

WHERE LONDON FOLK GO

HOLIDAY RESORTS OUTSIDE OF THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

Epping Forest a Favored Haunt of the People—The Ancient Royal Hunting Grounds, as They Once Were and Are Now—Some Historic Memories.

LONDON, Aug. 5.—My first visit to Epping Forest, probably the greatest holiday resort in the world, was made in a costermonger's cart in which I held proprietary interest. I had been for some weeks plying the subtle arts of the coster with my good coster friends, Slumpey Jim and his wife Becky, and, I am proud to say, with excellent financial success.

Epping, in ancient times was known as Waltham Forest, and in those days comprised 60,000 acres. It was exclusively used as the royal hunting-ground, with most cruel foresters in charge who usually settled the cases of poachers with their darts, scarcely troubling the hard justices in Eyre, who, until 1670, held their justice seat here in the Forest every three years. In later, though still olden times, the annual Epping hunt was one of the most famous stag-hunts of England. Even to-day this ancient custom is still observed by unloosing, every Easter Monday, a fat, beribboned stag, which ambles amiably about the Forest, followed by hundreds of London quail-hunters, a lot of happy, friendly curs and perhaps ten thousand East End ragamuffins who fall over each other merrily and madly in the general scramble through the shadowy forest glades.

Henry the Third was the first sovereign to give the mayor and the citizens of London the privilege of sporting in the royal forest; and thus it gradually grew into a vast common. But there were no legally defined rights. By 1871 suburban encroachments and enclosures had extended so rapidly that less than 4,000 acres of Epping Forest remained. A great popular agitation against its diminution followed. This resulted in the corporation of London, under authority of an act of parliament, and at an expense to the present time of about three quarters of a million pounds, by purchase of manorial rights and other procedures, recovering several thousand acres which had been enclosed.

The entire area, amounting to about 6,000 acres, which stretches away to the northeast of London on the western border of Essex, from Wanstead to the town of Epping, a distance of about twelve miles, was publicly declared "forever free to the people" by the Queen, who appeared at the Forest in person, before a concourse of fully 2,000,000 Londoners, on May 6, 1882. Since that time portions of the tract have been measurably beautified and improved; but the chief glory of Epping Forest is in its actual primeval character. Scarcely an acre of its surface has ever been touched by spade or plow. Old Roman camps are within it shaded by the selfsame trees which clustered about them nearly 2,000 years ago; and the turf upon the earthenwork where Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, was defeated by Suetonius, with 80,000 Britons slain, since it received that mighty feast of blood, save for the prodding of antiquarians, has never been disturbed.

At Chingford, on the western slope of the Forest, we gave Bolivar as famous stabling as could be found; left Sprat to bring on the hampers at a seasonable hour to the woods between Queen Elizabeth's lodge and Connaught lake and set out for genuine coster's enjoyment of the Forest. Back toward London for several miles we had only seen patches of woods and coppices. Here at Chingford the real Forest begins.

We were at once in the thickest of it, not of the Forest, but of the mighty throng. Avenues upon avenues of East Enders stretched in every direction. It was now afternoon, the Saturday half-holiday, a joyous, glorious day vital, and it seemed that from all ways leading from London and near outlying towns great tides of humanity came sweeping on, each one greater than the one before it, and all finally merging at the edge of the woods and over the open spaces in seething masses of motion and color. It was like the action of incoming sea-tides breaking upon a shallow, shingly beach. No one can understand the complexity, the irrepressibility, the vastness of the London holiday crowd until the greater portion of these 100,000 or 150,000 souls can be seen here at a glance moving upon and almost storming this ancient Epping Forest on mass. Far back as the eye can reach hundreds upon hundreds of outlandish Essex shandies, as many traps and gigs, White-chapel omnibuses, millers' and butchers' carts, brewers' vans and costers' carts, are moving towards you, around and between which countless thousands of folk aloft, concentrating from highways, from lanes and from footpaths across the fields, are massed in seemingly inextricable confusion. For an instant there is something like terror in such a scene. I cannot tell why, but in it, and through it, I again saw what I looked upon, all but thirty years ago, when Sherman's cruel edict emptied Atlanta of all its people, and left their homes in flames.

But those were faces set and white; these, bright and rubicund and broad with endless smiles. And in this respect your "outer" differs from all other folk on earth. No matter whether he be great or humble, the moment his face is turned towards the fields or the sea he is a bundle of quivering sympathies, responsive in kind to every form of mirth, to the most vagarious incident or accident of situation or condition, and gives back an hundred fold every kindly look that nature can bestow. He may be rough and uncouth in what he says and does, but he has left all care behind, and makes in every moment of his holidays hours, even in untoward exigency and defeat, a place for uncouth mirth and hearty cheer.

What are the amusements of the vast army of men and women and lads and

lasses? Chiefly in wallowing, and I use the expression literally, in the sun and shade of Epping Forest. Thousands upon thousands have brought their hampers or baskets as we have done. Then, in great splashes of color, they group and heap themselves in wriggling bunches enjoying themselves in cool recesses, the woods, in shady avenue, upon grassy meadow, in deep wood gale, and actually wallow in the ancient Forest turf and soil. They wander and stroll and leap and race, and about and sing and dance, and turn hand-springs and somersaults, and cavort and pirouette and act like half mad folk, just as they do at Hampstead Heath, while the bands roar and the crowds halloo, and the mounted police and Forest verifiers look on with benign smiles at the unrestrained and unrestrained enjoyment.

Turn where you may, from Chingford six miles north to Epping, or from Beak Hill three miles east to Loughton, a bravely wild scene of physical and mental abandon and elation are repeated. Ten thousand children are chasing butterflies like exultant naturalists. More than ten thousands lads are swinging from hawthorn limbs, shouting from the clumped tops of pollard oaks, or routing the birds from loftiest hornbeam branches; while the surface of every lake and pond is shut from sight by thousands more wading among lilies and reeds, or floating in boats upon their surface.

In great open spaces every manner of game and diversion known to English fields or streets, or holidays resorts, is proceeding in a perfect bedlam of roaring from the touters and managers of vast collections of Vanity Fairs. You will see skittles, football, cricket, wrestling and putting the stone. Ever glorious Punch and Judy are omnipresent and screaming witty and hilarious. Donkeys by the thousands and screws by the hundreds, are here for uproarious riding and racing. The three-card monte game is everywhere. Knock-'em-downs by the hundreds, with their crashing and bawling and shouts of defeat and victory, are all the way from Wanstead to Epping. American shooting-spoons are quite as frequent and well patronized. The artificial pigeon whirled and flies from scores of booths and the detonations of the shooting are incessant. There are more than a thousand of my old Gipsy friends, in all manner of picturesque apparel, plying their "dukking" among the good-natured 'Arrys and 'Arriets. Mingled with all this and these are the shouts and cries of every manner of fakir from every land beneath the sun; the braying of hundreds of open-air speakers who, as at Hyde Park, inveigh against the very liberty that gives them opportunity for denunciation; and, louder and more discordant than all else, the wailings and exhortations of the Salvationists; the barbaric clamor of their tambourines, fifes and drums, a persistent reminder of peace-pulling and repentance.

It is saying little for Jim and Becky and myself to assert that we participated fully in the exhilarating diversions of Epping Forest. Then, the envy of many eyes, we partook of our glorious repast beneath the very shade of Queen Elizabeth's hunting lodge, a quaint, old and lofty half-timbered structure, which has been beautifully restored, where faithful Sprat landed our hampers victoriously after many a heavily resisted siege; and then, the envy of thousands still, as the sole occupants of a Whitechapel bus, we were driven in noble style about the Forest, away to Epping, once famous for its sausage, pork and cheese, to Monk's Wood, and the great pollard oaks; to the old British camp at Amesbury; back to Hawkwood Hill and its famous obelisk; and to High Beach, nearly 800 feet above London, where almost the entire fringe of Epping Forest with its wondrous historic interest lies clear and fair below.

The old-world valley of the river Lee, scene of Walton's earliest angling days and of the incidents of the "Angler's Booby" to you to the west. Miles to the north and south are its snug villages, its ivied churches, its half-hid stately halls. Just here beside you is Beech Hill House, where Tennyson wrote the "Talking Oak" and "Locksley Hall." Far to the west are the uplands of the Cambridgeshire down, and beneath its slumbersome valley with an ideal English landscape. In its centre stands ancient reminder of a departed day and time, of Harold and his lavished treasures, and of his march to Hastings to meet fierce William of Normandy. Nearer still lies Coppid Hat, where, in its day, beneath Edward VI, Princess Mary was held prisoner; and at Far Mead House beyond, the gentle poet Clair was brought a mental wreck.

Back at Chingford, as the sun was setting behind the Hampstead Hills, all the converging ways to London seemed dense with in routed army, and the Forest was impatient to overtake the disappearing host. Right merrily we had come to Epping, but merrier still we returned to grimy London, racing and singing in humble coster fashion, all the too short way.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Queer Uses of Oil.

The National Museum's collection of oils is very remarkable. There is oil from the nose of the pilot whale, which will not freeze at zero Fahrenheit, and oil from the forelegs of the alligator which will freeze where ice melts. The latter is a particularly fine leather dressing.

Oil from the fat that lies beneath the turtle's upper shell is recommended for rheumatism, while the oil tried out from the entrails of the eel is said to be good for deafness.

The natives of Ecuador take an oil from the fat of a bird called the "guachero," which they consider equal to oil for table use. In Central America the people obtain a golden oil that is unequalled for water-proofing purposes, from an insect that is about the size of a rose-bug, which yields about two-thirds of its own weight in this peculiar grease. The insect feeds on the sap of a resinous plant, to which it clings by its long beak, giving it the appearance of being driven full of queer-looking tacks. When the bugs are thick they are scraped off and boiled.

When Tired Out.

USE HORTFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."

AN ARKANSAS MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.

A Young Woman Who Was Literally Fading Away—Physicians Pronounced Her Case Hopeless—How She Was Saved.

(From the Arkansas Democrat.)

The story of renewed health told in the following article has been carefully investigated by the Democrat, and it is of the deepest interest to all parents. The condition of Miss Clements is that of thousands of girls in our land, whose health and vitality is slowly but surely being sapped away. Pale, listless and sorrowful girls meet us on every side, and unless the same prompt measures are taken as in the case of Miss Clements, a premature grave is the inevitable result. Lula Clements the nineteen year old daughter of Mrs. Cora V. Clements, one of the most prominent residents of Lonoke, Ark., was attacked with a mysterious, wasting disease over a year ago, and despite the strenuous efforts of the local physicians she continued to grow worse. Her blood had turned to water, she suffered intense agony and was almost ready to give up life when relief came. Her story is best told as related by her mother to a Democrat reporter:

"In the fall of 1892 my daughter began to show signs that some disease was wrecking her system. Despite the constant attention of local physicians she grew worse. Her complexion was pale, and she became almost as white as marble. She complained of heart palpitation. Her feet and hands were cold, and she was almost driven into hysterics by racking headaches and backaches and shortness of breath and other distressing symptoms. In these conditions broken anemia, or in other words watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which could not perform the functions of nature. She had no appetite; for many days she did not eat enough for a child to subsist on.

Her condition grew from bad to worse, and becoming almost moribund, I sent her to prominent physicians in Virginia, Tennessee and Little Rock. All efforts of this nature to regain her health proved fruitless. Patent medicine of many kinds were tried and given thorough tests, but without any apparent effect towards improving the patient.

Myself and daughter had almost given up in despair, having almost concluded that a restoration of her health was an impossibility. In the Arkansas Democrat I espied an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which claimed that they would give ready relief to persons suffering from a disease the symptoms of which were the same as in the case of my daughter. I purchased some of the pills, and commenced giving my daughter three pills a day. Before the first box had been taken an improvement was noticed. Color in her face was noticed, and her appetite returned. The terrible headaches and backaches ceased, and she could breathe more freely. When the fourth box had been taken she was entirely well, and since then has enjoyed excellent health. She is now robust and full of life, making our family happy once more. Quite a contrast to the situation six months ago, when everybody thought she would die.

"I think 'Pink Pills' the best medicine in the world for the blood, and have recommended them to several citizens of this place, who have been restored to health by its use. Mrs. Henry Brown was in a very bad condition. She tried the Pink Pills, when she improved rapidly and is now a very healthy woman."

The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that posterity can give. His medicine has done more to alleviate the suffering of humanity than any other medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest benefactor of the present age.

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters are glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and vigor to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

His Useful Leg.

A one-legged duck hunter had a curious adventure while on the water in a skiff. He had lost his leg in a railway accident, and wore a cork substitute, useful for ordinary purposes, but which prevented him from following game except in a boat.

On this occasion, as he was an expert marksman, he had almost loaded the skiff with ducks, when, on reaching after a fine bird, he over-reached and upset the boat. Down went the birds, the gun, and the hunter, and as there was a swift current at that point, the boat drifted away before he came to the surface. Being unable to swim, the hunter clutched wildly for support, but found none, and would certainly have been drowned had it not been for his cork leg.

It took him about an hour at that time he was overjoyed; then he became apprehensive. The cork leg had a tendency to invert him

in the water, but after struggling against this for some time, he managed to unstrap the limb and use it as a float. It was very easy thus to paddle ashore, and the hunter was saved.

THINGS OF VALUE.

What a fool a woman does make of a man! So long as she lies to him and says she loves him he is blissfully happy. He only gets mad when she tells the truth and declares that she never cared anything about him.

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Oxford, N. S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was cured of a terrible pain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Yarmouth N. S. FRED COULSON.

I was cured of Black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Inglesville. J. W. RUGGLES.

Among the bye-laws of the London "Pioneer Club" for ladies, is one that sounds extremely severe. It runs as follows: "Children, servants, and gentlemen can only be admitted to the waiting-room, and can on no account be allowed to enter the club rooms." One almost suspects a touch of satiric humor in placing "gentlemen" after children and servants.

And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of all the virtues of Putnam's Emulsion.

"I like you very much, Charlie, but I couldn't marry you. I don't think we could live happily together." "But, my dear Maud, reflect. After we were married I wouldn't be home very much."



SEGEE'S OINTMENT

—IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR—

Fires, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, King-corns, Chapped Hands, Chafing, Blisters and Burns, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc.

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CERTIFICATES.

The following have been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINTMENT:

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.

MESSRS. J. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM FETTER, Tanner; CAPT. D. JOHNSON, WM. ALLINGHAM, P. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. Baptist Minister, Carleton, St. John; JABOB GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B.

ROBERT MCCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes:

"This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of Segee's Ointment. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was."

CROWN LAND SALE.

Province of New Brunswick.

SALE OF TIMBER LICENSES,

Covering a large portion of the Crown Lands of the Province.

The right of License to cut and carry away all classes of Timber or Lumber, from the principal Timber Lands of New Brunswick will be offered for sale at the CROWN LAND OFFICE, FREDERICTON, N. B., on TUESDAY, the 29th day of August, 1893, on fulfillment of all conditions of license.

The Timber Licenses to be sold will cover an area of about 4,400 square miles (or 2,800,000 acres) of crown lands.

Licenses will be offered at an upset price of \$8.00 per Square Mile, and conditions being complied with, may be renewed from year to year during the term on payment of \$4 per Square Mile; this mileage being in addition to stumpage dues.

The stumpage payable on lumber to be cut has been fixed for the present at the following rates:

On Spruce, Pine and Hardwood Saw Logs, \$1.00 per M. Sup. N. Cedar Logs, 50 " Hemlock Logs, 50 " Other lumber as per regulations.

Copies of the regulations to govern this sale, and further information required may be had on application to L. J. TWEEDE, Surveyor General, Crown Land Office, Fredericton, 14th June 1893.

Notice to Lumbermen.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 28th June, 1893.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the sale of Timber Licenses, to take place on the 29th day of August, 1893, at the Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B., any one who may have outstanding claims against any license holder or who may have any claims against any license holder, should present them to the Surveyor General, Fredericton, N. B., on or before the 1st day of August, 1893.

L. J. TWEEDE, Sur. Gen.

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