

## SOME GREAT MISERS.

## REMARKABLE ENGLISH SKINFLINTS

What Hopkins Learned of Guy—How the Elwes Economized.

Every little while we hear of some unfortunate creature who starves to death, or lives in abject wretchedness, while possessing sufficient money to enable him to live in comfort and even affluence. History records many such instances.

"The miser true  
Starves 'midst his plenty, from the slavish fear  
Of wanting what he hoards."

Thomas Guy, the founder of the hospital in London bearing his name, lived in the meanest manner, dreading to spend a penny on his personal comfort. He used to sit in the dark when the sun went down because he would not purchase candles. In winter he went to bed at sundown to save fuel, and often he had been known to creep into the area-way of some large mansion to catch a little fugitive warmth from the kitchen. Yet he endowed Guy's Hospital in the sum of nearly a million and a quarter dollars. One of his friends was the notorious miser, John Hopkins, a wealthy London merchant, who earned the sobriquet of "Vulture" through his rapacity. The acquaintance began in a strange but characteristic manner. Hopkins paid an evening visit to Guy. On entering the room, Guy lighted a farthing rushlight, and desired to know the object of the gentleman's visit, secretly hoping that it related to some new investment at large interest.

"I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent art of saving than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson in frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you that you are greatly my superior."

"And that is all you came about?" asked Guy. "Why then we can talk this matter over in the dark." Upon which he immediately extinguished his newly lighted farthing rushlight. That was a lesson for Hopkins. He rose up and acknowledged that Guy possessed superior merit of thrift. Never afterwards did Hopkins burn a candle in the evening. This miser interested himself in politics, and Pope vented his spleen in this couplet:

"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend  
The wretch who living saved a candle's end."

When Hopkins died it was found that he had left his wealth, \$1,500,000, to relatives, but they could not touch it until the second generation. He added an explanatory note to the effect that "they would then be as long in spending it as he had been in getting it."

It has often been said that there have never been three successive generations of misers, but in the case of the famous English miser Daniel Dancer it could be truly said that grandfather, father, and all the children were strictly entitled to the appellation of misers. Of the family, Daniel was the most famous. In 1736, when twenty years old, he succeeded to a large estate which brought him an income of \$20,000 a year. He would often go without food, unless he could beg it, and his daily ablutions were performed at a neighboring pool. He dried himself in the sun, so saving himself the cost of a towel. He was so afraid of being robbed that he nailed up his doors, and by means of a ladder, which he drew up after him, entered his house by an upper window. But with all his precautions, he was robbed fourteen times, the amount stolen being valued at \$10,000.

When his sister died she left him all her wealth, which doubled his income. Out of gratitude to her, he assured his friends that he should wear mourning. He searched the stores for several days, and at last bought a pair of second hand stockings of a rusty black, which constituted his only mourning garb. Lady Tempest often gave him food and cast-off clothing before she knew his wealth. Afterwards she continued the donations, but spoke to him about his manner of living, and urged him to give up his miserly habits, and partake of proper food and wear decent clothing. He listened to her advice, but so long as she fed him and gave him old clothing he took no heed and went on in his old way. During his last sickness Lady Tempest nursed him, and contracted a disease from which she died a few months later. Dancer bequeathed her his copyhold estates, worth about \$15,000 a year. It was the only time he had ever shown any gratitude.

His fear of thieves led him to find strange hiding places for his money. When the executors searched the house, a task which occupied several weeks, they found in an old tea-pot bank notes worth \$3,000. In the chimney was \$1,000, but the dungheap in the cow shed was the richest safe, for they found there nearly \$12,500; in a jacket nailed to a manger they discovered in gold and bank notes \$2,500. His only enjoyment in life was the hoarding of money, his chief pleasure and amusement in counting his hoards. He starved himself, and shivered all through the winter, having a fire only when he could get some logs of wood from the forest. He spent days in walking along the roads to find bits of iron and horsehoes, which he sold to neighboring blacksmiths, many buying from him worthless things, because they believed he was starving.

"The base miser starves amidst his store,  
Broods o'er his gold, and grins still at more,  
Sits sallow pining, and believes he's poor."

The name of John Elwes has become proverbial in the annals of miserly avarice. Elwes was the son of a London brewer, named Meggot, who died when his son was only four years old. His mother was an Elwes, the sister of Sir Harvey Elwes, who was himself a miser. John's mother was possessed of a large property left by her husband, but she nearly starved herself to death, and only through the interposition of neighbors was she rescued from such a fate. So John inherited some of his miserliness from his maternal ancestor. Sir Harvey

Elwes lived on £100 a year, though his income was thirty times that sum. John early courted this uncle, and would dress in the oldest, threadbare clothes when he went to see him, and often would scold at me one in his uncle's presence for extravagance. Harvey, thinking his nephew a man after his own heart, would talk to him about the sins of the world, not because they were sins, but simply that they led to the expenditure of money. Sir Harvey was delighted with his nephew, and when he died left him all his wealth, amounting to \$1,250,000 with the sole condition that he take the name of Elwes, and discard his father's name of Meggot. John was perfectly willing to do so, and he secured royal letters patent authorizing the change of name.

Sir Harvey Elwes had been pronounced an incurable consumptive in his youth, but he proved the doctors wrong and lived nearly ninety years. Young John was far from being a recluse in his early life. He was well known in fashionable society, and never was known to refuse an invitation to dinner. He was fond of gaming, and it is told of him that on one occasion he played for two days and a night without intermission, and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the Duke of Norfolk, were nearly up to their knees in cards. At this sitting young Elwes lost several thousand pounds sterling. After leaving the card room, he walked to Smith's field to meet some cattle which were expected from his estate in Essex, and turned and swore because the man was late. He would dabble over a shilling with the butchers, and once, when he had to sacrifice a few shillings, he walked all the way home, seventeen miles, in order to make up his possible loss by saving coach fare. An intimate friend wrote of him: "He would walk through London in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach; sit in wet clothes to save the expense of a fire; eat his food in the last stage of putrefaction; and he once wore a wig a fortnight which he had picked up in a lane; in fact, he would do anything to save sixpence or a much less coin."

The principal seat of Elwes was at Marchant, Berkshire, and here his two sons were born to him by his housekeeper. These natural children inherited, by will, the bulk of his vast property. In his younger days he kept a pack of hounds, an extravagance which in his old age he often regretted. But his huntsman was also stableman, footman, cowkeeper, and man of all work, and was paid the poor-rate wages of any man in the country. He reckoned that the cost of his stable, his hounds, food for horses, man's wages and board did not cost him more than £300 a year.

He did not believe in educating his sons, though he almost worshipped them. It was a favorite saying of his that "putting things in people's heads was taking money out of their pockets." "Money begets money" was another favorite axiom, and he proved its truth, for everything he did turned out well. He built houses, and they were always well rented; he loaned money on usurious interest, and always got principal and interest.

The County of Suffolk invited him to stand for Parliament. He consented on condition that it did not cost him anything. In those days seats were practically purchased, and men paid many thousands of pounds for the "honor," but Elwes was elected, and cost him only eighteen pence, and even that he grumbled about. He sat in Parliament for twelve years, and was respected by his constituents, and in fact by the members of the House. He was always independent, and the ministry could never coerce him into voting as they wished unless he thought the same way. He had a suit of clothes made when he entered Parliament specially for the "Speaker's dinners" and similar dress occasions. So well known was this one suit that the wits used to say that the ministry had reason to be satisfied with Elwes, for he never changed his coat.

Shortly after he left Parliament he lost by death his one servant, a faithful man of all work, who died as he was following his master on a hard trotting horse. The poor fellow was overworked, and when he died the doctors said his flesh had all withered away from lack of proper food. He had been paid the princely wages of twenty-five dollars a year for his services. He was valet, footman, stableman, cook at times, and general servant, for Elwes used to say that "if you keep but one servant, your work is well done; if you keep two, it is half done; but if you keep three, you may do the work yourself."

To save the profit made by a butcher, he would have one of his own sheep killed, and live on mutton, fresh, salted, and often putrefying, until it was finished. He would never allow his shoes to be cleaned for fear the leather would wear out too quickly. He would glean in the fields of his own tenants, and was proud of every ear of wheat he picked up. He would never have a fire unless he was able to gather the wood himself, and he went to bed at sundown to save a candle.

In his seventy-fifth year he became afraid that some one would steal his

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clothes while he slept, so he insisted on going to sleep in them. His man found him, one morning, fast asleep but fully dressed, even to having his hat on his head and his cane in his hand.

When he died he left property to his two sons valued at four million dollars, and estates which, being entailed, he could not will away, worth a million more.—New York Post.

## THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN.

Tis well we won't here always live,  
But take our flight to worlds above,  
Where God a home to us will give,  
And show to us eternal love.

Millions of souls there daily meet,  
All clad in raiment white as snow,  
Each with a look serene and sweet,  
All praising God, nor weary grow.

Tis well we have such friends above,  
Who there with Christ will intercede,  
To grant us grace through His love,  
That from our sins we shall be freed,

Our mothers there with God will plead,  
When e'er they see us go astray,  
That He from sin our souls will lead,  
And make us walk in the right way.

Just at time we strove to fall,  
God gave to us abundant grace,  
And had from Him a sudden call,  
That we our sinful paths retrace.

Our children won't forget us there,  
Because they're now in heaven above,  
They look unto our souls' welfare,  
And show us more than parents' love.

They earnestly to Christ appeal,  
To grant us His abundant grace,  
And that our souls He'll dignify to heal,  
And leave at death no sinful trace.

God has a world beyond the stars,  
Where His saints forever dwell,  
Where not a ripple nature mars,  
And fairer far than tongue can tell.

No pen can write or mind conceive,  
Nor all mankind its joys half tell,  
And worlds of gold can not retrieve,  
Our loss, if there we never dwell.

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## Honor Old Age.

Bow low the head, boy. Do reverence to the old man, as he passes slowly along. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life have silvered the hair and changed the round face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations coupled to any you have felt; aspirations were crushed by disappointment, as yours are destined to be.

Once that form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace. Now the hand of time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has warped the figure and destroyed that noble carriage.

Once, at your age, he had the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish something worthy in fame, anon imagining life a dream that the sooner woke from the better.

But he has lived the dream nearly through. The time to awake is very near at hand, yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and his hand takes a firm grip of his staff. Bow low your head, boy, as you would in your old age be revered.—Weekly Bouquet.

## Noble Thoughts.

Talk, if you wish to make enemies; if you wish to make friends, listen.

Much heart and little brain is almost as pernicious as much brains and little heart.

Knowledge is always dissatisfied; contentment is the privilege of ignorance.

There is no religion without mysteries. God Himself is the great secret of nature.

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

Thinkers are the pioneers; they go before to prepare the way for those that are to come after.

Acts of resignation are the acts of love dearest and most pleasing to the Heart of Jesus.

A man who lets himself have too many things to do is always a foolish man, if not a guilty one.

Blessed is he who rested upon the bosom of the Lord! He has drunk of the living waters of the Gospel at their very source, the Heart of Jesus.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

Thoughts are the first born, the blossoms of the soul, the beginning of our strength, whether for good or evil; and they are the greatest evidences for or against a man that can be.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

## The Secret of Longevity.

Sir Isaac Holden, who died yesterday morning in his ninety-first year, was neither a teetotaler nor non-smoker. Sir Isaac was a man with theories. According to him, the two great essentials for those who would live long and be healthy are plenty of fresh air and plenty of fruit. His rule was never, if he could help it, to spend less than two hours a day in the open air. When he entered his first situation he said to his employer that he would be glad to have an hour daily in the afternoon for a walk. If granted, he would not ask for any holiday, or would make up otherwise for the time so spent. This was agreed to. Sir Isaac took his walk daily, and to this, he used to say, he owed both health and fortune.

But though in addition to fresh air he believed in plenty of fruit, Sir Isaac was not a vegetarian. It was not meat, but bread, from which he abstained. Like Wesley, whose "Natural Phil-

osophy" he studied when a boy, he saw in farinaceous food a thing to be avoided by the elderly. "I take for my breakfast," he said a few years ago, "one baked apple, one orange, twenty grapes, and a biscuit made from bananas. My midday meal consists of about three ounces of beef or mutton, with now and again a half cupful of soup. If I take a little fish, I take so much less of meat. For supper I practically repeat my breakfast menu." The orange was his favorite fruit. Wine he eschewed; but on returning from the House of Commons to Queen Anne's mansions he had a tumbler of whiskey and hot water before going to bed. He took no drink with his food, and this obliged him to masticate well. He smoked two or three cigars a day, from which he used to say he derived both comfort and benefit.—St. James' Gazette, August 17.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"I wish to see the proprietor," said he, as he entered the office of the manufacturer of the Never Fail Gold Cure.

"He is at home, ill," said the book-keeper.

"What ails him?"

"He's had a terrible cold for the last six weeks."—Owego Times.

A Predicament—What's the matter; got the cramps?

No; but directly I got into the sea my new bathing dress shrunk up almost to nothing, and now I dare not get out. Isn't it awful?—Boston Traveler.

"What in the world makes that tough looking citizen bark so?"

"Why, he's a returned Klondiker."

"What's that got to do with his barking?"

"Everything. He had nothing to eat up there but frozen dog—and it's just thawing out!"

"Where will Frau Meyer go, now that both her daughters are married? To her son-in-law's house in Frankfurt, or to that of her other son-in-law in Stuttgart?"

"One wants her in Stuttgart, and the other wishes she would go to Frankfurt."

"I beg your pardon. The one in Frankfurt wants her in Stuttgart; the one in Stuttgart wants her in Frankfurt."—Fliegende Blätter.

She—I think Mr. Stone is just too mean and stingy for anything! He won't buy his wife a wheel!

He—You misjudge him, my love. He'd be perfectly willing to buy it, only he's too fat to teach her to ride and too jealous to want anyone else to act as her instructor.—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Justwed—How do you like the cakes I made for your breakfast this morning?

Mr. Justwed (with a groan)—Well, I used to think a person couldn't eat his cake and have it too.—Judge.

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Mary Gummy. "I wish I had as many little sisters as Nellie Posdick has, and as many toys, and a pony and cart, and a dear little playhouse on the back lawn!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Gummy, gently, "if wishes were bicycles, we should all be scorchers."—Puck.

One of the feet of Louis Philippe's throne which was carried off from the Tuileries by the mob in February, 1848, and burned at the foot of the column in the Place de la Bastille, has been presented to the Camavalet museum in Paris.

"Idle tears!" she exclaimed, and dried her eyes.

It mattered nothing why; it was enough that her tears no longer worked anybody.

Possibly she might have to go to work herself; but that is another story.—Detroit Journal.

At Oange, Kan., R. H. Lyons turned a waste pool on his farm into a fish pond 10 years ago. Now he has a chain of fish ponds worth \$15,000 on the place, all stocked from the waste pool.

A London woman has been killed in the crush at a bargain sale at which twenty-two policemen were employed to hold the crowd in check. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Deceased died from syncope caused by the exertion and excitement of getting into a bargain sale, and that such death was due to natural causes."

## MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF.

It is the duty of every man to make the most of himself. Whatever his capacities may be, he is sure to find some place where he can be useful to himself and to others. But he cannot reach his highest usefulness without good health and he cannot have good health without pure blood. The blood circulates to every organ and tissue and when it is pure, rich and healthy it carries health to the entire system, but if it is impure it scatters disease wherever it flows. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier. It cures salt rheum, acrofula, catarrh, dyspepsia and rheumatism because these diseases have their origin in the blood.

One often hears of French negroes, and it is even said there are a few who can speak "The Gaelic," but the Washington Post is the first to unearth an Irish Indian. Its correspondent was visiting in the northwest of Canada a missionary priest of the Congregation of Mary Immaculate, who had charge of the Cris Montagnais Indians. As the observer stood in front of the priest's hut, he noticed a short distance away a splendid specimen of a man. This Indian stood over six feet. The father asked his friend what he was looking at. He replied: "I am looking at that big Indian down there. I suppose his name is as long as himself." "Oh, no!" replied the father; "that's Pat Collins." Some Irishman must have led a fair Indian maiden to the altar, and Pat was the offspring.



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DISTRICT OF RICHMOND {  
SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Elise Vincent, of Vercheres, wife of Phil-  
bert Dalphé, hotel-keeper, of the name place,  
Plaintiff vs. Philbert Dalphé, hotel-keeper, of  
the same place.

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stituted in this case on the twenty-third of July inst.  
Montreal, 27th July 1897.

VICTOR CUSSON,  
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