

E. ISLAND J. P.

VIEWED BY THE PATRIOT'S
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Overwork Brought on Neuralgia and Shattered Health Generally—Passed Many Sleepless Nights.

From the Charlottetown Patriot.

The Patriot's special correspondent 'Mac' being in the eastern section of the island on business, heard many complimentary remarks concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which appear to be the favorite medicine in all parts of Canada. Among those who are very emphatic in the praise of this medicine is Nell McPhee, J. P., of Glenora, and our correspondent determined to call upon him and ascertain from his own lips his views in the matter. Mr. McPhee was found at home, and as he is a very entertaining and intelligent gentleman, our correspondent was soon "at home" too. When questioned about the benefits he was reported to have received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. McPhee said:—"About four years ago I got run down from overwork on the farm. As there is considerable timber land on my property, I thought I could go into making timber in addition to my farm work. The task however proved too heavy for my strength, and I soon began to break down. I contracted a severe cold, neuralgia followed, and I found myself in shattered health generally. I felt very much distressed and discouraged and spent many sleepless nights. I tried several very highly recommended medicines, but received no permanent benefit from any of them. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were so highly recommended through the press, I thought I would give them a fair trial. After using a few boxes I found they were having the desired effect and I began to find my wanted health and strength gradually returning. I kept on using the pills until I had regained my former vigor and had gained considerable flesh as well. Now I consider myself a healthier man and feel as well as ever I did in my life. I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to and person suffering as I was. I have the utmost confidence in their curative properties."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

SUICIDES ON GERMAN VESSELS.

Extraordinary Number of Firemen and Trimmers Who Take Their Own Life.

Her Majesty's Consul-General at Hamburg, in a special report to the Foreign Office, states that, according to the recently published annual report of the Hamburg Ship-owners' Association, much attention has been given during the past year, 1897, both by the Hamburg State authorities and by the representatives of the leading steamship companies to the subject of suicides amongst firemen, and trimmers employed in German merchant vessels.

It appears from the results of careful investigations, lately made, that the average annual number of suicides during the past ten years which occurred amongst all persons belonging to the engine-room staffs of German steamers was 2.59 per thousand, whilst the average annual number of firemen alone was 1.05 per thousand, and for trimmers 0.24 per thousand of the respective categories mentioned; against it may be added, 0.49 suicides per thousand persons of the male population of Germany employed in various occupations on shore.

It will perhaps cause surprise to learn that most of the suicides amongst the engine-room staffs are stated to have taken place not, as might be supposed, during voyages, to or from the tropics, but in the North American trade, and in the best appointed steamships, viz., in those belonging to the North German Lloyd Company, of Bremen, and to the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, where the best possible accommodation and hygienic conditions are provided for the men; and it would, indeed, seem as if there must be some connection between the frequency of desertions and of suicides.

All these facts are considered to point towards the necessity for seeking for the cause of these suicides, more especially in the circumstances that a large number of men engage themselves for this hard and unpleasant service who have been unable to find employment in any other way, or who have come to grief, and who are neither physically nor, more especially in mind, fitted for bearing such severe hardships.

FAIR WARNING.

John Henry, said Mrs. Strongmind, as she shook her finger threateningly at her husband, the very next time you get up in the night and go through my pockets, I shall send you home to your father.

LIVING UP TO HIS HABIT.

Why are you always borrowing trouble these days, my son? Because it's the only thing left that I can borrow without security.

A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

Author of *Divorce—A Brooklyn Bachelor—Lorimer and Wife—Etc.*

"Miss Mintura, you are a good friend to own. You have no idea of the efforts people will make to prove that they are not purse-proud. They will lead you a long way before you discover that they are deceiving themselves as well as you. For my part, I intend to avoid very rich people. They can't help the sense of exaltation that possesses them. I am going to be perfectly frank with you. I've had all to do with this class, in a social way, that I care for. The girl I love belongs to it. I didn't know it when I met her, nor realize it until some time after she had jilted me. Recently, through business channels, I have learned the value of her father's estate. My hopes and illusions are all over. I don't care even to think of her."

"But you see you can't help yourself. Now, tell me—is she very pretty?"

"It is me, yes. She possesses this irresistible manner that you insist is a natural gift. I used to be very democratic, as befits a good American. I denied stoutly that wealth alone could create barriers between people otherwise equal. I can see that they result naturally from the force of surrounding circumstances. A girl brought up in this atmosphere of luxurious ease would be miserable in any other. If a man had the courage to marry her he might live to blame himself for her unhappiness and his own disappointment."

"I am not going to agree with you. Every girl with rich parents would have to marry a millionaire. That's a ridiculous idea. There are rich people everywhere; but father says that there are others who make an appearance of wealth, and have to strain every nerve and stoop to unscrupulous methods to hold their social position."

"He is quite correct. Nine-tenths of the people you meet are living beyond their means. You have only to study men's faces to read the struggle that absorbs them."

"I should think that a girl who was reared in the midst of such efforts would be the most anxious to marry a man whose means were to be depended upon."

"That is precisely the way the thing works. Your rich girl controls an equal in wealth. Your girl who lives on a bubble is trying to grasp a solid rock of gold. She doesn't want a man with the world before him; she has had the strain of desire all her life. She is seeking the ease that she has lived just in view of."

Rose began to laugh merrily.

"Only for love, the world, lovely as it is, would be badly off. I suppose Cupid must enjoy pulling down barriers, and changing schemes, and upsetting plans. You must keep your good American heart, and win the girl you love. I remember reading that the women who are most accustomed to wealth and ease can best accommodate themselves to more moderate circumstances."

"Do you think that is a reasonable proposition?"

"Oh, yes, I see it in a test case. 'I don't understand you.' 'I'll be confidential with you. When father was quite young his father was very well off. Grandma had her town house and country houses—everything appertaining to wealth. Don't you think she is very happy woman? When reverses came she reduced all her expenses. She tells me that having felt the pleasure and dignity of velvets and diamonds worn consistently, she enjoys her quiet dresses in precisely the same proportion. A lady is a lady in cotton or in brocade."

"You think my lady-love would be happy with me in the surroundings that I could give her?"

"If she loves you, why not?"

"It is so nice to hear you speak. You renew my faith in your sex."

"I wish I could increase it in your own. Do you want to let me show you the best things here?"

Burrows led the way to the ground-floor, and Rose conscientiously pointed out the rarest orchids and watched the clock. The crowd was large, and effectually closed them in at the tables. Rose could not catch a glimpse of Everett's tall figure nor of Mollie's blue cloth gown.

Burrows was honestly absorbed in the fairy-like growths and the strange appearance of their roots springing from the trunks of the palms.

CHAPTER XI.

The band struck up a gay waltz. "That is very appropriate," said Rose. "You can come again and study up orchids; but I want to show you some pink roses that are used in decorating the ball room. I suppose they are very beautiful—I never saw anything so beautiful. They are growing."

Burrows nodded, and they reached the doorway. Several groups, strangers to Rose, examined the walls and furniture and admired the general effect of the coloring. Burrows stood with his back to the entrance, and Rose sat facing him, enjoying his unaffected delight in the delicacy of the flowers that she had mentioned.

"I shall come to believe in fairyland," he said slowly. "This proves my theory of the magic powers of wealth. Can you wonder at its spell? Fancy being able, by simply drawing a check to set the wheels in motion that brings these things together. Who can blame a woman for liking this atmosphere? It intoxicates me. Too much of it might excite me to envy those that are born to it."

"But to them it is a matter of course. They don't regard it with our

eyes. They are not satisfied either. They have longings and desires outside of it. I must say I like contented people, if they are lacking in ambition. They are at least restful."

"There wouldn't be much progress." "I suppose not; but, dear me, we could at least sit down and enjoy what has been done. Think of the new varieties of flowers that one can never hope to see! I wish the world would stand still for a bit and let me catch up with it."

"Now, who is ambitious?" "Oh, but I want the progressive people to take a holiday from discoveries and inventions. They might rest on their laurels and let us gaze at their exploits."

"Oh, but you see they are always dreaming of fresh laurels. Next year there will be new roses, new chrysanthemums, new orchids." "And I'm going to introduce you to some nice new friends," said Rose, rising to meet Everett, who headed a little procession entering the room. "You have met Mr. Everett; let me present you—Miss Van Ness, Mr. Burrows; Miss Everett, Mr. Burrows; Mrs. Everett, Mr. Burrows. Grandma you are acquainted with; and this is Mr. Powers, last, not least, by any means."

"I love you one," Miss Mintura, said Powers.

"I hope your credit is good," said Rose, noting the result of her performance. Mrs. Everett's bow was icy; Miss Everett glanced at her brother, hesitated, flushed, and put out her hand. "Mr. Burrows is an old friend," she said, as Burrows took it and met her straight glance. Everett was pointing out some attractive features to Miss Van Ness, and Powers followed Rose out of the ball room.

"That is this, Miss Mintura! It reminds me of a little song: 'Old Love's Waking, Shall it Wake in Vain?' 'It is such a pretty song, Mr. Powers. 'Meet Me Once Again, isn't it?' 'And is this the meeting?' 'Oh, I hope so, with all my heart!' 'Was it just a quarrel?' 'I think not. Social distinctions, I believe.' 'Social grandfathers!'"

"No, the dear old grandfathers have nothing to do with it, because both Miss Everett and Mr. Burrows had nice grandfathers."

"Exactly. 'Money distinctions' is the correct term."

"Why don't you introduce it?"

"Pshaw! everybody understands it. There are people in the country whose acquaintance cannot be bought; but they form a very small minority. They are not missed in this great whirlpool. To-day is so full and to-morrow promises so much that yesterday leaves no impression. No one has time for the past. Produce your fat purse and your genealogy can rust. I've ceased moralizing. No one cares to hear your thoughts. This is an age of shallowness. You can sound it for yourself. How much brains does it take to go into the shops and buy of the best? If you lack good taste, why, pay for it. Go to the theatres and look at the plays that are patronized. Read the books that sell by the thousands. What do they do for you?"

"Some of them are very disagreeable. I prefer to forget them."

"Which proves their utter worthlessness. I can tell you, the froth is deep."

"But there is one comfort; it is all on top."

Powers gave her an odd look. He grew earnest. "You think there is something good underneath?"

"Why, of course! The dear old busy world, with its real works and joys."

"You are something of an optimist."

"Am I? I love life. When I go home, after one of these visits, it is refreshing to take up my own interests again and realize how happy one can be away from all these sights and excitements."

"Some people can't live without them."

"So they tell me. Then again, I have friends who live here in New York and only know of entertainments from reading about them. They can't afford to buy tickets for first-class amusements, and they wouldn't attend any others."

"Upon my word there is a great deal in what you say. These things cost like fun. Take the opera, for instance."

"I know. These people that I refer to represent a large class in the community. They are well educated and really cultivated, because they have time to read and think. They would appreciate these refined entertainments but the prices are beyond their means."

"You see, these amusements are provided for those who can pay for them. I see no way to alter the condition of affairs. The expenses often exceed the receipts, and the stockholders divide the loss. You can only make a building, just so large."

"I understand, but I feel sorry for those who are ruled out. Take this lovely exhibition. Only the few can enjoy it. It was the same with the Horse Show."

"Now, suppose one of our millionaire philanthropists should prolong this show for one week, and distribute admission tickets gratis; that might cover the ground."

"Or charge ten cents admission, seats free. Then all the school-children might learn a lesson in botany that they would never forget. If fine concerts and exhibitions of good pictures were given in the same way, public taste would be elevated and plenty of good would be done."

"I wish I were a millionaire, Miss Mintura. Instead of a poor devil with expensive habits, a small income, and a pocketful of bills. I would act at

once on your suggestion. Did you ever give anything to any one? I'll tell you why I ask. Don't you think it is nice to see the pleasure, say, in a child's face, if you bring it a toy, or a friend's satisfaction if you think of something that he longs for but hasn't the grit to present himself with?"

"It's lovely!"

"Now, wouldn't you suppose that our rich men and women would just revel in the sensation of giving and enjoying the delights of the people they made happy? I'll be hanged if I could follow the popular style. If I only have a peanut for my little nephew I like to see him crack it and discover the kernel and munch it. I enjoy the look of gratification in his eyes and the sound of his little teeth. Now if I had ten thousand dollars or a million to give to strangers, I wouldn't be willing to turn into a corpse and let others scatter my hard-earned money. I'd go round with my little bag, plant my seed dollars where the soil was barren, and watch results. I tell you, there isn't much charity in the feeling that inclines you to keep all you have as long as you can clutch it. That isn't generosity."

"Perhaps these wealthy people do spend the interest yearly and leave the principal to their executors for disposal."

"Some may. I know others who don't. I have an old relative with bags of ducats. He wouldn't give me an education unfitted me for the kind of work that he believes in. I suppose I could earn money if I set about it. The tug is in settling down to work. I'd have to give up my present method entirely. I suppose you have the old-fashioned respect for honest labor?"

"I was taught to have it. The great men and women of the world were workers, I suppose."

"I guess you are right. Successful work requires time."

"Well, you know about the old lady who admitted that she had all there was of it. I never heard of any one whose day was longer than twenty-four hours and the odd minutes."

"Do you call yourself a country girl?"

"Oh, no. A sort of suburban product. We get the New York papers by luncheon."

"You are always posted?"

"Perfectly."

"And do you really prefer to reside out of town? I really believe the taste is growing among us."

"You see, an income will do so much more by living where ground is cheap. New York rents, if you live in a nice neighborhood, are really good incomes in themselves. We enjoy space too."

"But you are here for the winter?"

"Oh, no. Until the middle of December. I have all the Christmas-tree festival to think about. I buy the presents and candles for the children."

"Oh, but you could send them out and stay here. Why, the nicest affairs will take place in January."

"I can come in for the day and night."

"Thank heaven!"

"Suppose you take a little trip to the country in snowtime. Father is devoted to young people. He will give you sleigh rides and cider. You might do a little work, too. We have so many quiet rooms in our house."

"Work! I don't think I understand you. I am engaged just now in a very arduous piece of work—one that taxes all my energies and resources, I can assure you."

"Are you writing a book?"

"A book! Heaven deliver me! What put that in your head?"

"Why, you said just now that no one cared to hear your thoughts. I fancied you were writing them out; because there are people who might like to read them."

"You flatter me, Miss Mintura. Really, you quite overpowered me. Such an idea never occurred to me."

"Why, is there anything very strange or absurd in it?"

"Absurd, decidedly."

"Then, of course, it would never occur to you."

"Thank you."

"A woman's brain is so different from a man's. We jump to conclusions. To-day, you have said in my hearing a number of things that I think worth remembering. I intend to make notes of them. How do you know that you don't carry a fortune in your brain?"

"Miss Mintura. I am quite intimate with several very well-known authors. If fame could be exchanged for certain necessary commodities—food, clothing, rent and such trifling concerns—they would be quite comfortable. I also know some artists—men who will paint, and starve. I suppose they find consolation in sacrificing themselves to their art. No one interferes to prevent the solemn rite."

"Surely you are joking. If you will be one of a party to visit the studios I'll prove to you that I am right."

"I thought rich people bought pictures."

"They do; but as a rule they don't buy direct from the artist. They are not influenced by any sense of patriotism or any sympathy for the painter. They want a certain picture at the smallest outlay. Men acquire their collections as economically as they do their marketing. Generosity doesn't come in because the artist may be starving in his room or he may have died fifty years ago."

"It sounds incredible."

"I know it. A few years ago I reasoned as you do. You see, I live in the city; I am an idler. I look into things that interest me. You know Dean Swift remarked that 'you could tell what the Lord thought of money by looking at the people to whom He gave it.' There is a great deal in that. Money-getting is a talent like any other. It is just as absorbing as any other, and it not only absorbs, but it contracts. Your money-getter knows the difficulty of saving his gains; he appreciates their value. Now, if he wants a nice picture, he dickers for it where we would only admire the work and try to return to the artist all that he asked—feeling that money simply keeps the genius alive. You can't put a price on

its products. Think of the effect of a lovely picture! Its beauty swells with us, feasts the imagination, elevates the soul, refines the mind! You and I regard it as invaluable. If we had money we would shower it on the man who had it in him to create such a wonder out of the workings of his genius. We would esteem it a privilege to keep his purse full, and let him give his entire thought to his gift."

(To Be Continued.)

A CLEVER SALT.

How He Found Wives For a Number of Bachelors.

Here is an amusing story of a New Zealand skipper. The town of Grey-mouth, in Tasmania, grew very fast, and mines of coal as well as of gold were opened; trade sprang up with Hobart, and a genial skipper from that port entertained all hearers at the hotel with glowing accounts of the beauty of the Hobart girls.

Ladies were scarce in those early days, and the fun waxing fast each one in joke commissioned the skipper to bring him a wife next time at £20 passage money.

The ship sailed, and the joke was forgotten by the would-be wits, but not by the skipper; that astute old salt calculated that young ladies at £20 each passage money paid better than timber or potatoes even, so he went over, and with glowing accounts of the rich bachelors at Grey-mouth waiting for wives, persuaded about a dozen Hobart girls to go out on speculation to order.

Arriving at Grey-mouth, he calmly reported to each joker—horror-stricken specially were the married ones—that the commission was executed, and the assignment to hand £20 to pay. Twenty pounds was not much to pay in those days, for such a good joke, especially one of a delicate nature that required hushing up, so nearly all paid up and laughed. The sweet young Hobartians soon got husbands or situations, and all ended well.

STORY OF A KISS.

Sweet Phyllis, one bright summer day, Upon a rose a kiss impressed; A butterfly which chanced that way In turn the blushing bud caressed.

It stole the kiss and straightway flew, Oh, fickle heart! into a glade, And there, upon a violet blue, In ecstasy the kiss it laid.

The zephyr, sighing through the trees, The floweret's tender fragrance sips; The kiss is wafted on the breeze, And finds a home upon my lips.

VICTORIA'S BREAKFAST.

A member of the Queen's household says that breakfast proper, as far as the Queen herself is concerned, is nearly the same the year round. It consists of fried bacon, eggs, thin bread and butter and tea. Occasionally porridge finds a place on the menu, but not every day.

WOMAN GRAVEDIGGER.

A woman as a gravedigger! The idea seems almost impossible, but in the town of Lewes, England, there is a lady who fills the office of sexton. Everybody knows her, and until recently she dug all the graves in Lewes Cemetery. Now, at the age of sixty, she contents herself with filling them up and attending to the mounds and flowers. Mrs. Steel—the name of the sextoness, if one can use such a term—is a very healthy old lady and she has been heard to say that she will never leave her post until it is her turn to have a grave dug for her. May the time be far distant! It is a wonderful sight to witness the old lady use the spade.

FRUIT DRESSING FOR SHOES.

The best dressing for black leather is orange juice. Take a slice or quarter of an orange and rub it thoroughly all over the shoe or boot and allow it to dry. Then brush briskly with a soft brush until it shines like a looking glass.

A most convenient dressing for tan shoes is the inside of a banana skin. This is rubbed well and evenly all over the shoe, and removes all spots and dirt as well as gives a fine polish, which last is brought out by using a flannel for wiping dry and another clean flannel for polishing.

A slice of lemon is also used as a tan leather dressing.

Patent leather must never be blacked or polished with anything but an oil. A fine sweet oil or vaseline is the best. They are the hardest kind of shoes to keep in good order. It is necessary to take a clean sponge and clean them from all dirt before applying the oil. It may then be rubbed dry at once with a flannel or other soft cloth which will not scratch the patent finish.

MEAN.

I, he started to say, have always had an idea— I know it, she interrupted; why don't you take a day off some time and try to scare up another one?

A WOMAN'S WAY.

It is not altogether a question of love, my dear. But do you respect him? I can't help it, mamma. He makes such a fool of himself over me.

EVIDENCE.

First Musician—He knows music thoroughly, doesn't he? Second Musician—I think he does. He says it doesn't pay.