

The Happiness That Came to Sir Henry Lawrence.

(John o' London's Weekly.)
"You know the inner chambers of my heart more than most," Lady Lawrence wrote to a friend in the first year of her wedded life, "so you will understand the force of my words when I tell you I am happy, and that in Henry I find that on which my understanding heart can fully rest. Mamma understands the beauty of his character. His mind is like a house in which the commonest vessels are of gold, and their value is hardly known until we look at the stuff other vessels are made of."

It would, indeed, be difficult to find a more ideal union than that of Henry Lawrence, great soldier and hero of Lucknow, and Honoria Marshall, the lovely and gifted girl who won his heart at first sight of her beauty, as a boy of twenty-one.

Love at First Sight.

Four years earlier Lawrence, following in the steps of his father and two elder brothers, had set sail to India. And it was on his first home leave in 1827 that he first met Honoria, the bosom friend of his beloved sister, Letitia, and his own second cousin, and she walked straight into his heart. But though Lawrence succumbed thus quickly to Honoria's unconscious onslaught he gave no sign of his surrender.

And we see him parting from Honoria after a day's sight-seeing in London, with a friendly grasp of the hand as if he expected to see her on the morrow, and returning to India carrying the secret of his love with him. Indeed, nine more years of exile and separation, during which he wrote at last he considered he was in a position to declare himself; and his long and weary waiting was rewarded when her answer came to him that she loved him so dearly as he loved her—had, in fact, loved him from the first; and that she asked no greater happiness than to share his life. Thus, one summer day in 1837, we see her setting sail for India, to stand at the altar of the small Mission Church in Calcutta with the man for whom whom she had waited so long.

Home in a Tent.

And never has greater happiness crowned a wooing. Lawrence was now engaged in the Government service at Allahabad as a revenue surveyor, spending a restless life in travelling over a wide district, superintending the work of his assistants; and into this nomadic life his bride threw herself with zest. The home to which he brought her was a tent in the jungle, pitched, folded, and repitched at intervals of a few days or weeks as his work required.

But this idyllic gipsy-life was not to last long; for trouble in Afghanistan called Lawrence from his wife's side. But Captain Lawrence was not to fight, after all. He remained on the borders of Afghanistan with a portion of the troops, and soon after was appointed Political Agent at Ferozepore. And it was there that sorrow first entered their life with the death of their second child, a baby girl. "It is a bitter cup," Mrs. Lawrence writes; "but it comes from a Father's hand, and I say, with joy and praise to Him, that on the 21st August, our fourth wedding-day, we were happier—yes, happier—in each other than we had ever been. We could never so have loved had we not sorrowed together."

Ideal Love.

Thus the years passed in a love and ideal comradeship which the inevitable sorrows and trials of life only seemed to strengthen; and meanwhile Lawrence rose slowly but surely on the ladder of fame and influence

in Indian affairs. There were periods of separation bravely and patiently borne—as when he faced death daily on the historic march to Kabul—when the only thought of each was for the other. "Darling," he wrote to her, "don't fear for me, or think I expose myself unnecessarily. I do not, and am mindful of you, of my boy, and of myself."

The years that followed this turbulent interval, when Lawrence was appointed Resident at the Court of Nepal and, later, Governor-General's Agent in the Punjab, were, to quote his own words, "years of quiet ease, health, and competence, in lieu of toil, discomfort, and sickness"; for his wife's delicate health caused him great anxiety, and he himself was "the wreck of two African fevers."

Left Desolate.

Lawrence's excellent work in the Punjab, and later in Rajputana and Oudh, made him a marked man. He was now a K.C.B. and recognized as one of the ablest officials in India. But all his success was but Dead Sea fruit to him when he saw the beloved companion of his life fade away. And when the end came one January day in 1864 his life was left empty and desolate. "My house," he pathetically writes to a friend, "is indeed dark."

But, as he would have wished it, his pilgrimage of loneliness was fated to be short. Three years later his own end came with the bursting of a shell in his room in the Residency of besieged Lucknow. And as he lay dying he dictated his own immortal epitaph: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty"; adding—as the tears streamed down his cheeks at the memory of the woman he had loved so well—"I should also like this text: 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him.'" It was on my dear wife's tomb.

French Champ.

Praises Dempsey.

Paris.—Georges Carpentier, the heavyweight champion of Europe, returned from America richer by 1,000,000 francs and with a great respect for the fighting ability of Jack Dempsey, world's title holder.

Carpentier, who was never boastful, even before leaving France when he had not seen Dempsey, said on his return that Dempsey was considered in America to be a "super-fighter," but that he would meet him with as much confidence as he did the British fighters, Wells, and Beckett, whom he knocked out.

"The newspapers," said Carpentier, "reported Dempsey as saying he would lead me to the slaughter like an ox. I don't believe it. I have met Dempsey, who is really a very amiable gentleman. I even had one match with him which I won—but that was at golf. Dempsey's kind thought in sending me a wireless message when off Nantucket wishing us God speed was very gentlemanly."

"The boastful remark attributed to Carpentier's manager, Descamps at the Jersey Club ball park, that Carpentier would beat the champion in two rounds, has now been modified to such expressions as: 'The difference in weight of 14 pounds will be a great handicap,' and 'the man who lands the first blow will win.'"

Descamps appeared proud of the concession he succeeded in obtaining from the promoters—the privilege of making Carpentier's forfeit deposit in scrip of the new French loan, which will be placed in J. P. Morgan & Co.'s bank this week, bearing six per cent. interest.

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F. V. CHESMAN,

Edison Dealer,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

Joe Miller's Jests.

Eighteen years hence somebody will find in August a reason for celebrating a bicentenary of Joe Miller, for the name has now outlived the man these 182 years, and may be counted upon to last much longer, says the "Christian Science Monitor." Everybody has heard of Joe Miller; and nearly everybody probably thinks of him as the author of "Joe Miller's Jests; or the Wit's Vade-Mecum." But Joe himself provided no more than a well-known name for the cover of a shilling book, although the title stated that the specimens of humor had been "first carefully collected in the company"—for Joe was an actor—"and many of them transcribed from the mouth of the facetious gentleman whose name they bear." Almost anybody except Joe Miller himself might in this manner have contributed some of the jests. But Joe was no joker, and the book was a joke book containing the "Jests" then current in London, and Miller's name given it to attract popular attention.

Such books were then common, and it was also common to commit selections of their contents to memory as an aid to social conversation. John

Mottley, a mediocrity in the writing world of London, happened to turn out a joke book which became what we would now call a best-seller among its kind, and the people found them conversationally useful, and as time went on the bearer of an oft-repeated joke, no matter what book it came from, was likely to reprove the teller by remarking, "That's a Joe Miller."

Yet those who knew him personally declare that Joe Miller never made a joke, and that his demeanor in the

company of lighter tongues than his, was so serious that it became the custom of these wags to attribute jokes to him; to say that Joe Miller had made this joke or that was a joke itself. A fictitious reputation as a "facetious companion" was thus attached to serious Joe, and no doubt contributed to the sale of "Joe Miller's Jests; or the Wit's Vade-Mecum."

Although he really made no jokes, Joe Miller was an excellent comedian, whose name first appears on the bills of Drury Lane Theatre in 1755. He remained for most of his life a successful comic actor, popular with his companions, despite his solemnity and apparently highly respected for his personal character. An old painting shows him as a rather round-faced, serious man in a curled wig and cocked hat. His professional appearance at the fairs that then occurred regularly in the vicinity of London added no doubt to his wide popularity and to the later value of his name on the cover of a jest book. For these miscellaneous outdoor entertainments, famous in their day at Bartholomew's Fair, Smithfield May Fair, or Greenwich Fair, extended the working season for industrious actors. They came at the time of year when the regular

theatres were temporarily closed, and companies of actors were formed to appear in booths erected at the fair. Joe Miller at one time was manager of such a booth theatre.

The success of "Joe Miller's Jests" ran to several editions and a number of other collections were brought out from year to year under similar titles, until the name of the comedian became inseparable from the idea of an old joke. Joe Miller himself might not have appreciated this odd and far-reaching fame, but it would undoubtedly delight those "facetious companions" who regarded it as a chuckling matter to attribute this joke and that to their friend, Joe Miller.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, Gentlemen.—In July, 1915, I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 14 months. In Sept., 1916, Mr. Wm. Outridge, of Lachute urged me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I did with the most satisfactory results and to-day I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours sincerely,
MATTHEW X BAINES,
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Roman Roads

Still in Use.

Two thousand years ago the Romans built roads, some of which are still in active service. These roads have lasted through the centuries, simply because of their massive construction. The Romans built four successive courses or layers, on an earth subgrade, carefully prepared and drained. First came the statumen, or foundation; then the rudus, next the nucleus, and finally the pavimentum, or wearing surface. The statumen and pavimentum consisted of large flat stones, while the two intervening courses were built of smaller stones laid in lime-mortar. To carry the chariot and packhorse traffic of Roman times these roads were seemingly ridiculously heavy, yet the wisdom of the builders was amply demonstrated by the eight hundred years during which the Roman road system formed the backbone of the transportation system of the ancient empire.

Root vegetables go well with pork. Worn sheets make excellent pillow cases.

