

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1896.

AS OTHERS SEE THEM.

MONCTON RESENTS JEAN BLEWETT'S REFERENCE TO PIGS

And the Beautiful Chocolate Tinted Mud of the Petitcodiac—A Vivid Description of the Great Hub's Army of Workmen—Other Features.

Jean Blewett of the 'Toronto Globe' one of the many clever writers who are ornaments of the upper Canadian press, passed through Moncton lately, and since her return to Toronto she has written a description of the maritime railway centre and published the same in 'The Globe.' It is a wonderful piece of work in more ways than one, and it has offered a good deal of amusement to the citizens of Moncton.

There are many points about Mrs. Blewett's article which would lead one to suppose that she had not stopped at all on her way through our city except for the twenty minutes set apart for breakfast and change of cars on the arrival of the Quebec express. But nevertheless her description is so minute that it would impress a person who had never been in Moncton with the idea of almost photographic accuracy. But the resident of Moncton who knows better, merely laughs to himself, wonders how many miles away from the city Mrs. Blewett was when she wrote her article, what authorities she consulted when preparing it, and is lost in admiration of the powerful imagination which enabled the gifted writer to see so much more than really existed, and describe it so graphically. Here is one fine bit of imaginative description. "The first sight we see in the early morning is a troop—not the red coated troop of the Halifax thoroughfare—but the brawny troop of workmen, a thousand strong, on their way to the railway machine shops. It is worth looking at, this workingman's daily parade. There are grim faces, and jolly ones, stout frames and slender ones. The dinner pail is a feature, it swings in the right hand of old man and youth and you find yourself wondering about its contents. Who filled the pail? And was it a labor of love with her? There you go swinging your dinner pail Mr. Workingman, and there's a wife a mother, a sister looking after you and a poor thing you would be without her care, don't you think?"

This is a pretty sight of fancy on Jean Blewett's part, and there is a vein of real poetry in that charming bit about the loving hands that filled the dinner pail. Poetical license is usually allowed quite a wide scope, but if Jean Blewett saw a dinner pail in the hand of each of the railway shopmen she must have either happened on a day when they were all starting off on a picnic or else their wives had decided on housecleaning with a singular unanimity, and forbidden them to come home to dinner as usual.

The fact is that a dinner pail in the hands of a Moncton workman, especially a railway shopman, is the rarest sight in the world, so when you meet a man carrying a tin dinner pail you can set him down at once as a brakeman, fireman or driver on the train, and as a rule he seldom goes to work either at the same time or in company with the men who work in the shops. Once in a while a man who lives some distance out of town, may take his dinner with him in bad weather, or a watchman may be seen carrying his tin can, but these are exceptions, and the rule is for the Moncton mechanic to dine at home between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, the powers that be, having thoughtfully fixed that hour as the most convenient time for a mechanic to take his mid-day meal.

Therefore Mrs. Blewett's dinner pail idyll was scarcely founded on fact; but as the matter is not an important one the Moncton citizen can afford to smile indulgently over it as one of the eccentricities of genius. By the time he has read a little further on however, the smile fades, and a mighty indignation fills his breast almost to bursting. It is all very well for a Toronto journalist to make a harmless little mistake about a working man's dinner, but when she dares to take liberties with the Monctonian's fetich, the one possession which he prizes almost more than religious liberty or the privilege of living in a scott act town—the Petitcodiac River—then it is time to call a halt! And Jean Blewett has the temerity to describe the Petitcodiac as "a wide expanse of mire" with a narrow channel of water running down the middle" now it there is one distinctive quality above another—apart from the famous "bore", that the Petitcodiac possesses it is the deep rich chocolate tint of its mud, and to have this mud with its rare color, and texture roughly described as yellow mire, is enough to rise the ire of every patriotic man and woman in the city. But bad as this is, there is worse to follow. Strengthened by exercise, Mrs. Blewett's imagination takes a still milder flight, and the proceeds to describe, as seriously as if she really believed what she was writing, the seaweed which has accumulated at the

banks of the river cast up by the tide of and a lot of hogs munching the same with great enjoyment, and taking solid comfort in the mud, which pleases them greatly.

Now to anyone who has ever spent a day in Moncton, and knows anything about its geographical position, the absurdity of this statement will be at once apparent. In the first place there is no seaweed ever cast up by the tide here, and if Mrs. Blewett saw anything that looked like it, she is probably rather short sighted, and must have mistaken one of the old baskets in which the raw sugar is packed when it is imported for the refinery, which are sometimes caught by a high tide, and cast up on the river bank, below the sugar warehouses. Secondly Moncton, though it is not by any means as large as Toronto, is a regularly incorporated city, and amongst the bye laws framed by its ward of aldermen is one which prohibits pigs, cows, etc., from wandering about its streets, or partaking of al fresco breakfasts around its wharves; and this law is reasonably well enforced. I do not think a pig could be found within the city limits for love or money, unless it might be reposing calm and beautiful in death outside some butcher's stall in the city market. And if such a curiosity as a live pig did exist in the city I am sure even if he were as 'long lean, and bristly' as Mrs. Blewett so graphically describes him, he would still know better, being a Moncton hog, than to loaf around in the slippery mud of the Petitcodiac river where one false step would send him sliding helplessly down to certain death amongst the quicksands or in the swiftly rushing waters of that narrow channel. Neither would he eat such unsatisfying fodder as seaweed, even if he could get it; so it is scarcely fair of Mrs. Blewett to insist on forcing him into such a very incongruous position for the dramatic effect his presence lends to her article. The writer closes her sketch with a very charming touch about an old farmer who, strange to say she encounters lounging about the wharf at seven o'clock in the morning in the heart of the city, waiting like herself to see the bore come in at an hour when most farmers are popularly supposed to be rather busy—and a graphic description of the arrival of the bore, which 'scarcely the wit out of the greedy, growling pigs and sends them rushing up the banks belter-skelter looking regretfully back at the dainty repast of sea-weed they had left behind them."

I wish Mrs. Blewett had not insisted on making those pigs growl, because by so doing she had deprived the poor beasts of the last remnant of probability and stamped them so hopelessly artificial. But she wrote an interesting article all the same, and has a great eye for interesting detail wherever she obtained her information. Only, it is quite fair for a journalist so widely quoted as Jean Blewett to send abroad such an erroneous impression of any maritime province city, as the people of Toronto would obtain of Moncton, judging by her description of its pig infested river banks?

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

TIME MEASUREMENT.

The Jews Had Six Seasons—Chinese and Babylonian Astronomy.

The Egyptian year began with the rising of the star Sirius and consisted of 365 days. There were 12 months of 30 days each, and at the close of the year five days were intercalated. All reckoning was by this year. The festivals were celebrated by it, and, as a consequence, like the Roman festivals of later times, circled around from one season to another on account of the omission from the calendar of the quarter day. Notwithstanding this omission the Egyptians seem to have known that the addition of a quarter of a day each year was necessary in order to keep a correct measurement of time, and their 'sothic cycle.' This cycle was a period of 1,461 vague or 1,460 true years, and was called 'sothic' because its beginning was fixed at a date when the dog star, known by the Egyptians as Sothis, rose with the sun on the first of Thoth, which was the commencement of their year. This rising of Sirius and the sun on the first of Thoth took place in the years B. C. 2782 and B. C. 1322, and also in 138 A. D. The Egyptians knew that the last named year was the first of a sothic cycle. The year B. C. 1322 was also probably known as such, but we have no knowledge whatever regarding B. C. 2782. The ancient Egyptians, therefore, appear to have been aware that for accuracy it was necessary to have 365 1/4 instead of 365 days in the solar year, but they do not seem to have realized that this extra quarter day was in excess, and provided for it as it is provided for in the Gregorian calendar.

The Egyptians seem to have had no system of chronology. They made use of no era, but dated events by the regnal years of their kings. Thus the astronomers would note an eclipse of the sun as taking place in the fourth year of Rameses II, which would be utterly unintelligible as

regards to time to one of another country. This fallacious method resulted in an interminable chronological observation which the most astute researches of savants have not succeeded in unwinding.

The ancient northmen reckoned by winters, and the beginning of their year was probably dated from the 16th of October. The festival in honor of Thor was held in midwinter, about our Christmas time, and, in fact, was the origin of the Christian holiday merrymaking. We get the names of at least three, if not four, of our days of the week from the Norse gods of the Odin religion. Tuesday is from Tir, or Disday, on which the offerings of fate were made and the courts of justice held; Wednesday is from Woden, or Odin, one of the Norse trinity; Thursday, or Thor's day, from Thor the chief of the trinity, and Friday from Frigg, another of the minor deities of the trinity.

There is nothing of especial importance in the Jewish chronology except in so far as it pertains to Scriptural matters, and even then the only valuable knowledge we have in this regard is based on the Pentateuch. The only information the Jews possessed of astronomy was obtained from the Assyrians. Like the ancient Greeks and the modern Turks, they divided their year into 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately, with an intercalary month every three and sometimes every two years to amend inaccurate measurement. They had six seasons—seedtime, winter, cold season, harvest, summer and hot season. The Jews that returned to Palestine after the overthrow of the Jewish nation used the Macedonian era, which dated from 311 B. C. The Jews of today, like the Christians, claim to date their calendar from creation, which, they assert, was 3760 B. C.

It seems a very easy and natural thing for us to now use a year as a unit of time measurement, but it one would but stop to think a moment he would realize how difficult it must have been originally to have formed that unit with nothing but space upon which to operate. Even as late as 450 B. C. Herodotus referred to a century as three generations, and formerly in nearly all countries the phrase five winters or three summers were used instead of the expression of so many years. In the early times the elapse of historical events was chronicled from central figures, as kings or great chieftains who had won renown. In Rome and Athens reference was made to a magistrate when an occurrence of that year was mentioned, and as these officers were elected annually the method was a very convenient one. In the same way Babylonian and Assyrian events were chronicled from the term of office of the limu much more frequently than from the reigns of the kings. Such systems, however, were necessarily very limited in their scope, and the want of a better earlier chronology has been felt in the study of authentic ancient history.

The great progress that was made in astronomy by China and Babylonia at the dawn of civilization opened the way for a better time measurement. Men's views were broadened, and the invention of eras was begun. The Chinese began a time computation that is undoubtedly prehistoric, for their records of the eclipses that have been observed show a chronology of at least 4,700 years' duration, and their historians assert that they had a year measurement similar to our Julian system fully 2,000 B. C.

The earliest authentic date that has been handed down to us was inscribed on the foundation stone of the temple to the sun god at Sippara by Naram-Sin, son of Sar. This stone was exhumed by Nabonidus, who reigned over Babylon about 554 B. C., and it is asserted that Naram-Sin ruled 3,200 years previously. From these dates we learn that the chronology of Babylon began with the reign of Sargon I, king of Agade, 3800 B. C. From the best information we have the calendar came into use 2350 B. C. with a week of seven days and a year of 12 months, named after zodiacal signs. The year consisted of 360 days, which probably suggested the division of the circle into degrees. Astronomical chronology was divided into cycles of 60 years, 600 years, and the star, or 3,600 years. The "Observations of Bel," the great Babylonian work on astronomy and astrology, gave a record of eclipses of the sun and moon, conjunctions and phases of some of the planets, the time of the new year and many other scientific problems. Many of the calculations made in this ancient astronomy are of the utmost importance even in our day, and to it is due the era of Nabonassar, one of the most famous in the annals of chronology, the basis of all the computations of Ptolemy, and the dates in connection with Alexander and Aristotle. Since its epoch, Feb. 26, 747 B. C., it maintained its ground till after the commencement of the vulgar era.—Chicago Record.

"On what ground," asked the Court, "does the petitioner base his demands for changing his name?" "On the ground, replied the petitioner's attorney, "that he was not consulted when his parents, who were Methodists, gave him the name of John Wesley. He now wishes to have it legally changed to Roger Williams, so that he can join the Baptists without attracting undue attention."—Chicago Tribune.

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THEY GUARD THE COAST.

Duties of Those Who Have Many Lives to Look After.

It is not only on our sea coast that watch is kept; according to the last annual report of the life-saving service, it has 251 stations and a number of these are on the shores of the great lakes, and one, only one, is on a river, at the falls of the Ohio, at Louisville, Ky. In 1895 there were 675 disasters, and only twenty-six lives were lost. That is fewer than used to be lost annually on the coast of New Jersey alone. The passenger lists on these threatened and shipwrecked vessels amounted all told to 5,828, and it had not been for the brave men in the stations it is certain that only a few hundred would ever have reached land. This record of lives saved does the service scant justice, for captains and crews have their turn last, after women and children and the men who have paid their way all come first when lives are to be saved.

Eight hundred of these rescued people were succored and revived, often resuscitated after they were really drowned, at the stations; for the men who take their boats into the stormiest water that boats ever lived in know also how to nurse and tend the prostrated as well as a trained nurse could do it. The property involved in these calamities was worth millions of dollars, and more than nine-tenths of it was saved by the life-saving service, the salvage companies, and wrecking tugs working together. More than all this, many vessels and lives were saved by the warning signals of the patrolmen. Two hundred and thirty were warned away from dangerous positions at night by signal lights.

Now all this is done by men who not only are brave and who understand boats, but who are also under a discipline like soldiers, and who have to learn to do a great many more things than soldiers. Most of them have grown up on our own seaboard; frequently they work where they have lived all their lives, and guard a coast that they have learned to know like a book while they ran barefooted.

A station is a two-story house with provision for the boats on the ground floor, and is manned with a keeper and six or seven surfmen. If you want to see what nice housekeeping men can do you should go on navy vessels or into a life-saving station. The keeper and the surfmen do all their own housekeeping and cooking, and they keep things shining, taking turd and turn about at the work; so any boy who fancies he would like to enter this gallant service should remember that house-keeping and cooking have a place, as well as boating, in fitting him for the work.

Everything is very systematic, all the bedding being aired on Monday, weather permitting; on Tuesday there is boat practice, the boats being gotten out and launched just as if they were going to help a wrecked vessel; this is gone through with punctiliously and hurriedly, just as you see firemen practice getting out their engines. Wednesday is devoted to signal drill, according to the international code for signal flags. Every man must know how to use this code. There is a flag for every letter in the alphabet, and messages can be sent back and forth with them to and from ships that neither boats nor speaking trumpets can reach. Saturday is housecleaning day, and then the big fellows that have been saving lives on the stormy deep fall to washing windows and floors, and they do it better than most housemaids, too.

Friday afternoon is given to practice in bringing drowned people back to life. Not that anybody is drowned on purpose for the men to practice on, but they just play some one of them has been drowned. He lies down and lets himself go, while the rest knead his back and chest to get the water out of his lungs (though no water is there), produce artificial breathing, rub him, and beat him, and do everything to him that, according to the latest science, would help to bring back to life a drowned man. One surfman says he has been

drowned once, and it is not so bad as being brought to when you haven't been drowned. One time at one station, when they had really brought two drowned people to life on Friday morning, they were let off the 'drowning drill' in the afternoon and the man whose turn it was to 'play dead' thought the release was worth all the work of the night before, when he had been toiling in and on the water, his life in peril, to save the people who gave the station its drowning drill for that day.

Such deviations from discipline are rare, because, for one thing, every little movement at the stations must be reported to the superintendent at Washington. A daily journal is kept and is sent to headquarters once a week. District superintendents come around every three months to see that everything is up to the mark. If any lives are lost when the men are on duty there is a rigid investigation to see whether or not it is their fault. It is a very rare thing that it is, for these men are as brave and devoted as firemen, and what more could one say?

The hardest regular work is the patrolling of the coast; that begins as has been said at midnight on September 1, but after that it is done from sunset to sunrise every night until the season closes, on May 1.

In cold and stormy weather this is hero's work; the line of march is defined, and often when the sea is high and the waves are dashing over the path and the spray is flying, the patrolman comes off his beat as wet as if he came from under the sea.

Some stations are so near together that the patrolmen meet at the end of their respective beats, and exchange checks to show that they have met.

When some vessel is shivering in distress there is no fear of shivering; the men leap to the most dangerous work. The first thing, if it is night, is to burn a red light, to let the people on the ship know that help is coming. Then, if it is possible for a boat to live in the water, the boats are launched; if the boats can't do any good then the men get ready to use the breeches buoy. First a shot, carrying a line, is sent over the ship; when the crew has secured that they haul in a heavy rope, both ends of which are kept on shore.

Men employed in the life-saving service have a month's leave of absence in summer, and get a salary of \$900 a year; the surfmen are employed only from September till May, and they get \$66 a month, with the privilege of twenty-four hours' leave of absence every two weeks.—Frances Somers in Chicago Inter Ocean.

WILL YOU LIVE TO BE OLD?

Some of the Signs of Longevity Noted by Physicians and Savants.

Every one is interested in the question of long life as applied to himself, and all facts bearing on it are noted with becoming feelings of self-congratulation or otherwise. It is the staying power that is in demand, backed by an inherited and reserved vitality of resistance against the usual evils to which all flesh and other perishable things are subject.

The law of heredity, which our life insurance companies understand so well, is at the bottom of all calculations as to whether a particular man or woman is wound up for seventy years or will run down at

twenty or forty years.

Aside from the testimony, there are certain physical qualities which have great weight in determining the result of the struggle against a conspiring environment. An oak has one configuration, and a cedar, pine, or mullein stalk another. It is the proper recognition of such distinctions that aids physicians in their prognosis, and turns the balance against apparently desperate chances.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, Mr. F. W. Warner, in speaking upon the subject of biometry, offered some very interesting data, which are in the main true.

'Every person,' said he, 'carries about with him the physical indications of his longevity. A long-lived person at sight. In many instances a physician may look at the hand of a patient and tell whether he will live or die.'

"In the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom, each life takes its characteristics from the life from which it sprang. Among these inherited characteristics we find the capacity for continuing its life for a given length of time. This capacity for living we call the inherent or potential longevity."

"Under favorable conditions and environment the individual should live out the potential longevity. With unfavorable conditions this longevity of the person, the family, or the race may be increased."

Herein are presented the two leading considerations, always present and always interdependent—the inherited potentiality and the reactionary influences of environment.

"The primary conditions of longevity," he continues, "are that the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large, the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The brain will be deeply seated as shown by the cricoid of the ear being low. The blue hazel or brown hazel eye, as showing an intermixture of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostrils being large, open, and free indicates large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs."

"These are general points of distinction from those of short-lived tenemics," but, of course, subject to the usual individual exceptions. Still, it is well acknowledged that the characteristics noted are expressions of inherent potentiality, which have been proven on the basis of abundant statistical evidence.

Again he says truly:

"In the case of persons who have short-lived parentage on one side and long-lived on the other side, the question becomes more involved. It is shown in grafting and hybridizing that nature makes a supreme effort to pass the period of the shorter longevity and extend the life to the greater longevity. Any one who understands these weak and dangerous periods of life is forewarned and forearmed. It has been observed that the children of long-lived parents mature much later and are usually backward in their studies."

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.