

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

To Save the Lives of Brakemen.

The railroad men of Canada, especially the brakemen whose lives are constantly in jeopardy,

would indeed be glad if the Dominion Government would pass a coupling law such as the United States authorities have established recently. How many brakemen lose their lives yearly even in New Brunswick, through the old way of coupling cars. Only a few weeks ago two young men in Moncton had their lives crushed out when joining cars with the old fashioned pins.

Though the air brake clause in the American railroading law is of great importance and one which will do away entirely with the danger of parting trains and which will place any number of cars under the direct control of the engineer, the coupling law is receiving the most attention for its passage does away with the ever present danger of death to brakemen who were obliged to go between cars to place and remove coupling pins.

Now cars can be connected and disconnected by simply manipulating a lever which is placed on the end of the car at a position reached without going between the ends. Some railroads have been using this coupler for some time but the majority of cars which came this way except those from the most prominent roads, were of the old style. Now, however, every car in the United States will be equipped with the automatic arrangement and there will be no further opportunity for accidents hereabouts.

"Fitz" a Popular Hero in St. John.

The victory of Bob Fitzsimmons the lanky Cornishman over his gigantic opponent

Rublin Friday night last, was just what the enthusiastic male portion of the population wanted. Since Pretoria day they have just hankered for something to let their lungs loose over. The Chinese tangle has not been thoroughly British enough for them,

and the Boers have proved too easy a thing to warrant an outburst for England. So when "Fighting Bob" (not "Bobs") solar plexerized the mighty man from Ohio the scrappy public went wild. Fully a thousand men and boys besieged the newspaper and telegraphic offices as early as nine o'clock, and at 11 when the bulletin announcing Fitz the victor arrived a little bit of warmed-over, Lidsmith enthusiasm was brought forth. "Hurrah for Fitz!", they shouted, "he's all right for an old man, you bet!" Then they formed in line and all the way up King street and along Charlotte the air rang with the stirring tones of "Soldiers of the Queen," especially that line which runs:

"And we'll fight for England's Glory lads." American tourists threw open their bedroom windows in the hotels, and the police were awakened. Fitz's victory was the most popular win in this city since the Union Jack was hoisted over the Court house in O'm Paul's pet city.

Were Worthy of a Better Conveyance.

The St. Andrews golfers came here last week and played what they afterwards termed

"a very delightful game," perhaps because they came out the victors. They were certainly a very pleasant lot of ladies and gentlemen and in their golf togs looked pretty. Their chat was of the brightest, and manner equally free, but it really seemed a shame that our own fellows of the Scottish game could not produce a better conveyance for the visitors. An old tumbledown bus did not seem quite the thing. Where were the buckboards, or a barouche or two? It must surely have grated upon the sensibilities of the ladies and gentlemen after having such a pleasant

day of it, to be carted to the depot in an ancient army-worm. Perhaps it was St. John's way of taking revenge for their defeat.

An Anti-Noise Crusade for St. John.

Anti noise crusades are becoming quite the vogue in the larger cities and these are some

of the noises to which they take objection. Trolley parties with tooting horns. Railway engines. Cats and ice-men. Street vendors. Steam whistles. And a thousand and one other peace disturbing elements.

They might have added: Thunder and lightning. Downpouring rain. The amateur musician. Political stumpists, etc.

Speaking seriously of the matter St. John might be a little less noisy if our local legislators would only take it into their heads, to bring it about. We have fifteen aldermen most of whom assume little or no responsibility for the conduct of the city's affairs. Why don't two or three of them take up this question of street noises and recommend some action to have the nuisance abated? They would find themselves supported by the people at large, and they would not fail to make capital for themselves at the April elections.

We cannot have a noiseless city just yet, but a great improvement upon existing conditions is quite within reach. No citizen should be allowed to keep animals, whether they be dogs, poultry or cats, which interfere with the peace and quiet of his neighbor. Express drivers and carters should be compelled to take all possible

precautions against noise in the loading, unloading and carting of merchandise in the public streets. A careless driver with bars of iron or other similar articles in his vehicle can create a metallic clanging that painfully affects the nerves a block or two away. Creaking wagons are responsible for not a little of the din that assails the ear.

An anti-noise crusade ought to be started in St. John and some enterprising member of the council would make a name for himself if he set to work to pave the way for such a movement.

That Union Street Flying Machine.

Andy Hunter's flying machine is "busted." This announcement will doubtless prove a

lyddite shell in the stockholding camp. The painful intelligence of the disaster was tenderly handed over to PROGRESS so that the thousands might read and weep in unison. As the patterns and plans of the air-ship have long since been destroyed for fear of theft the wonderful peice of work for aerial purposes cannot be duplicated.

St. John is robbed of world-wide distinction and Inventor Hunter of universal fame, to say nothing of the financial loss said to be sustained by Messrs. F. Campbell and Jas. Powers, whose boarding house and livery stable are nearby the birthplace of the flying machine, and who backed the project to their second last dollar. They saved the very last dollar for a short lived life insurance policy for use on the air-ship's trial trip.

Now that holding moonlight excursions to Buelah Camp in Mr. Hunter's "Cloud-chaser" is out of the question the four million dollar stock company is dissolved, and the ship's inventor will have to fall

back on his output of "Konobo" lights for existence. If that runaway electric fan in Mr. Hunter's shop hadn't started the air-ship's wings in motion, resulting in the sudden bring-up of the flyer on the ceiling a few feet distant, there's no telling, but what the invincible "Andy" of Prince Ward would even now be automobiling about town these fine afternoons and giving lawn-parties to his host of friends at Rockwood.

She Walked on the Pavement

The few hot days we had last week showed us that away down here alongside the cool Bay of Fundy

we can have some pretty hot days as well as in choked-up New York, at least one lady from that great metropolis thinks so. She was walking on the wooden pavement of Mill street, and really seeming to enjoy it. People stood and stared at this finely-dressed person choosing the avenue for horses and teams in preference to the not overcrowded sidewalks. Still she looked neither to the right or left but kept plodding right on up Main street, a beam of contentment lightening up her face, while those on the asphalt sweltered along in the sun. At last she hailed a car and when the conductor called for her fare, she told him how delightful it was to walk on the cool springy block pavement instead of baking one's feet on the heated asphalt. "And then again," she said, "you know the brick buildings throw off such a heat when you're walking close to them. Dear me but you have real New York hot days down here too, don't you?" The conductor thought yes, for it was one of those 87 in-the-shade days—pretty warm for temperate St. John.

He—Would you object seriously to my kissing you?
She—Well, you see, I must resist on general principles, but then—I'm not very strong.

TEST PROVES SUCCESSFUL.

Value of Raw Meat in the Cure of Tuberculosis Confirmed.

Will science succeed in finding a means of preventing and of curing tuberculosis? Researches have been made on all sides, yet to this hour the problem does not appear near solution. It is necessary to say 'to this hour,' for attempts made with the most varied descriptions of serums have till now been fruitless. Is operotherapy—that is to say, the treatment which consists in inoculating with animal juices—about to be more fortunate? Without desiring to forecast the future, but judging from the only experiments which M. Richet, of Paris, has just communicated to the Biological Society, one may reply in the affirmative, assuming it to be legitimate to form conclusions as to man from the dog. But let us not anticipate events: while maintaining a just reserve let us wait until the clinic has pronounced its opinion.

It results from the observations made by this Paris professor that, in the first place, treatment by cooked meat causes the death of dogs more rapidly than any other treatment. On the contrary, dogs fed upon raw meat continue in good health and get fat.

Out of a lot of twenty four dogs tubercularized nine months previously only two that were fed on raw meat survive. They are large and in perfect health whereas the other twenty two have long since succumbed.

Out of another lot of dogs also inoculated with tuberculous products, one only, fed extensively with raw meat, survived and continued in good condition, whereas all the rest died within five months at the outside, in a state of extreme cachexy.

The juice of the raw meat acts in the same manner as raw meat. The animals that were tubercularized and treated with the juice keep in good health: others treated in any other manner all die within periods ranging from one to five months at the outside.

If the curative properties of raw meat are evident, the prophylactic part played by it is not less so. In fact, animals nourished with the juice of raw meat in large quantities, and subsequent inoculated appear refractory to tuberculosis, as he has proved by the latest experiments related M. Richet, where the animals prepared by alimentation with raw flesh continued perfectly well, while others are either dead or dying.

But what is the dose of raw meat that should be given to dogs in order to preserve them from tuberculosis? Of the dogs tubercularized by M. Richet, one received 7 grammes of meat per kilogramme of the animal's weight; another 12 grammes a third 32 grammes, and a fourth and last 64 grammes per kilogramme of its weight per day. The first died, but the three others are in very good health. It may therefore be assumed that the average amount of raw meat required to preserve a dog inoculated with tuberculosis is from 10 to 12 grammes per day and per kilogramme.

As M. Richet showed in a previous communication, raw meat acts by its juice and not by its pulp. In fact, if one places a piece of raw meat, compressed to extract the juice, beneath a tap of running water for twenty four hours and then presses it, one obtains a juice which is absolutely inactive.

To administer raw meat with which it is proposed to treat tuberculous patients it must not be chopped or rasped; it must be scraped with a sharp knife; the pulp must be put into cold broth and thus diluted. In this way one obtains a kind of soup over which one pours tepid broth or thin soup and even the yolks of one or two eggs.

In view of the results obtained by M. Richet, the preventive and curative treatment of tuberculosis by raw meat is to be recommended as the most effective means at our disposal at this moment for combating this terrible malady.

A Cool Chess-Player.

A. L. Parrott, formerly of the Texas Rangers, a man famous along a frontier of a thousand miles for his cool daring, was once with a band that pursued some cattle thieves, only to find that they had crossed the river into Mexico. Parrott swam the river in the face of the whole party of thieves and stole a boat from the bank literally under their noses. Parrott was fond of chess, and the best instance of his coolness comes from a clipping sent to the chess editor of the Washington Star.

One night, a few months after Parrott had left the state service, he was playing chess with a friend in a small town in Texas. The night was warm, and the two men were sitting near an open window.

Parrott had the white men, and his queen was in a direct line with the black king, with a black knight interposed. It was Parrott's move.

Suddenly there was a sharp report just outside the window, and a bullet carried

the black knight off the board. The missile had been intended for Parrott, who was at the moment bending over the table studying his men. For a few seconds he had not stirred, but as he saw the knight disappear in the same peculiar drawing voice that he would have used had he made a triumphant play, he called, "Check!"

Her Compliment.

She was standing in front of the Post-office, chipper and neat in a lilac shirtwaist and a 'sassy' Ladysmith hat, and she wanted a drink of soda water.

He came along at that moment and raised his hat. He was got up to kill, if he had passed fifty years of age, and she smiled demurely as he saluted her. She hesitated a second as he invited her to accompany him to the soda water stand, and she gulped 'Nectar and ice cream,' in the cutest manner possible. She gobbled up the ice cream in a hurry and drank her soda, wishing to escape as soon as possible. He ordered orange phosphate, and after making all manner of eyes at her remarked:

"I don't care for the ice cream! It hurts my teeth!"

"I should take the ice cream by all means if I were you!" she answered. "You could lay your teeth on the counter while you ate it! Goodbye!"

And she had flaked out the door and was gone.

Whiter Than a Shirt.

Inventors have a power of abstraction which serves them a good turn on some occasions, and is liable to betray them into strange statements on others.

"So you think you've perfected your little machine at last, do you?" asked the lawyer of his dreamy-eyed client.

"Yes, it's all right now; there's not a flaw in it," said the inventor. "But I can assure you, sir, that when it came to making the final test I was frightened. I happened to see my face in a mirror when the thing was safely over, and it was as white as your shirt, sir. In fact," he added, bending an impartial gaze on the lawyer's shirt-front, "it was whiter—considerably whiter, I should say."

"O, my friends," exclaimed the earnest old man who was talking, "think of the future! What will you be doing 50 years from now?"

"Waiting for news from China," conjectured a reckless young person in the group.

ATHLETICS AND HEALTH.

Excess in Training is Dangerous—How to Give up Sports.

In these days of intercollegiate and international athletic contests and devotion to all sorts of physical exercise, a word of warning against excess is necessary. There is always danger that universal devotion to any sport will lead to excessive rivalry and feats of record-breaking, when use becomes abuse, and a practice which ought to be health preserving in the highest degree degenerates into a health destroyer.

Training in the moderation is not always hurtful, and is for many a most useful discipline, yet we must remember that training is not natural. It is in the physical realm what cramming is in the mental. Its object is to bring the body to the highest degree of physical endurance in order to meet a particular exigency; but the body can no more be kept in this state continuously than the mind can remain crammed with rules of grammar, dates and mathematical formula, without final injury or actual breakdown.

Athletics, at least in the beginning of their careers, are healthy, but that is not due to the training; it is because only healthy boys and men go in for athletics to the degree that calls for actual training.

The danger that besets one who has been in training for a long period—say during three or four years of his college course—is the same that confronts the victim of the opium habit; he cannot let go!

The constant exercises of the muscles results eventually in a thickening of the of the heart induced by the labor it has been called upon to perform. When the athletic gives up his training, the work of the heart is reduced and its walls grow flabby; and then the danger of permanent heart weakness is imminent.

It is well known that many men who die suddenly, or who live with crippled hearts were in early life noted athletes, and their ruin has come from a sudden change to a sedentary mode of life.

On the other hand, there are many old and middle aged men in excellent health who went in for rowing, running and other athletic sports in their youth. They differ from the others in that they gave up their athletics gradually; they 'untrained' as gradually as at the beginning they began to train.

No sensible man of sedentary occupation would undertake to row a three mile race without preparation, and so no man can be

called sensible who gives up athletics for a sedentary life without an equally long and careful preparation in order to accustom the heart to a lessened amount of labor.

Through Different Eyes.

One of the essential things for one who would influence others is the ability to see things as they look to those whom he addresses. A lack of this ability has been responsible for the failure of many persons who would otherwise have been successful as teachers, missionaries, lawyers before juries, and even orators and statesmen.

Striking illustrations of the different aspects which things wear in the eyes of different people are constantly coming to light.

A party of American travellers, journeying leisurely up the Nile, expressed a desire to celebrate Washington's birthday in some appropriate manner. Their chief accordingly prepared a great frosted cake, upon which he executed in confectionery a representation of George Washington, after having familiarized himself with the life and achievements of his subject.

As represented in sugar, Washington wore a turban on his head and a great sash across his breast; he was smoking a long pipe, and before him a chorus of dancing girls were performing. This was the way the greatness of George Washington looked to the Arab chef.

In China, that land of strange contrasts, many amusing instances of a similar kind may be found.

"Pilgrim's Progress," as recently translated and illustrated by native artists, shows Christian with a long pigtail, the dungeon of Giant Despair as the familiar wooden cage of Chinese criminals, while the angels are arrayed in the latest productions of Pekin dressmakers.

A Chinese publication describes Americans as "living for months without eating a mouthful of rice," and never enjoying themselves "by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves," but instead, jumping around and kicking ball as if paid for it.

How does the thing look to the Turk, the Chinaman, the Boer, the Englishman, the Northerner, the Southerner? is the question which we should answer, in any controversy, before becoming too sure of our own position. All the world does not look through the same spectacles.

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes. 10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.