

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

AMONG THE CHARITIES.

INSTITUTIONS ABOUT WHICH VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN.

The Little Girls Home on Brussels Street and the new Maternity Hospital—Pearl Ross makes the first mentioned lively by her numerous eccentricities.

A quiet charity which is only heard of occasionally is the little Girls Home on Brussels Street. It has been in existence for seven or eight years and in that time has given shelter to a large number of children until they had found homes elsewhere.

The Home is situated at the lower end of Brussels street and at present there are ten inmates whose ages range from five to twelve years. The residence is owned by the Turnbull estate and is given rent free while used for its present purpose.

On the first floor are kitchen, dining room, parlor and play rooms, and the second contains the childrens and matron's bedrooms.

The institution is supported by voluntary and solicited contributions. Since its establishment the Home has changed matrons a number of times, and it can readily be understood that those who hold the position do not always find it the most pleasant of undertakings. These frequent changes are hardly conducive to the success of the Home; at present it does not seem to be particularly prosperous or well cared for, though the little inmates seem very happy and deeply attached to Mrs. Anderson the woman who is now filling the position of matron. The thought which naturally comes to the casual visitor to the Home is, whether in this city of orphan asylums such an institution is necessary or can be carried on successfully.

There are a number of ladies on the board of management and they no doubt have given the matter very serious consideration and are fully convinced that the charity is a practical one.

The little girls in the Home are all bright docile children, and with one exception give little trouble. That exception is Pearl Ross of Fredericton. Pearl is pretty well known in St. John now, though she has only been here a short time. She is eleven years old though she looks about eight, and has as pretty and innocent a face as one could wish to see. Her abundance of fine brown hair, her large brown eyes with their heavy black lashes, are her great charm, and her chief accomplishment, next to her ability to get away from her guardians, is a wink. It is a doubtful accomplishment to be sure but that doesn't trouble Pearl, and she is always anxious to try it on every one she meets.

The Capital was altogether too small for this youthful wanderer. There was a certain monotony about the place that didn't suit her, and besides there was no fun in getting lost in the same old places year in and year out. The police officers didn't think there was any fun either in being called on week after week to hunt up a girl with a mania for wandering and when they declined to have anything more to do with her Pearl was sent to St. John for safe keeping.

It is a larger field for her operations and she has succeeded in exploring a good part of it in the few weeks she has been here.

She made her debut at Moosepath park a day or two after her arrival and attracted a good deal of attention. While the matron of the Home, some police officers and two or three others were looking for the little girl, she was calmly taking in the races from a seat among the most select of the spectators.

Little Miss Ross has never displayed any very great religious tendencies but a few Sundays ago she disappeared in that mysterious manner peculiar to herself and this time she attended eleven o'clock service at the Cathedral. It Pearl would only elect to spend her off time in church going there would be no cause for anxiety on the part of those who have her in charge, but that form of amusement is altogether too tame. She has visited all parts of the city on her own hook and generally turns up at the police station safe and sound when she decides that she has seen enough for one day.

For two weeks now the truant has been on her good behaviour and those interested in her have begun to hope for her reformation, though the experiences of the past month or two have naturally prepared

them for any surprises that Pearl may spring upon them.

A month or two ago PROGRESS told of the good work being done by the S. A. Rescue Home in this city and of the intention of the Army to a maternity hospital, an establishment entirely distinct in its object and workings from the institution on Elliott Row. When the Rescue Home was first organized it was thought that it would fill all requirements, but the care needed by the children admitted interfered seriously with the officers work of looking after that particular class of fallen women whom the Home was originally designed to succor.

Adjutant Jost has lost no time in carrying out the army's idea of a separate home for unfortunate girls and other offspring, and the result is the new hospital at the corner of Crown, and King street east. The house is in one of the quietest parts of the city; it is large, bright and airy, and commands a splendid view of the bay. A pleasant dining room, a kitchen fitted with all necessary requirements, a large pantry, coal and vegetable cellars, are on the basement, while on the ground floor are a large sitting room for the inmates and a spacious reception room. Other rooms on this floor will not be used just at present. Upstairs rooms are devoted to the use of the officers, nursery and inmates. All are bright, healthful and cheery apartments comfortably furnished and with a decidedly homelike looking, suggesting nothing of the cold charity so often met with in institutions of this kind. The formal opening of the hospital took place on Thursday evening upon which occasion a number of prominent citizens were present and expressed their hearty sympathy with, and endorsement of the scheme.

DIDN'T SEE THE SIXTH MISS SMITH
Sorry for it, Although Five at Once Proved too Many for Him.

The train stopped at the small prairie station only long enough to let one read the name, and, at one end of the sign, the distance in miles and tenths from Denver, the same reckoning at the other end dealing similarly with Chicago. To residents of these small prairie towns these stops may be indeed as important as they seem to think them, though travellers scarcely look on them as anything but a means of determining just how much behind time the Overland is and what is the probability of missing the connections. The chance acquaintance who had been aiding to make the trip less dreary by droll chapters of unpublished memoirs looked out of the window too late and asked the name of the station. When it was told him he scanned the small cluster of houses with great interest, "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I wish I knew what house the Smiths live in."

That seems an idiotic sort of thing to say of any town, the probabilities being so great that many houses are occupied by bearers of that ancient name. This seemed not to dawn on him, for he made matters worse by continuing: "If there were only time I should like to take a stop-over and go to see them; I shall always feel that I have lost something out of life so long as I have not met the sixth Miss Smith."

After such challenges as this there was only one thing to do; he must be asked to tell the story which was behind his show of interest in this wayside town.

"Some time ago I had bonded the most beautiful proposition up at Cripple Creek you ever saw; prospect in good mineral, gold almost at the grass roots and in a good country over at the back of Bull Hill. It was a ninety-day bond and I was just pouring out cash to make what I could out of the ground itself, while I was all the time working like a giant to get the money to take up the bond with. You know how that is with us in Denver; we haven't got the money to buy such mines outright; we've just got to let other folks in to help us. Just then I was working for a man from this very town; he had some money to invest and I was walking on tiptoes so as not to scare him away from my proposition. While he was making up his mind—he made up his mind against my proposition—I couldn't take up the bond in time and had to let it go, and the next man to bond it is taking out \$20,000 a month.

"Well, I was waiting to hear from him and praying that nothing would happen to shoo him off. He was always writing me letters to ask this question or that in the most cautious sort of a way, and I was spending lots of money answering his ques-

tions by wire. One day I got another of these letters which covered much the same ground as the others, but down at the bottom he said that his niece, Miss Smith, was going to be in Denver the very day I got the letter, and would I call on her at the Brown Palace, because she was a stranger in Denver?"

"I've known some splendid bits of financing mines to depend on just some simple thing like that, and I wasn't losing any chances. So that afternoon I went around to the Brown Palace and asked if Miss Smith were there. Of course they know me pretty well there, so I thought it was only a little bit of joking when the clerk replied, 'They are, Colonel.' My card was sent up, and I waited in the small reception parlor. In a short while in came a young lady with my card in her hand.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you called," she said. "Uncle said you might be too busy, or out of town, but it is pleasant to feel that you almost know somebody in a strange place. Sister told me to say that she'd be right down."

"Before I had spoken a single word another young lady came in and extended her hand to shake mine very cordially. 'I had only just come in from a little walk when your card was brought in, and I hoped you wouldn't mind waiting while I took off my jacket and hat. It seems so good to meet a friend of uncle's here in Denver; sister is anxious to see you she's been lying down, but she'll be right down.'

"There was no opportunity to say anything. I had not even quite succeeded in getting seated again when a third young lady came sailing into the parlor. 'I hope you will pardon me for delaying you so,' she said, 'but I had been lying down, and I just had to smooth out my hair. But, anyway, I'm not the last; sister says she'll be right down.'

"By this time I was rapidly becoming a wreck; it was my very first experience at a social continuous performance; never before had I paid a friendly call on such a consecutive young lady. This time I neither attempted to say a word or sit down. I just turned my eyes toward the door, and promptly on schedule the next sister entered just as cordial as her predecessors. She, too, was glad to see a friend of whom uncle spoke so highly, and she had sent the maid to fetch her sister, who was looking at the cabinet of minerals downstairs, as she was fond of mineralogy and geology.

"Then the geologist and mineralogist hurried in to join this family group. That made five of them, all of approximately the same age, all with a strong family resemblance which they had maliciously heightened by dressing exactly alike. The aggregation proved too much for me. I mumbled something about the pleasure of making such a voluminous acquaintance; probably I looked as stupid as I felt. If it had been Miss Smith or if it had been two Misses Smith or two Miss Smiths might have shown them attention. But you cannot take five out for a ride or to the theatre or any such thing. Well, I tried to brace up, but it was no use; the combination was overpowering, so I got up to leave. All five chorused, 'Oh, must you go? We hoped you could stay a little longer. Sister will be so disappointed; I know she was counting on seeing you, but she has gone out to look at the city. Call again and see sister.'

"Now you know why I am curious as to the residence of the Smiths. The mining deal fell through, perhaps because I did not wait to see the other sister. And, too, I go about with a sense of incompleteness because I have not yet seen the sixth Miss Smith."

Two Faults.

At a certain country chapel the other Sunday morning there was a good congregation to hear a new minister who had been appointed to officiate. The preacher did not make a very favourable impression, to judge by the remarks of some of the villagers after service. One official of the chapel, wearied of the complaints, turned to an old man who had remained silent till now. "What do you say, John?" he asked. "Have you any fault to find with the new minister?"

"He's got two little faults," answered John, "an' only two."

"An' they are?"

"Fust, he ain't no preacher," responded John.

"And the other?"

"Second," went on the old man grimly, "e'll never make one."

Mr. Staybolt's Philosophy.

"We may at first," said Mr Staybolt, "be judged by our peculiarities; but in the course of time we are pretty sure to be estimated according to our merits, the peculiarities being lost sight of altogether or counted on such only. Hence it behooves us not to waste too much time on the gargoyles, but to hump ourselves mostly over a firm and solid structure."

A MAN WITHOUT A NAME

SET ASHORE ON THE BAY OF FUNDY COAST FORTY YEARS AGO.

Since Then he Hasn't Spoken an Intelligible Word, and no one Knows Where he Came or who he is—The Government Votes a sum for his Support.

The blue books published by the Government of the province of Nova Scotia are, as a rule, pretty dry reading, and that called the Financial Returns is one of the driest of the lot. Yet there is one line in the Financial Returns behind which lurks one of the strangest mysteries, which, after forty years, still remains a mystery. The Financial Returns give all expenditures from the office of the Provincial Treasurer—that is, all expenditures made by the province of Nova Scotia. One line reads: Jerome.....\$104 00

Few, if any, members of the present Legislature know what it means. They only know that it has been there for many years, and therefore some one is receiving \$104 every year, but who and what 'Jerome' is or why he should receive anything they do not know. The item was there in the old days before, confederation—before there was any Dominion of Canada and Nova Scotia was a separate colony.

One day, forty years ago, the people living about the narrow strip of rock and land on the Nova Scotia side of the Bay of Fundy, known as Digby Neck, observed a ship on the horizon. Her movements were unusual. She seemed to be aimlessly hovering about the same place. When darkness came she was still there and her mission was an object of much speculation to the fishermen whose little cottages were the only residence in the neighborhood of that rugged shore. Next morning the vessel was gone, but there was a man, or piece of a man, on the beach. His legs had been cut off above the knees. The work had been recently done and by a skilful hand. The wounded stumps were carefully bandaged. The man was apparently about 19 years old, with soft, flaxen hair and blue eyes. His white skin, delicate features and shapely hands betokened that he was probably well born and well brought up. His underclothing was of finest linen and his other garments of good material, but of out differing from that of any people the fishermen had ever seen. He seemed to be suffering from the effects of some terrible shock. Beside him on the beach were a small keg of water and a bag of ship's biscuits.

He was taken to one of the cottages and nursed and cared for. He gradually recovered, but was gloomy and silent. His vocal organs seemed all right but if the guttural sounds he uttered were meant for words, nobody could make out what they meant. Pedlars who were from abroad, and seafaring men who had a smattering of foreign tongues went to see him, but his language, if language it were, was strange to them all. Perhaps no effort was made to teach him English, or perhaps his sullen disposition rendered him unapproachable, or the shock to his system when his legs were cut off dulled his mind so that he could not learn. Certain it is that although forty years have passed since he was marooned in the mysterious manner described, he has never conveyed to any living being by speech a single thought.

There was not a letter or paper of any

kind nor marks on his clothing to give the slightest clue to his name, home nationality or history. The people called him 'Jerome,' because they thought some of the sounds he made with his voice resembled that, but except for this he has remained for forty years a man without a name. In time the poor people of the village felt they could no longer bear the burden of the wail's maintenance, and they applied to the authorities to relieve them of him. The poor Commissioners of Digby Co. did not see why they should bear the load. He certainly was not a Digby county man. They accordingly applied to the Legislature of Nova Scotia to take care of him. Pending investigation the Legislature appropriated the sum of \$104 for his maintenance. Investigation failed to discover any more than was already known, and the grant was continued year after year.

"Jerome" lives now with a respectable French Acadian family near a place called Saultville, on the Bay of Fundy shore, in Digby county. It is on the main post road of the province, and in bygone years passengers by coach would stop to see and inquire about the man, but in time they got so accustomed to seeing and hearing of him that they would simply wave the hand to him as he stood in front of the house sunning himself. He has always been very fond of warmth, as though he had come from a hot climate. In the summer he basks all day in the sun. In chilly weather he huddles behind the kitchen stove.

He is still the silent, gloomy man he was when he first landed, keeping to himself, eating at meal hours such food as is placed before him, never attempting to read or write, and never having given any indications whether he can do so or not.

Various stories of a mutiny on a vessel, of a stolen heir being put out of the way, of a nobleman whose estates are in the hands of another are among the versions of the mystery which have had credence from time to time, but none of them was ever more than mere guess. 'Jerome's' early history remains to this day a mystery and, although he enjoys good health, age is now coming upon him, and it is doubtful if any solution will ever be found unless this account should reach the eye of some one who was on the vessel from which it is believed he was landed and he should make known the facts concealed now for half a century.

The old coach days have long since passed: the railway which now runs from Yarmouth through the land of Evangeline does not go near the shore, and Jerome and his weird story are forgotten except to the few in the immediate neighborhood of his quiet home, where the people still speak the French of the Norman and Breton peasant of 200 years ago: where the men do a little fishing and farming, the woman wear the French kerchief and simple garb of the old Acadians of Evangeline's day.

Welcoming Fresh Cares.

"As far as fresh cares are concerned," said a man of mature years, "as I grow older I rather welcome them. They blot out the old cares completely, and so show how unsubstantial they were, and I know that in due course these new cares will be supplanted by others, and will as completely give way to them. Thus I am constantly reminded that our cares really don't amount to much, except as we imagine them great, and I expect to see the day when I shall give but scanty room to them and not be disturbed by them at all."

A good story is going round about President McKinley. A reporter on a Washington paper was sent to interview him respecting a matter the President was not at liberty to reveal. On being told that the information could not be given, the pressman said: "You know, if I go back without what I came for I shall lose my place." The President, who had known him for years, said, "If they discharge you, I'll make you a consul." They did, and the President kept his word.

THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because—

"There's nothing succeeds like success." There is no withstanding the living argument of the man who should be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the way it seemed to strike Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have, thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he had not expected to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the editor's cold, on the ground that it had "helped him wonderfully." It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving "almost instant relief." But read his letter:

"About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I kept on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on posses-

sing the formula for such a very valuable remedy."—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

To preserve health prepare for sickness. Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy, on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable at any time of saving you suffering, money, and even life. There is no malady so prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveller should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung and throat trouble. Asthma, bronchitis, croup, and whooping cough, are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.