

BOTHERED A GOOD DEAL.

THE PEOPLE OF NEW ENGLAND ARE FAR FROM BEING HAPPY.

Hot Weather Depresses Them, and They Keep the New England Sabbath on the Beaches—The State of Trade Bothers Them Still More.

Boston, July 11.—The warm, dull, tire-some summer is here; the fourth of July over, nothing for the workers to look forward to, but sweltering heat six days in the week, and the beaches on Sunday. For everybody goes to the beach. These are cool spots for all, but the thousands in this big city who cannot raise the energy or a quarter dollar to go to one of the cheap resorts, but observe the Sabbath by sitting on doorsteps or sprawling over the brick and stone pavements of narrow streets, men, women and children, with no more clothing on than that worn by a work of art in a strictly moral town; all longing about the picture of misery and squalidness, and the atmosphere horrible.

Signs of this kind are common around the north and west ends. Pointers by the thousand for people uninterested in the social problem. What wonder they drink beer, and barrels of it?

Go to Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue for the other extreme. Great rows of stately mansions; covered with ivy grand and grim—all deserted. The imposing fronts disfigured by common wooden doors and windows nailed up tight. The quiet of the streets unbroken.

The people who entertained and gossiped there all winter; attended the concerts in Music Hall; went into ecstasies over the long haired Paderewski and others of his ilk; chirped and chattered at the opera in gorgeous attire, and grew wise over the alleged study of theosophy—all these have gone to the beaches; the summer resorts.

They are lounging on the sand in bathing suits, which the prudish of Boston would look at in holy horror if pictured on the theatrical bill boards; they are bathing in the waters of the Atlantic without getting their feet wet; and pages upon pages of the Sunday papers are filled with names of the nabobs and would be nabobs of all New England.

Everybody goes to the beaches—all but the mob who swelter on the stone doorsteps. Men of moderate means send their families, and defy dyspepsia in the restaurants. Saturday afternoons and Sundays are days of family reunions.

And Sunday! It's a great day. The ministers do not bother with sermons in a great many cases, for which the congregation is duly thankful and never object to an increase in salary. Some churches will close, like the theatres during the summer months, others, like the cheap halls, will keep open. But it's awfully warm in church on a warm night.

So far the weather has been good; not exasperating, as it were. It is warm one day, the chances are good for a cooler the next, but it's warm enough any day in a close factory, office or workshop. Sunday the people do the breathing.

Thousands upon thousands, crowd the electric bound for the water front. Atlantic avenue, the dreariest hole in all Boston in winter, is alive with people; the harbor is black with steamers, sailboats and yachts, all crowded with men, women and children, and with flags flying sailing down the harbor, to Nantasket, Nahant, the Point of Pines, the this, that, and the other thing, for they are all going, the bands playing; the fakirs faking, the merry-go-rounds a whirling, and the wild waves washing the fat and the lean, the short and the tall, the young and the old, the great American Sabbath.

Meanwhile the business men of the country are worrying over the silver question, and the members of congress, shuddering at the thoughts of spending the sweltering month of August in Washington at an "extra session."

But they cannot get these two soon. The country is in a desperate condition. It is not that desperate condition, the stump orator with the rider Haggard imagination howls about the week before election; but the real, genuine article. A state of affairs, in which this business man and that manufacturer cannot get enough money to keep things running. At ordinary times the average working man doesn't care whether a silver dollar is worth 60 cents or \$1.60, so long as he can get a dollar's worth of it, but just at present it is a question in which he is deeply interested.

During the last few weeks hundreds of tailors have gone home at the end of a hard week's work without the money they earned, and expected; others have been worried over rumors that there was a possibility of no work at all. So the working man is deeply interested.

Great manufacturing firms employing thousands of people, are storing goods away because they cannot get money for them. The demand is good, never better, but the jobbers who want to buy cannot get money to pay for what they want, and the manufacturers cannot get money to keep things running. The condition of affairs is serious. Everybody says so. There is no politics in it. Congress cannot meet too soon, for the uncertainty the country is now laboring under will not allow a man to turn one way or the other.

superstition and credulity of their patients. The medical practice of the Assyrian priests consisted mainly of magical art, while the actual learning they possessed was carefully concealed in a mystical technicality.

Among the early Jews, the priests, who were the physicians also, treated leprosy and other diseases with various ceremonies to affect the imagination, at the same time enforcing judicious regulations to avoid the sources of contagion and promote personal cleanliness.

In Greece, the genius of Hippocrates first caused medicine to be regarded as a science, though Chiron, who lived about 1300 B. C., is accredited for having introduced the healing art to his countrymen.

Esculapius, a pupil of Chiron, is considered the first person who made medicine an exclusive study and practice.

IN COUNCIL AT MADAWASKA.

What the Warden, the Secretary and the Rest of them talked about.

MADAWASKA, July 10.—Like an abundance of good things the long expected rain and the semi-annual meeting of the County Council respectively showered their beneficial influences in the beautiful vale of Madawaska at one and the same time. In answer to the roll call the two representatives of the parish of St. Hiltaire, failed to respond, but their seats were not empty, because there were no seats for them. It was not however the scarcity of chairs that prevented the two councillors in question attending the councils of the nations, but as was afterwards learned, these two first class debaters, being yet young in public life, did not know of this semi-annual meeting.

Favorable comments were made on Bull-off's absence for the first time in the annals or archives of the Country.

Barry paid a few official visits to see that his accounts were passed and he cannot be blamed for that.

Levite like the two Councillors of St. Hiltaire, arrived just one day too late.

The warden sat bent over the table in front of him, as if weighed down by a bad conscience, whilst some say he was keeping close to a concealed phonograph to compare Progress' report with the truthful instrument.

Left all to himself, C. A. D. occupied his pulpit with no other source of trouble than the flies.

Like the threatening clouds rolling overhead, Coun. Biseau burst out in a solemn complaint. The tax collector of the parish of St. Leonard had not yet received his list, and it being so late in the season, doubts were entertained whether all the taxes could be collected this year. He had written three times to the Secretary who answered not, and the collector had called on the same Secretary in reference to his bonds, but the same Secretary was not "at home." Again a highway commissioner had refused to act, and no road-work had been done. He now asked the body assembled whose duty it was to look after the Secretary's business.

In the vehemence of his wrath, the secretary pounced down upon the poor little councillor who had dared reflect upon his official capacity and diligence, and in words of chastisement, sought to destroy him forever as even a useful member of society.

"When you have a complaint, cried he, you ought to know how to make it. You could have spoken to me on the quiet, of this, instead of traducing me before the council unexpectedly. I sent you a bond for the collector."

Coun. Biseau: Yes; I wrote you twice that it was no good, and got no answer. The collector came to see you three times, and you were nowhere to be found. The wrong name was in the bond. C. A. D. "why did you not scratch it out, and put in the right name?"

Coun.—"I don't do scratching, it's not my business."

"C. A. D.—"Let my voice be heard all over the Country. I am not obliged to advise County officers, unless I please. I can keep all my brains to myself if I choose, and nobody should know the difference. It's not my business to look after County officers."

Awe-stricken, the Councillors dropped their heads in mournful distress, wondering who should do the County's business, and advise the Council.

Justice Pelletier presented a bill for services amounting to eight dollars, which according to the warden's English and French dictionary, was translated as "wheat pease."

The thunder pealed and Victory spoke: "This is a dirty business; as I am told, of course, I know nothing about it; but I am told a certain man stole a few boards and bricks, and he was arrested, and committed for trial, and then he settled the matter. It's a dirty magistrature that will give law for stealing a few boards and a brick. Of course I don't know anything about it, but I am told this (not by the Secretary), and object to paying dirty bills, and dirty magistrates giving law for trifles."

"They are all like that, said the warden, they give the law to every ghostly man that comes along." Everybody then thought of the Blanche case, which was thrown out by the grand jury on the direction of the judge, and which cost the County seventy dollars. The Council paid this bill without a murmur, and neither Victory nor the warden objected; but the warden was informed in that case, the License Inspector rendered his accounts which showed that he had paid over fifty dollars to an Andover lawyer for losing a few liquor cases. Victory made a few inquiries, but he stopped short when the inspector told him that he, Victory, had forbidden him to retain the lawyer of his choice, and that he was obliged to lead to Andover for an attorney with the above result. There was no more talk about dirty work, and after short peroration by the warden the Secretary marked down "adjourned sine die."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

A MILLION PEOPLE

Are Sponsors for a St. John Industry Established Six Months Ago.

Progress is always glad to note the growth of a home industry. So are the readers of Progress. That is why the perusal of this article will give general pleasure. It relates to a St. John industry that has troubled its output and doubled its working staff in the last three months. We refer to the Hawker Medicine Co., which was only organized six months ago, but which has had an almost phenomenal development of its business in that time. Readers of Progress are familiar with the facts leading to the organization of this company. How Mr. William Hawker for many years had in his business as a druggist placed certain remedies of his own preparation before the public, how these remedies drew the attention and confidence of the St. John public; how they finally came to be endorsed by physicians and become standard remedies sold in large quantities; how testimonials poured in; and how, six months ago a company of leading business men of St. John was organized, with D. Russell as manager, to extend the scope of the business and place the Hawker remedies before the people everywhere. In that six months they have covered the maritime provinces and Newfoundland, opening up a trade that is steadily growing; they have had their remedies patented in the United States and have begun to export, and will in time be an immense trade there; they are now securing patents in England, and are about to send Mr. Thos. Rankine through western Canada, from Montreal to Vancouver, to introduce the Hawker remedies more extensively in that direction.

"I'd gone out to Australia, like many other young fellows do, or rather did a few years ago with the fixed idea of making my fortune. Needless to remark, I failed diametrically, and soon lost the little money I did possess. I had been well educated, and tried one thing after another, with the inevitable result that every market seemed over-stocked."

"As a last resource I went round to the theatres to try and get a job. At one I was successful being told that 'one of the chaps was ill, and the boss in a roaring temper. I made my way round, and arrived in time to hear the aforesaid 'boss' remark somewhat loudly and in scarcely polite language—

"What the—etc., etc., does the 'hind legs' mean by being ill! His business is to be 'hind legs,' and if he doesn't turn up tonight he won't have another job in my theatre!"

"I rather timidly approached and asked if I could, perhaps, supply the missing man's place."

"Well young man, if you'll come and be 'hind legs' of an elephant, you can; it's not clear out the pay's ten bob a week."

"The outlook was not cheering, but I was too hungry to be proud, so I answered 'I had no knowledge of the duties of a 'hind legs' but I would do my best, and hope that a few rehearsals would perfect me."

"I followed the 'front legs,' who had been a witness of this interview, and was quickly set to work."

"I had to get out on a pair of large, loose, dirty-brown looking trousers, with the cardboard feet attached. These were kept on by straps over my shoulders. The 'front legs' attired himself in a similar garb. Then we both stooped down to about half our height, and a large dirty-brown covering was drawn over us to form a body, to which the head, etc., was attached. The cord working the trunk was given into 'front legs' keeping, while I was accommodated with that appended to the tail."

"At first it was most difficult to arrange our strides properly, and we commenced by a walking tour by himself, poor 'hind legs' descending into a little jog-trot gallop to keep anywhere near. Then we found the positions reversed, and I was told to 'stop tripping up them front legs.'"

"At last we were fairly perfect, and were released with aching heads and stiff backs till the evening performance."

"I was naturally pretty punctual for my first time, but when the cry, 'the stage waits for the elephant' was heard, no 'front legs' were there! The manager was furious and the audience impatient, when at last my other half was discovered in the bar 'only getting a drink.'"

"He was promptly hauled along, but the walk of that elephant was decidedly curious during the evening. However, we managed to get along somehow; but I wasn't sorry when my week came to an end, and taking into consideration the decidedly unclean condition of the 'skin' and the long hours spent in rehearsals and performances, I don't think I ever took a more hardly-earned ten shillings."

"Progress" in Boston.

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