



George Ade IN... PASTURES NEW



Getting Acquainted with the English Language.

With Pictures by ALBERT LEVERING.

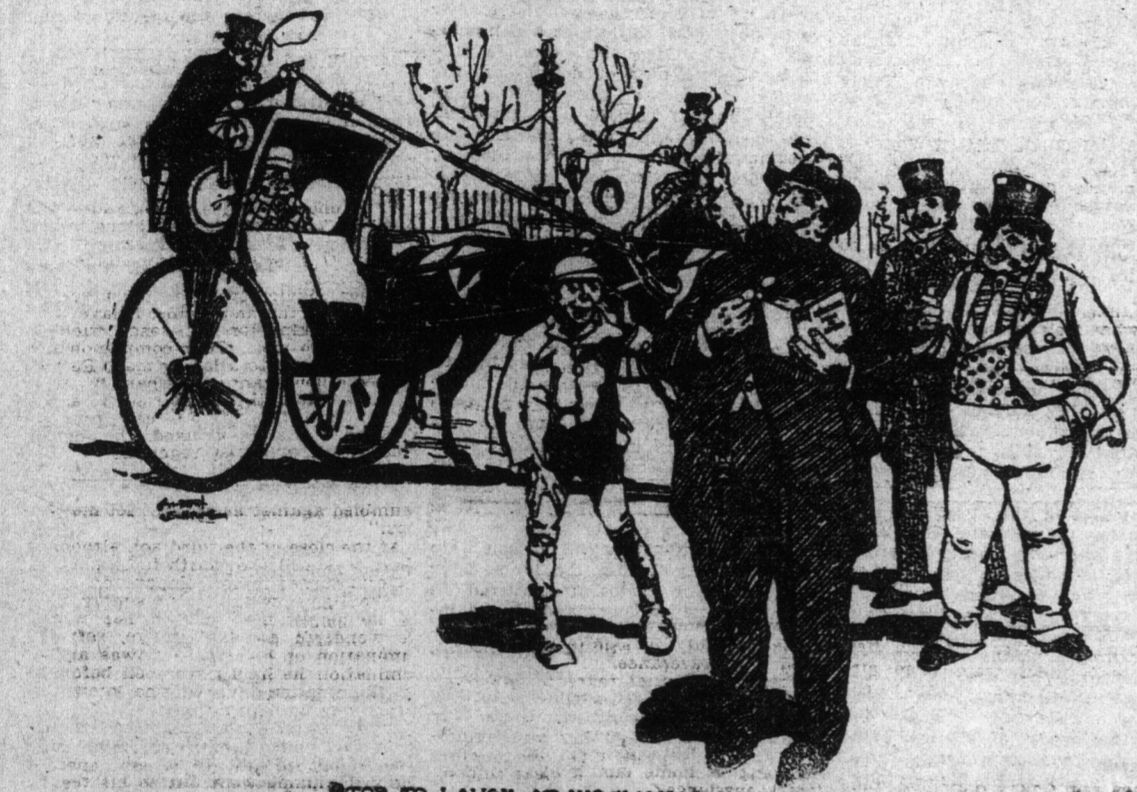
(Copyright, 1906, by George Ade.) It may be set down as a safe proposition that every man is a bewildered maverick when he wanders out of his own little bull-wick. Did you ever see a stock broker on a stock farm, or a cow puncher at the Waldorf?

Why? Because he is in a strange man's town, stripped of his local importance and battling with a foreign language. The man who cannot talk back immediately becomes a weakling. What is the chief terror to travel? It is the lonesomeness of feeling that

cannot make himself understood by one who is familiar with all the ins and outs of our language, what chance has he with the ordinary Londoner, who gets his vocabulary from reading the advertisements carried by sandwich men?

This pitiful fact comes home to every American when he arrives in London—there are two languages, the English and the American. One is correct; the other is incorrect. One is a pure and limpid stream; the other is a stagnant

and almost delicious pleasure of meeting an upper class Englishman. He has family, social position, wealth, several capital letters trailing after his name (which is long enough without an appendix), an ancestry, a glorious past and possibly a future. Usually an American has to wait in London eight or ten years before he meets an Englishman who is not trying to sell him dress shirts or something to put on his hair. In two short days—practically at once—I had realized the full ambition of my countrymen.



STOP TO LAVOIR AT HIS MANSION, CITY FEDORA.

IT. Every one knows the size of his bank account, and when he rides down to business in the morning the conductor of the trolley holds the car for him. His fellow passengers are delighted to get a favor from him. When he sails into the new office building the elevator captain gives him a cheery but deferential "good morning." In his private office he sits at a \$500 roll top desk from Grand Rapids, surrounded by push buttons, and when he gives the word some one is expected to hop. At noon he goes to his club for luncheon. The head waiter jumps over two chairs to get at him to relieve him of his hat and then leads him to the most desirable table and hovers over him even as a mother hen broods over her first born.

One cannot adapt himself to the unfamiliar background and therefore is sure to attract more or less attention as a curiosity. And in what city does this feeling of lonesomeness become most overwhelming? In London.

My real and ulterior motive in welcoming this interview with a registered Englishman was to get, free of charge, an alphabetic dose of twenty-four carat English. I wanted to bask

Before being presented to the heavy swell I was taken into the chamber of meditation by the American who was to accompany me on this flight to glory. He prepared me for the ceremony by whispering to me that the chap we were about to meet went everywhere and saw everybody; that he was a "varity man" and had shot his name and had a place up country, and couldn't remember the names of all his clubs—had to hire a man by the year just to remember the names of his clubs.

Why not tell the truth for once? I was tickled and overheated with bliss to know that this social lion was quite willing to sit alongside of me and breathe the adjacent atmosphere.

Also I was perturbed and stage frightened because I knew that I spoke nothing but the American language, and that probably I used my nose. Instead of my vocal chords in giving expression to such thoughts as might escape from me. Furthermore, I was afraid that during our conversation I might accidentally lapse into slang, and I knew that in Great Britain slang is abhorred above every other earthly thing except goods of German manufacture.

So I resolved to be on my guard and try to come as near to English speech as it is possible for any one to come after he has walked up and down State street for ten years.

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This distinguished citizen, director of the First National bank, trustee of the Cemetery Association, member of the advisory committee of the Y. M. C. A., president of the Saturday Night Poker Club, head of the Commercial Club and founder of the Wilson County Trotting Association, is a whale when he is seated in his private throne in the corner. He rides the whirlwind and commands the storm. The local paper speaks of him in bated capital letters, and he would be more or less than human if he failed to believe that he was a very large gun.

I do not wish to talk about myself, yet I can say in truthfulness that I have been working for years to enrich the English language. Most of the time I have been years ahead of the dictionaries. I have been so far ahead of the dictionaries that sometimes I fear they will never catch up. It has been my privilege to use words that are unknown to Lindley Murray. Andrew Lang once started to read my works and then sank with a bubbling cry and did not come up for three days.

It seems that in my efforts to enrich the English language I made it too rich, and the result was mental gastritis. In one of my fables, written in pure and undefiled Chicago reference was made to that kind of a table d'hôte restaurant which serves an Italian dinner for sixty cents. This restaurant was called a "spaghetti joint." Mr. Lang declared that the appellation was altogether preposterous, as it is a well known fact that spaghetti has no joints, being invertebrate and quite de-



AWFULLY HE REPLIED.



JUST TO REMEMBER THE NAMES OF HIS CLUBS

quainted with mediæval architecture and the work of the old masters. He is just as helpless and apprehensive as a country boy at Coney Island. The guides and cabmen bullyrag him. Newsboys and beggars pester him with

void of osseous tissue, the same as a caterpillar. Also he thought that "cinch" was merely a misspelling of "sink," something to do with a kitchen. Now if an American reeking with the sweet vernacular of his native land

coming here to England is that every American, no matter how old he may be or how often he has assisted at the massacre of the mother tongue, may begin to get a correct line on the genuine English speech. A few Americans, say fifty or more in Boston and several in New York, are said to speak English in spots. Very often they fan, but sometimes they hit the ball. By patient endeavor they have mastered the sound of "a" as in "father," but they continue to call a clerk a clerk, instead of a "clark," and they never have gained the courage to say "leftenant."

In the bright light of an intellect that had no flickers in it and absorb some of the infallibility that is so prevalent in these parts.

We met. I steeled myself and said: "I'm glad to know you—that is, I am extremely pleased to have the honor of making your acquaintance." He looked at me with a kindly light in his steel blue eye, and after a short period of deliberation spoke as follows: "Thanks."

is, as soon as their funds are exhausted. The English actors come home as soon as they are independently rich. Every body is satisfied with the arrangement and the international bonds are further strengthened. Of course, some of the English actors blow up—that is, fall to meet with any great measure of financial success—when they get out as far as Omaha, but while they are mystifying the American public some of our tourists are going around London mystifying the British public. Doubtless you have seen some of these tourists.

The distinguished person nodded his head in grave acquiescence and then said with some feeling, "Bounders!" "In spite of these breaches of international faith the situation taken as a whole is most promising. An indefinite continuation of cordial friendship between the powers," I said. "I am damned glad that such is the case, ain't you?" "Awwfully," he replied.

They were parted. It is really worth a long sea voyage to be permitted to get the English language at first hand, to revel in its unexpected subtleties and gaze down new and awe-inspiring vistas of rhetorical splendor.

We believe that in advertising the best is the cheapest.—H. B. Tremaine, Aeolian Co., N. Y.

FOR WASHING LINEN You will do the best work by using a PURE HARD SOAP like

"SURPRISE"

It makes towels and all such material white, clean and sweet, without any harm from harshness. Don't forget the name.

SURPRISE SOAP

RAISED \$20,000 IN CANADIAN WEST

ROSSLAND, B. C., March 22.—In November last, the "Rev. J. A. Day, D. D." visited this city and made an appeal for children of the Macedonia Orphanage at Ashata, Rogee, Macedonia, stating that his parents had been murdered by the infidel Turks, and that he desired to find homes for them among Christian families in order that they might grow up amid moral surroundings. He stated that his brother was being held as a hostage by the Turks until his return within a certain time. He preached in the Methodist church, and his recital of the wrongs suffered by his fellow Christians and of the orphans in Macedonia left but few dry eyes. He stated that the children under ten years could be had for nothing, while for those between twelve and fifteen it was necessary to put up \$50 for the passage to Rossland. Altogether, \$500 was gathered in this vicinity. He worked every city and town of importance in British Columbia, Alberta, and Manitoba, gathering in all about \$20,000. One of the victims wrote to the Macedonia orphanage to ascertain when the orphan whose fare he had paid was signing, which disclosed the fraud, to such institution existing, neither was such a person known.

REV. FATHER GARSON FOUND HIS BROTHER.

Two Former St. John Men Who Had Not Seen Each Other for Thirty Years

CALAIS, Me., March 22.—Rev. J. F. Garson, of the Roman Catholic parish of St. George, N. B., passed through here today on his return from Buffalo, N. Y., where, through a paragraph in the Boston Herald, he met a long lost brother, whom he had not heard of in over thirty years.

The man missing for such a long time is Lieut. William Carson (U. S. A.), retired, of Youngstown, O. Lieut. Carson was the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Carson, of St. John, N. B., and thirty years ago he left that city to seek his fortune in the United States. He enlisted in the United States army, and was assigned to the west, where in several Indian fights he was wounded. Two years ago he was retired, and with his wife moved to Youngstown, O. Recently his injuries became more troublesome, and as a last resort he was taken to the Emergency Hospital at Buffalo, N. Y., and wishing to see the surviving members of his family, it was decided to insert a paragraph in the Boston Herald, the lower part of which was done, and a couple of weeks ago this was seen by Rev. Father Carson at St. George, N. B., and hence the happy reunion. Lieut. Carson is reported as being in a precarious condition, but hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. His guaranteed to cure or your money is returned. The price is 25¢ per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell.

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

LENS, France, March 22.—The rapid extension of the miners' strike is causing great anxiety to the authorities. It is estimated that nearly 80,000 men have ceased work and mining operations are at a standstill throughout the departments of Pas-de-Calais and Nord. The government, though it has taken the precaution of drafting a large body of troops and gendarmes to the vicinity, is acting with extreme tact and making no display of force during the miners' processions which are permitted to take place without molestation. Minister of the Interior Clemenceau is endeavoring to do his utmost to effect a reconciliation between the men and the companies.

Notwithstanding the comparatively peaceful attitude which the miners generally observe it is feared that members of the moderate and advanced unions may come into the conflict in the course of the demonstrations, as they display considerable antagonism the former favoring a friendly arrangement and the latter objecting to any compromise.

The feeling now appears to incline towards the views of the advanced section but it is hoped that the serene of the president of the union with Premier Sarrien and Minister of Public

GIVES TWO REAL GOOD REASONS FOR BELIEVING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY AFFLICTIONS.

Cured His Backache of Twenty-five Years Standing and Satisfied Everyone He Recommended Them to.

ECONOMY POINT, N. S., March 23.—(Special.)—George S. McLaughlin, of this place, gives two splendid reasons for his belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one remedy for kidney ailments. Here are the two reasons in his own words:

"I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more, sometimes so severe that I could not turn myself in bed. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have had no return of the trouble since."

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to a number of persons who had Kidney Trouble. All who have used them have been benefited or cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills not only relieve all Kidney Diseases, from Backache to Bright's Disease, but they absolutely cure them. But sometimes where one or two boxes relieve it takes more to make a complete cure.

GRANITE, Colo., March 22.—An enormous snowslide came down last evening in the Winfield and Clear Creek mining district, killing, it is reported, at least half a dozen men. Among the dead is Harry Winfield, the pioneer prospector and mining man of Chaffee county.

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids, itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the Press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. General Dealers or EDMANSON, HATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25¢.

Hopewell Hill.

HOPEWELL HILL, March 22.—Golden Rule Division, No. 51, S of T, of this place, one of the oldest temperance societies in the province, will celebrate its 55th anniversary on Tuesday evening, March 27th.

John K. Dixon of Mountville has purchased the property adjoining his own at that place, belonging to the heirs of the late Capt. John Wilber.

P. W. F. Brewster returned today from a trip to Shediac.

Representatives of Ganong Bros. St. Stephen; Robinson & Lindsay Co., Halifax, and Oxford Woollen Mills, Oxford, N. S., were in the village this week.

The death occurred this morning at Harvey of Mrs. Obed Calkins, who passed away after a lingering illness from cancer of the stomach. The deceased lady, who was formerly Miss Joanna West, daughter of the late W. A. West of this place.

BOSTON, March 22.—Claims aggregating \$300,000 have already been paid to injured passengers and relatives of passengers killed in the wreck of a Boston and Maine railroad train at Baker's Bridge station, in Lincoln, last November, in whose wreck 11 persons were killed. To the claimants in the wreck at Everett, which followed shortly after the Lincoln wreck, \$15,000 has been awarded.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all the natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

"Why, what's the matter, my ma?" "Boo hoo! Ma sez I gott'er be President when I grow up, an' I'd set my heart on bein' a prize fighter, Boo hoo!"

"You are amused, so permitted to share your joy." "By all means, such a lead. The idea tickled the brigand's livid omnium." "Ransom!" exclaimed and he broke into a fit of laughter. Don Q. looked at him.

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"All my possessions. The clothes I stand up money and half a pocket of the country, of which