

SHOPPING IN BLOOMERS.

MR. LARSEN SEES NO MORE REASON FOR IT

Then for a Woman Appearing in a Parlor in a Bathing Suit—The Wheel-Woman Outdoing Dr. Mary Walker—Dr. Hale Closely Identified With Boston.

Boston, May 21.—The indications are said to be that this will be a very warm summer. We had a touch of it, or a fore-runner perhaps, for a few days last week, when the thermometer ran up to 85, which means considerable when people still have on their winter clothing. The set who made a change in their underwear, however, regretted it the next day when the thermometer went down to 26 and morning broke with white frost on the ground. But summer is here and when the warm weather sets in, the people who go down to Reed's Point wharf to see the sights will have plenty of company when the boats come in.

If many of Boston's women bicyclists go east this summer you will see sights indeed, for it seems hardly possible that bloomers, divided skirts and all that sort of thing have reached that point in the provinces where they are looked upon as a matter of course. You do not certainly have the extremes to which bicycling costumes are carried in this part of the world, for out in the parks and on the boulevard one sees some stunners, to say the least about them.

I wish I knew as much about fashions and woman's hobbies in general as our brilliant and mutual friend Astra, so that I could tell you something worth while about Boston women bicyclists and the costumes they wear, but even then I fear the description would not give a right idea, unless it were accompanied by illustrations, for the wheel women must be seen to be appreciated.

The stories in the humorous papers about women who appropriate the wearing apparel of husbands and brothers to their own use contain as much truth as fiction, for what is called "the New Woman" is looming up in great style in this part of the world.

Present indications are that a time is soon coming when Dr. Mary Walker will be able to walk along the streets without attracting any attention on account of the clothing she wears. The wheel-woman is outdoing her.

Yet I suppose there never will be a time when the general public will get used to the eccentricities of woman. Take it here in Boston, for instance, where divided skirts and bloomers are almost as common as organ pipe skirts and high crowned sailor hats. Everybody seems to think it a duty to turn the head and watch the bicyclist go by. When she is on the wheel it is not so bad, but when a woman is walking along Washington street dressed like a Louisa she is pretty sure to attract the attention of everybody.

And why shouldn't she? Few women, however, have the assurance to do this, and such a sight is almost as uncommon as it is unseemly. There is a right time for everything and everything is all right in its time, but there is no more reason why a woman should go shopping in bloomers, just yet, than there is for her appearing in a parlor in a bathing suit.

It will be some time, perhaps, before St. John girls are as far advanced as this, notwithstanding the fact that the dressmakers down there are said to be busy making bloomers for the summer campaign.

The benches are out and Boston common is as green and attractive a place as ever. The Sunday afternoon services have begun, and with an innovation which has startled the public. Last year Morrison I. Swift, the socialist, was the principal attraction, abusing everybody in authority and whooping things up for the unemployed.

Last Sunday Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the Unitarian divine and author of "The Man Without a Country," held forth beneath a poplar tree telling the story of the Garden of Eden.

This was the first of a series of such meetings and it is said that the speaker will be men of prominence. Yet when the band concerts begin they will have to take a back seat till the musical programme is finished.

Dr. Hale is one of the characters of Boston. There is nothing under the sun upon which he has not an opinion. He is the editor of half a dozen papers, appears at a good percentage of the public meetings and sends long letters to those he does not attend, writes magazine articles by the score, and still has time to write testimonials for a painless toothpulling process.

The subway is one of the Sunday sights on the common this summer. It is nothing but a hole in the ground at present, but people like to look into it and see the places where the bones of their ancestors were taken out. The public garden has also been dug up to some extent and the hole there is principally remarkable for the bad odor it is sending forth over an aristocratic neighborhood. R. G. LARSEN.

A Parisian Hair Thief.

A flutter has been created among the maidens of Paris who wear their hair in a long plait. A girl of sixteen with her tresses thus arranged was waiting for a tram-car, in front of one of the offices, when she suddenly gave vent to a shriek. A man standing behind her had tried to cut off the whole of her hair, and in the attempt had hurt her in the neck. This individual endeavored to escape, but he was prevented

by the people gathered round. No fewer than six pairs of scissors were found on the tallow when searched at the police station, as well as a long lock of hair, which he had already succeeded in abstracting from some fair victim.

JEFFERSON TO HARVARD MEN.

The Eminent Actor's Witty Talk in Cambridge Last Tuesday Evening.

"There is nothing that so stimulates an actor as a good round of applause. [Laughter and applause.] I did not say that to twit you into giving me another round of applause [renewed applause], but the value of applause upon this occasion acts doubly—it assures me I am welcome, and it gives me time to think of what I am going to say next. [Laughter and applause.]

"I have prepared a few notes, as I should have considered it a meagre compliment to thrust upon such an audience only a few clumsy views. I trust that I may use these notes in such a manner as to interest you. If I had anything at all interesting to say, I don't want to be similarly situated as Mr. Lowell has said he was often—that some of the best after-dinner speeches he ever got off he made going home in his cab. [Great laughter.] I want to say my best things while I am here with you.

"My profession inculcates preparation. The word 'rehearsal' means it. It is important that an actor should be prepared, more so than he who follows any other art. The actor, unlike the painter, cannot in the strict sense have an exhibition before going on the stage, for he begins and it is in progress while being criticised. He cannot alter his work during the performance—cannot say to his audience, 'I have acted that part badly; let me stop, and I will act it over.'

Mr. Jefferson then gave a humorous account of how he and Mr. Florence carefully prepared themselves for the play of "The Rivals" in New York; how each was well prepared, even to the speeches to be made when the curtain should fall and the audience called them out.

"But we were not called out," quizzically remarked Mr. Jefferson. [Applause and laughter.]

"I am in a novel position here this evening," he continued, "for while many of the attributes of the actor and orator are the same, yet there is a point where they come to the fork of the road, shake hands, and part. The orator impresses his audience by what he says to it, whereas the actor is sometimes at his best when he shows how he is impressed by what is said to him. Therefore search within yourself for the attributes of the intended profession to see if you really possess those essentials to that profession you would follow. If you are impressionable, feel that surrounding circumstances affect you, then you have the histrionic attributes necessary for an actor. If you feel you are dogmatic, impressive, and dictatorial, not impressed by surroundings, I should not advise you to take to the stage.

"Orator and acting are qualities pervading all the arts, I find; as in music, the solo player is the orator, whereas the orchestra represents the dramatic quality. In literature the essayist is the orator, whereas the novelist has what I should term the dramatic quality.

"It is common with certain so-called men of genius to look with contempt upon art. This will not do. Art is the handmaid of genius, only asking respectful attention as payment for her services. But if you coquet with art, flirt with her, because you think you can depend upon your genius, you may as well say good-bye to mere genius.

"Genius produces, but art reproduces; and it is in the art of acting that reproduction is the most important. Art as applied to acting is to enable the actor to produce the same effect night after night, even though he has played the part a thousand times. I contend a man cannot play the actor's part too often, if he does not lose interest in the part. That's the point. If interest be lost, if by repeated performance the actor becomes weary, he fails to rekindle the fire, the flame goes out, and the weary actor produces the weary audience."

To illustrate his point Mr. Jefferson told how Macready once told the venerable actor Colcock that when he was acting the part of Werner, he once asked Mrs. Warner, who acted the contrary character, how it was his speech that once aroused the audience now fell flat and unnoticed. "Is it," he said to her, "that it is an old story to the audience?"

"No," said Mrs. Warner. "It is because it is an old story to you."

"Then," continued Mr. Jefferson, "she went over the part with him, and said: 'Once you spoke like the character who committed that theft; now you speak like a man who has committed a great many thefts.'"

"That was a lesson to me," said Mr. Jefferson.

"I don't say it is an easy matter to apply the thought intended, but I have tried to come as near it as possible—to act as if the ideas in the characters or parts I play had just struck me, had occurred for the first time. But it is the only way to get into that terribly sincere style that is the merit of the performance of the best actors."

Mr. Jefferson then considered tragedy and comedy in a critical vein and spoke of the versatility of Garrick, who, he thought, was great as a tragedian as well as a comedian, although to his idea greater as the latter than as the former. When Garrick was asked which he considered the most difficult, tragedy or comedy, he replied that, whether he was ill or well, whether in high spirits or low spirits, he was always equal to tragedy. "But comedy, sir?" "Ah! my dear sir, comedy is serious business."

[Laughter.]

The "star" system in dramatic organizations was also touched upon. Mr. Jefferson admitted it was really a delicate question to handle. There was a time when he thought the starring system was pernicious.

[Great laughter.] "But since then I have altered my opinion." [Renewed laughter.]

When he was in a stock company he had looked upon every star and manager as a tyrant, but when he became manager and a star he viewed the stars as a superior being. [Great laughter.]

"The starring system was invented about 300 years ago," said Mr. Jefferson, "by William Shakespeare. In every play of Shakespeare there is a central figure, usually taken by the star. In every play there must be one great light."

In concluding his lecture Mr. Jefferson related an amusing incident in Mrs. Gibbons' dramatic life. Being asked which she considered the greater as Romeo, Garrick or Barry, that lady said Garrick was so ardent she thought he would leap into the balcony, whereas Barry was so delightfully fascinating she feared she would leap down to him. [Laughter and applause.]

OVER THE DEAD CENTER.

A New York Incident of the Financial Squeeze of 1893.

As the season of stress and storm in the United States which began in '93 is passing, the financiers who were in peril at that time are beginning to exchange confidences, and these anecdotes show how great the peril was, and how often it happened that great business and financial houses stood on the verge of a precipice leaning over, and were only saved by mutual forbearance, kindness and the stretching of business customs to meet the unusual emergency.

I heard of one of these anecdotes a day or two ago. Right in the midst of the panic of '93, a financier and a great power in the world of trade, whose name is known all over this country and Europe, went to a friend and said: "I am so near ruin as this, that while I have millions in securities, I have scarcely a thousand dollars in cash, and must have \$25,000 today, or I am done for."

He had thrown himself languidly into a chair, as though almost ready to give up the battle. He knew well enough what the announcement of his failure meant for the commercial world. It probably would have pulled down a score or more of important institutions, and very likely would have precipitated general disaster. He had been everywhere with securities in his pocket valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, pronounced good then, but he was told in every place, "Your securities are good, but we cannot lend money now."

His position was like that of the castaway upon the ocean with "water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink." His securities at their normal value were probably worth as much as \$10,000,000, perhaps more, but it was impossible for him to borrow \$10 upon them.

The friend to whom he went knew as well as he what his failure involved: knew that he was worth at least ten millions in securities, although he could not command the \$25,000 which stood between him and him and the protesting of his paper.

The friend said, "Well, I'll try to help you. What collateral have you got?" He took from his pocket securities which before the panic would have commanded easily \$50,000, and said, "I can offer these."

"They are good," said the friend, "nothing better. Let me see what I can do."

He went out to a financial institution of which he had long been a customer, and he said to the officers: "I want to borrow \$25,000 on this collateral, which is worth \$50,000. I will guarantee the paper, provided I have recourse to the collateral in case it is not paid."

"But," said the bank officers, "we can't lend that. The collateral is good enough; but we can't even lend on Government bonds. Nobody is lending; everybody is trying to borrow."

"Well," said the friend, "then I will submit a proposition to you. If you will lend the money on this collateral it will earn 6 per cent. for you. If you will not lend it, then I will draw my own check upon this concern for \$25,000, and I will keep the collateral myself. Now it is for you to say whether for the \$25,000 that you've got to part with you will take security and 6 per cent. interest, or whether you will pay it out and get nothing for it, as you must do if I check it out."

Of course the officers, confronted with such an alternative, could only decide to loan the money, and it was the biggest loan that was made that day or perhaps for several days before or afterward—at least the biggest new loan.

The friend went back to the capitalist and said: "The \$25,000 is at your command." When the capitalist heard this he became a new man. All the energy characteristic of him returned. Said he: "This is an affidavit that before any of my other obligations mature it will be possible to borrow money on such securities as I possess, and that proved to be the case."

The capitalist is now one of the conspicuous influences inducing a return of prosperity. He is esteemed to be worth not

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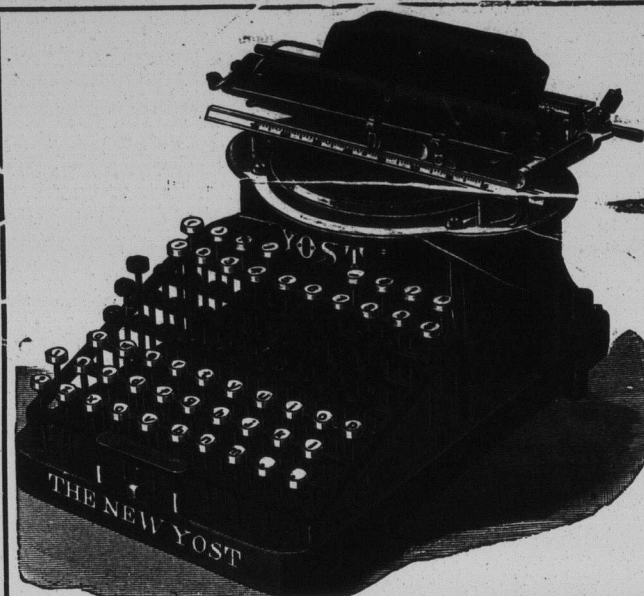
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far from twenty millions, and he can borrow upon his securities millions of money with perfect ease. He does not like to think of the day in '93 when \$25,000 stood between him and ruin.

A Woman Hater.

Probably the most confirmed woman-hater who ever lived was a wealthy old bachelor who has just died in Vienna, after his death a bundle of documents was discovered among his belongings, labelled "Attempts made by my family to put me under the yolk of matrimony." In this packet were sixty-two letters, the dates ranging from 1845 to 1893, a sufficient proof of the tenacity of his relations. So afraid was this strange man of even sitting near a woman, that whenever he went to the theatre he booked three seats, in order that he might have one on either side of him empty. When travelling in a railway carriage, he was always careful to smoke a large, foul-smelling pipe, to keep away intruders of the female sex. In his will he said: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred either to the right or left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two on either side unoccupied."

Carriers Must Salute.

Militarism has struck the Brooklyn Post-office. Postmaster Sullivan this week issued a new order that will create some talk. The order provides that letters carriers must salute their superiors whenever they meet them, by raising the right hand to the cap or helmet, just as in the army and police force.

"I have long been of the opinion," said the postmaster recently, "that something of this should be done. I notice when I meet the men in the street that some of them pay me no attention whatever. Some nod in a friendly fashion, and some lift their caps. Now, if there is anything I hate more than another it is to be man lit his hat to another. He may salute a woman that way, of course, but between men I consider it unmanly. Therefore, I issued the order that the men should give the military salute. Of course, it is as incumbent upon me to return it as for the men to give it. That goes without saying."

A Writer's Work.

A rapid penman can write thirty-two words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and one-half feet. In forty-eight minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, in an hour 28,800; in a day of only five hours 144,000; in a year of 300 such days, 43,200,000. The man, therefore, who made 1,000,000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men—newspaper writers, for instance—make 4,000,000. Here we have in the aggregate a mark 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year.

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