

One Point Of View.

NEW novelist has risen out of the dust. A young Loch-invar in literature, who is to prove to the scoffers who cry "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" that America is not to be renowned alone for its pork-packing emporiums, and never as a land of high-class fiction? Benjamin Sewell, of Hazel Green, Kentucky, is willing to remove the slur resting upon this continent (of which Canada is certainly an integral part) of being non-producers of the great and the everlasting in literature.

The lucky Boston Herald discovered this jewel, or rather his carefully rolled, dirty, thumb-marked foolscap manuscript discovered them, wandering into that office one morning, without stamps for returning.

But when affinity meets affinity, you know—what matters a paltry few stamps or so?

However, to come to this literary pearl, galled out a Kentucky oyster, which the Herald is willing to go to the expense of 25 cents to have set in a brass ring. It appears on the first page of the paper, and begins thus:

DEATH OF TWO LOVERS.

A Romance.

By Benj. Sewell.

There is a story—something like a romance—connected with all love affairs that is never revealed to the public, simply from the fact that no one has sufficient courage to relate it. There is something strangely miraculous and extremely wonderful about the story of which I have the courage to relate.

Doubtless all realize something of the sweets of love and of its charming and softening influences. Love is a great civilizing agent. Think of the magic, infinite power love wields over the human heart. It vanishes the ugly places of beings and makes them a sweet, modest, gentle nature that is as undying as the evergreen tree of eternal.

W. J. Lampton, in reviewing this new work for the Herald, says that if any writer has ever begun a story with more accuracy to nature, he would like to have his attention called to the title of that story. Could Ella Wheeler Wilcox, he asks, put more soulfulness into a definition of love than this wizard of Wolfe?

With the greatest expedition, the author proceeds at once to get to the characters of his story, and we have this:

"When Carrie was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of 6 years her parents rightly placed her in school under the tutelage of an excellent teacher. Each succeeding year she was sent to the country schools, for her parents lived in the country. To say that she advanced rapidly in her studies would be slightly speaking. Each year she climbed the ladder higher and higher, until she was beyond the ability of any ordinary country school teacher. Not she was 14 years old, all merry and bright, and her good father then placed her in a college second to none in Kentucky. Then entered the sweetest of the loveliest, the most beautiful girl of the college, the girl of his life. It was like a keen thunder stroke with her parents to have to be out of the light of her presence, for in the sunshine of her, their eyes always sparkled with delight, and their hearts throbbled with joy."

Ah, think of that, girls! What a tender picture given us here of budding, growing girl.

First the green stalk, lank and queer, Then a full-blown cabbage doth appear.

And who of our fictionists has given us a more touching picture of parental sorrow as a result of separation? And what an example is presented in Carrie's exemplary school-life to our giddy seminary girls.

But school-life is only the preparation for the great end of a woman's life. The novelist (evidently a sentimentalist) hurries over her graduation, and other minor scenes, to get into the only natural element of a girl of Carrie's stamp.

She loves! Who can escape? Certainly not a Miss Carrie.

Now comes prelude to Two Spoons about to wallow in the same dish of ice-cream.

"It was a bright October day. The trellis was scarlet with the dying woodbine, the beautiful groves were ablaze with golden and red maples, and as the last rays of the glorious sun were falling over the brilliant foliage, Carrie Norman boarded the train for Richmond to be at the wedding of her cousin. She did not attempt to scribe the wedding, but it actually occurred and was the social event of the city, and Carrie was there and added much to the magnificence and happiness of the occasion. It was there that Carrie first met Walter Hartwright. He

was a tall, rather handsome, gentlemanly looking fellow, with dark brown eyes, and can be honored for certainly being the first man Carrie fancied she loved on first sight. There seemed to be a kind of telling impress on her smiling, lovely, rosy cheeks that told Walter Hartwright all about this as if by magic."

It takes a poet to write up an October love scene. Any limp rhymesters can warble of the spring, but a real poet plumps his young people right down in the midst of a trellis, and lets the October woodbine blaze above them.

Walter, who is evidently a spoon, out of the same set as Mushy Carrie, does his part of the duet beautifully, and is nothing if not the poet.

"Walter had an introduction to Miss Carrie, had a pleasant conversation with her, in which he had ample courage to tell her that he more than admired her charming ways and her pretty, graceful and beautiful features, but frankly told her that he loved her with all the sincerity and warmth of a masculine heart. Told her that he loved her honor, her virtue and herself."

"Say, Carrie, do say, is my love accepted and reciprocated?" ejaculated Walter, dreamily like.

Only those who, too, have had a Walter ejaculate dreamily like will know what that must have been.

"Did Carrie accept his love which was offered so rashly and precipitously? Yes; she quickly kindled love of her romantic, throbbing heart promptly led her to this precipitous, unpremeditated act, and fair, beautiful Carrie Norman became the worshipping bride of Walter Hartwright. Her heart beat with ineffable joy as she beheld the bright, glittering eyes of her faithful, Christmas was the day agreed upon for them to get married. This was several days off, but all of Carrie's bridal days seemed to be one continuous holiday with her. She was exceedingly happy over her seemingly bright prospects for the future."

The speed with which Walter's bright, glittering eyes did their work on Carrie is nothing to the celerity with which Mr. Sewell gaily skips us on, from October to Christmas, when we find the air rent with the song of the snow-birds and Carrie cleaning house.

"Christmas came and was a glorious day. The air was rent with the melody of the snow-bird's song. All the morning long Carrie sang a love song as she skipped from room to room doing up the things. Thinking every now and then in one of the halls to have a short talk with Walter."

Walter prowling about the halls all day, it would appear, till the hour full of fate arrives.

The wedding would have been even a legitimate and golden opportunity for Mr. Sewell to get in some of his beautiful brush-work, dripping with color, but he is only saving himself.

"The wedding was to be at Goodwin's Chapel at 8 o'clock p.m., a reception at the home of the bride from 8:30 until 10, then the happy pair were to take the 11 o'clock train for the east. As the church clock gave the last stroke of 8 the bride party entered the building. Walter and Carrie knelt before the white-robed minister. The chimes ceased, the organ played mournfully, and the deep voice of the preacher resounded through the building.

"'Dearly beloved, we have met here in the sight of God, and if any of you can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or forever hold his peace.'"

Till now all has smiled upon the loving Carrie and Walter, but the shades begin to close in. Mr. Sewell sets his palette afresh and lays out a plentiful supply of black and vermilion red. Then he begins to sling it on.

"A loud scream, a wild shriek filled the air, and a woman rushed in at one of the side doors and fell at her knees before the couple with the heart-rending cry:

"I am Walter Hartwright's lawful wife! For God's sake! for God's sake! clergyman stop the ceremony!"

The spectators were horrified. The clergyman was stunned. But what of Walter and Carrie? They were thunderstruck, terror-stricken. Their hearts failed them. They sank to the floor prostrate, senseless, unconscious. Their pulses gave a fluttering beat. Their eyes rolled scarily. They both gave a wild, shrieking groan, and were dead. So, hand in hand, they now to gether bask in the golden sunlight of heaven's beauty, where love, joy and happiness are unimagined, indescribable, incomprehensible and eternal."

The end—And just in time! The Observer for one feels that the strain could not be borne another moment. If it had continued much longer desperation might have driven her to Mr. Hall Caine, or one of the whimpering Scotch humorists.

OBSEVER.

Bill and Eli.

From the Boston (A.) News.

They tell the story about Bill Nye's visit to Eli Perkins' country house up in Madison county, New York. Eli has one of those farms left by his grandfather on which are rocky, trout brooks, butternut trees, and apple trees where the ungrateful fruit is about the size of thornapples. Nye said that Perkins' apples were so tough that, like a worm, they would turn when you stepped on them."

"After we had been Eli's guest for about a week," said Nye, "some wicked boys one night stole all his early apples. This almost broke Eli's heart. The next day he went to see the father of the wicked boys."

"They should be punished," said Eli. "He was wicked to steal my choice fruit."

"Too late now," said the farmer, tears coming into his eyes.

"No, they should be soundly whipped now. It's never too late to whip those boys."

"But it is too late now, Mr. Perkins—too late," pleaded the farmer, tearfully. "My poor boys were thoughtless; they ate the apples and they are dead."

Pure blood is the safeguard of health. Keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would always be well.

Manchester is about to erect an equestrian statue to Sir Charles Hallé, the musical conductor, who never mounted a horse in his life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Bicycles, something new, the America. See the improvements and trim frame. No additional cost. J. E. Adkins, jeweler, agent. ywt

City and Other Workers.

Strikes for an Eight Hour Day Not Generally Inaugurated.

Statement of One of the Striking Builders' Laborers of Toronto.

The Effort to Establish a Second Co-operative Cigar Factory in Detroit Unsuccessful—General Labor News.

Trades and Labor Council meets Tuesday night.

The printers initiated two members at their last meeting and received three applications for membership.

The Bricklayers' and Masons' meeting this week was largely attended. A deputation of the interests of the laborers was present. The members report plenty of work, and the union is on the boom.

The Brotherhood of Carpenters held a successful meeting this week, with a good attendance of members. The Brotherhood is a first-class organization, and has some of the best workers in the labor cause in its ranks.

The Builders' Laborers' Union has a membership of between 65 and 70. Their meetings are of an interesting character, and consequently the members attend regularly. There was a good turnout at the fortnightly meeting this week.

The Typographical Union has decided to have an outing this year. It is some years since a union picnic has been held, and it is intended to make this year's affair as successful as possible. An energetic committee has been appointed to make the arrangements.

GENERAL LABOR NOTES.

Buffalo molders are on strike.

A cigarmakers' strike is on in St. Paul.

Ten thousand men are idle in Montana.

Cleveland blacksmiths' helpers have a union.

The typographers in Toronto have won their strike.

Italian and Polish laborers in Buffalo are organizing.

Boot and shoe makers in Cincinnati have been organized.

An effort is being made to organize the tailors in England.

Woodenware workers in Detroit have struck against piece-work.

Grand Rapids has, it is said, only three non-union printing offices.

Thirty-nine hours is a week's work by machine typewriters in England.

Printers in Evansville, Ind., have won strikes against two newspapers.

The bricklayers of Minneapolis, Minn., won a strike for 40 cents an hour.

Buffalo has 300 bicycle workers, and an attempt will be made to organize them.

Organization has reduced carpenters' time in Great Britain to 50 hours a week.

The printers of Detroit have won the strike against the John F. Eby & Co. job office.

The first union of horseshoers has been organized in Texas and more are to follow.

The Journeymen Barbers' International Union refused to admit females to membership.

Carpenters in Forfar, England, recently got an advance in pay by standing out just one day.

Mayor Sutro, of San Francisco, has ordered that union men be employed in his last establishment.

Davenport, Ia., has a fine daily paper published by unemployed printers under the co-operative plan.

Coal miners of the Shamokin, Pa., sub-district have organized. The union will have a membership of 10,000.

The pattern-makers will hold their national convention in Philadelphia during the first Monday in June.

The pattern-makers of Brooklyn are about to make an effort to form a federation of all the metal trades of that city.

Winthrop, Mich., miners struck against returning to the ten-hour day, and the eight-hour day was speedily restored.

The average wages of the 2,248 pick miners of Pennsylvania, who last year mined 6,665,123 tons of coal, was only about \$186.80 for the year.

The locked-out employees of the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company of Cleveland successfully resisted the company's effort to substitute new men last week.

The result of the ballot for president of the Cigarmakers' International Union was: Perkins, trades-unionist, 12,393; Barnes, Socialist, 7,623; blank, 569.

Cripple Creek, Col., is overcrowded with carpenters and laboring men, brought in from the east by reports that more help is needed there. They are coming and going every day.

The auditing committee of the International Association of Machinists is engaged in its annual task of auditing the books of the Grand Lodge.

The Chicago Stonecutters' Union, after a strike of thirteen weeks, have gained control of the stone-cutting machines, which will now run but eight hours a day, instead of twelve and fourteen, as formerly.

President Gompers says the American Federation of Labor has increased over 25 per cent in membership during the past four months, while there has been an increase of nearly 60 per cent in its financial income during that time.

Maine's labor commissioner has been gathering statistics on the cost of living in that State. He figures that the average daily cost of living is 21 cents a day for each individual in the average family. The cost of living to single men, boarding, 14 cents. The figures cover rent, food, fuel and light.

At the recent convention of the miners at West Superior, Wis., three fraternal delegates to the Longshoremen's convention at Escanaba, July 14, were elected. It is expected that 100 delegates will be in attendance. Fraternal delegates from the Longshoremen's Union of England are also expected on that occasion.

It is said that the average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 275; in Britain, 275; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Saxony and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and Belgium, 302; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 308; in Prussia, 305; in

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Paine's Celery Compound has fully proved its power as a banisher of dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, and all diseases arising from impure and poisoned blood. Thousands of men and women, tired, run-down, nervous, morose and despondent, have regained perfect health, strength and buoyancy of spirits, by the well advised use of nature's own medicine. It has given a new and brighter existence to a vast number of human beings who were tired of life and its many burdens.

If, from the winter weather, and the variable days of early spring, you are left with nervous debility, headaches, insomnia, languidness and nerves all out of order, do not hesitate a day longer; use Paine's Celery Compound, which is specially adapted for your case, and you will avoid future misery and suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound does not belong to the worthless families of the place, but to the place of Paine's Celery Compound; it is what you most urgently require to make you well.

Holland and North America and in Public-spirited women of Philadelphia have formed themselves into a union to look after the interests of the working men and women of that city. Recently committees of the union made the rounds of a number of the bake shops to ascertain the true condition of affairs. Thirty-six of the shops were visited, more of which were in the background and unhealthy to employ.

The greatest corporation on earth is the London and North Western Railway Company, of England, says Current Literature. It has a capital of \$55,000,000 and a revenue of \$5,500,000 a year. It has 2,400 engines and employs 60,000 men. Everything is made by the company—bridges, engines, rails, carriages, wagons and an innumerable lot of other things: even the coal scuttles and wooden limbs for the injured of its staff. Repairs to the railway are not affected by a month's work, and by a graduated system of assessments the union will be able to pay the man out of a weekly wage equal to that which he received while at work. In the event of a general lock-out, it is the intention to have the strike of the men to be filled by another union man.

The Timmers' Union of Cincinnati is making an effort to abolish strikes. Officials of the union claim that a man's wages are cut his place cannot be filled by another union man. Until the wages are restored to the amount paid before the strike, the men are not affected will remain at work, and by a graduated system of assessments the union will be able to pay the man out of a weekly wage equal to that which he received while at work. In the event of a general lock-out, it is the intention to have the strike of the men to be filled by another union man.

The efforts to establish a second co-operative cigar factory in Detroit among the strikers who are still out of work, have not been successful. Responses for loans to that object thus far received have not been encouraging, and just now the members are busy with an international assessment of \$1 to replenish the deficiency in the per capita tax fund, caused by the large amount of assistance rendered the Detroit and other strikers. There are 132 men and women on the list of names for the strike. Payments striking clearances are still out for the past week amounted to \$447.

At a recent meeting of the builders' laborers of Toronto, who are still out of work, one of the members, speaking on the situation, said: "I have prepared the following statement to show you and the public what I earned during the strike, and the way it was expended, and let me say, the balance in this case was on the wrong side. I started last week with \$25.00, 12 1-2 cent work on May 20, at 18 cents an hour, and from that time until Nov 4 worked full time. Continuing, said the speaker: "This is the way I spent my money: Rent, \$72; bread, \$1.50 per week; meat, \$1 a week, \$52; but-ter, 20 cents a week, \$10; sugar, 10 cents a week, \$5; coal, \$25; fuel, \$25; winter fuel, \$25; total, \$250.70, or \$23.84 more than I earned."

Contrary to the general impression created through the recent manifesto issued by the American Federation of Labor, that May 1 would witness a determined movement, and many strikes for the eight-hour day, that date was almost as quiet in labor circles as in previous years. This is owing to the fact that the carpenters in most cities have already won their shorter day, and the horseshoers will not engage in a struggle until after their convention in June. In one or two industrial centers, however, the anticipated strikes came off, the city most affected being Boston, where all

the building trades called out a portion of their men. For the next two weeks conditions in the labor movement in that city will be much disturbed. The workers expect to win in most cases. In Buffalo, San Francisco and Los Angeles strikes of the building trades were called, the men uniting in the demand for the eight-hour day. In the first-mentioned city, it is stated, nearly ten thousand men are involved, including the workers on large and small jobs. In St. Louis, where only the dynamo men are in enjoyment of a short workday, the movement amounted to nothing. It had been predicted that the movement in Cleveland would be widespread, but it fizzled out. There, as in many other cities, the bosses and the men compromised the matter. In Chicago, but for the strike of the cigar workers, the day was uneventful.

Foiling a Malignant.

A malicious person, who took pleasure in giving pain, tried to mortify Dr. Guthrie, the eloquent Scotch preacher. But the young minister—the incident happened at Antrim, his parish—took the wind out of his sails and left him bobbing in the shame of failure.

The malignant man had been very ill, and being an attendant at the parish church, the minister, as soon as the doctor would permit, visited him. The man expected the call and was prepared for it. It was at a time when the controversy that resulted in the formation of the Free Church was raging throughout Scotland, and a scurrilous pamphlet had been published against Dr. Guthrie, which he had heard but had not seen.

The malignant man, who had secured a copy of the pamphlet, thought to mortify his minister by getting him to take it home and read it. No sooner had the clergyman finished praying with him, and rising to his feet to go, than the man said to him: "Oh, Mr. Guthrie, here is a pamphlet about you!"

Guthrie, seeing malice gleaming in the man's eyes, and suspecting the truth, asked, "Is it for or against me?"

"Oh," he replied, "it is against you."

"Ah, well, you may keep it," answered the minister, with a laugh. "I had it been for me, I would have read it. I never read anything that is against me!"

"Never did a man look more chafed than he," said Dr. Guthrie, relating the incident. He added, "My answer is one, which, if given in similar circumstances, would put an end to much mischief."

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