

The Man On The Street.

Another Story of Dr. Sprott.

THE REV. DR. SPROTT, about whom I told a story last Saturday, was a man whose long life was marked by a conscientious devotion to his pastoral duties. But old age at last made it hard for him to attend to all the work that his heart craved, and the presbytery sent a young clergyman to assist him. Accordingly the parish was divided, and the Rev. Dr. Sedgewick (as the young clergyman was known later in life) took up some of Dr. Sprott's burdens. The latter, however, didn't thoroughly relish the move. He thought that it was "poaching on his preserves," so to speak, and he resented the idea so much that there arose a certain coolness between the two ministers. One day Mr. Sedgewick was visiting a family when Dr. Sprott was seen approaching the house. Not liking the idea of meeting a man with whom he had had some unpleasantness, the young clergyman intimated as much to the family, who proceeded to get him out before Dr. Sprott came in. But before they could manoeuvre things well enough the old gentleman was knocking at the door, and Mr. Sedgewick was consequently hurriedly put into a closet adjoining the room. Dr. Sprott came in and stayed and stayed, and Mr. Sedgewick stayed in the closet. Then after a time of torturing endurance to the younger man, the Doctor proposed that before his departure the family might kneel and they would have a word of prayer. They knelt, and the Doctor prayed and prayed, and still he prayed some more; and finally he prayed for "the young man in the closet, that he might never be afraid to meet God or man."

Will The Champlain Go To St. John?

At the time I write this, it is announced in the papers that the Military Department has cabled asking the admiralty to send Colonel Otter and the remnant of the first contingent to St. John. I have not yet heard whether the request has been complied with. The British Government is responsible for the men up to the time they land them on Canadian soil, and no doubt that Government would be willing enough to meet Canadian wishes within certain limits; but I am told that Halifax is the only port in Atlantic Canada recognized by the British Admiralty, this being a military and naval station. Besides, it is possible that arrangements have been completed to send the transport to Halifax, and unless there are particular reasons why

the Champlain should go to St. John, the Admiralty might not care to make changes in their plans. This, however, is mere speculation. But while we should like to see and welcome the second division of the contingent, I feel that Halifaxians will not regret if the sister city of St. John has the same opportunity that we had almost two months ago—the same privilege of being the first to receive a returning band of Canadian "gentlemen in Khaki." We have had all the pleasures incident to such an experience, and while many of the people would be happy to go through the same experience again right away, most of them, I think, will be generous enough not to be jealous should St. John be favored rather than Halifax.

A Protest Against Icy Sidewalks.

The man on the street cut capers the other afternoon and dropped. From his humbled position he looked up to see if people laughed at his misfortune. They did. Then the man on the street waxed angry, and is here with blood in his eye to enter a protest. Why are people allowed to go without a halter around their necks who do not clean up their sidewalks after a snowfall, but permit it to get tramped into a mass of slippery ice that threatens the neck of the wayfarer? If it were a difficult thing to keep the sidewalks clear of snow, a man would have some excuse, but there isn't. If he won't do it himself, or if he hasn't hired help that will do it, a hundred men and boys enquire at his door after every snowfall who would willingly do the work for a mere pittance. When we have such evenly paved sidewalks as are laid in all the important thoroughfares, why are they not kept as clean as a billiard board all winter? If perchance the snow gets packed down hard before he can get it shovelled, that is no reason why a man should let his sidewalk remain iced over. Let him get behind an axe for a few moments and he'll remedy that, or, if not, a handful of salt will help him out. I think there should be a standard of morals set for people as regards sidewalks, and such ethics should establish that the man who keeps an icy sidewalk be classed among people who are a menace to the public safety. Apart from being dangerous—for a pedestrian, even when he is most careful, will sometimes get a fall—a continuous icy sidewalk is a great waste of a busy man's time, who cannot make speed as he walks over it. Every man who keeps an icy sidewalk

in front of his residence or place of business, should think of his own duty as he curses other people who share his omission. Doing that he should set a good example by keeping his own portion of sidewalk as clear as a whistle, and if every man would do this there would be no further need of an example at all. For appearance's sake people should keep their sidewalks free from ice and snow. I don't know of anything more unsightly than a great uneven mass of ice rising in the middle of a clear patch of sidewalk. And when I look at a place where there is no ice I tell myself what kind of a man keeps shop there. And when I look at another where a man may break his neck without trying, I tell myself just what kind of a man keeps shop there. But if a man who can't get his sidewalk cleaned sprinkles sand or ashes on it, I pause a moment to bless the memory of that man.

Parading in Borrowed Plumes.

"I wish you fellows who wear fur coats would form a non-lending society," said a city merchant to me one day this week; "it hurts my trade and doesn't do your fur coat much good either. I don't know whose fault it is that the public have got to think that fur coats and umbrellas are everybody's property, but they do nevertheless. I went out the road for a drive on Saturday afternoon, and at one of the hotels I saw at least a half a dozen different men, all wearing borrowed coon skin coats. I don't blame the man who borrows the coat; it's human nature to get all that one can in this world for nothing, but I can assure you that the dealer who carries a stock over winter and finds that he has some hundreds of dollars worth on hand in the spring, has every reason to feel aggravated when he chances to see the man who ought to own one, enjoying himself in a borrowed garment."

The Provincial By-Elections.

Voting went on very quietly on Wednesday and only the occasional question heard on the street "Have you voted?" would have led one to suspect that there was anything unusual going on. But although little excitement was manifest during the campaign, workers on both side of politics had been very busy and preparations were quite complete when the day of polling came round. The result is now known by everyone who takes an interest in public affairs, and since the choice of the people in Halifax County has fallen upon Mr. Keefe, an ex-Mayor of the city, a man whose keen business qualities are well known and appreciated, it is evident that there are more people satisfied than dissatisfied. The Liberals in Nova Scotia won two more seats the same day viz those in Cape Breton for which the people of that constituency elected Messrs McKenzie and Gillis. The results in Prince Edward Island seem to confirm the liberal premier in power with a majority behind him of two to one.