

# SUPPLEMENT TO ST. JOHN WEEKLY SUN.

DECEMBER, 1895.

CHOLS  
ARTMENT  
STORE  
lotte Street.

mas  
raweth  
Nigh.  
k now all in.  
criptions from 1 cent up

OLLS  
Pretiest and Cheapest,  
Mirrors, Fancy Glass.  
Novelties of all kinds  
Christmas Presents  
built a large Balcony  
with these Goods on, which  
Departments. Every-  
partment ONE PRICE  
Card over it.

W. NICHOLS.  
Charlotte Street.

---SUN.  
of American Newspa-  
LES A. DANA, Editor.

can Constitution, the  
Idea, the American  
se first, last, and all  
rever.

l, - - - \$6 a year  
nday, by mail, \$8 a year

unday Sun

st Sunday Newspaper in  
the world.

opy. By mail, \$2 a year  
THE SUN, New York.

ary service of the domin-  
STIGOUCHÉ CO.

n, Dec. 12.—The Campbell-  
Co. has got all its  
ed, and the work of pul-  
struments is nearly com-  
e are nearly fifty sub-  
Messrs. Starrs of Hall-  
ave the contract, have  
ellent job of it. There is  
er tonight at the Waverly  
ich the contractors have  
mber of gentlemen.

ity of shingles cut on this  
ething enormous. A. E.  
ill with ten machines cut  
million two hundred and  
thousand. K. Shives with  
ines cut ten million eight  
d twenty-seven. William  
ur machines cut over ten  
bulk of these were ship-  
tates, all by rail, via I. C.  
balance to P. E. L. Nova  
New Brunswick. The home  
this year has been quite  
any new houses having  
d.

ems to have taken a boom  
Already there are nearly  
members elected for this  
is because members will  
privilege of both skating and  
the new rink, which is  
pleted. This year's skips  
Matheson, L. E. Brown, A.  
Bric, H. H. Gray, A. E.  
D. O'Keefe, H. Henning-  
rice, A. Andrew, J. J. Jar-

Speaker from Lunenburg  
the Episcopal church both  
evening on Sunday last.  
rown, the new Baptist min-  
mpled the pulpit at both ser-  
Sunday, Rev. A. F. Carr,  
led up for a few days, was  
ch at both services on Sun-

es have commenced to put  
appearance. There is ex-  
ging, and teams line the  
dead with beef, pork and  
Pork is pretty cheap here  
and about five cents is all  
can get for it. Beef is  
in last year; five and six  
ked for it by the carcass,  
ring thirty to forty cents  
and geese forty to fifty cents  
poultry as a rule is wretch-  
The farmers evidently  
important branch of their

ther has been fine but de-  
d for the past week. Thrif-  
zero is the record for this  
nt fishing has commenced.

is not in itself evil. It all  
the use it is put to.  
go out to meet trouble we  
a long walk.  
ious charity has its foun-  
salthness.

ytic scoffs at simple faith,  
eryday life is built on it.  
men are rarely truly great  
because you don't know

## INDECISION.

I've decided I shall marry.  
Only I'm so hard to please!  
I don't know what to do,  
One is Wynn, one Louise.  
Both are pretty appellations,  
But by fashion and by sound,  
In their intimate relations,  
Wynn and Lou they're often called.  
But a quandary I'm in, then,  
Should I win Wynn's heart, you see,  
I lose Lou's—should Lou's I win, then  
I lose Wynn's—which shall it be?  
Very hard it is to choose,  
Lou's I win, or Wynn I lose,  
Names like theirs are so confusing,  
I'm uncertain which to choose.  
—London Vanity Fair.

## MY LADY'S FLITTING.

Sunlight never shimmers here,  
Moonbeams never stay,  
Life is now all dark and drear,  
For me Edith's away.  
Gone the breath of violets,  
Gone couleur de rose,  
Madrigals and triolites,  
Fichus and clochees.  
Frowns—feathers—ribbons—rings!  
T'other day left town—  
All demoralizing things  
In an Empire gown.  
Teach me now where Pleasure sings,  
To appease my woe!  
In the air sad Echo rings—  
Only "Adios!" —Chicago Figaro.

## ON THE INDIA FRONTIER.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.  
"ANT Berlyng," he seemed  
to be saying, though it was  
difficult to catch the words,  
for we were almost within  
range, and the fight was a  
sharp one. It was the old  
story of India frontier warfare; too  
small a force, and a foe foolishly un-  
derated.

The man they had just brought in—  
laying him hurriedly on a bed of pine  
needles in the shade of the conifers where  
I had halted my little train—poor Charles  
Noon of the Sikhs was done for. His  
right hand was off at the wrist and the  
shoulder was almost severed.

I bent my ear to his lips and heard the  
words which sounded like, "Want Ber-  
lyng."  
We had a man called Berlyng in the  
force—a gunner who was round at the  
other side of the fort that was to be  
taken before night, two miles away at  
least.

"Do you want Berlyng?" I asked  
slowly and distinctly. Noon nodded, and  
his lips moved. I bent my head again  
till my ear almost touched his lips.  
"How long have I?" he was asking.  
"Not long, I am afraid, old chap."  
His lips closed with a queer, distressed  
look. "He was sorry to die."  
"How long?" he asked again.  
"About an hour."

But I knew it was less. I attended to  
others, thinking all the while of poor  
Noon. His home life was little known,  
but there was some story about an en-  
gagement at Poomah the previous winter  
weather. Noon was rich, and he cared  
for the girl, but she did not return the  
feeling. In fact, there was someone else.  
It appears that the girl's people were am-  
bitious and poor, and that Noon had  
promised large settlements. At all events,  
the engagement was a known affair, and  
gossip whispered that Noon knew about  
the same one else and would not give her  
up. He was, I know, thought badly of  
by some, especially by the elders.

However, the end of it all lay on a  
sheet beneath the pines and watched me  
with such persistence that I was at last  
forced to go to him.

"Have you sent for Berlyng?" he asked,  
with a breathlessness which I knew  
too well.

Now I had not sent for Berlyng, and it  
requires more nerve than I possess to tell  
unnecessary lies to a dying man. The  
necessary ones are quite different, and I  
shall not think of them when I go to my  
account.

"Berlyng could not come if I sent for  
him," I replied soothingly. "He is two  
miles away from here, trenching the  
North Wall, and I have nobody to send.  
The messenger would have to run the  
gauntlet of the enemy's earthworks."  
"I'll give the man a hundred pounds  
who does it," replied Noon, in his breath-  
less whisper. "Berlyng will come sharp  
enough. He hates me too much."  
He broke off with a laugh which made  
me feel sick.

I found a wounded water-carrier—a  
fellow with a stray bullet in his hand—  
who volunteered to find Berlyng, and  
then I returned to Noon and told him  
what I had done. I knew that Berlyng  
could not come.

He nodded and I think he said, "God  
bless you."  
"I want to put something right," he  
said, after an effort; "I've been a black-  
guard."

I waited a little in case Noon wished to  
repose some confidence in me. Things  
are so seldom put right that it is wise to  
facilitate such intentions. But it appeared  
obvious that what Noon had to say could  
only be said to Berlyng. They had, it  
subsequently transpired, not been on  
speaking terms for some months.

I was turning away when Noon sud-  
denly cried out in his natural voice,  
"There is Berlyng."  
I turned and saw one of my men,  
Swearney, carrying in a gunner. It might  
be Berlyng, for the uniform was that of  
a captain, but I could not see his face.  
Noon, however, seemed to recognize him.  
I showed Swearney where to lay his  
charge, and he went off with the gunner,  
I close to me, alongside Noon, who  
at that moment required all my attention,  
for he had fainted.

In a moment Noon recovered, despite  
the heat, which was tremendous. He lay  
quite still, looking up at the patches of  
blue sky between the dark, motionless  
tops of the pine trees.  
His face was red under the sunburn,  
and as I wiped the perspiration from his  
forehead he closed his eyes with the aban-  
don of a child. Some men, I have found,  
die like children going to sleep. He slow-  
ly recovered and I gave him a few drops  
of brandy. I thought he was dying and  
decided to let Berlyng wait.  
I did not even glance at him as he lay,  
covered with dust and blackened by the  
smoke of his beloved nine-pounders, a  
little to the left of Noon and behind him  
as I knelt at the latter's side. After a  
while his eyes grew brighter and he began  
to look about him.

He turned his head, painfully, for the  
muscles of his neck were injured, and  
caught sight of the gunner's uniform.  
"Is that Berlyng?" he asked, excit-  
edly.  
"Yes."

He dragged himself up and tried to get  
nearer to Berlyng, and I helped him.  
They were close alongside each other.  
Berlyng was lying on his back, staring  
up at the blue patches between the pine  
trees.

Noon turned on his left elbow and  
began whispering into the smoke-grimed  
ear.

"Berlyng," I heard him say, "I was a  
blackguard. I am sorry, old man. I  
played it very low down. It was a dirty  
trick. It was my money—and her people  
were anxious for her to marry a rich man.  
I worked it through her people. I wanted  
her so badly that I forgot I—was sup-  
posed to be a—gentleman. I found out  
that it was you—she cared for you. But I  
couldn't make up my mind to give her up.

## ELYSIUM FOR LAZY MEN.

Mr. Edison predicted the other day  
that work would be altogether abolished  
in the next generation, and that our only  
labor would be to press the button and  
start the machinery going. Mr. Edison  
may be slightly wrong as to the genera-  
tion, that is, it may take longer, a few  
more generations than he imagined, but  
that the drift is in the direction he in-  
dicates, and that actual labor will become  
a very small element in all industries, is  
self-evident. Steam did a great deal to  
free us from the curse of labor, but elec-  
tricity is a far more potent instrument,  
and its uses seem almost limitless. We  
have made it do our lighting, our trans-  
portation and a thousand small jobs, but  
we have only just begun to use it.

Hitherto this mighty geni has been  
brought into play mainly in the  
field of manufactures, and man is still  
compelled to labor hard to grow crops;  
but there is a disposition to use elec-

tricity more and more in agriculture, and  
it seems to be even better suited for the  
field than for the workshop.  
In Saxony they are now ploughing by  
electricity with great success, using an  
ordinary dynamo, and doing away with  
horses and men to a large extent. In the  
department of Tam, France, a water  
wheel is made to give sufficient force and  
to develop enough electricity to cultivate  
the farms so that the little brooks that  
run through it save the farmer nearly all  
labor. In Moravia a single dynamo fur-  
nishes all the power needed to cultivate  
three adjacent farms.

Plowing by electricity is much cheaper  
and better in all respects than plowing  
by steam. With a water-fall handy—and  
there is one handy to nearly every farm-  
er in the country, save in the southern  
lowlands—and ordinary intelligence, there  
is no reason why all the hard work of  
the farm, from butter making to the  
threshing of grain, should not be econ-  
omically done by a well-distributed elec-  
tric plant. French experiments have  
further shown that the distribution of  
electricity through the soil by means of  
ordinary current-bearing wires stimulates  
the growth of plants and increases the yield

argument than any I could advance under  
existing circumstances.  
"Back him up to the wall and keep  
him covered until we get the stuff, and  
then we'll slit his throat, and 'lope,"  
resumed the leader.

Though the programme did not just  
suit me, I acquiesced, as far as the wall.  
"Put your hands behind you," tersely  
commanded my slouch-hatted jailer.

I did, when a happy thought struck  
me. My right hand had come in contact  
with a knob, which I recognized as the  
electric bell which communicated with the  
office. This was a feature of civiliza-  
tion the robbers were not posted about.  
Unobserved by them, I began sending  
the following message:

"Jim—Three robbers have the door  
locked, and are just waiting to get our  
stuff to murder me. Get a man and step-  
ladder, and don't make a sign of noise;  
put a gun through the transom and shoot.  
Be quick and careful. JOHN."

## SAVED BY A BELL BUTTON.

Some years ago my life and \$20,000  
belonging to my partner, Jim Bigney,  
and myself, were saved, and a gang of  
robbers broken up, by means of an elec-  
tric bell. Jim and I had been telegraph  
operators, but had abandoned the busi-  
ness for mining. We had luck in pros-

"The first man that leaves this room  
gets all I've got here in the neck."  
"When he had got the 'ringogram,"  
he afterwards termed it, he rapidly ex-  
plained, cautioned everybody else not to  
follow, took a drummer he had met on  
the train, snatched a step-ladder, and as  
soon as he could climb around the job  
was done.

## THE PASTOR'S NARROW ESCAPE.

"It was during the War of the Rebel-  
lion," said the diffident and blushing as-  
sistant pastor, addressing the Young  
People's Friday Night Prayer-meeting,  
"that a company of the Union soldiers  
were ordered to take a Rebel battery.  
Quickly they sprang to the charge; but  
alas! before they reached the guns they  
broke and fled ignominiously.

"That is, all except a certain corporal,  
who rushed in, and seizing a gunner by  
the throat carried him off an astonished  
captive.

"And when the company reached the  
little clump of woods from whose shelter  
they had started they gathered around  
the gallant corporal, and asked him where  
he had got his prisoner and how he had  
managed to capture him.

"I went in and took him," said the  
hero modestly. "Ah boys! why didn't  
you keep on? There was a man for  
every one of you there!"

"And so I say to you, my dear young  
Christian soldiers," continued the as-  
sistant pastor fervently, "there is a man for  
every one of you in this world.

"Yes, my dear young brothers, there  
is a man for every one of you here!"

"Yes, my dear young sisters, there is  
—there is—there is work for you  
all in the vineyard of the Lord if you  
only seek for it.

"Let us now sing the 425th hymn:—

"Oh, save me from the careless work,  
The swift unbidden thought,  
And make me always think and speak  
Exactly as I ought."

And the young assistant sat down with  
an intensely relieved expression, and  
mopped his burning brow.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Of the twenty-seven royal families of  
Europe, two-thirds are of German  
origin.

The epidermis of a brunette is said to  
be one-tenth of a millimeter thicker than  
that of a blonde.

Little oak trees an inch and a half  
high are grown by Chinese gardeners.  
They take root in tumbles.

It is claimed that Lake Erie produces  
more fish to the square mile than any  
other known body of water.

The letters in the various alphabets of  
the world vary from twelve to 202 in  
number. The Sandwich Islanders' alpha-  
bet has twelve, the Tartarian 202.

The largest gold coin in existence is  
said to be the gold ingot, or "loaf" of  
Annam, a flat, round piece, worth about  
\$325, the value written on it in India  
ink.

A Philadelphia oculist who has been  
studying the human eye for thirty years  
declares that all great men of the past  
and present had or have blue or gray  
eyes.

The diatoms, single-celled plants of  
the seaweed family, are so small that  
three thousand of them laid end to end  
scarcely suffice to cover an inch of space  
on the rule.

The Japanese religion demands that a  
man must worship on the soil every day.  
Princes and rich men evade this by  
sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of  
the room, on a square of cement made  
for the purpose.

To this day Lapp men and women  
dress precisely alike. Their tunics belted  
loosely at the waist, their tight breeches  
and their wrinkled leathern stockings,  
their pointed shoes; the whole appear-  
ance of them, in short, is identical.

Why do flocks of wild ducks and geese  
form a triangle when they have to fly  
long distances? It is because they know  
in that form they can cleave the air most  
easily. The most courageous bird takes  
its position at the apex of the great tri-  
angle, and when it becomes weary with  
the heavy task, another takes its place.

Divorce has been legal in France now  
for eight years. The first year the num-  
ber granted was 1,700; the second, 4,000;  
in 1894 it was 8,000; the total of eight  
years is 40,000. The working classes  
supply the largest proportion, 47 per  
cent; the peasants the smallest, 7 per  
cent. Incompatibility of temper was the  
cause in 35,000 cases. The most com-  
mon time for suit is the fifth year after  
marriage. Geographically, Paris heads  
the list.

The most remarkable instance of rapid  
growth is said to be recorded by the  
French Academy in 1729. It was a boy  
six years of age, five feet six inches in  
height. At the age of five his voice  
changed; at six his beard had grown, and  
he appeared a man of thirty. He pos-  
sessed great physical strength, and could  
easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags  
of grain weighing 200 pounds. His de-  
cline was as rapid as his growth. At  
eight his hair and beard were grey; at  
ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell  
out, and his hands became palsied; at  
twelve he died with every outward sign  
of extreme old age.

The lowest temperature ever recorded  
on the earth was taken at Verchojansk,  
in the interior of Siberia, January 15,  
1885. It was 90 degrees and a fraction  
below zero. There the earth is frozen to  
the depth of about 100 feet, and in the  
warmest season it never thaws. The  
highest temperature recorded is 124 de-  
grees and a fraction, taken in Algeria,  
July 14, 1879. Greeley, the Arctic ex-  
plorer, probably experienced a wider  
range of temperature than any other  
living man. He recorded 65 degrees be-  
low zero at Fort Conger, in Lady Frank-  
lin Bay. On another occasion, in the  
Maricopa Desert of Arizona, his ther-  
mometer in the shade ran up to 114.



"CHEEK OR CHIN, KNUCKLE OR KNEE,  
WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?"

I kept her—to her word. And now it's  
all up with me—but you'll pull through  
and it will all come right. Give her my  
love—old chap. You can now—because  
I'm done. I'm glad they brought you  
because I've been able to tell you—that  
it is you she cares for. You—Berlyng, old  
chap, who used to be a chum of mine.  
She cares for you—God, you're in luck!  
I don't know whether she's told you,  
and I was—a—d—blackguard."  
His jaw suddenly dropped—and he  
rolled forward with his face against Ber-  
lyng's shoulder.

Berlyng was dead when they brought  
him in. He had heard nothing. Or per-  
haps he had heard and understood—  
everything.  
It is estimated by engineers who have  
studied the subject that 16,000,000 horse-  
power goes to waste every hour over  
Niagara Falls.  
Sir Benjamin Richardson, a noted  
English physician, thinks that the normal  
period of human life is about 110 years,  
and that seven out of ten average people  
ought to live that long if they took pro-  
per care of themselves.

My only hope was that Jim might be  
still lounging where I left him, in which  
case his ear would quickly catch on.  
There was a chance in a hundred, and I  
began to sweat very freely. But I started  
repeating the message, and I was weary  
through, when bang, bang, two shots  
were fired from over the door, and the  
man, who had not been hit, turned just  
enough to let me hit him back of the ear  
with my right hand, the force of despair,  
and the knowledge of being on the right  
side at last. It would be painting it a  
shade light to say we had sprung a sur-  
prise-party on the visitors. I had a gun  
in a moment, and kept the thieves at bay  
until the two men outside got in and tied  
them up, except the leader, who was as  
dead as a man ever gets to be. The other  
wounded one died in a hospital three  
months afterward, and my jailer was  
killed in an attempt to escape from jail  
about the same time.  
As I had expected, when the bell began  
ringing the message in the office, Jim was  
there and commenced taking it. The  
clerk gazed in such astonishment that he  
forgot to start a boy up to answer it for a  
minute, when Jim pulled his gun—and  
remarked:

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