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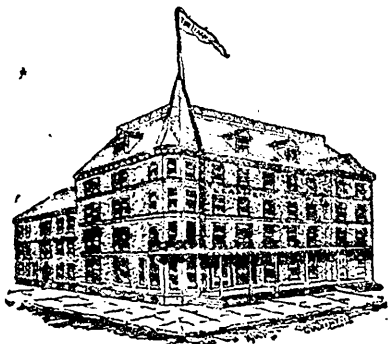


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A Monthly Magazine.

AMHERST, N. S.



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A Monthly Magazine.

Vol 1

Amherst, N. S., March, 1896

No 4

The Oldest Living Sister of Charity.

GEO. BARTON IN DONLHOE'S.

If nobility of character, earnestness and purity of purpose, great natural executive ability, together with unaffected piety and humility, count for anything in this uncertain world, Sister Mary Gonzaga of Philadelphia will rank high in the bright galaxy of women whose lives have illumined the history of Catholic Sisterhoods in the United States. Sister Gonzaga has a remarkably long and eventful history. Celebrating her golden jubilee more than eighteen years ago, she can look back over a series of years in the course of which she has been teacher, nurse, Mother Superior, head of a large orphan asylum, and the executive of a great military hospital, where nearly fifty thousand sick and wounded soldiers received the self-sacrificing attention of a staff of forty Sisters of Charity. Sister Gonzaga, who is credited with being the oldest living Sister of Charity in the United States, is now spending the tranquil evening of a busy

and eventful life, as the Mother Emeritus of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, one of the magnificent charities of the City of Brotherly Love.

This venerable woman's name in the world was Mary Agnes Grace. She came from a respected Baltimore family, and was born in that city in 1812. In December, 1823, she was sent to St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and the four years she spent in this institution helped to make that certain foundation upon which her subsequent successful career was built. She had early conceived the idea of retiring from the world and devoting her life entirely to the service of God. Accordingly on March 11, 1827, she was received into the community of the Sisters of Charity of St Vincent de Paul. In April, 1828, in company with Sister Stanislaus McGinnis and Sister Lucy Ignatius, Sister Gonzaga went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to open a school. On the 25th of March, 1830, she made her holy vows, and two months later was sent to Philadelphia to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, with which her future years were to be so intimately connected.

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On October 24, 1836, the institution was removed to its present site, and upon the death of Sister Petronilla, the superioress in August, 1843, Sister Gonzaga succeeded to its management and remained in charge until October, 1844. Here she went on with her good work, placid and calm in the midst of the turbulent waves of anti-Catholic bitterness and persecution, which at times threatened the lives of innocent women and children. In the latter part of 1844 she was sent to Donaldsonville, Louisiana, as assistant in the novitiate of Southern postulants.

After some years of service in New Orleans and a reassumption of her charge at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, she was sent, in 1855, to the Mother House of the Order in France, where she remained a year, obtaining and imparting much valuable information regarding the work and duties of Sisters in an administrative capacity. In May, 1856, she returned to the United States, and the following year took charge of her old love, St. Joseph's Asylum, for the third time.

The beginning of the Civil War, a few years later, was to mark the most eventful epoch in the career of Sister Gonzaga and to develop her extraordinary qualities of administration. The Satterlee Military Hospital was established in Philadelphia. Dr. Walter F. Atlee, who is still living, an honored physician of the Quaker City, felt that the interests of the government and of the soldiers would be benefited if the Sisters of Charity were installed as nurses in the army hospital. He had several interviews with the surgeon-general and with Secretary of War Stanton. As a result of this the Sisters of Charity were invited to assume charge.

On June 9, 1862, Sister Gonzaga, accompanied by forty Sisters, assembled from all parts of the United States, left

the asylum and entered upon their duties in the hospital. It is difficult to estimate the good work done by them during the period they spent in this place, which has been aptly styled the "shadow of the valley of death." In those three momentous years they nursed and cared for upwards of forty-eight thousand soldiers. Only those who have had the care of the sick can begin to estimate the amount of ceaseless labor and patience involved in such a vast undertaking. The sick and wounded comprised both Union and Confederate soldiers, and the gentleness of the Sisters endeared them to all under their charge.

Sister Gonzaga, although in her eighty-fourth year, still retains clear and vivid recollections of those trying times. She rarely introduces the subject herself, but once it is brought into conversation, she talks with enthusiasm upon it. The hospital was one of the largest in the country, and everything was arranged on a generous scale.

Sister Gonzaga remembers two events in the history of the hospital with particular distinctness: the first was after the battle of Bull Run, and the second the days following the battle of Gettysburg. After the battle of Bull Run the soldiers were brought to the hospital by hundreds. At the time of the three days' battle of Gettysburg there was a terrible period of suspense for the people of Philadelphia. They knew that a battle was taking place somewhere in the neighborhood of the State Capitol, but they had no information regarding the result. The earliest intelligence came with the first consignment of wounded soldiers to the Satterlee Hospital. Then there was much rejoicing over a Union victory. The sick and wounded from the blood-stained battlefield were received in thousands. One

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careful estimate puts the number at four thousand.

Such an emergency as this tested the capacity of the women in charge, but Sister Gonzaga came through the ordeal with flying colors. The surgeon in charge of the hospital was Dr. Isaac Hayes, who achieved much fame in the celebrated Kane Arctic Expedition, and who afterwards headed an expedition of his own. The wards of the hospital were very commodious and comfortable, each one accommodating at least seventy-five patients.

Dr. Hayes was a kind father to the Sisters, consulting them upon everything that would contribute to their comfort and happiness. Through his kind offices and those of Dr. Atleo they secured a chaplain, Father Crane, who said Mass for them once a week.

There is an old and very rare print of the Satterlee Hospital from which it is clear that the Hospital occupied many acres of ground. Yet the histories of Philadelphia remain singularly silent regarding it.

All during the war Sister Gonzaga, besides managing the hospital, remained in charge of St. Joseph's Asylum, which she visited at regular intervals. At the close of the war she relinquished her work at the Satterlee Hospital to give her whole time to the asylum, the other Sisters from the hospital returning to their various missions.

Sister Gonzaga has had frequent visits from grateful soldiers who were nursed back to life through her Christian devotion. One who heard of her aerious illness a few years ago, called upon her, and then as the outpouring of a grateful heart sent the following letter to the Philadelphia *Evening Star* as "a soldier's tribute to the noble work of Mother Gonzaga during the war:"—

In your valuable paper dated yesterday the announcement was made that Mother Gonzaga, in charge of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, southwest corner Seventh and Spruce streets, was lying dangerously ill. In reciting her many acts of charity for the young orphans under her care and protection, victims of epidemic, etc., during the many years of her life, you were not aware that the short notice touched a tender chord of affection in the breast of many a veteran of the late war.

Mother Gonzaga was a mother to sixty thousand soldiers, as patients under treatment in Satterlee United States Hospital, Forty-fourth and Pine streets, from 1862 until 1865. Those who were under her care, no matter of what religion or creed, who received the midnight visits of Mother Gonzaga, made in silent steps after "taps," and by the dim gaslight, will recognize her familiar countenance surrounded by that white-winged hood or cowl. They will recall her form bending to hear the faint breath or whisper of some fever patient, or to attend to some restless one throwing off the bedclothes, kindly tucking them in around his body as a mother would to a child, then gliding to the dying to give them expressions of comfort—those who recall these scenes, I say, think of her truly as an angel of peace and sweetness.

Administering medicine when required, loosening a bandage or replacing the same, watching a case of a sufferer in delirium—at all times annoying to those near him—was her daily duty. To see her always calm, always ready, with modesty and fidelity faithfully performing a Christian duty as an administering angel, when physicians, surgeons, friends, and all human aid had failed, was a beautiful sight. No poet could describe, no artist could faithfully portray on canvas the scenes at the death-bed of a soldier

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that would convey to those not having witnessed them, the solemnity of the quiet kneeling, the silent prayer, a murmur faintly heard as a whisper, of a Sister of Charity paying her devotion to Him on high, and consigning the spirit of the dying soldier to His care.

As one of many thousands under her care, I shall always think of Mother Gonzaga as one of a constellation of stars of the greatest magnitude—surrounded by many others that were devoted servants, among whom I might mention Dorothea Dix, Annie M. Ross, Hettie A. Jones, and Mary Brady. We soldiers cannot forget the service they rendered.

J. E. MACLANE.

During the years succeeding the war, Sister Gonzaga devoted her energies to building up St. Joseph's Asylum, and much of its success can truly be attributed to her energy and ability.

On the 12th of April, 1877, Sister Gonzaga celebrated the occasion of her golden jubilee in the Sisterhood. On the previous 19th of March she had attained her fiftieth year in the community. It was an event not soon to be forgotten, She on that day received the blessing of the Holy Father, Pius IX, and bishops priests, Sisters, and the laity vied with one another in showing the reverence and esteem in which they held the simple religious.

Ten years later she was recalled to the Mother-House at Emmitsburg by her superiors, who desired to relieve her of her responsibility as the head of such a large institution. Born to obedience, she promptly responded to the order, and left the house which had become as a home; left friends who had become endeared to her, and orphans who truly regarded her as a mother. There was not a murmur from this woman who was be-

ing taken away from associations with which she had been lovingly and intimately associated for nearly half a century.

Her Philadelphia friends, without solicitation, spontaneously addressed petitions to her superiors requesting her return to the scene of her life's labors. In the words of one who loved Sister Gonzaga, "Heaven was stormed by fervent prayers for the return of the mother of the poor." She remained at Emmitsburg for sixteen months, and at the end of that time returned to Philadelphia. Her home-coming on the 20th of December, 1888, was made the occasion of a great demonstration. The Sisters, the orphans, the managers of the asylum, and a host of friends participated.

She has remained at St. Joseph's Asylum ever since—the pride and ornament of the institution. Increasing age prevents her from supervising the active management of the asylum. Her experience and advice, however, are always at the disposal of others, and Mother Mary Joseph, the present head of the house, frequently consults her venerable predecessor on matters of management.

The actual extent of the good done by Sister Gonzaga is scarcely realized by those who are around her. Many of her charitable acts have been done quietly, even secretly. There was one story with almost the pathos of a tragedy in which she was concerned. The daughter of an estimable family went astray, and the parents in the first violence of their anger and grief turned her out of the house. A few months passed, and then, their better judgement gaining sway, they attempted to find and forgive the child they had disowned. But they searched in vain, and finally in despair turned to Sister Gonzaga. She had not the slightest clue to the missing girl, but she pledged

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herself to bring her back. In a short time she located the erring one in the insane ward of the Philadelphia hospital. The girl was restored to her remorseful parents, and by careful nursing was gradually brought to reason.

Sister Gonzaga has a countenance of great benignity and firmness, a high forehead, a kindly mouth, and eyes which even age has not been able to dim. She is a model of graciousness and good breeding, and her well-balanced and well-trained mind is seen in a remarkably strong and accurate memory. The story of her life is well worth the telling, serving, as it does, as a model and incentive for those who would be successful in their chosen vocation. Sister Gonzaga's magnificent work has practically been unknown to the world. Beyond a fugitive paragraph now and then in the newspapers, nothing has been written concerning her wonderful labors in peace and war. Such a thing as a complete sketch or biography has never been attempted. A reflection on this fact is not without profit. Sister Gonzaga of course stands out conspicuously as a woman of great force and power; but there are many hundreds of others who are quietly, unostentatiously doing work which, if it were properly known, would be appreciated and applauded by the world

"An Old Timer."

A story is told of that witty genius Sir Hastings Doyle, something as follows: While he and a number of his friends were spending a social evening after the manner of their times, one of his guests, Sir Edward Kenny, while drinking a glass of champagne accidentally swallowed a bit of the cork.

After a very exciting scene of fear and dismay, he succeeded in getting Sir Edward to rights and relieved of the cork. Sir Hastings quietly remarked, "Gentlemen, I never knew cork was on the road to Kilkenny."

Domestic.

We have heard it said of a W. C. T. U. lady, that in presenting a plate of bread to a tramp, she accompanied the gift with the remark "I do not do this for your sake, but for Christ's sake." Mr. Tramp quietly remarked, "then for God's sake please put a little butter on it."

We often see a woman with a bold dashing aspect, driving with careless ease a beautiful horse up and down the Main Street; quite as frequently we also see a gentleman, prominent in social, political, financial, and church matters, drive a fast, beautiful thoroughbred hitched to a racing gear. Such display goes far to antagonize the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. and ye editor with our young growing folk.

Sorry we were to see our great Cumberland politician return to active public life. We only hope he will have no chance to realize, as so frequently champion athletes have, that they had grown old and lost their great powers, only to fully realize this after a stinging defeat at the hands of some youngster—we hope not.

It is said our new Mayor is already becoming "Cocky," now draw it mild our little man, our sweet William.

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#### Summer Resorts in N. S.

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We left our tourist friends just outside Halifax. Bedford by the way is a charming spot overlooking that wide and beautiful sheet of water, Bedford Basin. It seems almost absurd to say anything about Halifax, it seems to us so well-known in almost every particular, yet for the sake of those who may read this sketch, hastily drawn, of our summer resorts, we will endeavour to explain things as we know them. In the first place, Halifax has one of the finest and one of the safest harbors in the entire world, despite the fact that nearly every Maritime Country claims about the same thing; Sydney, Cape Breton; Sydney, Australia; and New York Harbor, all make the first claim, allowing any of the others second place. We have seen three out of the

four great harbors, but must say Halifax stands first for beauty and quite equal to the others in safety and size. Having viewed Halifax Harbor from every point of view possible we must say we can not believe that it has an equal in the whole big world for splendour and beauty, not excepting the Bay of Naples, so celebrated for its beauty. Probably to see it in all its glory and beauty—beholding it from a high point on McNab's Island on a bright summer's day it shows you its richness in full, it here appears as a vast burnished silvery ring, George's Island the setting of an emerald gem, while the dark blue amphitheatre of distant hills curve completely about the scene, strongly outlined against the azure horizon. Being nearer England and Ireland than New York by some 400 miles, it will undoubtedly in time be the point of departure for the passenger travel at least, of the U. S. and the Dominion, particularly as the West develops. Though so far North it does not freeze over, or rarely, and then not enough to hinder navigation; it stands third, we believe, in the amount of steamboat tonnage on the North American coast. But we have departed from the object of this article. Those who enjoy boating, rowing, or sailing, can here have it to their heart's content. You can hire for a reasonable figure anything from a racing shell to a yacht, and though often squally on the harbor yet not at all dangerous, with the native boatman in attendance. As there are almost always several men of war lying in the harbor you can have a fine

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chance to look through one of Britain's bulwarks, and quite a treat to row alongside of one of them and enjoy the music of the ship's band as they usually play an hour in the evenings. Music, it always appears to us sounds better on the water than ashore. Certainly it is very pleasant indeed; the soft evening air, the numerous skiffs lying about, your troubles, care and work laid aside for the time being at least, the gentle roll of your boat, all taken together gives an hour or two as pleasant as one ever has in his life. Those having friends in the city will have much social pleasure, as the people of Halifax cannot be excelled socially, and they know how to do it too, heart and hand both at your service. The roads all about the city are excellent for driving, walking, and bicycling.

A few hours spent inspecting the citadel and fortifications will prove of great interest to many. The streets are enlivened by the red coated soldiers, there being some 1700 or 1800 always stationed here and in the vicinity. Point Pleasant is a lovely spot, full of romantic, pleasant drives, cool shady walks, while at the Point itself, you will generally have the surf rolling heavily in, and after a storm the sight of the huge breakers rolling, dashing in toward you has an inspiring effect. Near this point there grows a bed of genuine Scotch heather, probably the only patch of real Scotch heather in the Maritimes. From the Point where the surf rolls heavily up to the head of the arm, the North-West Arm

as it is called, you will look up a scene famous for its rare loveliness. St. John and envious people generally call the average Haligonian a slow coach. Well! Why not? if one can afford to take life easily. They are a lot of good fellows anyway, and gentlemen to boot. No city of its size we ever heard of has so many charitable institutions. A morning spent at the market will well repay our tourist friend, especially if he has a good sense of humor. There are a number of fine public buildings but there are also many old rookeries, relics of the past that mar the more modern affairs, yet the great natural beauty of her situation and surrounding charms more than makes up for man's crudities in art. Cow Bay about 6 miles from the city is a wonderful place for surf bathing. A stretch of a mile or more of sand with not a rock or pebble on, or in it. We don't yet realize what we have in Nova Scotia.

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### Notes on the Eye.

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A perfect eye exists only as an ideal.

About one pair in 4 or 5 are practically perfect.

Farsighted persons are born so; they can see distant objects comparatively well.

Shortsighted people acquire this defect; they see well when the object is near.

Crossed eyes are always farsighted;

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eyes that turn out are nearly always shortsighted.

When the front part of the ball is irregularly shaped, it is called astigmatism.

Astigmatism very frequently accompanies short and farsighted eyes, and necessitates glasses ground to special order.

The power to see stars millions of miles away, and to see distinctly objects but a few inches away, is called the "power of accommodation."

The power of accommodation is lessened in old age, and greatly diminished in farsighted eyes.

The normal shaped, healthy eye, looking far away, is at rest; it is only as the object comes near that you have to use the power of accommodation, this involves no conscious effort in the well-formed eye.

This effort of accommodating the sight for any distance, is done by a small muscle within the eye which surrounds the lens; the lens is a convex transparent body just back of the pupil that bends the rays of light entering the eye to a sharp focus on the back or retina of the eye.

Farsighted eyes have to accommodate for distance, and more powerfully accommodate when the object is brought nearer, hence such eyes get fatigued and painful very quickly when used much in reading, writing and fine work.

A properly fitted glass will make up for the deficiency in the shape of the eye, and take off the strain upon the accommodation, relieving com-

pletely the sense of fatigue pain or headache.

The sight in old age fails somewhat in acuteness, loses a great deal of its power of accommodation, but disease alone leads to blindness.

Young persons neglecting to wear glasses when necessary, become more liable to disease and blindness in later life.

Nearly all cases of headaches come from the above-mentioned defects in the formation of the eyeball, the only relief and cure is in the wearing of suitable glasses.

The shortsighted without glasses misses much to be seen in the world; spectacles add to the intellectual look of the "human face divine."

Eyes that tire easily after reading, sewing, or doing any kind of fine work, are either farsighted or astigmatic, and need the aid of glasses.

The greatest acuteness of vision exists in one small spot on the retina or nerve layer at the back of the eye, it is not larger than a pin's head; vision is most perfect about the age of fifteen.

The fineness of structure of the nerve layer of the eye (Retina) is inconceivable; though thinner than the thinnest tissue paper, yet on that thin, delicate, natural parchment scroll are engraved chemically and indelibly millions of figures to be accurately reproduced years after.

Butterflies, house-flies, and many insects possess several hundred separate eyes; fish have no eyelids, and

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snakes but poor eyesight. Snake charmers take advantage of this rather than the cunning of the serpent.

The appearance of large eyes, for it is only the appearance, depends upon the length of the slit between the lids, not upon the size of the eyeball itself.

The beauty of the eye depends upon the size of the colored part of the ball. The domestic ox shows little or none of the white, hence the poetical expression "ox-eyed Juno."

The glistening, phosphorescent eye at night of cats, tigers and many other animals is due to the brilliant colors in the coat of the eye just back of the transparent Retina shining through the widely opened pupil; human eyes do not possess these colors.

As for ourselves, we may have eyes, one a blue, the other grey, brown or black; one very far-sighted; the other very short-sighted; two pupils in each eye, yet the sight good; pink eyes, in other words eyes without color, eyes that can tell no difference between colors, color blind.

Eyes that become inflamed from cold and exposure will be greatly relieved by bathing them with warm tea, steeped strong, allowing the tea to reach the ball of the eye. Pain over your eyebrow, particularly at night, indicates serious disease.

When anything gets into the eye and you can't find it, turn the upper lid and you will often find the offending particle. Inflamed eyes in chil-

dren are most frequently due to constitutional weakness.

Excessive grief and anxiety often seriously and permanently injure the sight, fevers and exhaustive diseases weaken the power of accommodation and the eyes should not be used for reading, sewing or any kind of fine work till the general strength is fully recovered.

Broad brimmed hats furnish a grateful shade to the eyes. Dazzling, strong, bright lights weaken and exhaust the retina of the eye, the blue and green of the sky and earth are restful and grateful to the eye.

When eyes become weak and sore from close work, as reading and writing, a long walk out of doors, particularly during the summer months, invigorate both the muscular and nerve layer of the eye.

When writing have light in front of you; when reading light above, back or beside you. The light strong, clear and steady; never a dim one; if the eyes are weak do not read upon railway train.

Intelligent people will not neglect their teeth, how much more important is early and careful attention to the eyes. Blindness is becoming yearly less frequent in Great Britain, with increased care and greater skill in the treatment of eye affections. The proportion of blind persons in this Province is too great considering the climate we live in.

The schools should be visited once a year by a skilled oculist.

J. R. McLEAN.

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For Marshlands.

### Life on the Planet Venus.

It is the opinion of a noted astronomer, given as the result of close observation, that certain conditions exist on the planet Venus, much as they do on this earth. For instance, there are vapors, clouds and air, and probably a race of people not unlike ourselves. There is however this difference, Venus does not rotate on its axis once in the twenty-four hours as our earth does,—in fact it has no axis, or having one has laid it aside as not a necessary adjunct to a well equipped planet.

Instead of keeping an axis on hand to rotate around as all well regulated planets do, it goes sailing steadily around the sun keeping the same side always to that luminary. Thus while one side of Venus is one long continued and uninterrupted blaze of light, its reverse side is in total darkness cimerian unrelieved. Under these circumstances there can be no division of time, such as we have here. There are no days, no weeks, no months, no years, no cycles, no centuries, no Sundays, no last week, no happy new year, no seasons of the year, no yesterday, no to-morrow, no anniversaries, no claiming dates ahead by circus troupes or popular lectures, no birthdays illumines their calendar, no setting the wedding day, no waiting the night to come, no hoping that the day would dawn, no notes at sixty days, no notice that your month is up, no leasing for a term of years. Love lorn swains have to apportion the age of their in-

amoras, unless the women of Venus have horns, on which are wrinkles and even then who can tell that they have not been sandpapered.

Methodists, if they exist in that far away planet, would have difficulty in enforcing the three years circuit. Ten dollars or ninety days has no terrors to the impecunious law breakers, and the difficulty of meting out a term of confinement to either cranks or offenders is obvious.

Thousands of people never saw darkness, and the query "were you ever in the dark?" is as common on Venus as "were you ever in Europe?" is with dwellers in America.

The region of everlasting and Egyptian darkness is the hobgoblin land of nursery maids, and to be sentenced there for life carries terrors that death itself does not possess.

Scientists in the world of Venus do not waste time in endeavoring to discover the poles of their planet, but to elucidate the hidden things in "Darkest Venus" is their greatest ambition.

Brigands infest the edge of that dark hemisphere make "Venetian" raids, returning with the booty to their sunless strong holds. Fugitives from justice find there a city of refuge, and the dark, dark, caverns of that benighted world is the abode of a sightless brood of ghoulish reptiles that wind among the sickly vegetation.

Far distant from that border land between eternal day and endless night, the inhabitants make up picnic parties and special excursion trains carry them to the edge of darkness—that nebulous land when day ceases and

night begins, and as they enjoy its sombre novelty, some of the bolder spirits make short trips into the darkness, while their friends' hilarity is hushed until their safe return is heralded, and as a grand finale the train is backed until it is entirely enveloped in darkness, when they sit in solemn silence until they again emerge gloriously into the light.

How do they gauge the time? Well, my son, in that far away world there grows a tree called the "Tempus Tree" whose bloom appears with geometrical precision at stated intervals of time. Its fragrance and exquisite aroma permeate the entire world of Venus, thus marking an epoch of time. As these periods begin or terminate, servitude ends, shackles fall off, prison doors are opened, promises are fulfilled, men freed from durance vile sniff the air with frenzied eagerness and cry aloud in joyful tones, "Tempus! Tempus!" Its aroma is disinfected, exhilarating, rejuvenating, and thus the great world of Venus is sweetened and refreshed as it by a breath from the gods

How old is such a one? Three hundred blooms of the Tempus.

On what do I base my calculations? Well, my son, I knew it all along, but I did not want to snatch the laurel wreath, the Tempus bloom, from the brows of the other astronomers, so I said not a word about it, and unless you approve, you need not repeat it.

D. McDEARMID.

Did you see our ship railway flying off in the high wind we had the other day? We have been shedding tears over our defeat ever since. Can't you see how damp this page is.

### Temperance.

On this exceedingly important matter of Prohibition, why is it that our representatives at Ottawa play the hypocrite, shuffler and dough face? Five-sixths of our people are in favor of a national prohibition liquor law, forbidding its manufacture or importation. Either do one of two things, if it is no injury or sin to tax liquors, it can be no sin to sell them, then give us an honest licence to sell openly and squarely. If it is a sin or public injury to retail liquor over the bar, then instantly stop taking a revenue from it, and prohibit its importation and manufacture as a beverage. There has been too much bigotry; too much "barking up the wrong tree," and it is time the honest, sober sense of the Canadian nation took a hold of this matter, and not leave it to the greed of the seller, nor to the mercies of some blatherskite of a temperance law-doctor.

Cease taking the liquor dealers money or give him an honest license to sell under a few wholesome restrictions; if great enough, arise to the time and occasion, and prohibit its public use forever.

As a people are we honest, fair, manly in the way we have been treating this matter of national concern? If this is a Christian nation, then we need a few Mohammedon missionaries on this subject of temperance, as the Khoran utterly prohibits it in any form or quantity, indeed, going so far as to say a single drop of wine dropped into a deep well of pure water,

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and a single drop of that well of water after this will destroy your soul forever.

One thing all honest, intelligent temperance people have had to deal with, so many of their leaders were rotten hearted who used the cause for what it was worth to them.

The schemers who would sooner "live a lie" than work, work no benefit to a cause real and dear to others.

In the town of Amherst, we were practically forced, by the "big uns" to meet in a small, dirty, little room over a harness shop, and packed together, some 30 or 40 of us, like a box of sardines, more than one good member retired from such an abode of temperance; a room only fit for a low class groggery. The owner was "a temperance man you know," and it wouldn't do to go anywhere else. Rent with a big R—, such things attract, what kind of things?

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### Political & Personal Politics.

Dickey from Cumberland, we are very glad to see is holding his own at Ottawa.

Sir Charles Tupper lost the Ship Railway for Cumberland. Some of our business men should have made up a delegation and gone to Ottawa to assist Sir Charles, a little more and he would have gained it for us. Well! perhaps we don't deserve it, we certainly can blame our own short sighted selfishness and apathy.

A solid delegation of business men from the Maritimes, could have, we believe, saved the Ship Railway bill.

Oh! my countrymen, when will you realize more keenly the value of time as well as the value of more energy in everything we do politically and otherwise.

McIsaac, as we expected he would do, is with the government on the Remedial Bill, he is an honest, manly fellow anyway.

We have not heard big D. C. make any exhaustive speech on the school question as yet.

The general political business of the country has greatly suffered while this school question, which is in reality only "a tempest in a tea pot," has taken the entire attention of the house for weeks. The government evidently think they have a corner on Manitoba.

New York has just locked into her Constitution an organized law of the State, forever freeing her State schools from the influence or control of any form of religion. As far as we can find out, some 14 states have declared the same thing.

"AFTER THE BALL IS OVER."

The Remedial Bill may be forced through parliament, but Manitoba and the thinking part of the population of the rest of the Dominion will have to be consulted before there will be any going back in the matter of public education at this late date of the 19th century. If Premier Greenway has the nerve and the prairie province desires to keep abreast of the times Manitoba will only recognize free, public, unsectarian schools.

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Can't Canada afford to treble the sum she spends on schools? The schools to-day though infinitely better than in our day yet can be improved upon, particularly our country schools. Our teachers, more particularly the women teachers are not paid enough. We can grant away millions of our fertile lands to a railway corporation, why can't we reserve a few of these acres as a permanent school fund, as so many of the American States are doing. Our neighbors are very jealous and very liberal about their schools and teachers; knowing that to retain freedom and prosperity you must have an intelligent and educated people.

It is to our politicians we must look to pass such laws as will give our schools greater facilities and means of keeping pace with the times, we looked to the church for generations, we now look to the statesmen and politicians.

Sir Hibbert Tupper has a terrible tongue in his head, if his intellect equals it, we will soon expect to see him at the head of the British Empire.

Laurier is easily master of the House as to eloquence. He certainly is impressing his personality upon the people of this Dominion in quite a remarkable manner.

Dalton McCarthy is placing his mark upon things, political things, and proving himself a very able, independent politician.

Dr. Weldon is apparently more

directly interesting himself in the details as well as the "glittering generalities" of politics, indeed the past few weeks have brought out the fact that the present House has a lot of very capable men, indeed many very able men.

Sir Chas. still shows that wonderful executive ability we always dwelled so much upon. Things were slow indeed, a sort of stagnation had come over political life at Ottawa when the veteran war horse, sniffeth the battle from afar, "and behold, the apathy disappeared, the political menagerie became immediately restless, then wild then savage, while he sweeping down with the air of a born conqueror stirred Nova Scotia from centre to circumference.

Returning to Ottawa victorious, he immediately grasped for the sceptre; brought the House face to face to that stinging political question relative to the Manitoba schools, in all showing the man that can *do* as well as talk.

### ~~~~~ Echoes From the Ram's Horn

Turn a thinker loose and you shake the world.—Ram's Horn.

That is, if he can get it by the neck.

A golden opportunity never knocks at the same door twice.—Ram's Horn.

Nonsense! It is always knocking at our doors; the trouble is we are "too deaf to hear my dear."

If you want a friend be a friend, Ram's Horn.

In other words, consult others



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self interest, if you would secure your own.

Friends are not always the best thing either to have, or want.

The word friend has an extremely elastic meaning.

The epigrams in the Ram's Horn are "catchy" so catchy, sometimes you catch your breath "in the reading of them."

This world is a bad world only for those who have bad hearts.—Ram's Horn.

Very close to the truth this time.

The love that never speaks until it does on a gravestone, keeps still too long.—Ram's Horn.

Of all home destroyers and heart-breakers the drunkard waves the palm.—Ram's Horn.

Too many people make the mistake of belonging to Church, without belonging to Christ.—Ram's Horn.

The richest man is the one who can give away the most and regret it the least.—Ram's Horn.

Mr. W. Roberts says that of the 1500 books published before the beginning of the sixteenth century "not more than 300 are of any importance to the book collector." Of the 50,000 of the 17th century not more than 50 are held in any estimation, while for the 18th century of 80,000 not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are sought after.—Ram's Horn. So, little Marshlands need not feel unhappy—as yet.

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### Pen Points.

We feel convinced we credit men as cranks or even criminals, when in reality they should be recognized as

suffering some injury to the nervous system, or the brain itself is more or less diseased.

We once asked a Superintendent of an insane asylum, how it was we had noted so many of the inmates were insane on religion, while we saw no infidels among them? He promptly replied, "you will find the infidels in the penitentiary."

A witty but rather dissipated U. S. senator, a lawyer by profession was once asked by a number of his friends and fellow citizens for a motto they wished to place upon a marble slab, just above the Judges chair, in a new court house just being finished. Looking up at the plain stone for a moment, he turned to the crowd about him and uttered the three cabalistic letters J. D. U., puzzled they requested him to tell them what the letters meant, he replied in deep, solemn, tones "Justice Damned Uncertain."

If it was not for some of us who are not inclined to be too good, why we would become a world of such seriousness that all would become priests, clergymen, evangelists, etc, till there would be none left to plow the fields, dig the mines, sail ships, bake the bread, much less be soldiers to protect our common country. If we all became christians, real ones, we would have no use for the clergy, no fear of the devil, no weeping over the departed, we really would not be inclined to do anything except wish for the end of earthly existence, if we were real consistent bits of humanity.

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### Free National Schools.

About the only belief that has driven itself clean through our thinker and is now clinched, riveted on the other side, is the belief in free undenominational schools. We have seen the education of the masses left to the church, to charity, and to church, charity and with a little state aid thrown in. Out of this "hodge podge" what have we? look you around! just about what you might expect from any kind of half-hearted work, a crude, unfinished product, as some other has put it, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," it was very little hence the danger has proved slight. Now we shall no longer stop our demands at our A B C's not even at the study of the three R's but from this out shall insist that every son of the soil shall have a full collegiate course with a scientific one thrown in, and yet more, all that shall at all deserve it shall receive the highest University education this country can give. What! if comparatively poor countries can afford to make every citizen serve a term of three years or more in the army, that they may become effective instruments of destruction, in many cases only legalized murderers can we not allow our sons of Canadian soil three years to receive the best education we can give him, paying school teachers, instead of sergeants, training our intellects for the real struggle in life, instead of training up soldiers, at an enormous expense, who, often never see a battle in a long life-time. Can education, a

high education, make a man less a man religiously? A monstrous argument, if religion is true; while if not true, 'tis well indeed we should know it. If it is good for a clergyman, a doctor, or a lawyer, or a gentleman of any kind to receive a college education, think you, it can do harm to the masses? As a nation we can spend millions on railways, drink up more millions, and still possess vast national wealth. We are abundantly able to give every young person in this whole broad Dominion a thorough collegiate training and be the greater, wealthier and wiser for it. Such an army would be one to create, build, accumulate; while an army for war is created to destroy, degrade, impoverish and brutalize.

Let OUR ARMY be a host of intelligent, highly trained scholars, this Canadian army then would indeed be a spectacle for "ye gods and men."

By jingo if you do,

We've got the country, got the brains,

And got the money too.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

### The Earth.

The British Empire still has that chip, lightly poised upon her shoulder and more, she has thrown her soldiers into the Soudan, Africa, the Dervishes will now dance in real earnest.

It is settling down to the shape of Germany, Austria, Italy, and England; France and Russia on the other side. Let us count a moment the respective strength of these two proba-

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ble combines, in case of a European war, The population of the German Empire about 50,000,000, Austria 40,000,000, Italy 30,000,000. G. B. 40,000,000, total 160,000,000. Russia 120,000,000, France 40,000,000, total 160,000,000. So far as population goes they stand about equal. France has about 4 millions of men that can be used for war. Russia is indefinite, has about 2,000,000 she could possibly raise 6,000,000 if the last reserves were called upon, but probably 3,000,000 would be her limit, Russia and France could put in the field well equipped for their work not more than 5,000,000 of men. Germany can put into the field 3,000,000 perfectly equipped in every way, as for intelligence and physical strength away and above their opponents, and this counts heavily in modern wars. Austria, Hungary quite 2,000,000, Italy, about 2,000,000 Austria and Italy could put at least a million more so that these three nations alone could bring fully 8,000,000 of trained men into the field. England could put 500,000, at different positions, in French possessions and Russia in Asia. While the navy of England, alone could sweep the seas; combined with the German, Austrian and Italian' navies, they could in two years destroy all the foreign commerce of both Russia and France. In case of such a war the Japanese people would find their opportunity of repaying Russia for her present hostile attitude. England through her Indian army would shove Russia back on herself in Asia, her

navy would rob France of Siam, Algeria and her African territory and make the Mediterranean Sea an English Lake.

And if the war should last 5 years while France had exhausted her supply of men for fighting, England would have had the time to train millions of men and to have built a dozen fleets till; angered and strengthened, the only fear would be, she would become more grasping and want the earth—or at least that part France and Russia owned.

What are dreams to such nations as Italy and Spain become actualities with the energetic practical Anglo Saxon. what nation that has not dreamed of Universal Empire or at least the greatest of Empires?. The Anglo Saxon not only dreamed it but set about it, till today even his dreams are dimmed and dwarfed by what he sees around him.

The world has suddenly awakened but too late to find ther has grown with an amazing rapidity, a mighty Empire, and though each and all would pull her to pieces, now find that the people who have made this Empire, are thoroughly capable not only to defend it but crush those who felt so sure of hewing down her dimensions.

We do not for a moment think it possible to have a homogenous British Empire, though retaining a great Empire, yet with such of her colonies as Canada and Australia her mission we feel will have proved to be that of a mother to such as the U.S., Dom. of C.

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and Australia, though separating from the common motherland and becoming great, powerful, prosperous nations, yet we can easily understand an alliance that will preserve our race, traditions and sentiments against all outside clashing interests of the rest of mankind. As for us, long live Canada.

After many years study and thought about it, we have become fixed in our determination that Canada will prove herself, a child of the sod, and will revere that sod. The French boy and the English boy will grow up to be men and find that his neighbour is his friend, belonging to a common country, accustomed to the same climate, accustomed to many conditions the same to both, till in time both will feel it is their own country, as the race will in time naturally and gradually grow together, we will have a homogenous people: the sooner we have a national flag floating to Canadian breezes, the sooner we will become one people, The New Canadian Nation.

### The New Learment.

The handsome cut of the Learment Hotel on our first page is a faithful engraving of this superb new hotel, now in regular running order. This very elegant, large and finely fitted up hotel is a credit to the proprietor Mr. Learment as well as an ornament to the handsome growing town of Truro and plainly shows his complete faith in the town's future, for this if

for nothing else he should have the good will and best wishes of his fellow citizens. But apart from this, as a landlord, as a citizen, and as a man he enjoys the respect and esteem of his townfolk. Himself as host and his good wife as hostess both possess the kindly regard and to a remarkable degree the patronage of the great travelling public. We wish them the success they deserve so well to have.

### Reviews in Little.

GODFREY'S, -- March. Life of Cecil Rhodes. -- "The surprising growth of British South Africa is largely due to the efforts of one man, Cecil Rhodes, the organizer and manager of the Imperial British South African Company. The son of an English clergyman without money, he has amassed a fortune of £10,000,000 or more, has served as Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and has been honored for his success by the title of Privy Councillor to the Queen.

When it is considered that Cecil Rhodes is only forty-two years old, unmarried, and handsome, his character becomes as romantic as that of a hero of chivalry. Is it any wonder that besides being knighted by his Queen, he has received the further distinction of appearing under a thin disguise as the hero of a society novel?

"Tell him," says the German baron, "that I longed to see him, as a man who is dying longs for his son. He would be a breath of life to me in this room where everything seems

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dead. He is full of life—full as a tiger."

He was born at Bishop's Stortford, a town about twenty-five miles north of London, on July 5, 1853. His father, the Rev. Francis William Rhodes, Vicar of Bishop's Stortford, had seven sons and two daughters.

Herbert Rhodes and his brother were among the first on the field, and they brought with them every Kaffir who could be spared from the plantation, to stake off claims and hold them. That day's work made their fortunes. As soon as order was obtained and mining began in earnest, Cecil returned to England to take a course at Oxford; but, his health again failing, he returned to Kimberly, where he continued studying to such good purpose that when next he visited England he was able to pass his examinations and obtain his degree.

It was at this period of his life that the young "diamond king," as he was popularly called, filled a pail full of diamonds and had his photograph taken while he slowly poured out the bucketful of glittering gems.

Mr. Rhodes did for the diamond industry what John D. Rockefeller did for the petroleum industry of this country—he consolidated it.

No other man than Cecil Rhodes could have carried the plan through. He had both money and an intimate knowledge of the regions in question. Better than that, he had the rare gift of inspiring confidence. It was at this time that he presented to the Parnell Parliamentary Fund the tidy

sum of £10,000, but his friends deny that he did it for the purpose of securing the Radical support.

Mr. Rhodes got his royal charter on October 29, 1889, and forthwith returned to Africa to carry on the work of settling the new lands, which comprised a tract as large as all Europe.

From the day that Cecil Rhodes obtained his royal charter, he was the most popular man in Cape Colony. In 1890 he was made premier of the Colony, an office from which he has just resigned at the present writing.

At the beginning of last year he was made a member of Queen Victoria's Privy Council, a purely honorary position, to be sure, but coveted by the noblest in the realm. All the latest maps of South Africa bear the name Rhodesia across the areas formerly labelled Mashonaland and Matabeleland, in honor of its settler.

A man over six feet tall, of fine figure and muscular in appearance. Always unaffected and unpretending, he is one of the kindest of men. He talks plainly and to the point. He is no orator. His most striking peculiarity is a tendency to absentmindedness."

MCCLURE'S, April. The New Marvel in Photography. By H. J. Dam:—In all the history of scientific discovery there has never been, perhaps, so general, rapid, and dramatic an effect wrought on the scientific centres of Europe as has followed in the past few weeks, upon an announcement made to the Wurzburg Physico-Medical Society, at their December meeting, by

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Professor William Konrad Rontgen, professor of physics at the Royal University of Wurzburg. Then Rontgen's own report arrived, so cool, so business-like, and so truly scientific in character, that it left no doubt either of the truth or of the great importance of the preceding reports.

The Rontgen rays are certain invisible rays resembling, in many respects, rays of light, which are set free when a high pressure electric current is discharged through a vacuum tube. A vacuum tube is a glass tube from which all the air, down to one-millionth of an atmosphere, has been exhausted after the insertion of a platinum wire in either end of the tube for connection with the two poles of a battery or induction coil. When the discharge is sent through the tube, there proceeds from the anode—that is, the wire which is connected with the positive pole of the battery—certain bands of light, varying in color with the color of the glass. But these are insignificant in comparison with the brilliant glow which shoots from the cathode, or negative wire. This glow excites brilliant phosphorescence in glass and many substances, and these "cathode rays," as they are called, were observed and studied by Hertz; and more deeply by his assistant, Professor Lenard, Lenard having, in 1894, reported that the cathode rays would penetrate thin films of aluminum, wood, and other substances, and produce photographic results beyond. It was left, however, for Professor Rontgen that during the discharge another

kind of rays are set free, which differ greatly from those described by Lenard as cathode rays. The most marked difference between the two is the fact that Rontgen rays are not deflected by a magnet, indicating a very essential difference, while their range and penetrative power are incomparably greater. In fact, all those qualities which have lent a sensational character to the discovery of Rontgen's rays were mainly absent from these of Lenard, to the end that, although Rontgen has not been working in an entirely new field, he has by common accord been freely granted all the honors of a great discovery.

Among the other kinds of matter which these rays penetrate with ease is the human flesh. That a new photography has suddenly arisen which can photograph the bones, and, before long, the organs of the human body; that a light has been found which can penetrate, so as to make a photographic record, through everything from a purse or a pocket to the walls of a room or a house, is news which cannot fail to startle everybody. That the eye of the physician or surgeon, long baffled by the skin, and vainly seeking to penetrate the unfortunate darkness of the human body, is now to be supplemented by a camera, making all the parts of the human body as visible, in a way, as the exterior, appears certainly to be a greater blessing to humanity than even the Listerian antiseptic system of surgery; and its benefits must inevitably be greater than those conferred by Lister, great

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as the latter have been. Already, in the few weeks since Rontgen's announcement, the results of surgical operations under the new system are growing voluminous. In Berlin, not only new bone fractures are being immediately photographed, but joined fractures, as well, in order to examine the results of recent surgical work. In Vienna, imbedded bullets are being photographed, instead of being probed for, and extracted with comparative ease. In London, a wounded sailor, completely paralyzed, whose injury was a mystery, has been saved by the photographing of an object imbedded in the spine, which upon extraction, proved to be a small knife-blade. Operations for malformations, hitherto obscure, but now clearly revealed by the new photography, are already becoming common, and are being reported from all directions. Professor Czermak of Graz has photographed the living skull, denuded of flesh and hair, and has begun the adaptation of the new photography to brain study.

Professor Neusses in Vienna has photographed gall-stones in the liver of one patient (the stone showing snow white in the negative,) and a stone in the bladder of another patient. His results so far induce him to announce that all the organs of the human body can, and will shortly, be photographed. Lannelongue of Paris has exhibited to the Academy of Science photographs of bones showing inherited tuberculosis which had not otherwise revealed itself.

In the great march of science it is

the genius of man, and not the perfection of appliances, that breaks new ground in the great territory of the unknown.

"Is it light?"

"No."

"Is it electricity?"

"Not in any known form."

"What is it?"

"I don't know."

And the discoverer of the X rays thus stated as calmly his ignorance of their essence as has everybody else who has written on the phenomena thus far.

A photograph of a compass showed the needle and dial taken through the closed brass cover. The marking of the dial were in red metallic paint, and thus interfered with the rays, and were reproduced. "Since the rays had this great penetrative power, it seemed natural that they should penetrate flesh, and so it proved in photographing the hand, as I showed you."

A detailed discussion of the characteristics of his rays the professor considered unprofitable and unnecessary. He believes though, that these mysterious radiations are not light, because their behaviour is essentially different from that of light rays, even those light rays which are themselves invisible. The Rontgen rays cannot be reflected by reflecting surfaces, concentrated by lenses, or refracted or diffracted.

The professor's exposures were comparatively long—an average of fifteen minutes in easily penetrable media, and half an hour or more in photographing the bones of the hand.

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In answer to a question, "What of the future?" he said:

"I am not a prophet, and I am opposed to prophesying. I am pursuing my investigations, and as fast as my results are verified I shall make them public."

Returning by way of Berlin, I called upon Herr Spies of the Urania, whose photographs after the Rontgen method were the first made public, and have been the best seen thus far. The Urania is a peculiar institution, and one which it seems might be profitably duplicated in other countries. It is a scientific theatre. By means of the lantern and an admirable equipment of scientific appliances, all new discoveries, as well as ordinary interesting and picturesque phenomena, when new discoveries are lacking, are described and illustrated daily to the public, who pay for seats as in an ordinary theatre, and keep the Urania profitably filled all the year round. Professor Spies is a young man of great mental alertness and mechanical resource. It is the photograph of a hand, his wife's hand, which illustrates, perhaps better than any other illustration in this article, the clear delineation of the bones which can be obtained by the Rontgen rays. In speaking of the discovery he said:

"I applied it, as soon as the penetration of flesh was apparent, to the photograph of a man's hand. Something in it had pained him for years, and the photograph at once exhibited a small foreign object, as you can see;" and he exhibited a copy of the photograph in question. "The

speck there is a small piece of glass, which was immediately extracted, and which, in all probability, would have otherwise remained in the man's hand to the end of his days." All of which indicates that the needle which has pursued its travels in so many persons, through so many years, will be suppressed by the camera.

Diagnosis, long a painfully uncertain science, has received an unexpected and wonderful assistant; and how greatly the world will benefit thereby, how much pain will be saved, and how many lives saved, the future can only determine."

Some extracts from The Rontgen Rays in America. By Cleveland Moffett:—"At the top of the great Sloane laboratory of Yale University, is an experimental room lined with curious apparatus, I found Professor Arthur W. Wright experimenting with the wonderful Rontgen rays.

His best results have been obtained with long exposures—an hour or an hour and a half—and he regards it as of the first importance that the objects through which the Rontgen rays are to be projected be placed as near as possible to the sensitized plate.

A rabbit laid upon the ebonite plate, and so successfully pierced with the Rontgen rays that not only the bones of the body show plainly, but also the six grains of shot with which the animal was killed. The bones of the fore legs show with beautiful distinctness inside the shadowy flesh, while a closer inspection makes visible the ribs, the cartilages of the ear, and a lighter region in the centre of the



body, which marks the location of the heart.

Dr. Robb has discovered that in order to get the best results with shadow pictures it is necessary to use special developers for the plates, and a different process in the dark-room from the one known to ordinary photographers.

Dr. Robb finds that there is a constant tendency to shorten the time of exposure, and with good results. For instance, one of the best shadow pictures he had taken was a box of instruments covered by two thicknesses of leather, two thicknesses of velvet, and two thicknesses of wood; and yet the time of exposure, owing to an accident to the coil, was only five minutes.

I also visited Professor U. I. Pupin of Columbia College, who has been making numerous experiments with the Rontgen rays, and has produced at least one very remarkable shadowy picture. This is of the hand of a gentleman resident in New York, who, while on a hunting trip in England a few months ago, was so unfortunate as to discharge his gun into his right hand, no less than forty shot lodging in the palm and fingers. The hand has since healed completely; but the shot remain in it, the doctors being unable to remove them, because unable to determine their exact location. The result is that the hand is almost useless and often painful.

Hearing of this case, Professor Pupin induced the gentleman to allow him to attempt a photograph of the hand. He used a Crookes tube. The distance

from the tube to the plate was only five inches, and the hand lay between. After waiting fifty minutes the plate was examined. Not only did every bone of the hand show with beautiful distinctness, but each one of the forty shot was to be seen almost as plainly as if it lay there on the table; and, most remarkable of all, a number of shot were seen through the bones of the fingers, showing that the bones were transparent to the lead.

Thomas A. Edison has also been devoting himself, with his usual energy, to experiments with the Rontgen rays, and announces confidently that in the near future he will be able to photograph the human brain, through the heavy bones of the skull, and perhaps even to get a shadow picture showing the human skeleton through the tissues of the body."

GODEY'S—April. The evolution of a sport. "As far back as 1642 some one certainly had the germ in his brain, for in the stained glass window of an old English church, constructed during that year, there is an idealized figure of an unclothed human astride a freakish-looking two-wheeled affair. Thereafter until 1835, when a Scotchman, Gavin Dalziel, devised a two-wheeled machine, in which the propelling power was secured by connecting the cranks and the rear hub with a driving rod, there recurred periodically "dandy horses," "pedestrian curricules," and other velocipedes, on which the rider propelled himself by forcing his feet against the ground. Dalziel's invention was, however, the

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first distinct advance.

In 1865 Pierre Lallemond, a Frenchman, exhibited a bicycle with the cranks and pedals attached to the front wheel, which was also the larger of the two. Previous to that time, the front wheel had always been the smaller. Lallemond's invention was the forerunner of the "ordinary" or high bicycle, which was so familiar and in such general use twenty years later. In 1868 the rubber tire was introduced, and other improvements followed in time. It was not until 1876, however, that a bicycle, in the general acceptance of the term, was seen in America, and not until the following year that an American, A. D. Chandler, of Boston, was in actual possession of one.

The Englishmen were quicker to realize the advantages of the wheel, and for a time all bicycles used in America were of English make. In 1878, however, a sewing machine company in Hartford, Conn., undertook their manufacture, on a small scale, of course. That it was not a gold mine may be imagined from the fact that one year later the sales of bicycles in this country had reached a total of exactly ninety-two. In November, 1879, there were, by actual census, easily taken, just thirty-five wheels in New York City.

Even as late as 1883 three wheelmen were arrested for daring to ride in Central Park, in New York City.

Until 1886 the high wheel was in general use. The previous year—recall Dalziel's invention and note how history repeats itself—a low-built

bicycle, driven by chain-power, had made its appearance in England, and naturally found its way to this country. It met with immediate disfavor and when, in 1887, a woman's bicycle was invented by a Washingtonian, the roar that went up—the suggestion of immodesty which it conveyed—proved such a shock to the public that it was years before it recovered. But it did recover, as all the world now knows.

The pneumatic tire—invented by a veterinary surgeon, J. B. Dunlop, of Belfast, Ireland—came out in 1889, and completed the "death" of the "ordinary," although, as a matter of fact, it was not until 1863 that the air tire was fully understood and was in general use.

It was not, however, until the pneumatic tire became known that cycling can be said to have had a really permanent foundation, and to no other invention is due the present happy condition of things. The new tire wrought a great change in the construction of bicycles, reducing their average weight. Witness that it has reduced the mile record from 2:22.3-5 to 1:40.3-5. Yet how few know how much of this is due to the insistence of an eight-year-old boy, Inventor Dunlop's son?

"In 1885," says he, "I bought a tricycle for my only son, John, who was then eight years of age. For a few years previous to that I had been thinking of spring wheels, with the object of reducing vibration, and rendering the propulsion of vehicles comparatively easy.

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"John often complained of the 'roughness' or 'shaking,' he experienced on his tricycle, especially over sets. I understood that spring steel was not reliable in spokes or rims of spring wheels, and I knew that there was a loss of power in heavy rubber tires. I formed the opinion that compressed air contained in a thin, strong, flexible, non-expansible jacket or tube, and applied to the outside of a wheel, would be the best means for increasing speed and reducing vibration of cycles, etc. I told John that I could make the fastest and easiest running machine that had ever been made.

"I was exceedingly busy in the practice of my profession, but John often urged me to have a machine or wheels made according to my ideas. I was anxious to gratify his ardent wishes; besides, I had an ambition to.

"The rims and tires were then suspended round the driving-wheels of the tricycle by means of wires. I did not use an air-tire in the front wheel, because the forks were too narrow, and I had no means of altering them.

"It would take too long a time to describe how these tires were the subject of ridicule and laughter. However, they realized our expectations, and I resolved to have a better tricycle fitted with air-tires.

Thereafter young and old, high and low, male and female caught the infection, until to-day the man or woman who would deride the bicycle would be at once, and rightly, set down as a dyspeptic crank.

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