

# Slaves to Habit.

'Working on the cars we learn odd things about' said one of the Pullman car men. 'One of the surprising items gleaned in my early railroad days was the fact that many people who wear glasses cannot sleep without them. The first time I saw a man go to bed with his glasses on I thought he had made a mistake.'

'Sir,' I said, 'you have forgotten to undress. You have your glasses on.'

'Of course I have,' he said. 'I wouldn't be able to sleep a wink without 'em.'

'After that I met lots of people who had become slaves to the habit. Some who could afford luxuries had special night glasses made with certain loops and clasps which held them securely in place, while others, less extravagant, contented themselves with the regular reading glasses.'

'A few whom I questioned said they had purposely accustomed themselves to the habit owing to the fact that they were apt to lay their glasses down carelessly and were thus totally helpless if awakened suddenly, but the majority declared that their glasses had become a part of themselves and that they would as soon think of taking off their ears as their glasses.'

'In contrast to these folks I found that most people took out their false teeth upon going to bed. I had a good deal of trouble with the toothless contingent. Most of them were afraid to trust their molars to the narrow confines of their berth for fear of losing them. So they gave them to me for safe keeping.'

'Then there were wigs. Lots of bald-headed people couldn't sleep without them. In most cases a special stock of hair was provided for sleeping purposes, thus keeping the regular wig sprick and span for daytime wear.'

'One of the funniest things I ever came across in the false hair line was the case of a certain gentleman from Indiana who often travelled with me. He was absolutely bald. One night I caught a glimpse of him in his night attire. The shining pate that I had marvelled at only an hour before had blossomed out into a great mat of shaggy black hair.'

'I always sleep in it,' he grunted, in explanation. 'When I first began to get bald I hankered after a black wig. I didn't dare to put it on in the daytime for fear my folks would make fun of me, so I took to wearing it at night. I've used it to now I can't sleep without it.'

'That struck me as being one of the craziest notions I had ever heard of, but of course it was strictly the old man's business and I did not say much about it.'

'Another funny thing is the prelection many people have for sleeping with their heads in a certain direction. I remember particularly well what a time I had with one woman travelling over the Northern Pacific from St. Paul to Helena. After the road passes into North Dakota it runs almost due west. Naturally the berths extend from east to west. This woman could sleep only with her head to the north.'

'I must sleep with my head to the north, she said, and that is all there is to it. I have been ill and am still weak and I must have my sleep, but I cannot possibly lie down with my head to the east, west or south. My head is like the magnetic needle. It always points to the north. If by any chance, it gets screwed around in any other direction I cannot rest. You must make my bed as I direct you.'

'I tried to be diplomatic. I pointed out to the woman how absolutely impracticable it was to improvise a couch that would block up the aisle for the rest of the passengers, but she wouldn't listen to my explanation.'

'You are not here to argue, but to obey she said. 'Make my bed with the head to the north, please.'

'I reported the difficulty to the conductors and brakemen and we finally made a bunk for her out in a little ante-room at the rear end of the rear coach.'

'There are other folks who have a habit of sleeping decked out in all their jewelry. I found women the greatest offenders in that respect. I used to implore them to lock their gems up somewhere, but they declared they couldn't sleep without their rings, and all the rest of it. I knew one woman who never wore even the plainest band ring in the daytime, but when she got ready for bed she looked like a jeweller's advertising window.'

'Sleep, with certain people, depends upon the kind of clothing worn. One wants a handkerchief tied round his head, another must wear slippers, and still another is nervous and uncomfortable without gloves.'

One man who travelled often over a Western road where I was employed could not sleep unless he had a red woollen shawl wound round his shoulders.

'Most habits of this kind are contracted during a spell of illness. The wearing of a certain article of dress is recommended then and by the time the patient has recovered the custom has become second nature and cannot well be broken off.'

'Then there are certain sounds essential to repose. I have known a few abnormal souls that are soothed to slumber and held therein by the ticking of a clock. Unfortunately, the everlasting racket was apt to keep a much greater number wide awake, and many a time I have had a positive mutiny on my hands as a result of the indispensable clock.'

'Of all the slaves to habit those who are bound to a certain hour or minute of the night or at a particular spot are the most amusing and at the same time most annoying. I have in mind now a customer belonging to the latter class.'

'He travelled in my car once from Cleveland to Chicago. We had been out of Cleveland only about half an hour when he hunted me up and asked to have his bed fixed. I suggested it was rather early and asked him if he couldn't hold out a little longer.'

'No, sir,' said he, 'I cannot. I've only got a few cat naps ahead of me at the best and I want to make the best of them. I won't be able to close my eyes for two seconds after we cross the Indiana line and I want to snatch a few winks of sleep before we get there.'

'I saw the man was in dead earnest and made his bed. Five minutes later he was snoring away like a pirate, and he continued to snore till we got to the Indiana line. As sure as I'm sitting here that man ceased snoring before the last coach had switched out of Ohio, and stuck his head out from beneath the curtains as wide awake as a new silver dollar.'

'It didn't take us long to get to Indiana,' he said. 'You may make my bed now. I shall not be able to sleep so long as we are in this contounded State.'

'I was dumfounded. 'But how did you know when we got here?' I asked. 'You were asleep a minute ago.'

'Of course I was,' said he, 'and I'd have slept all night if we hadn't struck Indiana. But I always wake up right on the line, no matter in what direction I'm going. You can't fool me on Indiana. I've travelled across this state about two hundred times in the past five years and it has always been so.'

'A man did me dirt down in Tipton county once, and I have never slept a wink inside the State since. I want to keep wide awake so as not to lose any chance of seeing him. I'll run across him yet, one of these days, and when I do I'll pay him back with interest or know the reason why. Sleep in Indiana? Well, I guess not.'

'And he didn't. He didn't find his man, either, on that trip, but I feel sure that he will find him some day. Vigilance of that brand is a gift of Providence and is bound to be rewarded.'

## LEAD IN INTELLECT.

Great Men Have All Taken Interest In Athletics.

Numberless instances might be adduced in the records of ancient and medieval history, which, whatever their authenticity, serve to show the close relation believed by the chroniclers of those days to exist between great physical strength and the intellectual powers which lead men to positions of command.

This was, of course, due in part to the preeminence of physical force and of personal achievements in those ages; but in our own time we find that many of the most successful men in the various learned professions, in literature and in statesmanship have been lifelong devotees of some form of athletics, or have at least in their younger days taken prominent part among the athletes of their schools or colleges. Doctor Morgan, in his excellent work on University Oars, calls attention to the fact that of the one hundred and forty seven Cambridge men who constituted the crews between 1829 and 1869, twenty eight per cent, bore off honors in more important contests than those of the river taking in some cases the very highest academical distinctions, and proving according to doctor Morgan, that mind and muscle, provided only they be judiciously

guided, are not unequal yokefellows, but are well able to work together with reciprocal advantage. Among the aquatic champions whom he mentions were three bishops, two judges, one learned and world renowned historian and many others filling the posts of honour and intellectual distinction. The general average of class men at Oxford was about thirty per cent, while among cricketers it rose to forty-two, and among rowing men to forty-five per cent.

At the present day the average age reached by those who attain their majority is fifty. In a list of five hundred of the greatest men in history, prepared not to show their longevity, but in order to determine at what time of life men do their best work, it was found that the average age at death was about sixty two years. Madden, in his curious work on the infirmities of Genius, gives a list of two hundred and forty illustrious names, with their ages at death, the average being about sixty-six years.

We see thus that, on the one hand, many of the great men of the past have been noted not only for their mental but for their physical power as well; and that, on the other, in the development of their bodies, the time given to athletics and to exercise tended to produce at once increased tenure of life and the highest and best intellectual capacity.

Here again, were it desirable, example might be indefinitely multiplied. It is easy to recall that Sir Walter Scott was unusually robust and physically active until overtaken by fatal disease; that Burns in his youth was an athlete of no mean prowess; that Byron, despite his deformity, excelled in feats of strength; and that he prided himself as much upon having swum the Hellespont as upon having written Childe Harold; that Dickens considered himself at a great intellectual disadvantage if compelled to forego his daily ten-mile walk at four miles an hour, regardless of weather; that George Sand preferred to work far into the night so that she might have some hours of daylight for her walks in the country; that Goethe swam, skated, rode and was passionately fond of all forms of exercise; that Humboldt prepared himself for his explorations by systematic exercise to the point of fatigue; that Leonardo da Vinci was a devoted equestrian; that Wordsworth was an indefatigable pedestrian; that Kant allowed nothing to interfere with his daily afternoon walk; that Gladstone lost no opportunity for out-of-door exercise; that Bismarck all his life was fond of sport and exercise, and as indefatigable in their pursuit as in his diplomatic work; and that among living authors, orators and statesmen we have many equally conspicuous examples of the same great truth.

## A JOKE SHOT OFF BY CANNON.

Congressman Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, is one of the conspicuous men in the House of Representatives, and one of the quaint political characters of the country; always expected to say and to do the unexpected. He has the reputation of being able to hit the bull's eye in an argument, and never tells a joke that doesn't have a sharp point bearing on the situation he is discussing.

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, and Congressman Cannon are good friends; both working loyally for the interests of their State. When the Senatorial race was on that resulted in the sending of Senator Cullom again to the Senate, it was widely rumored that Congressman Cannon would be nominated as a rival for the Senate against him.

In the midst of this political talk the Gridiron Club dinner was given in Washington. Most persons know of this remarkable dinner club; its rules of free speech and no newspaper reporting, and its creed of fun. No one, no matter how distinguished, is free from amiable attack at that dinner. Cabinet Ministers and Senators are among the distinguished men who eagerly accept invitations to it.

The usual distinguished party was at the particular dinner referred to. Senator Cullom and Congressman Cannon, who sincerely like to poke fun at one another, sat opposite each other. Congressman Cannon was called on for a speech, which he declined to make because he wasn't ready and was enjoying his dinner. The shouts then broke out that if he wouldn't make a speech, he must get up and give them a good reason why he didn't think himself a winning candidate for the Senatorship for Illinois.

'Certainly, gentlemen, he answered. He arose to his feet, looked searchingly at every Senator present, and then his gaze lingered fondly on Cullom. 'Certainly he repeated; 'I am neither dignified nor dull.'



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Many Soapless Powders masquerading as Soap Powders. Either they possess little cleansing power, or are merely chemicals.

**PEARLINE** is a true soap powder, built on soap with other things added, that double its effectiveness. PEARLINE is improved soap, soap with more working power, more economy. 685

A very poor sailor, a lady known to a writer in London Truth, thinks she has discovered a remedy for seasickness:

'As the vessel dips down she draws in her breath; as it rises she expels it.'

What could be simpler? And how inexpensive! At the most it is only a waste of breath, which is better expended this way than in groans and expletives and futile sighs for land. Its portability, too, appeals to any traveller by sea—the disease and the cure are seldom carried in one bottle.

His wife wanted him to buy her a Christmas hat. He bought her one, and she was suited. Then she wanted him to take down the stove. He did so, and he was suited.

Miss Ricketts—It is said that the contact of lips in the dark under the mistletoe evolves a visible spark. Mr. Spudds—'That is very interesting. I had never heard of it; but we'll turn down the gas on Christmas night and do some experimenting.'

'I wish,' said the housewife, who had grudgingly given the tramp one of her homemade Christmas mince pies, instead of thanking me, you could tell me of something that will drive away cockroaches.' 'Ever try this sort of pie on 'em, ma'am?' he lugubriously inquired.

A farmer drifted into a hardware establishment and was asked by the manager—'Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride about your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for five pounds five.' 'I'd sooner put the five pounds five into a cow,' said the farmer. 'But think,' said the manager, 'how foolish you would look riding about on a cow.' 'O, I don't know,' said the farmer; 'no more foolish, perhaps, than I would milking a bicycle.'

'Oh, my dear wife!' said John Henry, as he paid the milliner's Christmas bill.

Tired of the long-winded oratory of the attorney for the defense, the judge interrupted him.

'Mr. Sharke,' he said, 'may I ask you a question?'

'Certainly, your honor. What is it?'

'Language,' said the judge, 'we are told, is given to conceal thought, or words to that effect. Inasmuch as you don't seem to have any thought to conceal, I would like to know why you are talking.'

If you don't let everybody know that you are somebody, nobody will think you are anybody.

Remarkable! remarkable! The weather man says the mercury will drop to zero in twelve hours. That's nothing! Eh? What's nothing? Zero.

Lady—I thought you said you would saw some wood if I gave you a hearty meal? Tramp—Yes, liddy; but I allus have to sleep two or three days after a heavy meal.

Awfully sorry to hear your house is burned down. Did you save anything? Oh, yes! After some lively work we succeeded in getting out all the things we didn't want.

Bill—Theres one thing phrenology cant do.

Jill—Whats that?

It cant tell just how long a mans been married by the bumps on his head.

'He did start in to study medicine, but he gave it up.'

'Didn't like it, eh?'

'O! yes he liked it, but he was afraid he'd never succeed. You see, he couldn't raise a Vandyke beard.'

'Your eyes are like diamonds,' he said, and she smiled.

As a thought on her suddenly dawned, For she knew that he might be in hard straits some day;

She replied: 'But they cannot be pawned.'

Professor (teelingly)—'When I first began teaching music the wolf was often at my door.'

Listener (unfeelingly)—'Gracious! Why didn't you pound the piano then as you do now, and scare it away?'

Wife—Do you know what you remind me of? Husband—No; but I do know what you remind me of. Wife—'What?' Husband—'O! every little thing I forget to attend to that you ask me about.'

Mamma—Now, go to sleep or the Squaligobs will get you.

Tommy—Will they come right in here? Mamma—Yes.

Tommy—All right. I'll keep 'wake, 'cause I want to see what kind o' things these Squaligobs are.

Farmers are not superstitious. They would rather have the price of plain, ordinary hay \$40 a ton than to have nine barns full of four-leaved clover.

Uppardson—Can you make anything out of this Sampson-Schley controversy?

Atom—Yes. I think it's plain that Sampson had to run the New York some distance to the rear so as to avoid being rammed when the Brooklyn made that loop. Then, while Schley was shooting blankety blank cartridges at the Texas, the Spanish ships, which had been all the time running away from the New York, sunk themselves in despair, so as to rob Sampson of the glory. Understand it now.

What are you doing, dear? I am making some mince pies according to your mother's own recipe. All right. I will have some dyspepsia remedy made up according to my father's own recipe.

## BORN.

Tasket Wedge, Oct 29, to the wife of Fred L. Blane, a son.  
Chatham, Nov 1, to the wife of Rev J M MacLean a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Bangor, Oct 21, Mabel Pollard to Lewis Barrett.  
Sandy Cove, Oct 16, Walter Collins to Jane Harris.  
Pictou, Oct 23, Donald Mathewson to Janet Simpson.  
Pictou, Oct 23, James Cameron to Amy Grace Lunn.  
Mount Mellick, Oct 30, John Mann to Miss Millie.  
Lower Napun, Oct 29, James Swartz to Miss Jardine.  
Bass River, Oct 30, James Corbett to Mary Weathers.  
Grand View, Oct 24, John McLeod to Flora McDonald.  
Woops Harbor, Oct 23, James Nickerson to Ethel Sears.  
Yarmouth, Oct 27, Waitstill Nickerson to Lottie Sweeney.  
Black River, Oct 30, Murdoch Cameron to Bella McNaughton.  
Charlottetown, Oct 30, William Macleod of Mount Vernon to Effie Mathewson.

## DIED.

De Sable, Oct 30, Mrs Shaw.  
Tignish, Oct 21, Laurent Bute, 84.  
Pictou, Oct 17, Mrs David Ross, 84.  
Brae, Oct 9, Oct 27, Laura Macphie.  
Amherst, Oct 30, Logan Fuller, 67.  
Charlottetown, Oct 31, Mary Sims 78.  
Halifax, Nov 2, Miss Alice McKay.  
Elmsdale, Oct 28, Henry Macneil, 76.  
Mill Road, Oct 22, Henry Hardy, 76.  
Antigonish, Oct 18, Allen McDonald, 60.  
Pictou, Oct 29, Catherine M McLean, 41.  
Yorkshire, Eng, Nov 1, Joseph Kaye, 82.  
Fairfield, Oct 30, Elizabeth Campbell, 66.  
St. John, Oct 29, Alfred Mosely, senr, 68.  
East Boston, Oct 30, George J McQueen, 54.  
Victoria Cross, Oct 16, Margaret Gillis, 62.  
Rollo Bay, Oct 15, Archibald Macdougall, 63.  
Roxbury, Oct 29, Walter George Connors, 29.  
Somerville, Hants, Oct 29, Margaret Terrio, 69.  
Glendonan, Oct 28, Mrs. James A Macdonald, 75.  
Melford, River Dennis, Iverness, Hugh Dan McLennan, 2 yrs, 10 mos.

## RAILROADS.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, October 20th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

## TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....7.00  
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....12.15  
Express for Sussex.....12.30  
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00  
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.35

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....8.00  
Express from Sussex.....8.30  
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....12.45  
Suburban express from Rothesay.....12.30  
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....16.00  
Express from Halifax.....19.15  
Express for Moncton Saturday only.....23.50  
\*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager.  
Moncton, N. B., October 16, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.,  
Ticket St. John, N. B.