

HOW TO USE THE VOICE.

CERTAIN DEFECTS OF TONE AND THEIR REMEDY.

The French woman's Merry Accents and the soft Scottish tones—Familiarities of Speech in Different Nations—The Beauty in Some Voices.

Among the several possessions which serve to distinguish poor, responsible man from comfortable, irresponsible beast are his vocal organs. In his use of these organs man does at times appear to take no pride in the distinction, and, seemingly not content to rest his claim for outgiving the lion upon what was, after all, a mere accident of birth, he tries also to outdo him. Even when the voice is not loud its pure tone is frequently so obstructed in its passage through the throat and is so mingled with other sounds as to be scarcely distinguishable. A recent number of the London Pall Mall Gazette devotes an interesting article to the discussion of the disturbance of tone.

The sweetest speaker in Europe, we are told, are certain Scotch women and French women. The voices of both are high in pitch, but clear in tone. The French voice is light, with a note of gaiety. In spite of its rather high pitch, it permits within its range many varieties of tone, and by its charm it adds much to the delicacy of the wit for which it is so often the medium. Indeed, the very jest which, in the light, laughing, trifling voice, of a French woman, would seem a bit of sprightly fancy, might, in many instances, if spoken in the deeper slower, more serious tones of the German or the English woman impress the hearer as coarse. The gaiety of the French voice has in it a note of self-completeness. The hearer enjoys it, wishes, perhaps, that more voices were like that, but he hears in it no equal to himself, no request for sympathy. This appeal is present in the voice of the Scotch women.

There is a touch of wistfulness, a hint of sorrow in their tones—only a touch or a hint, caused, we are told, by the inflection of the language, which leaves the cadence not quite finished when the sentence ends. It stirs one's sympathy, one's sense of fellowship, and it makes one long to hear it again. An additional charm is given to the Scottish voice by the tone of education, almost invariably present in it, irrespective of the rank of the speaker. This tone seems to the foreigner to be that of education, because in most countries it is in only the upper, more cultivated ranks of society, that such clear, soft voices are to be heard. In both Scotland and France, however, the clear, soft tone seems a natural gift, shared alike by all ranks, and not only given, but the voice has been injured by some trade or calling. The fishermen of both countries, indeed, "open-air" women generally, have lost any natural sweetness that may once have been present in their tones. Shouting and talking against the wind have made their voices harsh.

The Genoese have the acutest harsh voices in the world, and they have a twang as well. The Genoese themselves attribute this to the oil, in the manufacture of which many of them are engaged, but it would seem more naturally to be the result of a frequent straining of their voices by shouts and calls. A Genoese woman will sit for half a summer morning calling "Bachiching! aw-aw-Bachiching!" to the olive hills, which echo and reecho, from vineyard to vineyard, with the harsh discord intended for "Battista," but Battista never seems to come or to answer. Probably Battista himself is seated somewhere and does not wish to move. Why should he? He has no assurance that the call is for him. Nearly all the boys are named Battista, and all the mothers shout. Of course he does not stir. The only wonder is that he and all the other Battistas hidden in the olive shades do not shout in answer. As most of the boys are named for John the Baptist, so most of the girls are named for St. Catherine, a local saint, and the patois of the district impartially removes all trace of euphony from the girls' "Catherinas" as from the boys' "Battistas."

The English people do not shout. They ring bells or blow whistles or write notes. Their tones, however, are no sweeter than those of the Genoese. If the English do not shout, they drawl, and there is nearly as rasping an effect produced by the English drawl as by the Genoese shout. The English voice is deep, and its tone comes to us so sheathed in other sound that it is difficult to distinguish. There is a scraping sound, quite distinct from hoarseness, yet sharing its unpleasantness, which is a usual accompaniment of the deep English tone. The English voice lacks the gentle quality of the Scotch and the gay note of the French. It is usually dull and is frequently harsh.

It is difficult to make any general statement which will be true of all American voices, for the general influences of climate and of heredity shared by the inhabitants of most other nations as common to all vary too much with us. England has one climate. America has many climates. All English descend from William the conqueror. Even Mayflower Americans show a mixed ancestry. The general sameness of conditions in England has produced a similarity in the voices of her inhabitants. In America the voices vary with the conditions. There are sections in which certain prevail-

ent faults or virtues give a mark of individuality. The voice of a New England village woman is usually pitched high, but lacks clearness and is marked by a twang. Under emotional influence it frequently becomes nasal. It is not vivacious, but is marked by a few strong accents. The women of the Middle Atlantic States speak with more vivacity, using much emphasis. They slight the round full vowels "a" and "o" even more than their Eastern sisters do. Much is heard of the "Western drawl," but a drawl may be found in almost every section of the country. The Westerners differ in their manner of drawing, but they draw no more than do the Easterners. The Westerners make by abbreviation the time that they lose in drawing. The tones of Western voices seem clearer, as a rule, than those of Eastern voices. The pitch is not quite so high, and there is less shrillness. In large cities in both the East and the West, where women live for the most part indoor lives, their voices are sweeter and clearer than in the country, although a soft, clear voice is rare, even in the cities.

The Southern women are noted for the beauty of their voices, but it is more for the richness, than for the clearness of their tones. Their tones are deeper than those of the women of the North, and while they thus avoid shrillness, and their climate guards them against the nasal tone so frequent in the North, the depth of their voices makes them peculiarly liable to the scraping sounds which have been mentioned as so frequently present in the deep English tones. The Southern women speak low, however, a fact which helps to create smoothness. When the deep, full Southern voice is clear it has a richness and a variety of range that the higher voices never possess. The Southern voice has in it a note of happiness, less gay, perhaps, than the French, but more appealing, for often following it is a little dependent sound, as if the voice were asking the hearer to join in the feeling it expressed. Probably no other single element contributes more to the pleasure of discourse than does pure tone. Tone may be pure in a loud voice as well as in a quiet, in a high voice as in a deep. As each note of the musical scale has its own peculiar beauty, it is but soundly clear and true, so each pitch of the human voice has a charm of its own, it can be set free from all accompanying discord. Men have tried for years to strip the notes of musical instruments from the bulk of noise which surrounds them, yet it is only at intervals that we are thus distressed. Our voices over and over again present to us the same fault, but our ears are dull. We are so accustomed to the annoyance that we take its necessity for granted and finally cease to notice it.

As every one knows, the sound of the human voice is determined by the rate of vibration of certain cords stretched over a small box-like structure in the throat. Should any cause prevent these cords from vibrating in unison, the pure tone would, of course, be lost. Such a cause is present whenever the air which has started the vibration is checked in any way in its passage through the upper throat and the nasal cavity. The fewer the vibrations of the cords the more does any change in their rate affect the resulting sound. Hence clearness is a rarer quality in a deep voice than in a high one. As we may sound each note of a piano loudly or softly without marring the tone, so it is possible to make a deep voice as clear as a soft one. But the more force we expend, the harder that force is to control, and, consequently, a soft voice is made clear more easily than a loud one. If each one should try in speaking to set free his natural tone, and to keep it free by keeping his voice low, or so far as possible, he would be without a really formidable element of nervous strain which the jungle of sounds makes them present. Imagine an afternoon tea where the voices were clear and melodious! Would it not be stripped of half its terrors?

Without a doubt the customary remedy prescribed for all human ills such as lie outside the sphere of patent medicines, namely, a critical and unrelenting attention rendered to his own special manifestation of the fault of each individual, would work a speedy reform in this matter. But that cure is so costly and so disagreeable that it would be without a really formidable element of nervous strain which the jungle of sounds makes them present. Imagine an afternoon tea where the voices were clear and melodious! Would it not be stripped of half its terrors?

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TOLD OF FINGER RINGS.

FACTS AS TO THEIR USES IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Rings Have Been Associated With Love and Marriage From Time Immemorial—The Former Rules Regarding Them—Many Meanings in the Use of Rings.

The ring has always been associated with marriages from time immemorial. The baronage of his love for his "fair lady" being as "endless as the ring." The engagement ring is, perhaps, the most genuinely interesting bit of jewelry a woman can wear, and then there is always the strong possibility of her having a variety, though as an emblem of marriage it was not introduced by the Christian church, as many suppose.

Before the introduction of coinage, the only circulation of Egyptian gold was in the form of rings, and the Egyptian, at his marriage, placed one of these rings of gold on his bride's finger as a token of instructing her with all his property. In our marriage ceremony we but follow this custom.

Some of the birthday rings are wonderfully unique, the various lucky stores being set lightly on tiny wire of gold. Friendship rings are less popular than of yore, though occasionally one sees them worn by a loyal devotee of the pretty old custom. The lover's knot is the most common, being either in silver or gold and very slender.

The Fede ring presents several features of interest, being composed of two flat hoops accurately fitting, each within the other, and kept in place by a corresponding projection on either extreme edge, so that the two form to all appearance one body.

A name is engraved on each, or a line of a distich in old French. The idea being, should the two friends separate, each could wear a single hoop (as they are easily separated), and thus be a means of recognition when again separated.

"With joints so close as not to be perceived, yet they are both each other's counterpart."

The quaint old-time hair rings are no longer seen; their oddity was more noteworthy than their beauty; they are "hair-locks" in every sense.

It would seem odd in this privileged age to be restricted in so small a thing as the wearing of gold rings, yet in olden days there were various laws held by the Romans as to the wearing of these jeweled baubles. Tibullus made a large property qualification necessary to their wearing; the right was given to all Roman soldiers by Severus. The only ornaments worn by the knights under Augustus were ancient rings of iron, which were later held as a badge of servitude, an express decree of the state being necessary to rightfully wear a solid gold ring.

Amabassadors to foreign missions were invested with golden circles as a mark of great respectability; these were issued by the treasury with much ceremony, not even the Senators being allowed to wear them in private life.

The earliest use of rings and the form which they most generally took was of the nature of a signet, and was used to give authenticity to documents before the art of writing was known to any but professional scribes. But they soon became symbols of power and authority, and we remember the duke in the "Twelfth Night" end his ring by Viola to his mistress Olivia as a token that all power was delegated to the holder of the ring.

The signet was used by merchants as their own private mark, equivalent to our trade mark and, moreover, was the only form rings took for a very long period. A form of signet introduced in Egypt to the Etruscans was a gold swivel ring, mounted with a scarab.

A curious form of ring found in Greek tombs are for the dead, a provision never made in these days. They are hollow and light, and set with round convex pastes. Many of these were so thin that it was necessary to fill them with mastic varnish to preserve their shape.

Poison was inserted in the hollow rings of the Romans. A story is related of Pliny that, after the golden treasure had been stolen by Crassus from under the stone of the Capitoline, Jupiter the custodian, to escape torture, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth, expiring immediately from the effects of the poison secreted in it.

A curious ring of Venetian workmanship (and one which could have been worn on ceremonial occasions) is the Jewish wedding ring of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, being an elaborate structure. The bezel bearing a conventional representation of the ark, a temple, with instructions in Hebrew characters on either side.

A highly elaborate form of Jewish wedding ring has projecting sockets, from which hang small rings; a very cumbersome finger ornament.

The cost of these rings must have been great, not only from the amount of metal used, but the exquisite workmanship, on which account one would have been loath to see them consigned to the metal pot, as did the women of Prussia during the war of liberation in 1813, who, in lack of other coin, contributed their wedding rings, receiving in return those made of iron, bearing the legend, "Ich gebe gold für Eisen." The puzzle rings are ingeniously contrived, the four hoops comprising the ring being all separate, and falling to pieces when removed from the finger. These

were the work of the old Indian goldsmiths. Much of beauty and symbolism is shown in the peasant rings.

Innocent III., in 1194, settled the fashion of the episcopal ring, who ordained that it should be of gold and set with one precious stone, on which nothing was to be cut. The annular finger of the right hand is the one to bear this singularly symbolic ornament, and bishops never wear more than one, though the portrait of Pope Julius II., is represented as wearing six rings.

According to Durandus, the episcopal ring was symbolical of perfect fidelity, of the duty of sealing and revealing and, lastly, of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

A massive ring of bronze gilt, the square bezel being set with a green chalcidony and emblazoned with St. Marks in relief on each side of the shoulders, shields of arms, represents a papal ring of the fifteenth century, and was given by popes to new-made cardinals.

Another most interesting ring was the property of Alphonse, Bishop of Sebeorbe, and was found at Lysials, in the north-western part of Cambronne, in 1773. It is gold, and very massive, the hoop being formed of eight divisions, alternately circular and lozenge shaped, and inscribed "Albata."

A ring said to have been given by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon on the day of his execution has the sentiment, "Rather death than false faith," engraved on its bezel.

Falstaff boasts that in his youth he was "slender enough to creep into an alderman's ring," which shows that this style is dated from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Every one knows of the poison ring of Darnley, and the one by which Hannibal killed himself, with its hollow bezel filled with deadly poison.

A ring used as a charm to ward off diseases, and worn by the South Germans of the sixteenth century, is quaintly set with three wolves' teeth, the shoulders carved with two roses in relief.—Boston Traveler.

How to Eat a Peach.

I would not eat the best peach that ever grew if I was compelled to bite into the furry skin, for it is something that I cannot do.

I speak now of the free-stone peaches, for to eat a cling-stone peach, I should advise the person to do as the ladies in the East Indies do when they are about to eat some of that luscious fruit, the mango—that is, to retire to their chambers, and when they have shut and locked the doors, prepare basins of water and towels, and cover the looking-glasses, so that no reflections may be cast, then begin and eat.

But now for peaches. With a silver knife cut the peach down from the stem and exactly through the middle, and up again to the point of starting, thus dividing it into halves; but do not separate it from the stone.

Then cut again from the same point, but a quarter of a circle further along, thus dividing it into quarters. If the peach is very large, it may be divided into sixths, then separate the parts, which you can easily do if the peach is ripe, and, taking up one of them, draw your knife across the middle of it at right angles to the original cut, but this must be on the inside of the peach, and be sure not to cut through further than to the skin.

Then turn the section back, like a hinge, so that the two furry sides touch, and the inside of the peach, when placed in the mouth, will be the only parts that can be felt.

A pressure of the tongue and the teeth will then convey the pulp and the juice to the palate, and the skin can be removed from the mouth without its furry sides having ever been felt. In this way the outer part of the peach, which is nearest to the skin, and is also the sweetest, can be obtained, and the whole peach will be enjoyed. Never attempt to peel a peach.—Boston Transcript.

Assassination as a Weapon.

From the time when Bulhazar Gerard treacherously killed the great Hollander, William the Silent, in order to earn the price of 25,000 crowns of gold put on the Spanish King on William's head assassination has always been a favorite weapon of Spain.

It is a weapon held in abhorrence by enlightened nations and its use in the present contest cannot fail to weaken the Spanish cause in the eyes of civilized mankind. It shows that the Spanish masters of Cuba are not different in spirit and purpose from the Spaniards who under Alva, attempted to bring Holland under the Spanish yoke. The Hollanders had the sympathy of all who loved liberty and abhorred cruelty and despotism and bigotry, and so it will be with the Cuban patriots of today.

Disraeli said of the death of Abraham Lincoln, that the work of the assassin never yet changed the destiny of a nation, and if Gomez, or any other Cuban leader, were to fall by an assassin's hand, others would spring forward to carry the banner of the new republic to victory. And it is but a matter of time—and perhaps not a very long time—when Cuba will be free, and the new Lone Star Republic.—New York Mail and Express.

Private Street Cars.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was perhaps the first man to have a private street car; a car costing about \$3,000 was built in New York for his use, to be run on the street railways of Rio Janeiro. With the rapid growth and great extension of the railroad systems in the United States there have been built in the United States within the last two years a few private cars for the use of street railway officials.

A Marvelous Escape.

An Indian correspondent of the Admiralty and House Gazette writes: "At Janbatal I saw a gunner with the Devon's Maxim gun who had had a most marvelous escape. A bullet had passed through his belt on his left side, then twice through his coat, and once through his belt again, and round into his ammunition pouch, where it stuck, after knocking the bullets out of several of his cartridges. He was not injured, though all the wind was knocked out of him."

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FOR SEVEN YEARS I LINGERED.

Whoever snatches your watch from your pocket, or breaks into a bank and takes your money deposited there, you know what we call such a person, and what punishment the law prescribes for him.

But is your watch or your money the most valuable of your possessions? Not, by a wide margin. Unless one owns himself, what's the good of him owning anything else? And what is yourself? Why your health, your self-respect, your liberty, your happiness. What is wealth compared with these? Or what is it without them? Poor Robinson Crusoe on his island had a heap of gold, yet what use was it to him? None whatever. The sound of a human voice, other than his own, were worth the whole of it. For he was not only a captive, but a captive without the poor comfort of even a jailer's company. The hope of final deliverance was all that kept him up. And it's all that keeps any of us up—the hope of better days to come.

That is why the doctor who told Louise Barby that she would die before she was eighteen years old, did a thoughtless if not a wicked thing. She was ill, as you will infer from what has been said, and had been for perhaps a year. She was unable even to walk, and had to be carried up and down stairs, and, of course, was a poor little prisoner in her own home, but happily among loving friends. Instead of running and dancing about, as she would have done if well, she passed the weary days in an armchair, propped up with pillows. What a miserable fate was this for a girl only fifteen years old. To be sure, there are thousands and thousands of others no better off, yet how is any consolation to be got out of that?

Writing about this experience recently she says "I was so pale, thin, and helpless that every one who saw me thought I was in a decline, and the doctor who attended me said I would die before I was eighteen."

That is, the doctor thought she would never live to be eighteen. No doubt he was honest in that opinion, and her appearance seemed to justify him in it; but, all the same he should have done his best for her and kept his gloomy forebodings to himself. For, you see all ill persons hope to be better soon, and although it doesn't always cure, hope is nevertheless a good medicine.

Well, the lady goes on to tell us how

the trouble began: I was strong and healthy enough," she says "up to being fourteen years of age. Then I began to feel languid, weary, and weak. My tongue was coated, my mouth tasted badly and I had no appetite. After meals I had pain in the chest and a cold and a palpitation at the heart. Then came great pain between the shoulders, and a sinking all-gone feeling. Later on abscesses broke out on various parts of my body, and I rapidly got so weak I was unable to walk. As for food I couldn't swallow anything solid; it seemed to stick in my throat, and I was fed on beef-tea, port wine, and cod-liver oil."

At this point in her letter she states the facts we have already given in the third paragraph of this little narrative. She concludes in the following words: "For seven years I lingered on in this way, never being able to do anything" or myself. During all this time I was fed wholly on slop. No one imagined I should ever get better. When I was twenty-one I took a slight turn for the better, but was never well, being always feeble and scarcely able to get about. With many ups and downs I continued to suffer until July of last year (1893), when I heard of Seigel's Syrup, and made up my mind to try it. I got a bottle from Mr. Edmonds, chemist, Rawmarsh, and after taking it for a fortnight my appetite improved and my food agreed with me. I kept on with the Syrup and gained strength daily. Soon I was so much better that friends from a distance did not know me. Now I take an occasional dose of the Syrup, and keep in good health. I praise Seigel's Syrup, to all." Yours truly, (signed) (Mrs.) Louise Barby, Rose Hill, Rawmarsh, near Rotherham, May 19th, 1894. Little is needed to complete this interesting story. Of its absolute truthfulness the reader may rest assured. The disease so fortunately cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was not consumption but its counterfeit (but often its cause), Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Parents will do well to make a note of this fact, as thousands of young persons are swept away by being wrongly treated for a disease they do not have.

Even good doctors may be mistaken and prophesy falsely. But they should never quench the light of hope.

Ten thousand bushels of dried apples are among the products of the Kansas penitentiary farm.