

### SUCCESSFUL ARBITRATION.

How Labor Disputes are Settled in France at Present.

There is a successful system of arbitration to settle labor disputes in France under a law that was passed three years ago and has been in operation about eighteen months. When a difference arises between an employer and his workmen, says a writer in the Chicago Record, either party may file with the justice of the peace of the canton a written declaration of a desire to submit the matter to arbitration, setting forth the names of those involved, the subject of the controversy and the motives or reasons by which each is governed. A list of five delegates, who may or may not be involved in the dispute, is also submitted as a committee to manage and present the case. Within three days thereafter the justice must serve a copy of this declaration upon the other person, who has three days to reply. If no reply is received the notice is repeated, and three more days are allowed for an answer.

If the second person replies he is expected to submit his side of the case and select five persons to represent him. These ten delegates then sit as a board of conciliation with the justice of the peace as the presiding officer. If an agreement is reached it is drawn up in writing, signed by the justice and the committee, and copies are filed in court and with the ministry of industry and commerce at Paris.

If the board of conciliation fails to accomplish its purpose a board of arbitration is selected by the delegates, which consists of two, four or six persons who are not involved in the controversy, but are recognized as men of judgment and distinction. They select an odd man as umpire. If they fail to agree upon the umpire he is selected by the presiding judge of the Civil Court. The case is submitted by the representatives of either side in written briefs and by oral arguments, and the decision is rendered to the justice of the peace, who furnishes a copy to each side, files one with the court and sends another to the ministry of commerce and industry. The decision of a board of conciliation and a board of arbitration is binding upon all concerned for at least one year.

In case one party refuses to accept conciliation or arbitration the law requires that after ten days the justice of the peace shall call before him the recognized representative of both sides and after ascertaining the grounds of the dispute he uses his influence to secure a settlement or persuade the parties to submit to arbitration. His summons carries the same force as the subpoena of a court, and although neither party is compelled to submit to his judgment both are required by the law to submit statements. It has been found by experience that such a proceeding brings out the facts in the controversy and awakens public sentiment, which is always influential in securing a settlement. The party that refuses is generally in the wrong. The expenses of the proceedings are paid by the municipality.

There have been over 600 cases under the new law. In 309 cases voluntary application for conciliation was made by the workmen, in 165 by the employers. In the other cases the justice of the peace intervened, and in thirty nine cases he succeeded in securing arbitration by moral suasion. In only two instances, so far known, have the workmen refused to abide by the decisions.

### HIS EMPTY SLEEVE.

How Col. Bradford Lost his Arm—An Unusual Occurrence.

If Sir Edward Bradford had given no other service to his country than those which during the past few years he has so brilliantly performed as head of the metropolitan police force, he would have well earned the honor that his sovereign has just bestowed upon him, and which may be regarded as her personal testimony to the extraordinary sagacity with which the arrangements for the safety of the public during the Queen's day were conceived, and the literally perfect manner in which they were carried out.

Colonel Sir Edward Ridley Colborne Bradford is 61 years of age, and had a very distinguished career in the army before he was appointed to the office he now fills so worthily. So far back as 1853, when "John Company" still swayed the destinies of the Indian peninsula he joined the Madras army. He became lieutenant two years later. In 1857 he served with the Fourteenth Light Dragoons during the Persian campaigns, receiving the medal. Later on, in 1858 and 1859, he took part as an officer of Mayne's Horse, in the operations conducted by General Michel against the celebrated Chief Tantia Toppe, and shared the perils and glories of many a hard-fought battle. He became a major in 1873, lieutenant colonel in 1879 and colonel in 1888. At the time of the late jubilee he was secretary in the political and secret department of the Indian office.

When, in 1890, the post of commissioner of metropolitan police fell vacant, and was offered to Sir Edward Bradford, who in 1885 had been promoted from C. S. I.

## Sleep

Induced by the use of coca, opiate or narcotic compounds is bad, decidedly bad. They undermine health and shatter the constitution and the patient is steadily growing into a worse condition—often resulting in the terrible slavery and misery of the cocaine and opium habit. Sleep induced by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla does not perhaps come as quickly, but it comes more surely and more permanently through nature's great restoring and rejuvenating channel—purified, vitalized and enriched blood. This feeds the nerves with life-giving energy and builds up the system and constitution from the very foundation of all health and life—the blood—pure, rich, red blood.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

to K. C. S. I., there were many who expressed dissent from the policy of again placing the civil guardians of law and order under a military man. But that no better choice could have been made is evidenced by Sir Edward's career in his present post.

Many of those who saw him on Queen's day doubtless wonder how his left sleeve came to be empty. Years ago while still an officer in India, Sir Edward Bradford was a very keen sportsman, with a strong liking for that most dangerous of all pastimes—tiger shooting. One day while engaged in this hazardous diversion, he fired at a tiger, which, only wounded, charged upon him, and bore him to the ground. Never losing his presence of mind for a moment, the intrepid hunter, with a view to preventing the infuriated animal from attacking his head thrust within his jaws his left arm. The tiger simply gnawed it off, but the life of the cool nerved was saved by his comrades, who arrived in time to shoot the creature before it had time to inflict any more serious injury upon Sir Edward. When the late Duke of Clarence visited India Sir Edward Bradford was among those specially selected to accompany him. From 1889 to 1893 he was an aide-de-camp to the Queen.—London Telegraph.

### THE VILLAGE BAND.

A Guide for Musical Critics—An Interesting Criticism.

The editor of the Blankville Clarion was a gentleman who had once been the musical critic of a daily paper in a large city, but had turned his back on city journalism, from choice or necessity, and was spending his declining years as chief moulder of public opinion and leading citizens in a quiet country village.

Blankville boasted a brass band, the players of which were youths belonging to the best families of the place. This band came one evening to the dwelling of the editor, and played several of its choicest pieces. The next issue of the Clarion contained the following acknowledgment.

"The editor of this paper is under obligations to the members of the Blankville Cornet Band for a serenade last Thursday evening.

"Among the selections performed as nearly as we could make out, was the 'Grand March from Norma,' together with a spirited variation of what seemed to be the immortal 'Portuguese Hymn.' There was also a startling and original rendition of 'Down Went McGinty,' with bass drum obligato, given with remarkable freedom of expression; and the composer, or arranger,—with pleasing unconventionality, had woven into the theme several strains from the 'Overture to William Tell.'

"The young men who compose this band are among our foremost representatives of the rising generation of Blankville. They are, without exception, large, strong-limbed and athletic. It must not be ascribed to undue civic pride when we say that, with the training these young men have had, musical and otherwise, we doubt if there is a baseball team anywhere in the country that could stand before them a moment.

"In the manner in which they attacked the andante passages of what we took to be the 'Montrose Quickstep,' there was noticeable a vigor, an abandon, a muscular grasp, as it were, that swept everything before it. In all our experiences we have never heard 'Schubert's Serenade' played as they played it. It awakened profound emotions. In our humble opinion it would have moved the composer himself to tears.

"It is marvellous what the modern system of gymnastics—or something—in schools is doing for the training of our young men. It fits them for hard work. It renders them strong and self-reliant. As musicians, it makes them independent of each other. It makes them even independent of composers. Thanks, young gentlemen, thanks for the serenade! May the choicest blessings of life be yours—and in the name of the pitying angels, don't come again!"

### Short's Dyspepticure.

cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 35cts. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

### COUSIN EM'S APRON.

She Didn't Mind the Trip Only She Wore Nothing but her Apron.

Railway travel furnishes many a comedy, and now and then some newspaper man is present to make notes and print them. The New York Times, for instance, furnishes its readers with a lively description of a scene on an express-train of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At a certain station a company of four persons entered, one of them a 'small and silent baby.' The other three, as it turned out, were the father and mother, and 'Cousin Em.'

Immediately after the train started the announcement was made in three different vocal keys that 'Cousin Em' was being carried away from home against her volition.

'Here, stop this train, David! Stop it, I say, and let 'Cousin Em' off! I commanded the baby's mother, pushing her little husband toward the door of the car.

'Stop the train, conductor! Hold 'er up! hold 'er up!' echoed the husband, running frantically down the aisle.

'Yes, for goodness' sake, let me off,' chimed in 'Cousin Em.' 'I aint fit to go nowhere. I've got nothin' but a check apron on.'

The conductor however, was somewhere else, and the brakeman's authority did not extend beyond keeping the excited young woman from jumping off the fast-moving train.

With a wail of despair, therefore, 'Cousin Em' retreated to the middle of the car, and proceeded to re-are to the passengers how she had come aboard 'to help Cousin Effie on with the baby and the things, because Cousin David is no earthly use where women folks are. And here I am with nothin' but a check apron on,' she sobbed in conclusion.

Meanwhile the baby's mother was making vigorous use of an ample vocabulary in setting clearly before her little husband's mind a few facts regarding uselessness.

'Now, you just fork over the money to pay 'Cousin Em's fare to the next station and back, and then you'll hold the baby till we get home,' she said, with an emphasis that brooked no dissent.

'David' handed out forty cents, and quietly took the baby.

When the conductor appeared he was inclined to treat the incident as a good joke on 'Cousin Em,' but that young woman indignantly bade him observe that she had 'nothin' but a check apron on,' and to keep his jesting for some more suitable occasion.

To a few of the sympathetic female passengers she confided that she had some 'beffitting frocks' at home, and as she left the car at M. Station she expressed the hope that she might meet her new friends again 'with so'thin' better than a check apron on.'

'Cousin David' held the baby until the train stopped at Jersey city. His wife kept her eyes on him, and so did the rest of the passengers.

### ONE SENSIBLE WOMAN.

She Knew the Dog Wasn't Mad so Didn't Loose Her Wits.

A crowd, a supposed mad dog and a 'tall, well-dressed woman'—these were the parties to a lively scene in Broadway, New York, one afternoon last summer. The dog, a small one, suddenly began running about in a circle and crying piteously. Somebody cried, 'Mad dog!' Somebody else repeated the cry, and some men and women were scurrying in all directions, frightened out of their wits. How the affair terminated is thus reported by the Tribune:

When the excitement was at its height, the dog rushed under the elevated tracks at the corner of Thirty-third Street and Broadway. At this moment a tall, well-dressed woman, who was coming down Broadway, stopped and looked at the scurrying pedestrians and then at the dog.

It darted across the street toward the place where the woman was standing, and as it reached the sidewalk she stooped quickly and seized it by the back of the neck, and carried the now whining animal to the up town elevated railroad station stairs.

Those who had fled from the dog stared at the woman in amazement. All unconcerned, however, she began to pat the head of the terrier and speak to it affectionately. The spectacle of a woman fondling a mad dog was so extraordinary that several hundred persons quickly gathered.

'Everybody seems to think this dog is mad,' she said, with a laugh, to a policeman who came up to investigate the matter; 'but I know all about dogs. I know from his cries that he has lost his master. No mad dog ever races around in one spot, the way I saw him do.'

By this time the terrier had quieted down, and was nestling close to its new-found friend. The policeman found the woman's theory of the cause of the dog's antics correct. The dog and his master had been separated when the owner boarded a car.

Breathe Long and Deeply.

Breathe deeply, says a medical exchange, and thereby you will increase the circulation, purify the blood, and send it charged with vital force to warm the feet,

"I suffered with bronchitis for nearly five years. My physician prescribed for me without producing favorable results, and finally advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have taken six bottles of this medicine, and am now \*

come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

\* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

## Ticklish Things.

Coughs are ticklish things. Nowhere does the extravagant saying: "I was tickled to death," come nearer being true, than in the case of a severe cough. Do you know the feeling? The tickling in the throat, that you writhe under and fight against, until at last you break out in a paroxysm of coughing? Why not cure the cough and enjoy unbroken rest? You can do so by using

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make ruby lips, and paint roses on the cheeks. It will fortify the digestion give you a clean, sweet breath, promote sleep, quiet the nerves, strengthen the vocal organs, and increase the capacity. It will also tend to prevent asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, and lung troubles.

### THE VALUE OF LEGS.

Benefits of Correct Walking as an aid to Good Health.

Few people appreciate as they should the advantage of having legs. It is true that many have awakened to the fact that legs are good for working the pedals on a wheel, and others think them serviceable in whirling their bodies two by two over the polished surfaces of a ball-room floor in the early morning hours, when they had better be sleeping. But how many there are who do not appreciate the blessing of having two sound legs to walk on, and who do not realize that, having them, they are independent of circumstances!

Young or old, rich or poor, in good weather or in bad, in the city or in the country, over rough roads or smooth, or no roads at all, they can take themselves out, they can spur up the circulation to its work of supplying new fuel to the boiler of the body and removing its ashes; they can expand the lungs with fresh, pure air, and blow out the seeds of disease that only ask to be let alone to take root and bear deadly fruit; they can clear the brain, brushing away the cobwebs of disappointment, doubt and melancholy, filling their place with the iridescent tints of content and healthful hope.

Here we have a machine that is always ready for use, chainless, with self-lubricating and dust proof bearings, close tread, changeable gear, absolutely puncture-proof tires, and an anatomical saddle superior to any in the market.

Perhaps the reason why so few appreciate the treasure they possess in their legs is because so few know how to use them. The walker should step briskly, with head erect, shoulders back and arms swinging, breathing deeply with closed mouth. Strolling is better than nothing, for even that takes us into pure, open air; but there is nothing like a good swinging gait for putting life into one.

Quick walking is good at any time except just after a hearty meal, but best of all in the forenoon or at bed time. For students the evening walk is invaluable. If hard study must be continued late into the evening, sleep will be much more certain and refreshing if the mind is cleared and soothed by a brisk turn of five or ten minutes. Such a turn is useful, too, if drowsiness comes before the task is finished; it tones up the tired brain cells and freshens the jaded memory.—Youth's Companion.

### A Great Climate.

Visitors to the new states of the far West are generally prepared for any phenomenal showing in the line of agriculture, stock-raising and the like, but once in a while they are taken by surprise.

An Easterner who was spending his summer vacation on the ranch of a relative in Colorado, went one morning to inspect a large incubator in which the young chicks were hatching. In one corner of the incubator a neglected peach-seed, encouraged by the warmth of the atmosphere had burst, and a tiny sprout several inches long was growing out of it.

'Great Caesar!' exclaimed the Eastern man, as this caught his eye, 'do you hatch out your peaches in this country?'

'Didn't I see Hosslekus going into a doctor's office a little while ago?'

'Yes.'

'I thought he was a believer in the faith cure.'

'He is as a general thing, but the persuasion that he had a big boil on the back of his neck was so strong upon him this time that it wouldn't yield to the faith treatment.'

A retired old sailor in Harpswell, Me., has inclosed his front yard with a fence made of swords of swordfish.

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PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED  
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**Squirrel Town.**  
Where the oak-trees tall and stately  
Stretch great branches to the sky,  
Where the green leaves toss and flutter,  
As the summer days go by,  
Dwell a crowd of little people  
Ever racing, up and down—  
Bright eyes glancing, gray tails whisking—  
This is known as Squirrel Town.

Bless me, what a rush and bustle,  
As the happy hours speed by!  
Chitter, chatter—chatter, chitter,  
Underneath the azure sky,  
Laughs the brook to hear the clamor;  
Chirps the sparrow ray and brown  
'Welcome! Welcome, everybody!  
Jolly place, this Squirrel Town.'

Honey-bees the fields are roaming;  
Daisies nod, and lilies blow.  
Soon Jack Frost,—the saucy fellow,—  
Hurrying, will come, I know.  
Crimson leaves will light the woodland  
And the nix come patterning down;  
Winter store they all must gather—  
Busy place then, Squirrel Town.

Blowing, blustering, sweeps the north wind—  
See! The snow is flying fast.  
Fushed the brook, and nashed the sparrow,  
For the summer-time is past.  
Yet these merry little fellows  
Do not fear old Winter's frown;  
Snug in hollow trees they're hiding—  
Quiet pace is Squirrel Town.—Alix Thorne.

### Blind Rat Let by Comrades.

A man employed at the sewage farm at Batchworth in Hertfordshire asserts that quite recently, when working on his farm, he has often seen an old blind rat carrying a piece of stick in its mouth, with two other younger rats leading it about with one end of the stick also in their mouths.

It was on the forty-seventh day out when some of the crew began to murmur, and one of them, more out-spoken than the rest, walking into Columbus's cabin, implored him not to go further. 'Why?' asked Columbus. 'What's the use of turning back, now that we're nearly half way there?' 'We are afraid we'll never get back,' said the sailor. 'You'll lose your way before long.' 'Not at all,' said Columbus, pointing through the stern window of his ship. 'We can't lose ourselves. Do you see the wake of this ship?' 'Yes,' said the sailor. 'It's my own wake I'm thinking of, your honor.' 'Well, never fear,' said Columbus, calmly. 'When we decide to return, all we have to do is to follow that wake back to Gibraltar, and from there the way is easy.' The sailor departed satisfied.—Harper's Bazar.

## NY - AS - SAN

CURE FOR

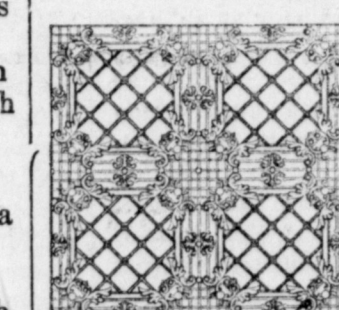
## ERYSIPELAS

Mrs. Thos. Trahey of Parrsboro, N. S., says:—"In the year 1892 I was in bed five weeks with Erysipelas, swollen out of all human shape, Doctors gave me up, and given up to die. At this crisis Nyassan was used and in a most wonderful way I was cured in a few days."

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"Mention this paper when you write."

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