

The Year of the Fever.

Mrs. James P. Collins, widow of Dr. Collins, formerly of St. John, and now a resident in Prince Edward Island, has been in the city during the past week.

The story of the plague is found in an article written by the late William K. Reynolds, and published in the New Brunswick Magazine, in October, 1888. It is in part as follows:—

In the year 1847 death and emigration depleted the population of Ireland to the extent of more than 2,000,000 people. The potato crop had been a failure in 1846, and the result was widespread destitution followed by famine.

There had been bad seasons for the crops in Ireland during the preceding years and the tide of emigration had been steadily increasing. In 1846 nearly 130,000 persons embarked, of whom 33,000 were for British North America.

The first of the immigrant ships to arrive in St. John was the brig Medea, on May 5th, 1847. It was from Galway and had made the passage in 38 days.

During the month of June 23 vessels arrived. On these 5,800 persons had embarked, but nearly 200 died in quarantine and on the island, while some 850 of those who had been landed were sick in hospital at the close of the month.

In the meantime the infection was spreading in the city, and by the end of July 600 had been admitted to the emigrant hospital at the old poorhouse, at the corner of Great George's (now King street) and Wentworth streets.

Then the disease became epidemic, and many deaths took place among the citizens, but of these there is no specific record. No one who had any communication with the sick was safe.

During July 4,000 more immigrants arrived, making a total of 9,000 up to that time. Among the vessels was the barque Ward Chipman, from Cork, with 665 passengers.

and the fever was increasing rapidly. Closely following this vessel was the barque Envy from Londonderry with a most malignant type of small pox.

On Aug. 6th the brig Magnus, from Galway, was driven by a heavy gale on the island shore and became a total wreck.

During the earlier part of the epidemic an attempt was made to make coffins for all who died on the island. James Portmore, the carpenter, who was building the pest house, was kept at work, but was unable to turn out the coffins fast enough.

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place in the Portland burying ground. It all happened in such a short time that we have no record of it.

The scenes on the island were beyond description. The people were lying about in the most unprotected state. The odor was sickening.

Shortly after her husband's death Mrs. Collins was pensioned by the local government, her yearly allowance being one hundred dollars.

Dr. James Patrick Collins was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1822. He came to this country when a mere boy with his parents.

Dr. Collins' widow is a sister of the late Father James Quinn, who so nobly and unceasingly attended on the fever-stricken people both at the island and in the city proper during the year of the fever pestilence.

There is living in this city on Garden street, an elderly gentleman, who was a witness of all the horrors of the dreadful year, and in the beginning of 1847. His name is Michael Driscoll, and his slivery locks tell of many years "in the bivouac of life."

"You wish me to speak of that horrible year, 1847. I can hardly do it. The very thought of it causes the skin to creep and the head to reel. Of course, such were not my thoughts then. The man who stopped to think then marked himself a coward. It was only after the thing was all over that one took time to think and tremble. How I escaped I can never tell."

"At that time I was first mate of the ship Aecolus. Our ship at the time was employed in carrying the bodies of those who succumbed to the fever and typhus from the inner quarantine off Reed's Point, down to the lower end of the island for burial. It was a gloomy task, yet it had to be performed."

"Late in the autumn our ship sailed away, but before that time many of my old shipmates had fallen victims to the disease. I can tell you an incident of that time, and in the beginning, but happy in the ending. My bosom shipmate took the fever just as we were about weighing anchor. He was taken ashore, and it was with feelings of sadness that I parted from him, for I believed I should never see him again. Time passed and I had left the sea to become a prospector in California. This was in the year 1852. One day, while trailing the Sierra Nevada mountains in company with a number of adventurers like myself, I fell in with a man whom I recognized at once as my former shipmate. Our feelings at meeting each other again were mutual: we were happy."

DISGRACED HIMSELF. An amusing story is told of a young Scotch lad who, in a very quiet, determined way, made his exit from a house in which he had been but a little while installed as a domestic help.

On the morning of a great dinner party he was entrusted—rather rashly—with a great load of plates, which he was carrying upstairs from the kitchen to the dining-room, and which were piled up on his head.

In going up stairs his foot slipped and the plates were broken to atoms. He at once went to the drawing-room, put his head in at the door and shouted: "The plates are smashed and I'm awa'!"

WHY HE COULDN'T BUY THE LAND. It happened in the south—not the new south but the old south, where they live in the same old way.

"This looks like good land," he commented. "It is," replied the native carelessly. "But the people here don't make the most of it."

"They don't," admitted the native. "I could make three times as much out of it as they do."

"You could, if you could get it." "Can't I get it?" "Well, hardly."

"Not if I pay twice what it is worth to the present owners?" "You couldn't buy it for ten times what it's worth to them."

"Why not?" "Stranger," said the native wearily, "you don't seem to get the hang of things here. If they sold they'd have to move away, wouldn't they?"

HOW I LIVED BY BORROWING. As a man who lived for many years, and very comfortably too, by practicing the gentle art of borrowing, I may claim to know something of the subject; and as, by one of Fortune's capricious turns of her wheel, I am placed in a position where it is no longer necessary to borrow in order to live, there cannot be any harm in divulging the secrets of my profession—of which, by the way, I have the grace to be a little ashamed now.

Perhaps I need not explain how I came to be reduced to such an expedient as borrowing without any intention of repaying. Let it suffice to say that I am a member of what is known as a "good old family" with a high-sounding name; that it became necessary for me to make a living somehow; and that, like my immediate ancestors, to whom I owed my impecunious position, I suffer from a constitutional aversion to work of any kind.

Fortunately I started my career in an excellent position for practicing my profession. I was a member of a good circle, fairly well known in west end circles, and I had a large number of flourishing acquaintances, to whom a £10 note more or less made no appreciable difference. I was an astute enough, too, to keep my financial condition to myself, and was credited with a capacity for "outrunning the constable" and being occasionally "hard up."

If my friends had known how penniless I was they would, no doubt, have given me a wide berth; but I took good care that they didn't. Another matter I paid scrupulous attention to—I always dressed well, as it is important above everything that a professional borrower should have a prosperous appearance; for while a man with a frayed and out-of-date coat would find it difficult to borrow, the crumpled, the immaculate and fashionably attired man may accept a loan of a £10 note as if he were conferring a favor.

Another useful art, which luckily was second nature with me, was my capacity for being "all things to all men." I could flatter an old fogey to his face and poke fun at him behind his back. All very contemptible, you say. That may be; but an invaluable art for a man whose living depends on his general popularity. And it is wonderful how difficult it is to detect a versatile man of this kind.

I found a useful thing to distribute my patronage, and as I counted my acquaintances by the hundred this was quite easy; so that I could make an excellent living without being very much in any man's debt. I also found it a good policy to begin by borrowing small sums and promptly paying them back, thus disarming any suspicion of my absolute honesty. It pays excellently to return a few borrowed sovereigns or fivers if you can thus pave the way to a £50 loan which escapes your memory.

My first substantial loan—and it may be taken as a type of many—I worked in this way. I was sitting disconsolately in the club smoking-room one day, when old "Moneybags" a man I had always been very civil to, entered. "Halloo, Fitz-Adelbert," he said, "what's the matter now?" "Oh, it's nothing," I said, resignedly, "only I'm badly in want of a tenner, and I'm blessed if I know where it's to come from, as I don't get my allowance for another month." "Oh, if that's all," the deaf old boy answered, "we can soon put that right. No, not a word of this to any one, but I have offered to repay part of my indebtedness, he has always ridiculed the suggestion with, 'Don't speak of it, my boy. There's no nurry.'"

But, alas! there was I—like him, a borrowing wretch—became the most popular and pestered of all professions. I have never asked a man directly

for a loan in my life, and I never asked a man twice. If he refused me I simply walked off with an air of injured astonishment, and ten to one he would run after me, apologizing, and insist on my taking the loan.

If a man so far forgot himself as to press for payment, I always repaid him by borrowing from someone else, and thus I was able to keep on amiable terms all round, and with one or two exceptions I never borrowed more than £50 from any one man, taking care, of course, to widen my circle of acquaintances by joining another club or in other social ways, as occasion suggested.

Naturally, to succeed at this game a man must be a bit of an actor; and I flatter myself that in nine cases out of ten the money was paid over without the lender having any suspicion that I was fishing for a loan. It can all be done so delicately and artistically by suggestion. Of course, my social position gave me my opportunities.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED MOUJIK. (New York Tribune.) Mr. Charlemagne Tower, the American ambassador to Russia, was talking at Atlantic City about the Russian moujik.

"This native fellow," he said, "is something like a boy and something like a man. He is, as a rule, very simple, very kind."

"A typical moujik entered one day a railway station. He approached the agent and asked when a certain train would leave for a certain place. The agent told him distinctly, and, seemingly satisfied he was backed, but a moment later he departed again, and again he asked the agent the same question."

"Why," the agent exclaimed, "I told you only a minute ago!" "You did, truly," the moujik answered, "but it isn't myself that wants to know this time. It's my mate outside."

AS TO ETIQUETTE. (Argonaut.) A Yankee visitor to London having been invited to attend a social affair of some importance asked his friend, Henry Clay Evans, the United States consul-general, if it would be permissible for him to appear in other than court dress, which was distasteful to his democratic ideas. Mr. Evans advised him by all means not to defy English social usage.

"All opposition to dressing with conservatism and propriety reminds me," continued Mr. Evans, "of a young fellow in Tennessee who was about to start barefoot for a Saturday night party. 'Where you going?' demanded his mother. 'To the party,' he replied. 'Well, afore you go,' she ordered, 'you go down to the creek and wash your feet.' 'I don't want to,' he said. 'See here,' exclaimed his mother, 'if you don't go right along and wash your feet, you don't go to that party, that's all!' The young man slunk toward the creek. 'If I'd a' known there was going to be such a fuss over getting ready,' he growled, 'I wouldn't have agreed to go to that party at all!'

THE OPINION OF SIR WM. VAN HORNE. Sir Wm. Van Horne is reported to have said that the most profitable way to deliver Manitoba wheat at the seaboard is by rail to Fort William and thence through the lakes. Sir Wm. Van Horne's opinion on any railway or transportation question is always worthy of consideration, but there is another of much more importance to every man and child in the maritime provinces at the present time. It also relates to Manitoba wheat as we find it in Oglivie's Flour, and the question is, why be content to use bread made from ordinary flour when a better, healthier and tastier bread can be obtained from Oglivie's, the flour used by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family.

Wm. George, this burning of the candle at both ends means an untimely grave. It is nearly 11 o'clock. Come to bed. George—But I'm doing this night work in order to find money enough to buy you a birthday present.

HUMORS OF CROSS-EXAMINATION. When the Lawyer Gets the Worst of It. (Tit-Bits.) The contest between counsel and witness must necessarily be an unequal one, and it is little surprise that the sympathies of the public are more often with the latter than the former, or that whenever a witness scores a point over a bullying cross-examiner it is hailed with delight.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" a pious counsel once asked, in the writer's hearing, of a provincial tradesman.

"No, never," came the decisive answer.

"Now, be careful, sir, how you answer this question. Have you ever stopped payment?"

"Yes," said the barrister with satisfaction, "I thought we should get at it. Now, sir, tell his lordship when that happened."

"After I had paid all I owed," the witness answered, amid a roar of laughter, in which the judge himself felt compelled to join.

On another occasion a conceited counsel had been cross-examining a young woman at considerable length upon the case of a person with whom she professed to be well acquainted.

"Will you describe the man you say you saw near the scene of the crime?" asked a dimutive barrister of a witness in a recent murder trial. "Was he a big man?"

"Oh, no; nowt o' kind," answered the witness, a kindly Yorkshireman. "He was just a little, insignificant bit of a chap, summat like yerself."

This story reminds one of an equally crushing answer given to another counsel, whose physical dimensions were incommensurate with his sense of importance.

"Did you see this tree that was mentioned by the roadside?" the barrister inquired.

"Yes, sir, I saw it very plainly."

"It was conspicuous, then?" "No; I shouldn't say it was exactly conspicuous," the witness answered.

"You are trading, sir," counsel continued. "If, as you say, you saw the tree plainly, how can you say it was not conspicuous?"

"Well, it's just like this," the unabashed witness replied: "I can see you plainly among the rest of the lawyers, though you're not a bit conspicuous."

"You really mean to say," once asked a well-known lawyer, now a judge, "that as the result of this accident your son will never be able to follow your business? If he's not fit to be a butcher, what do you propose to make of him?"

"Well," was the answer, which convulsed the court, "if he's no good for cut else, I'll mak' a lawyer of him." "You say this Mrs. Robinson was a friend of yours?" learned K. C. once asked a witness.

"Is she here?" "No." "Do you know where she is?" "No." "Now, sir," counsel retorted, in a fury, "I warn you to be careful, and to remember that you are on your oath. You say that although this woman was a neighbor and friend of yours, you do not know where she is to be found. Tell the court at once, sir, where she is."

"Sorry for that, sir," came the crushing answer; "I didn't think my face was such a good mirror."

HER OWN SOLOMON. Little Miss Kohlssant has argued and won a case of her own. The little girl lost a much-loved pet dog some time back, and recently saw it riding in a carriage with a handsomely gowned lady. The carriage was going very slowly near the pavement, and the little girl delightedly called her pet dog by name. With a whine of joy the animal sprang from the vehicle and, running to little Miss Kohlssant, began jumping about her licking her hands for sheer joy.

"You can't have my dog, little girl," called the lady from the carriage, which had now drawn rein beside the curb.

"But this is my dog," said little Miss Kohlssant.

"No, it is my dog," said the woman. "I'll prove that it is mine," replied little Miss Kohlssant, with the blood born of determination and justice.

By this time quite a crowd of children and passers-by collected, and the girl with the dog in her arms, faced her antagonist as a lawyer faces a jury.

"Can your dog stand up and beg?" said she.

"Yes," answered the lady. "Can he jump through a hoop?" "Yes."

"Can he lie down and play dead?" "Yes."

"Can he dance on his hind feet?" "Yes."

"Can he say his prayers?" "Yes."

Closing her arms tightly about the dog and starting to walk away, the child cried, triumphantly, "Well, my dog can't. He is mine, then."

And she won.

A golf-friend writes to our Query Editor as follows: "I was playing golf against a friend the other day, and after a magnificent drive was assailed to see a cow nibble my ball. However, I succeeded in driving the cow on to the green, and with many whacks made her disgorge my ball close to the hole. I then holed out with the next stroke and claimed the hole, as I had done it in two strokes—a drive and a putt."

"No," said my friend, "you took fifteen."

"How do you make that out?" I replied.

"Why," said he, "you hit the cow with your club thirteen times, which with your drive and putt makes fifteen."

"I have been wondering if anyone has had experiences somewhat similar to above."



IT is quite likely you are doctoring for the wrong thing. Or perhaps you are taking medicine for a trouble you really have but which has been brought on by that common ailment—constipation. Whatever your trouble, do you find it stubborn to treat? Do you wonder why you do not get cured? Are you sometimes almost discouraged? Try doctoring your bowels. Don't imagine because you seem regular, or maybe once a day for a time, then a day skipped, and so on, that you have healthy bowels. Everybody needs a gentle laxative occasionally. Where you think you may be all right, you may be all wrong. Likely as not it is the cause of something else you are suffering from.

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