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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893.

A GREAT DAY IN BOSTON.

THE MASSES HAVE A HOLIDAY AND CELEBRATE IT.

Sixteen thousand of the Wage-earners Walk in Procession And Then Enjoyed Themselves—Other Incidents of Interest in a Great City.

Boston, Sept. 5. Once upon a time the fourth of July used to be the big day of the year. It was celebrated in honor of the signing of the declaration of independence of the United States.

Now-a-days, the first Monday in September is a day which is every bit as big and if the same advance is made every year promises to be several sizes larger before very long.

It is celebrated in honor of the declaration of independence of the workingmen of the United States. I do not remember ever having heard of anybody saying so in just these words, but that is what it seems to amount to. It is labor day.

Here in Boston they whoop her up in great style. Yesterday no less than 16,000 men and a large number of women appeared in the parade, and Boston was as badly worked up as Alderman Forrest was at a meeting of the Portland city council some years ago when he understood another member of the board to intimate that he was not telling the truth.

The streets were crowded, the bands played, the men marched, and Boston was one big moving mass of excited humanity; then thousands floated off, to regattas, to sports, to ball games, to band concerts, and what not, until a great big holiday, a rouser, came to a close and the city laborers felt more tired, uniforms and all, than they ever did digging sewers or hustling garbage barrels.

The parade was a big affair, but all the unions did not turn out to their full strength, by any means. There was enough of them however, to demonstrate what a mighty power the laboring man of election time addresses might be for his own interests, if he only had the grit to show his labor day enthusiasm on election day.

The Boston unions are not the power they might be. They have accomplished much, but not all they have attempted, and thus, in many instances, because they have endeavored to be tyrannical; have failed to recognize the necessities of 19th century industrial pursuits, and have tried to fight the advancement of civilization, instead of falling in with it, or getting on the car before the seats are filled. But they have heard and brains will get there by and by.

A Boston woman went to an employment office the other day and engaged a young woman to look after her 7 year old child. That evening the child and its new companion went to bed together; but before resting, the new girl blew out the gas, and the two were found dead in the morning.

The hired girl's name was Martha, but what her other name was, who she was, where she came from or where she ever expected to go, the woman who engaged her did not think worth while to find out.

A local paper in its report of the affair said the girl was "well thought of at the intelligence office where she was engaged," but as the lady only wanted a girl to help look after the children she did not inquire into her knowledge and experience as much as she would have done had she wanted her for another place in the household.

From which it would naturally be inferred that while a kitchen girl must present a list of recommendations as long as an applicant for political office, before she is engaged, it doesn't matter what kind of a girl one gets to look after the children.

A few days before, some Boston paper printed a dispatch from a city not many miles away. It told the story of a dog, that had been taken into the woods, a collar put on him, one end of a piece of wire fastened to it, and the other to a tree. The wire was so short that the dog could not lie down if he wanted to, without being suspended by the collar. He was left in that position and when found about 10 days after, was a pitiable sight. His ribs were visible through a once sleek and glossy coat, his neck was cut and bleeding, the tree had been worn almost through, the dog having gone round and round it repeatedly, the wire wearing the wood. He had eaten all the grass and shrubbery within the circle made by the wire. When released the poor brute could not stand up, could not eat nor drink, and the man who found him, put him out of pain.

The local Humane Society was notified and offered a reward of \$50 for the conviction of the person who had tied the dog to the tree.

The day after this dispatch was printed, enough letters and promises were received from Boston people to bring the reward up to \$100.

Without making any comments on these little stories, let me tell another.

witnesses who do not want to spend any more time than possible exposed to the view of sight seers in the court.

This day a woman and two little girls, perhaps three or four years of age were there, the children romping about in clean white dresses. They were apparently, happy, but they had had a rough experience. Both were covered with black and blue marks about the body, and beneath their curls their heads were swollen and cut.

Their parents were working people and the woman with whom the children had been left during the day, had beaten them. When the officers of the Humane Society went to look for her she was gone. It was many days before she was found, but during that time there was no thought of offering a reward; no letters were received by the agent of the Humane Society from people who had read the story of the cruelty to the children, and the disappearance of the woman.

Why? It cannot be thought for an instant, that the sufferings of children do not appeal to all mankind; that when these stories of cruelty appear, people do not give them some thought and wonder "how anybody could do such a thing." But in how many instances do all expressions of sympathy for cruelly treated children stop right there? Why is it that while so much is done to protect dumb animals; that while a story of their suffering will touch the heart and the pocket of a man or woman; so little is done to protect children from cruel treatment.

Even the law discriminates, and I heard a judge not many weeks ago express amazement that while dogs and cats were protected by law from cruel treatment, there was absolutely no provision made for cruelty to children, and the case had to be disposed of, the same as one of assault upon a man the size and weight of his assailant.

When we read those funny little jokes about the woman who wouldn't let her pet dog out in the rain for fear it would catch cold but who readily gives her consent when the children want to play in the wet grass, we think them too ridiculous for anything; read them to our friends and all laugh together.

Ridiculous! Yes, but how near do they come to the truth? Very much nearer than thousands of parents on this big continent will admit, when they come down to the point, and consider how careless they have been in regard to the welfare of the children.

Here in Boston the rising generation receives considerable attention, and the little members of it are at times discussed with as much interest as political candidates, but out in the world, among that vast multitude, as it were, from which the newspapers get the stories over which people wonder, children are poor much abused creatures, unprotected.

And nobody sympathizes with them? Oh, yes they do. It often happens however, that their abusers are the ones who should protect them against everybody; it is hard to come between children and their parents, no matter what the circumstances, and no one but the officer of the law is expected to take action.

A dog, on the other hand, is a poor friendless creature unable to make known his sufferings, left to the mercy of a superior being. If his master is cruel, he has not that feeling for him which the parent has, or is supposed to have for a child, even when abusive. The dog is friendless, helpless, with no claim on the sympathies of the man who tortures it.

It is this helplessness, this silent suffering which appears to the human heart; the part that a dumb animal, alone, unprotected, is being abused, makes one feel that it is his duty to interfere.

But it is expected that a child must have some one of its own flesh and blood who should protect it.

So the law looks after the dogs.

R. G. LARSEN.

A Political Paradise.

The little sub-Alpine principality of Lichtenstein, which is separated from Switzerland by the Rhine, is subject to the overlordship of the Austrian Emperor; but it enjoys a degree of independence and self-government which is more Swiss than Austrian. The inhabitants are free from the Austrian military conscription, and they have no military burdens to pay. They are also freed from all Imperial taxation. Their local parliament, the Lichtenstein Landtag meets once a year, and in the course of a week it gets through all the necessary legislation, and sends its report to the prince. This year's report, which has just been passed by the unanimous vote of the Landtag, exhibits Lichtenstein, as a veritable political paradise. "The favorable situation of the finances of the fatherland," says this parliamentary report, renders it both a duty and a satisfaction to recommend a considerable lowering of the existing taxes on the soil." The Prince gave his sanction to the project, and a law was passed which has made the very small local self-taxation smaller than ever.

"Progress" in Boston.

Progress is for sale in Boston at the Kings Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

LAND OF BOBBIE BURNS.

WAKEMAN WRITES OF SCOTLAND AND HER BARD.

Some of the Scenes and Places Connected With His Famous Poems—Much that Will Prove Interesting About the Poet and His Life.

Ayr, Scotland, Sept. 2.—In that broad and measureless sense in which a poet of the people knits his personality adorably into the hearts of an entire nation, all of grand old Scotia is truly the "Land of Burns." In a closer geographical respect, where both personality and genius have been all-pervading, and have left on every hand some memory of association and enduring reminder of the bard's actual presence, there are, provincially, distinctively two "Burns Lands" in Bonnie Scotland.

These are Ayrshire, on the Firth of Clyde, and Dumfriesshire, on the Solway Firth, adjoining counties of southwestern Scotland. From the top of Merrick Mountain in the northern part of Kirkcudbrightshire, which wedges a strip of glorious hill country to the north between the two former shires, to which I had tramped to wander down the Doon from its very source, the sight can traverse the entire breadth of both the Ayrshire Land of Burns and the Land of Burns of Dumfriesshire. There is not another scene in all the world more fraught with glowing natural beauty; not another one more mournfully sweet and tender in gentle and pathetic memories.

To the eye the panorama of all the lovely land in which the brief life of the bard was passed is practically complete. To the mind all the vast host of his poetic creations; the joy and sadness of the man in their doing; the penury, struggle, glory and despair, from birth to death, are here massed with overwhelming impressiveness. To the west is Ayrshire, at first, by the birth-spot near pleasant Ayr, sunny and low beside the sea.

Then, following the vale of the Doon, it comes all the way to you feet, in gentle uplands, then in rugged hills and shadowy burns, and finally in huge mountains and savage glens. Passing over into Dumfriesshire, the mountains spread into broad, luxuriant vales. One, where the murmuring Nith winds to the Solway, is a dream of opulence and rest. Then as the spirit of old Dumfries town blends with the rugged solway edge, "hoary Criffel" looms threateningly. At last a glint of blue shows where is Brow Well, from which the poet, close to death, was carried back to the little Dumfries cottage and his loyal Jean; and like a tiny dazzling cone of white is seen the dome of the huge manse where the Scotch's dearest bard is at rest in eternal peace.

The two shires and their very topography—the western sea and its soft shores, the vales, the uplands, the midshire rugged heights, the sweet valley where the bard's most fond and happy home was, passed at Ellisland beside the Nith, the lowering mountain again, the glint of the sea and a nation's grave—powerfully suggest the two epochs of Burns' eventful life. Ayrshire saw his youth; his levelling, fervent early struggles; Dumfriesshire gave him the reverence that now and then comes from the holiday sort of levity in thousands from all lands who come and poke about and go, as though there were a certain kind of purring gratification in fine remarks on the sacred episodes of Highland Mary, and gentle, loyal Jean, and on finding the immortal poet soul was serene among the human harmonies in the dark recess of the Ayr cottage—forgetting that the Master in the lowly manger came.

So if you know all the strange story and double picture, you instinctively turn from the vague buffoonery casual pilgrims interject in the fragment, to the later and better part, where the strong, fine tread of poet and man first truly set in; to the scenes where few irreverent pilgrims come; and here at the utmost source of the bonnie Doon, with misting eyes you look over into Nith-vale past old Dumfries town to the rising Solway firth and seem to know, as if of a loved one gone, the deeper, tenderer mysteries of his environment and life. The period covers the ten years preceding his death, from his twenty-seventh to his thirty-seventh year of age; a period into which was crowded more personal hope and disappointment, joy and suffering, more for impulsive wrong-doing, heaven of purest domestic bliss, temptation and victory, agonized despair and triumph, than fall to the lot of most great men in their entire lives. There were first the discomfiture and desertion by Jean Armour; the betrothal to Highland Mary, with the sad parting and her tragic death; the publication of the now priceless though then humble Kilmarnock edition of his poems; the preparation for flight to Jamaica; the triumphant visit to Edinburgh; the generous caring for the mother and brothers; the glad reunion with his Jean, and the homebuilding at Ellisland over there by the songful Nith.

Then came the brief, bright days. The proceeds of settlement with Creech, his Edinburgh publisher, netted him the then magnificent sum of about £500. Magnanimously generous always, much of this sum, the first and last material good fortune Burns ever knew, went to Jean's parents, and to assist his brother Gilbert Burns in averting disaster in the latter's farm-life efforts. His lucky meeting with the ingenious and kindly Patrick Miller of Dalrewhinston Hall, had occurred. It had been settled that the poet, who hated the city with a royal hatred, should return to the plough. The nobility of the day never quite forgave his plebeian longing and love, the source of his grandest inspirations. The beautiful farm of Ellisland, five miles above Dumfries, was taken at a rental of £200 per year. Burns unaided began his farm labors the first Monday after Whit-

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gare." while over there but a mile and a half west of Mauchline is the noted farm of Mossiel, once conducted with such ruinous results by the poet and his brother Gilbert. It was here that the "Cotter's Saturday Night" and others of Burns' greatest poems were written, and where the poet, after preparing to fly to Jamaica and suddenly being called by Dr. Blacklock to Edinburgh, first which he had returned in triumph, was elated in his poor old mother's embrace while her ecstatic lips could only utter the cry, "Oh, Robert! Robert!"

These and countless other interesting with many tender identifications of bard and place or object are yours when wandering in or near the vale of the Doon. They are all there, and worth coming a long way to enjoy, but I do not think any of them take hold of the heart as does the spell which broods on the other side of these mountains in the Dumfriesshire land of Burns. Perhaps it is your own attitude and sentiment. Perhaps in the Doon you feel the suggestive of the youthful, vigorous, impulsively riotous earlier years of the plowman poet, when he himself sang of the

"Rakish art of Rob Mossiel," haunts you like hints of hovering shadows. Perhaps, too, it is the occasional shock to your own reverence that now and then comes from the holiday sort of levity in thousands from all lands who come and poke about and go, as though there were a certain kind of purring gratification in fine remarks on the sacred episodes of Highland Mary, and gentle, loyal Jean, and on finding the immortal poet soul was serene among the human harmonies in the dark recess of the Ayr cottage—forgetting that the Master in the lowly manger came.

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sunday, 1788. He toiled manfully until the autumn of that year, meantime singing many a lusty song to his absent wife, and empty into a greater loch called Loch Doon an expanse of water perhaps seven miles in length and nearly a mile in width. This in turn discharges its waters into the now real river Doon through most picturesque gorges and tunnels forming many beautiful, if not majestic, torrents, forces and cascades. Thence the course of the Doon is northwesterly to where it reaches the sea about two miles below the city of Ayr, and its entire length, exclusive of the expanse of Loch Doon, cannot be upwards of forty miles.

The scenery about Loch Doon is wild and picturesque. Its northern horizon is a lofty mountain fringe of heathery heights, broken here and there by rugged, rocky escarpments of purple and puce. From this loch for a distance of about twenty miles, the Doon winds prettily enough between the Ayrshire hills through valley reaches and past quaint old villages, but without that exquisite variety of bank and brae for which the pen of Burns has made it famous. At Patna, or still a little further at Hollybush, begin its tortuous windings. From here to the sea there is an ever-varying succession of the most idyllic riverside pictures to be found in all Britain. These were distinctively the boyhood haunts of the poet. After Hollybush comes Helymryle, perhaps the loveliest village in the loveliest vale in Scotland. It seems in an endless slumber in its nest-like vale, hushed by the murmurous lullabies of the Doon. A little beyond is ancient Cassilis Castle a noble old mansion on the left bank of the Doon, famous in song and story from the elopement of Lady Jane Hamilton, first wife of John, sixth earl of Cassilis, the grave solemn earl, with the noted "Gipsy Laddie" chief, John Faa.

From Cassilis Castle to the sea of the distance is about twelve miles. Here there is not a straight reach of the stream a fourth of a mile in length. It twists and turns, forming every conceivable fanciful contour of shore; is hid between verdure covered cliffs to leap again into sunny openings; breaks into broad shallows with lawn-like edges; then with a rush scampers to covert beneath overhanging trees whose branches, dipping to its surface, sob and sigh minor refrains to its own melodious music. Fair indeed is the Doon, as Burns knew it, as it now is, past the Old Bridge, past the New Bridge, past Old Alloway Kirk, past the cottage where he was born, past a myriad thrilling witcheries of leaf and blade and bloom and bank and brae, to the very spot where it is hushed in the vast blue sea. To wander lovingly beside it is to feast anew, and marvelously close to the personality of him who made its melodies beloved strains to the ear and heart in utmost lands.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

What She Hoped.

Not long ago a certain clergyman in a New England town was called from his study in the evening to marry a young couple who were waiting in his parlour, bent upon matrimony. The young people appeared to be from a humble walk in life, but were beaming with happiness. At the conclusion of the ceremony there was a pause of some length. The bride looked inquiringly at the groom, and he gazed back at her with a happy, but somewhat vague, expression of countenance. At last the bride stepped forward in a hesitating manner, and, dropping an elaborate curtsy, said—"We—we are very much obliged to you, sir, and we hope that at some time we shall be able to retaliate!" Her husband looked at her with undisguised pride in her ability to cope with a word of such length and elegance, and the minister bowed the couple out, with as grave a face as he could call up with that remarkable wish ringing in his ears.