

CAPE BRETON RAMBLES.

A VISION WHICH CAME WHEN I WAS ON A TRIP TO THE DEPTHS.

Plato the Philosopher and Plato the Dog—both remembered in Cape Breton—were on the same trip.

I suppose I slumbered all the more peacefully, because far from my foggy chambers in gloomy Chancery Lane, and as I slept I dreamed. It seemed that there were many steamships in that spacious bay, and a dozen wharves divided its expanse into grimy docks. Landward the sky was red with the angry glare of the blast furnaces and a clatter of shipbuilders' hammers rose discordant yet musical on the air. Factories mysteriously arose to fill in the background, rugged seamen, puddlers and shipwrights mixed with the crowd, and tall chimney stacks belched forth volumes of smoke upon and over all, and down the vista of time appeared the quaint scene described in the first letter. What progress! What subtle ingenuity! What heroism! Cape Breton the quaint, and Cape Breton the great industrial isle.

Out of the pleasant vision I was aroused by some vulgar knocking at the door. I awoke. It was the summons to toil. I had elected to be an amateur pitman and here they were waiting to bear the belated Londoner to their black depths. How our plans change between 9 p.m. and 5.30 a.m. in the winter months! How the roseate aspect fades away and into the vacuum, nature's pours—cold weather. However, I got up and descended. There the lady of the house stood awaiting me with much warm coffee and my "piece." Does the reader know what a "piece" is? It is the miners' lunch. Mine was a wonderful business. It consisted of several portions neatly packed in tin compartments. All these being piled upon top of each other were then held securely in place by wire fastenings with a handle, which grasping I sallied forth into the chill darkness. The master of the house who was, previous to his dismissal—of which more anon—underground manager of the mine accompanied me.

It was cold—very cold. The dawn felt it and hesitated on the brow of the southern head; the waters felt it and sullenly refused to reflect the coming light; the trees stumped stared vacantly and didn't appear to care. Along the line of rail we trudged to the shaft, Plato at our heels, philosophical but shivering. I didn't tell the tale of Plato, did I? Plato was a wait of the sea. As he peeped timidly over the bulwarks at the roaring ocean one dismal morning the gallant craft which served him as kennel and fishing ground, touched terra firma and sailed her last trip. Plato—they did not call him Plato then—got ashore and made the best of it. He found a refuge in the same house in which I did and became one of the family. Then they called him Plato. Just as well they did, for he betrayed many of the characteristics of the original Plato, and to that fallen race of thinkers who suppose that the spirit of man return after a decent absence to this terrestrial plane, this dog might be a real discovery. Suppose the spirit of Plato is really wandering about Cape Breton what a feather it would be in the cap of the thinkers alluded to. Plato, the dog, has a conscience, a memory, a sense of humiliation, defeat, victory or worthy actions. If you do not talk to him he will sit on his hind legs and try to converse with you. He will wake you in the morning, or wait for you at noon; he will almost weep if in distress, and rejoice if happy. Moreover, if Plato, the original, has been immortalized in peace this canine Plato has excelled the inspired bard. Here is one of these rustic effusions.

In a town called I Coo B'y
A capital does dwell
With his wife they call Mary three cats and hisel,
A dog called Plato he does upon,
Because he was saved a shipwreck from.
Well bred Plato, canny old Plato,
Plato's the dog Tally ho! Tally ho!
His legs seven inches frae shoulder to paw,
Just a foot and a half is the length of his jaw,
His legs like two dachshund legs over his jaw,
An a sight on his side wad make yer sides crack.
Well bred Plato, canny old Plato,
Plato's the dog Tally ho! Tally ho!
They tuk him a drive to Mina one day
Save! the team, but the gowk wadn't stay
He dived among the wheels, thumped on the ground,
Kicked up his legs and rolled round and round.
Well bred Plato, famous old Plato,
Plato's the dog Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!

The readers of PROGRESS will perhaps not be able to read a poem in such an outlandish dialect, but I must give it as it was sung in the contemptuous ear of Plato. The composer is a North of England man—a Tyne-side, not a native, so we get a sample of the North of England pitman's dialect as well as the required information of Plato's dimensions and experiences. Good! This is killing two birds with the one stone, and—but we are at the mine by this time, so climbing to the "heapstead" I gather up my "picks" stick a little dismal lamp in my cap and step aboard the cage. The engine snorts—a spiteful splitter, and as if in protest of being harnessed at the early hour to the burrowing of the dirty mine, the "insetters" grin and down we go followed by the wistful gaze of Plato. Yes, down we go. Ugh! Smoke, sulphur, crashing air, a glimpse of a roaring furnace. Are we all aboard for Hell? Voices mutter up the dripping shaft. Is it the chuckling of the fiends? No, in a moment the

cage stops; dim figures sit towards us, silence prevails, and the water drips. Reader, we are in one of Cape Breton's finest collieries, and creation—the life work on my companions, and ugh! my "piece" has dropped, and down my breakfast tumbles to the earth amid the respectful amusement of the miners.

C OCHILTRIE MACDONALD.

TWO BORDER TOWNS.

Where St. Stephen Differs From Calais in Some Respects.

Calais rejoices in being called a city, while we are only a town, writes a PROGRESS reader in St. Stephen, but we spend more money, and have a larger debt proportionately, and can stand the rest. Calais elects its municipal officers in April, and we elect ours in a few days. Our neighbors elect by political parties, while our legislators are chosen for their fitness or unfitness for the situation, often apparently the latter. Over the river they are particular and have a good Republican for the chief officer, but here they are not particular in any respect. If a man has influence enough to get a friend to carry about a requisition for him he is generally elected.

The people are queer in this respect. They are liable at any time to elect a blasphemous, immoral man of the world to fill an office vacated by a Sabbath School Superintendent. The week of prayer is finished before the town election comes on and the saints are so busy with the remembrances of the well rounded sentences heard there that they cannot descend to such worldly things as town politics. The local W. C. T. U. sees desecration of the Sabbath in the uncurtained store windows but shares with the Town council and police officers a blindness to the devilry daily and nightly going on about town. Apparently none of them can see the man-holes that are increasing in number and audacity, and they do not know of the second class gambling dive located on the end of the street which the council gave to one of its members.

All was not as peaceable at this place last Saturday night as at the first class dive of which they all know. An altercation took place in which fists and empty bottles played an important part. Sore heads and a badly scalded arm and hand are some of the results. The police magistrate's court records few convictions, and the innocents of the town think all is quiet and peaceable unless an occasional broken window or burglary comes to light, when the fact is that drunkenness and fights on the streets are more frequent than for years. The Father Matthew of the St. Croix has retired from active work, apparently disgusted with his comrades in the fight, and the Arch enemy seems to have things all his own way.

John C. went to jail for breaking the Scott Act after my last letter to PROGRESS, but he is in full swing again, and gets unwelcome advertisements when a load of liquor for his shop gets stuck crossing the sidewalk as it did early one morning a few weeks ago. Some one ought to be able to help us out of the few difficulties we have in our pleasant town, and if the new council does so I will write you about it.

The Toilet of Birds.

The feathered tribe have many peculiar ways and fancies about the details of their toilets. Some birds use water only, some water and dust, while others prefer dust and no water. Birds are not only exceedingly nice in their choice of bath water, but also very particular about the quality of their "toilet dust."

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and dress their feathers in the early hours of the morning. Sparrows bathe often, both in water and in dust. They are not so particular about the quality of the water as about the quality of the dust. They prefer clean water, but I have seen them take a dip in shallow pools that were quite muddy. The city sparrow must take a bath where he can get it—in the streets or on the tops of houses—but he is most careful in the choice of his dust bath. Road dust, the driest and finest possible, suits him best. Partridges prefer dry loam. They like to scratch out the soil from under the grass and fill their feathers with cool earth. Most birds are fond of burnt ashes. Some early morning take a walk across a field that has been burnt over, and see the number of winged creatures that arise suddenly from the ash heaps. A darning form, a small cloud of ashes, and the darters disappear.

A Sensitive Tenor.

Roger, the celebrated French tenor, was exceedingly proud of his profession, and was apt to take offence at the least slight, whether intended or not. On one occasion he was engaged for the sum of sixty pounds to sing at the house of a rich financier, who thought it the correct thing to have the principal singers of the day at his house-parties.

Roger sang his first song magnificently, but not the slightest attention was paid him, the guests talking their loudest. Presently the host thought that it was about time for another song, and sent for Roger, but he could not be found, and was seen no more.

On the following day Mr. Plutus was surprised to receive from Roger notes to the amount of eighty pounds, with the following words:—"I have the honour to return the sixty pounds which I received for singing at your party, and I beg to add twenty pounds more to make up for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."

FIRE AND THE MYSTERIES.

Some of the Suppositions which are held Regarding It.

Full many an art, surely, have men originated through the employment of that useful servant, fire. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any art or occupation of importance to the world which could exist independent of its agency. Among savages and civilized people alike fire is one of the necessities of life, almost as indispensable as food or drink or clothing.

It is no wonder that the ancients had a superstitious reverence for fire, or that certain modern heathen tribes should worship it. Even the most enlightened men in the world cannot fail to see weirdness, beauty and a certain indescribable mystery in flame. Primitive people, among whom the imagination was developed at the expense of the reasoning power, explained the origin of fire by various legends, just as children will form theories to account for many phenomena which are incomprehensible to their elders.

What is fire? Any dictionary or work on chemistry will give a definition, but even the fullest definition leaves much to be desired. Fire is the evidence of a rapid chemical change, but all chemical changes do not produce fire. Even combustible substances combine chemically without flame. Illuminating flames are due to the presence in them of solid particles, usually of carbon.

Water, the common agent for extinguishing fires, is itself composed of two inflammable gases, which, when pure burn steadily. Oxygen is a natural supporter of combustion, and combined with hydrogen in the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, an intense flame is produced. A fortune awaits the inventor who will discover some cheap method of separating water into its gases and burning them.

Combustion may be either a slow or a rapid process. If the latter, flame is produced, provided oxygen is present. Much has been said and written of the spontaneous combustion of human beings in the cases of hopeless inebriates. Modern scientists regard such tales as idle. Enough are down in the books, however, to furnish temperance lecturers with frightful illustrations of the evils and dangers of the alcoholic habit.

A number of interesting experiments, familiar to students of physics, illustrate some of the curiosities of flame. For instance, in a candle or gas jet the flame is far from being uniform in heat. Apply a wire to the dark portion of a flame and it soon becomes coated with carbon, showing incomplete combustion. Put it in the bright portion of the flame and it becomes hot and red, without any carbon adhering. A moist hand can be passed through molten iron without burning, a film of steam being evolved that prevents contact with the metal. In like manner gun-cotton can be burned on the hand and no heat felt, the moisture absorbing the heat as fast as it is evolved.

Some may imagine that if a solid body is surrounded by a flame the flame touches it. This is altogether a mistake; there is a space between the two which is impossible to pass: a cold and flameless zone which surrounds the solid surface, and which is quite impassable to flames under any conditions, and which most seriously obstructs the work of heating.

To prove that this impassable zone exists beyond any doubt, I take a copper vessel containing water, and on the side of this vessel I paste a tin paper label. On this I will distil the powerful flame, which you have seen will fuse wrought-iron instantly, and the paper remains untouched, without a trace of singeing.

The "singing flames" are equally produced by burning a gas jet midway of a long glass tube open at both ends. The result is a musical note, the pitch of which may be made higher or lower as the jet is raised or lowered. The sensitiveness of flame to sound is also easily illustrated. Flames from gas jets will raise and lower in unison with the musical strains of a brass band.

The ancients had a means of corresponding by the use of pyrotechnic signals, varying their number and location to express different meanings. Modern pyrotechnists use fireworks for the same purpose. Students of chemistry are quietly aided in their analyses by the well known fact that certain elements, when fused by the blowpipe, invariably get richly colored so that the practiced eye, noting the colors, can at once determine what metals or compounds are present. The curiosities and the uses of flame are innumerable.

Unique Painting.

The smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a French artist. It depicted a mill behind the sails bent, and the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood were a horse and cart, and on the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.

For Breakfast.

Get Rolled Wheat Flakes or "Pettit Johns Col Breakfast Food" and Evaporated Cream, they are most delicious. Western Grey Buckwheat for Griddle cakes with Dunn's Ham, or Bacon, are no mean substitutes; you can get those and others from J. S. ARMSTRONG & Bro, Grocers 32 Charlotte St.

The Living Wounds of the Dead Statesman.

A CANADIAN TRIBUNE.

On the pressed monument to Hon. Jeremiah Rusk, it would seem better to record his homely words otherwise than in the Latin tongue.—Boston Herald.

The railroad men had struck, and fools cried loud for troops to quell a riot; But Rusk's men were better than soldiers; Can troops keep starving workmen quiet? I'll have some blood by sending bread, The rise of murder—I'll not run it.

When thanked for this he simply said, "I see my duty and I do it."

A better boast was never heard— He was not blinded in the flurry; What matter if his noble word Could not be passed by Lindley Murray? Some see their duty, but, forsooth, Are unshaken by the tide of ruin; All praise to him who said with truth, "I see my duty and I do it."

Rusk, ready reasoning Rusk's at rest; They weep, who at his jokes made merry; The rich man was his friend confessed, The poor man mourns for "Uncle Jerry!" He led no cringe for Love, but won it— He did not cringe for Love, but won it— Grave life, instead of learned lore, "I see my duty, and I do it." Harry A. Woodworth, in the Empire.

It Bloss in the World.

The condor soars higher than any other known species of bird, spending nine-tenths of its life floating about in the rarified atmosphere at a height of over three miles above the level of the sea.

3 months (\$25) is enough to complete either course, business or shorthand. A life scholarship for both courses \$40.

SNEEL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

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Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

MATEUR Photographers and all who would like to take Pictures, but are afraid to try, should consult us. Outfits from \$3. to \$100. Practical instruction free. Success guaranteed. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 Germain St., St. John.

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PROFESSIONAL Photographers are sending out they can purchase from us Plates, Papers, Chemicals, Mounts, etc., at best prices, as low or lower prices as in Montreal or Toronto. Try us. The Robertson Photo Supply Co., 94 Germain St., St. John.

HOUSE WANTED—To purchase or to rent from May 1st, next a Small Self Contained House. One with Barn attached preferred. Apply to C. S. W. care DAILY RECORD.

YOUR ADDRESS ON A POSTAL CARD promptly 30 samples of cloth, guaranteed self measurement blank, whereby you can have your clothing cut to order and sent to any express or P.O. Pants \$3 to \$12. Suits from \$12 up. Agents wanted. FLORENCE PATHE CO., 38 Mill St. St. John N. B.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS, Printing and general finishing for amateurs. Developers, Toning and fixing solutions for sale. Lowest prices. Studio, 38 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. 11-9-11

A COTTAGE in centre of Rothesay, seven minutes' walk from station; newly papered and painted; suitable for large or small family. Rent moderate. Apply D. RUSSELL, Barker Medicine Co., 104 Prince Wm. street. 13-5

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Tussock" property about one and a half miles from Rothesay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec coast. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. FENBY, Barrister-at-Law, Papeley Building. 24-4-11

A personally conducted party will leave Moncton, Monday, Jan. 29th, 8.35 p.m. for "Grand Winter Carnival," Quebec. Rates from St. John for r and trip ticket, including sleeper, (two in berth) meals en route, transfers and four days at "Hotel Florence" or "Hotel Abillon," within five minutes walk of "Ice Palace," \$30.00. A second rate, not including sleeper, with coupons for less expensive hotel, \$20.00. All applications for coupons not later than Jan. 25th. A Forty Day's tour to the Pacific Coast is being arranged for March, at Midwinter Fair Excursion Rates, visiting all the principal cities en route. For further information of other trip address: A. M. CROW, 10 Elm St., Truro, N. S.

Notice of Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Jas. T. Logan and deBlaviere Carritte, under the firm name of Wm. Logan, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

The said deBlaviere Carritte will pay all legal demands against the late firm of "Wm. Logan," and all debts due the said co-partnership are to be paid to the said deBlaviere Carritte, who alone is authorized to receive payment.

Dated this 10th day of January, 1894.

J. T. LOGAN, deBLAVIERE CARRITE.

Referring to the above the subscriber begs to announce that the business carried on by the late firm will be continued by him under the name of "Wm. Logan."

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Madame Dean's Spinal Supporting Corsets for Ladies and Misses. These Corsets are specially constructed with two curved shoulder blades, and another spring to support the spine; both made of the very finest and best tempered clock spring, thus creating a complete support for the spine. They supply a covering for the open space at the back, and thereby protect the spine from cold and also give a smoothness of fit to the back of the dress, making them a most valuable and necessary Corset for general use, highly recommended by the medical profession.

We are sole agents for the above celebrated Corsets. Price, Misses' \$2.00; Ladies' \$2.50. CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St

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to our line of WOOD MANTELS SLATE MANTELS, Tiles, Andirons, Fenders, &c.

We are HEADQUARTERS for these goods, our Line is Large and our Prices Bottom, and we are always pleased to show them.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.

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HAIR GOODS, FOR BOTH LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN, Manufactured and Imported.

GENTS WIGS, TOILET FRONTS, SWITCHES, RANGS, Etc., Etc.

PERFUMES—As fine an assortment as to be found anywhere.

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