

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

IN SEARCH OF A SUPPER.

THE EXPERIENCES OF TWO YOUNG LADIES IN ROTHESAY.

The General Storekeeper and His Biscuits and Cheese, and Beer and Chocolates, and Last but not Least His Evening Paper—A Village all Looks and Little Else.

The village of Rothsay might almost have been in the poet's mind when he wrote the lines, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

For it is indeed a dream of sylvan beauty! Its houses nestle in trees surrounded by gardens, the verandas wreathed with flowing vines, and decked with all the adornments and comforts artistic taste can suggest, or money supply.

In short, Rothsay presents a rich feast to the eye but exceedingly cold comfort to the other senses, especially the important one of taste, for it is without exception the most cold blooded and inhospitable spot upon which the hungry stranger could alight.

Rothsay is beautiful and aristocratic. It sits aloof upon its seven hills, and says to the approaching invader from another part of the world, "Avant! Begone! We are of another sphere than thou; we will have none of thee; get thee gone, for we are of the Pharisees and can do no wrong, whilst thou art a Publican, and, in all probability, a sinner." And the visitor from afar has no choice but to await and get him gone, shaking the dust from off his Oxford ties as he goes, and registering a vow to his household gods never to return if he can help it.

There is not one spot in this smiling village where the weary traveller can get anything to eat or drink, even though he be willing to pay for it. Except a very one horse—or rather hand cart—general store, there is not a conveyance to be hired for love or money, and the feeling towards strangers is evidently the same which animates the breast of the English navy, and prompts him to "ave all a brick at 'em."

The experience of two young ladies who lately visited Rothsay with the intention of remaining from the half past five o'clock train, until the half past seven train, and were detained by a violent thunder storm, may be worth relating.

Arriving at the station, and discovering that they had miscalculated their time and would be unable to return to the city until the late train, they turned their attention towards the comforts of a home as represented by tea, only to discover that there was not a hotel or place of entertainment for the public in the place. Cast down but not destroyed they turned their steps in the direction of the village store, in the hope of getting at least some fruit and a few biscuits.

An elderly gentleman whom they took for the proprietor from his air of easy confidence, was hanging over the counter with the "full front" of his back presented to the view of the possible customer, engaged in the perusal of the evening paper. He took no notice of the approach of commerce, in the shape of two customers, evidently not feeling anxious for trade; and the following conversation took place, reported verbatim.

"Good evening! Have you any bananas?"

"No, don't keep 'em."

"Perhaps you have some oranges then?"

"No, no oranges!" said the merchant prince, still without lifting his eyes from his paper or turning round.

"Have you any vanilla biscuits?"

"No, no biscuits at all except soda biscuits and sweet biscuits?"

"Have you got anything to eat, at all?"

The audacity of this shot brought the caterer for the gastronomic tastes of Rothsay into an erect position, and with one sweep of his hand, which included not only the grocery department, but the portion of the store held sacred to dry goods, he responded in clarion tones, "We have just what you see!"

On being interrogated on the subject of cheese he acknowledged the soft impeachment and reluctantly removed from under a cheese which had, in the days of its youth been good, but which had been cut so long ago that the wounds had become cicatrized with a crust an inch deep, and its rification in the shape of blue mould had set in. The bill of fare was not tempting, but necessity is a stern master, and an empty epigastrium is a potent factor in taming a proud spirit, so the wayfarers entered into negotiations for half a pound of cheese and a small bag of soda biscuits.

In roaming around the shop their hungry eyes lighted upon some ginger beer bottles, and another purchase was made, two tumblers being loaned through the kindness of a young fellow who seemed to occupy a subordinate position in the shop, but whom we vested all the politeness of the establishment. As the customers were leaving they espied some chocolates reposing in glass dishes under a glass case, and as there were three different varieties, they asked to see them. "Well, there they are!" said the genial proprietor.

"Will you let us see them, please. We want to see which kind we like best."

"They are 40 cents a pound," answered the merchant, rather irrelevantly, but evidently with a view of frightening the purchasers off.

"So I supposed," answered one of the pilgrims from the city. "Are you going to let us taste them?"

"Chocolates are chocolates all over the world," snarled the obliging purveyor of groceries, as he opened the glass case with a bang and picked out two chocolates which he slammed down on the top of the glass case.

"I should have preferred using my own fingers if I had been given a choice," remarked the undaunted customer, glancing at the very grimy digits which had been used in transporting the chocolates to their present resting place.

"Well, I'm not going to take those dishes out, for the sake of selling a chew of chocolates," said the merchant.

"You are evidently not anxious for custom," answered the pilgrim.

"Well, no, not some kinds of customers we ain't," was the crushing response. And the pilgrims having slightly mollified the merchant by a wholesale order for ten cents worth, wended their mournful way to a secluded water barrel, in which they washed the impressions of many thirsty lips from the tumblers and proceeded to make their humble meal. But the biscuits were not fresh, and the cheese tasted of the soap on which the knife which cut it had been used last, and the ginger beer was far from being the choicest product of the Wilmot Spa, so the feast was short. If not very sweet, and the pilgrims after affording a free show to the admiring populace, who gazed transfixed through their windows at the *al fresco* entertainment, returned to the shop to restore the tumblers, back Mr. John Woodward, as the merchant prince is called in private life, an impressive adieu, after thanking him for his kindness; and wended their way to the I. C. R. station, their to begin their three hours vigil.

The storm had worked havoc, the road was a rushing brook, and the pilgrims reached the station with wet feet, sick hearts, and bedraggled plumes. But once at the station their troubles were over, and they discovered that Rothsay held one Samaritan at least in the person of Mr. Sherwood, the kindly station master, who spared no pains to alleviate the condition of the sufferers, and to cheer their flagging spirits. He hunted up rubbers for their soaked feet, placed all of his territory at their disposal, and finally at the end of their weary waiting, saw them safely on board the train. Rothsay is a lovely spot, but somehow when those pilgrims look back upon their evening at a summer resort the one pleasant memory connected therewith will be the kindness of Mr. Sherwood, and the one bright spot amid the gloom his kindly face.

A FINE POINT IN ETHICS.

How Parrsboro's Policemen Erred in Judgment, and Impounded the Wrong Cow.

The early morning slumbers of Parrsboro's police magistrate have lately been broken by the drowsy tinklings of cow bells, and the soft murmurings of stray cows.

Parrsboro's policeman went to the magistrate a few days ago seeking information. A man who had been in jail for a few days had decided to pay his fine rather than serve out the remainder of his sentence, but wanted to know if a reduction would be made on account of the time already lost. The magistrate heard the policeman's statement with proper gravity, and made the following answer, which is probably as non-committal as any recorded in books of jurisprudence:—

"If you'd come up early tomorrow morning and put those cows in pound that have been bothering me."

The policeman objected to going a-hunting so early in the morning, as it is a long distance from his house to that of the magistrate, and an early morning walk is not relished by policemen who pace the streets late at night watching the enterprising burglar, but said that he would go at once and impound any stray cow that might be in the vicinity of the magistrate's residence. To this proposition the magistrate quickly assented.

The officer was eminently successful in his search, for he found a cow on the road near the magistrate's residence, and persuaded her to be led to pastures new.

The animal was left to ruminate on her misdeeds in the Parrsboro pound, and the magistrate congratulated himself that he would no more be awakened from his hard-earned rest by the lowings of stray cattle. And he smiled and felt at peace with the world.

But when, later in the day, he awoke to the fact that his own cow had been lodged in the pound that morning, he did not feel quite so peacefully disposed towards the world in general, and Parrsboro policemen in particular.

Did he, nevertheless, manifest the spirit of the noble Roman who was willing that his son should die because of a breach of discipline, although it brought glory to the Roman arms? Did he show the magnanimity of Henry IV. of England, who complimented the judge who imprisoned the Prince of Wales?

No, he did not; the policeman ought to have known that a police magistrate's cow is as sacred as the white bull of the Assyrian law-giver. The magistrate gave the policeman a severe scolding in the presence of several citizens, and the officer goes about with a sad air, feeling the truth of Gilbert's song:

"Taking one consideration with another, a policeman's life is not a 'appy' 'un'."

A Dentist's Waiting-Room.

Clasping tight my jaw, I staggered,
Pale and haggard,
In befitting
To this room,
Where were fellow martyrs sitting
In befitting
Solemn gloom;

While they turned, with air dejected,
Books collected,
To amuse,
Graphics, or accumulated
Illustrated
London News.

How they glared! No fellow-feeling
O'er them stealing,
Made them kind;
"Touch of nature" that is dental
Makes no mental
Kin, I find.

There I sat, the numbers growing
Less, each going
To his fate—
What a dismal occupation!
My clasp
Was not great—

Heard the butler call each saddened,
Toothache-maddened
Jettison name;
Watching them wincing as they strode out;
I should no doubt
Look the same.

Then, when he had to take in,
"Mr. Alkin!"
Made me quail;
O'er the after rivivication
Recollection
Draws a veil!

—London Punch.

RECEIVED HIM IN STYLE.

A Big African King Welcomes the First Envoy from the Congo State.

About two years ago the Congo State sent Lieut. Dhanis far up the Kuango River, one of the largest affluents of the Kasai tributary of the Congo, for the purpose of occupying the new territories in behalf of the State. He has recently sent a report to the Department of the Interior of his progress, and has given some curious details about the great native king of the Kuango region, whose name has long figured on the maps, though no one has known much about him. He is the Kiamvo Mueke Puta Kasongo, and lives upon the right bank of the Kuango River about six degrees and thirty minutes south latitude.

It is about forty years since the warriors of the great central empire of Lunda marched northwest into this country and took it for their own. They were led by a brother of the powerful Muata Yamvo of Lunda. The present King is one of the successors of the first conqueror, and he still holds absolute power. The chiefs of all the villages are always named by him. The Kiamvo gave Lieut. Dhanis a most friendly reception. The Lieutenant established one of the State posts at the King's residence, and secondary posts have been scattered up and down the country.

The King heard that the white man was coming several weeks before his arrival. While Dhanis was yet a week from the King's big town, two chiefs with forty men, who had been sent to meet him, suddenly appeared. Many of these men were musicians and singers, and as they marched along they chanted the praises of the Kiamvo and sang of the greatness of the white man. One of the chiefs said the armed men had been sent as a personal escort in honor of the visitor. To please them he had his Zanzibar attendants march in the rear, while he advanced surrounded by the warriors of the Kiamvo armed with guns and spears. The chiefs acted as intermediaries in the white man's relations with the natives they met. At all of the numerous villages the chiefs appeared with hospitable presents of palm wine, fowls, goats, flour and eggs.

On arriving at the King's town the white visitor was allowed to rest for three days before the ceremonies in honor of his arrival began. On the fourth day the great drum summoned the warriors, and on the fifth day Dhanis was introduced to the King. The King was seated, with his legs crossed, upon a little platform three feet high, covered with a patterned skin. In his left hand he held a modern improved rifle, and at his right was seated a masked fetish doctor. In a semi-circle around the King were about 800 men, armed with guns or bows and arrows, and within the semicircle were dozens of secondary chiefs seated upon skins or woven mats. A dozen musicians played on a sort of string instrument made by stretching wires over hollow gourd shells. All warriors wore the same dress, a loincloth and a headband, and after a short talk with the Kiamvo his dusky majesty was borne on his platform by eight men to the royal huts.

At the second interview the king asked Dhanis if he did not wish to see the war dance. The white man said he would be happy to witness this interesting spectacle, and at once the drums began to sound and the warriors were soon engaged in a frenzied dance. As the music became louder and more rapid, they shouted at the top of their lungs and brandished their spears in the air. The white man said he would be happy to witness this interesting spectacle, and at once the drums began to sound and the warriors were soon engaged in a frenzied dance. As the music became louder and more rapid, they shouted at the top of their lungs and brandished their spears in the air.

"I believe," he said, "that these men are so crazy that we shall all be killed by them before we have the means of defence in our hands."

Dhanis says that very likely they were grounds for his fears, but he sent the man back to his place in the ranks. The King, perhaps, thought there was danger, for he abruptly ordered the suspension of the dance. Since then, he has been in the midst of the war dance, in a moment of perfect frenzy, fired his gun directly at the King himself, who fortunately escaped injury. Since that day no war dances have been performed in the country.

The king is judge, without appeal, in all cases of dispute between the chiefs, and he inflicts all penalties for wrongdoing. Half of the prizes of war belong to the king. Every big animal killed is the personal property of the Kiamvo. All large beasts off fall in the chase are brought to him, the hunters receiving in return small presents of cloth and powder. If anyone kills an elephant and does not give both its meat and its tusks to the king he is fined three slaves. He has to pay two slaves if he keeps the body of a hippopotamus for his own purposes.—N. Y. Sun.

Bismarck on Bicycling.

Prince Bismarck received a visit the other day from about 100 bicyclists who had arranged a ride in his honor from Begerloft to Friedrichshagen. In reply to the address of the president of the club he said: "Your sport involves exercise by which health is promoted, and in some measure an equivalent to the ball and ring games played in England. All these games have not taken over, while in England they are played even by ladies. Such strengthening exercise as is afforded by ball games is not much liked here, and almost the only sport bringing into activity the lower muscles in that which you pursue. I wonder that bicycling has not sooner become fashionable. The bicycle is not an invention of our time. I remember to have seen it 70 years ago, when I entered the gymnasium. It was at that time called a 'draisine,' and was propelled by the rider's striking with his toes on the roadway. A second man, seated behind him, had a crank like a coffee mill. Fifty years ago this 'draisine' went out of fashion, and then, about 20 years ago, the modern sport of bicycling came in."

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DANGERS OF HABITUAL HURRY.

Take Your Time if you Want to be Healthy and Enjoy Life.

The number of sudden deaths which occur every year as a consequence of running to catch trains, trams, and "buses" is not inconsiderable. The victims are mostly persons, middle-aged or older, who have some disease of the heart.

This kind of over-exertion, however, does less harm than the common habit of being continually in a hurry. A habit which keeps the nervous system at a perpetual tension leads to excessive vital waste, undue susceptibility to disease, and, in extreme cases, to nervous exhaustion. Under its influence persons naturally amiable are transformed into petulant and noisy scolds. The woman who is a wife and mother is peculiarly liable to this habit, she has so much to do and so little time in which to do it, in these days when so many outside things crowd upon her domestic duties. There is no doubt that hurry claims ten victims where hard work kills one.

The man of business suffers in much the same manner. The hurried breakfast and the hurried dinner of the morning paper are but the beginning of a hurried day. Yet it is unsafe for him to act in a hurry, or in the spirit generated by it. The uncertainties of his calling make entire self-control of prime importance.

School children are victims of the same evil. They must be at school exactly to time. But in thousands of cases the family arrangements are not such as to favor punctuality. The child is allowed to sit up late, and so is late at breakfast; or the breakfast itself is late, and the child must hurry through it, and then hurry off, half-fed and fully fretted, dreading tardiness and the teacher's displeasure. Robust children may work off the effect amid the sports of the day, but many others are injured for life.

Occasional hurry is hardly to be avoided, society being what it is; but the habit of hurry should be guarded against as one of the surest promoters of ill-temper and ill-health.

If necessary, less work should be done; but in many cases nothing is needed but a more economical use of time. Some of the worst victims of hurry are men who daily with their work until time presses them, and then crowd themselves into a fever, plying themselves meanwhile because they are so sadly driven.

GREENWICH TIME.

The Great Clock that is Always on the Minute.

As is well known everywhere, "Greenwich time" is the most accurate in the world, and the whole machinery of the clock which records it is very perfect. But, notwithstanding this latter fact, it has to be constantly attended to and regulated by experts, so much so that, besides being the most accurate, it may also be described as the clock which requires the most labor to make it continue to give satisfaction. It is, however, worthy of every attention, for the amount of work which it does with efficiency is astounding. It causes a current of electricity to pass through some wires every second. This serves as the motive force for several clocks, and regulates a large number of others scattered over Britain.

At one o'clock every day a current is sent which fires the time-guns at Newcastle, South Shields, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. At the same time, time-balls are let fall by its agency at various places. The standard or public clock at Greenwich is regulated by comparing the time recorded on its face with that given by an astronomical clock, and the difference between true astronomical and true Greenwich time can be found from tables which are calculated for every day and for every hour in the day.

But the astronomical clock, which is regulated according to the movements of the stars, gains a second on true time in the course of every six minutes, so that the most constant attention and the greatest care on the part of the experts is necessary. But how, in what manner, is the clock put right? It must not be stopped or advanced by so many seconds in the usual way, because this would not advance or retard by the same number of seconds the clocks which are moved by its means.

It is done by electricity. A magnet is attached to the end of the pendulum, and beneath this is a coil of wire, so arranged that when an electric current passes through it in one direction, its influence on the magnet makes the pendulum move slower, and when in the opposite direction, quicker. The regulating expert knows that by sending a current through the wire for ten seconds, he alters the time of the clock by one second, making it faster or slower according to the direction as described, so that he can regulate the standard clock to within a tenth of a second of absolutely true time.

Slavery in Peru.

Slavery has no recognition in Peruvian law, but there are ways of making and explaining it not unworthy of some admiration for their cleverness. Take, for example, an established chacra or hacienda—any hacienda. According to law the Indian is a free man. Certainly! Also, according to law, no man—white, mestizo or Indian—may leave the place where he has contracted a debt until he has paid it, if his creditors choose to enjoin (embargar) him. Now it happens that the Indians are all and always heavily in debt to the owner of the chacra where they live, and said owners choose to enjoin them—wherefore the Indian remains perpetually embargoed. When the young Indian has grown large enough to do what may be regarded as a man's work he enters service. He receives the habitual recompense of nine soles per month. On this sum he cannot live. The master knows it, the Indian knows it; but what is to be done when such is the established stipend throughout the length and breadth of the valley? The result is, receiving none of the commonest necessities of life gratuitously, he overdraws from the first. A strict account is kept of all that he obtains from his master of food, clothing, implements and knick-knacks; papers of injunction are duly served, and he is compelled to work on day after day in satisfaction of the debt.

Consider another phase of the matter. If a man desires to establish a new hacienda he can obtain all the land he may need by simply "denouncing" it in due legal form, occupying and building a house on it; but he cannot secure laborers by spreading the rumor of his wishes and summoning a crowd of applicants from which to choose. For these he must repair to some well stocked hacienda where there are Indians to spare, pay the debts of such as he selects, thereby transferring the Indian, with his obligation and its attendant bond of servitude, from one master to another.—Harper's.

A Good Mixture.

A good, but we do not know how true a story, is related of a venerable doctor of the experimental and eclectic school of medicine. It was one of his rules never to have anything wasted; and, therefore, when any prescription remained after the patient had died or recovered, he would empty it into a bottle kept for the purpose, which became the receptacle of a heterogeneous compound which science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and asked of him the reason for it.

The doctor hesitated a little, and then replied that, though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances when all his medical skill failed. At such a time it was his custom to resort to the big bottle, and leave Nature and accident to accomplish the cure.

"And would you believe it," said he, "some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it?"

HOW DYNAMITE IS MADE.

Something About the Great Explosive, and What It Has Accomplished.

Very few people have a correct idea of what dynamite is, of what it is made, and the uses to which it is put. To the French belongs the honor of its discovery and its first practical use.

Nitro-glycerine is the force of all high explosives. Dynamite is the name most usually given to these explosives, though other names are sometimes used. Dynamite is simply nitro-glycerine mixed with various ingredients. Nitro-glycerine is made by mixing sulphuric and nitric acid with sweet glycerine, the same that is used by the ladies to prevent chapped hands. Mixing the acids and glycerine is where the great danger lies in the making of nitro-glycerine. The mixing tank, or agitator as it is called by dynamite makers, is a large steel tank, filled inside with many coils of lead pipe, through which, while the mixing is in progress, a constant flow of ice water is maintained. This flow of ice water is used to keep the temperature of the mix below 85°, as above that point it would explode, and a hole in the ground would mark where the factory had been. The nitro-glycerine is stored in large earthenware tanks, which are usually sunk in the ground to guard against blows or severe concussion.

The other ingredients for making dynamite are: Nitrate of soda, which is found only in Chili, carbonate of magnesia, and wood pulp.

Dynamite is put in paper shells usually 1 1/4 inches in diameter and 8 inches in length, and weighs about 1/2 pound to each shell or cartridge. It has largely taken the place of black powder for blasting, as it is many hundreds of times stronger and consequently more economical. It is used chiefly in mining all kinds of ores, coal and rock, and submarine blasting and railroad building. Without its aid many railroads, especially those crossing the Rocky Mountains, could not have been constructed; without it Hell Gate in New York harbor could not have been destroyed, and without it the miner, at prices now paid for mining ores, could not earn his bread.

Dynamite will not explode from any ordinary fall or jar; it will burn without explosion, and freezes at 42°, 10° above ordinary freezing point. The bomb of the anarchist is made of metal or glass and filled with pure nitro-glycerine arranged so as to explode by severe contact with any hard object.

Five or six millions of dollars are invested in the manufacture of dynamite in the United States, and its use is constantly on the increase. The fumes nitro-glycerine produces intense headache, which can be cured by taking a very small dose of it internally.—Detroit Free Press.

A New Method of Ventilation.

Two women, each of whom rode the ventilation hobby with great zeal, found themselves spending the night in a small country hotel. They had scarcely put the light out when it was realized that the window had not been opened, and one started to attend to it. The room was very dark, and the matches were not at hand, but after some groping she found the closed pane.

"I can't move it," she said, tugging to do so.

"Do try," came from the bed; "we shall suffocate before morning."

The next instant there was a crash in the darkness.

"I've broken this wretched window," it was explained; "but, at least, I'll have air now."

"Oh! yes," said the other, "that's ever so much better now. I could never go to sleep without proper ventilation."

So they went contentedly to sleep. In the morning the window was found tightly closed, but the glass door of a big bookcase which stood in a corner was shattered.

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