

PEACE OR PEOPLE.

Happy Is the Man or Woman Who Has
Will Power to Make the Choice
Deliberately.

A few days ago I had a letter from a friend, who used to be a good deal in the world, and to meet many clever, well-born, well-bred people, but who now, from choice, lives a very simple and retired life in a tiny chalet on a mountain side, far from noise and bustle, far from "days," parties, gossip, gaiety. This friend, during some ten months of the year, meets but few people, and those mostly peasants rises early and goes early to rest, reads much, walks much amid scenes of great beauty, and knows the long calm of gently-passing quiet days—days free from all social obligations, days devoid of pasteboard, and untempered by cress sandwiches, matinee hats, whispered scandals, gout-producing suppers, and amours wreathed in smilax. Her mornings are no longer given over to the dressmaker, but to the birds. Her afternoons are not dedicated to an electric landaulette and her dearest enemies' front doors, but to the green mountain slopes; the twilight finds her at leisure to give it a thought. The night, with its stars and moon, is assured of her welcome. She has time now to realize how she is living, what she is doing.

Peace or people? Nowadays many of us must often say to ourselves, "Which do I really want." It seems sometimes almost impossible to have both in such a country as our England has become. In London anything approaching peace seems to be out of the question. Loneliness there is, murky solitude envied by noises from without. To me London is made tolerable only by gaieties, its sights; its splendid music, its lively restaurants, its theatres, its opportunities for meeting a thousand clever and interesting people. I like London for its personalities, and to me a retired life in London would be one of the dreariest lives imaginable. When I am in London I love to be what is called, in the slang of the day, "well in it," and I find my pleasure in the fury of its life, in the hum of its opinions, in the swiftly passing pictures the monstrous biograph it presents to me.

In London one gets people, but scarcely peace.

If one settles down in an English country place, one generally makes a choice between peace and people, too, for English people in the country are awfully busy and important about nothing or very little. They are for ever getting something up, they are for ever devising means of "bringing people together." In the country, charity is one of the chief amusements and is far more popular than "putting." I know a country town in which scarcely a week passes without its bazaar. There are often few to buy, but there are generally a fair number to stare, and the stall holders have had their series of committee meetings "to get it all up," and so it has served its purpose. It has been the means of that dearly loved "social intercourse" which is the foe of peace in country places. People in the country "pop in" on one at all times and seasons, to say nothing of prodigious length. It is difficult not to be either a victim or a carnudgeon. I know a lady who, sick of London's interference with her life, betook herself to a country village in search of peace and quiet. She did not know her country. The raps at her door were incessant. The idle came upon her in droves. But she was a resolute woman. She bought a large cardboard, printed her name on it, wrote underneath, in huge, round hand, "Never at home!" and pinned

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gate. Since then she may have earned obloquy, but she says she has known peace. She has made her choice between peace and people, and she appears to be well satisfied.

People are often very good fun, and I, like others, can find a great deal of pleasure in society, in chattering, flirting, laughing about nothing in particular, doing trivial things in a crowd, and generally being cheerfully absurd. A gay time can be a good time, but, to me, only when it comes rather seldom, as a holiday. I do not think most of us use people in the right way, as a flip, as a tonic, as a glass of champagne. Perpetual champagne causes gout in many of us. Perpetual people—what do they cause? The pale ennui which is the gout of the mind. How delightful a fortnight in Paris is! How frisky one enjoys the brightness and all the pleasant and gay things there are to do—for a fortnight! I do not believe the dweller in Paris can ever know the joy of Paris as the fortnighter—despised, of course, by the Parisian—knows it. And is some such way the country cousin enjoys his month in London.

People who love society are apt to say that anything else is "ghastly dull." People who do not love it are apt to inveigh against it furiously, and to speak of those who go into it with a bitter contempt, which is quite un-Christian and unwarrantable, and highly ridiculous too. Happy and sane is the man or woman who gives a reasonable tribute of time to peace and a reasonable tribute of time to people. It is not necessary to be always in evidence, nor is it necessary in all places to stick up a board with "Never at home" at the garden gate. What is necessary, in all the circumstances of life, is will-power, the power of saying "yes" and "no" when you feel that they should be said. Some people go through life screaming "yes" at the top of their voices. They are mostly fools. Others do nothing but growl "no." They are less amiable than the fools, but hardly less foolish. The sensible and the happy have both affirmatives and negatives at command. They qualify their peace with people, and they never have the gout.

But they are rare birds in modern days, almost as rare as robin red-breasts on the property of Octave Mirbeau's Isidore Lechat.—Robert Dickens, in London Queen.

The Prickly Pear.

The prickly pear of Africa is so tenacious of life that a leaf or even a small portion of a leaf if thrown on the ground strikes out roots almost immediately and becomes the parent of a fast growing plant.

No Legal Expenses.

In the arctic region a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs.

Ants on Plants.

The ant seldom injures a plant, although generally charged with all sorts of iniquity in this direction. On the contrary, they often do good work in ridding the plants of the aphides, which if left alone will soon suck away the sap which is the life of the plant.

A Day's Work.

The amount of heat produced by an average man in a day's work is sufficient to raise 63½ pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.

The Opal of Nonnus.

Nonnus, a Roman senator, absolutely preferred exile to parting with a brilliant opal of the size of a filbert which was earnestly coveted by Mark Antony.

Fine Thread.

If your nerves were steady enough to admit handling the silkworm's threads and you were to take a carpenter's rule and lay such threads side by side until they covered the space of an inch you would find after completing the task that you had handled exactly 1,009 threads.

Crickets on the Hearth.

To destroy crickets place a little ginger cordial in a saucer on the hearth at night. This will attract the crickets, which will die after having partaken of it.

Rubber Plants.

To keep a rubber plant in condition it must have plenty of earth, plenty of water and a shower bath once a week. When it has dried, after this bath, wipe the leaves and sponge them with milk. This treatment acts as food as well as making them rich.

Sicily Sulphur.

Sicily is the home of sulphur. The island exports 300,000 tons a year.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two year old child of Mr. P. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by all druggists.

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect, October 11th, 1903

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a. m.—Express from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec; Bangor, Portland Boston, etc.

6.50 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup. Leaves St. Marys 7.30 a. m.

9.45 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Jct., connecting with Express for St. John and points east. Palace Sleeper Car Fredericton Junction to Halifax. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Truro.

6.00 p. m.—Mixed, for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, etc., and with Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. St. Stephen. Palace Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Junction to Boston. Dining Car Fredericton Junction to Mattawamkeag.

9.00 p. m.—Express for St. John and points east.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.05 a. m.—From St. John and points east.

11.45 a. m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.

8.10 p. m.—From St. John and east.

4.50 p. m.—From Woodstock and all points north as far as Perth and Plaster Rock via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Marys 4.20 p. m.

10.40 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, etc.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, October 11th, 1903, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

No. 6 Mixed for Moncton, Pictou, the Sydneys..... 6.30
No. 2 Express for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton..... 7.00
No. 4 Express for Point du Chene..... 13.15
No. 26 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou..... 12.15
No. 8 Express for Sussex..... 17.12
No. 184 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 18.00
No. 10 Express for Halifax and Sydney..... 23.25

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9 Express from Halifax and Sydney 6.20
No. 7 Express from Sussex..... 9.00
No. 183 Express from Montreal and Quebec..... 13.50
No. 5 Mixed from Moncton..... 15.20
No. 3 Mixed from Point du Chene..... 16.50
No. 25 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Moncton..... 17.40
No. 1 Express from Halifax..... 18.4
No. 81 Express from Montreal (Sunday only)..... 24.35
All trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. Twenty-four o'clock is midnight.
Moncton, October 9, 1903