

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1896.

AN ESSAY UPON BOYS

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BOYS AND GIRLS NOW A DAYS.

Some Characteristics of the Youth of Today—Their Privilege and the Advantages They Possess over the Gentler Sex—Rapid Development a Feature.

The old saying that "the boy is father to the man," has dashed unmercifully to the ground one of my most cherished impressions, which had always been that, "the man was father to the boy," but then new ideas must give way to old ones, because, I suppose, they have "whiskers."

Why there should be any discrimination I shall not attempt to say, but the thushness of the thus is thusly illustrated in the foregoing.

Boys enjoy a freedom totally unknown to the girls. Girls at the same time enjoy a perfect freedom, totally unknown to many, very many boys, in the shape of swelled heads, black eyes, loss of sleep &c and this in part, is due to a tighter rein being held over them, but I think, in many cases it is not the tight rein, so much as the good sound common sense of the gentler sex, and the limitations to which they feel they are bound, because of the greater expectations the world has of their sex.

No one expects much of boys, and if they did, they would in too many cases be disappointed. Adam was the only man who never caused his parents any anxiety as a boy, but it all that is said of his family he true he had trouble enough with his own boys, and the same troubles with variations have been most carefully preserved and handed down in one unbroken line ever since.

Many a fortune has changed hands on the answer to the question "is it a boy or girl?" So much often depends on the reply that it would be superfluous to attempt an illustration. Mothers think more of their boys as a rule than the neighbors do, but that's all right, the mothers know them one way and the neighbors know them another, especially about Halloween.

Boys are generally too slow or too fast, if the former they're no good, and if the latter they're worse. Some boys are 'sissies' these are the kind, that, if they were to be born over again, would be born girls, and would still be unsatisfactory, as specimens of humanity. Some boys are dwarfed in stature, and others in intellect, the former is more apt to be concited than the latter. Large numbers of boys think they know more than their fathers, after they come to be boys, they 'kind of' find out their mistake, and then come to the conclusion that their paternal progenitor was not such an 'awfully' know nothing after all.

Boys eventually resolve themselves into, either, old bachelors, or married men, if the former as a rule, they are not much use, excepting as a sort of speculating medium for anxious mammas with eligible and growing daughters.

After boys have forsaken the paths of bachelordom, and are on the high road of married life, much then depends upon their partners, as to whether that life shall be one of misery or happiness, inasmuch as a cranky, cantankerous, selfish, much-given-to-amusements, kind of a partner must necessarily make it taught but pleasant for the unfortunate young man whose lot it may be to become tied to such a one. The more especially as boys are always such sweet tempered, unselfish, thoughtful, and ever kind, not-at-all-disagreeable—even-at-times-pets. But at the same time, he

is indeed, a poor specimen of femininity, who is not as all round good, as the lord of creation, to whom she may be wed. Boys are all right until they begin to assert themselves, which generally begins about the time their mothers string whole peppers around their necks to make them cut their teeth easy. Boys are willing to do chores for the mothers of their chums, but if asked to carry in wood, coal or other things by their own mothers, generally object, with great deal of objectness, though what their object is I object to say, great things are expected of boys about the time their voices attain a more harsh or husky sound than distinguished them as more youthful claimants to very much distinction as objects of discussion amongst the opposite sex. Boys, I do believe, are less given to little mean tricks in the way of running down or condemning their fellows than are the girls, and this is accounted for by the fact that pugilism prevails to a large extent amongst them, so that if they have any differences, it is generally settled by bare knuckles, instead of at the tongue's-point, the usual resort to which girls are wont to fly to display their ability.

Boys are a great deal 'smarter' after encountering a wasp's nest than they priorly were. Boys develop more rapidly now than did their fathers, as the latter had not the advantages that cigarettes, 'motto buttons,' and bicycles afford the youth of today. Boys now, develop also, more quickly and surely symptoms of which the old folks were in ignorance, such as bicycle shoulders etc. Whether it is due to a rapid stride of civilization or to an idea growing more prevalent every day, that the old folks were all "two slow," is a matter of conjecture, that must be left to the individual to decide. If boy's ears, like ship's compasses were boxed a little tighter, their future course might be a clearer one. The tendency today amongst parents seems to be of a far greater leniency than that at an earlier period in the history of man and boys, characterised the paternal head thereof, and it may be that "free schools" have something to do with it, though to what extent is merely speculative but it looks as if the teacher was expected to look after the corporeal training as well as the educational one. Boys will be boys and as such I leave them until I try my pen at those of a more mature growth, when it will be seen that they are to a large extent still boys at almost any age.

HOW THEY TREAT A NEIGHBOR.

They Profess Sinless Lives but do not Live up to Their Preaching.

Among the many church properties in the city of Moncton, is one which is claimed by its supporters to be the 'Sinless Church'; this sanctuary was erected a few years ago by the Reformed Baptists, whose motto is 'Perfection and Holiness,' and many of the brethren who orate in this neat little edifice explain and define their doctrine by saying that it is a clean departure from All Sin. In this connection a good story is told. At the time of its erection an Irishman looking for a days work asked the contractor 'Who is building this church?' to which the contractor replies 'the holy baptists' and 'Who are the holy baptists' asked Pat. They live without sin replied the contractor. And 'What the devil do they want of a church?' queried Pat, and since that time the little church has not been marching ahead as it should have, the brothers were zealous and 'perfect holiness' seemed to be the order of the day, but still the church seemed to be in financial difficulties and the pastor, it is said, did not receive his salary notwithstanding that he was a faithful servant and expounded 'the word' with heat, eloquence and power, and on several occasions of late the pastor and the flock offered to sell a lot of land to a prominent dry goods merchant who lived next neighbor to the church, and an influential citizen of the 'Hub.'

The dry goods man made the church a reasonable offer for all the land the holiness people had for sale, but the bargain was not closed on account of a difference of two dollars per foot and so the matter 'hung fire' till a week or so ago, when the pastor and deacons of the holiness synagogue held a 'council of war' and decided that unless the merchant bought the lot at the price set upon it, that it was to be leased to one of their congregation who would build a cow stable on the land and the merchant was notified to this effect and refused to give the price asked whereupon the erection of the cow stable was decided upon and the work commenced, and the stable is now a realised fact and the 'white faced creature' is in her new abode.

But the worst feature of the whole business, is that the stable is built close up to the window of one of the finest dwelling houses in the city of Moncton and refuse the from the stable is thrown out a window not more than two feet from the same place, and the dry goods man seeing that it is a scheme to force him to buy the land at an exorbitant rate, is very indignant, and he is puzzled to know where the perfect holiness in this case comes in. He says he has

read a great deal of religious literature, and he has been mixed up with all sorts of people in his time, but he is of the opinion that such an act is the most unholly deal he ever knew or heard of in his natural life.

People who profess to be Reformers and who claim to be living spotless from the world and to be true types of the meek and lowly Nazarene should make an effort to use their neighbor fairly. The religion of the present time when put to the test even among some of the people who profess to be "living without sin" don't pan out to any very vast extent. This was very ably dealt with by that eloquent divine Rev. W. B. Hinson in the first baptist church, last Sunday evening when he boldly stated that Col. Ingersoll's infidelity was harmless when compared with the infidelity of the church. Building a cow stable is a matter of business to the average citizen but when a few men who claim to be living and walking the earth in sinless perfection, will maliciously erect a stable close up against a respectable mans home, and darken his rooms, and cause an offensive odor to injure the health of the home and annoy the vicinity by having a cow in such close proximity to his place, it is pretty near time to question whether or not there is any such a blessing as satisfaction or perfect holiness. If there is, it is quite a distance from some monitorians who claim to possess it; it is said that an injunction will be obtained by the merchant to compel the holiness defendants in this case to remove the stable and the white faced cow from their present location.

BUNCO MEN CHECKED.

His Expedient to Get Even With the Strangers.

There are four men in Chicago who will never forget Silas Tatman's visit to the city. It will be many days before those same men will be able to show up again at the depots to prey on the confidence of rural strangers.

When Silas came to town Saturday he came with the avowed intention of revenging himself on a smooth-spoken young man who had met him on a former visit and had relieved him of a carpet sack containing the visitor's money and the return ticket. He did not expect to encounter the same fellow, but made up his mind to administer to the first man who claimed to know him the warmest reception the scoundrel had ever met with.

Tatman came in from Bunkum, Bunkum is not on the map, and one could go to the place with a repeating rifle and shoot all the inhabitants without reloading. But small as it is, it can boast of a citizen who outwitted four of the cleverest 'con' men in Chicago.

Bunkum is also renowned for its large hornets' nests and the warlike and 'grouchy' disposition of their occupants. In Tatman's hog lot hung one of these nests from the limb of a locust tree. It was a gigantic specimen and the terror of the neighborhood.

The morning Silas left for Chicago he went out in the hog lot very early, before the hornets were astir. He took with him an old green carpet bag, and this he opened and slipped carefully around the oblong nest, closing the clasp quickly without losing a hornet. When he took the train in the day he smiled with delight as he thought of the harrowing scene that would take place when the carpet bag was opened.

When Silas arrived at the depot, instead of going to the hotel, he sat down in the smoking room and waited. His mission was similar to that of the confidence man. He was in quest of a stranger who would cultivate his acquaintance only to rob him of his hornets and regret it to his dying day. Occasionally Farmer Tatman would look down at his carpet bag. As he did so he shook with glee.

The Bunkum farmer had not been seated five minutes when he was approached by a fellow with a sharp inquisitive nose and a checked suit. 'Ah, ha!' thought Tatman, as the stranger extended his hand, 'I've got you.'

'I believe I know you,' said the sharp-nosed individual. 'Let me see, you are from—'

'Bunkum,' replied Tatman.

'To be sure; Bunkum. And your name is—'

'Tatman.'

'Why, of course. How are you, Mr. Tatman?'

'Tolerable,' and Tatman looked down at his hornets and chuckled.

'My name's Cunningham,' went on the stranger, grasping one of Silas' hands in both his own. 'You remember when I was visiting in Bunkum a few years ago with Banker—a— Oh, I can never remember names. You know whom I mean, though. He's the leading banker in your town.'

There never was a banker within twenty miles of Bunkum, but Farmer Tatman was playing a hand, so he said, 'Know im? Well, I should say I do. You mean old Squire Jones.'

'Jones, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Strange I couldn't remember the name.'

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'Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas kinder funny,' and Silas fairly danced with joy. 'I reckon there hasn't a nice, quiet little place somewhere where a friend can talk with a friend where he ain't seen for nigh onto two years.' This was just what Cunningham wanted.

'Oh, yes,' said he in his softest tone. 'I know just the place. It's not over a block from here.'

'Then I reckon we might as well go if you're sure it's safe walking in the street with as much money as I've got in this here satchel.'

At the word money Silas detected an expression of eagerness and pleasure on the scoundrel's face, and the fellow's fingers seemed to itch as the two walked along.

'Aint you afraid,' said he, 'of being robbed?'

'Well, you just bet your sweet life the fellow who opens Silas Tatman's valise will be sorry,' and the Bunkum farmer smiled inwardly.

Here Cunningham turned on a little side street, leading his friend by the arm. About half-way up the block they turned into a dark and dingy looking little saloon. Cunningham spoke familiarly to the bartender, who directed them to a wine room in the back of the place. The two sat down at the table and were joined by three other men. One of them was a fat man, who tried to get Tatman to play cards 'just for fun.'

Another one of the men wore a white vest and a polka dot necktie. He did all the talking, and after Cunningham had whispered a few words in the fellow's ear, he would hardly keep his eyes off the carpet-bag. He was introduced to Tatman as Thos. W. Bloomfield, the Board of Trade man.

'It seems Mr. Tatman,' said Bloomfield, 'that you are very careless with your money. Mr. Cunningham tells me you carry it in your satchel.'

'You bet I have got a lot of money in that 'ere old carpet-bag. I was kinder thinkin' of spectulatin' with it.'

'Perhaps you would like me to invest it with wheat. I think you could make a big stake.'

'I'm kinder afraid of losin' it.'

'Oh, not at all; not if it's well invested. People only lose their money through carelessness. But of course some one has to lose money to keep the stuff properly in circulation.'

'Well I hain't got much money to lose and I'm steared if I was to open that 'ere bag that mine would get to circulate in, and you bet it would circulate mighty dern fast.'

'Well, if you did lose it it would stick to some one's fingers.'

'You bet your blame life she would, and she'd stick purty gol-derned fast.'

'So you don't want me to invest it for you?'

'I'm a little bit scary 'bout puttin' it in wheat.'

'No risk' whatever,' said Bloomfield. 'Why, I can tell you, Mr. Tatman, a good speculator can pick money off the trees here in Chicago.'

Bloomfield's expression tickled Tatman. He laughed uproariously, and then said:— 'You can pick it off the trees in Bunkum, too, but you can't keep it long, 'cause it circulates too dern fast.'

By this time the men were growing impatient, and Tatman noticed that they looked more frequently and longer at the carpet bag. He thought it about time to take his revenge, so he said:—

'Well, gentlemen, I reckon I'd better be a-goin', and I'd like to leave that 'ere money with you, so as it'll be safe while I hunt up a stoppin' place.'

The men were perfectly willing to accommodate Farmer Tatman. They assured him that the carpet-bag and its contents would be perfectly safe, and that they would be willing to wait until he came back.

'Much obliged, gentlemen,' and Tatman arose. 'Tisn't very often that a feller meet such kind friends as you are in a strange city, and it's kinder soothin' to know that a teller's leavin' his money with honest people. I reckon I'll be back in about an hour.'

And Tatman once more thanked his friends as he passed out of the room closing the door behind him.

Tatman did not leave the saloon, as the men expected. By a clever dodge he managed to slip the key of the door in his pocket before he left the room. He remained on the outside long enough to silently turn the bolt in the lock, after which he slipped into the adjoining room. He did not wait long before he heard one of the men say:—

'Well, that was the easiest snap I ever saw.' Silas recognized the voice as that of Cunningham. Then Bloomfield answered:—

'Easy! Why, you could rob that fool before his eyes and he wouldn't know it. Hand us the grander's grip-sack.'

Tatman heard the sound of the grip-sack striking the top of the table. Then he heard them prying at the lock. Presently he heard the clasp give, and in another instant a piercing yell rent the air. Whack! Crash! Bang! The chairs were upturned and the table was tumbled over in the mad scramble for the door.

Then he heard some one say: 'Great heavens! They're hornets, and the door is locked.'

The howls and yelps which followed brought the bartender and the proprietor to the scene. The Bunkum farmer seized the opportunity to slip out of the saloon, and as he was passing into the street he heard the door crash in as one of the men on the inside dealt it a blow with a chair. Over his shoulder he saw a stream of hornets sail after the bartender.

Twenty minutes later, from his retreat in the alley across the street, Tatman saw his five friends lumping out of the saloon to the ambulance which had been called, and which had backed up to the curbstone—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

EARLY SPRING SNAKE STORY.

The Remarkable Achievements of a Farm Hand in Getting Bitten.

When the editor of the crank department of the Washington Star looked up from his desk to recognize his visitor he failed at first in recognition, but after a minute it came to him all right.

'How are you?' he said heartily. What's the good word in London, and what the mischief have you done with your whiskers?'

'Moved 'em,' smiled the visitor. 'Spring's about here, and I didn't need 'em. But I haven't got any time to waste. I come in on my way to the train to tell you of a queer snake story up our way.'

'Isn't it a little early for snake stories?' suggested the editor.

'Yes, for this year's crop, but this one is a last year's one, that I just found out about yesterday.'

'Then it must be true. Go ahead with it. Take a chair, won't you?'

'No, I'll stand, so's to be ready to start when I've finished. You see, last year I had a hired hand on the farm that I had never seen till the day he asked for work. I need a hand purty bad, and I took him right in without a word except to tell him that if he got drunk I'd turn him off. He said he wasn't a drinking man and he went right to work in the hay field. He wasn't the best worker I ever hired, but he was steady, and we got along all right till the fourth day he was with me. That day I was in the barn and I heard a yell, and I ran to the door and seen my hired man flying around the field as if the old serpent himself was a'ter him. When he seen me he headed my way, and as he went past me I could see a short, stumpy, mottled snake hanging to his leg at the ankle. He flew around the barn, yelling at every jump and I took after him and caught him in a clump of woods about 200 yards from the barn, where he dropped, plum tuckered out. When I got to him the snake was gone, but the marks of his teeth were on his leg, and I hustled to the house and got a quart bottle of liquor I keep for snake bites and other household purposes, and soon had him loaded down to the guards. He was sorer by next morning and all right, and the day after he went to work again. He stayed with me a month after that and left when I had no work for him, and I tell you that in the four or five weeks I had him that snake caught him the same way six times, and to save our necks we could never find the snake. Sometimes it would nab him by the hand when he was workin' in the weeds, and some-times in another, but it would always hang on and he would run and yell and me after him.'

'Now for the queer part,' said the visitor

taking a final sport. 'The other day I was grubbin' out that clump of bushes and, by nokey, I seen a snake, and before it could move I stuck my grubbin' hoe through it and dragged it out, and dura my buttons, come to look at it, it wasn't nothin' but a rag snake, painted. I carried it up to the house, and as soon as my boy seen it he whooped and said it was the same snake that had been feedin' on my hired man all last harvest, and I reckon the boy was right.'

The editor gave the visitor a gentle haw haw.

'That's all right,' said the visitor, moving away, 'but just let that chap try to get work with me this year; if he don't wish that that was a genuine copperhead, then I ain't no judge of what I'll do do him.'

CHILIAN WOMEN.

Their Loveliness Said to be Unequaled on the Hemisphere.

The most striking features of the Chilian cities Valparaiso and Santiago are those of it women. Certainly nowhere else in South America, if on all the western hemisphere, is there to be found so large a proportion of pretty women in a total population.

The Spaniards say that the very air there conduces to a perfect development of form and feature.

However that may be, it is a fact that the proportion of beautiful women to be seen in the cities mentioned is remarkable. The pure blood of the German, French and English has mingled with the Indo-Spanish and the result is a race with the graces and beauties of the Indo-Spanish women seems tame and insipid.

With their beauty they have much ease and grace of movement, and walk with the long, swinging, virile stride of the English girl.

Strange to say, the modern Chilian beauty has little love for the Spaniards and resents the imputation that she is an 'Indo-Espanol.' But they are pleased immensely, any and all of them, when referred to as the 'Yankees of South America.'

On the promenades or when shopping, riding and attending to ordinary social duties, they are attired quite as fashionably as any of their sisters further north.

While attending church services, however, they invariably dress in black and discard the latest French fashions in millinery for a mantua, which has a bewitching effect when worn by one of these glorious senoritas. The mantua is the common head-dress of the poorer classes.

The brunettes is the more common type of beauty, though a magnificent type of blonde is not uncommon. The brunettes have clear, olive skins, their eyes big and black, are lovely beyond description.

In both Valparaiso and Santiago women act as conductors on the street cars. The cars are double-decked and the conductor, who wears a smart uniform, has a seat on the rear platform. There she sits and collects the fares of the passengers as they get on, and she rings the register, with which all the cars are fitted, without leaving her seat. She is affable, polite, even-tempered and accommodating to every one but the male flirt.—New York World.

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