

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. FROM VILLAGE TO CITY.

OT quite for a holiday, nor yet was it on business that I ran down, the other day, to one of the picturesque country villages along the St. Lawrence. My reason for going, which does not concern the public, was equally my reason for remaining there a couple of days. I had little, or nothing, to do, and being of an observant turn of mind, I whiled away the hours studying my surroundings and the people that moved in them. One thing above all others impressed me; it was the quiet that reigned on all sides. Even in the busiest hour of the day there was a species of religious tranquility in the atmosphere. I sat for a few hours in the shade of some huge old trees, in front of the pretty square that leads to the parish church. I there could see them passing to and fro, the young and the old, the gay and the pensive; and all saluted the temple, or rather the temple's Divine Inmate, as they went past. None were in such a hurry that they neglected, or forgot that simple act of faith and devotion. I saw two children coming along, playing with a hoop and having a jolly, carefree time of it. They ran about upon the green grass, as happy as their unburdened years permitted. After a time they left their hoop and stick on the lawn, joined hands, danced up the stone steps of the Church, paused, as if to collect their thoughts at one of the side doors, and then, taking off their caps, went in. They may have been ten minutes in the Church when they came out, ran down the steps, picked up their play things, and went off, laughing and jumping down the dusty road towards the wharf. I thought to myself how happy is youth, and how charming is innocence, and above all how admirable the faith and confidence of these light-hearted children of the poor. I then began to wonder, if, in the years to come, they would be as faithful and as thoughtful as they are at present.

On turning from the contemplation of the children I beheld an aged couple coming slowly down the silent, sunny-shady street. They could not be under three score and ten; they might be both much older. It reminded me of Burns' admirable ditty: "John Anderson, my Jo, John." They may have jogged along through life, in the same quiet manner, for half a century. They were like Holmes' "Last Leaf upon the Tree," or leaves I should say. And they seemed so happy, in the evening of life, as its twilight grey gathered around them. "The Faith in a union hereafter" appeared to guide them, and to shed the radiance of a golden autumnal sun upon their path. They turned their tottering steps towards the old Church, and as they chatted together, in low tones, they laughed with a light-heartedness that the world is fast forgetting in our age. They did not dance up the steps, nor leave play things on the lawn, but they helped each other to ascend to the temple, and they entered as into a familiar home. In there, I thought, they must feel happy; for within those walls were they both probably baptized; beneath that roof they were united in the bonds of wedlock; in presence of that altar they heard the "Liberia" chanted over the remains of their youthful companions, of their parents, and may be their children. Every object within that old temple was familiar to them during all the long years that have gone, and therein they could revive memories and associations that the stirring world without has long since effaced and dispelled. I did not wait to see them coming out; I might have had a long time to wait; but I looked around, I contemplated that link of faith that binds the young and the old in one holy communion of spirit, and gazing upon the almost deserted street, and leaning my ear against the air of heaven to catch the inaudible, I felt my lips repeating the graphic words of Moore:

"And I knew if there's peace to be found in this world, For the heart that is humble it surely is here."

The hours flew past, and the boat whistled. I was awakened from my day dream to the reality of my position, and the necessity of returning to the city. An hour on the glorious St. Lawrence, with its nights

and shades, its grandeur of sunshine and its blueness of surging water, and I was once more back in the city. Within reach of my own familiar curbstone again; yet the return was marked with a feeling the very opposite of exaltation. The blackness of the coal along the wharves, the deafening rattle of the drays upon the cobblestones, the thickness of the factory smoke that pollutes the air of heaven, and the odors so different from those of meadow and stream; were by no means calculated to stir my soul with delight. The tall, tall houses, and the taller chimneys; the human ant-hills wherein the lives of men and women, and alas! of children, are worn as is the machinery that they oil and supply; the piles of regular brick and mortar and stone and cement, within the limits of which luxury saps the life-blood of a people, or vice undermines the constitution of a generation; the rush, the bustle, the din, the clatter; the streams of humanity gushing forth from dingy holes and sombre surroundings, to concentrate at some central point, and to surge upon overcrowded street cars, to be carried to homes where worries and fatigues, and sorrows and disappointments await them—there, and a score of other like objects of observation, made the transition from village to city too sudden and too upsetting for my nerves.

In that great city, for I, too, clung to the side of a street car, I passed churches far more magnificent than the temple of worship in yonder village; but I saw no children leave their toys at the doors to go in and pray, I saw no aged couples move solemnly up the steps, to enjoy, by anticipation that tranquility which follows a holy and peaceful life. Children have no time, on the streets of the city, to go into churches, and the aged find more rest and safety on their door steps. There is such a fevered rush on all sides. Electricity cannot bear the worker quickly enough from the scene of his labor to his home. Every moment appears to be of the most vital importance. No person can brook restraint, nor delay. The race is on, and if you cannot keep pace with the runners, you must fall behind, be knocked down, trampled upon by the masses of humanity eager for life, for gain, for substance.

A black crape hangs upon a door, as the car rushes along; a white one is seen on another door; a solemn procession is met, or crossed on the way. No one pays any attention. The three, or ten, or fifty that during the day, have fallen by the wayside are not missed.

There is no time for reflection, no leisure for meditation, no chance to calculate upon the possibilities of whose turn may come next. Men must live, while life is possible; they must make money to live; they must hustle to make money; they must keep going as long as the machinery at high pressure hangs together—and then, when the breakdown comes, they must die—that is all about it. Let them die! they will not be missed. The rush will still go on, ever gathering velocity and strength. Money will be made by others, and squandered also; there is a rising generation to pour its flood into the channel as soon as the older one vanishes.

The car passes a theatre door; there are hundreds swarming into the vestibule. They are not rushing after money, as a mere means of livelihood; they are rushing to get rid of it in the quasi-oblivion of life's cares and life's realities that an hour or two of fictitious existence will afford. It is still the rush; be it to the office, the workshop, the den of iniquity, the banking house, the theatre, the saloon, or the municipal halls. It is still the rush; and an hour, a day, a month, a year, or perhaps a few years, and the rush will have ended for each one of that vast throng; but it will be kept up by another throng that is coming. Standing on this curbstone, and

contemplating that unceasing march of struggling humanity, as it hurries past, I simply ask myself if this be life, and if this be living. The children down in the village have life; the aged couple tottering to the Church are living, and what is better, they mean to live on, for all eternity; but where is the perpetuity of life in the city's rush?

Treatment of Nervous Diseases.

A writer in a recent number of "Health" says:—

Ninety per cent. of the people we meet suffer with some nerve complaint or other. Nervousness is the national disease and the natural outcome of the strenuous life of to-day.

Are we on the verge of nervous collapse? The ever increasing nerve foods, nerve medicines, nerve tonics and nerve specialists, tell a story of their own.

Diseased nerves, like the Arabian Night Demons, are lightning-change artists and capable of assuming any aspect. Heart disease, consumption, asthma, etc. The sufferer pills, doctors and doses the organs until they are really affected, and produces a state of affairs very much like the school master who chastised the offender instead of the offender. The stomach is the cause as well as the cure of nerve diseases. It is the manufacturing plant that converts the raw material into life giving or death dealing blood according to its own capabilities and the material with which it is supplied.

If you are nervous, look to your stomach. It is there you will find the reason for your mental and physical torture. Your case is neither alarming nor incurable! nerve affections never are.

First of all, understand that your trouble is purely physical.

Take plain, wholesome food regularly in moderate quantities. Overfeeding is over-working the digestive organs, under-feeding is far less destructive. The half-starved street gamins have nerves of steel, and the pampered children of plenty—! Eat slowly that the saliva may do its portion of labor; masticate well that the digestive juices may reach every particle.

Avoid warm baths, stimulants, narcotics and opiates. Worn out nerves are very much like fagged out horses; the spur will bring seeming strength for a short time, but ultimate collapse. Spend as much time as possible in the sunny outdoors. (Fresh air is food.) Exercise moderately. Every effort after fatigue consumes energy.

Sleep nine hours or more out of the twenty-four. You can't sleep? Rest. Can't rest? Then get up and scrub the kitchen floor, or part of it. Scrubbing is fine exercise, for it brings into play almost every muscle. I am pretty sure you will rest and sleep after that. Acquire a habit of trying to sleep. It is the most effective narcotic. In the long run sleep will come.

Most doctors will tell you, "Don't worry." That is nonsense. Worry all you want; you can't help it. When your brain is supplied with healthy blood you won't be able to worry. What I do say is: "Do something for some one." In helping others you will forget yourself. Forgetting yourself is half the battle. The ancient philosopher who came to the conclusion, "Dubio, ergo sum," was surely no sufferer from any complaint. Nerve sick people are pretty sure they exist. Do something for some one.

Some weary heart is lonesome in the Old People's Home. The hospital children like Jungle Tales on visiting days. There is a stray dog on the corner; give him a home. The companionship will improve you both.

Drop all unnecessary mental labor. Study only your own physical self. You will find it a fascinating study with occasional surprises.

Eat plain food slowly, regularly, moderately. Breathe fresh air at all times. Exercise judiciously. Rest mentally and physically. Try to sleep. Do something for some one.

In a few months your brain will be clear and senses brighten. Perhaps your hands will not have ceased to tremble, or your face to twitch, but that will pass, for it is the echo of a voice that is dead.

Try it. Before the year is out you will stand erect, looking the future clean in the face with fearless eyes.

Old-Time Reminiscences.

By a Special Correspondent.)

It was in January, 18878, that a queer adventure fell to my lot. I had been in Quebec, and went West for the Christmas holidays; but it was necessary that I should be back in the Ancient Capital for an important examination that was to take place on the 12th of January. When I reached Montreal on the evening of the 10th and proceeded to secure a berth in the sleeper, via the G. T. R., I discovered that I was too late, and would have to travel in a first-class car that night. The only reason I regretted this was on account of the necessity of changing cars at Richmond. This change took place about one in the morning; the sleeper went right through without any change. At that time the North Shore line (now C.P.R.) was not completed, so we travelled by Grand Trunk to Levis and there crossed to Quebec on the ice-boats—at best a round-about and not over agreeable way.

Since I had to remain awake until after midnight, I resolved to secure a quiet corner for myself and to utilize my time in reading some matter for the examinations that awaited me. I, therefore, resolved not to allow myself to be disturbed. I got a double seat all to myself, at the end of the car, and having a light immediately over me, I felt that I was in for a good solid night of study. "All went merrily as a marriage bell," until we were an hour away from Montreal. Then a lady, possibly 'between thirty and forty, a youthful-looking, yet matronly kind of person, came along and took possession of the seat that I had turned over and which faced me. It was clear that she was bent on conversation. She began by informing me that she detested night travelling, and then by bombarding me with so many questions that it would have taken me a good hour to answer the half of them. I could think of no means of silencing her, when a bright idea flashed in my mind. Taking a scrap of paper from my pocket-book, I wrote upon it: "I am deaf and dumb," and handed it to her. She took the paper, read it, nodded to me and said: "Ah! I see!"

About half an hour later, as I was in the full enjoyment of peace and my volume, a young lady, apparently a relative or a very intimate acquaintance of my more elderly vis-à-vis, came along, and sat down directly in front of me. She began to whisper some evidently pleasant news to the older lady, but appeared to fear that I should hear her. Finally all her hesitation was overcome by the first lady saying:

"Oh! Don't mind him, he is 'deaf and dumb, poor fellow.'"

The young lady seemed relieved, and said, with a side glance at me: "Too bad; he is not a bad looking chap; what a pity he should be so afflicted."

To this the other replied: "He is too much of a 'sawed-off' for my taste, and besides he has a half-suspicious look about him. I can tell you that I have been studying him and I don't like his looks. He has the cut of a pick-pocket, and you'd almost swear that he could hear, for I noticed him look up suddenly a couple of times, as we came to stations."

"Very likely," said the girl, "that he felt the stopping of the train. He is certainly an inoffensive looking person—possibly he is even well-bred."

"When you are my age, and shall have seen as much of the world as I have, my dear, you will not be so ready to defend the miserable specimens of humanity that we are obliged to rub up against in public." This very complimentary remark closed all further conversation, as far as I was concerned, and I was exceedingly glad, for I found it no easy matter to appear entirely oblivious of what was being said about me. As the rest of the gossip between the two ladies did not interest or affect me, I had the satisfaction of reading for an hour. Finally I grew tired, the light affected my eyes, and I laid down my book and partly dozed off. While I was in this semi-conscious state my ear caught the young lady's remark:—

"I wonder what that book is he has been so attentively reading."

"Just shove it over a few inches with your toe," said the elder one, "and I can get a look at the title page."

I felt that the book was being quietly shoved over; then I knew that the elder one was leaning forward and turning it in some way. She missed the title page, evidently, and merely got the fly-leaf, on which my name was written. At once she drew back, and said: "Do you know whose name is in that book? you'd never guess; it is J. G.'s (which, by the way are not my real initials)."

"You don't tell me," came from the young lady, "I often heard Clarence speak of him; he is to go up for examination with our Willie the day after to-morrow. I wonder how this chap came by the book."

"Borrowed it, of course," said the other.

"What a pity he can't speak," said the girl, "I would so much like to ask him."

I was blessing my stars that I had escaped so well, when the conductor, or a train-hand passed through the car, shouting, "Richmond; fifteen minutes for refreshments; change cars for Levis, Quebec, and all points East on Intercolonial."

I made up my mind that this would be my master-stroke; I never pretended to hear the conductor. The ladies prepared to go, as they had also to change cars.

"Let us tell the poor fellow, that all passengers for Quebec change here," said the girl.

"How can we tell him?" asked the other one. But the younger lady soon solved that problem. She took out a pencil and wrote on a piece of card-board—"If you are going to Quebec you change cars here; we go to Quebec." She handed this to me. I took it, read it carefully, glanced up, bowed and smiled my thanks, and got ready to leave the train.

However, by signs, I made an offer to carry the elder lady's heavy satchel; which offer she emphatically declined, smiling at me and saying to the other, "He may be a sneak thief that would clear away with it."

Had my encounter with the two ladies ended here I would have been all right; but as luck—and bad luck—would have it, we were in seats next to each other on the second train. This I did not mind, at first, for we were not facing each other, and I had no need of turning to look in their direction. But I could hear every word they said, although I did not care to hear.

At last I heard that which made my heart grow small and shrivel up in my breast.

"Look, look," said the younger lady, "the conductor on this train is Ned Crane; oh, how jolly! I am so glad it is he, we all are so fond of him."

I felt as if I were going to sink through the floor of the car. Poor Ned Crane—God be merciful to his good soul—was surely the favorite of all conductors, and just as surely was he one of my own most intimate friends. Had I had time to reflect, I might have got up, gone down to the other end of the car, and there have met Mr. Crane; but, when this idea came to me it was already too late. Big as a giant, happy as king, cordial to every person, with a witty remark or a sympathetic word for each one, along came Ned Crane—and there was no escape. He had to come to me before going to the two ladies. The moment he set his eye upon him, he roared out, in his rich, inimitable brogue, "Hello, J. G., how are you, my boy? Put your hand there," as he extended his own large and friendly hand to grasp mine. "Going back for the exams, I suppose?" was his next remark. I shook my head, pretended to make a sign of some kind, which he could not understand. The elder lady, leaning over, said "Mr. Crane, that gentleman is deaf and dumb;" I can never forget the combination of sensations, emotions and expressions produced on all the actors in this little show, when, in his bewilderment, Ned shouted: "The devil, he is! I beg your pardon, Madam; but his affliction must be both sudden and recent, or he believes his reputation."

Then, turning to me, he kept right on: "What kind of practical joke have you been up to this time, J. G.?"—calling me by name. "Look here; I'll introduce you to Mrs. L. of Quebec, and her niece, Miss M. of Sillery. Now try to be good friends you three, for J. G. is a 'broth of a boy,' and who knows, what great things may come of a chance acquaintance. They say all my introductions are lucky ones," and with a merry laugh, a twinkle in his eye, and a keen appreciation of the ridiculous position he had placed one in, Ned went off, leaving me to confront the two ladies and make the best of it.

I did not know how to explain my more did either of the others. As a result we all three burst out laughing, and, although none of us ever again alluded to the deaf and dumb phase of the situation, never before or since did I so heartily enjoy the "wee sma' hours."

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SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 2455. Dame Marie Antoinette Proulx, of the Town of St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph D. de Lamirande, of the same place, plaintiff, and the said Joseph D. de Lamirande, defendant. The plaintiff has, this day, sued her husband for separation of property. Montreal, 27th May, 1902. Beaudin, Cardinal, Loranger and St. Germain, attorneys for plaintiff.

OUR E

A LITTLE BOY'S

When winter comes, the "Oh, shut the door!" As sometimes happens, They call me back again. It takes till summer time And then things change. And "Leave it open!" is When I go in or out. I try to do a pleasant bit And do just as I ought. When things become so I wish they might stay.

ENCOURAGEMENT. — little tale with a moral—pender: Tom was a sturdy little and won most of the race contests of strength. The rious winsome traits he his way to the heart of and she was always into his success.

One day arrangements made for a foot race. So were to run, although ever sure that Tom would win. The preliminaries were s race started, and the boy over the course. Tom led free for about half the then, to the surprise of Johnny began to gain up. Jim was just behind Jol running vigorously. Tom seemed to grow heavy and steadily decreased the dis between them, until finally post Tom and, with a sud gained the goal fully five advance. Jim was close b he, too, sped over the line ahead of Tom, but enough him second place and to le out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was ter?" asked the teacher as feated boy came toward tears streaming down his. His only answer was a s "Tell me what happened, Tom dug his knuckles into to dry his tears and tried t story.

"I started all right, you l "Yes, you led them all, "But when I got half w the boys began to call, Johnny, you're second!" Jim, you're gaining!" "Ru ry, run! you're most up to But nobody said, "Go it, T somehow it got into my l they wouldn't go," and Tom ping to the ground in a he as though his heart would Moral: Many have failed i cause there was no one to s t, Tom!"

ST. GALL AND HIS BEA a month had passed since visit to the home of my s tives, the Barrys; and so ping in on them the other was hailed with unusual an "Welcome back, uncle!" e Bride. "You have become stranger that we were begin despair of seeing you again. "Good evening; uncle!" sa "I hope you have quite finis tedious and painful busines the dentist."

"Hello, Untle Austin!" Frankie, who entered at this ture. "How's oor poor now?"

"Well, children, I'm glad you all again; and particular that the dentistry business, explains my prolonged absen over and done with—for the at least. My 'poor toofoes,' is, are not so well as they mi but are much better than th been for the past month."

"Did it hurt awfully having extracted, uncle?"

"No, Clare; the extraction simple matter, and practical less. What did hurt, howev the dentist's 'taking impre and especially his fitting the If I had gone through the during Lent, and suffered it patience, it would have serv excellent penance. But what you been doing with yourself by? And how have my usual day night stories been replac

Mostly by reading Bible stories, uncles 'Aunt Annie di over to see us a fortnight ag she wouldn't or couldn't talk thing but 'Aunt Lizzie's baby