

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 24 1897.

WILL NOT CELEBRATE

BECAUSE THEY CAN'T AGREE UPON A WAY TO DO IT.

Moncton Citizens are either too poor, too indifferent, or too economical to do honor to Her Majesty in the 60th Year of Her Reign—the Committee Resigns.

MONCTON April 20.—The present indications are that Moncton will have no celebration of any kind to mark the Jubilee year, but will place herself on record as being either too poor, too indifferent, or too economical to take any part in a demonstration which will be almost world wide. After working manfully in the face of opposition, criticism and worst of all apathy, the general committee appointed by the citizens to take charge of the proposed celebration, have given up the unequal fight, and at a meeting held in the council chamber last Friday evening handed in their reports of lack of progress, and unambiguously tendered their resignation to the mayor. A. Lerman W. McK. Weldon read a report from the finance committee stating that every effort had been made to raise the required five hundred dollars, a subscription list had been prepared and circulated but as yet it remained blank, no one seeming inclined to contribute and in view of their lack of success, the sub committee on finance asked to be discharged. Other members of the general committee expressed the opinion that it would be quite impossible to raise the required sum by private subscription, and though there were a few cheerful enough to think that it might yet be done, the general feeling of the meeting was that the repeated delays and postponements in order to obtain further information were merely rendering the committee ridiculous and exposing them to adverse comment, so that the more dignified course would be to resign, and allow their places to be filled by men who might possibly succeed where they had failed, accordingly they tendered their resignation.

The acting of the general committee in asking to be relieved from further service has not been prompted by any shrinking from the responsibilities of their position, or the hard work it entailed, but rather from a feeling that neither the city council nor the citizens seemed to be in accord with them, and that others might be found who would be more fortunate in carrying the public with them.

To anyone acquainted with the gentlemen of whom the different committees are composed, this view of the matter is manifestly erroneous, as it is far from likely that anyone will succeed where they have failed. The true reason for the non success of their efforts is the lack of unanimity on the part of the citizens: some want one thing, and others want another, while the papers are filled from day to day with varied, and often impossible suggestions for the proper celebration of the day, as well as the permanent memorial; but as far as the outside public can judge, no one is particularly anxious to help the enterprise along with anything but advice, hard cash, which is the one thing most needed does not seem to enter into the calculations of these enthusiasts. Each man has a pet hobby of his own, and he is most generous in trotting it out for the benefit of the public through the medium of the papers. This one is in favor of a procession of school children, local societies and militia, on the common, supplemented by a parade of the firemen of the city who are to decorate their engines and hose cars at their own expense, a few small field pieces are to be borrowed from the militia department, also a royal standard, and a competent person secured to manipulate those same pieces in giving a royal salute—presumably to the standard—in twenty one rounds of blank cartridges, and five hundred rounds more, for a few de joi. Now this modest display of military pomp, would indeed be impressive, and when followed by the singing of the national anthem by the assembled school children led by the city bands, would indeed be a feature long to be remembered if the performance at all resembled that which took place when Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited Moncton. Doubtless it would prove a source of unalloyed pleasure to the parents of the children—but it must be remembered that we have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Moncton, which, being the only society of the kind in the city, also endeavors to prevent wanton cruelty to children, as well as animals, and it would certainly step in and forbid any such proceeding as a parade

of helpless youngsters marching around the common under a burning July sun accompanied by the local militia, and three small field pieces, and standing in the heat while the salutes were fired, and then forming in marching order, and proceeding as per program. It would certainly be a sight to make the angels weep to see those unfortunate children, at least five hundred strong, with the local militia, and the firemen, not to mention spectators, field pieces and populace in general, all crowded together on the narrow, and swampy limits of what is now left of the common! There would scarcely be standing room, much less space for the proper display of so imposing a procession! Fireworks, on the common again, and a torch-light procession. Probably a repetition of the morning's pageant, will appropriately conclude the day, all citizens being asked to illuminate their houses along the route. The promoter of this scheme adds the additional bait, to the rules already enumerated of assuring the citizens that it can be done at a very small cost.

Another public spirited citizen wants the above programme carried out with the addition of the Princess Louise cavalry taking part, and the date being changed to that set apart in England, and rather irrelevantly gives as his reason, that he is opposed to giving the athletic association a hundred dollars for fire-works and then paying twenty five cents to see them set off. Each man who writes to the papers on the subject usually winds up with the hope that others will come forward with suggestions, and the others are not slow to respond to the call, so suggestions are plentiful if cash is scarce. No one doubts that many of these propositions could be carried out with comparative ease, and little expense, but it must be remembered that it is not the ordinary observance of a public holiday that is contemplated but the fitting celebration of an event unknown before in the history of the empire and if it is not to be done in a proper manner, it had much better be abandoned altogether. It is this conviction which has led the committee for the celebration to resign; they are all of one accord in the opinion that a poor and mean demonstration would be worse than none at all, and as their efforts have met with no encouragement up to the present time, they prefer to give up the struggle. When first appointed they prepared a careful estimate of the probable cost of the entire celebration, and submitted it to the citizens who thought it too high and refused to vote such a sum; since then even the five hundred dollars promised by the city council has not been voted; the subscription list remains blank; the form the celebration is to take has not yet been decided upon, and there remains but a scant two months in which to make the extensive preparations required for such an event. Under such circumstances the action of the committee is scarcely to be wondered at, and it will be surprising if a sufficient number of men can be found who will be brave enough to take their places.

With regard to the permanent memorial things are not in a much more advanced condition. As long as we could keep the propositions within ordinary limits and confined ourselves to the completion of the relative merits of hospital, park, and public library we did pretty well, and even made a little progress, but the circle is ever widening and the more it extends the farther we seem to get from a decision. One person thinks that a new school building on the central grounds would be a fitting memorial, while another considers that a nice system of permanent sidewalks would be more appropriate, and we shall probably hear from some enthusiast before long who is in favor of an improved system of sewerage, the introduction of a few more electric lights, or the extension of some of the side streets, as a memorial of the longest and most prosperous reign the world has known. It is all very interesting of course, and calculated to impart a pleasing variety to the somewhat monotonous work connected with any large public undertaking, but there seems to be some danger that by the time the citizens have duly weighed the relative merits of the different suggestions, and given a proper consideration to individual taste and opinion, so as to avoid hurting anyone's feelings the jubilee year

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will have become a thing of the past, and Moncton will suddenly awake to the fact that she has been left behind in the race and her own indecision is entirely responsible for the rather ridiculous position in which she finds herself.

GRUEL IN THE PARLOR.

The Cook was Disgusted at the Entertainment Given a Stranger.

The old-time hospitality of the South included certain established customs, the importance of which were felt by all, from the master to the youngest servant on the place. How sacred these observances were may be judged from the difficulty which Mr. John Howard Payne, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' once had in obtaining a humble bowl of gruel instead of the more elegant refreshments usually offered to visitors. He was living at a little tavern in a Southern town, and went with woe-begone face to a friend's house one morning.

'Miss Mary,' he pathetically inquired, 'do you know what gruel is?'

'Indeed, I do. Why, what is the matter?'

'Oh, these horrid biscuits at the tavern seem compounded of salaratus, lard and half-baked flour. Could you have me a dish of gruel prepared?'

'Certainly I can,' she answered, and hastened to the kitchen to lay the case before Aunt Minda, the family cook.

'Lor, Miss Mary,' exclaimed the ebony priestess of pots and pans, 'yer know yer maw not gwine ter like that! I never knowed gruel carried inter her parlor ter company. Yer got no pride chile.'

'But, Aunt Minda—'

'Go 'long inter the house an' give yer frien' fruit-cake an' pineapple cheese, Miss Mary.'

'But, Aunt Minda—'

'Don' keer, chile! Gruel ain' ter be carried inter the parlor, nowhow.'

'But Mr. Payne has dyspepsia, Aunt Minda. He's sick, and doesn't want anything but yer gruel.'

This appeal conquered the old negress, who pried herself as much on nursing as on cooking, and the gruel was prepared.

But Rob, the house-boy, had yet to be reckoned with. He was as flustered as Aunt Minda by such a compromise of dignity. He would have proudly and promptly presented cake and wine, but gruel in his opinion, would besmirch the family escutcheon forever. He entered into a long argument, which ended in his sulkily carrying the tray of gruel to the visitor. His wounded feelings were mollified, however, when he saw the steaming beverage quaffed like nectar.

'Rob,' said Mr. Payne, 'is there any more gruel where that came from?'

'Lor, yes, Mr. Payne! There is bushels!'

'Well, bring me another bowl then,' said the visitor, gratefully, slipping a dollar into the boy's hand.

AN ENEMY OF STARFISH.

Oystermen Hope That a Remedy Has Been Found for Foes of the Oyster.

The starfish is one of the worst enemies that the oyster planter has to contend with. There is a fortune for the man who can devise a cheap plan to rid the oyster beds of this pest. Oystermen have spread nets over their beds, and the starfish could fold its fingers and push its back up through the meshes, but could not return because the fingers would not bend backward. Patents have been issued for 'swab tangles,' which are strands of rope yarn arranged on a bar, and are dragged over the beds and the starfish are entangled in the threads by reason of their many rough points. But these processes require much labor, which the value of the crop will hardly warrant. Capt. Daniel Van Velsor, an extensive

oyster grower in Oyster Bay, went down the bay some time ago with James Thomson and J. D. Velsor to take up the oysters for the day's shipment to New York. Among the oysters they found a lot of dead and dying starfish. Those which were not dead seemed to have portions of their anatomy covered with some small form of animal life, and where the small creatures were congregated the parts of the starfish were bleached and dead. An enemy of the starfish had appeared, the oystermen thought, and they rejoiced. Dead starfish and the new enemy were carefully gathered and sent to Major Fred Maher, the pisciculturist, who pronounced the enemy a form of marine life unknown to him. In a letter to Capt. Daniel Van Velsor he said:

'I find these small animals to be crustaceans; that is, in the class with lobsters, crabs, shrimps, and flukes, &c., and therefore they are scavengers and can live on animal matter, living or dead. Zoologists would call them isopods, because their feet are all alike or equal; they are nearly one-fourth of an inch in length, and have some characters of Limnoria, which feeds on wood and is destructive to piles and other woodwork in water, and also resemble a very small crustacean known as Limnoria terebra, which is much smaller. I do not know the little animal which you send, but will send the specimens to the experts at Washington, in alcohol.'

The little crustacean has not been described in the publications of the Fish Commission, or Major Maher would have been able to name it; but it is really a new enemy of the starfish it is to be hoped that it may be propagated. In the economy of nature there are parasitic animals that live quietly on others for years, and then, by force of some natural conditions, multiply in such numbers as to destroy their hosts and then, deprived of feeding grounds, they diminish in numbers for a while, and so the cycle of animal life goes on.

NOTHING DAUNTED.

The Man Who Conquers Despair is one of the World's Heroes.

There are brave men everywhere, among all classes of humanity, but the man who has the courage to fight despair, who sets himself resolutely to work out a future from what would seem to be the ruins of a shattered life, is not the least of the world's heroes. Forty years ago such a man met fate, and conquered, and in the conquering laid the foundation of an industry that

had before existed only as an adjunct to another calling.

The making of models of newly patented machines, models that embody an inventor's idea, and yet are so small that they can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in a hand-bag, is an industry very useful, and indeed essential, in this age of invention. Without it the inventor could not well sell his goods, for a customer cannot be induced to wade through a pamphlet of description, though he will look at a miniature working model, and at once see its advantages.

The making of such models used to be left solely to watchmakers. These men had no knowledge of practical engineering, and sometimes could not follow the idea of the inventor. Yet to them he was bound to apply until about forty years ago.

At that time a midfortune befell a skillful London mechanic, intrusted with the most delicate work in a large engineering establishment. He was attacked by partial paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his legs, but left his arms unimpaired. He could never again hope to leave his chair, and his former work was now an impossibility.

He was, however, too brave a man to despair. His arms were free, and he determined to devote himself to such engineering work as was still possible to him. He turned his attention to miniature models—microscopic models, they might be called since it was impossible to make out the parts without a magnifier. To his efforts it is due that the making of working models is now a distinct branch of industry.

Two of his models, described in Chamber's Journal, were masterpieces of workmanship. One was a model of the engines of the iron clad Warrior, and the other a tiny copy of the steamship Great Britain, engines and all. The first was the most minute pair of engines the world had ever seen. They stood on a three-penny piece, and the same coin balanced them in the scales. Every detail was there in its exact proportion, and the engines worked with amazing speed when simply blown with the breath.

The other model was equally wonderful. It was the smallest steamship ever fashioned. It was eight inches long, and its screw propeller was hardly larger than a pea. Its whole weight when ready for sea, was an ounce and a quarter. The engines weighed less than half an ounce. It was a sight to see the tiny ship plowing its way across a bath-tub.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

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