

Between You and Me.

THE more people you like the more people you will like you," was what I read the other day somewhere. It is a truth to sweeten the heart of a pickled cucumber. It is a great idea to get into the habit of liking people, to pick out the one perfection which bids in each one you know and admire it; to tell the possessor thereof how excellent the trait appears to you, to let him or her see your sincere appreciation, till, with grateful affection, they are your friends.

So widely different is this way of gaining love from the insincere and fulsome flattery some people try, or the protestantism of devotion or the assurances of loyalty. "Are you my friend, then?" said an angry woman one day after making me read an anonymous letter which told her I was not. And I said I didn't know, but I thought she'd find out some day, should she happen to meet me.

She has found out, God bless her, and I could say "Yes" if she asked me to-day, but she won't. She often tells me what she thinks are my best points, with a sweet, frank appreciation. I have never had the impudence to commiserate hers, so many she has, the very things I most love and admire in man or woman, and even when I come across other traits which don't chime with the catechism, I love her all the better, because I can look consistency in the eye and say, "I don't care, no one is perfect."

By the way, I mentioned the meanest thing on earth, an anonymous letter, just now, which reads me that a lady's letter lies on the table asking me to tell her my opinion of people who send these delightful missives, "or value them to hurt people's feelings," adds the dame. Never mind the valentines, my dear, everything goes on St. Valentine's day, but wicked, poisonous, mischief-making letters will do harm just as much as you allow them to do, no more!

As to my opinion of people who send them, well, I am so sorry for anyone who has just that peculiar make up that I cannot give my opinion. Every sneaking, low-down cowardly trick performed by a fellow man or woman shames us all, if we really feel our brotherhood; ever every anonymous letter my blood tingles with pain, sorrow and regret. A brother or sister of mine sent it!

The more one learns the lesson of the Master—not a smothering of brotherly love, but an identification of oneself with the rest of humanity—the more one will regret, the more impossible it will be to sit in judgment. I am perhaps learning enough not to have "opinions" about anonymous letter-writers.

Among the many causes which affect mankind and work kind to the development of wrinkles and old age, there is none so misunderstood as responsibility for one's fellow man. In an extreme case even which each of us knows is intended to teach the world, man asked his Maker, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and God did not say "Yes." The truly balanced mind determines just where duty and responsibility meet, and so judge when the former is getting saddled and ridden by the latter.

It is a wise man who knows just where to stop at duty and face responsibility with a "No." Women are so prone to take responsibility upon their backs and stagger around groaning under the burden which they never should bear. Clergymen never break down under duty; it is the grim responsibility which hoodooes the soul of the best.

Keeping wives can't be brought to the difference between doing their duty by a drunken husband and whom they love, liquor and all, and letting it go at that, no, they insist upon taking the responsibility of every dram and fill the air with agonized petitions for the reformation of the life they are not responsible for.

And you know just how they waste their own lives and all because they take a burden not theirs to bear, never intended to be theirs, else God had faced Cain's enquiry with a final "Yes." We are each our own keepers, our souls belong to us individually; the ten talents didn't go meddling with the five, nor the five with the one and only the one suffered because of both and cowardice.

I was reminded of this matter to-day by a circumstance in which the

principle worked. A woman whose patience had been cruelly tried for years spoke her mind, without heat or passion, but with a force which pierced even the hide of an utterly selfish person; she laid the alternative of doing right and the promise of exposure through her statements before those who had done wrong and what do you think the sinner said? "If you tell what will ruin me, I will go straight and jump over the bridge."

And for a moment the woman paused and considered; then she said, as quietly as if she were adding a sum, "That, of course, is your look out; I have nothing to do with the way you choose to leave this world. But unless you do as you should, I'll certainly make those facts public. That is all of my duty that I can see, and I shall do it."

Needless to add, she was not obliged to do it. Her clear idea of responsibility and duty made her mistress of any possible results and convinced the one in error that the bluff did not go.

The world is full of such bluffs; people bluff each other—the child the parent; the parent the child; the wife, and the responsibility bluff (unlike mercy) causes him who gives and him who takes, as all false things do. Just think over the cases you know of yourself, and then take your individual duty to your neighbor and set it forever free from the crushing burden of responsibility.

Amendments to the License Law

At the last session of the local legislature the following amendments to the Nova Scotia license law were passed:

1. All persons engaged directly or indirectly in the liquor business are disqualified from being elected mayor or councillor in any incorporated town.

2. Any person convicted of an offence under the Scott Act or License Act is disqualified as a municipal councillor for five years.

3. To obtain license in incorporated towns applicants must have signatures of two-thirds of the ratepayers of the town, and not only of a ward.

4. Inspectors under the law must enter and make search where he has reason to suspect law is being violated.

5. In Scott Act counties where a council resolves to appoint an inspector and such inspector is appointed governor-in-council, the council must provide for and pay a salary of not less than \$200 per annum, and if the council neglects or refuses, it may apply to a judge of the supreme court and compel payment under the Act.

THE SULLIVAN EXECUTION.

The Condemned Man Writes a Letter of Appreciation to Father Cormier.

The following letter, received by Father Cormier from John E. Sullivan, shows that the Father's ministrations were duly appreciated:

DORCHESTER, N. B.
My Beloved Father Cormier: I thank you to know how to go about it, but no matter what ever the public may say to you who I owe all the thanks in the world to. You have lifted me from the depths of sin to which I have so unfortunately fallen and you have shown me the path that I should tread, and, Father, I have followed your instructions as near as I know how; and by doing so, I know, Father, I am going to my heavenly home. I have loved, and am sorry from the bottom of my heart for, all the sins I have committed against God. I repent, on I repent. Night after night I pray to God and even in my humble prayer to my God have I spoken of you and Mary, not by just speaking but from the bottom of my heart. I hope and trust and know God will reward you both Oh, how can I thank you. When I sin and sin with the blood, I shall pray for you, dear Father. Oh God, my poor heart is broke. I do not know how I have kept up from strangers, it was through yours and Mary's kindness. Well, father, my soul I commend to God and my poor unfortunate body to you to do as you wish. My people will defray all expenses. For a Catholic, I was baptized a Catholic. I tried to live the Catholic faith. I die and through the faith I am going to my heavenly home. Father, will you give that to Mary and tell her to keep it and let it go beneath the red of this sinful world with her; it's all I have to give to her for her kindness to me. And, dear Father, I pray to God that He shall grant you His grace to preserve your health and kind deeds and work for years to come, and reward you with the heavenly home that is prepared for you. I am, dear father, your penitent and humble servant, JOHN E. SULLIVAN.

He Couldn't Find Them.
A religious enthusiast in a Y. M. C. A. meeting in prayer offered this petition: "Oh Lord, bless the ministers of the gospel; you know where they are, I don't."

We Can't Do It, You Know!

A communication on 'Law and Order' has been fired in the waste basket, as we consider it a little too 'hostile' as the Indian said. Through we have the writers signature, we cannot publish this communication. There is nothing in it, perhaps nothing untruthful in the piece, yet there are truths that would let the sleepy past rest. It seems queer but is nevertheless true in most cases that the man who stirs the public up is one who does not contribute a cent towards the sanction revenue nor even subscribes for the paper. To get an abusive communication in this journal the following rules should be observed.

1. The writer must advertise to the extent of \$50.00 per year, be a patron of the job department and a paid up subscriber.

2. The subject on whom the note is going to perform must in no way contribute to our existence.

After carefully conforming to above we will condescend to look over your article and you have, say, one chance in fifty of getting it in.—Amherst Gaz.

A woman can never understand who her husband has to work so much harder than other men to get along, he is so much smarter than they are.

When a man feels pretty sure his wife will ask him if he remembered to mail that letter on his way down town in the morning, he stops and buys a box of candy.

When a woman gets caught in an argument with a man she says, "Well, it's so, anyway!" When a man gets caught, he says, "That's just like a woman!"

When a woman sees a couple with a whole lot of babies she always looks indignant at the father; when a man sees them he looks indignant at the mother.

When a woman cries at a pathetic child scene in a play, it is a sign that she made the children go to bed early so she should go and see it.

When a woman gets to thinking how it would be if her husband had married some other woman she always feels so sorry for him.

The reason why the best jokes go so old is because women will never tell what queer ideas they had about men when they were girls.

When a man tells a lot of other men about how he can cook a beefsteak, his wife always looks funny.

A man is always looking for a better brand of smoking tobacco and a woman for a better style of curling-iron.

Most men would be fairly good looking if it weren't that other people aren't as homely as they are.

The man who talks so much about the bloom on the peach generally peels it before he tastes it.

It's the same feeling that makes a man go on a horse race that makes a woman go to an auction.

If most men had to kiss their wives every time they smoked a cigar they would never have tobacco heart.

MUSIC.

Geo. B. Falkners, Manufacturers' Agent and Importer to PIANOS and ORGANS

BAND INSTRUMENTS SHEET MUSIC BOOKS, ETC.
1415 Street, Truro, N. S.

Dr. M. G. Atkinson, SPECIALIST, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Has removed his Office to his residence 1415 Street, near of the Truro Dispensary, Truro, N. S. '96

Wm Brown, (Successor to J. C. Mahon) Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant.

Direct Importer of Ales, Wines and Liquors of all kinds. Quin and Stout and Base Ale in stock. Railway Esplanade, TRURO, N. S.

Stanley House, 1415 STREET, TRURO, N. S.

Remodeled and enlarged. Heated with hot water. Newly furnished. Large parlour. Contains thirty large, airy rooms. Centrally located.

A. S. MURPHY, Proprietor. TERMS—\$1.50 PER DAY. Electric light. Telephone. Hot and cold baths.

THERE are a dozen systems of shorthand, and everyone is "best" to somebody. The one that is best for you? Eleven are or to practice. One is simple, easy to learn, and hard to forget. One is simple, easy to learn, and hard to forget. One is simple, easy to learn, and hard to forget. One is simple, easy to learn, and hard to forget.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N. S.

HE HAD A CLOSE CALL.

Major General Miles' Thrilling Encounter with the Sioux.

Probably the closest that General Miles ever had in all his experience as an Indian fighter was that in his encounter with the Sioux and Cheyenne in 1877, when he was still a colonel, during his campaign against the Sioux and other hostile tribes in the northwest. Lane Deer and his outlaws had been making trouble in the northwest, and Colonel Miles raided their village. He tells the rest of the story in his personal recollections that follow.

"In the surprise and excitement of the wild onset of the charge a group of warriors was forced away from the rest. Before making the attack I had ordered my Sioux and Cheyenne Indians to call out to the Lane Deer Indians that if they threw down their arms and surrendered we would spare their lives. As we galloped up this group of warriors they apparently recognized the purpose of the demand and dropped their arms and fled to the ground. In order to assure them of our good will I called out, "How-how-kola" (meaning friend), Lane Deer. He was grasped, and in a few seconds I would have secured him and the others, as although he was wild and trembling with excitement, my adjutant, George W. Baird, was doing the same with the head of the group.

"Unfortunately just at that time one of our white scouts rode up and joined the group of officers and soldiers with him. He had his rifle in his hand, his discretion and, I presume, desired to insure my safety, as he drew up his rifle and aimed it at the Indian with his rifle. I saw this and thought that he was to be killed whether he surrendered or not.

"As quick as a thought, with one bold, powerful effort, he wrenched his rifle from my hands, although I tried to hold it and grasped his rifle from the ground, ran backward a few steps, raised his rifle to his eye and fired. Seeing the deadly fire, he set jaw, wild and the other men of his side. I realized my danger and instantly whirled my horse from him, and in this quick movement the horse slightly settled back upon his haunches. At that moment the rifle flashed within ten feet of me, the bullet whizzed past my breast, leaving a hole in my shirt, but unfortunately killing a brave soldier near my side of the line. Naturally the whole scattered band of Indians was instantly wiped out by the hand of the typical Indian warrior. The series of Indian campaigns in the latter part of the century. The desire to treat the redskins as fellow human beings, thwarted by the natural suspicions of the savages themselves, is apparent all through the book.

ORIGIN OF "RESTAURANT."

An Interesting Philological Fact From France.

The French author, Maurice Cabs, recently published in La République Francaise an essay about the origin of the name of the word "restaurant" and eating houses in Paris, relating many interesting details. His story of how the name "restaurant" was first used is well worth repeating. In long time and eating houses in France were only intended for the benefit of traveling people, for the people took their meals at home, and their needs were unknown. The first enterprise of the kind was founded in Paris in 1765, and was called "Le Restaurant." It was opened in the Rue de la Harpe, near the house where soup, meat, fowl and eggs were served. A chandler relates that meals were served there on small, round, marble tables, and everything was scrupulously clean.

Over the entry to this first eating house the proprietor had hung a sign, upon which were the words "Le Restaurant" and the name of the proprietor. The sign was made of copper and was fastened to the wall. The sign was made of copper and was fastened to the wall. The sign was made of copper and was fastened to the wall. The sign was made of copper and was fastened to the wall.

Grant and Hancock at a Night Alarm. When Hancock's headquarters were reached, the party remained with him for some time, awaiting the arrival of the head of Warren's troops. Hancock's head wound received at Gettysburg had not thoroughly healed, and he suffered such inconvenience from it when in the saddle that he had applied for permission to ride in a spring ambulance while on the march and when his troops were not in action. He was reclining upon one of the seats of the ambulance, conversing with General Grant, who had dismounted and was sitting on the ground with his back against a tree, whittling a stick, when the sound of firing broke forth directly in front. He was sitting on the ground, whittling a stick, when the sound of firing broke forth directly in front. He was sitting on the ground, whittling a stick, when the sound of firing broke forth directly in front.

MACHINE LUNCHES.

THE GERMAN AUTOMATIC DISPENSER OF QUICK REPAIRS.

The Six Principles Applied to Restaurants. No Waiters to Feed or to Swear At—A Good Lunch Served at a German Railway.

Germany is showing the rest of the world how "quick lunches" may be served without employing waiters and how a hungry person may have just what he wants to eat and drink at a fixed price without paying an extra tip upon, no matter how particular he may be. The contrivance which makes this possible is a mechanical contrivance, which differs from some waiters in so far that it makes no pretense of caring a rap or the turn of a handle how uncomfortable or how badly served the hungry one may be. The contrivance which has been perfected by the Quisquina company of Berlin is so perfectly arranged that even those people who object to the manner of washing the cups and plates in the ordinary quick lunch places are deprived of their cause for complaint because every customer may supervise the cleaning of the cup which he will use, and if he is so inclined may attend to the dish himself.

The quick lunch stands are provided with automatic spraying nozzles for cleaning glass and china and insure perfect cleanliness. No rubber tubing is used in the case of washing the cups and plates employed for the purpose. The service is run by clockwork.

In place of the ordinary counter there along one side of the room, which has a shelf projecting at a convenient height, upon which glasses and cups are placed. Above these there are faucets and a number of slots to receive the coin. When the customer has decided what sort of a drink he wants—coffee, chocolate or beer tea—he drops the coin in the slot, and the regulated quantity. The cold drinks—lemonade, soda water and all sorts of "soft drinks"—are kept in glass vessels and the hot drinks in nickel tanks surrounded by a hot water bath, which is heated by gas.

The establishment is not limited to drinks, and the hungry man may also be served. Sandwiches and cakes are kept in a glass stand, circular in shape, which is covered with a glass bell. Each bell contains about a dozen sandwiches, and the purchaser indicates his choice by dropping his coin into the slot opposite the kind he wants, and the stand revolves sufficient to bring the sandwich to an opening where he may take it out. Stands similarly arranged provide hot beef, chicken and other meats.

The quick lunch is nothing new in Germany, though, as any person will know who has made a railroad trip between Bremen and Copenhagen by way of Warnemunde. A man who made the trip several years ago said:

"I was coming back from Denmark and stopped at a little place on the German frontier at about noon. Everybody was hungry, and the American contingent was disappointed when the conductor announced that the train would not give us time for a meal, and lost no time in leaving the coach as soon as it was possible. Everybody rushed pell-mell into the restaurant, where a lot of wire things that looked like old fashioned rattraps were piled up. Everybody grabbed a trap, paid about 25 cents for it and rushed back to the train.

"What looked like a trap was really an ingeniously contrived lunch basket having three compartments. In one was an ample portion of chicken; the next contained sandwiches, and the third a fairly nice piece of pastry and a small bottle of wine, over which a little drinking glass was fastened. Little salt and pepper shakers and a knife and fork were also provided. The basket was covered with a Japanese paper napkin. The fact that we were all hungry and that the whole arrangement was unexpected and a surprise to the train to do with our enjoyment of the luncheon, but it was agreed that it was the most perfect of the 'quick' kind we had ever seen. The bottom of the wire lunch basket was lined with a piece of glass, and a paper beneath it bore the respect in German, French and English to leave the empty basket with the train."

Managers of quick lunch places say that the automatic restaurant would not be patronized sufficiently to make it pay in New York.

"The main object of the automatic arrangement," said one, "is to do away with waiters and save the outlay on that account. We have accomplished that end by making every man his own waiter, and believe that breakage in machines, falling off in trade and commencing to make a change from our present system to the automatic an expensive experiment. As to the quick lunches for travelers on railway trains, such can be done, and no one knows that better than the traveler who is compelled to make a meal of what he can buy from the dealer in pies, apples and other things which he carries in his wagon, the buffet and the dining cars have reduced his field of operation, but he is still in business, and selling the same old sandwiches to the people who cannot afford to ride in drawing room cars, and to them the quick lunch on the plan of those which are some parts of Europe would be a blessing."—New York Tribune.

His Ability. Fuddy—You say that Biglin gets a salary of \$10,000. And there is posted every morning in Biglin—he is not an educated man and he has no natural abilities.

Daddy—Except the ability to get a salary of \$10,000 a year.—Boston Transcript.

PRISONER OF HIS FEARS.

John Has Fifty Beds and Lets No One Know Which He'll Occupy.

"The commander of the faithful" is of middling stature, rather under than over the average, and of weakly constitution. His countenance has no wicked marks of degradation, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of the expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of the expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of the expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of the expression.

Abdul Hamid has been on the throne for nearly 40 years. He is a man of middle height, rather under than over the average, and of weakly constitution. His countenance has no wicked marks of degradation, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of the expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of the expression. It is of the Circassian type from the mother's side, but bearing the marks of the Circassian type of the expression.

Where the sultan will sleep is never known. He possesses more than 50 beds in the different parts of the palace, and these bedrooms are separated from the rest of the edifice by iron doors and furnished with most ingenious and complicated locks. Two superb St. Bernards also sleep outside the door of the apartment in which the sultan may be found. For he knows that four footed guardians cannot be tampered with. Formerly used to move about among the numerous palaces on the Bosphorus, but Abdul Hamid put a stop to it. The lazar houses were also the benefit of a change of air. Their palace is in prison, and nowhere does political claim take many victims as in the harem of Yildiz.—Contemporary Review.

FIELD DIVERSIONS.

A Federal Officer Who Reads Novels Between Engagements.

General Horace Porter tells the following anecdote in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the Century. During the ten days of battle through which we had just passed very little relief, physical or mental, had been obtained, but there was one staff officer, Colonel B., who often came as bearer of messages to our headquarters, who always managed to console himself with novel reading, and his peculiarities in this respect became a standing joke among those who knew him. He went about with his saddle bags stuffed full of thrilling romances, and was seen several times sitting on his horse, under a brick fire, poring over the latest pages of an absorbing volume to the detriment of the duty of an officer of his rank. The greater curiosity to find how the hero and the heroine were going to be extricated from the entangled dilemma into which they had been plunged by the result of the surrounding battle.

One of his peculiarities was that he took it for granted that all the people he met were perfectly familiar with his line of literature, and he talked about nothing but the merits of the latest novel. For the last week he had been devouring Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." It was an English translation for the officer had no knowledge of French. As he was passing a house in the rear of the "angle" he saw a young lady seated on the porch, and stopping his horse, he turned to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark, "By the way, have you seen 'Les Miserables'?" "No, sir," she replied with indignation as she tartly replied: "Don't you talk to me that way. They are a good deal better than Grant's missives, aren't they?" This was retold so unadvisedly that the colonel's peace of mind.

Like the Ostrich. Mr. Crimmonbeak—You women remind me of ostriches. Mrs. Crimmonbeak—I don't understand you.

"Well, you know, the ostrich buries its head and believes it cannot be seen." "Yes, I've heard of that."

"Well, you women cover your head with a bonnet and think you are out of sight!"—Yonkers Statesman.

One Better. Jim Fart—I'm in luck. I got \$500 last night on the horses. Crackerjack Joe—That's nothing. A fren o' mine cracked a jewelry crib last week and got five 'ousand on a tray of diamonds.—Exchange.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It soothes and soothes the passions and keeps them in a perpetual calm.

The toothpicks of orange wood, which come from Japan, are made by hand. It is said that a Japanese workman can whittle from 18 to 20 dozen a day.