

HOW THEY SCHEME TO HIDE THEIR POVERTY

The Pitiful Struggle to Keep up Appearances When Times Grow Dull and Money is Tight—Various Expedients Resorted to by the "Near Fashionables"

New York, May 21.—When business times grow tight and money takes wings out itself, though it may be kept a profound secret from the most intimate friends, a hard struggle begins in the endeavor to keep up with the rest of the set.

There is a tendency among men and women who have known the power of wealth and have wielded the golden baton of social leadership to "bluff it out" when adversity overtakes them. The newly poor refuse absolutely to yield one jot or tittle of their position or give up their old extravagant mode of living. And the results are often tragical. The grim facts that stalk out one by one from behind the door, which pride is endeavoring to keep barricaded even to the family, are as terrifying to these desperate strugglers as the terrors of the unknown. Dread becomes stern reality. For just as one affair is straightened out by diplomacy and much maneuvering of one another, and the wheels and again all the forces must be concentrated upon the problem of adjustment without detection.

When a financial upheaval occurs but few fortunes escape attack, many of them disintegrating to the smallest fraction. Those that do not pull through are shaken to the very foundations and made more susceptible to the smaller panics that so easily follow, and their miseries shade in the subject fear as to how long they will be able to hold out. Even those who have passed through the ordeal, sadly seldom feel secure. They show it oddly enough, while the man who has met with overwhelming defeat in all his plans, to keep his riches beyond the reach of the causes that have well nigh ruined him, is the one that keeps up a brave front. Singularly enough, both frequently hide upon the same plan of action.

The first named expedient, by saving from his bounty, against the wreckage of fortune, is in the future. And the other desires to escape from all gay doings from all their dear friends. The lower, too, has to make his exit in "double time" if he would not have the extent of damage to his pocketbook soon known.

Naturally, the simplest plan to follow, in these days, is the advice of some expert nerve specialist, who advises a trip abroad with all haste. To prepare for this many luxurious possessions can be "unloaded" without suspicion, and funds are thus provided for the emergency.

Consequently, the villa at Bar Harbor or Newport, is in the market. The servants are dismissed, and the other shore is easily reached. A few notes come back to anxious friends. The notes hint at a dear Tom's or Dick's health requiring rest and complete change after the strenuous days now "safely past."

A journey to be taken into some out of the way province is alluded to, also that it will be by easy stages. And the reward of hard work and the plan is to dawdle along at will and discover new nooks in the world.

Then an estate will be sold, for various properties are a nuisance when one has to travel. Later will come the rumor that the explorers may go as far as the coast of all their lands and eventually become residents of the far country of the adoption. They are so enamored of the life "over there." It is all well enough to snatch a departure of this kind from the jaws of financial death, and to hide so completely the fact that the money has been drawn from the pocketbook, that a far more masterly mind is needed for those that have to stand by their "firm" and continue to live outwardly, at least, as if nothing had happened.

It is a bachelor life to be led in these days of sudden change, and the plan is to be by easy stages. And the reward of hard work and the plan is to dawdle along at will and discover new nooks in the world.

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COPPER MINES IN THE COUNTY OF KINGS

Valuable Property Near Sussex is About to Come in for a Period of Active Development.

(Sussex Record.)

At different times the Record has made mention of the possibility of the development of mineral wealth near Sussex, but circumstances were such that we could not definitely refer to the subject.

We understand now that arrangements have been perfected whereby the owners of the copper mining area at Jordan Mountain will shortly place this property before the public. For two years past or more, much investigation, correspondence and test of values have been indulged in with the result that it has been decided to form a company with the object of opening up and developing the area so as to bring it prominently to the attention of capitalists as under ordinary circumstances it is impossible to get capital to take up with a "prospect" or undeveloped property.

This area is within seven miles of Sussex, on the old road passing through Jordan Mountain and close by the Stockton manganese mine which was worked to some extent a few years ago. The property was first discovered by James Robertson, who is one of the most practical miners in New Brunswick, and was for many years engaged in the old Albert Mines in Alberta Co., from which some millions of dollars were made on the production of oil. The vein was finally fully located and mining rights on some taken out and averaged samples of ore sent to the provincial assayer of Quebec province, Milton L. Hensley, Esq., who gave value of upward of \$22.00 per ton of ore. The ore is associated with malachite or carbonates of copper and he stated the ore was very valuable if in quantity. Some small amount of development work done revealed at vein 7 to 8 feet in width, the gauge of solid vein carrying copper in form of chalcocite, chalcocite or sulphide of copper, containing more or less silver and heavily coated with the green carbonate or copper. Being satisfied with the results of the assay, he finally after due consideration, placed the matter in the hands of E. A. Charters of this place, who for upwards of two years has spent much time and energy in thoroughly investigating same by tests and securing the services of competent mining men to examine the claim.

A Mr. Bayne, M. E., of Boston, Mr. V. M. Christie, E. of Halifax, N. S., examined it carefully, so far as opened up and were unanimous in their opinion that it was a true fissure or permanent vein, and strongly advised that the mine be opened up. At a later date Professor Ellis, of the Geological Survey staff, Ottawa, Canada, examined the property and was decidedly impressed with the same, stating that it had every advantage, being a permanent vein and also advised that development of the vein should be made. Tests of ore have shown all the way from 5 p.c. to 16 p.c. of copper, but the values at a greater depth are necessary to prove the continued values of the same. This, the Messrs. Bayne and Mr. J. S. Dawson, of Dawson Settlement, Alberta Co., have decided to do, placing the full control of the vein in the hands of Mr. Bayne, who is now about ready to make the necessary trial in the premises.

When it is understood that the large ore producing copper mines of the U. S. and Western Canada, which have paid large dividends have done so at a percentage of from 2 p.c. to 8 p.c. ore, the question arises, can not this mine, showing values from 5 p.c. to 16 p.c., be made to pay, if the ore values continue at any depth. On this there can be no answer.

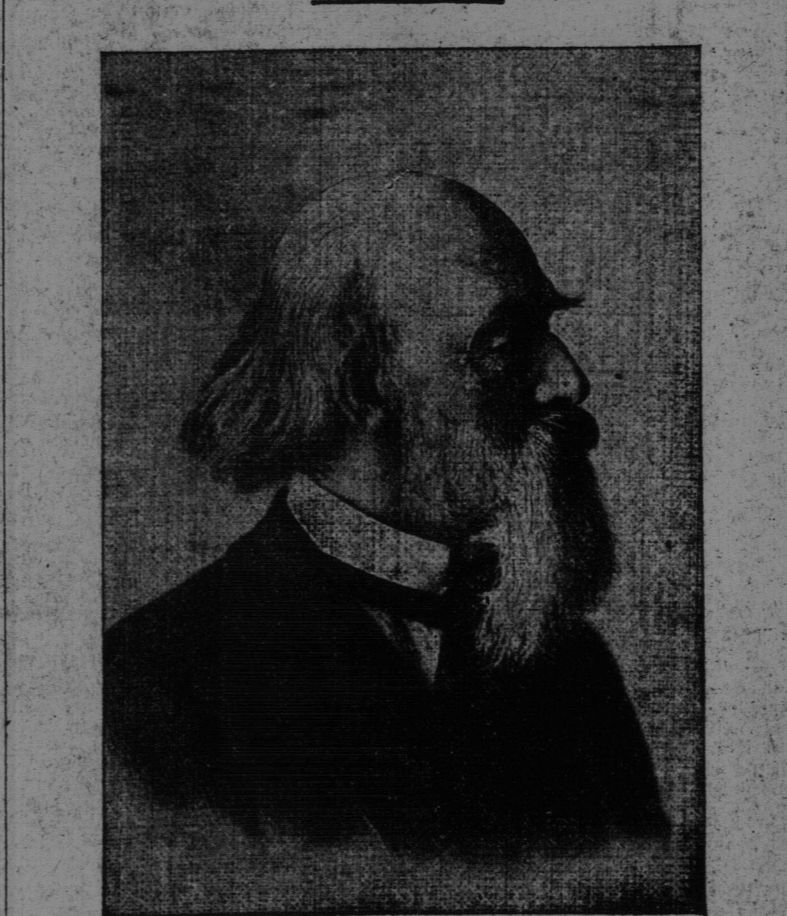
The idea is to form a preliminary company, selling a certain amount of what may be known as preliminary promotion stock to raise the first capital necessary for the sinking of the shaft, driving levels or cross cuts as to form the value of the rock and extent of vein, all of which will be done in a thoroughly systematic and constructive manner so that the desired facts can be established.

The existence of minerals in N. B. is well known, but as no positive steps have been taken to prove the value of the same in Gloucester when the proposition was made to open up the mine at Lake George in York county is now going on. These are but the prelude of many more developments that will take place in New Brunswick.

To be more specific Kings county stands well up to the front in the mineral wealth of the province. It is rich in iron, manganese, silver, lead and galena, ore, gypsum, barite, graphite and last but not least copper. We give space to the foregoing with pleasure and trust the attempt at opening up the copper area at Jordan Mountain may be fully successful and that the time may come that will see a copper smelter within the compass of Sussex.

THE SWEET SINGER OF THE KENNEBECASIS

Hiram Ladd Spencer, the Octogenarian Poet, Publishing a Volume of Verse at 80—Mr. Spencer is a Native of Vermont, But Has Been a Resident of New Brunswick Since 1863.



HIRAM LADD SPENCER

The Ingenious Philosopher of Kennebecasis Bay

(Written by J. M. Beilong for The Sprague Republican.)

In a sequestered spot in the beautiful cemetery that is called Fernhill, at St. John, N. B., stands a rough block of black granite, which bears this inscription: Hiram Ladd Spencer, Born April 28, 1829, Died

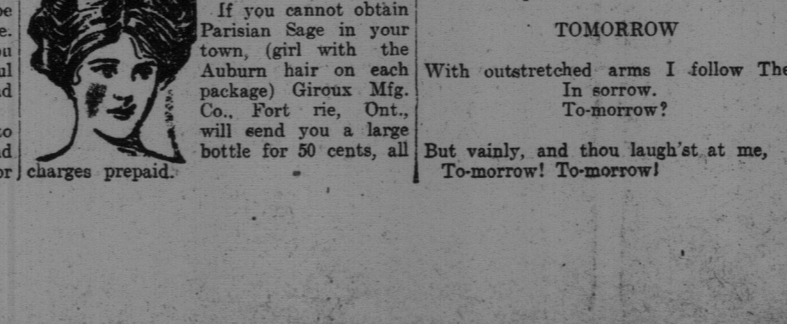
When this inscription shall be completed the world will have lost a sweet, though mournful singer, and the rough boulder of black granite will mark the resting place of one who knew Emerson and Hawthorne, Longfellow, George W. Williams, and William Cullen Bryant. But Hiram Ladd Spencer still lives, and a volume of his poems has just been issued from the press of John A. Bovee at St. John, N. B.

Mr. Spencer's most quoted poem, "A Hundred Years to Come," is the opening poem of the new volume. The "Fugitive," a Sheaf of Verses (nearly 200 pages) just issued, perhaps the best collection of his poems that has been published, is a quarter of a century. In his Author's Note, Mr. Spencer says: "Many of these poems have been in the newspapers, magazines and anthologies for more than half a century. They have been so kindly received by the press and the public that the author feels that in this form they may commend themselves to his friends, to whom they are most respectfully dedicated."

In the introduction, which follows, it is said that if Mr. Spencer had "devoted his attention to literature as earnestly as did some of his great New-England contemporaries, his fame; if it did not equal theirs, would at least have been secure. When he reached the age of fourscore in April, and was contributing sketches to the daily press of St. John, sketches of the past, and with the skill of an artist whose hand has not lost its cunning, points word pictures which may indeed present a complete line, but which possess fascination for the thoughtful and receptive mind." His style is characterized by "a simplicity and purity of diction," he has "a keen sense of humor, and presents phases of character and quaint situations with a delicacy of touch that is delightful." He never spared his prose sketches, apt the authorship of his most famous poem, "A Hundred Years to Come," has been disputed. Mr. Spencer was born at Castleton, Vt., April 28, 1829, and got his education there. He taught school, went into business, and in 1863 took up his abode at St. John. He had contributed to Graham's, Sartain's and the Knickerbocker in the very days of its youth, and later another small volume of verse; while of the present volume mention has been made.

On the occasion of his 80th anniversary a few of his former friends on the St. John press felt that it would be a graceful act to remember the veteran poet and journalist on that day, and in their behalf the writer went on the little river steamer to White Head and presented Mr. Spencer with a gold dollar for each of his 80 years.

Parian Sage is sold by druggists in all cities and in St. John. It is guaranteed by Chas. R. Watson to cure the head, itching of the scalp, and stop falling hair in two weeks or money back. If you cannot obtain Parian Sage in your town, (girl with the package) Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont., will send you a large bottle for 50 cents, all charges prepaid.



THE world's foremost scientists have proclaimed that the heavy, black soil of the Western Canada plains is the richest in the constituents or qualities required to produce the highest grade of wheat in the world.

Operating 74 Elevators in the "Heart" of the Choicest Wheat Districts we get the First Pick of Western Crop

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"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD."

NOVA SCOTIA CAPTAIN PROVES HIMSELF A HERO

Captain Arthur Gladwin Morris, a Native of Musquodoboit, Reaches New York With the Story of a Thrilling Voyage.

Captain Arthur Gladwin Morris, son of Dr. Morris, of Middle Musquodoboit, took the Tocantina, a steamer of the Lloyd Brasileiro line, into New York last week with the story of a thrilling voyage. The Tocantina saved the George May, a four-masted schooner, off Cape Hatteras, rescued her crew, sighted a partly-dismasted Italian bark which arrived and picked up the crew.

Another boat was launched with provisions and a small line to carry the eleven men hawser to tow the schooner in with. "I thought it but a venture," says Morris, "but the vessels were rolling heavily, and the hawser would not stand, so the boat was made good and the Italian bark which arrived and picked up the crew."

Where, where will be the birds that sing. A hundred years to come? The flowers that now in beauty spring, A hundred years to come? The rosy cheek, the lofty brow, The heart that beats so bravely now? Where, where will be our hopes and fears, Joy's pleasant smiles and sorrow's tears, A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who'll tread you ladies with willing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling Age and fery Youth, And Childhood with its brow of truth; The rich, the poor, our laugh and sea, Where will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come! No living soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come! But others then our lands will till, And others then our homes shall fill, And other birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine as today, A hundred years to come.

THE LAND OF DREAMS Farewell, farewell, thou land of Dreams! Where Youth and I together dwell; Could I beside thy mystic stream, But feel once more as I have felt, Could I by cliff and riverside, By pine wood and mountain hear, Dream on as in the days that died, And feel as I shall feel no more!

Farewell, farewell, thou land of Dreams! The dreamer sighs his last adieu; Mountains and vales and whispering streams, Skies that were always bright and blue, Can time or fortune e'er efface The imprint of those blissful hours, When this path was Hope's dwelling place, And every path was strewn with flowers?

ASTRAY Out through the daisied meadows, And out through the breezy woodlands, And up by the willow brookside, My heart a wandering goes; But ah, for the daisied meadows, And ah, for the breezy woodlands, And ah, for the willow brookside, And alas for the winter snows!

For my eyes see not what they saw once, And my heart feels not what it felt once; I walk with the staff of a pilgrim, And my steps are weary and slow; For those that I loved have been forgotten, The quest that comes unbidden, A ghost of the days departed, A shadow of long ago.

The meadows are daisied and sunlit, The woodlands are breezy and songful, The brook murmurs on 'neath the willows, The brook murmurs on 'neath the willows, And the orchards are all abloom; But I see not the nodding daisies, And I see not the nodding daisies.

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