

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1899.

Aunt Tempy's Triumph.



It was in the glow of an April evening when Aunt Tempy came out on the veranda to hold a conference with her master, Stuart Mordaunt. She had evidently been turning things over in her mind.

"Who should give her away?" The old woman asked her hands calmly across her neckerchief and made answer: "Da's des' do question."

"Why, I'm going to give my daughter away, of course."

"You gwinter gin yo, darter erway, huh in you?" Aunt Tempy questioned slowly.

The tone was so full of contempt that her master turned a surprised look on her face. She got up, put her hands behind her in an attitude of defiance, and stood there looking at him, as he sat vi'iously biting the end of his cigar.

"You 'lows to gin hub erway, does you?"

"Why, Tempy, what the—who should give her away?"

"You 'lows to gin hub erway, I say!"



"I DOES! DAT'S WHO! I GINS MY BABY ERWAY!"

For months there had been talk on the plantation, but nobody knew the inside of what was going on quite so well as she. For what she not Miss Eliza's mammy? Had she not cared for her every day of her life, from her birth until now and was she not still her own child, her 'Lammy'?

Indeed, at first she had entirely opposed the marriage of her young mistress to anybody, and had discouraged the attention of young Stuart Mordaunt who she thought he was 'spakin' round'; but when Miss Eliza laid her head on her breast and blushing told her all about it she surrendered. And the young mistress seemed as happy ever mammy's consent as she had been over her father's blessing. Mammy knew all the traditions of the section, and the histories of all the families thereabouts, and for her to set the seal of approval upon young Daniels was the final glory.

The preparations for the great wedding had gone on merrily. There was only a little time now before the auspicious day. Aunt Tempy, chief authority and owner in general, had been as busily engaged as any one. As the time had come nearer and nearer, though, her trouble had visibly increased, and it was the culmination of it which brought her hobbling out to chat with her master on that April evening. It must have been Miss Doody that told her about the beautiful ceremony of giving away the bride, and described to her what a figure, 'O! Ma's' would make on the occasion, but it rankled in her mind, and she had thought of her own on the subject.

"Look hyeah, Ma's Stua't," she said, as she sat settled down on the veranda step at his feet; "I done come out here to 'spate wid you."

"Well, Aunt Tempy," said Mordaunt placidly, "it won't be the first time; you've been doing that for many years. The fact is, half the time I don't know whose running this plantation, you or I. You boss the whole household round, and the quarters' mind you better than they do the preacher. Plague take my buttons if I don't think they're afraid you'll conjure them!"

"Conju'! Who conju'! Ma conju'! Wna's de matter wid you, Ma's Stua't? You know I ain't long-headed. E! I had 'a' been, you know I'd 'a' worked my roots long 'fo' new on o' Lisy, w'en he tuk up wid dat No'ton woman." This had happened twenty-five years before, but Stuart Mordaunt knew that it was still a sore subject with the old woman—this desertion by her husband, so he did not pursue the unpleasant matter any further.

"Well, what are you going to 'spate' with me about, Tempy? Ain't I running the plantation right? Or ain't your misters behaving herself as she ought to?"

"I do wish you'd let me talk; you des' keep a-jokin' on a runnin' on so dat a body can't git in a word a-gways."

"Well go on."

"Now you know dat 'Miss Liza gwine ma'y." Yes, she has told me about it, though I suppose she asked your consent first."

"Nemmine dat, nemmine dat, you hyeah me. 'Miss Liza gwine ma'y."

"Yes, unless young Daniels runs off, or see, a girl he likes better."

"Sees a gal he lak' bettah! Run off! What's de matter wid you?"

The master laughed cheerily, and the old woman went on.

"Now, we all's gwinter gin hub a big weddin', des' lak my baby oughter have."

"Of course, what else do you expect? You don't suppose I'm going to have her ump over the broom with him, do you?"

"Now, you listen to me: we're gwinter have all de deins' dat go 'long wid a weddin', ain't we?"

Stuart Mordaunt struck his fist on the arm of his chair and said:

"We're going to have all that the greatest of the occasion demands when a Mordaunt marries."

"Da's right, da's right. She gwinter have de o'ange wreast an' de ring?"

"That's part of it."

"An' she gwinter be gin' erway in right style?" asked Aunt Tempy anxiously.

"To be sure."

Aunt Tempy turned her sharp black eyes on her master and shot forth her next question with sudden force and abruptness.

"Now, what I waster know, who gwinter gin hub erway?"

Stuart Mordaunt straightened himself up in his chair with a motion of sudden surprise and exclaimed:

"Why, Tempy, what the—who do you mean?"

"I mean des' what I say, da's what I mean. I waster know who gwinter gin my Miss Liza erway?"

"An' I can't gin you erway, baby?" said the old woman sadly.

"We'll see about that, mammy; you know nobody ever knows what's going to happen."

The girl was comforting the old woman's distresses as mammy in the years gone by had comforted her childish fears. It was a putting off until tomorrow of the evils that seemed present today.

Aunt Tempy went away seemingly satisfied, but she thought deeply, and later she visited old Brother Parker, who used to be a servant in a preacher's family, and they talked long and earnestly together one whole evening.

Do they say them as they separated, and cried in desolation?

"Look hyeah, Aunt Tempy, what you an' o' Brother Parkah c'dgin' erway so long?"

"Spec' fua' thing we know we be gin' alipah and wra's in you, an' you'll be toller' Miss Liza's 'suple'!"

"Hub-uh, chile," Aunt Tempy answered.

"I ain't thinking nothin' 'bout ma' in case I's o' but la, chile, I ain't o' de daid too!"

The preparations for the wedding were completed, and the time arrived. All the elite of the surrounding country were present. Mammy was allowed to put the last touches, insignificant though they were to the bride's costume. She went copiously over her child, but with not so much absorption as not to be alert when Miss Eliza took her down and slipped her behind the heavy portiers.

The organ pealed its march; the ceremony began and proceeded.

The responses of the groom were:

strong, and those of the bride timid, but decisive and clear. Above all rose the resonant voice of the rector. Stuart Mordaunt had gathered himself together and straightened his shoulders and stepped forward at the words, "Who giveth this woman?" when suddenly the portieres behind the bridal party were thrown asunder, and the ample form of Aunt Tempy appeared. The whole assemblage was thunderstruck. The minister paused, Mordaunt stood transfixed; a hush fell upon all of them, which was broken by the old woman's stentorian voice crying:

"I DOES! DAT'S WHO! I GINS MY BABY ERWAY!"

For an instant no one spoke; some of the older ladies wiped tears from their eyes, and Stuart Mordaunt bowed and resumed his place beside his daughter. The clergyman took up the ceremony where he had left off, and the marriage was finished without any further interruption.

When it was all over, neither the father, the mother, the proud groom nor the blushing bride had one word of reproach for mammy, for no one doubted that her giving away and her blessing were as effectual and fervent as those of the nearest relative could have been.

A NATION'S TOBACCO FIRE.

its Bowl Would Hold all the People in Liverpool and Birkenhead.

Probably the most enthusiastic admirer of 'My Lady Nicotine' will find it difficult to realize the mountains of tobacco which are required every year to fill the nation's pipes. A careful estimate places the amount of tobacco smoked every year within the United Kingdom at 70,000,000lb., or an allowance to every inhabitant of 1lb. 12s. sufficient for 168 hours of hard smoking.

It is possible to collect these 31,350 tons of tobacco and to make a pipe large enough to contain it all, our national pipe would have a bowl capable of holding the entire population of Liverpool and Birkenhead, or about 750,000 people. The bowl would be so capacious that eighty-six men with outstretched arms could scarcely embrace it, while the Nelson monument could be dropped in to it sideways. It would be 150ft. in diameter, and would rise 68ft. higher than the London Monument.

If our pipe were a magnified briar its stem would be about 800 yds. long; but if we make a homely 'churchwarden' of it, and place its bowl in the space opposite the Mansion House, the smoker would have to take up his position at Ludgate Circus.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a few vigorous puffs of this mammoth pipe would fill the City with the densest fog of the century; or that the weight of the pipe when loaded would tax the strength of all

the men in the entire 'county of London' to lift it.

If we now unload our pipe we shall require no fewer than 20,000 horses to carry away its burden of tobacco; while our train of carts would stretch in an unbroken line from London to Brighton. If we convey it by rail we shall require a train of wagons long enough to reach from Waterloo to Hounslow, a distance of over thirteen miles.

If we pack it in quarter-pound tins, each representing a week's supply for the ordinary smoker, and the tins being 3in. in diameter and 4½in. long, we can make of them a 'cable of tobacco' long enough to go more than four-fifths of the way round the Equator, or twenty cables, a pathway 5ft. wide, to stretch from London to Naples.

If we rear our tins in one huge column, 7yds. square, the area of a large drawing-room, the top of our column would be level with the observatory on the top of Mont Blanc. This quantity of tobacco would allow six good pipefuls to every man, woman, and child throughout the world, and would represent 1,316,128 years of continuous smoking, night and day.

This means that if a small army of 1,616 men had commenced to smoke hard, night and day, at the very moment when William the Conqueror put his foot on English soil, and had continued smoking through all the intervening 833 years, they would barely now have reached the last pipes of one year's supply of tobacco for the United Kingdom.

Taking the average retail price of our tobacco as 4s. 6d. a pound, the smokers of the United Kingdom spend no less than £15,750,000 on smoke. If they could turn their pipes and devote their tobacco money to charity, it would be possible to make an allowance of 6s. a week to every pauper in the United Kingdom.

Our smokers spend every year as much as would pay the entire cost of our Army for a period of ten months; or would pay the nation's yearly bills for Education, Science and Art, Law and Justice.

An army of 5,000 men would find it difficult to carry the 174 tons of gold necessary to pay our annual tobacco bill; in fact if all the gold were put into one pen of a col. seal pair of scales, and the entire population of a small town of 2,500 inhabitants in the other pan, it would be necessary to call in recruits from the surrounding villages to turn the scale.

GREAT COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

A Business That has Grown to Large Proportions.

Among the many best and greatest things that North America possesses, certain manufacturing establishments always stand out conspicuously. This is notably true of The Sherwin-Williams Company, the home plant of which, at Cleveland, Ohio, holds a unique position in the manufacturing world.

The Sherwin-Williams Company owes its distinction not only to the fact that it is the largest producer of paint in the world, but as well to the system and method of manufacture, the splendid conduct of its factory and the institutions established for the benefit of employees.

Besides the main plant at Cleveland, The Sherwin-Williams Company have factories at Chicago and Montreal and their own warehouses and branch offices at New York, Boston and Toronto, with several auxiliary interests at other trade centres.

The Cleveland plant consists of fifteen large buildings conveniently arranged for shipping both by railroad and water. The

Company's printing and advertising establishment is in a separate building adjacent to the main plant. Here all the printing and preparation of advertising and sample cards are carried on. The Sherwin Williams Company operates its own box factory and cooperage establishment, and makes all its own cans. For the convenience of employees a dining room and kitchen is provided where lunches are served to all employees of the Company. Special washrooms and bath rooms are also provided, while perhaps the most unusual feature in the establishment is a laundry in which all the Company's towels, aprons, table linen, etc., are laundered. The Sherwin Williams Mutual Benefit Association has been in successful operation for a number of years, paying benefits to the employees who become members in case of sickness, accident and death. A monthly magazine called 'The Camelion' is printed for circulation among the staff of workers in the manufacturing, sales and account departments of the Company. Besides these there are many other distinctive features of the factory system that make the Sherwin-Williams institution the most model paint plant in existence. Everything that promotes cleanliness, health, and neatness is done in the most thorough manner, and the result is a highly sympathetic working between the employees and employers.

The Company always extends a cordial invitation to visiting paint dealers who desire to inspect their factories.

Thrust and Parry.

The friends of a popular 'drummer' in one of the Western states tell a story at his expense that is worth repeating. We are not sure, however, but it is at the expense of the other person concerned in the narrative. He attended a large party one evening, and after the supper was over was promanous with one of the guests, a young lady from the East, to whom he had just been introduced. In the course of the conversation the subject of business callings came up, and she said:

"By the way, Mr.—, may I ask you what your occupation is?"

"Certainly," he answered. "I am a commercial traveller."

"How very interesting! Do you know, Mr.—, that in the part of the country where I reside commercial travellers are not received in good society?"

Quick as a flash he rejoined:

"They are not here, either, madam."

Where Dolls are Made.

Most of the dolls which which the windows of the shops are now decorated come, as is generally known, from Germany. But it is not so generally known that the making of them is very largely a cottage and not a factory industry. The cheaper ones come almost entirely from the agricultural districts of Saxony, the peasants filling up their intervals of idleness with doll-making, the dolls being collected at regular intervals by the factors who trade in and export them. Dolls, eyes, too, come mostly from Germany, but the better sorts from France. The English industry is mostly in wax dolls, a more expensive kind than the compe, china or wooden articles, of which we import such huge quantities every year.

Commonest Surnames.

A writer has compiled an interesting table of the fifty commonest surnames in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. Except in Ireland and Chicago, Smith is the commonest of all, but Smith is only second in Chicago, and fifth in Ireland, but is fourth in Philadelphia, seventh in Chicago, eleventh in New York, and thirteenth in Boston.

Disease

can be driven in or driven out. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla drives disease out of the blood. Many medicines suppress disease—cover it but don't cure it. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases originating in impure blood by purifying the blood itself. Foul blood makes a foul body. Make the blood pure and the body will be sound. Through the blood Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures eczema, tetter, boils, eruptions, humors, rheumatism, and all scrofulous diseases.

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had rashes or boils all over my body, but one bottle cured me. I consider Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood medicine made."—BONNER CHAFF, Wesson, Miss.

Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Quick Soap

SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest.

It's a harmless soap—it isn't a clothes eater.

It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb.

No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use **SURPRISE**.

A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents. Be sure you get the genuine.

Remember the name—**"SURPRISE"**

It is said that Julia Arthur will soon add Juliet to her repertoire.

Victory Batesman, an actress, who was taken to a sanitarium at Stamford, Conn., two months ago suffering from acute mania the result of overstudy, has almost completely recovered, and the physician in charge of the institution thinks there is no reason why she should not resume her stage work at an early date.

Effie Ellier is in New York trying to make arrangements to return to the stage next season, either as a star or leading feature of an organization. She and her husband, Frank Weston, retired from the profession several years ago. Mr. Weston devoted himself to some mining interests in the West.

The cast of 'The Man in the Moon' will include Dan Daly, Sam Bernard, John E. Henshaw, Walter Jones, Marie Dressler and Louie Froer. Dan Daly will appear as Sherlock Holmes, and Sam Bernard will play Conan Doyle with a Dutch dialect. Daly as the detective is to have a part that will supply great opportunities for his drollery.

'Carnac Sahib' is the name of Henry Arthur Jones new four-act-drama, which is to be produced by Boerheim Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, early in April and by Charles Frohman in America next season.

Curiosities of our Calendar.

There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday, or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June, and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap years, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29th.

Very Different Now.

The guillotine is not actually as represented in conventional pictures of it. It has been made a much more delicate apparatus than it used to be, and has been reduced one-third in size. The parallel uprights in which the knife moves are now painted a dirty Vandyck brown instead of bright scarlet, and the knife is not a great triangular piece of steel, but an almost razor-shaped blade, weighted with mercury, and not with lead.

"Does your papa object to my calling upon you, Miss Doyers?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Spudds."

"Does your mamma?"

"No."

"Do your brothers?"

"I think not."

"Then I don't see any harm in coming."

"But there is one member of the family you neglected to ask about, and who does object to your coming most heartily."

"I thought I had named them all; but now think of it, I did omit to ask about your pug."

"Oh Fido doesn't mind you."

"Then who is it objects to my coming to see you?"

"It is only I, Mr. Spudds."

Smallest People in the World.

The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is less than 4ft., and the anthropological experts who recently visited them found but few that weighed over 75lb.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.