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HOW SECRETS LEAK OUT.

THE POWER TO KEEP THEM SECRETS TO BE VERY SMALL.

Some Important Little Happenings That Have Become Public Property in the most Mysterious Way—How an Appointment of a Viceroy was once Announced.

The power to keep a secret has not been too freely given to the human race, and the marvellous development of the Press has made it more difficult than ever to withhold information from the public. The news of Mr. Gladstone's impending resignation leaked out through a waiter who heard the G. O. M. confiding his secret to his host. The waiter was not so dumb that he did not see the value of this important piece of news, and he said to have said it to a London newspaper for £500.

Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation was a secret worth knowing, but it cost the 'Times' nothing at all except the indignation of Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph drove to the 'Times' (file in a hansom, and sent his card to the editor. 'Of course you will be friendly to me,' said his lordship, after he had informed the editor of his intention. 'Certainly not,' replied the editor. 'But there is not another paper in England that would not show some gratitude for such a piece of news,' protested Lord Randolph.

That may be true, but you cannot bribe the 'Times.' remarked the proud editor of that journal. 'This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation. But if you choose to have it so, you can give it some other newspaper, and not one line of it will appear in our columns tomorrow.' But Lord Randolph left his secret with the 'Times,' and next morning there was a strong article in that paper severely censuring him for deserting his leader.

Bismarck himself once revealed a secret to M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the 'Times,' which averted a great war and probably saved France from destruction. In 1875, the German military party thinking, evidently, that France was growing too strong, determined to force on another war which should crush her altogether. There was to be an invasion, and Paris was to be occupied. Bismarck managed to inform M. de Blowitz, through certain indirect channels, of what was to be done, and the whole plot was upset in the 'Times.'

A piece of information of the gravest importance to Great Britain once leaked out at a dinner party. The editor of a London evening paper, who is still living, was dining at his club when he heard from a great financier, that the Khedive was about to sell his shares in the Suez Canal to France.

The financier left his dinner and went to see Lord Derby, who was astounded at the news. Lord Rothchild found £4,000,000, and in less than a week it was announced that the Khedive had sold his shares to England. But for that the Suez Canal would have become part and parcel of French territory, and the revelation, when it was made public, nearly caused war between England and France.

It seems incredible that a man should be the means of revealing a secret which he himself did not know, but that was actually done some years ago. In the course of conversation at a dinner party in London, a well-known doctor remarked casually that Lord—had been asking him that day how he thought the climate of India would suit him. 'And what did you tell him, doctor?' asked a journalist, who was present. 'I told him it would suit him very well,' was the reply, and nothing more was said. But the journalist knew very well, that the Viceroyalty of India was vacant at the time, and his paper next morning announced that Lord—had been appointed the new Viceroy of the Indian Empire, which proved to be quite true.

Any visitor to some of our public libraries may see a copy of a secret treaty by which Charles I. entered into an agreement with the Catholics of Ireland, making certain concessions to them, in opposition to a public treaty made at the same time. The secret treaty was found among an archbishop's luggage, and caused a great sensation. The King denied its authenticity, but nobody believed him.

Authors have frequently tried to hide their identity under a nom-de-plume, but few of them have been so successful as the author of the famous Juarez letters, whose

When winter's storm and blast are o'er,
When melting snows in torrents pour
From mountain and from hillside steep,
To fill the streams and canyon deep;
'Tis then the Longjohns with just pride
Put skates and hockey on the ice,
While with toboggans and snowshoes,
Which victory brought to merry crew,
Are in abundance stored away
For use days of sport and play.
The curlers, too, their rinks must close,
And all enjoy a forced repose.
The club men work with such delight
At games and sports both day and night,
Are brought and laid away with care
By skaters, wives and daughters fair.
The colors, tried by rain and snow,
Have all retained their brilliant glow;
This is why all the Longjohns wear
Are users of the Diamond Dyes.

The Longjohns are a busy race,
And love to roam from place to place;
And now, intent on new discovery,
Stitch for the far-off Klondike mine,
Where, in that land of ice and cold,
Is found a wealth of virgin gold;
Where man with brave heart and strong hand
May soon a fortune sang command.
The fever despoils; young and old
Among the Longjohns in people bold
Call on their chief for council wise
'Tis their projected enterprise.
The chief, a keen, discerning man,
Much interested in their plan,
Would have them weigh with thought and care
The chances that would have to bear.
'Twas then agreed by one and all
The chief would a convention call
On all the Longjohns—young and old—
Who signed for the seal of gold.
Could, without hesitation, fear,
Set forth their views and try to cheer
Their brothers who were disinclined
To leave their fair homes far behind.

The great convention night comes on,
O, happy time for each Longjohn!
A welcome song and ringing cheers
Greet their great chief when he appears.
He takes the chair with pride and grace,
As he surveys with smiling face
The happy and contented throng
Who for the Klondike regions long.
The chairman's opening speech was brief—
A credit to the Longjohns chief—
He with a faint tongue explained
How wealth and gold could be obtained.
'You must,' said he, 'be true as steel,
And look well to each other's well;
Be generous, brave, just and upright,
Avoiding gambling, drink and fight,
And you will surely win the prize
That seems so near your longing eyes,
And will return to your dear land
A happy and contented band.
'Twas then the arrangements were complete,
And nothing can our plans defeat;
You start next week by C. P. R.
From Montreal by special car.
You've many days yet to prepare,
So let all things be done with care;
And when procuring your supplies,
Do not forget the Diamond Dyes,
Which, in the past, have surely brought
The best of results to all who sought
To home and away to get their share
That people everywhere admire.
These blessings great you may extend
When you are at your journey's end;
Your costumes, now so bright and trim,
May, later on, look soiled and dim.
From travel long by sea and land,
Or wear long through snow and sand;
'Tis then that Diamond Dyes so bright
To Longjohn travellers give delight.
Remember, too, that thousands wait
Your entrance at the Klondike gate,
And with beseeching, joyous cries,
Will all ask for fast Diamond Dyes.
Ours are the best, I say, John B. I,
Will my desires all fulfill;
I now commission him as guide,
Be strong and valiant at his side.
Our business ended, we adjourn
Till from the gold fields you return;
May Heaven's choicest blessing send
And every Longjohn home contented.'

No faces sad, no falling tears,
No timid souls, no doubts, no fears;
All with brave hearts, and hand in hand,
They sing a song, noble and grand,
Fixing of time; no hour to waste;
In Longjohn what home, rash and haste
Preparing garments warm and strong,
Sifted for Klondike winters long!
Provisions ample and supplies
Of never-fading Diamond Dyes
In freight cars soon are stored away
Ready for the departing day.

When landed safe with their supplies,
Each Longjohn to his duty flies;
No faltering steps, no languid looks,
No time for play or reading books.
Each has his share of work to do,
Some put up tents red, green and blue;
Some cook, and will a meal prepare—
Though hungry food, 'tis cooked with care—
While on her hands will soon arrange
Their canvas boats for waters strange;
Thus will united efforts fill
The programme made by Longjohn Bill.
Two days of work in weather cold
Has given a vim to Longjohns bold;
The hardest work is now must sleep,
While some on boats a watch must keep.
The morning's rising sun will show
That Longjohns young and old can row,
And manage with a ease and skill
Their boats on water rough or still.

Ha! See! They're off! With joy and glee
Each oarsman works right manfully;

O, glorious time! What weather grand!
Now spring is breaking o'er the land;
April's bright sky, the balmy air
Foresees days of weather fair.
At Windsor Sta. too Longjohns see
In travelling so times bright and new;
Their pipes and dice, their sweethearts, too,
Are there to bid a last adieu.
The roll is called by Longjohn Bill,
Each answers with a might and will;
'Tis found that every soul is there
Who would the Klondike perils share.
Five minutes more to calm alarms,
The Longjohns rush to loving arms,
Where hearts are pledged and vows renewed,
With smiling faces tear-beset.

The time is up, the whistle sounds,
The Longjohns with great strides and bounds
Enter their special car with pride,
For their trans-continental ride.
Without mishap, or ache, or pain,
They reach the Klondike of the plain—
Far at Winnipeg, a city grand,
Where brother Longjohns proudly wait
To welcome them and read address,
Wishing them Godspeed and success,
And a serenely happy time,
While on their way to Arctic clime.

The train speeds on, no time is lost;
No dangers now from winter's frost;
The balmy air o'er prairie wide
Has brought the Longjohns boys outside,
Where they can revel with delight
In floods of glory and bright light,
Which to the body brings a wealth
Of vigor, happiness and health.
'Contentment, peace, goodwill prevail'
With icy cheeks each to the other hail;
They eat and drink, they sleep and smile,
And thus the hours long beguile.
As on the miles of prairie wide
The swift train rushes like a tide,
Bringing the Rockies in full view,
And to the Longjohns wonders new.
The mountains peaks that tower high,
That seem to pierce both clouds and sky,
The glaciers, canyons, passes, herds,
The rushing torrent that descends,
He takes the chair with pride and grace,
As he surveys with smiling face
The happy and contented throng
Who for the Klondike regions long.

Vancouver reached, what joy profound!
A thousand people's voices sound;
Their object is a "public call"
To welcome Longjohns and their fall,
Who, as in line they quickly form,
Receive a welcome, hearty, warm,
To which their leader well replies
In speech most able, thoughtful, wise.
The Longjohns all give with the throng
(A gathering of the short and long),
Their costumes draw all wondering eyes
To colors made with Diamond Dyes.
The steamer's whistle shrill and sharp
Tells them that they must soon embark;
So, with farewell, all to the quay
With great reluctance haste away.

All gathered on the steamer's deck,
No thought of danger, ice or wreck;
They feel light-hearted, happy, gay,
Like boys they run, jump, climb and play.
As onward to the north they go,
They find the mountains close and low;
The sea winds are so cold and bleak,
That all in cabin shelter seek.
Three days and nights on ocean's vast sea,
The Longjohns' ship for port and rest;
O, happy news! all mid-day
The captain calls out "Welcome Bay!"
Now there is turning to and fro,
For Longjohns to the shore must go
In garments suited to resist
The chilling wind and dampening mist.

When landed safe with their supplies,
Each Longjohn to his duty flies;
No faltering steps, no languid looks,
No time for play or reading books.
Each has his share of work to do,
Some put up tents red, green and blue;
Some cook, and will a meal prepare—
Though hungry food, 'tis cooked with care—
While on her hands will soon arrange
Their canvas boats for waters strange;
Thus will united efforts fill
The programme made by Longjohn Bill.
Two days of work in weather cold
Has given a vim to Longjohns bold;
The hardest work is now must sleep,
While some on boats a watch must keep.
The morning's rising sun will show
That Longjohns young and old can row,
And manage with a ease and skill
Their boats on water rough or still.

Ha! See! They're off! With joy and glee
Each oarsman works right manfully;

No murmuring word, no faltering hand,
While Longjohn Bill is in command.
On Skissee's waters dark and cold
A score of dangers they behold;
But through the rapids long and swift
Their laden boats securely drift.

The small boat journey now must end,
For they have reached the "Miner's Band,"
Where they prepare the trail to take
That leads them on to Te-lin Lake.
The Longjohns by great good luck secure
Indian with dogs well trained and sure,
As a pack sleds laden, but strongly made,
On which supplies are quickly laid.
One hundred miles or more to go
O'er plains and hills of melting snow;
The Longjohns, trained to track and race,
With Indians and their dogs keep pace.
Another day's march brings them near
To Te-lin's waters placid, clear,
Where, to their joy, the boat awaits
That takes them right to Klondike's gate.

Here Indians take their homeward way,
Bill Longjohn has a word to say,
For he has found them faithful, true,
In all the work they had to do.
'Come round me, children of the north,
Before you to your homes go forth;
I'll work before your heathen eyes
Great wonders with the Diamond Dyes.'
A bright blue dye in camping pot,
Filled up with water, long hot,
Was on the fire then set with care,
And covered to exclude the air.
'Come near me, Skakettai, and behold
How Longjohns make anew things old;
I'll take this dye and dye mine
And bring it out a dye divine.'
The jersey into Diamond Dye
Was put in twinkling of an eye,
Allow'd to boil for half an hour,
To give the color strength and pow'r.
'Twas taken out and rinsed with care,
Allow'd to dry in clear, cold air;
It was a revelation grand
To Indians of that lone north land.

The trail hand all with whoops and cries
Express'd delight and much surprise;
Even Skakettai's eyes could not control
The feelings that that rack'd his soul.
In answer then to Skakettai's prayer,
Bill Longjohn gave to him a share
Of Diamond Dyes of magic hue—
Reds, Yellows, Pinks, Browns, Greens and Blues.
Then, with manly words of warning,
Bill Longjohn silence did command,
While he to Skakettai would impart
The wishes of a Longjohn's heart.
'Return in peace now to your quarters—
Good wives, according to your laws—
To them dispense these precious dyes
That we, as Longjohns, highly prize.
May all your wives be brighter, fair,
Peppones laugh more merrily,
When as white and blankets, faded, old,
In new rich colors they behold.
Farewell, farewell, ye Indians all!
The warning bell to us doth call;
It rings with crisp and tuneful sound
For Longjohns to the Klondike bound.

The river boat with strange device—
A ram for cutting through the ice—
Moves off a thing of force and life,
For battle in commercial strife;
The "North Star" onward plows with might
Through floating ice by day and night,
While Longjohns talk of pigs and pigs,
When in possession of "diamonds."
With business, Longjohns mingle fun,
And often take a healthy run.
On open deck, where they can see
The rugged northern scenery,
Five days confid'd to cabin, deck,
Their eyes at last behold a speck—
It floats uncertain'd and free—
'Tis Dawson's flag the Longjohns see!
A joy supreme fills every breast,
Soon their expectant eyes shall rest
On hills and mountains and craggy land,
That men to dig for their command.
A large and gunpowder's fiery yield
Of precious yellow dust concealed
By rocks and earth, by ice and snow,
Where swift and winding rivers flow.

Arriv'd at Dawson centre grand
Of great Klondike mining land!
The boat is moor'd both safe and fast,
When anxious, waiting people cast
Their varied looks on comers new,
Who from Vancouver have come through
To grasp a fortune or to fail,
And later on their lot bewail.
Here Longjohns see the miner rough
With unkempt hair and voice so gruff;
Here are the runners of hotels,
*Telegraph Creek.

The gambling sharks and city swells;
Here, too, are men who've made their "pile,"
Though calm and peaceful, still they smile;
While here and there a woman's face
Is marked with beauty, charm and grace.

The Longjohns march from steamer's deck
With a steady step and heads erect;
They are received with hearty cheers,
Which dissipates their don'ts and fears.
The Dawson critics all admire
The Longjohns' warm and neat attire;
Their coats as bright as ever, asbes too,
Are seen in red, brown, green and blue.
The men with wonder and amazement
Intently on the Longjohns gaze;
The women with discerning eyes
Can see the work of Diamond Dyes.
Excitement now runs fast and high
Under the clear, cold Klondike sky;
Never before did such a sight
Bring with it greater joy, delight.

As men and women homeward turn,
Their hearts are within begin to burn
For dyes the same as Longjohns use,
Imparting wonderous tints and hues.
'Twas soon resolved to interview
Bill Longjohn and his merry crew,
To ask them if among their supplies
They carried stock of Diamond Dyes.

Next morning, early in the day,
The Dawson men without delay
Went to the busy camping ground,
Where Longjohn Bill they quickly found.
'Tell us, thou worthy eastern chief—
'And 'twill s'fice us much relief—
If thou canst sell us colors true?
Our men and women, young and old,
Have many a precious bag of gold,
Of which you can a share possess,
If you but meet our sore distress.
Our garments still are strong and warm,
Will serve for months of cold and storm,
But, as they are, our hearts are sad,
With thou, great chief, now make us glad?
The Longjohns chief, with tact and pride,
To Dawson's people thus replied:
'We have, indeed, the Diamond Dyes,
They're reckoned amongst our best supplies.
If you would buy, then we will sell
While we are neighbors near you dwell;
And we're prepared to guarantee
That disappointment you'll not see.'
Thus, well assured, they freely bought
The wonder dyes they people sought.
And to their homes returned with glee,
Contented, happy as could be.

In one short week no ship or town
Was heard of seen in Dawson town;
A satisfaction deep, all-crow,
Soon cast on doubts and gloom all fear.
Today, in home, in church, on street,
The women all look stylish, neat,
And men, with honest, manly pride,
Are proud of suits renewed and dyed.

The Longjohns' trading now must close,
The third men need sleep, repose.
To fit them for the toilsome way
That all must take at break of day.
As Pilobus shows her golden beams
The camp is ready—men and teams—
To take the trail o'er plain and hill,
Under command of Longjohn Bill.
Our Longjohn friends so merry, strong,
With increased vim move right along;
Soon they will rest, and sleep, and dream,
On bank of some swift flowing stream.
Dime fortune now their efforts crown
Just sixty miles from Dawson town;
Here signs predict a yield of gold,
A wealth which they intend to hold.

Their handsome tents are pitched again,
Made fast against storm of wind and rain;
Their mining tools and camp supplies,
As well as stock of Diamond Dyes,
Are all unpack'd, so that they may
Be reach'd by all from day to day.
On Klondike's fields without a fear
We'll leave the Longjohns for a year,
Fully equipped for work and play,
Good books to read at close of day,
With cloths warm, and strong and good,
And plenty of supplies of food.
And when their clothes look rusty, dim,
And are consider'd out of trim,
The Diamond Dyes will soon impart
New colors that will cheer each heart.
Should it issue in their camp be found,
They'll use Pains' Colory Compound,
That soon restores to rugged health
All seckers after gold and wealth.
May Longjohns, now in Klondike cold,
Safely return with stores of gold
To mother, sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Who all are friends of Diamond Dyes.



and the queen's own eyes began to twinkle as he said. "Well, my dear, let me say that this that you have now complained of underlies and is the basis and secret of the whole Irish question and the whole of our question. It is rather amusing to find your majesty suffering from a grievance as a crofter."

Then her majesty laughed very much. "I can only say," he added, "that I can only say how good it is to find you sharing in the afflictions of the poorest of your subjects."

A Grave Digging Record.

It is probably at Aldenburg where it is to be found the record in grave-digging. On a stone in the cemetery there is an inscription which records the life-work of three sextons—father, son, and grandson. Christian Friedrich Thome, who died on June 24, 1785, at the age of 72, was grave digger for 25 years. His son, Johann Christian Thime, occupied the position for 54 years, and during that time interred no fewer than 50,881 inhabitants. The grandson, Johann Heinrich Karl Thime, surpassed this. He died in 1836, after 50 years' work as a grave-digger, and it was found that he had dug graves for 23,311 persons.

Change! His Name Five Times.

The Earl of Ancestor, in his sixty-eight years of life, has borne more names than fall to the lot of most peers. He began life as Mr. Heathcote, the son of Lord Aveland; at the age of 37 he succeeded his father as Baron Aveland; ten years ago he became twenty-second Lord Willoughby de Eresby in succession to his mother, and six years ago he was made Earl of Ancestor. It was through his mother that he came into possession of most of his 132,000 acres, and of his three castles in England, Scotland and Wales.

A Cat's Travels.

A cat has just died at San Francisco who had travelled very nearly a million miles. He belonged to the chief engineer of the Royal Mail steamer Aladama, and for thirteen years was his companion on board ship in all his voyages between Sydney and San Francisco. With the passengers this remarkable cat was a great favorite, and on completing 700,000 miles he was presented with a silver collar.

DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

that it led to.

many a younger woman, who, after recovery, have taken a complete course of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and are quite satisfied that I owe my good health to this treatment. I give this testimony purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer.

MARY LINGARD, Woodstock, Ont.

Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and who know they were cured by the use of this personal testimony. It shows all stands solidly upon the rock of experience, challenging every skeptic with its purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every impure blood. Hence tumors, skin eruptions, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others, but persistence with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla usually results in a complete cure.

Mary Lingard began with a Sarsaparilla. When she was cured she realized that a medicine that could cure disease could also prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring and kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Catalogue, a little book of 100 pages which is sent free by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

secret went with him to the grave a hundred years ago. The letters of Peter Plymley, which appeared in pamphlet form in the earlier part of this century, puzzled the literary world for many years, until Sydney Smith, tired of the mystery, published them in a book of his works, with this preface:—

'The Government of that day took great pains to find out the author; all they could find was that they were brought to the publisher by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow it came to be conjectured that I was the author; I have always denied it, but, finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the letters in this collection.'

Sir Walter Scott kept his 'Waverley' secret remarkably well, considering that quite twenty of his friends knew it. For

thirteen years the reading world spoke of the author of the Waverley novels as 'The Great Unknown.' All that time Scott wrote books in his own name, kept up a hospital house, acted as clerk of session, and did so much that nobody dreamed of connecting him with 'Waverley.' But on February 23, 1827, the secret leaked out at a dinner: the revelation causing immense excitement.

Lord Meadowbank, the judge, asked Scott if he might break the news, and the author gave him permission to 'do just as he liked.' The judge worked up to the revelation in a little speech, proposing the health of 'The Great Unknown,' finishing up by saying, 'I propose the health of Sir Walter Scott.' Sir Walter was, of course, already very popular; and there

was a wonderful scene when Lord Meadowbank sat down.

Soon after, Sir Walter threw a note across the table to a friend, asking him: 'Why not confess something, too—say, the murder of Egbie?' and, a little later, when someone spoke of 'The Great Unknown,' the author corrected him by calling out: 'The Small Known, now, Mr. Bailey.'

Ordained Women Ministers.

A large number of women are at the present moment regularly ordained as ministers of various denominations in the United States. The United Brethren and the Congregationalists appear to have been the first denominations to open the door at

the ministry to women. As far back as 1851 the Rev. Lydia Sexton was ordained as a minister, and continued her work till 1890. The Rev. Antionette Brown-Blackwell graduated from a theological school in 1850, and was admitted into the ministry of the Congregational Church in 1853. The Congregationalist denomination has, at the present time, over thirty ordained women preachers. The Baptists have not so many women preachers, but in the Baptist churches at Chicago, Pittsburg, Kansas, Nebraska, and Michigan there are women ministers. The Presbyterian Church prohibits women from ordination. Nevertheless, there are fifteen women students in the theological department of the Presbyterian Union Seminary.