

## AN EDITOR'S LIFE.

Martin Butler's Numerous Trials and Tribulations.

New Brunswick has possessed many newspaper editors of various make-ups, but to Martin Butler of Fredericton, editor of Butler's Journal must be given the palm for originality and peculiarity of style. "Martin" as he is familiarly known is nothing if not original. He has the misfortune to have but one arm, but it is deficient in physical faculties, he certainly is not void in mental capacity. Martin is the happy possessor of a wife and a son, the latter, he calls Marti. Martin in his journal always keeps the public well informed as to his good wife and the Martiboy. In the last issue of the paper he tells of the several gifts bestowed upon his family during the Christmas season. There was that for the good wife and this for the Marti boy and Martin himself is profuse in his thanks for all the kindness received. Martin in times past has had many grievances but the greatest one seems to have been the annoyance he received from the small boys. Some way or other the Editor and Fredericton's youthful fraternity did not seem to harmonize. Things became so desperate that Martin had to threaten them with all the powers of the law with the Police Magistrate down to the smallest constable on force. Martin, however, now takes pleasure in informing the public at large that there is a fair prospect of peace being established between the warring elements.

He says, "we believe that the warning given to our boys last month, a conference with some of them and a disposition on our part to act more sensibly, and better respect their feelings, has greatly enlightened their minds as to the difference between shouting out insulting and scandalous names to us, and indulging in harmless chaff and banter.

The boys of Fredericton are, as a rule far from being bad or malicious, but they are very thoughtless, and when they get hold of any rig they run it forever. But they are unable to reason, at least the most of them, naturally genial and affectionate, and we don't expect much trouble from them in the future. If they only knew that we have always loved them, and would at any time imperil our own life to save theirs, they would not be so hasty in condemning us for our politics or peculiarities."

Call to As Schoolmaster.

A writer in the Scotsman has unearthed an amusing anecdote of Thomas Carlyle as a country schoolmaster. It is told by a Cupar lawyer and provost, who was one of Carlyle's pupils in Kirkcaldy. As a teacher, Carlyle is described as a strict and gloomy disciplinarian whose large, glowing eyes constantly shot forth wrath. His fierce scowl would hush the whole school, and he had a laugh that was a series of chuckles and loud guffaws, wherein he displayed his teeth like the keys of a piano.

One morning, just as we were entering the schoolroom, a donkey appeared on the playground, and Bill Hood rushed to mount the animal and attempted to ride it into the schoolroom. The donkey was induced to carry its rider over the threshold amid shouts of laughter and cheers from the boys. Just as Bill was purring the donkey into the master's desk, Carlyle appeared.

We expected a tremendous explosion of wrath, but instead he burst into a roar of laughter—such a roar, however, as produced a sudden and complete hush; and that roar was renewed again and again. Finally the master spoke.

"That," he said, "is the wisest and best scholar Kirkcaldy has yet sent me; he is fit to be your teacher."

He tapped the donkey's head, as he was wont to do ours, and continued, "These's something here, far more than in the skulls of any of his brethren before me."

He then gave some hard taps on Bill Hood's head; and would not allow him to dismount, but for penalty ordered him to ride up and down before the school for an hour, while the boys who had been most active in helping Bill to go through the farce had to march in pairs before and behind the perplexed looking ass.

The other scholars were permitted to stand as spectators of the grotesque procession. Meantime, seated within his pulpit like desk, Carlyle surveyed Bill and his company with a strange mixture of mirth, scorn and fury.

Books in Persia.

Type-printing is unpopular in Persia. The straightness of the lines offends the Persian's artistic sense, and he feels that in printed books the character of the letters is entirely lost. Persia is today entirely dependent upon lithography for its own production of books and journals. Naturally these are very rare. At the beginning of the nineteenth century a press with

movable types was set up in the Tabriz, and a certain number of books were printed. The effort met with no encouragement, however, and had shortly to be abandoned.

The same taste which makes a Persian esteem so highly the great calligraphists makes him deplore the absence of character in a type printed book. What most delights him is a well-written manuscript and he takes the same delight in a copyist's work that we take in the touch of an old master. Failing this, he contents himself with a lithograph, which is usually a facsimile of the writing of some fairly good scribe, and has, at any rate, a human element about it.

It is hard for us to credit the vast amount of attention that is paid to calligraphy in the East, where men of learning devote years to its acquirement and his best days to making artistic copies of classical works. Although this art is to a certain extent dying out, owing to the cheapness of lithography, a man may, even yet in Persia, become as famous for his writing as a poet for his verses.

A writer in the North American Review contrasts this clinging of the Persians to written books with the spread of type-printed books in other parts of the East, where printing, bookselling and journalism have in the last twenty years been developed to a comparatively high degree. Both Cairo and Constantinople possess excellent printing presses, which turn out numberless books and journals.

Sport in Lapland.

Wonderful as are the recorded feats of the Scandinavians with snow shoes or skees, they will not bear comparison with those of the Lapps, described by Mr. Paul Du Chailu in his recent book, 'The Land of the Lorg Night.'

The Lapps not only make perilous descents, but they dart at full speed across wide chasms and rivers with the simple aid of their snow-shoes. It is a grand sight, but one with a fearful thrill in it for the uninitiated observer.

On one occasion, as Mr. Du Chailu stood on one side of a chasm near the line of a descent of some star performers, he expressed himself as a little anxious about possible accidents. His Lapp companion heard him with a smile, and replied:

"Do not be afraid; they will guide their skees as skilfully as a skilful boatman steers his boat. I think, perhaps, the foremost means to touch you with his hands as he passes by, so do not be frightened; do not move an inch. He is one of the most expert among us."

The speaker had barely finished the words when the foremost Lapp, with railroad speed and dangerously close, bore down upon Du Chailu, and before he could realize it passed in front of him within three feet, although without touching him, as his companion had predicted. Still it took his breath away, his heart beat so quickly.

Before he had time to recover he saw the Lapp in the air, over the chasm; then in the twinkling of an eye he had alighted on the other side. Others followed. Their momentum was very great and in less than a minute they had leaped over the river and continued their forward course, which they could not stop, on the plain below. They lessened their speed gradually with the help of sticks, the ends of which were thrust deep in the snow.

As the Lapps leaped over, their legs were somewhat bent, and as they struck the snow they righted themselves. While in the air they maintained their skees parallel, as if they had been on the snow, and when they alighted the skees were on a perfect level with each other. No man looked to be more than two or three feet ahead of another.

They seemed to give a spring as they came near the brink of the chasm, bending their bodies forward, straightening themselves as they struck the snow, and continuing their course as if nothing had happened.

Forest Wealth of the Philippines.

The Spaniards were not insensible to the great value of the vast forests in the Philippine Islands, and 35 years ago a government forestry bureau was established at Manila. Captain Abern, now in charge of this bureau, is seeking to recognize it, and calls for technically educated foresters from the United States to assist him. More than 400 species of trees are known in the Philippines, and it is believed that a careful survey will reveal nearly 100 more species. At least 50 of the known species, including the celebrated iblang iblang tree, which produces an oil forming the base of many perfumes, are valuable. Many species are of medicinal value.

Count that day, lost whose low descending sun Finds Tesla with no novel scheme begun.

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A Soldier's Thoughts.

Winston Spencer Churchill, who was war correspondent during the late campaign in Africa, says that once, in the interests of the Morning Post, he promised to follow the scouts for a day. The English had made a rapid advance into the heart of the Boer position, disturbing and alarming their adversaries, who attempted to outflank the outflanking cavalry, and rode into the open to make for a white stone kopje on the British right.

An English soldier rode up to his general.

"Sir," he asked, "may we cut them off? I think we can just do it."

The scouts pricked up their ears. The general reflected.

"All right," said he. "You may try."

It was a race from the beginning. They reached the kopje to find a squad of Boers there before them.

"Too late!" said the British leader, steadily, "Back to the other kopje! Gallop!" Then, says Mr. Churchill, the musketry crashed out, and the swish and whirr of bullets filled the air. I had dismounted. Now I put my foot into the stirrup. The horse terrified at the firing, plunged wildly. The saddle turned, and the animal broke away.

"Most of the scouts were already two hundred yards off. I was alone, on foot, at the closest range, a mile from cover of any kind. I turned and ran for my life from the Boer marksmen, and I thought as I ran, 'Here, at last, I take it!'"

"Suddenly as I fled I saw a scout. He came from the left across my track, a tall man on a pale horse. 'Give me a stirrup!' I shouted.

"To my surprise, he stopped at once.

"Yes," he said, shortly.

"In a moment I found myself behind him on the saddle. Then we rode. I put my arms about him to catch a grip of the name. My hand dabbed in blood. The horse was hard hit, but like a gallant beast he extended himself nobly. The pursuing bullets piped and whistled overhead, but the range was growing longer.

"Don't be frightened," said my rescuer. "My poor horse, oh, my poor horse! Shot with an explosive bullet! Oa, my poor horse!"

"Never mind," said I, "you have saved my life."

"Ah," he rejoined, "but it's the horse I'm thinking about!"

"That was the whole of our conversation."

Mistaken Sensibility.

There lately died in Indiana a little old lady who for sixty-five years had not stepped outside her door. Although the village station was within a few blocks of her home, she had never seen a railway-train. Yet she was not blind, nor a cripple, nor a bedridden sufferer.

A few years before the young Victoria

## "77"

## Portal of Entry.

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## GRIP

ascended the throne of England this Indiana girl quarreled with her lover, and declared their engagement at an end. That evening, and at intervals for sixty years thereafter, the man faithfully renewed his offer of marriage. She chose to abide by her foolish resolution, to which she added a vow never to leave her home.

Human vanity takes many forms. Poor Lady Coventry, who had been world famous as one of the beautiful Gunnings, spent her last days on a couch with a pocket mirror in her hand. When a caller hinted how greatly she had changed, she took to her bed, had no light in her room, and finally took things in through the bed curtains without suffering them to be withdrawn. History says that ten thousand persons went to see her coffin.

Horace Walpole affirms that Lord Fane kept his bed six weeks because the Duke of Newcastle forgot in one of his letters to sign himself your very humble servant, as usual, and only put your humble servant.

This all seems very silly, but unfortunately these morbidly sensitive people of the past have their counterparts today. To be talked about and written about is still one of the most prevalent and pernicious cravings of society, and there seem to be few depths of renunciation and self-abasement which go untried.

The heroine of the dime novel type who resolves "never to smile again," who cuts loose from human sympathies, and whose life is centered only on herself, deserves and usually gets "Apollo's reward." To the mortal who laboriously sifted the chaff from the wheat, the humorous and healthy minded sun-god gave the chaff for his pains!

HIS THEOLOGY.

The Old Chaplain Was Satisfied With the Examination.

The professor has been a soldier, I notice, said one member of the examining committee, himself an old chaplain of the Civil War. The committee had met by appointment to inquire concerning the professor's theological soundness. The entire seminary was in question, and there had been some especially pointed criticism of the new professor from the West.

"Yes," replied a member of the committee "he went into the army from college, and quickly rose to the rank of second lieutenant, though he was a mere boy."

The old chaplain was among the conservatives, but he had a warm place in his heart for a comrade. He resolved, however, that sentiment should not swerve him "No doubt he did his duty," he remarked, carelessly.

"He won respect for his religion by his kindness and courage," said the other member, "and he would have risen higher but for his wound."

"Where was he wounded?"

"At Vicksburg, and they thought fairly, they were bearing him from the field, and stopped to give his wound attention. 'Let me die with my sword on,' he said to the surgeon, who was unbuckling it."

The committee were all giving close attention, and the old chaplain was visibly affected. "Go on," said he.

"The field hospital was close at hand, out-of-doors, you know, and they did soon the little that they could do for him. But when they thought him nearly gone, he rallied, and in a lull of the battle began to sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' They say his faith and courage pulled him through. He was past fighting, but he resumed his studies, and distinguished himself in them as he had done on the battle field."

Two or three members of the committee were wiping their eyes, and the old chaplain blew his nose hard. Then he said, "Gentlemen, patriotism is one thing and theology another, and it is theology we are looking after now. But you can't make me believe there's any serious heresy in a man with that kind of religion. His theology is good enough for me!"

The Danish West Indies.

Three small dots on a map of the West Indies, two of them directly east of Porto Rico, the third and largest southeast of that island, represent the Danish West Indies.

It is not an imposing group. Altogether the three islands have barely one-tenth the area of the State of Rhode Island. Their combined population is but a little more than thirty thousand, mostly negroes. Frequent earthquakes shake them, and hurricanes sweep over them. Sugar, rum and tobacco are the chief products; but there is so little prosperity among the people that it costs Denmark to take care of them more than she gets back in revenue.

Small and unimportant as these little islands of St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix are, the United States came near buying them from Denmark more than thirty years ago, and recently has made a new offer for them. It is not the size of the islands nor their fertility which gives them value, but their position. St. Thomas lies less than forty miles from the eastern coast of Porto Rico. It has an excellent harbor, which would be useful as a coaling and naval station. When a canal is cut



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An accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for eight hundred dollars (\$800.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.

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across the isthmus, the possession of these islands by the United States will be more important than at present. The inconvenience of having them in the hands of some rival and possibly hostile power would be very great.

These, presumably, are the considerations which have led to a renewal of the negotiations for the purchase of a group. Both houses of congress must act before the arrangement can be completed, so that the policy will be adopted, if at all, only after a full discussion of its advantages and disadvantages.