

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

## CALIPH'S

### COMMENTS.

"If the Cap does not fit, don't wear it."—Old Saw.

HALIFAX, N. S. Dec. 7, 1898.—Our friend, the Attorney General seems to have withstood the criticism of his book with a remarkable icy coolness, and now contemplates putting a cheap edition on the market. A charming widow, resident of the South End has vented her vial of wrath on the devoted head of the politico-author, and declares the book unfit to read. It is to be hoped that this widow and the Dalhousie Professor will be allowed to revise and amend the cheap edition so that critical and purient eyes may not be offended.

My remarks anent the alderman of peaked-cap proclivities may have appeared as commendatory of that egotistical piece of humanity. If so, please note that "them's not my sentiments." Personally I have no love nor admiration for the alderman in question. I admire courage, but not the courage of a baffled rat, which turns on its pursuer when it cannot escape. Courage that requires back-bone to face and bear the taunts and jeers of an enemy, and courage for opinions sake, is worth having, and honoring in others.

It is a great mystery to me how such a man as the Alderman aforesaid found his way into the council chamber, and being there, why he is permitted to stay there. I am sure his absence is much preferred to his company, unless the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together" is once more illustrated and emphasized. This particular specimen of the genus homo baffles comprehension, and is quite a physiological study.

There are certain classes of people here moving in so-called polite society whose varnished proboscis is elevated at every little tittle-tattle of gossip, and who berate with vehemence against certain things published from time to time in the pages of PROGRESS, holding up holy hands of terror, and making a mealy mouth over some little bit of plain talk, or unvarnished news that may be served up, alas! not to their liking. Poor things, they need a mild purgative to remove from the system any lingering traces of an undigested whole-

some supper. Their liver is too torpid to think good thoughts.

I have noticed a discussion being carried on in the columns of an evening daily about the meaning or interpretation of the word "labor" as used by Labor parties or agitators. It seems to me that much good paper, pens and ink are annually wasted in such silly and futile fights. A man with half an eye cannot fail to see that the relations of Capital and Labor are strained. That a better adjustment is needed, before the working classes can receive justice. Reams of paper and oceans of ink, will not alter or amend the condition. It needs the hearty practical co-operation of all the elements employed in labor to unite and use capital to the advantage of all concerned.

"Pendennis," the talented and erudite contributor to the Saturday Evening Mail seems to have slain his critics, like Samson of old with the jawbone of an ass. His proofs showing the opposition of the church in all ages, to progressive science, are overwhelming. More power to Pendennis' elbow. The same spirit of intolerance and bigotry is rampant to-day. It is apparent in every walk of life, but in thing religious it stands to block the pathway of all true reform.

It is said that a system of espionage is now being carried on by "the powers" that be with a view to prosecuting the patrons of the so-called brothels on South Brunswick street. Any law that permits such an infringement of the personal rights of the individual should not be tolerated. Men who frequent these questionable resorts should suffer the consequences of their own misdeeds, and not be subject to police or other arbitrary regulations. The man who cannot be kept from going to distraction unless fenced about by law and regulation, apart from his own inherent conception of what is right and proper, should be removed to a padded cell in Mount Hope. He is not a fit subject for a civilized community. Let us have freedom to a man to act as befores a man, and not a mad dog.

#### SAVED THE WRONG MAN.

Hard Luck Story Told by a Talkative Life Insurance Man.

"I always take a pride in the business," said the zealous life insurance agent, "and never fail to take a step that will redound to the interests of my company. I think the company appreciates my efforts in its behalf, as a steady increase in salary has been my fortune ever since I began working for it. But I once had an experience that somewhat dampened my ardor and showed me that there is a limit in looking out for your company's interests. I insured a man for \$5,000. He was a splendid risk, sound as a dollar, and bid fair to die of old age. I felt sure that the company would win out on the risk, so I was feeling pretty good. One day soon afterward I was going down the river on a boat to get a breath of fresh air. Looking the passengers over, I noticed that the party I had insured was on board, sitting on the railing in a very careless position. It made me nervous to sit there and watch that fellow taking so many chances. I don't know why it is, but as soon as a man gets his life insured he seems to think that he can flirt with death like a yellow fever immune."

"At last the expected happened. He lost his balance and fell overboard. I rushed to the railing and saw at once that the fellow could not swim. I am a pretty good swimmer myself and the party in the water represented \$5,000. I couldn't afford to see the company lose that money right before my very eyes, so I plunged in after him. I had a douse of a time with him before help arrived and at one time I thought it was up with both of us. But help arrived at last and we were pulled out. Then I found that I was not yet out of the woods. The party was unconscious and it was a question whether he would live or die. I got him ashore and hired every doctor I could get to work over him, regardless of expense."

"They succeeded in bringing him around at last and I was in the act of sending a glowing account to my company, together with a pretty stiff bill, when I made the discovery that he wasn't the fellow I had insured, only a man that looked like him. Worse than that he was insured for \$25,000 in a rival company."—Detroit Free Press.

#### What She Said.

Maud: "Oa, Ethel! and what did you say to him when he proposed to you? Did you say what you said you were going to the other day? That was a noble speech, just suited to crush the boldest man. And did he sink away like a whipped dog?" Ethel: "Well, not exactly. You see, I didn't say just that. I—I—well—er—well, you see, I said 'yes.'"

## Their Wordy Warfare.

HALIFAX, DEC. 7.—The city council meetings here are looked upon by many citizens as a great farce and the language used by some of the aldermen is anything but becoming to such an august body. At times the proceedings are simply ridiculous, and of such a character that one can hardly realize that the aldermen are representing the citizens of Halifax. The epithets used occasionally may be very appropriate, but the council chamber is not by any means a popular place where such a flow of ungentlemanly and uncalled for remarks should be brought with play. Of course it suits some of the city fathers to be always in hot water—in fact they would not be happy unless they were. It seems to be a hobby of theirs to be always wrangling and fighting with their brother aldermen, and finding fault with the officials. Of late it is becoming quite common for a scene to occur during some part of the proceedings, and when it is known that a meeting is to be held, the chamber is always more or less filled up with persons who go there for nothing else than to see the fun. The meetings the past few months have been more than lively, and at the present time there is every prospect of a continuance of the same. The "kickers" as they are termed are generally responsible for all of this trouble. One of them is a representative of ward four while the other one is from ward six. Between the two they usually mix matters up, and open fire on the other side of the council. The "solid south" is the term applied to the aldermen who represent the three lower wards. They stand together like one man and never fail to get what they want. The representatives of the northern wards do not work so well together. They are not united, and therefore they usually come out on the wrong end. In the majority of cases, it is the North vs the South, and the latter are always the victors. The "people's Edward" is of late causing a lot of trouble at the meetings. He always has a lot of talk, but it goes for naught, as no one pays any attention to him. In fact he can't take a hint to be seated when it is given him. He furnishes most of the fun for the audience. Between the heavy-weight alderman from ward two and the "People's Edward" there are many spats. At the meeting last week there were some very lively exchanges. The matter under discussion was the removal of certain

houses of questionable character on South Brunswick. The Alderman for ward four was giving an oration on the matter, when the representative from ward two chimed in, and said he hoped that particular attention would be paid a place near Duke street. This remark evidently touched a sore spot in ward four alderman's heart and he replied quickly—listen to that dam cur from Windsor again." The same alderman continuing said that the street was in a far worse condition now than ever it was. Mayor Stephen took exception to those remarks and said that such was not the case. The street is freer from vice and crime now than it had been for years. This brought the weird faced alderman to his feet again. He said: "well the only reply I can make your worship is that you have not visited that locality at the proper hour at night, if you had, you would not make such a statement."

Alderman Lane claims that this city is as good morally and socially as any other on the continent. Ald. Faulkner who is looked upon as one of the most straight forward and outspoken members of the council expresses the opinion that the police do not do their duty as they should. If they were stricter in following out the law the present state of affairs would not exist today. Nothing appears to better the junior alderman from ward six but the Board of Health, and the city engineers. He presumably feels a little sore over not being a member of the board this year, and that is mainly the reason for his attitude in this respect. Then the engineer did not agree with his views on that famous "smoke test" case and he is at the mercy of the alderman for the part he took in it. There is little use of the council trying to squirm around now over the agitation about the houses on Brunswick Street, it is too late for the alderman say that the matter has been under consideration for some time past. The public know better than that, and if it were not for the firm stand taken by the School board, the same thing would go on up to the present time, without ever being mentioned. This is a well known fact as the police commission time and again ignored communication from the School Board, but was at last driven to take some action on the matter. Great things are now expected at any moment. They have got a move on at last, and the war no doubt will be "carried into Africa."

#### But He Didn't Take Any.

It seems that in the lecture-room one day the doctor was much annoyed by the inattention of the students.

"Gentlemen," he said, with emphasis, "a physician's first duty is accurate observation and rigid attention. You are neither looking at what I am doing nor hearing what I am saying. I shall dismiss the class now, but hereafter remember I shall exact the closest attention."

The next day the doctor came into the lecture-room with a bottle containing a very dirty looking liquid.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I hold in my hand a bottle of jalap. Of course, you are aware that as physicians we have very much disagreeable duties to perform. We must, for instance, test such messes as this in

order that we may accurately know their taste. It is a somewhat nauseous operation but a necessary one. Observe, I first place my finger in the bottle and then in my mouth."

The class was visibly disgusted, but the lecturer had placed it on the ground of a physician's duty. So, with many grimaces they all dipped a finger in the bottle and then placed the same finger on their tongues. When the bottle came back to the doctor he chuckled audibly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "had you remembered my remarks at the last lecture about accurate observation, you would have saved yourselves a very disagreeable experiment. An accurate observer could not have failed to notice that I put my finger into the bottle and my middle finger in my mouth."

## New Glasgow's Sensation.

NEW GLASGOW DEC. 8.—Copies of PROGRESS were at a premium on last Saturday, not less than five hundred enquiries having been made at one book store. The few who had copies were besieged for liberty to copy the article on the "Elect of New Glasgow" which appeared in that issue. Little did your nimble correspondent think when she attempted to recite the talk of the town as truthfully as possible and without malice, that such a furore would be created, guesses as to the identity of the writer were many, but all wide of the mark. One half of the town, in fact the great proportion, enjoyed the article, and those who were hit, tried to accept the situation as gracefully as possible, but there was an undercurrent of bitterness as there always will be when people act foolishly in social matters. A number of the bachelors are trying to decide whether they will continue in the wild whirl of social gaieties, or retire to the monastery at Tracadie and live a life of celibacy where the charms of either the bon-ton or the fantastic trip will not allure them.

(From the Railway News)  
A Ripple in Society.

Last Saturday's issue of the St. John PROGRESS was in great demand in New Glasgow. It contained severe strictures upon that "touch n' not" portion of the human race known as the "upper crust of society," and while the "vulgars" sought PROGRESS, the "four hundred" fumed and fretted at the audacity of the "common folks" presuming to criticize their doings. Every town has its coterie, which may well be characterized "codfish aristocracy," and unfortunately New Glasgow is no exception, and when these attempt social functions the "fat is in fire" over

the gradation of the classes and the just causes for ostracism from the "inner circle." Such a function was recently undertaken by the New Glasgow aristocracy of mushroom growth and great difficulty was experienced in selecting those just eligible, as some who possessed many of the necessary qualifications by birth and otherwise, were by their avocation in life brought in contact with the "common," and thus they forfeited the rights and privileges of the class to which, in some cases their ancestors and in other cases, those near and dear to them belonged, while their associations prevented complete ostracism. The "select" committee were in a quandry. "Contamination" was undesirable and a comingling of the classes would necessarily have to be prevented, and for this purpose a red flag was first suggested, but this was improved upon by a second member who proposed that upon the appearance of the "four hundred" in the ball room the "common" would quietly retire to the dining hall and vice versa. A more brilliant idea, however, came glancing through the mind of another member and it was that the room be stalled off by means of barb wire into four compartments, labelled respectively "tin pot avenue," "mechanicville," "clerks and counterpoppers" and, upon a raised dais, the "top-notchers." An important feature of the latter plan was that while the comingling was completely prevented economy was practised by having one music do for all the compartments. After some disagreements the matter was submitted to "council learned in the law" and authority consulted on the "financial" standing of the proposed invited and finally the ball was held, but as the correspondent of PROGRESS claims that the exclusion of the "ordinary dances" brought into bloom quite a large cluster of wall flowers we doubt if it was a success. A society ball is a difficult task to undertake.

## Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

"My little daughter was taken with a distressing cough, which for three years defied all the remedies I tried. At length on the urgent recommendation of a friend, I began to give her Dr. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. After using one bottle I found to my great surprise that she was improving. Three bottles completely cured her."—J. A. GRAY, Trav. Salesman Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**  
Cures all Coughs and Colds.

For free medical advice, write to our Doctor, care J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.