

Book set. The paper from paper. This volume will be the goods store out. (What country?) Wm. A. McEwen. Monday, April 6/89

# LUNENBURG PROGRESS

VOL. 17

LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1894.

NO 14

Whitlock sermon taken April 5 1894 by C. L. B. Bury

LIVES OF NOVA

## G. W. SILVER'S MILLINERY OPENING

will commence on

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Everybody invited to inspect the large display of

### Millinery Goods AND TRIMMED MILLINERY

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New Insurance written in 1893.....	223,848,991.00
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The New York Life's Accumulation Policy contains no restrictions whatever, and only one condition, namely, the payment of premiums. It is incontestable from any cause after one year, and over a month's grace in payment of premiums, a re-instatement within six months if the insured is in good health, and its non-forfeiture provisions are self-acting in case no action is taken by the insured. After the Policy has been in force five full years, loans will be made thereon by the Company at 5 per cent. interest.

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Shop on Cornwallis Street, 24 stories high with convenient basement, at present occupied by P. McGuire. Possession at once. Rent moderate. Apply to W. T. LINDSAY 38-

### GROWN TO VAST IMPORTANCE.

GLOUCESTER'S FROZEN AND SALT HERRING BUSINESS.

GLOUCESTER, March 28.—The frozen and salt herring business carried on by Gloucester outfitters with the maritime provinces of Canada and Newfoundland, from humble beginning has grown to one of vast importance to the fish-consuming masses of the country.

The first cargo of frozen herring brought to the United States from Newfoundland was in the winter of 1857 by Capt. Henry O. Smith of this port, in the schooner Flying Cloud. The cargo was sold to good advantage as bait to the vessels engaged in the Georges hand line winter fishery, and a remunerative voyage was made. The following winter a fleet of six schooners engaged in this fishery, and good returns crowned their efforts.

Capt. Sylvanus Smith, now state senator from this district, was quick to see the advantage from this industry, and set sail for Newfoundland in the winter of 1858 in the schooner E. C. Smith. He was followed by such men of undaunted courage as Capt. James S. Ayer, the late Cpts. Andrew Leighton and Joseph Rowe, and by others, who to-day are the leading fishing and vessel owners in this city.

Col. J. C. Pew, who has always manifested much interest in the fishermen of his native city, furnishes the following statistics of this winter's frozen and salt herring business, which has been wholly with Newfoundland and confined within the space of four months.

The number of vessels from port was 73, with an aggregate tonnage of 7,230 tons. Four vessels were lost, two of them with all their crews of 13 dead. Three of the fleet made two trips, and one has not yet returned.

There were 77 cargoes entered at this port, aggregating 11,082,906 pounds of frozen and 2,517,120 pounds of salt herring.

Of these vessels 67 discharged at this port, 3,224,029 pounds of frozen and 2,000,012 pounds of salt herring. The total amount discharged at Gloucester was 7,224,030 pounds.

Twenty-six vessels, with 3,710,820 pounds of frozen and 300,504 pounds of salt herring, sailed coastwise for Boston after entering this port. Eleven vessels, with 2,001,012 pounds of frozen herring, cleared and sailed for New York. Six vessels with 1,096,947 pounds of frozen and 34,200 pounds of salt herring, cleared for Philadelphia, and one vessel landed 182,400 pounds of salt herring at Lubec, Me.

Collector Pew further says that 3,224,029 pounds of frozen herring landed in Gloucester were used for bait in the fisheries, and the 3,710,820 pounds landed in Boston were used mostly for food purposes.

The 2,001,012 pounds landed in New York were all for food. The 1,096,947 pounds of frozen herring taken to Philadelphia were also used for food, and the entire receipts of salt herring—2,517,120 pounds entered into food consumption.

was 11 cents per pound, and for salt herring it was 14 cents per pound.

It can be seen by these figures that the receipts of herring are enormous as compared with other branches of the fishery industry, and while it has furnished a cheap article of food, it has also enabled the fishing fleet from Gloucester and elsewhere to extensively pursue the winter fishery from which the best returns are received, for without the use of this bait supply, the whole fishing fleet with the exception of those engaged in the fresh halibut fishery, would have to remain idle until the return of menhaden and other bait fishes on the New England coast late in the spring.

### WHY HE CHANGED

FATHER LAMBERT TELLS HOW HE BECAME A PROTESTANT.

(New York Herald.)

The Rev. Father A. Lambert, a redemptorist of national fame and one of the principal officers of the papal army in America, has renounced his allegiance to the Roman Catholic church, and is now the guest of the Rev. James A. O'Connor, converted Catholic founder of Christ's mission, a Protestant institution on West Twenty-first street. After closing a successful two weeks' mission, in conjunction with his superior, the Rev. Father Wissel, in the cathedral of St. James, Brooklyn, Father Lambert stole quietly away without taking any associate into his confidence. His letter of explanation was sent to Rome and to the local bishops of the order yesterday.

Father Lambert has been in this country five years. He was born in Belgium, forty-four years ago, and was ordained to the priesthood at an early age. He did mission work in the West Indies for several years previous to his transfer to America. He is a magnetic, forcible and eloquent preacher, and was at once assigned to mission work here. All the principal cities in the United States and Canada have listened to the ex-priest's fervent words.

The Rev. Father O'Connor received a call from Father Lambert a week ago, in which the latter stated his religious desire to withdraw from the Catholic church. Other prelates followed with the request last Saturday the Rev. O'Connor notified Father O'Connor that he was ready to retire. The mission he had been conducting with his superior was to end the following day. Father O'Connor's clerk was sent to Brooklyn to assist in transporting the priest's baggage, and the couple silently left the cathedral without notifying any of the inmates. Later in the day the following telegram was sent to Superior Wissel: "Gone. Letter will follow. (Signed) A. Lambert."

The superior departed alone for the headquarters of the order at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on Monday. Father Lambert remained as the guest of Father O'Connor. Yesterday the following statement was mailed to the Very Rev. Father Raus, of Rome, the superior general, and to Superior Wissel:

**FATHER LAMBERT'S STATEMENT**  
"I deem it my duty to inform you that, from to-day, my canonical standing being perfectly regular and unquestioned, as you well know, I freely and deliberately withdraw from the priesthood and communion of the Roman Catholic church.

"The decision I now take is the outcome of a long mental struggle and much thought, and it is not without sorrow I have taken this step, for it is hard to sever the relation of twenty-one years.

"But I could not forever resist the voice of my conscience. I had to obey it at last, and the logical consequence of that obedience is the step I now take.

"Knowing what I know, having seen what I saw and heard what I heard in the Roman Catholic church, I cannot any longer force my mind into submission to the Vatican, nor can I any longer admit the claim of the Roman Catholic church to rule, not only in religious questions, but also in purely scientific, social and even political matters.

"The intolerance and duplicity which almost from the day of my ordination to the priesthood, I found are met in the Roman Catholic church, have become utterly unbearable to me. Having also come to the conclusion that there is only one High Priest the God-man Jesus Christ, and one Sacrifice, not to be repeated, and in consequence doubting my position as a priest, I could not act otherwise than I do now.

"Had I remained any longer in the Roman Catholic church after coming to this decision I would have debased my manhood, and that I could not do and, with God's help, shall never do.

"Though leaving the church of Rome and renouncing the priesthood, I do not forget and never will forget to cherish the memory of my dear friends and to aid them in their own path. We are separated; I shall not interfere with them and I hope they will not interfere with me.

"What I shall do is my own personal affair. We live in a free country.

"Meanwhile I give thanks to God that Christian hands have been extended to me in welcome, and that Christian influences have been cast around me to help me in the way of the Lord.

"Some may now condemn me, but I entreat my cause to the Almighty and to His Son, Jesus Christ.

"I know now clearly that those who believe in Christ as their Saviour shall be saved; I believe in him, I resign myself to his loving care and I feel sure he will not forsake me.

"A. LAMBERT.  
Rev. Mr. Lambert came prominently before the public some time ago as the author of a work on converting Col. "Bob" Ingersoll's anti-Christian utterances.

### Executor's Sale

To be sold at Public Auction on the premises of Elijah Spidle, late of New Cornwall, in the County of Lunenburg, farmer, deceased, on Friday, the 15th day of April, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon: All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the said Elijah Spidle, deceased, being a certain piece or parcel of land lying and being at New Cornwall aforesaid, and part of a three hundred acre lot numbers 4 and 5, letter E, 3rd division, bounded on the southeast by land lying and being at New Cornwall aforesaid, and part of a three hundred and five, third division, letter B, on the northwest by land of John Spidle on the southwest by the New Cornwall road with one eighth part of Saw Mill, Mill Yard and Dam and the one eighth of all to the said Mill belonging with the whole of the Great Mill and all other Buildings on said lots. Terms Cash.

TIMOTHY SPIDLE, Executor.  
New Cornwall, March 13, 1894. 11-14

## ADVENTURES UNDER SEA

A DIVER'S STORY ABOUT SUBMARINE WONDERS

Abram Onderdonk is the oldest submarine diver in the United States. During 37 of the 50 years of his life he has been continuously engaged in the pursuit of his vocation.

"Abe," as he is familiarly called, until recently resided in the old family homestead, beautifully situated on the hill back of Fort Tompkins, Staten Island, and commanding a sweeping view of the upper and lower bays with their shores, and far away beyond Sandy Hook, to the horizon. The old house was destroyed by fire about a year ago, and he is now in Philadelphia perfecting his new patent device for raising sunken vessels, a trial of which is soon to be made at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

"I have seen almost everything that is to be found under fresh, as well as salt water," said he, "and there are many very queer, beautiful and indeed, almost incredible sights—I assure you. I have often wondered why there has not been any amateur submarine diving explorations, because it is an unoccupied field in that line, and, although peculiar, need not be more perilous, with proper conditions and precautions, than some other ventures for amusement or scientific research. A man of education, enterprise, nerve and capital would realize intense pleasure in these subaqueous experiences.

"These travels under the waves have their terrors and dangers occasionally, but nerve, with prudence, are reasonable guarantees of safety. In some localities the greatest terror to a diver is a swordfish, whose short, bony sword protruding from its head is almost as strong as steel. Well, this fish swims along through the water, charging forward, and never veering from a straight course for anything except a rocky ledge or the iron hull of some large vessel. He seems to instinctively distinguish an iron hull from a wooden one. If he strikes a wooden craft, his sword almost invariably pierces through it.

"I thank my lucky stars that I never directly confronted but one of these frightful creatures, and that was a young one with a cartilaginous sword. I saw him coming for quite a distance, and working straight toward me. I guess my head stood up as straight and stiff as porcupine quills; anyhow, I was working with an axe on the deck of a sunken ship, and quickly raised the axe and made ready to hit him, but he glided past me out of guard's range, and you must imagine how much easier I breathed as I watched him forging his course far away from me.

"As to other kinds of fish, why, they are more than legion—they are only innumerable, but almost indescribable, and just as soon as the diver touches bottom they actually swarm around him. Hideous sculpins peep into the eye-windows of my helmet, grinning and blinking in a horrible manner; huge eels, that look like big snakes, glide over my feet and swim about my legs; crabs and lobsters snap at and claw about my diving suit in an exasperating manner, sometimes nipping so hard that it makes the flesh tingle. But the little fish are the worst pests, because they nibble at my fingers as sharply and voraciously as they do at the bait dropped down on fish-hooks. You see it isn't the fashion of divers to wear gloves, unless in very chilly water, because gloves diminish the delicacy of touch, and that is the main dependence in all northern waters, especially in harbors or rivers near towns and cities where the water is discolored

and murky, so much so that nothing can be seen at about 20 feet under the surface. Where there is a white or gray sandy bottom beneath the ocean, the range of vision extends to a considerable distance. In tropical seas, as in the West Indies, the water is so beautifully clear and transparent that the bottom is visible at a depth of from 60 to 100 feet below the surface.

"Along the coast of the island of Margueretta, and in many parts of the Caribbean sea, there are scenes of surpassingly lovely submarine wonders. In many places the bed of the ocean is as smooth and firm as a house floor, and the water is as transparent as crystal.

"The white sandy bottom acts as a reflector to the bright sunshine above the surface. If you have ever looked through a clean glass jar or bottle filled with clear water, and examined some object on the opposite side, which is about the same under the sea in clear water. Walking in a diving suit is an easy, gliding motion; it is slow, without being at all laborious, and the scope of vision is about an eighth of a mile. In certain localities there are acres upon acres of stony, scrubby marine vegetation, a growth somewhat like seaweed, and of bluish gray tinge. There are also clumps of fan-shaped fungus, of a spongy consistency, which, when dried in the sun (like the specimens in my parlor), are exceedingly beautiful. But the most wonderful growths in these gardens of the sea are the long 'kelp tubas,' resembling our fresh water 'pond lilies,' only of much larger size. Their stems are tough and hollow, and put forth pretty blossoms upon the surface, although their roots are in the bed of the ocean, sometimes at a depth of 60 feet.

"There are many very queer looking creatures. Some have horns and some have tails, and there is a peculiar kind having but one eye in the centre of the head. The largest, queerest and quaintest of all is the 'Jew fish,' averaging from three to five feet each in length. Bright green streaks extend over their backs, blue scales cover their sides, and their bellies are glistening white.

"Their heads are the most grotesque thing of that sort that I ever saw under water, being disproportionately large, of oval shape, with great bulging eyes, the whole effect suggesting some resemblance to human physiognomy. Occasionally they would circle around me, 'drawing' nearer, gradually, until they came close up to where I stood, peer into the windows of my helmet with a look that seemed to speak out: 'Say! where did you get that hat?'

"Sometimes they assume an almost perpendicular position, like a man 'breasting water,' and then, I must say, they come nearer the ideal figure of a mermaid than anything I ever saw in my submarine experience. But for all that, there are, in reality, no such living creatures as mermaids or sea serpents.

"There are, however, some terrible sea monsters. The worst and most formidable of all is the octopus, or 'devil-fish.' They are a frightful, almost beyond description. When I was in New Zealand one of my men, Archie McGowan, while laying some wharf blocks, was suddenly surprised by an immense creature of that kind. Despite Archie's (and he was a powerful man), the monster completely overpowered him. He was locked in the tremendous claws of the devil-fish and fastened helpless against a submerged spile. The man realized his peril, and kept quiet until his assistant, whose arms measured fully nine feet,

loosened his hold. Then Archie signalled to be drawn up, and came to the surface with the hideous creature clinging to his back.

Divers sometimes look upon accidents and situations, some of them being frightful beyond expression. Human nerve cannot withstand some of these spectacles of horror—they are enough to drive the strongest nerved man stark mad. About three years ago an old mate of mine, Victor Hinton, was employed by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company of San Francisco, at the pay of \$150 per day, to dive and examine the steamship City of Chester, that had been sunk in a collision with the steamer Oceanic. He located the vessel in 50 fathoms of water. She had been cut in two, as if split by a single blow of an immense axe.

"While walking into the stern, the first object that met his gaze was the form of a man standing upright, entangled in a pile of rope. The ghastly face of the corpse was terribly distorted, and the tongue, protruding, hung from the mouth, while the body was a little farther aft he saw another victim of the wreck who had fallen on his knees and grasped a third man around the waist. This awful spectacle almost paralyzed his nerves, so he returned to the surface and reported what he had seen. Nothing would induce him to go down again on that wreck until accompanied by another diver.

I have done my share of that sort of work, but those are jobs that no man has any liking for. Inside of a wreck is a terrible lonely, gloomy—and I might say spooky—place, and dead fishes are not particularly agreeable companions anywhere, but especially there. I once brought up the bodies of nine men and two women from the wreck of the English steamer Albatross, sunk in the Caribbean sea.

"Some of these were in the staterooms, and the last corpse was that of a young woman. I found her in bed, lying on her side. Her eyes were wide open, glaring and staring right at me. One of her arms was thrust through the bed slats, with the hand clutching the berth frame. As I loosened her grasp, the body turned, then floated to an almost erect position, and leaned over toward me with a repelling look. The expression of that face and eyes, as well as her attitude, was the greatest scare I have ever experienced in a long time. I nearly fainted. It was a severe shock, but in a moment or two I regained nerve, clasped her about the waist and brought her up.

"I had almost forgotten to mention another and somewhat similar incident of the wreck of the Stonington. I had to feel my way for it was dark (we had no electric submarine lights there), and one stateroom door had to be cut out to effect an entrance. I felt around until my hands came in contact with a corpse, which I took out and carried up to the surface.

"It proved to be a woman, and clasped to her bosom so firmly that no effect could separate them, was a beautiful babe. It was a picture that I can never forget. Both seemed to have died in sleep, and the expression of perfect peace and rest on their faces was remarkable. I heard that they were buried just as they were found, together.

"I have often felt dead bodies floating around and bumping against me as I groped through gloomy cabins, and those are gruesome sensations, as you may well imagine but cannot realize as I do. One becomes more or less accustomed to it, but it is never by any means a matter of unconcern.

That awful life-like expression from the wide open eyes of a drowned person, as they stare directly at you, just as if about to speak, is enough to strain the nerves of any one to the utmost and cause them to shudder and shrink. But business is business, and, as that sort of work occasionally comes in my line, I just brace up and fulfill my duty.

"Divers are in more or less of peril, and sometimes have to meet desperate emergencies. An instance occurred when I was prospecting inside of a wrecked steamship. While passing the engine room a heavy piece of machinery slid over upon my leg and pinned me fast. My signal brought down another diver, whose efforts, with mine, effected my release. But for a time I felt that I had met my doom.

"On another occasion I was sitting on the yards near the topmast of a schooner sunk in Chesapeake Bay, when the boat above that was pumping air to me dragged her anchor and came pounding along on the waves, right over where the sunken vessel lay, and thumped her several times on the mast to which I was then clinging. If I had just then been where I sat one minute previously (on the topmast yards) I should have been smashed as flat as a pancake.

"The first thing that I realized was the sensation of being dragged with furious haste through the water, and I tumbled up over the side and landed about the deck by my mates who were hurrying to get my helmet off. They thought that I was dead; but I was as alive as ever and more than usually vexed.

"I forgot to mention that now we use the incandescent submarine lamps, which light up the darkest places in sunken wrecks, so that we can see very distinctly. Light, especially electric lamps, under water magnifies to a wonderful degree and is of great advantage, although, while it assists us in our work, the brilliancy attracts vast numbers of fish, which become an annoying hindrance. It may be a jolly picnic to them, but it is an intolerable nuisance to us."

I had a severe cold, for which I took Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take. J. Paynter, Huntsville, Ont.

### "Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harlan among a list of others) are using

### COTTOLENE

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LUNENBURG, N. S. APRIL 4 1894

**ARGUS ODORS**

The Argus of last week was a red hot tory sheet. It reflected the dignity and high toned spirit of Lunenburg toryism to a dot. Three of its editorial and correspondence columns were burdened down with material of a transcendent type, reflecting, of course, the transcendent and lofty instincts of our gilt-edged tory leaders. Had the hearts and consciences of our tory leaders been photographed by an instantaneous process and had those noble members been passed around among the householders in photo form, the populace would not have had a more accurate, real, life-like and perfect presentation of Lunenburg toryism than was supplied by the editorial columns of the Argus of last week. The whole thing, from first to last, was a perfect work of art, a choice specimen of "love your neighbor as yourself," a lovely outpouring of "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and a sublime exhibition of gentlemanly behavior. Never in the history of political warfare has anything been seen to equal its matchless sweetness and soundness. Like hair—a thing of beauty and a joy forever, in order to make Liberal readers as fragrant as those who inhaled the sweet odors of the Argus of last week, we will produce word for word, some of the choice things appearing in the Argus of last week. Knowing that our readers will be able to reach proper conclusions without any assistance, we will refrain from making the usual comments. The first Argus item reads:

Reports coming in daily from all over the County—and the Province too—confirm the fact that the Liberals gained their election by money and rum.

To satisfy the curiosity of numerous inquirers, we may say that the A. K. McLean who has been seeking to make himself notorious in the late election campaign, was imported by the Liberals of Lunenburg town to take the place of John D. McLeod, who, as will be remembered, came here as lieutenant to Mr. Jas. Eisenhauer, but who could not "face the music," and left the town about two years since. McLean we think hails from the island of Cape Breton, as he told the meeting at Middle South that he watched the local government for 21 years building a pier there.

Mr. McLean has been acting as "Little Middle" to Mr. Eisenhauer, but the latter says the next one he gets will have to be much more experienced in political matters than he is, as it is uphill work trying to instruct the young idea how to shoot, and at the same time to conduct political meetings. Mr. Eisenhauer besides having to give him an occasional kick and a cuff, has had at almost every meeting to walk up and down in front of him, so as to stop him when he got off his balance, which was quite frequently. Mr. Eisenhauer's sign was a scratch of the head with a little cough. He has many a time during the last month wished for

poor John D. His pomposity takes the bun.

And so the people of Middle South and Tanook say—and they further say that the next time he comes over there they will duck him sure pop.

The Tancookers say that they are done with Thomas S. Howe, member in the Municipal Council for Tanook, that he can't pull the wool over their eyes any longer, and that the next time he wants to pose as a councillor he will have to get another district as they can manage their own business, thank you. They have no further use for a man who will get up and sign a written pledge and then break it.

Little Middle McLean also amused and disgusted some meetings by telling them that C. H. Caham was a fool, when everyone knows that Mr. Caham has more in his little finger than the said Little Middle has or ever will have in his whole body.

And lastly we would advise the pompos Little Middle to try and contain himself when his feelings get the better of him. He has yet to learn—in spite of Mr. Eisenhauer's training—to treat his elders and superiors, and he has a great number of the latter, although he may not at present see it—with a little respect, and that if he does not do so he must surely suffer.

The Liberals of this County and in particular the Lunenburg Progress people are not content with the victory (?) they have won within the past few days but they must needs resort to a large amount of crowing and of giving personal abuse. Now these are matters that happily the Tories of this County are not very proficient in, but if these disgraceful tactics are continued, we shall consider it our duty to owe ourselves and the public in general some matters in their true light, not only with regard to the liberals and their actions during the late fight, but for the last few years, and we guarantee that we will give them in one dose a sufficiency of their own medicine to keep them housed for a week at least. We ask, was it a victory? Most emphatically we say not. Nay, further, could we to-morrow exchange places with the liberals of this county we would not do so, not even supposing their majority had been 10,000. And with regard to some of the liberals in this town we would not stand in their shoes for any number of such so-called victories. Can any one imagine a more low, mean and contemptible piece of business than for the Liberals of this county to enter into a solemn compact with the conservatives that during the last election no liquor should be used, and then when the latter's hands were tied and they off their guard, like a tiger crouched in ambush watching his prey, to make preparations as quietly as possible, and then on election day flood the county with rum. But this is not the worst feature of this debasing scene. They now turn around and seek to make it appear to the unwary, that it is the conservatives who have broken faith. But it will not wash. Facts speak louder than words. Everyone knows that on nomination day one general and universal sentiment ran through this county, namely that Church was not fit to represent this County longer, and few have a doubt but had the election taken place on that day that Hirtle and McLean would have been elected by a sweeping majority. Again, who had the gin mill in full blast at Le Have on Election day? For whom did the five barrels of liquor circu-

lated to Chester, come for a few days before election day? The Liberals—who went over to Middle South and preached prohibition in the school-house there, while at the same time they had liquor there?—The liberals. Who went to a certain prominent minister in Lunenburg town the evening before the elections and sought to pull the wool over his eyes by saying "I say parson those tories are a bad set, they are using a lot of rum and we are using none, what can we do about it parson?" a liberal. These are only a few of the 100 and more cases we could mention would space permit, but they will serve to show to what lengths some people will go, in order to gain political ends. But more anon.

Sir.—In his article in the Chronicle of Saturday, "Fair Play" refers to the conservatives of Lunenburg, as "degenerated and mongrel-blooded Tories of Darkest Lunenburg." It is strange what memory some people have, and how convenient it is for them to forget. Now if Fair Play had only edited his brain a little before writing, he would have remembered that it was Lunenburg that had adopted him, not Chester. He was imported here. He should also remember that it was a Tory who repaired his "bottomless shoes without any top," while he sat in his room in a Lunenburg hotel and waited for them. That it was a Tory who repaired his only nether garment that he had on when he arrived here, and that these same Tories, to whom he so degradingly refers, were the persons who placed him in the position of making a living in the town where he now resides, namely, Lunenburg. Truly it is a fit saying, that "eagles do not bring forth pigeons."

M

EDITOR ARGUS.—In looking over the Chronicle of Saturday evening, I saw an article headed "Tory Rowdysm at Lunenburg," and is dated at Chester and signed "Fair Play." I think there is some mistake in the name, it should have been signed WILD ARCHIE FROM JUDIQUE. All the rowdysm was caused by Fair Play's followers, some of whom were heard on board the train to remark that they were going to paint the town red. They were told by the conductor that they had better not. The only rowdy I saw that day was one man, Powers. He had a revolver in his pocket all day, perhaps looking for a chance like the one he had when he stabbed the dog. I want to inform Fair Play of Chester, alias WILD ARCHIE, of Judique, that I was in Lunenburg on Declaration Day, and nobody insulted me. The sum and substance is that about half a dozen would-be freshmen from Bridgewater and the country, attempted to run the town on the strength that they had gained (?) the election, and their little game was blocked. Any man that cannot live in Lunenburg, had better pack up his traps and return from whence he came. Yours, etc., one from

THE COUNTRY.

**Miss E. E. Ernst,**

OPTICIAN

WILL BE AT

**Simeon Ernst's Jewellery Store,**

BRIDGEWATER, FROM THE 1ST OF APRIL TO THE 21st.

ALL EYES CAN BE SUITED

**Medicine Chests**

at

**E. L. Nash's.**

New ones supplied or old ones refilled. Also full stock of

**SARSAPARELLAS**

and other Spring Medicines.

**School Maps and School Books, Blank Books, Scribbling Books,**

from one cent and upwards. Some bargains in

**Watches**

during the month of March. Lunenburg, March 7.

**NEW****SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS**

Call and inspect our Stock of

**Spring and Summer Dress GOODS**

in all the newest makes and shades.

— ALSO —

**New Trimmings and Buttons to MATCH**

from 6c. to 25c. per yard.

**Grey Cottons**

at 4 cents per yard.

**Flannelettes**

beginning in price at 7c.

**Teazle Cloths**

at 9 cents.

**Cotton Challies**

at 7 cents.

All goods marked correspondingly low.

**Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Buckles etc. at cost to clear**

A few pieces Nun's Veiling left at 10 cents per yard and tweeds at 7 cents.

**J. A. Hirtle.****G. D. Geldert**

has just opened spring stock of

**NEW DRESS GOODS**

in dress lengths, embracing all the latest shades.

Also lovely all wool Challies with borders

Also a large stock of

**Cream and white lace curtains.**

Also Gents shaker flannel shirts at 45 cts and white shirts at all prices.

**German Collars and Cuffs**

and a large assortment of

**Ties.**

About two months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking Burdock Blood Purifiers, took two bottles and my headaches have now altogether disappeared. I think it is a grand medicine. Eva Finny, Massey Station, Ont.



## POLITICAL POINTERS

The Ottawa budget speech has been made. It provides for changes in the tariff without lessening the burdens of the consumer.

A deputation of the leading prohibitionists called upon Premier Thompson a few days ago, and he told them that no prohibition legislation would be introduced by the government this session.

Like Inverness, Colchester had a re-count. It resulted in giving a seat to Mr. Lawrence, the Liberal leader of that county, by six of a majority. Mr. Lawrence is among the ablest men of the province and the Inverness Tories are sad and sorry to see this able man reinstated.

Thompson and Tupper strained every nerve to secure the defeat of Fielding in Halifax. In fact the Ottawa government put its machinery and influence into that contest. The result has inspired the Ontario Tories to intimate that Sir John Thompson is weak in his own province, while Tupper counts for nothing outside of windbagging.

A protest has been entered against the return of Mr. W. D. Dimock, as M. P. P. elect for Colchester. The principal ground of the protest is that Mr. Dimock holds a position as an employe of the Dominion government from which he did not resign. Indeed, it is understood that he is now in Ottawa discharging his duties as an employe of the government.

During the late Winnipeg election, a Toronto boodler visited Winnipeg and was caught impersonating dead voters, after he had polled some 20 votes. His trial took place the other day and the judge decreed that he should serve three years in penitentiary. This shows how the Tories have won their dominion elections during the past 15 years. In a fair fight, they would not get even a smell of victory.

A recount was demanded in connection with the Inverness election. The demand was granted and revealed ballot box stuffing, bogus lists, illegal initialing of ballots and failure of presiding officers to send statements of the polls. Therefore the sheriff was unable to declare the result of the election. Inverness Tories feel that a new election will be run and they will not have a ghost of a chance to return candidates.

Halifax Chronicle: Taking the tariff changes as a whole, while they embody some reductions of duty they do not by any means constitute the degree of tariff reform which the people of Canada, and particularly the farmers of Ontario, Manitoba and the Northwest, have been calling for. Minister Foster's tariff reform on protective lines is well and correctly characterized by the term "tariff tinkering," which will give very limited satisfaction to genuine tariff reformers and is not unlikely to arouse the wrath of some of the protected combines. The whole thing represents an ingenious effort to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, which is pretty certain before very long to bring the government to grief.

Sydney Reporter: The leadership of the opposition is becoming a bone of contention. Tories again want Cahan for the departed, and desire some one to resign to give him an opening. They have tried the Pictou members, but there an unexpected obstacle has presented itself. Mr. Tanner and his friends consider Tanner just as good a man as Cahan for the leadership, and for that matter a good deal better. The Tanner "boom" has frightened Cahan out of Pictou and he is now "sizing" up In-

verness, with the hope that the aged Mr. Campbell will make room for him. The next thing we will see is Dr. McKay "approached" to resign in favor of Cahan. It is well known the doctor wants the nomination for the Dominion, and it may consequently happen that the electors of Cape Breton county will have an opportunity to vote for Cahan. If he comes he may make up his mind that he will get a "warm" reception down this way. The people of Cape Breton would like no better fun than to see Mr. Cahan try it on.

## THE FISHING BOUNTY

A correspondent recently writing in the Halifax papers over the signature of "Ketch Harbor," strikes the nail on the head by linking together the following important facts:

"In 1892, vessels prosecuting the Bank fishery had their bounty increased to \$3 per ton and the small boat fishermen were informed by government officials that their bounty for 1893 would be increased also. But as their cheques have arrived we find them at the same old rate of \$3 and \$3.50 per man, while men going to the Banks in vessels get from \$7 to \$9 dollars per man, according to the number of crew. Now I would like to be informed why small boats fishermen are not entitled to as large a share of the bounty as men going to the Banks? I have had an experience of both Bank and shore fishing and I will give an illustration. Men on the Banks can stay in their berths until called out at day-break to a good substantial breakfast before attending their trawls, while boat fishermen, especially in Halifax county, have to get out of bed at two o'clock in the morning, take a pair of spruce oars and row from three to six miles to reach the fishing ground, and for breakfast take a couple of slices of bread and wash it down with cold water. Again, many of the men going to the banks at the present day, just go long enough in the warm weather to secure the bounty, while many of our boat fishermen have to fish the whole year round for their livelihood and still have to contend with half a share of the bounty. When the American government paid to Canada the fishery award, it was for the use of the inshore fisheries and not for the banks. I would like the members of parliament representing the different counties in Nova Scotia to give this question their careful consideration.

## LAHAVE JOTTINGS

Mr. John Gow delivered two very instructive lectures, during the month of March, to the young people of Ritcey's Cove. The first subject that he treated was "The invasion of Cape Breton by the New England Puritans." He began by showing that the rise of the Puritan was not American but English, showing clearly the development of the Puritan character in social, religious, political and military life. He explained the Puritan system and showed its strength and its weakness. Then the lecturer gave a very explicit description of the colonial expedition to Louisburg, ending the lecture with a beautiful application of the theme to our own character and lives.

The subject of the second lecture was "The Seven Year's War." This lecture was given at the request of the young men of Ritcey's Cove. In it he discussed the final struggle for colonial supremacy between France and England; the destiny of the new World is committed to the Anglo Saxon race; the relative strength of the combatants in the "Seven Years War";

the old country generals and why they were so often defeated in this war. The lecturer then described the second invasion and capture of Cape Breton; Breton's triple attack on Canada; the French man become to his own advantage a British subject, closing the lecture with some practical points concerning our loyalty and brotherly relations. Both lectures were so well delivered that the audience went away delighted.

The home of Mr. Joshua Oxner was the scene of a quiet wedding on the morning of the 27th of March. The contracting parties were Geo. E. Oxner and Treina Clark, of Carbonear, Nfld. After the marriage, which was performed by the Rev. Geo. A. Leck, all retired to the dining room where a sumptuous table was set. After feasting upon the good things, the bride and groom, and Mr. and Mrs. Leander Oxner drove to Lunenburg with their tandem and took train for western parts of the province. The friends of Ritcey's Cove join in wishing the newly married couple much happiness.

The vessels are being made ready for the summer trip. Some from Ritcey's Cove are going to try frozen bait.

## INDIAN POINT

On the evening of Thursday, March 22, the young people of Indian Point, assisted by Miss Laura Sturum of Mahone, gave a musical and literary entertainment in the school house of that place. Mr. John A. Andrews presiding. The programme was as follows: Music by the choir—We come with song. Alphabetical exercise by 20 children.

Solo by Jas. Zwicker—Sing to mother. Recitation by Annie Wentzel—Mr. Nobody.

Dialogue—City and country. Solo by Beatrice Zwicker—I'm going to write to papa. Dialogue by seven boys—The Railroad Train.

Solo by Mrs. Clarence Mosher—I am old and gray.

Dialogue—Awful boots. Solo by Miss Laura Strum—The cows are in the corn.

Dialogue by four ladies—The Tea Party.

Song—Whip-poor-will. Chorus by choir—Merry sings the lark.

Recitation by Clara Hyson—Curfew must not ring to-night.

Solo by Mrs. Albert Eisenhauer—When you and I are grey.

Dialogue—Rumpus in a shoe shop.

Song by Mr. S. Young—Away down South.

Solo by Mrs. Wm. Heisler—Sitting alone.

Dialogue—Trouble in a Mormon family.

Chorus—A kind good night. God save the Queen.

After an address by chairman Andrews, the audience gave three three rousing cheers for the performers.

## CARD THANKS

To all persons having contributed to the purse of \$94.00 raised as an offset to the losses I sustained through the burning of my barn and stock, I hereby express my sincere thanks

Respy yours  
HENRY MOSHER  
Blockhouse, Apl 2nd 1894.

## Bay Bulls, Nfld

Job Brothers  
& Co.,  
ST. JOHN'S & BAY BULLS

BANK FISHING  
OUTFITS  
OF ALL KINDS

AGENTS—CAPE ANN ANCHOR  
WOKKS.

H. WEEKS, JOB BROTHERS & Co.,  
Bay Bulls, St. John's.  
General Agent. 14...27

Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of  
NEW YORK  
SHEPPARD HOMANS, President.

## NINETEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31st, 1893.

Income	\$2,149,839.67
Paid Policy-holders	1,333,782.25
Total Expenses of Management	538,676.39
Gross Assets	1,518,271.82
Liabilities, Actuaries' Valuation	801,945.77
Surplus, Actuaries'	714,326.05
Policies issued in 1893	\$23,000,308.00
Policies in force December 31st, 1893	\$3,101,434.00
Capital	\$100,000.

R. H. MATSON, General Manager for Canada, Toronto.  
G. N. C. HAWKINS, Agent, Lunenburg.

Do you want a Carpet  
C. & W. WHITNEY

Have arranged for a large consignment of  
Carpets and Oil Cloths

for the spring trade. They will be prepared to show the finest range.

Hemp and Union Carpet, all Wool Scotch Carpet, Tapestry and Brussels with Border, Wool and Union Carpet squares, Rugs and Mats. Lace Curtains at 35c. and upward, Curtain Poles at 25c. extra finish, Dado and Plain Blinds mounted on best roller.. SEE PRICES.

# 1894 SPRING GOODS

Including all the latest styles of

Plain  
and  
Fancy  
Pant  
Cloths

And a full line of

Summer  
Suitings

A big cut down in prices.

Suits made to order and cheaper than  
ever.

**J. M. GORMLEY.**

**J. J. McLACHLAN.**

If you want a  
**CHEAP SUIT**

— OF —  
Ready-made Clothing

CALL AT  
**J. J. McLachlan's**

We can give to you  
from \$3.75 to \$15.00.

We also have a full line of  
**Dry Goods**

— AND —  
Gents' Furnishings  
See our new  
**Ties and Caps.**

We can also give you a Custom made Suit from \$10  
to \$24.00. See our New Cloths for Summer.

Don't forget that we also have the largest and best  
stock of boots and shoes in the town, including seventy-  
five pairs of Ladies Fine Shoes, Chelchem Spring Heel  
Boots a specialty.

## IN A BLEAK LAND THE DEEP SEA FISHERMEN AND ES- QUIMAUX OF THE LABRADOR COAST.

(Toronto Empire)

Dr. W. T. Grenfell, who for the past two years has had charge of the mission to the deep sea fishermen and Esquimaux on the Labrador coast, has collected a fund of entertaining information regarding the life and habits of those curious denizens of that bleak and inhospitable coast. For nearly five years Dr. Grenfell labored amongst the hardy toilers on the British North sea, but he does not seem to have been at all injuriously affected by the hardships incident to this work. Two years ago Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Bobard were asked by Mr. Heywood, a member of the British Board of Trade who had been to Canada and who had heard of the Labrador fishermen, to go out and minister to their spiritual wants. The request was favorably entertained and a vessel suitable for the purpose was fitted out, manned, and sailed across by Dr. Grenfell himself, whose nautical experience as a master mariner stood him in good stead. Dr. Grenfell has seen a great deal of the Esquimaux, with whom he was brought a great deal into contact, and not only has he been able to minister to their spiritual needs, but by reason of his being a medical man he has been able to relieve much sickness and suffering. When asked for some information regarding these strange people and their habits, Dr. Grenfell readily complied and spoke as follows:

### THE EARLY ESQUIMAUX

The earliest that is known of the Esquimaux dates from the time of Esic the Red. A son of that hardy Norseman apparently visited the Labrador coast, and there discovered some of these people, whom he called Skroellingers, or dwarfs. From what can be learned, the Norseman cruelly slaughtered those whom he encountered because he could not understand their language. The Esquimaux call themselves "innats," or "the people," because they believe they were the last people created. They detest being called Esquimaux, which, in their language, means "raw meat eaters," and they regard it as a term of opprobrium. Neither do they care to be styled "Indians," because they have been frequently beaten in battle by the Indians who inhabit the interior of Labrador. These Indians are supposed to be descendants of the old Canadian Algonquians. Although they have always beaten the Esquimaux in battle, fortune has turned against them lately. They do not fish, and therefore have to undergo great privations for want of food. In some of their camps I hear that numbers of them have been found starved to death. Others have left to go farther west, where food is more plentiful.

### A SMALL SIZED PEOPLE.

The Esquimaux are a small sized people, but some of them attain the height of five feet eight inches. They have flat features of a olive and not displeasing hue, jet black eyes and straight black hair. The men cut their hair straight across the forehead in a sort of "Picardilly" fringe, the remainder being allowed to grow down to the shoulders. Their dress consists of an upper garment of skin called a "kossack." This is in one piece and is drawn up over the head in a sort of cowl. The nether limbs are encased in skin. Skin boots, which cover the leg as far as the knee, and possess very heavy soles, complete the costume. The Esquimaux women carry their infants in the "cowl," which by the men is used as a head covering. It

is suspended over their backs, and there the infant rests quite cozily. At the back the woman's garment runs almost down to the heels in a sort of tail, giving the wearer a grotesque appearance. When viewed from the side the Esquimaux dress is most ludicrous in appearance. Considerable ingenuity is shown in the manufacture of these garments. The tendons from the reindeer serve them as thread, and with the aid of needles passed through fire and bent in the requisite way, they sew the strings together. The sole of the boot is very thick. It is rendered soft and pliable for sewing by being chewed.

### THE ESQUIMAUX HOUSE.

A mud hut forms a summer residence for the Esquimaux. In the winter, by means of an old saw, they cut out frozen blocks of snow, and as these are ready they are piled up in the form of a bee-hive around the aperture thus made, space being left at the top for ventilation. Ingress and egress are obtained to these snow houses through long passages, so constructed as to barely allow a person to crawl in on the flat of his stomach. These passages, however, prevent the cold air from entering the hut. The houses are lit up by means of a rudely fashioned lamp. This consists of a piece of soapstone hollowed out, into which seal oil or cod oil has been poured. The dried fibre of a kind of moss which abounds in that country serves as a wick.

When the Esquimaux resort to the island for Esquimaux they live in tents of reindeer skin, several families often living in one tent. Further north in Greenland where Nansen encountered these people, and further north still, where Sir Leopold McClintock wintered, they reside in skin tents all the winter. The habit of the heathen Esquimaux of stripping their tents for the night is to strip off their clothes and oil their bodies. Then they wear only a breech cloth about the loins, both men and women.

### A MERRY DISPOSITION

The Esquimaux are a merry, happy race of people, and very affectionate in their disposition. They endure pain with considerable fortitude. I have performed a number of surgical operations upon Esquimaux, and when I have not given an anesthetic the endurance shown was such that one would almost imagine it was an inanimate object and not a human being that was under the knife. They are very grateful for any service you may render them.

Polygamy is the natural condition of these people, but, of course, those who have come under construction at the Moravian mission only have one wife, and a marriage ceremony unites them together. With the others there is no marriage ceremony. There is much immortality, because the heathen Esquimaux do not understand the spirituality of it. There is no word in their language for God or for love. Some have as many as seven wives.

The Esquimaux are very musical, and at the Moravian stations they are taught to play musical instruments. Each Moravian station has a brass band, and the natives frequently gather together for the purpose of singing.

### HOW THEY PURSUE HUNTING

There are about 3000 Esquimaux in that part of Labrador which I am familiar with. They live by catching seals and whales, and eating the blubber, using the skins for the purposes of clothing themselves. They hunt in their "kayaks," or canoes. When seated in these a piece of skin is drawn from the edge of the place wherein they sit right up under their arms, pre-

venting any water from entering, and rendering the buoyant little craft water tight. The method of catching the seals or whales is by harpooning them. The harpoon is ingeniously made of walrus tusk, attached by a strip of hide to the end of a pole. To this is attached a buoy, made out of an inflated skin. When the harpoon is thrown the whale dashes away, but the appearance of the buoy indicates its locality. The Esquimaux follows in his kayak, secures his prey and tows it ashore. When out hunting the Esquimaux tugs or lying on the stern of their kayak, from the mainland to the adjacent islands. This is done because the kayak will only hold one person. They are very liable to be upset. A native named Michael—they all have but one name—luckily rescued a companion named Simeon whilst crossing from Okkal to the hunting islands on one occasion. The weather was cold and stormy and Simeon's kayak upset. He could not extricate nor handle his paddle, as he became benumbed with the cold. Michael, notwithstanding that all his energies were required to look out for himself, managed to right his companion's boat after extreme difficulty and bring him to shore. The Esquimaux play a kind of leap frog in the water with their boats. Swiftly propelling their kayaks, which all possess high, pointed bows, the more active ride over their less skillful companions forcing them down in the water. The only other game I have seen them play is hitting a kind of ball made out of an inflated skin with sticks over the ice.

Every Esquimaux keeps dogs and his wealth is measured by the number of animals he owns. He travels the greater part of the year in a "komatik," or dog sleigh. The komatik is made of cross pieces of wood tied to runners, the latter being shod with whale ribs, or often with frozen mud. The driver holds no rein but a long whip made of walrus hide, with which he could flick off the ear of a dog, it is said. The traces which control the dogs radiate from the dashboard of the sleigh, on the right and left of the long trace, which is fastened to the leader. The leader is a well-trained dog, who runs at a distance of about 70 feet from the driver. He is trained to go to the right when the driver shouts "ouk," and to the left when "ra" is called. The other dogs obediently follow his lead.

### THEY ARE FATALISTS.

The Esquimaux are to some extent fatalists. I was out hunting all day with a native, and on returning he informed me that his son was dead. I asked him why he did not tell me before so that I might have attended him. "No good," he replied with a shrug. The dead man was buried in the sand, and next morning there was not a mark or scratch to show where he had been interred. The Moravians hold a burial service, but do not teach the erection of anything to mark the spot. The original Esquimaux mode of burial was to lay a dead man on the ground face upwards and build over him a heap of a few dozen big stones, through the interstices of which the body could still be seen. The dead man's kayak and harpoon were put by his side, and in a cache alongside were placed his hunting tools. I unearthed one or two of these caches, and found in them a number of dolls, probably representing the wives of the deceased.

It is exceedingly difficult to convey a knowledge of the Scriptures to the Esquimaux. They do not know what a fruit tree is, and they have no sheep, oxen or horses, and they do not understand seed, sowing and harvest, because they never sow or reap, except in a metaphorical sense. In spite of this the Moravian mission has been very successful. There are six stations, with three Moravians at each, on the Labrador coast.



A ONE-SIDED CONTRACT

There are generally two parties to a contract. The editor of the New York Tribune lately received the following letter from a so-called victim of misplaced confidence, and who is doubtless only one of a vast multitude:

Sir: As contracts are usually binding after they have become distasteful and unjust? Being the victim of a contract, I ask for information. Ten years ago I entered into the following contract with a man whom I will name Mr. A.— In return for various services on my part, which may be summed up as duties of a general manager of an estate, real and personal, I was to receive my support, including board and clothes, in a style befitting my employer's means and position. Though not a lucrative prospect, it had some attractions for me, not least of which were the certainty of leisure for the indulgence of scholarly tastes and relief from fear of future struggles with poverty.

Mr. A.—having no son, induced me to adopt his name. Now I am forty years old, a graduate of college, fairly good-looking—at least ladies give me a quick glance as they pass me in the street—strong in health and energetic in spirit, but penniless and helpless, and tired of my covenant. Look at a list of my rights. I was my master's confidential clerk and typewriter, copying law papers and looking up authorities. If he writes an article for the press, I revise it. If he is tired of a book agent or an office bore, I despatch him or her. I make the disagreeable calls and placate the disagreeable people. I manage the servants and pay the bills. I am also Mr. A.—'s valet and nurse, onerous and ill-rewarded with smiles—on the principle that no man is a Chesterfield to his valet. The entertainment of his company usually rests on me. From writing a political speech to adjusting a picture, nothing can be done without me. I am everywhere. My coveted leisure was never known, and the only chance of earning a dollar I ever find is by giving a few painting lessons. But I cannot give myself up to art, as my taste would dictate, for I have no time. And for all these duties what am I paid? Nothing. I eat at my master's table. My clothes he gives me gratuitously, and money I never have, not a cent. As to other rewards: I enjoy his respect and sometimes a little of the tail of a rather great kite. I enjoy the approval of my conscience. Of course it is noble to sacrifice self and live for another but a free-born American citizen likes to have five cents in his pocket when a street car comes along. My self-respect suffers daily pangs. My lot is undurable. This contract is for life. I hear you say "How could a sane man make such a bargain?" My dear sir, I am not a sane man. I am not a man at all. I am my employer's (P) wife.

C. E. AMES

SHALL WOMEN VOTE

J. S. Hullock, of New Hartford, Conn., sends the Woman's Journal, Boston, an article restating a great length the usual stock objections to woman suffrage, with a request for its publication. They may be summed up thus: 1. Voting is only an acquired right, which does not inhere in the citizen. 2. The family is a unit, and can have but one representative head—the husband. 3. Women could not legislate for themselves as well as they can now do by and through men. 4. Woman's social position is naturally and necessarily subor-

dinate and subservient. 5. Physical power is the foundation of majority rule. 6. Women as voters would not promote the interests of temperance.

To this they: 1. Under our republican theory governments are just only when they rest on the consent of the governed. 2. The family is not a unit, but a permanent partnership of equals with reciprocal rights and duties. 3. Women only can fully and adequately represent the interests of women. 4. Woman's social position should not be subordinate or subservient. 5. Might does not make right. 6. Women being more temperate than men, and more closely identified with the home, would as voters be a power for temperance.—Canadian Home Guard.

Burdock Blood Bitters cure dyspepsia. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation. Burdock Blood Bitters cure biliousness. Burdock Blood Bitters cure headache. Burdock Blood Bitters unlock all the clogged secretions of the bowels, thus curing headaches and similar complaints.

WOULD HARNES THE OCEAN

PROPOSAL TO BUILD A DAM BETWEEN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND AND UTILIZE TIDES.

A bold scheme for obtaining mechanical power for industrial purposes has lately attracted attention in England. It contemplates the construction of a dam fifteen miles long from the northeastern coast of Ireland across "North Channel" to the extremity of Cantire, Scotland, and putting in several gates and water-wheels, to be worked by the tides. Owing to the greater depth of the Irish Sea, and to the freer course afforded west and north of Ireland, the tide comes up from the South Atlantic by that route, and flows southward through the passage just mentioned long before it can get up there on the east side of the Green Isle. Moreover, the Gulf stream or rather the drift from it, bathes the northern part of Great Britain more freely than the southern, and a portion thereof is diverted southward by the Scottish coast, so as to make a continuous current, it is said, flowing down the north channel. Here is a great deal of power, going to waste, and the New York Tribune thinks it is not a senseless proceeding to consider the practicability of utilizing it somehow. American enterprise at Niagara has set the whole world thinking of such matters.

The depth of water is 474 feet in mid channel; but most of the way it is much less than this. The proposed "isthmus"—for that is what the engineers call it—would be about three hundred feet wide, and the material for it, it is thought, might be obtained from the high bluffs at the Irish end. The estimated cost is \$10,000,000, and the time named as necessary for construction is three years. The current flows at six miles an hour most of the way across, and at some places even faster. It is taken for granted that the power developed by this means would be converted into the form of electricity for transmission; but there is some question as to the locality in which it would be used. On the Irish side of the channel, there are no large towns near at hand. Dublin is 120 miles away and London 385; Glasgow, in a bee line, is seventy-five miles distant and Edinburgh about fifty more.

Dyspepsia causes dizziness, headache, constipation, variable appetite, rising and souring of food, palpitation of the heart, distress after eating. Burdock Blood Bitters are guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, if faithfully used according to directions.

FRANCE IN AFRICA

France is now experiencing one of those set-backs which European conquest in Africa occasionally meets. Timbuctoo, where a French detachment is now beleaguered by Tuaregs, lies about 900 miles from the coast of the French colony at Senegal, and on or near the southern edge of the Sahara. It is a few miles from the river Niger. The headwaters of that river are near the headwaters of the Senegal. The French have put a flotilla on the river and maintain communication with Senegal by partly land and partly water routes.

Timbuctoo is an important station on the trade routes of the Sahara and Soudan. It probably dates from the eleventh century. It has about 20,000 inhabitants, a mixed population of Berbers, Tuaregs and natives of the Soudan, with a few Arabs, Jews, etc. The Tuaregs, with whom the French have been so disastrously engaged, are of the same breed as the Berbers of the Atlas in North Africa, though they have experienced considerable mixture with Soudanese races. They are a roving, predatory people, great traders in a wandering way, fiercely independent and good fighters. The range over the Sahara from the Soudan to the Barbary States. Of course it is only a question of time and effort for France to make good her recent conquest of Timbuctoo and the adjacent settled country. The Tuaregs and other nomads will long retain a semi-independence in the French sphere of influence in the Sahara, but projected railway building, the establishment of stations, the occupation of oases, etc., will eventually bring them to a modified subjection. Probably a French railway will soon stretch from Algeria across the Sahara to the fertile and populous regions of the Central and Western Soudan, connecting with another line thence to the Senegal. There is plenty of good country there to be opened to traffic, and it is already peopled with races that have made some progress in agriculture and the mechanic arts.

Dear Sirs.—I have been using Blood Bitters for bilk and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure I have also found it unequalled.

Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, Montreal, Que.

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Dear Sirs.—I had an abscess on my breast and scrofula of the very worst kind, all over my body. I had to walk around the house without taking hold of chairs to support me. The doctors treated me for three years, and at last said there was no hope for me. I had to take B.B.B. and they said it would do me no harm, so I began to take it, and before three bottles were used I felt great benefit. I have now taken six bottles and am nearly well. I find Burdock Blood Bitters a grand blood purifier and very good for children as a spring medicine.

MRS. JAMES CHASE, Frankfort, Ont.

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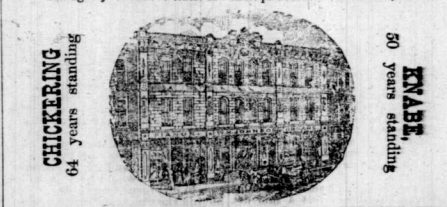


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