

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

GOT HIS CLOTHES BACK.

THE SAILOR KNEW TOO MUCH FOR THE SOLDIERS.

He Owed the Refuge \$18.00 for Board and They Tried to Keep his Garments—The Law was on his Side and he Recovered Them—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—Eva Booth the commissioner of the Salvation Army, spent Sunday in Halifax. She showed herself to be a woman of great eloquence and remarkable earnestness. Miss Booth shines above all, however, as an administrator, and she knows how to manage with an idea to success. She will have a few pointers to give in this direction to the corps in Halifax, who latterly seem to be in need of one or two lessons. At the agitation harbor or shelter house, the other day, the management found themselves the creditors of a sailor, yclept Martin, to the extent of \$18. The sailor left the shelter without paying up the bill and in self-defense the Salvationists kept the sailor's clothes and refused to give them up. Now that sailor knew a thing or two, more than the Salvation harbor management, for he was aware that they could not legally retain the clothing of a sailor for any amount greater than one dollar.

Other words, the law is that if any boarding house people allow a sailor to get more than one dollar in debt they have a remedy, but it is not that of the power to keep his clothing. The duels, therefore, the Salvationists had to relinquish. They went to the city hall, and took out a capias for Martin. He was too spry for them though, and up to date has not been heard from. This is a small matter but it shows how kees even salvationists must be in order to keep financially right in these days. Every body stout, admits that the Salvation Army has done much good in Halifax.

In order to show from an other quarter how necessary it is to keep up with the times and avoid mistakes and loss, the case of a minister in Springfield may be mentioned. This minister was member of a church board of missions. Early one morning recently he packed his valise and started for Halifax to attend a meeting which he believed was to take place that night. He went to the place of resort for such gatherings and was surprised to find himself the only cleric, or layman either, for that matter, who thought it worth while to put in an appearance. A little inquiry showed the mis-guided minister that the synod had changed the date of meeting and the time for it to convene was yet weeks off. The Rev. brother lost two days over the trip but he has the benefit of a worthy resolve to keep better posted in future.

A DAY IN COLOMBO.

Described by Mrs. H. E. West—Formerly Miss Margaret Bailey.

Mrs. H. E. West, formerly so well known in Fredericton as Miss Margaret Bailey, sends from her Australian home an interesting account of a visit to Colombo. Her old friends will be glad to revive this pleasant acquaintance through the medium of such a letter:

Arriving in Colombo on the morning of a beautifully bright clear day, a party of us left our good ship the "Oruba" to go ashore in a row boat manned by native oarsmen. We passed on our way, innumerable small, queerly shaped craft called catamarans formed of a larger and smaller boat connected by two bamboo poles.

The day was intensely hot, but one did not have time to give much thought to it, amongst so many novel and interesting sights. Having visited the bazars and been almost driven wild with native shop keepers running after us with all sorts of oriental curios, and insisting upon buying things which we did for peace sake, we soon left the bazars, and engaging a carriage and Singapore driver, we proceeded to the Cinnamon gardens, passing on our way the most beautiful tropical trees, and plants resplendent with colour, one tree bearing clusters of vivid red blossoms; also large coconut palms, under which the natives have their dwellings. Such queer little dwellings they are too; made of mud, with thatched roofs, and without doors, so that the interior can be plainly viewed. Had we had time we would have visited the Buddhist temples, as our little Buddhist guide was very anxious that we should, but we were obliged to content ourselves with a view of the exterior and a dim imagination of what was within.

Returning by another road, and passing several comfortable looking bungalows, almost buried in tropical verdure, we soon arrived at the Oriental Hotel, facing the harbor, where we had luncheon under huge swinging punkahs, which made the atmosphere quite different from the hot street. We were attended by natives in loose white flowing garments, and sandals, while their long hair was drawn back by circular pieces of tortoise-shell resembling combs. After resting and cooling ourselves thoroughly, we engaged a Hindoo driver and

drove to Mount Lavinia where we had tea at a very fine hotel situated on a bluff with the Indian Ocean on one side, and on the other, and stretching for miles along the shore, vast coconut groves; it was indeed a lovely scene. Several natives, dealers in silver, were at the hotel and much fun we had over our purchases, which we thought we were making grand bargains for, but for which we were afterwards told by the officers of the ship that we had given just double their worth, which was most discouraging. One has to be quite prepared for these native dealers and give them only a quarter of what they ask.

It was the native Xmas day in Colombo, and the entire native population was in the streets putting up floral decorations in front of their dwellings and seeming very happy at their occupation. One or two natives we passed of the better class, were clad in bright yellow satin which at a distance looked quite effective against the dark foliage. We drove back during the fashionable hour in Colombo, along a pretty drive by the sea, where we saw numbers of rick-shaws run by natives, which to us looked very odd, and many pretty carriages, and officers on horse back. We returned immediately to the ship, quite decided in our minds that it was the most interesting day we had ever spent.

M. B.

A ST. JOHN MAN HONORED.

Mr. J. P. Lormer Presented with an Address in Melbourne, Australia.

In the recent issue of the Melbourne Age of Australia there is a long and flattering notice of a presentation made to Mr. J. P. Lormer a gentleman formerly well known here who has evidently been stirring up matters in that big city. PROGRESS reprints the account which cannot fail to be interesting to many.

"The upper room of the Athenaeum Hall, Collins-street, was crowded last evening by friends and admirers of Mr. W. J. Lormer, J. P., the occasion being the presentation to him of a cheque for £183, publicly subscribed to reimburse him the expense to which he was put in substantiating the charges of corruption he had brought against certain justices of the peace. He was further presented with a painting of himself, and an address from the committee which took charge of the public testimonial.

Mr. James Cook, chairman of the testimonial committee, who presided, stated that the object of the gathering was to express sympathy with Mr. Lormer for his worthy, anxiety and trouble he had experienced during the past 12 months in connection with the difficult task of purifying the administration of justice, and also to show admiration for the moral courage he had displayed in fighting such a cause.

(Applause.) Mr. Lormer's task was a most difficult one, as he had to fight a number of people only too anxious to hush up matters. (Applause.) He was also hampered by the lethargy, supineness and hesitation of the Government, and especially the Law department. (Applause.) But noting all these drawbacks, Mr. Lormer had come out with flying colors. (Applause.) When he and Mr. Rodier pointed this out to the Premier as a reason why Mr. Lormer should not be called upon to pay all his own expenses, Mr. Turner became rather warm, and said he had to keep a tight hold on the purse strings of the colony.

Mr. W. B. Bodier, described as one of the oldest justices of the peace in the colony, and town clerk of Ballarat East, said that until the report of the board was published he had not been acquainted with Mr. Lormer; but when he found that the result of the inquiry was to purify the administration of justice, he felt it his duty to personally sympathize with that gentleman in the great struggle he had gone through, and the manly battle he had fought. (Applause.)

And here one has to face a very subtle and a very delicate question; a question which theologians must carefully avoid. Men and women have been known to die from an excess of joy; a prisoner unexpectedly released after years of darkness, a woman whose shipwrecked husband comes back to her when she has long believed him dead, a man who after years of slavish poverty finds himself in a moment rich and free. Such surprises have been followed by death, but only in cases where there already existed a developed disease.

Why will violent sorrow break a sound heart, when joy as shocking is only strong enough to interrupt the beating when already enfeebled? Is it because in the first moment of great sorrow we lose the wish to live and the sense that life is a duty after it has ceased to be a privilege? A man receives the tidings of a disaster which takes away from him all desire to live. He leans forward, his hand dies to his heart, his head droops; he is dead. Has he committed suicide? There has been no bow, no dagger, and no priest will refuse him a Christian burial. But has he not felt his heart, staggering under the blow, pause and hesitate? Has he not felt that by an effort of his will he could

the bench and deal with liquor cases. (applause.) He regretted to see that their fellow Jewish colonists were represented in public matters out of all proportion to their numbers, and this was a matter that would have to be carefully considered. His recollection of the emblem of justice was a female standing blind-fold, holding a sword aloft, and a pair of scales evenly balanced, but on the Law Courts she was sitting down—(laughter)—her eyes were uncovered—(laughter)—possibly to see which was the rich and which the poor applicant for justice, while the scales were almost hidden from view in her lap. (laughter.)

WHAT BREAKS A HEART?

Is It Unconscious Suicide or an Excess of Human Emotion?

What is a broken heart? You hear bad news, you know that some terrible trouble has come into your life; for a moment your heart thumps in your breast, and then it seems to stand quite still, to pause, to hesitate.

You wonder, vaguely, as if you were speculating about the fate of some person a long way off, whether you are going to die, and then you feel a sharp pain as if your heart had escaped with a great throb, from some pressure which has stifled its motion.

There is a sense of doubt, of stuttering, in the heart-beats, and with a cold weakness you realize that you have lived through the shock and have got to face a sorrow. You have had a narrow escape. Your heart has been almost broken. If it had been altogether broken, that moment of vague wonder would have been the last thought of your life, for when people die of heart-break, death comes just at that instant. But why is the heart, rather than any other one of the vital organs affected by violent emotion?

It is in your brain, not your heart, that a derangement of molecules and rearrangement of purposes and wishes waits upon the coming and the going of the woman you love, the success and the failure of the effort you make, your gains and your losses in the game of life.

What has the heart to do with it? The heart is a bulb as big as your fist; a bulb like the rubber bulb on a spraying bottle. Opening, it fills itself with blood; contracting again with a violent shock it pumps the blood out through the arteries, forcing it through all the various parts of the body.

The valves which direct this flow, the muscles which produce this strong contraction, are governed from the brain, and any sudden perturbation of the brain, such as a sudden perception of joy, or grief, or fear, interferes with the just rhythm of its operation.

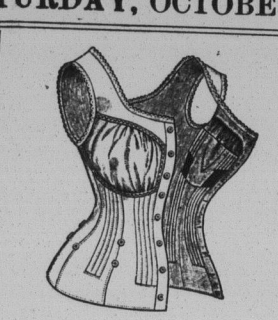
If your life is made beautiful for a time by the knowledge that a woman whom you love loves you, every time she comes into a room and stands before you your heart begins to beat a little more quickly than before. And when you feel her heart beating against yours, when you know she finds the same heaven in your touch that you find in hers, every pulsation so shakes your independence that it seems impossible that you could live without her.

All hearts are not alike. Just as one man's hearing is keener than another, one heart responds more quickly than another to an agitation of the mind, and the valves are strong in one heart and weak in another, able sometimes to go on doing their work when the nervous system has received a terrible blow, in other cases, breaking down under a comparatively feeble shock.

For it is a breaking down, a failure, to act, rather than a breaking in the sense of a fracture, which causes sudden death from emotion. The heart stops as the mainpring of a watch stops, and then you die as inevitably as the hands of the watch cease to move.

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EQUIPOISE WAIST FOR LADIES.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

make it move again? And has he not abstained from making that effort; feeling only half consciously, perhaps—that the death which will come if he does not make the effort is more welcome than life?

The Patriotic writings touch sometimes upon this matter of the borderline of suicide, this obligation not only to live but to struggle to live, when life is most difficult. But no one among the fathers of the church ever considered in set terms the weakening of the power to live as a result of the weakening of the will to live. Some recognition of such a correlation has, however, shown itself in our common forms of speech.

There are myriads of infinite gradations between the covert sin of the man who puts the muzzle of a pistol against the root of his mouth and pulls the trigger and the sin of a man who does not fight for life quite so vigorously as we think we might have done. But has not every man who ever felt the wish to live flag and grow weak in his heart approached, in some measure, the crime of suicide?

Bereavement by death, the one irretrievable calamity, this one inevitable disaster which must come to either man or to woman, either to parent or to child, either to brother or to sister, of every two human creatures who cherish one another with an absorbing love, is an experience of which almost every one of adult years has some personal knowledge. And among the many whose hearts have not broken are there not a goodly number who have almost wished, for an instant that their hearts might break?

SOON MARRIED AGAIN.

After His First Wife's Funeral Sermon Introduces the New Bride.

Mrs. Jennie Montague, wife of Marion Montague, a farmer living six miles from this town, died after a brief illness of about ten weeks ago. The interment took place with only a simple and short ceremony. The funeral sermon was postponed for some time, after a custom that obtains in this section of West Virginia. The date of the funeral sermon was fixed for last week. The neighbors for many miles around were invited to be present. Men and women both attended. The women were dressed in plain, sombre garb, wearing long black veils that had done service on many similar occasions. Benches had been borrowed from the church, and these were arranged in rows facing a slightly raised platform for the clergyman, and behind him hung a large crayon portrait of the deceased appropriately draped.

Rev. Mr. Owens, of the Baptist church, preached a long sermon full of rugged eloquence from the text "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

The women went straight on to the very edge of the precipice, and then paused of his own accord as if frightened at the gulf. But the presence of the awful object on his back overmastered the horse's fear of the cliff and standing on the very edge of it he began to back violently. Billy clung hard. The first leap of the bronco did what might have been expected—it carried him and his rider straight down the precipice and into the current of the river.

When the spectators who had followed on as fast as they could, reached the place, neither cowboy nor bronco was to be seen. The trail of the animal was plain to the place where he had gone off the rock. It was quite apparent what had happened.

By a circuitous route the men went down to the river shore, and followed along to see if they could find Billy's body. There was a deep gorge below with a bit of shore and there the people found Billy Crites, not dead, but standing on the shore apparently unharmed, very wet, and engaged in an attempt to fish out with a pole a drowned horse in the stream, in order to recover his saddle and bridle!

When the horse went over the precipice the cow-boy kept his seat, but left it as soon as the animals body had broken the fall. The bronco was killed instantly, but Crites swam out quite unharmed. Seeing the men, he yelled to know why they had not brought him a rope, and when this was brought he soon recovered his saddle and bridle.—Youth's Companion.

INDIAN BETROTHALS.

The Mode in Which Nez Perces Maidens Selected Their Husbands.

An old custom was revived by the Nez Perces Indians and their visitors on the occasion of a recent celebration. The ne-

Stylish, Comfortable, Hygenic THE CORSET SUBSTITUTE.

Made upon true Hygenic principles, with full graceful figure advantage of the fashionably modeled Corset. A perfect support from the shoulders, distributing the clothing-strain and weight.

603—White, lace back, bow neck, boned front and back, strong twilled cotton, 8 and 9 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.50.
603 C—Drab. Same style as 603, but in drab twill, 8 and 9 inches under arm length waist. Price \$2.75.

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING.

Take a tight measure around the waist, over dress; supposing this to be 21 inches, the size required would be No. 24.

STYLES KEPT IN STOCK.

Cowboys Are Usually Very Cool Even When They Are Injured by Animals.

The coolness of the practiced cow-boy, who feels in duty bound to appear unharmed and without agitation even when he may be wounded and possessed of every excuse for excitement, is well illustrated by an incident of rough riding in Idaho, related by a frontiersman. Just below Asotin, on the Snake River, there is a cliff at least fifty feet high, at the foot of which the deep water of the river winds; it is, in fact, rather a cape than a mere cliff, for the face of the rock forms a sharp, jutting point around which a narrow bridal-path runs.

To Asotin there once came a cow-boy of considerable skill named Billy Crites; and to him was brought a wild horse from a neighboring ranch, which no one there could tame. Billy at once undertook the task of riding the animal, and stood by impassively while his assistants performed the preparatory task of throwing blind-folding and saddling the bronco. When the girl had been bound on very tightly, the animal was allowed to get up, and Crites mounted into the saddle. 'All ready!' he shouted, and the bandage was removed from the wild horse's eyes.

At the same instant Billy touched the horse with his spurs; and the creature, intent, as wild horses under such conditions generally are only on getting the rider off his back, began to "back" violently. This performance was repeated for some time, quite in vain. Crites was far from being the sort of rider who could be dislodged by this proceeding.

All at once the animal began the next performance on the bronco programme. He started off on a dead run, and took the trail down the Snake. The spectators looked to see Crites manage to rein him off this dangerous path, but evidently from his unfamiliarity with the ground, the cowboy did not do so, but kept straight on.

'He'll be killed!' several yelled. 'No human being can keep a running horse on the trail around that point.'

This was quite true. All riders who came to this point on the trail dismounted, even when their animals were walking, and led them around the dangerous place. It was but a sloping path, and the river ran swiftly straight below.

There was a sharp bend before the point was reached, and Billy and his bronco disappeared from the spectators' view. This added to their suspense.

The bronco went straight on to the very edge of the precipice, and then paused of his own accord as if frightened at the gulf. But the presence of the awful object on his back overmastered the horse's fear of the cliff and standing on the very edge of it he began to back violently. Billy clung hard. The first leap of the bronco did what might have been expected—it carried him and his rider straight down the precipice and into the current of the river.

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Perhaps You're Thinking

of Winter clothes. Your Summer ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should take them to UNGAR'S. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public.

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