

A STORY OF WATERLOO.

Henry Irving in Dr. Conan Doyle's
New Play.Corporal Gregory Brewster, a Por-
trait Straight Out of Chelsea
Hospital.The Humor and the Pathos of an Absolute
Photograph of Childhood in Old Age.

(London Telegraph, Sept. 22.)

We must go back to the days of La-
fayette, incomparable comedian, and
Leaumur, a perfect representative of
old men, to find a parallel to the mar-
vellous picture of senility, pathetic,
varied, and wholly true to nature, pre-
sented last night by Henry Irving at
the Bristol theatre. We remember to
have seen Lafat, the great French
actor, play a desperately old man in
an admirable drama called Le Cen-
tenaire, but Henry Irving's perfor-
mance last night rivaled the greatest
efforts of his gifted predecessors. Dr.
Conan Doyle desired to paint in words
and action what a Hubert Herkomer
would have depicted on canvas. Here
was a portrait straight out of Chelsea
hospital, grey, bent, toothless, hun-
gry for his rations, like an old grizzled
wolf, the actor impressed the audi-
ence at his early entrance. He was
affectionate and yet testy; alternately
maundering and manly. The poor old
man blubbered like a child over his
broken pipe, gobbled up the food that
warned his withered old frame, and
yet stood up alert as if he were sur-
prised by the colonel, to whom he owes
no allegiance save from courtesy. The
play, A Story of Waterloo, written by
Dr. Conan Doyle, though a dramatic
posse, and always dramatic, does not
claim to be strong drama; but it
draws real tears, and was rewarded
with profound silence and abundant
applause.

"Yes, I am a guardman, I am.
Served in the 3rd Guards—the same
they now call the Scots Guards.
Lord! Sergeant! but they have all
marched away to the wars, and I
right down to the drummer boys; and
here am I—a straggler. That's what
I call myself—a straggler. But it
ain't my fault neither, for I've never
had my call, and I can't leave my post
without it."

This is how old Corporal Gregory
Brewster, a Waterloo veteran, eighty-
six years of age, describes himself. He
is first discovered by the Duke of
Wellington in a little cottage at Wool-
wich, where he was lonely and badly
attended, until the home and the vet-
eran were taken in charge by pretty
little Nora, the Duke's daughter, and
his niece. Naturally, old Gregory is a
character in the neighborhood, for
though his head is snow-white, his
back bent, his knuckles gnarled with
gout, and his rheumatism, and his
"toobies" are out of order, still his
memory is all right. Gregory had been
something of a hero in the old
days of 1815. He was in one of the
four companies of the Guards, under
the command of Colonel Maitland
and Byng, that held the important
farmhouse of Hougomont, at the
right of the British position. At a
critical period of the action the troops
found themselves short of powder, and
Corporal Brewster was despatched to
the rear to hasten up the reserve am-
munition. The corporal returned with
two tumblers of the Nassau division,
but he found that in his absence the
howitzer fire of the French had ignited
the hedge round the farm, and that
the passage of the carts filled with
powder had become almost an impos-
sibility. The first tumbler exploded,
blowing the driver to pieces, and the
comrade, daunted by the sight, turned
his horses. But Corporal Brewster,
springing into his seat, hurried the
man down, and urging the cart
through the flames succeeded in re-
loading his comrades.

The Duke of Wellington had repeat-
edly declared that if Hougomont had
fallen he could not have held his
ground, and without this timely sup-
ply of powder a disaster would cer-
tainly have been taken place. In those
days there was no special cross for
valor, but in the presence of the
Prince Regent, at a parade of the 3rd
regiment of the Guards, a special
medal was presented to Corporal
Brewster. "The Regent," he was there,
and a fine body of a man too," pipes
old Gregory, as he stuffs some tobacco
into a new pipe just presented to him
by an admiring sergeant of artillery.
"The Regent was there. He up to me
and he says, 'The regiment is proud
of ye,' says he. 'And I'm proud of
the regiment,' says I. 'And a damned
good answer, too,' says he to Lord
Fitz, and they both bust out a laugh-
ing."

As may be imagined, old Gregory
lives wholly in the past. He can't
understand soldiers without stocks, or
newfangled rifles that are loaded
without a ramrod, and firmly believes
that "when there's work to be done,
see if they don't come back to Brown
Bess!" The old man's perpetual com-
ment on the new army regulations is the
stereotyped one, "By Jemini, it
wouldn't ha' done for the Dook!" The
Dook would ha' had a word to say!"
After fighting the battle of Waterloo,
over again in the presence of a modern
colonel of the guards, with the aid
of a pipe, a pill-box, and a bottle of
paragoric, the old soldier is asked,
"What was it about you men, now,
in connection with the whole affair?"

The veteran's answer is character-
istic, and causes roars of laughter.
"I lost three half-crowns over it, I
did. I shouldn't wonder if I were
never to get the money now. I lent
them to Jabez Smith, my rear rank
man, at Brussels. 'Grog' says he, 'I'll
pay you true, only wait till pay day.'
By Jemini, he was struck by a lance
at Quarter Brass, and me without a
line to prove the debt. Them half-
crowns is as good as lost to me."

That was the veteran's lasting im-
pression of the battle of Waterloo.
But old debts are always running in
old Gregory's head. This is how he
greeted his little grand-niece: "Lor,
you'll be brother Jarge's gal, likely.
Lor, but little Jarge was a rare 'un.
Eh! by Jemini! there was no chousing
Jarge! He's got a bull pup o' mine

that I lent him when I took the shillin'.
Likely, it's dead now. He didn't give
it to ye to bring, may be?" Here is
a characteristic and delightful scrap
of conversation between the old sol-
dier and the pret of the dying girl,
endeavoring to soothe the testy old
man by reading a chapter from the
Bible in the absence of the parson.

Norah (opening the Bible)—What
parson would like to hear?
Corp.—Oh! them wars.
Corp.—Aye! keep to the wars. "Give
me the Old Testament, parson," says
I. "There's more taste to it," says I.
Parson he wants to get off to some-
thing else, but it's Joshua or nothing
with me. Them Israelites was good
soldiers, good growned soldiers, all of
em."

Norah—But, uncle, it's all peace in
the next world.
Corp.—No, it ain't, gal.
Norah—Oh, yes, uncle, surely.
Corp.—(Triumphantly knocking his stick
on the ground)—I tell ye it ain't, gal.
I asked parson.

Norah—Well, what did he say?
Corp.—He said there was to be a
last final fight. Why, he even gave a
name, he did. The battle of Arm-
Arm—

Norah—Armageddon.
Corp.—Aye, that was the name. I
speak the back into the chair, there.
And the Dook—the Dook'll have a
word to say.

The end of the old corporal's story
is that of the old man's death. He is
quoted again in the author's own
words. The pretty grand-niece has
discovered a soldier lover, and the two
are watching with intense interest the
old man's face as the dying wish is
uttered. Suddenly the old man wakes to ac-
tion. The rulling passion is strong in
death, and this is what happens:
Corp. (in loud voice)—The Guards
need powder! (The Guards need
powder!)

Sergt.—Eh! what is the old guard-
man saying?

Corp. (loudly)—The Guards need
powder! (Struggling to rise).

Norah—Oh! I see, uncle, surely.

Corp. (staggering to his feet and
suddenly flashing out into his old
soldierly figure)—The Guards need
powder, and by God they shall have
it. (He rushes towards him.)

Norah (sobbing)—Oh! tell me, sir,
tell me. What do you think of him?

Sergt. (gravely)—I think the 3rd
Guards have a full muster.

And so the curtain falls on a fine
dramatic end to a delightful little
story.

The great merit of Mr. Irving's mar-
vellous picture of senility is its sug-
gestion of second childhood. Well may
the bonny girl who waits on the old
man think of her young lover,
stalwart and brave, and say to her-
self, as Hamlet said to the skull, "To
this complexion must you come at
last." This is evidently the artistic
idea of the actor. He wants to paint
a strong, vigorous hero—who in the
old days would tell an ox—reduced to
mere impotence and babyhood. The
fire is in his memory, the life-blood is
in his heart; but he has to be helped
from chair to chair, to be fed with
spoon, and this grand hero of Water-
loo, who saved a nation by his pluck,
whimpers over a broken pipe and
chuckles at the memory of days that
are almost forgotten dream. The
little play does not require much
acting, save from the principal, but to re-
lieve it from monotony it wants every
scrap of variety it can get. Miss Annie
Fulton played the part of little Nora
with much rustic accent and good
expression; and both Mr. Fuller
Mellish and Mr. Haviland did their
little best for this delightful little
drama in miniature. But the audi-
ence had come out to see Henry Ir-
ving in a new character, and watched
every movement with intense interest,
noting both the humor and the pathos
of the old soldier's photograph of child-
hood in old age.

Needless to say the theatre was
crowded in every part, and when the
curtain fell it was raised at least four
times in order to reward the actor for
the extreme pleasure he had given. The
all whose hearts were responsive to
his touch. When the actor had re-
ceived his due praise the turn came
to the author, who has proved by this
little play that he is a dramatist—ten-
derness, appreciation of character and
subtle strength. Dr. Conan Doyle
writes well, and, as the profession
would say, he acts well. He is a
mean gift, for very admirable writers
prove but indifferent dramatists. An
author who can give us such a sketch
of a man, pregnant with humor and
human nature, outside the stage, is
future a drama of rich moment. Dr.
Conan Doyle has under his fingers the
art of drama. Unluckily he was not
amongst the audience last night, but
in the presence of the Duke of Well-
ington, which his name was received, Mr. Ir-
ving promised to send him at once the
good news of the complete English
story at Waterloo. One thing is
quite certain, that the play of Henry
Irving has done with the "Waterloo"
story the amateurs will pounce upon
it like hawks. They have had no
such prize since the Grandfather
Whitehead of the elder Farren. Dr.
Conan Doyle has presented the actual
and the amateur stage with a precious
gift.

A DRUNKARD'S BREAKFAST.

What Boston Waiters Are Sure to
Recommend.

Did you ever eat a "drunkard's
breakfast?"
One noon, after he had been up till
3 o'clock on a "long job" a Journal
man dropped into a well-known restau-
rant in the business section of the
city for his breakfast. His eyes may
have looked somewhat otherwise, but
he flattered himself that he was pretty
fresh, considering that he had been
up all night, and his temperance prin-
ciples had not been hung up during
the night, to his certain knowledge.
A general Friday feeling must have
been in his appearance, for, as he
hesitated, waiting for a convenient ap-
pote to assert her existence, the oscu-
pulous waiter, with irreproachable
politeness, said, "Pardon me, but
would you not like some salt mackerel
with some milk toast and tea?"

The professional "Why?" in the
Journal man rose superior to every-
thing else. "Why should you recom-
mend that for breakfast?" he asked.
The waiter laughed, apologetically,
and replied, "Oh, all the gentlemen

eat that for breakfast when they have
been out the night before."

The Journal man ordered a small
steak, well done, with grilled sweet
potatoes and a cup of black coffee.
The waiter, merrily, an incident could
have developed itself in his nose. His
eyes were watery and bloodshot. He
went into another restaurant, for re-
porters never lunch twice in suc-
cession at the same place. The waiter
eyed him for a moment, and as he
did not hasten to give the order, re-
marked in an undertone, "How would
a nice salt mackerel, boiled, a plate of
milk toast and a pot of tea suit you
this morning?" That is what many of
our patrons order for breakfast when
they have been out late. Much better
than cocktails, I assure you."

There was no impertinence in the
man's voice or manner. He merely
thought he was doing a friendly ser-
vice in suggesting a regular breakfast
"drunkard's breakfast."

The same suggestion will be offered
in many first class restaurants to any
person whose appearance or manner
in any way excites the suspicion that
he is a drunkard. The waiter, before
in some mysterious way it has come
to be believed among restaurant wait-
ers that, for a man who has stayed
with liquid inebriety, the proper break-
fast is salt mackerel, milk toast, and
tea. A kindly disposition, a sense of
duty, and why it is peculiarly
adapted to accelerate the recovery of
a proper general tone passeth com-
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A GREAT DREDGE.

Launched at Levis for the Montreal
Harbor Commissioners.

Quebec (Can.)—The new dredge
built by Carrier, Laine & Co. of Levis
for the Montreal harbor commission was
successfully launched yesterday,
in the presence of some 2,000 people,
the launch took place at high tide,
but the water did not rise within four
feet of the level of the wharf upon
which was the inclined plane from
which the dredge was launched. The
launch took place at high tide, but the
water did not rise within four feet of
the level of the wharf upon which was
the inclined plane from which the dredge
was launched. The launch took place at
high tide, but the water did not rise
within four feet of the level of the wharf
upon which was the inclined plane from
which the dredge was launched.

The dredge is a machine of great
power, and is capable of lifting from
the bottom of the river pieces of
steel, and this was the first time it
was used. The dredge is a machine of
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CURE FOR SNAKE BITE.

Similia Similibus Curantur Finds New Com-
firmation in This Direction.

From time to time I see in the paper
recipes for curing the bites of poisonous
snakes recommended by people who
claim to be doctors. In California, where I
come from, we have a great many
bites of the deadly rattlesnake, and the
two kinds of herbs used. On is called in
Spanish the glandina, the swallow, grow-
ing in the moist arid plains; the other is the
rattlesnake weed. Both are very effective,
and might not be true in the case of
the gall of the snake bite. On drop of it on
the wound will effect a cure, even when
inflammation is far advanced. I have seen
a man whose head had already swollen
almost instantaneously. The gall will be
salvage alone between two stones will do. If
have seen a case only of this kind. If preserved
in alcohol of course the whole gall is
put into the liquid entire. If true of the
rattlesnake weed, it is probably true of all other
poisonous snakes, and might not be true in the
case of the gall of the snake bite. On drop of it on
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TOM, DICK AND HARRY.

So far as we can learn, Tom has
never distinguished himself, and Harry's
name is not a synonym for indus-
try, but among stock owners Dick's
name is a synonym for honesty and
high esteem. For honest and high
it is invaluable. It strengthens the
digestion, gives a good appetite, and
turns a rough coat into a smooth and
glossy one. Dick's Bilester cures Spa-
vins, Curbs, Ringbones, etc.

CURIOUS COREAN WAYS.

Quaint Peculiarities in Their
Manner of Living.Coreans Resemble The Japanese
and Are Doubtless of the
Same Origin.Although China Has for Centuries Watched
Over Them as Her Own—How Coreans
Warm Their Houses.

The Coreans are perhaps of Japane-
se stock, but China has been for cen-
turies their wet nurse, and their
school mistress. No two oriental
peoples are more essentially alike
than are the Chinese and Japanese;
and the Coreans, resembling the Japane-
se in many respects, but living
under conditions largely Chinese and
deeply imbued with Chinese ideas,
present a picture peculiarly quaint
even in the quaintest part of the
world. They have Japanese faces,
Chinese customs, and a manner of
their own. But into their Chinese-
like customs some little Japanese
habit has crept now and again. And
the Coreans have even ventured, once
while, to invent a custom of their
own.

I remember being especially inter-
ested in the Corean sign posts and in
the Corean methods of heating their
houses, writes a correspondent of
the London Times. I do not know
which was more original, more strict-
ly Corean, the sign posts or the pecu-
liar furnaces by means of which the
Corean houses were made habitable
through the long, bitter Corean win-
ters.

Every Corean house has a cellar,
not for the storing of wine, but for
the storing of heat. The cellar is
called a kham. Its mouth, through
which it is fed, is some distance from
the house. On a cold night you will
see one or more white-clad figures
cramming the kham's mouth as fast as
they can with twigs, branches, and
other combustible food. Once well
fed the furnace burns for hours and
keeps the house warm all night. So
the attention of the fire are kept out
in the cold very long, and while they
are there their hands are full of work.
A Corean house heated at sunset
keeps warm all night, because the fire
is invariably huge, because the flues
through the house are one-storied,
and because the house is made of
oiled paper and because the furna-
ce itself is largely a mass of pipes
and flues that both retain and give
out heat. With almost no exceptions
the houses in Korea are one-storied.
So simple a scheme of domestic archi-
tecture enables so simple a scheme of
house heating to be thoroughly effi-
cacious.

Europeans sleeping for the first
time in a Corean house usually com-
plain that in the middle of the night
the heat is intense and the atmos-
phere insupportable, and that toward
the chill hours of early morning, when
the fire has died and the pipes at last
grow cold, the room is most disa-
greeably cold. But these are minor
matters, and the real trial to dis-
turb Corean slumber.

Next to the Eskimo the Coreans are
the heartiest eaters in the world. So,
naturally enough, they sleep profound-
ly. It is not until nearly dawn that they
were always eating, and nothing short
of a royal edict or a bursting bomb-
shell will interrupt a Corean feast.
I regret to say that the flesh of young
dogs is their favorite viand.

JAPANESE THEIR FAVORITE.

Japanese beer is their favorite be-
verage. And for this let me commend
them. For never in Milwaukee, never
in Vienna, have I drunk beer so
good as that which is made at the
little breweries of Korea. Like all
other orientals, they devour incredi-
ble quantities of fish, herrings for a
first choice.

The herrings are caught in Decem-
ber, and are not eaten until March.
Watermelons are the fruit most plen-
tiful and most perfect in Korea. They
are superb. Potatoes were in dis-
grace, under the ban of a royal edict,
when we lived in Korea. They had
been introduced into the country
shortly before ourselves, and their
general use might have done much to
alleviate the horrible famines which
visit Korea with a cruel regularity.
But their use and culture were for-
bidden. Only in the less disciplined
outskirts of the peninsula were they
to be had. We used to send many
bags of ours, and then eat them in
safety on account of the red, white
and blue flag that sheltered our bun-
galow from the too scorching rays of
the eastern sun.

But about the sign posts in Korea—
they are extremely quaint. Each
sign post is shaped like an old-fash-
ioned English coffin and it is topped
by a face, a very grotesquely paint-
ed, a very Corean, a very grinning,
but for that a very human face.
They used to rather startle me at first
when I came around the corner of
a country road and found them smir-
king at me in the grewsome moon-
light. But I grew used to them, for
they were all alike. They all wore
the countenance of Chang Sun, the
great Corean soldier. Chang Sun lived
1,000, more or less, years ago.

His life was devoted to the opening
up of his country to the feet of his
countrymen. He intersected the hills
of Korea with pathways, and today
from every sign post he beams upon
us because of the red, white and blue
beaming face you may see on the
learned enough read his name; you
may read, too, where the road or
roads lead, how far the next settle-
ment is, and one or two other items
that are presumably of general in-
terest to the Corean travelling public.

There are neither inns nor hotels in
Korea, but the rest houses are neither
house nor inn. A Corean rest house
is a species of dark bungalow.
It does not fulfill our faded European
ideas of luxury, but it answers the
purpose of the Corean traveler fairly
well. He can cook there. He can
sleep there. He can buy Japanese
beer there. The average Corean is a
sensible fellow and wants nothing
more. No, I am wrong; he wants two
things more.

COREANS PAINT AND WRITE
POETRY.

He wants to compose poetry and to
paint pictures. The Coreans are a na-
tion of poets and of painters. Every
fairly educated man writes poems and
paints pictures. But there is nothing
to prevent him doing either or both in-
side or outside the Corean rest house.
The majority of the Coreans are high-
ly educated, as Corean education goes,
and in many ways it goes very far in-
deed.

In Korea, as in China, a man's so-
cial position depends upon the prestige
he can establish for himself at com-
petitive examinations. In Korea, as in
every other normal quarter of the
globe, a woman's social position de-
pends upon the social position of her
husband. The examiners in the Cor-
ean competitive examinations are said
to be bribable and corruptible. Very
possible! most human institutions are.

Even Archilles had a heel. But cer-
tainly Korea has been for centuries
and centuries a country where schol-
arship took precedence of everything
else. The Corean is a country where
scholarship was esteemed above com-
mon sense. High time, some people may
think, that we swept such a country
off the face of our nice, new, utilitari-
an nineteenth century.

The Coreans have their faults. They
have a good many faults. And they
are weak. Reasons and to spare why
they should be exterminated.
All the Corean animals are very
small, but very strong. The peninsula
abounds in tigers, bears, cows, horses,
swine, deer, dogs, cats, wild boars, and
alligators, crocodiles, snakes, swans,
geese, eagles, pheasants, ap-wings,
stricks, herons, falcons, ducks, pigeons,
kites, magpies, woodcocks and larks.
Hens are plentiful and the eggs are
delicious. But the natives do not
eat them. They eat the eggs of all
of all this feathered plenty. Goats
may be reared by no one but the king,
and are exclusively used for religious
sacrificial purposes.

The Coreans are good to their child-
ren and to all animals. Snakes and
serpents are perhaps treated by them
with more veneration and tenderness
than any other form of animal life. No
Corean ever kills a snake. He feeds it
and does everything else he can to
conduce to its comfort. The poorest
and the hungriest Corean will share
his evening meal with the reptiles that
sneak and crawl about the rocks that
border his garden. Ancestral fire is a
very important thing in Korea.

In every Corean house burns a per-
petual fire, which is sacred to the dead
ancestors of the household. To tend
that fire, to see that it never runs the
least risk of going out, is the first—the
most important—duty of every Corean
housewife. In Korea, as in China, an-
cestor worship is the real religion.
Confucianism is the avowed religion
of the country, but, like the Chinese,
the Coreans hold dogmatic religions
in considerable, good-natured con-
tempt.

Fortune tellers and astrologers are
as many and as prosperous in Korea
as in China. Like the Japanese, the
Coreans have found a special and pro-
fitable vocation for their blind. In
Japan the needy blind invariably
practice shampooing. In Korea the
blind exorcise devils and in analogous
ways make themselves generally use-
ful. Their dealings with the blind
spirits are summary and thorough.
The gifted blind man frightens the
devil to death by means of diabolical
noises, or catches the devil in a bottle
and carries it in triumph to a place
of safety where devils cease from
troubling and afflicted Coreans are at
rest.

The laws of Korea are explicit con-
cerning high treason. They smite it
with death. They exterminate it
root and branch. If a Corean is
found guilty of high treason he dies
with his family. His wife, his children
and his entire family dies with him.
In this custom the Coreans are again
Chinese and not altogether un-Japane-
se. No Corean dare utter his king's
name. When the king dies he is given
a name—a kind of name—an apology
for a name—by which his august per-
sonality may be distinguished amid
the dense masses of history. But his
real name, the name he bears in life,
is never spoken save in the secrecy
of the palace harem.

And even there it is only spoken by
the privileged lips of his favorite wife
and his most spoiled children. To
touch the king of Korea with a weapon
or instrument of metal is the highest
treason. The minds of the Corean
kings, as well as the hands of the
Corean people, are so kept back by
this law, king and people obey this
law so entirely, that ninety-four years
ago, Tieng-tsong-tai-dang allowed an
abscise to end his life rather than per-
mit a subject to touch with a knife
a deceased portion of his body.

The constitution of the Corean home
office is based upon the Japanese sys-
tem. The foreign office is modelled
on the Chinese foreign office. At the
head of the war office is the "pan so,"
or decisive signature, an official of
very great power. Under him are
several lesser officials called "cham
pans," or help to decide. Under these
are men called "cham wi," or help to
discuss, and again under these are a
number of secretaries. But alas, in
the present oriental imbroglio (al-
though Korea is normally the cause
belli) the Corean war department is
playing a part so insignificant that
we do not even hear of it.

GOOD NEWS FOR BRIDES.

The vicar of Cropedy, an Oxford-
shire village, has had the following
notice attached to the church door
with regard to rice throwing at wed-
dings: "It is particularly requested
that no rice be thrown at the conclu-
sion of weddings when the bride and
bridegroom leave the church. The
bride's house and not the church is
the right place for observances which
have no connection with the religious
ceremony, and are some times a cause
of disorder and irreverence."—South
Bucks (England) Free Press.

READY TO BELIEVE IT.

Willis-Deacon Sniffles says he votes
as he prays.
Wallace—Very likely; they say he
prays three times a day, and I've
heard it intimated that he votes fully
as often.
"Munch sets an example to the civi-
lized world. The city requires that
persons to close their windows while play-
ing on the piano.—Exchange.

CURES
Worms, Scratches, Distemper, Hide-
bound Slegged Legs, by Pur-
fying the Blood.MANCHESTER'S
CONDITION POWDERS.

Endorsed by all the leading drivers
and Horsemen in the Provinces.

Sold by All Druggists and Coun-
try stores.

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT FIRM.

Justice Archibald, at Sherbrooke, has
given a judgment in the case of the
Stanstead and Sherbrooke Mutual Fire
Insurance Company v. the Bell Tele-
phone Company. On the 26th June,
1892, between three and four o'clock
of the morning, the building then used
as an exchange office at Richmond by
the Bell Telephone Company, and oc-
cupied by John Hamilton, was de-
stroyed by fire. The plaintiffs paid
the insurance on the building and con-
tents, \$1,000, and sued the defendants
to recover this amount on the ground
that they were legally responsible for
the fire. The plaintiffs alleged that
through the negligence of the defend-
ant company there was a cross be-
tween one of the Bell telephone wires
at Dr. Brown's, and an electric light
wire, thereby causing a deflection of
the strong electric current from the
electric light system to the telephone
wire, and from thence to the exchange
office, where it burst out into a flame.
The court decided that the plaintiffs
had fully made out their case and the
judgment should go against the de-
fendants, who were responsible for
suffering such a state of things to
exist. Judgment against the defend-
ants accordingly for \$1,000 and costs.
—Monetary Times.

INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION CUP.

To Be Used at the Next Service in a
Brooklyn Baptist Church.

New York, Oct. 8.—The general sil-
ver goblet was used yesterday at the
communion service in the Bedford
Avenue Baptist church in Brooklyn,
but at the next communion service, on
Nov. 4, there will be an individual
cup for each communicant. At the
close of the services yesterday the
Rev. J. H. Dunning called the atten-
tion of the congregation to the pro-
posed change.

He explained that it was his desire
and that of the officers of the church
to learn the wishes of the congregation
to the exact style of cup they de-
sired. One of the proposed cups was
silver plated and would contain but a
teaspoonful of wine, while the other
would be of glass. The cost of the former
would be thirty-five cents and the lat-
ter but four cents.

By a standing vote the congregation
decided in favor of the former. About
200 of these cups will be used at the
next communion service.

EXTRACT FROM A SCOTCHMAN'S DIARY.