The mouse had upset the lamp; the bed curtains were on fire. The husband and wife waked up, shouted and screamed, the children cried, thousands of people came running and shouting. Children cried, dogs barked, and walls came crashing down, quakes and cracks exploded. The fire brigade came racing up. Water was pumped up in torrents and hissed in the flames. The representation was so true to life that every one rose to his feet and was starting away, when a second blow of the ruler on the table commanded silence. We rushed behind the screen, but there was nothing there except the ventriloquist, his table, his chair, and his ruler.—London Household Words.

Guy's hospital, in London, the annual income of which, derived almost entirely from land, amounted to \$200,000 a few years ago, now realizes only half that sum, and must reduce the number of its beds by nearly a third, unless helped by contributions.

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Because other alleged remedies for piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions, scald head, chafing, black heads, siltreum and skin diseases generally have proved useless, don't condemn Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyersburg, Ont., writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Itching Piles, and can recommend it highly. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease."

Peter Vanallen, L'Amable, Que., had the eczema for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the Ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers Edmanston, Bates, & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto. Price 60 cents.

FOR THE WAX FIGURES.

HOW MATERIAL IS OBTAINED TO BE TRUE TO LIFE.

Tussaud's Studio one of the queer places of London—Interview with the Present Head of this Famous House—Stories of Noted Men and their Figures.

One of the queerest places in the world is Mr. Tussaud's studio, within the famous exhibition in the Marylebone road. Around the room are hundreds of plaster casts and molds, while in a corner I perceived the baby Prince Edward of York in his cot, which, by the way, is an exact replica of the family cradle used for the Prince of Wales, and which was recently presented by the Queen to the Duchess of York.

It is impossible to interview a more interesting man than Mr. Tussaud, and, this being the case, I must at once come to the story of his life, as given by himself.

"I was born at Kensington in 1859," commenced Mr. Tussaud, resignedly, "and after having completed my education at the Benedictine monastery at Ramsgate I entered my father's studio, which was then established at the back of some private houses in the Marylebone road. Of course, you know that I am the great grandson of that historic personage, Madame Tussaud, who, all through the terrible revolution of 1789, remained in Paris, and frequently modeled in wax the newly-severed heads of the victims of the guillotine. I always had a taste for drawing, and at the age of 14 I modeled my first figure, that of Prince Milan of Serbia (the eternal Eastern question being very much to the fore just then), and thenceforward considered good enough to place on exhibition."

"Now, Mr. Tussaud," I interrupted, "I perceive my opportunity for procuring details of the entire story of new figures from the beginning."

"Well, then," replied the famous artist in wax, the heads are first of all modelled in clay, either from life, from photos, or from sketches. To get an accurate portrait I have to model the heads with the hair, which when I am satisfied with the portrait, is removed. A coating of plaster of Paris is then placed over the clay head, and this forms a mold, whereupon the wax head is subsequently cast. The hair is then carefully put in with sharp instruments, one hair at a time.

"Then follows the coloring of the faces, the glass eye has been previously inserted. The bodies are also completely set up in clay, from which a mold is taken; and the actual figure is cast in a special composition. As regards the hands, I should say that quite as much care is taken in their production as in the case of the heads. The mold for a pair of hands is sometimes made up of as many as thirty pieces; and all these moulds are then labelled and carefully stored in such a way as to avoid the possibility of an awkward blunder, such as the figure of Lord Rosebery getting the hands of a political opponent."

Here Mr. Tussaud showed me into a minor studio, containing over 1,000 molds of hands.

"Every figure," continued the artist, "undergoes a general renovation once in six weeks, and it is wholly renewed about every seven years. Altogether there are between 400 and 500 figures at present in the exhibition, and, strangely enough, their 'life' varies according to their position in the galleries. For example, Voltaire was modeled by the great Madame Tussaud herself; and there the figure stands to this day exactly as it was a hundred years ago. On the other hand, the Prince of Wales gives lots of trouble. In the first place, he is difficult to reproduce, and he has to be removed to my studio at frequent intervals to undergo various little artistic touchings."

"Another troublesome model was that of Prince Leopold of Belgium. The only photograph of him I could procure was taken many years ago, for he, like the Marchioness of Lorne and many other distinguished personages, has a rooted objection to the camera."

"It may interest you to know that there are two gentlemen continually calling on my behalf at the embassies and consulates, gathering interesting and important details concerning foreign notabilities who are either on exhibition or are about to be placed in the galleries. Thus, in his imperial majesty, Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, takes it into his head to alter his appearance, either physically or sartorially, the change is duly notified to me from some official at the big house in Bryanston square."

"Parnell," sighed the artist, "was a terrible trial to me. Even the latest photographs of him were of no use, because one month he would grow a beard, and the next month he would take it into his head to shave it off again. All the Eastern potentates are very difficult to model, except, of course, those who honor us with an occasional visit over here."

"Take the Shahzade, I got a capital photograph of him, and, what was still better, I was offered a complete suit of his clothes for sixty guineas, on condition that I did not advertise the fact until the departure of the Ameer's son."

"Why was that? Because," and Mr. Tussaud laughed heartily, "had the Shahzade known of the transaction the man would have got into trouble—possibly he would have lost his head."

"As regards figures that loom large in English history, we have taken casts from tombs in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere, and have also had recourse to the Bodleian Library, to ancient manuscripts, and to picture galleries, both public and private. I have even consulted pictures at Lord Salisbury's seat at Hatfield, and at

the Duke of Devonshire's magnificent palace at Chatsworth.

Mr. Tussaud tells me he has modeled from life Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Dr. W. G. Grace, and Mr. John Burns, M. P.

"I had a little trouble with John Burns," remarked Mr. Tussaud, meditatively: "he is such an energetic man that he found it very difficult to keep still—more especially while he was expounding to me his ideal labors laws."

The artist considers Tennyson his best model; and when the great poet heard that his counterfeit presentment was about to be placed on the exhibition, he expressed a hope that Mr. Tussaud would not represent him with even a single gray hair.

Another interesting fact I gleaned was that the jewelry on the various figures in Mme. Tussaud's is insured for £20,000. It consists for the most part of fine old paste, set in gold and silver. Queen Elizabeth's dress and general outfit, by the way, is worth £300; but the costliest dress on record in the exhibition was that made for the Empress Eugenie some years ago. This was a magnificent robe of Genoese velvet, studded all over with bullion bees, and it actually cost a little over £650. Another extraordinary fact is that in the dressmaking rooms at Mme. Tussaud's may be seen piles of broad satin and other costly material, and drawers full of beautiful old point lace worth £30 a yard.

The extraordinary hallucinations of victors and the blunders made by them, as related by Mr. Tussaud, formed a most amusing part of this interview.

"Some people," said Mr. Tussaud, "commence at the catalogue backwards, and positively do not discover their mistake at all. What would you say of the austere old couple who made this identical mistake, and stopped before a dancing laun under the impression that it represented Joan of Arc?"

Other visitors, I learn, come to worship at the shrine of their favorite hero.

"A veiled lady," remarked my informant, "came here at regular intervals for years and placed wreaths of violets near the effigy of the late Emperor Napoleon III. Some time ago, too, the figure of Michael Davitt was presented by an admirer with a handsome diamond ring, but another admirer removed it, finger and all."

Of course, I considered this extremely interesting, and asked for further details of other noteworthy presentations to figures in the exhibition.

"There were two others," replied Mr. Tussaud, as he sat back in his chair and blew wreaths of smoke into the handsome bearded face of the King of the Belgians. "Mr. Parnell was once presented by a lady with a fine gold watch chain, and Mr. Jabez Spencer Blount was given a tremendous clout across the ear with an umbrella—evidently by one who was not an admirer! Anyhow, I had to remove the figure for a time and provide it with a new ear."—London Tit-Bits.

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No matter what may be the secret action of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the moment the kidneys are helped, ever so gently, cure commences that instant.

And if the kidneys resume kidney work the poison may all be arrested and turned out of the system in twenty-four hours.

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All this explains the rapid cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica made by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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Uric acid remaining in the blood crystallizes in the muscles and joints, and the pain produced is called rheumatism.

There is but one way—a single means—by which uric acid can be removed, and the blood made pure.

The kidneys do this work or it never can be done at all.

Why Square Leg Wore Gloves.

Mr. Phil May knows more about drawing than he knows of cricket, as you will perceive by looking carefully at his picture of a cricket match in Punch's Almanac. The drawing so preyed upon the nerves of Dr. W. G. Grace that he determined to protest. So, when Phil May arrived at the Punch dinner the other evening he found a telegram awaiting him: "Why, oh, why, does square leg wear wicket-keeping gloves?"—W. G. Grace.

At about midnight Phil May came out into Fleet street and thought he would send an answer. So he went into the telegraph office and wrote it. The clerk, seeing the address, remarked that it was some miles from Bristol, and a special messenger would be required. "All right," said May, "send it off at once." And about 2:30, on a bleak December morning, the champion was awakened from his first sleep and dug from his bed to read the reply: "To keep his hands warm.—Phil May."—London Vanity Fair.

Liberia was founded in 1821, as a republic for emancipated negroes; yet after seventy-four years of existence, the country has less than 27,000 inhabitants.

One of the highest cities in the United States is Leadville, Colo., which is nearly 4,600 feet above sea level.

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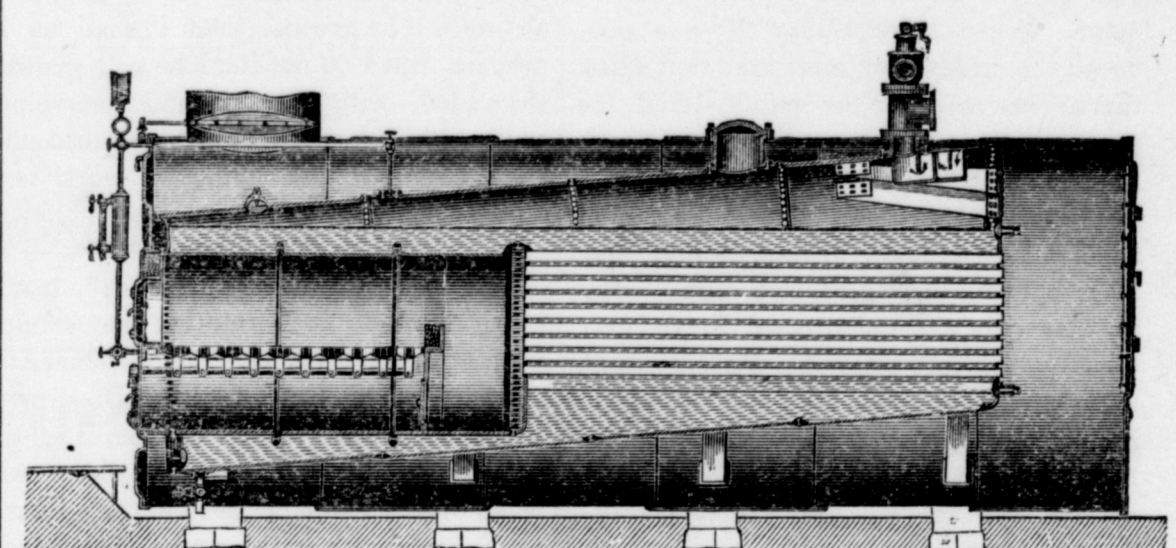
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