

## THE CAPITALIST AS CRITIC.

(Lines to the New Arbitrator of Our Studies.)

Great Learning's patron! Harsh Hel-  
lenophobe,  
And later Phoebeus of this obscure  
globe:  
Mild male Astraea Redux, who amid  
The stars-and-stripes-of Commerce  
long wast hid;  
Steel-staunch foundation of the Age of  
Stocks,  
Prometheus, Saturn, Numa, and John  
Knox  
Welded in one great shape by wizard  
fusion,  
I sing—but oh! such classical allusion  
Will pain the soul whom I desire to  
praise.  
Shall we, oh Muse, forget the strenu-  
ous days  
When your great Theme forsok his  
Trust to show  
That Aristotle didn't really know?  
Are we oblivious that he learnt by rote  
The pensive page of Liddell and of  
Scott,  
Found Hesiod vulgar, Homer crapu-  
lous,  
And couldn't bear the slang of Aeschyl-  
us?  
Oh tolling scholarship! Great Mind!  
That knew  
Herodotus immoral—worse, untrue!  
Oh splendid insight, spilling the last  
leaf  
Of merit yet allowed Euripides.  
Not yours to think—as even Walkley  
might—  
Medea as fair as Julia washed white;  
Not yours to see—as Beerbohm's eyes  
may see—  
In Attic groves the seed that made a  
Tree.  
Nay, you know better! But, when  
Phillips wrote  
An Odyssey that shook the grave of  
Grote;  
When damned Prometheus made the  
scholar stare,  
And Cockney couplets hurt th' Olymp-  
ian air;  
When English painters of some Gre-  
cian scene  
Debauched salve on the threshold-stone—  
ah! then  
Did you not smile to find that even  
Turned foe to scholarship—and took  
your part?

Not yours to watch the spurious  
lights that blind  
A Jebb's a Jewett's, or a Porson's  
mind;  
You're for Modernity! You know the  
worth  
Of statues, poems, sculpture—all that  
Earth  
Devised in her Dark Ages, as a child  
Carved foolish toys, weaved fictions  
That beguiled  
The careless hours away, until it  
reached  
The age of reason, and was birched,  
and breeched.  
You're for Modernity! Of course  
you're right.  
You know the past's archaic, like last  
night;  
One Asche is worth ten Vulcans in a  
forge;  
Great Alexander's not a patch on  
Tis but to give the knight a kind of  
fool  
That you match Lucan with Sir Conan  
Doyle.  
As for philosophers! you pierced your  
gloom,  
Comparing them with Adam Smith or  
Hume—  
Found logic lacking in Democritus,  
Heard Epicurus' thin work, and thus  
Was obviously a pig; Empedocles  
You soon unmasked; you showed up  
Socrates!—  
Proved all the pearls of Plato to be  
sham,  
And damned the ancients in an epi-  
gram.

Well done, Great Sir! Quite soon, I  
understand,  
Schools of Finance will soar in every  
land;  
The puking babe will mewl of bulls  
and bears,  
And nurseries echo lisp of stocks and  
shares;  
Wives will be partners; lovers when  
they meet,  
Will kiss and tell of subtle slumps in  
wheat;  
Already wane the hoar philosophies,  
The disolute, dishonored classic dies,  
And Oxford opens at last her owlish  
eyes.

Great Sir, well done! I own with all  
my heart

The Stos has no chance against the  
Mart;  
The wealth of posy compares but ill  
With the bright product of the Patent  
Pill;  
Add tragic drama, even at its best,  
Can rarely be put out at interest.  
The Greeks, I own, too, wrote o'er-  
much by half,  
But then, you know, they had no tele-  
graph;  
They had to be immortal, wretched  
men!  
You miss my meaning, worthy Sir?  
Nay, then,  
I only ask, compare with Sophocles  
Electric Ruyard's cabled harmonies.  
Proved then,—the books of Greece are  
less than dust;  
As to Greek life,—Great Sir! how wise,  
how just  
Your venomous sneer, your barbed oxy-  
moron!  
'Tis true the slight affair at Marathon  
Seems at first glance to touch the skirt  
of fame,  
Yet do we know the grand contractor's  
name  
Who forged the victor's steel? Herod-  
otus  
(Another forger) won't enlighten us;  
But you can find him, if dead lips  
could speak,  
No vile barbarian—I mean, no Greek.  
What fables, too! Of course the Per-  
sian's doom  
Was wrought in the suburban histor-  
ical room;  
Thermopylae is but a solar myth;  
Ionic luxury and Doric pith  
Exemplify the sort of similes  
That please the silly mind of savages.  
Nay! though they fought—as e'en bar-  
barians must—  
Their trust in steel was never a steel  
trust;  
There was a vulgar method, lacking  
yet  
The devilish science of a blow in wheat.  
And their great men! of blown bladders,  
swollen bags  
Of bombast that your praise has silt to  
rags!  
Weigh Pericles, High Justice! When  
did he  
Create a corner, float a company?  
Who cares for him? Beyond great  
Morgan's main  
In neat New York, or here in prim  
Park Lane,  
Sits the new Pericles our age admires,  
The Rubber King, Prince of Pneuma-  
tic Tyres!

Why should I curse the Greeks. My  
ardour cools;  
You know the Classics, Sir, and know  
that the  
But now when happy mills supplant  
the trees,  
And Pierpont, not Poseidon, aways the  
seas;  
Now, when all useless beauties faint  
and die,  
And we grow bald and read the "Daily  
Mail,"  
Now, when the Comic Muse's bleach-  
ing bones  
Are re-articulated by a Jones;  
Now, when the awful truth of sages  
seen  
Are commonplace to girls, however  
green;  
Now in this age of Gold—or Scip—oh!  
square  
The stupid Past! Pity's the only  
wear,  
Complacent scorn. He fights with wind  
who seeks  
To beat the bones of unenlightened  
Greeks,  
They're dead, Great Sir, Quite dead!  
The coup-de-grace  
Was your swift brilliant phrase. Be-  
hold! they pass  
Where other old, superfluous brutes  
have gone—  
The Irish Elk, the mighty Mastodon,  
The Ichthyosaurus, snizzling in the  
chalk,  
The Liberal clique, the obsolescent  
Auk.

Great champion! your work is ended  
well.  
It may awaken rancour—who can tell?  
But, Sir, I know how quickly, if you  
please,  
Your power may crush pedantic enmi-  
ties;  
Should some dull scholar venture to in-  
trude  
His view, in Popian couplets veiled and  
crude,  
When next your pen essays this lofty  
style—  
Give him a library—and leave to smile.

—ST. JOHN LUCAS.

## TO FRISCO IN TEN HOURS.

In Albertson's New System of Rail-  
road Car Wheels Are  
Left Out.

From New York to San Francisco in  
ten hours on a train without wheels,  
drawn at the rate of 300 miles an hour  
by a one horse-power locomotive and  
operated at one-sixth of the cost of an  
ordinary railway—this is the achieve-  
ment promised by a new system of rail-  
road invented by Prof. A. C. Albertson,  
an electrical engineer, late of the  
Copenhagen University, Denmark. The  
American and European governments  
have granted letters patent on the in-  
vention; a working model of the sys-  
tem is now on exhibition in this city,  
and the facilities of the Delaware,  
Lackawanna and Western Railroad  
have been placed at the disposal of  
Prof. Albertson for the working out of  
his scheme.

If the invention proves to be practi-  
cable it upsets a law hitherto regarded  
as immutable, namely, that the heavier  
the load the more power is needed to  
move it; instead, Prof. Albertson  
seems to have demonstrated the truth  
of the seeming paradox that the  
heavier the load the less power is in-  
deed to move it. The scheme is, in brief,  
as follows:

The train is equipped with a set of  
powerful electric magnets, which slide  
along under the rails and lift the cars  
from the track. If, for instance, a car  
weighs ten tons, the engineer of the  
train would merely turn on a magnetic  
force of eleven tons, which would thus  
overcome the weight of the train and  
allow it to be propelled with a fraction  
of only one ton. In other words, the  
entire weight of the train is held up  
by the magnetic force and experiments  
have actually shown that the more the  
train weights the less force is needed  
to propel it. The great speed claimed  
by the inventor for the magnetic train  
is made possible largely by the fact

that friction is almost wholly done  
away with.

With the under surface of the rails  
kept fairly clean by properly attaching  
sweeping devices travelling ahead of  
the magnets, and lubricated at the same  
time, the moving of the car, whether  
loaded or empty, will be accomplished  
by only a fraction of a horse-power;  
since nearly the entire weight of the  
car in both cases is suspended in the  
air. Instead of the car pressing down-  
ward upon the rails they would, on the  
contrary, pull upward. When it is  
necessary to turn off the magnetic  
force the cars will drop down upon the  
tracks and rest on eight small wheels.  
The current necessary to supply one  
thousand electric lights of ordinary  
power would hold suspended a weight  
of one hundred and twenty tons, or  
six railroad cars weighing twenty tons  
each. Such a train, according to Prof.  
Albertson, could be moved at immense  
speed by a motor of less than ten horse  
power, as the friction would be in-  
considerable.

On such a railroad system as this,  
smoke and vibration would be elimi-  
nated; there would be no possible  
chance of grade crossing accidents, no  
derailing, no hot boxes. It would not  
be necessary to purchase land for the  
construction of the road, as the struc-  
ture could be supported by single iron  
pillars.

Heavy and expensive locomotive en-  
gines of from 2,000 to 3,000 horse  
power in capacity would no longer be  
needed, as their place would be taken  
by small motors acting upon large  
driving wheels. This, in turn, would  
necessitate but comparatively light-  
weight rails. Sleeping cars would be  
superfluous, as the distance between  
the oceans could be covered in one day.  
No mechanical or pneumatic brakes  
would be needed, for the train is itself  
a brake; for, in order to stop, the en-  
gineer would simply turn on more  
magnetic power, thus making the  
pressure upward greater. Harper's  
Weekly.

## DIVE TO POLE.

Drs. Kamphe and School Have  
a Brand New Idea for  
Arctic Work.Submarine is Now Building—When-  
ever Fresh Air is Required  
the Ship Will Blast a Hole  
in the Pack.

Two German explorers, Dr. School  
and Dr. Kamphe, are planning  
to reach the North Pole in a  
submarine boat. The vessel which is  
already nearing completion at Bremen,  
is 70 feet long and 26 feet in beam.  
It will have a displacement of 800  
tons, and to prevent sinking will have  
her centre of gravity placed as low as  
possible. The air capacity of the in-  
terior will be 3,500 cubic feet, which,  
without replenishing, will supply five  
men for fifteen hours, the carbonic acid  
being neutralized by combination with  
caustic soda. The boat will be pro-  
pelled by horizontal and vertical  
screws, the former of forty and the  
latter of five horse-power, the vertical  
screws being considered sufficient to  
counteract the tendency to rise. The  
 motive power will be supplied by a  
petroleum motor with a 220-volt accu-  
mulator. Tanks will be provided to  
carry 150 tons of oil, which is esti-  
mated to be more than ten times  
the amount required to take the sub-  
marine from Spitzbergen to the Pole.  
It is intended first to tow the boat to  
Spitzbergen, whence start upon the  
long dive northward.

In the centre of the boat is a living  
room, around which sleeping cabins  
are arranged. Ceilings, walls and  
floors are covered with material cal-  
culated to exclude the deadly cold of the  
Arctic seas, while further protection  
will be afforded by layers of tarred  
felt, cork padding and air-tight linoleum  
stretched between the side plank-  
ing. There will be no opening on the  
surface of this craft—a turret,  
which will project just one foot and  
which will serve as a ventilator, as the  
captain's bridge and as a means of  
ingress and egress for the crew.  
When the submarine reaches the ice  
pack the direction of the nearest visi-  
ble open water will be taken by com-  
pass and, diving beneath the ice the  
boat will shape her course for it.  
When the opening to the surface is  
vertical the screws will be stopped and  
the voyagers will rise to the surface  
and continue the trip in the open if  
the lead is long enough to make the  
chance worth while. If at any time  
no open water is seen and it is neces-  
sary to replenish the air in the ship  
before an opening can be found holes  
will be blasted in the pack by means  
of dynamite cartridges. The inventors  
of the boat think they will have no  
trouble in locating the best places for  
blasting and to make this certain they  
depend upon a manometer, an instru-  
ment that will determine for them the  
depth of the ice. As they go down  
they propose to travel more than twenty  
miles with out coming to the surface  
they contend that it will always be  
easy to return to the last breathing place  
if abnormal conditions make it  
impossible for them to sink or swim.  
The scheme is certainly a daring  
one. It is unquestionably novel.  
Nothing approaching it has ever been  
known, except Andrew's mad balloon  
trip toward the Pole, and to death.  
The builders of the submarine are  
calmly confident that they will have  
no trouble in steering their craft for  
long distances under water, nor do  
they think they will have any trou-  
ble in clearing the ice to get to the  
surface. They are confident that it  
cannot be blasted asunder by ordinary  
methods. Nor do they take into ac-  
count the possibility of something go-  
ing wrong with the machinery and of  
being unable either to sink or swim.  
The imagination of a Verne would  
revel in the prospects of such a climax  
as would occur in the boat when it  
became necessary to make a six hours'  
trip back to the last breathing place  
with less than three hours' supply of  
air. Naval experts, who know how  
hard it is to steer a submarine half a  
mile, think that Herr Kamphe and his  
associates have undertaken the fool-  
ishness of the voyage, and to death  
of the Arctic, but the explorers are  
supremely confident that nothing will  
go wrong with the machinery and that  
there will be no great difficulty in  
finding ice thin enough to be easily  
broken. Herr Kamphe says that his  
ship can dive to a depth of 150 feet,  
which is almost twice as deep as the  
maximum depth that is likely to be  
encountered in the lower edge of the  
thickest ice pack. "But," says an  
English explorer in commenting upon  
the submarine scheme, "just think of  
crawling along under an ice pack  
eighty feet thick! If that is the thick-  
ness of the ice, it is a very poor way  
to travel, and it is almost certain that  
it will be almost certain death to travel  
beneath it. Something would be sure to  
go wrong and then goodbye to the boat  
and her crew."

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say they wouldn't have if he were the  
last man on earth who has the pick of  
all the pretty girls in town.—Boston  
Transcript.

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## NATURE STUDY IN SCHOOLS.

A Practical Programme to be Operated in  
Ontario.

TORONTO, May 18.—R. H. Cowley, in-  
spector of public schools for Ontario  
county, has presented to the agricultural  
committee of the legislature and also to  
the committee of education and militia of  
the Ontario legislature a report on the  
culture of the school curriculum of  
Ontario county.

It is proposed for the present to have five  
centres, namely, at Cayuga, Richmond,  
Manitowick and Bownessville. These  
centres will embrace 35 schools of the county,  
which the school at each of these five  
centres will be a focal point for the  
instructor who is a trained teacher in  
the subjects named and is thoroughly ac-  
quainted with farm work has been ap-  
pointed. He will spend one day a week at each  
centre instructing the pupils of the central  
school in the forenoon and the teachers and  
pupils of the surrounding schools in the af-  
ternoon.

J. W. Gibson has been appointed to the  
position. Mr. Gibson has taken a course  
in Cornell University and is now at Cornell  
Agricultural College and is said to be a  
man well qualified to carry out the  
scheme of the legislature for introducing  
the study of agriculture into the school  
curriculum of Ontario county.

The agricultural committee heartily ap-  
proved of Mr. Cowley's report and the  
majority of the members are desirous of  
seeing the scheme carried out. The com-  
mittee will invite Prof. Robertson  
to speak before them on the same  
subject next Tuesday afternoon.  
Both Hon. Mr. Harcourt and Hon. Mr.  
Dryden are enthusiastic over Mr. Cowley's  
scheme.

England is rapidly acquiring the re-  
putation of the United States for be-  
ing a country where the fortunes of  
persons undergo rapid changes.

The case has come to light of an  
ex-lieutenant of the Middlesex Regi-  
ment who at one period of his career  
commanded an expedition which re-  
sulted in the capture of a notable Af-  
ghani chief, and who is now engaged in  
playing an organ in the streets of  
Chelsea.

Inquiries among the firms of Saffron  
Hill who make a business of letting  
out piano organs on hire disclose two  
instances of pernegating musicians  
who have fallen from even higher es-  
tates.

One is the younger son of a 'tiscout,  
the other the third son of an earl. The  
latter after performing before a house  
requests to see the mistress, to whom

he hands a collecting book bearing a  
coronet. Therein, if she chooses, she  
enters her name and the amount of her  
donation. Each of the aristocratic or-  
gan-grinders pays 40 cents a day for  
the hire of the machine, and makes a  
profit of \$5 to \$8 a week.

Several composers are at present  
trundling hand-organs through the  
streets. One is a song writer who paid  
\$2.50 to have his latest composition in-  
cluded in the repertoire of his machine.  
A placard at the front of the organ an-  
nounces that he is the author of the  
song, and underneath is a rack con-  
taining copies of it. After singing the  
song he sells the copies to the assem-  
bled listeners.

Not long ago some stir was created  
in Saffron Hill by the appearance in a  
shabby street of a smart brougham,  
from which there descended at the  
door of a piano organ establishment  
four women, masked and wearing fan-  
cy costumes.

They hired an organ for the day and  
played and sang in the streets of the  
West End. In this way they obtained  
a substantial sum of money for a char-  
ity in which they were interested. The  
leader of the quartet is a well known  
actress, who is now taking a promi-  
nent part in a musical comedy.

## AMERICA TO BE BROKEN UP.

The famous old yacht America has  
sailed her last cruise. She will soon be  
broken up. The boat is no longer sea-  
worthy and is in danger of sinking any  
time at her moorings in the Mystic  
river, Boston. Despite the fact that  
the yacht is housed over, with a keep-  
er in charge, time has done its inevi-  
table work of deterioration.

The America is owned by Congress-  
man Butler Ames, who inherited her  
from his father-in-law, the late Ben-  
jamin F. Butler. Gen. Butler last had  
the yacht in commission in 1891 when  
the Defender drove a spike into the cup.  
She was then in a leaky state. Cong.  
Ames will break her up and distribute  
pieces as souvenirs to yachtsmen all  
over the country.

If they truly be said that if the Amer-  
ica had not been built and gone across  
the sea from the crackerjack yachts-  
men of the other side, there would to-  
day be no Reliance making ready to de-  
fend the America's cup. The stanch  
little craft brought the coveted cup to  
these shores and lifted it into the pos-  
sion of an international trophy. This  
was in 1881, and for half a century the  
wonderful boat did duty as sturdily and  
as proudly as any other yacht that sail-  
ed.

The America crossed to France in 21  
days, and was refitted, for greater ac-  
tivity, in Havre. Her speed having been  
noted it was impossible to arrange for  
her any match races. In the regatta  
off Cowes which she finally entered, 18  
yachts took part, ranging from the cut-  
ter Aurora, of 47 tons, to a great three-  
masted schooner of 323 tons.

There was no time allowance. The  
course was around the Isle of Wight,  
a treacherous lane of heavy winds and  
irritating force tides. It took the vic-  
tor nearly 11 hours to sail over it. The  
Aurora came in second. The America  
lost her jibboom early in the race.

The America was designed and built  
early in 1881 by the yard of the New  
York Yacht club. She made her great  
race off Cowes in the following August  
and at once jumped into world-wide  
prominence. The cup won was valued  
at 100 guineas and was the most treas-  
ure of the world's fair of that time.  
Six days later she won another me-  
morable race. In the years following  
she was rebuilt no less than seven  
times, sailing in fact the most impor-  
tant, besides many minor events.

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.  
George G. Rockwood of New York  
has just passed half a century as a  
photographer. He has made portraits  
of many prominent men and has posed  
every president since Van Buren.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland has  
made a liberal contribution to the  
monument to be erected in the capitol  
square at Richmond, Va., to General  
J. E. Stuart, the gallant Confed-  
erate cavalry leader.

Maryhattyana, an Arkansas postof-  
fice recently discontinued for lack of  
business, was named in honor of the  
three daughters of its postmaster, who  
were called respectively Mary, Hatty and Anna.

Rear Admiral Francis R. Bowles,  
chief constructor of the navy and  
somehow of an authority on nunch-  
ucks, is the inventor of an apparatus  
whereby the fair christener has only to  
let go of the bottle as the ship moves  
and watch it swing unerringly to the  
bow.

Professor Henry R. Graves, director  
of the Yale School of Forestry, has  
gone abroad for the purpose of making  
special studies of the methods of sci-  
entific forestry on the continent. He  
will visit the forestry schools and mu-  
seums in Germany, Austria, Hungary  
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Mrs. Stubb—Let us stop at this  
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Stubb—Yes, but this one has a pic-  
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## Housecleaning Time!

We wish to call attention to our large stock of



## Wall Papers

Which include all the latest de-  
signs in American and Canadian  
patterns, of Parlor, Dining Room,  
Hall and Ceiling Papers.  
This stock is one of the largest  
and best assorted in the city.

## Window Blinds

In large variety, all the latest  
styles and variety From 25c. up.

It will pay you to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere

A. McARTHUR, Bookseller and Stationer,  
548 Main Street.JUST OPENED:  
—A NICE LINE OF—  
New Wine and Water Sets.

C. F. BROWN, 501 - 5 MAIN STREET

## BIRTH MONTH FAD.

Maybe the twentieth century girl is  
not going to be any more confiden-  
tial on the subject of her age than were her  
less emancipated progenitors; but one  
thing is certain, she is now just adver-  
tising her birth month in every pos-  
sible way. She embroiders sofa cush-  
ions with the month of her birth, she  
wears her birthday stone jewelry,  
sodal sign and natal flower; that is,  
the flower generally allotted to the  
month of her birth. Of course, she af-  
fects this particular flower in her bou-  
quets and dress garniture. Some girls  
even go to the extent of having it em-  
brodered on their lingerie and adopt-  
ing it for their sachet powder and per-  
fumery.

Then the up-to-date girl never neg-  
lects to wear her birth month stone in  
some form, for by so doing she averts  
all sorts of misfortunes and annoy-  
ances and invites all the propitious  
fates to watch over her. For the girl  
with the birth month stone is nothing  
if not superstitious. It is in jewelry  
that the birth month fad is being most  
exploited. There are numerous pretty  
and ingenious designs introducing the  
flower gem or sodal sign or all three  
combined. The sodal sign brooches,  
pendants, belt buckles, bracelets and  
fobs may all be had, set with the birth-  
day stone or displaying the flower and  
sodal sign. One series of brooches  
shows a design of graceful figures ty-  
pifying the spirit of the respective  
months. The spoon collector has un-  
limited opportunity in her choice of  
birth month spoons. Some have the  
sodal sign and flower on the handle,  
others in the bowl and the name of  
the month on the handle. Others,  
again, are beautifully enamelled with  
the designs. The signs belonging to  
the twelve months are:

Aquarius.....The Waterman.  
Places.....The Fishes.  
Aries.....The Ram.  
Taurus.....The Bull.  
Gemini.....The Twins.  
Cancer.....The Crab.  
Leo.....The Lion.  
Virgo.....The Virgin.  
Libra.....The Balance.  
Scorpio.....The Scorpion.  
Sagittarius.....The Archer.  
Capricorn.....The Goat.

There is some variation of opinion  
regarding the flowers of the months,  
violet being given to March and the  
lily to April, according to some calen-  
dars, while that most generally ac-  
cepted is as follows:

January.....Mistletoe.  
February.....Pine needles.  
March.....Daffodil.  
April.....Dandelion.  
May.....Iris.  
June.....Rose.  
July.....Pond lily.  
August.....Poppy.  
September.....Indian corn.  
October.....Maple leaf.  
November.....Chrysanthemum.  
December.....Holly.

An appropriate gift to make the lit-  
tle new comer in a family is a set of  
buttons or pins bearing the birthstone.  
Engagement rings are sometimes set  
with the stone of the wearer's birth  
month, particularly where this hap-  
pens to be the emerald, ruby or sap-  
phire; the diamond, the traditional  
stone for engagement rings, is fre-  
quently combined with one of these  
stones, where it happens to be the  
fiancee's birth stone. The gems ap-  
pointed to the different months are:

January.....The garnet.  
February.....The amethyst.  
March.....The bloodstone.  
April.....The diamond.  
May.....The emerald.  
June.....The moss agate.  
July.....The ruby.  
August.....The sardonyx.  
September.....The sapphire.  
October.....The opal.  
November.....The topaz.  
December.....The turquoise.

HE WAS SAFE.  
Jingle—"De Courcy Smythe boasts  
that he can trace his ancestry back to  
the Normans."  
Winkle—"Well, the Normans are  
dead and they won't mind."

THE CORRECT ANSWER.  
Teacher—"Which letter is the next  
one to the letter 'H'?"  
Boy—"Dunno, ma'am."  
Teacher—"What have I on both sides  
of my nose?"  
Boy—"Freckles, ma'am."

AN OLD STORY.  
There were two Irishmen and one  
had a bad fall. His friend said to him,  
"Jocks, if you're dead, spake!"  
"I am not dead," said Mike, "but I  
am spacheless!"



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