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POOR DOCUMENT

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ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY DEC. 26, 1889.

For the Latest Telegraphic News look on the First Page.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

One of the most remarkable articles of the year is that which appears in the Westminister for November on "Ireland and the Empire," by J. A. Partridge. This article, notwithstanding its somewhat misleading title, is in reality a plea for Imperial Federation, the matter being discussed on broad grounds and not from a merely insluar standpoint. It is an article which may well put to shame those narrow minded politicians who believe that the political ingenuity of the race was exhausted when the British Constitution was perfected, and who look for guidance and light to the past alone. It will supply a whole arsenal of weapons for those who will in the future stand forth as advocates of this most necessary work, the Federation of the Empire.

The author opens his article by the statement that before many years have passed it will probably become more clear to those who watch the perspective of events, that the most practical and important result of the Irish Home Rule agitation has been to force on the Imperial Federation question. "But for party passions," he says, "Irish Home Rule might have grown naturally as the first fruits of the Irish situation; it will come now, forced on by obvious Imperial necessities or by the necessities of the present political situation. Clearly a new national party is wanted; but any real national party must also be an Imperial party; and what the Unionists do not understand is that every patriotic party must now be a party of the nations—that is of the real factors that constitute the English state" The writer then goes on to say:—

Since 1837, the date of Her Majesty's accession, the Empire has grown from 1,100,000 square miles to 8,400,000; our Colonial European population has grown from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000; our State revenue at home from £24,000,000 to £122,000,000; and in general terms the British Empire has increased more than five-fold in the fifty years. As far back as 1875 Mr. W. E. Forster declared at Edinburgh that federation would make the Colonies partners instead of dependencies; and, later on, that without such scheme their self-government would grow into independence. The essence of federation, however, is that it affirms the principles of locality and independence equally with those of generality and empire. The federal principle affirms local authority for local needs, and Imperial authority for Imperial needs. Each balances the other, and the only question is what are the essential factors and conditions that dictate the modifications of the actual rule of State to be adopted. To be, therefore, of a national party which is not also *the party of the nations*, is to be simply "a little Englander," willing to destroy one nation for the sake of another (which is Professor Dicey's notion of providential arrangement), and willing also to forego Imperial consideration in order to do it! If you cannot organize by nations you cannot organize at all. If you want to unite, you cannot leave the strongest largest, and complete-st factor of unity out of count. You must follow nature and take the world as it is.

The chief constituents of our greater Britain demand equal citizenship with John Bull at home; and that demand must be conceded unless the lesser Britain wants to be left severely alone. Again, if our Cabinet is to be a Cabinet of Empire, the imperial men of the Empire must be in it; and if our second Chamber is to last, heredity must give way to the representation and delegation of real powers. These things must come, for they are the real forces of any real future, and woe unto those through whom they cannot come now. The only question is can we make these changes without waiting for the pressure of necessity and the challenge of a foe? Can we not set our house in order except on the morrow of a disaster, or on the eve of a defeat? John Bull has, in fact, to be born again as the Imperial Englishmen. All our colonies and independencies know well enough how hard that is, and what that means; it is about time that John Bull began to know it too.

The reader can judge from this extract of the general tone of the whole article and of the line of argument which it follows. Equal citizenship for the people of the colonies is its watchward, this being in the opinion of the writer the only means by which the Empire can be preserved.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The liar of Mr. Jem Smith, who a short time ago, called himself champion of England, has suffered a total eclipse. Mr. Smith has been defeated by a negro from Australia, by a white man from the same quarter of the world, Mr. Slavin, and now he has been challenged by Charley Mitchell who kindly offers to knock him out in twelve rounds.

Mr. Fred Jones, the monumental liar who sends Ottawa despatches to the Boston Herald and St. John Globe, telegraphed to the latter paper on Saturday, a lot of rubbish in regard to the government intending to revert to the policy of assisted passages to immigrants owing to the alleged failure of immigration during the past year. As the immigration to Canada during the past season was quite large and as the immigrants were of a superior class no one will believe this statement of Mr. Fred Jones of Ottawa.

Sir John Lister Kaye, who has spent the summer in the North West, has been recently in Ottawa, and told an Ottawa correspondent of a New York paper that he intends to bring out a number of first-class farmers from England next summer and settle them on farms. Of the North West he is reported to have said:

"I have eleven large farms; which lie between Regina and Calgary, and which are stocked with 10,000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep, and a large number of other kinds of farm live stock. This year I have under cultivation 5,000 acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of very fine grain, besides getting in 4,500 tons of hay. I am sorry to say that the season has not been a good one for raising grain, but in some climates and soils, if the same difficulties had been experienced, the grain crop would have literally been a failure. In fact, never in my life have I seen such rich and productive soil as there is in these localities in the Northwest; in fact it is a wonderful farming country, and I intend next year to put 12,000 acres under grain cultivation, so confident am I of the grain growing capacity of this fine country."

AN ATTACK ON THE BENCH.

We publish elsewhere an article from the Moncton Transcript in which three of the Judges of the Supreme Court are attacked after a fashion which we had hoped never to see adopted in New Brunswick. The fact that the editor of the Transcript had previously made charges against our judges, which were not proved and which led to his punishment by incarceration in Fredericton jail, is not calculated to cause the public to give much weight to his present statements, but we think the time has come when these accusations ought to be noticed by those against whom they are directed. The charges made against our judges have already been copied into newspapers outside of this Province, and no doubt will be copied by the press of the Dominion generally. Under these circumstances we regard it as the duty of the Judges who are thus aspersed, and as we believe slandered, to take such steps as will vindicate their good name and bring their slanderer to justice.

Harry H. Mott, the architect, was, on Tuesday presented with a fine silver tea service by several gentlemen by whom he had been employed in recognition of his able and faithful services.

NEW ENGLAND CONIFERS.

The Many Varieties of Beautiful and Exceedingly Useful Trees.

The conifers, or cone bearing trees, are divided into three families: The pines, the cypresses and the yews. Of the pines, the most common are the white pine, the yellow or pitch pine and the red pine. These can be readily distinguished from each other by noticing that the white pine has its leaves in clusters of five, the yellow in clusters of three and the red in clusters of two. The white pines form symmetrical and graceful trees, to which the yellow, in this latitude, with its scraggy branches and yellowish green foliage, is an unpleasant and striking contrast. The cones of these trees do not ripen till the year after blossoming, and this is a distinguishing feature between these true pines and the other members of the pine family—the spruces, firs and larches. The spruces have their leaves four sided, and arranged around the stem, instead of being in clusters, as in the pines. The cones are very graceful, being suspended near the end of the branches, and forming a pleasing contrast to the green of the foliage.

The Norway spruce, though a native of Europe, is so common here as to deserve a place among our New England trees, and from the time of its bright red blossoms in the spring, during the growth of its cones, which are purple at first, but change to a rich brown, till blossoms come again, forms a most attractive sight. The hemlock, or hemlock spruce, has small cones; the leaves, instead of being arranged around the stems, spread in two directions, and are a bright green above, with a silvery white beneath. This grows to be a large tree, but is often cut back and used as an ornamental shrub, and, cared for in this way, is one of the most graceful of spruces. The firs are distinguished from the spruces in that they have their cones erect on the upper side of the branches, instead of pendulous. The only representative in New England is the balsam fir, which is quite common among the mountains.

The last member of the pine family is the larch. The larch is distinguished from all other conifers by its shedding its leaves in the fall, and is also marked by the bright red flowers which it bears in the early spring. The only native larch is the American larch or tamarack, but the European larch is found here quite extensively, and is a handsomer and more graceful tree than the native variety.

The cypress family includes the arbor vitæ, the cypress and the juniper. The arbor vitæ is readily distinguished by the appressed, scale like leaves, arranged in four rows on the two-edged branchlets. The American variety is often called white cedar, but the name more properly belongs to a variety of cypress closely resembling arbor vitæ, but having a more slender spray, finer leaves, and growing thirty to seventy feet high, while the arbor vitæ ranges from twenty to fifty feet.

We have two varieties of the juniper: one known as the juniper, and the other as red cedar. Both have a berry like fruit, in color black, covered with a white bloom; the juniper has awl shaped leaves, arranged in threes, large fruit, and is found quite commonly as a low shrub. The red cedar has small, scale like leaves, small fruit, and in the east is found as a shrub, but in the west reaches from 60 to 90 feet in height, and furnishes very durable wood of a reddish color.

The yew has its nut like seed surrounded by a disk, cup shaped around its base, which becomes bright red and berry like. In the United States it is only found as a straggling bush, but in other countries grows to be a large tree.

The conifers are the most useful trees to man. They are found in a great variety of latitudes, are about ten times as numerous as other trees, and reach a great height. They furnish long, straight, durable timber, which, owing to the resinous matter, is impenetrable by water. The juices give us turpentine, resin, pitch, tar and lampblack, and the amber of commerce also was formed from pine resin. Some conifers have medicinal properties; the bark of certain varieties is used for tanning, for making paper, and for stuffing in upholstery. The inner bark of one variety and the seeds of another are articles of food. The coal beds were formed from the conifers of the carboniferous age. They form a most attractive feature in the landscape, whether found singly or in large numbers, and through the dreary winter months are reminders of the summer which is past and a prophecy of the summer which is to come.—Annie M. Mitchell in Springfield Homestead.

To Satisfy Insurance Companies.

Have you heard the story of the rubber hose bought for the infirmary? It was a coil of hose to hang in the hall, to be used in case of fire. One day they took it down in order to sprinkle the lawn, but as soon as the water was turned on it burst in half a dozen places. The infirmary directors were raging. They took the hose back to the rubber store and demanded an explanation. The proprietor of the store said that he had sold it in good faith, supposing it to be a good article. In order to satisfy himself he wrote on to the manufacturer, who replied that the hose was simply an ornamental article, made to hang up in factories "to satisfy insurance requirements." And so there is hose made that is to be looked at, not used. Here is a big factory, and its owner, supposing that in case of fire he can turn on twenty lines of hose at once, is putting his trust in a rotten, good for nothing pipe. Better inspect all these emergency hose lines at once.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

At the Henderson Hop.

Miss Waite (who has been a wall flower all the evening)—A waltz? Mr. Henderson, you are too kind!

Mr. Henderson (host of the occasion)—Not at all, Miss Waite. You know the performance of one's duty is sometimes sweeter than actual pleasure.—Harper's Bazar.

AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER DESCRIBES A DAY AMONG THE GLACIERS.

Beautiful Fields of Snow and White Capped Peaks Where Death Waits on a Single Misstep—Rescued from an Exceedingly Dangerous Position.

Tom Kenyon never felt so unwilling to get up as he did one morning early in September, 18—.

He and Frank Marshall had settled to make the ascent of the Fisch Horn; they had arranged it with the guide, Jules Lessore; and they had ordered the boots of the hotel to call them at 3 o'clock in the morning.

By 4 o'clock they started. There was a slight rain falling, but Jules declared that it would clear. On leaving the hotel they turned to the left, and for a mile or two they kept to the level road.

The guide turned off to the right, and followed by Kenyon and Marshall, began to mount a steep, narrow path. It was gradually growing light.

They turned a shoulder of the rocks which they were clambering, and they saw through the rising mist the dim outline of the large Rinderhorn; the wild scene had become extremely desolate. The Hotel des Voyageurs, perched high up on the farther side of the valley, was the only sign of life or habitation. Now and again a patch of snow told them that they were leaving the snow line beneath them. After a time they reached the foot of a precipitous mass of rocks; the jagged, cruel looking rocks towered up pitilessly above them.

Lessore stopped his regular, machine like strides. He quickly roped Kenyon, then Marshall, and then himself, leaving about fifteen feet of rope between each of them.

The snow field stretched on for rather more than a mile, and at last they came to the foot of the highest peak of the mountain. It rose up fiercely into the sky. The rocks forming this peak were partially covered with snow, and they looked terribly grim and forbidding. But now that the goal was in view they pressed on eagerly. It was a severe scramble. The snow had made the rocks slippery, and it was necessary in places to clamber like cats, but eventually they reached the top and sat down upon the sharp, jagged point. Every side of them the rocks shelved down precipitously for thousands of feet. The sun had become overcast, clouds were gathering, it was bitterly cold and soon it began to snow.

There was a sudden and awful roar, like the sound of thunder, then a deep, terrifying vibration. "What on earth is that?" cried Kenyon.

"I suspect it is an avalanche on the Rinderhorn," said the guide.

There was a dead silence; then another terrific roar, announcing that the avalanche was going further on its way down the mountain. After a short rest on the top of the peak they began to descend in reverse order. They found the way down more easily. The keen air and the rest on the summit had thoroughly braced them up. They reached the snow field again without much difficulty. They had got half way across the snow and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be over it, when suddenly, without warning, Jules and Kenyon felt a sharp jerk on the rope. Marshall had sunk into the snow; only his head and arms were visible.

"Hullo!" cried Jules. "what is the matter now?"

"Quick! quick!" Marshall cried; "pull me up or I shall be through. My feet and legs are dangling in the air and I can feel I am rapidly sinking."

Jules pulled hard upon the rope and went closer to Marshall. Kenyon followed on behind to give play to the rope; he and the guide drew nearer to the dangerous spot.

Will the snow hold, Kenyon thought, until Marshall is out? He seemed to feel the snow giving way beneath him. Marshall grew pale; his nerve began to fail him as he thought of his dear ones in England; he had promised his wife that he would attempt nothing hazardous and this promise came suddenly into his mind. The danger was imminent; life and death were struggling in the balance; to Kenyon's surprise Jules stood still—but only for an instant—then with a mighty effort he pulled at the rope and drew Marshall on to firmer foothold; but the greatest danger was to come, for Kenyon had still to pass.

He made a cautious step, aided by Jules' directions; he saw a yawning black hole where Marshall had sunk into what had seemed substantial snow.

Could he cross it? It seemed almost impossible, for the snow appeared to be giving way rapidly. The footing of Marshall and Jules was anything but secure, and if the snow gave way altogether before Kenyon was past the hole they must all go down together.

At this instant he felt the snow give under his feet. He seemed to be falling as he sprang and plunged forward—he turned giddy—something was dragging him down; but it was Jules who pulled vigorously at the rope and landed him on the firm snow just as the soft mass gave way precipitately and fell hundreds of feet on to the rocks below.

Kenyon was dazed for a minute or two, but then he joined his companions as they stood on the edge of the abyss disclosed by the mass that had fallen; they looked down breathless and awestruck. If Jules had been one second later in pulling the rope they would all have been dashed to death on the sharp, jagged rocks below.

They walked safely over the rest of the snow field. There was some dangerous scrambling down the rocks and over loose stones, but at last they reached the region of turf and trotted down the steep mountain slopes with the aid of their Alpine stocks. They came in sight of the valley leading to the village from which they had started. As they reached their hotel utterly exhausted the clock struck 5. They had been walking and climbing for the best part of thirteen hours.—Thomas Stanley in Philadelphia Times.

Seen in a Dream.

In 1868, Lizzie M. Trask, of Vienna, Me., was dressmaking in Lewiston. She came into possession of a gold twenty-five cent piece with a hole in it. This she showed as a curiosity to her friends. At that time she had a little niece 2 years old, daughter of Jonathan P. Trask, now the wife of Leman Butler, trader in Mt. Vernon. The little coin Lizzie once showed to her niece Addie when she was a very small girl, telling her that she would give it to her when she was old enough to take care of it. Lizzie died twelve years ago. In her possession was a lady's wallet with several compartments. This wallet her mother used until her death, seven years ago.

Then James, a brother of Lizzie, had it, and it has been in constant use almost daily ever since, either by him or his wife. The little gold coin was never seen after Lizzie's death or before for several years by her friends, and its whereabouts was not known, and, in fact, its existence had passed from their memory. A few days ago Mrs. Butler made her parents a visit, stopping with them several nights.

While there she dreamed that she saw her Aunt Lizzie's wallet, and that it was faced with green, and in a certain compartment she found the little gold coin which she saw so many years ago. On telling her mother her dream she was informed that Lizzie did have a wallet which answered her description, and that her Uncle James had it. The wallet Addie had never seen. She then visited her uncle and told her dream to her aunt, who laughed at the idea of anything being in it other than what she and her husband had placed there. But at Addie's earnest solicitation she produced it, and as soon as Addie saw it she exclaimed: "That is the same wallet that I saw in my dream!" and pointed out the compartment that held the treasure. She then took a needle, and, ripping it to the bottom, she drew forth newspaper, and in it was, indeed, a gold quarter with a hole in it, wrapped, no doubt, by the hand of her aunt at least twelve years before, where it had lain all this time, without the knowledge of any one, until Addie's dream caused it to be brought forth.—Augusta (Me.) Age.

The Jasper Industry.

Within two years the jasper industry has been developed, and there are now four quarries, employing nearly 1,000 men, in operation about Sioux Falls. The market extends from Chicago to Kansas City. Sioux Falls' streets are paved with jasper, and her four story buildings are constructed of it. The stone is susceptible of a high degree of polish, and when finished looks much like the red granite of Missouri. The pioneer in the jasper industry discovered not long ago that the dust of the jasper, which is half as hard as diamonds, would polish the famous petrified wood of Arizona, and make of it table tops and ornaments more beautiful than agate or onyx. The petrified wood is now brought from Arizona to Sioux Falls by the carload, and polished in a variety of forms. To the jasper industry, the city has added the manufacture of chalcedony. There is a scientific mystery about this so called jasper. Practically it is all right. Its utility has been established, but geologically there is no little uncertainty about it. Those who know the most are the least positive in discussing its character. Some of the scientific men who have looked at it call it red quartzite. Professor Winchell says it is the hardest stone in the United States that has been used for building purposes. The grain is very close. The only element to which it succumbs is fire. It will stand a good degree, but crumbles like sandstone or limestone under too intense heat.—New York Telegram.

Why He Went Out.

A good housewife at the Highlands wished to surprise her husband by giving him some of a particular kind of cake of which he was very fond. She took great pains with the mixture, measuring out each ingredient with the utmost care, for she was determined to produce the best loaf she ever made. When the good man came in to tea and saw the handsome loaf, his heart went out towards his wife in renewed affection. The cake was finally cut, but the first mouthful he took made him look puzzled, and soon he left the table. The wife was curious to know why he went out, and noticing that he had left his cake almost untasted she broke off a little piece and put it in her mouth. "Horrors! cayenne pepper! where did I get that?" and she made a bolt for the kitchen. Going into the pantry she looked at the box where she got her cinnamon to put in the cake. There stood the box, but the word "Pepper" was so big that there was no mistaking the contents. She says the next time she makes a loaf of cake she will taste of everything before she puts it in, and her husband says he doesn't know but she'd better.—Springfield Homestead.

What Has Happened in June.

Historically considered, June is for Great Britain perhaps the most famous month in the year. It is the month of Bannockburn, Naseby and Waterloo—all of them battles of liberation and for the extension and establishment of freedom. In other respects June figures handsomely in the calendar. It was in June that Magna Charta was sealed; and it is the birth month, among others, of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby; Charles Kingsley, W. H. Smith, Lord Dufferin, Lord Wolseley and Mr. Spurgeon. June is generally also famous for its deaths, among them being those of Mohammed, Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet; White, of Shelbourne, and Garibaldi. It has been remarked that the natal is also the fatal month of a certain percentage of distinguished men, and we observe that Dr. Arnold died in June. One of the most notable of modern June events is the coronation of Queen Victoria, which took place in 1838, just about fifty-one years ago. But undoubtedly the two big events of June are Waterloo and Bannockburn, the latter being to Scotchmen the greater of the two.—Glasgow Herald.

Chemical Transformation.

Alcohol, one of the best known products of chemical industry, may serve as evidence to what degree of perfection the composition and decomposition of chemical compounds has been brought. As the chief constituent of intoxicating beverages, alcohol, together with carbonic acid, originates by fermentation from sugar; but this is not the only possible way to produce it. The brightness of electric lights, by which public places, roads, stores, etc., of our cities now are illuminated at night, is emitted by an electric current passing between two carbon points. When such a passage of electricity takes place in a glass balloon filled with hydrogen, the electric current causes this gas to unite with carbon, forming acetylene, a gaseous compound, which in contact with more hydrogen readily takes it up, forming a second gaseous compound—ethylene—which is the chief light giving constituent of illuminating gas.

Ethylene, when brought into contact with sulphuric acid, forms a liquid combination, and this, when treated with potassium hydrate, is converted into alcohol. Having thus built up from its elements a substance formerly known only as a product of fermentation, we may proceed at once to decompose it again into its elements. We can easily regain the carbon which it contains by heating alcohol with sulphuric acid, which again converts it into ethylene; and this gas, when mixed with chlorine gas and lighted, burns away, leaving carbon, which, as a dense black smoke, fills the vessel.—W. Bernhardt in Popular Science Monthly.

The Czar and the Conjurer.

It is pretty generally understood that the autocrat of all the Russias possesses extraordinary physical strength. Of this he lately furnished a new proof at the palace of Fredensborg. A German conjurer, Herr Lowe, was entertaining the guests with a performance of several neatly executed tricks, and displayed remarkable dexterity in the manipulation of a pack of cards. At the conclusion of the performance the emperor said to him that he knew a card trick which it would puzzle him to imitate. Whereupon the czar took a fresh pack of fifty-two cards and tore it through the middle with a rapid jerk of his hands.—Kolner Zeitung.

An Unpleasant Companion.

Travelers sometimes have strange bed fellows. A first class passenger, by a slow passenger train running between Howrah and Assenole, was disagreeably surprised to find, on waking from a sound sleep, that something cold had come in contact with his hand. On looking at the hand, what was his horror to find that underneath it was a cobra. As the snake was asleep and had not coiled itself around the hand, the gentleman sprang up and managed to evade its bite. How it got into the carriage is one of those mysteries no one can unravel. It may have effected an entrance while the carriage was on the siding at Howrah, and quietly ensconced itself behind the cushions of the carriage seat.—Indian Paper.

Had Enough of the Tune.

"Come over to our church and hear me preach this morning," said the pastor. "If you don't like the sermon you will the music; we are going to have some of the loveliest chants you ever listened to." "No, thanks," replied Mr. Badman, for it was he. "I took some in the grab bag, the fish pond, the ring cake and the prize doll at your fair last week, and I haven't a cent left for the contribution basket. Guess I'll stay out till my luck changes."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

...rrying a Couple.

...njamin F. Wade, of Ohio, ...eginning of his career at ...d for his bashfulness; but ... his determination, enabled ...ough his way in a way ... not conventional, landed ...stination.

...e a youth, he started with a ... on his shoulders to a mill ...les away. It was in Novem... ...ming to a full banked river, ...ed that the canoe was on the ... Throwing off his clothes, he ... gained the canoe, took it ... the bag of corn was, which ...cross, and then went on his ...

...illustration of his way of do... occurred while he was a justice ... peace. One day a young ...ed at his office to be married. ...nce of four or five irreverent ... prompted the bashful justice ... privately to the pair that they ... meet him at the little hotel. ...t, and so did the justice, by ...ut way, only to discover that ...were also there. Seeing that ...erform the ceremony in their ...s, though he had forgotten ...ormula, proceeded to business ... direct way.

"You ...sh to be married?" he asked the pair.

"Yes."

"Stand up and take hands. You," addressing the not prepossessing groom, "wish to marry this young woman?"

"Yes."

"Of course you do!" exclaimed the justice, glancing at the pretty bride, and asking her, "Do you take this young man for your husband?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are getting the worst of it, but I say, you are husband and wife. There, boys, you see I did it!" he concluded, glancing at the spectators.

The couple had to have it explained to them that they were, in the eyes of the law, wedded. Whereupon the husband offered the justice a fee—the statute made it $1.50—which, by a lofty action of his hand, he waved off, saying, "Nothing for a job like that!"—Youth's Companion.

Health Hints.

Don't contradict your wife.

Don't tell a man he is a stranger to the truth because he happens to be smaller than yourself. Errors of this kind have been known to be disastrous.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Leave them beside the kitchen fire, where they will be handy to put on in the morning.

It is bad to lean your back against anything cold, particularly when it is on icy pavement, upon which your vertebral arrangement has caromed with a jolt that shakes the buttons off your coat.

Always eat your breakfast before beginning a journey. If you haven't any breakfast don't journey.

After violent exercise, like putting up the stove or nailing down carpets, never ride around town in an open carriage. It is better to walk. It is also cheaper.

When you are speak as little as possible. If you are not hoarse it won't do you any harm to keep your mouth shut, too.

Don't light the fire with kerosene. Let the hired girl do it. She hasn't any wife and children. You have.

Don't run around the house in your bare feet at the dead of night trying to pick up stray tacks. Men have been known to dislocate their jaw through this bad practice.

When you see a man put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth, don't ask him if it is hot enough. Serious injury has often resulted from this habit.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Faith Still Untenished.

The never ending controversy about the relation of consciousness or mind to matter is still kept up; but there seems to be no solution of the problem and no apparent prospect of any solution. The semi-materialistic view was well nigh exhausted by Professor Tyndall in his famous "Belfast address," delivered some fifteen years ago. It evoked a storm of unnecessary wrath from theologians, but, considering how inconclusive it was when the real issue was approached, that of an intelligence other than what we call nature, is a wonder that scientific men do not confess that they know at least as little as the theologians about final causes.

Tyndall has said nearly all that can be said pointing toward the idea of Lucretius, "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods;" but at last, and with a real pathos, he declares: "Considered fundamentally, then, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life on earth is evolved, species differentiated and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past."

He is following Herbert Spencer, but he does not contradict him, and it is a confession that science has not found out the origin of life nor made any discovery as to the essential constitution of the human mind. The faith in God is left unscathed by all these scientific researches.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Are?

You fond of fish cakes, and do you want to save yourself a lot of extra trouble to make them? If so, buy a pound box of Steam Compressed Dessicated Cod Fish, it is equal to three pounds of ordinary fish. Contains no skin or bones, is ready for instant use, and emits no odor whilst cooking. Sold at 15c. by all retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, St. John.

The Buffalo in Australia.

After the lamentable experience of this country, it is interesting to know that there is a part of the world where the buffalo is not only not dying out, but increasing in numbers. Vast herds of these animals are now running wild over certain districts of northern Australia. The animals are said to be massive and well grown, with splendid horns. The first buffaloes were landed at Port Essington, North Australia, about the year 1829.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Try

Barnes' Genuine English Worcestershire Sauce, in pint and half-pint bottles and by the gallon. Sold by leading retail grocers. Wholesale at STEPHENS & FIGGURES, 61 Dock street, Saint John, N. B.

ESTEY'S

COD LIVER OIL CREAM

—FOR—

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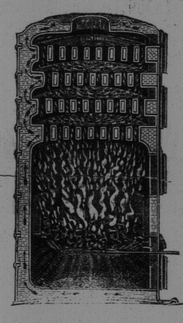

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