

## BARMAID NOT AS PAINTED.

American Who has Lived in England Takes Up the Cause in Her Behalf.

'The British barmaid is much misunderstood,' said recently an American who has spent a year in England, and according to his own story, is, or ought to be, an authority on the subject. 'Just as Englishmen, after a few weeks' stay in this country, write a book full of errors about America's most cherished institutions, so American summer visitors to England bring home impressions about what is apparently a barmaid, which are equally malicious. The American visitor apparently concludes that a woman must be no better than she ought to be if she is a barmaid. His reasoning, presumably, is based on what he has seen or heard of the 'pretty waiter girls' in the concert saloons which flourished here a score or more years ago. No woman who works in a drinking place frequented by men can be respectable in his opinion. His opinion is strengthened by the fact that in this country respectable women do not go to saloons.

'Now an English, or Irish, or Scotch girl becomes a barmaid just as girls here become shop women. She prefers it to being a servant, for the pay, although small, is more, and while the hours are even longer, she is freer and, at any rate, sees more of what she considers life. There is no more reason for considering barmaids disreputable as a rule than for so considering shopgirls. The presence of men, which is apparently a basis for that opinion, is a reason for the opposite. A barmaid often regards every customer who is not too much above or below her socially as a possible husband, and the prospect of matrimony keeps her well behaved. She has thus not only a reason for choosing her career which the shopgirl lacks, but also an additional reason for remaining virtuous.

'Of course there are disreputable barmaids just as there are disreputable countesses. I am not acquainted with countesses or with shopgirls, but I have known no end of barmaids, and not one whom I cultivated was evidently otherwise than respectable. The few of whom I had my doubts I did not cultivate. With one barmaid I went once to church, with another I corresponded. She wrote a fashionable hand, and her letters were as correctly spelled as a Vassar girl's. 'Americans, reasoning from the language used in a saloon here, argue that a barmaid couldn't live in such an environment and remain a good woman. Her sense of modesty would become so blunted that a moral downfall would follow. They forget that the presence of the barmaid chastens the conversation of the customers of an English public house. I've heard a cabman reproven by a barroom companion with, 'A lady 'ears not you say,' for using the adjective 'bloody,' a word which with us contains more associations with the Spaniards in Cuba than with impropriety or profanity.

'The English objection to barmaids is a temperance one. They say that the presence of barmaids encourages drinking, and that men drink more than they otherwise would, or should, in order to enjoy the society of the fair divinities of public houses. They may be right. I am not in a position to meet this argument.'

## WHAT WAS THE SONG?

They Had a Much of an Air for Music—A Laughable Episode.

The musician can scarcely conceive how it is possible for a human being to be so devoid of musical ear as not to know one tune from another, but instances of such deficiency are exceedingly common. Answers cites an amusing example.

Two sailors, returned from a long voyage, strolled into a public house near the docks. Above the rumble of the traffic in the street could be heard at intervals the loud, unmusical voice of a buckster. After listening intently for a minute one of the sailors turned to his companion and said:

'Eh, Jack, lad; it's a long time since we heard that song.'

'What song?'

'The one that follows singing in the street—'The Light of Other Days.'

'Stow it!' ejaculated the other, gruffly, that fellow ain't singing 'The Light of Other Days' at all, m'n. I've been listening to him. He's a-piping 'The Banks of Allen Water.'

Each sailor was certain he was right, and with characteristic contempt for month's wages depending on the result.

'Here, Tommy!' called out one of the men to the little son of the landlord, 'run out and get to know what that fellow's singing.'

Tommy departed on his errand, which did not take many minutes.

'Well,' demanded Jack, when the youngster returned, 'which of us is right?'

'Nayther of ye,' replied Tommy, grinning. 'The feller's not singing. He's hawking flypapers!'

## A Lesson in Politeness.

A lady went into a bank the other day to pay money in, and stood in the middle of the passage in front of the counter, glancing through her cheque. One of the clerks



**WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE**  
Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.  
It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name. **SURPRISE.**

anxious to have something to do, shouted rather roughly:

'Come here, if you are going to pay in! As the lady was leaving she leaned across the counter and said, so that everyone near could hear:

'Do you know the missing word for this week?'

'No!' said the clerk, sulkily; 'what is it?'

'Please,' replied the lady, and quietly went out amid the laughter of his fellow clerks.

## As Time Goes On.

'Nothing continues in one stay.' A comforting consideration or the reverse, according to circumstances. It depends on the direction in which those matters that chiefly concern us are developing. When we are growing richer every year and experience no calamities, time slides agreeably by, and we are inclined to wish the future would hurry along as fast as it conveniently can. One likes to see the fruit ripen rapidly on his own trees; but when every step forward is also a step downward it is quite another thing. Then we would put the steam brakes on Time's wheels if we could.

And the latter is the sense in which a woman uses the phrase, 'as the time went on.' For her it went badly—every day being like the postman, come again, with a letter containing evil tidings. And for her, there had been a long procession of that sort of days, and we can't wonder she got heartick of it all.

'For ten years,' she says, 'I was almost continuously ill. I suffered from indigestion and weakness. I had no appetite, and the little food I took gave me great pain in my chest. I had also feeling with burning pain in my stomach. I was always belching up a sour fluid. I had a gnawing pain in my back and was frequently troubled with palpitation of the heart.'

As time went on I became so weak I had to be assisted to my bed. I could not bear the least noise; my nerves were so irritable and sensitive that I trembled at the slightest unusual sound or occurrence.

'Considering what the writer has thus told us, we shall agree that she was sure to have been 'nervous.' When the wind blows the cradle will rock; and when the body is weak from semi-starvation, and racked with pain, the nerves are like people in a haunted house—excited and open to every impression, besides sharing the weakness common to the entire system of which they are a part. As we shall see, the nerves came right when the condition which upset them was removed. The point is: nervousness is a symptom, not a disease. Don't take narcotics to cure it.'

'Year after year,' the lady says, 'I continued like this. I saw a doctor from time to time, but was no better for anything I took. In September 1891, Mrs. Scholes recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle and soon found it was doing me good. I could eat and enjoy my food, and it agreed with me. After further use of this medicine (but in a short time) I could do my housework, and felt stronger than I had done for many years.'

'I have been since in good health, taking a dose or two of the remedy when needed. I may mention that I had two attacks of influenza, and Mother Seigel's Syrup soon put me to rights. I have recommended this medicine to many persons who have benefited by using it. You are at liberty to publish my statement if you like. (Signed) Mrs. Elizabeth Pike, 3, Waterloo Cottage, Barwell Road, St. Mary Church, Torquay, September 25th, 1896.'

Time now goes on with our correspondent more pleasantly than it did: thanks to the providence which led her to employ at last the real remedy for her grievous ailments—dyspepsia. And, since we can pass through this world but once, what a blessing it is to come upon anything that helps to smooth the way. That Mother Seigel's Syrup does so is no vain or boasting assertion. The women in England alone who are indebted to it for rescue from pain, weakness, and despair, are quite enough to fill the road from the Monument to Charing Cross. And (what is worth noting) their grateful tongues do more to advertise it better than all we print about it from one Christmas to the next. May time go on with them personally and happily until their gentle and painless end shall come.

Nine Hundred Thousand Miles a Day.

This, according to the recent calculations of Prof. J. C. Kapteyn of Amsterdam, is the velocity with which the sun and its planets are speeding through space in a northerly direction. The brightest star in that part of the heavens toward which we are going is the brilliant Vega in the constellation Lyra, a sun unquestionably much greater than ours. Every year, by Professor Kapteyn's estimate, we draw some three hundred million miles nearer to that star.

## RHEUMATIC AGONY!

There's Delightful Relief in One or Two Doses of South American Rheumatic Cure.

E. H. Norton, of Grimsby, Ont., says: 'I tried homoeopathic and other remedies and was under medical attendance for inflammatory rheumatism. None of them gave me any relief. My legs and arms were useless. I could do nothing for three weeks. I was confined to my bed and suffered agonies. I was advised to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I felt benefit after two or three doses. Four bottles completely cured me, and I am as well as ever I was.'

No man is ever so good as a good bond signed by several good men.

The head is more a skeptic than the heart.

Salvation is more than a moral reformation.

The pruned limb is seldom the one that dies.

## PAIN IN THE HEART.

Too serious a condition to neglect.

A Guelph harness maker tells how he was cured.

Mr. Wm. Dyson, the well known saddler and harness maker of Guelph, Ont., makes the following statement: 'I heartily re-



commend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nervousness and heart trouble. They are a splendid medicine for such complaints. For a long time I was afflicted with nervousness and pain in my heart, which was especially severe at night, often destroying my rest. These pills cured me and invigorated my nervous system which is now strong and healthy. They restored restful sleep besides removing the distressing heart pains which formerly gave me so much anxiety and trouble.'

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## FLAMES BEDED THE MAN HUNT

Samuels Was Wounded From a Lynching Party and Burned to Death.

'There was only one official hanging in county,' said the ex-boomer from Oregon, and it turned out afterward that an innocent man was executed in that instance. This precedent made even lynching very uncommon, so that when a score of us started out to hand Abraham Samuels to the nearest tree it was only after a careful consideration of the crime he had committed. Samuels was a man of about 40, small wiry, and agile. He had reddish hair and a heavy beard, the cut of which he was continually altering, and he was always neatly, rather sloppily dressed. He was married to a woman some ten years his junior and lived with her and their two children on a little ranch on the divide between Tin Pot and Shoestring valleys. In spite of his generally quiet behavior Samuels was very unpopular; partly, I suppose, because he was known as a wife beater. Mrs. Samuels was not directly responsible for this knowledge, for she knew no one in the neighborhood and was rarely seen off the clearing. She was thin and tired looking, and her big gray eyes had that cowed look that always arouses sympathy. There was the same look in the eyes of her two sons, who passersby noticed, always played quietly and without much apparent enjoyment. It was the tales these two little fellows told their mates at the district school at Tin Pot that first brought to the notice of the community the condition of affairs in the home of the Samuels family.

'Whether it was because of the knowledge that she had the sympathy of the community or simply because she had borne all she could I never knew, but one day Alice Samuels turned on her husband and drove him from the house. A drummer from a dry goods house in 'Frisco reported one night that as he was driving over the divide he saw Samuels in front of his house door, parleying with his wife, who stood at the open window with a shotgun. That night Samuels came to town and got very drunk. He was taciturn and sullen, which was unusual and was noticed. He started out in the direction of his home at about midnight.

'About daylight the next morning the Samuels' cabin was burned down. Mrs. Samuels escaped with the children, but there was no time for her to save any of her belongings, even clothes. It was found afterward that pitchy chips and stove-wood had been carried from a pile back of the cabin to a heap of dry brushwood and had been kindled. The flames had been blown across the corner of the clearing in which the cabin stood, setting it afire and also the woods beyond. With no other evidence than this there was a strong suspicion that Samuels had set the fire and his subsequent actions tended to confirm it. Feeling against him was intensified by the fact that the fire had gained a good start along the divide and was menacing valuable property on every side.

'Within a week from the time the fire started the town had grown too hot for Samuels, and in three days more, during which the fire had done more damage, a lynching bee was proposed, with Samuels as its object of attention. As I had been injured by the fire to a greater extent than any other individual in the vicinity, I was asked to organize the bee. I declined to do that, but I went along with the party, more from curiosity than from any desire to wreak personal vengeance. Samuels had heard of our intention, and had stolen a horse and started along the Smith River trail, intending, I suppose, to proceed down the river to its mouth and take a steamer for 'Frisco.

'The pursuing party rode hard, and we sighted Samuels just at daybreak the next morning as he crossed the ridge into the Smith River Valley, about six miles ahead of us. He would surely have escaped us had it not been that one arm of the forest fire intercepted him soon after he started down the valley. This fire had crossed the ridge many miles below, and as it travelled up the valley it presented a solid wall of flame which it was impossible to pass. From this wall Samuels was forced to turn back three miles below, where he entered the valley, and it seemed as though he could not possibly escape the rope we were carrying for him. He did, though, for he was finally consumed in the fire he himself had started. He took the desperate chance of trying to swim down the shallow stream, whose flame-wrapped banks were not more than twenty feet apart. It was an impossible feat. The intense heat from the blazing fir trees that lined the stream had overcome him before he got fairly started. An eddy stranded him on a small bar, where he made one or two ineffectual efforts to get under water again, and then lay still. He was enveloped for a few moments in the steam that rose from his wet clothes, which burst into flames as soon as they were dry. Then the naked body lying there on the sand could be seen to shiver up and down, and before we were forced back by the advancing wall of fire nothing was left but a heap of glowing cinders. I shall never forget that spectacle, and incidentally, never participate in a man hunt again.'



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