THE HERALD.

Board of Works

VOL. II., NO. 19. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

WM. WILSON,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; 10.30 a. m. for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.30, 7.35 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.10., 6.25, p. m. McAdam Junction, 10.47, a. m.; 2.15, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., 12.45 p. m. St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.55, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton **7.00**
Accommodation for Point du Chene **11.10**
Fast Express for Halifax **14.30**
Express for Sussex **16.35**
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal **16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex **8.30**
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec **10.50**
Fast Express from Halifax **14.50**
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton **20.10**
Express from Halifax, Picton and Mulgrave **23.30**

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Dec 1st, 1890.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

7:10 a. m; Gibson, 7:20; Marysville, 7:30; Durham, 8:10; Cross Creek, 8:50; Bolestown, 10:10; Doaktown, 11:05; Upper Blackville, 12:30, p. m.; Blackville, 1:10; Upper Nelson Boom, 2:10; Chatham Junction, 3:12; arrive at Chatham, 3:40.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

7:15, a. m; Chatham Junction, 8:00; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:15; Blackville, 9:05; Upper Blackville, 9:40; Doaktown, 11:00; Bolestown, 11:50; Cross Creek, 1:05, p. m.; Durham, 1:45; Marysville, 2:22; Gibson, 2:32; arriving at Fredericton, 3:35.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Gibson with the C. P. Railway for all Western points and St. John, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

Per S. S. Nova Scotian.

1 1-2 TONS assorted sizes of CABLE CHAIN, from 3-16 to 7-16 of an inch. Just received at

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of al Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

13-10-83

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1891. Winter Arrangement. 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made the fastest time on record

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

Sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched as follows:

LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
26th Mch	PARISIAN	18th April
9th Apr	POLYNESIAN	2nd May

These steamers sail from Halifax about 1 p. m. Saturdays, or as soon as possible after the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train, due at Halifax at noon.

Liverpool, Rimouski and Quebec Mail Service.

From Liverpool.		From Quebec.
16 April	SARDINIAN	7 May

And regular sailings thereafter.

Liverpool, St. Johns and Halifax Mail Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
14 April	NOVA SCOTIAN	11 May
28 "	CARTHAGINIAN	25 "
12 May	CASPIAN	8 June

And fortnightly thereafter.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $40 to $65
RETURN ..... $80 to $120
EXTRA CLASS CABINS on Parisian.....$70 to $80
Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.
Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.
INTERMEDIATE — Outward, $25; Inward, prepaid, $30.
STEERAGE, $20.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N. F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

No cattle of any description carried on Mail Steamers.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 3.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave

COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p. m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York

Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
N.Y.N.S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER. As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.

In 1810

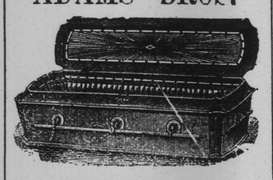
Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leads. *Generation* after *Generation* have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $2. Express paid. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

ADAMS BROS.



FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE SINCE

LUCY & CO.

started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best

Boot, Shoe,

—AND—

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

Business in the City. This has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen months, and it shows what pluck and perseverance will do when backed by fair dealing and close attention to the wants of the people. Their goods are bought and sold for CASH, and this is the real secret of their success.

They wish to call the attention of Christmas buyers to the fact that Presents bought at their Store are not only ornamental, but also useful to those who receive them. Respectfully,

LUCY & CO.

Their stock is now complete and they are receiving NEW GOODS every week.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

THE

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent.

A HOME-MADE HELL.

The Frightful Story of a Morphine Victim.

I am 35 years old; wife of a man who is as devoted as husbands go nowadays; mother of two "interesting" children. Men call me handsome. I think I am, though not so much so as when I was in my teens.

Born of wealthy parents, I was reared in the laps of luxury and my nurse, for my mother lived in society's whirl.

Up to my 14th year I was taught by a governess. Then they sent me to a fashionable school for young ladies, where I learned to speak French and to hold my hands, besides many other matters of absolute necessity.

This was the first epoch of my life.

I was a woman; therefore I have headaches. A girl at the seminary, who came from New York, where all things that tend to vice originate, or are imported from France suggested morphine.

"Anything to get rid of this awful headache," I said. "It's simply terrific."

She brought her hypodermic syringe, cut an eighth grain of morphine in two, dissolved one of the particles in less than a teaspoonful of water, drew it up into her syringe, and injected the solution under the skin in my arm above the elbow.

The result was magical and almost immediate. The headache ceased. I became bright and merry. My tongue loosened. The effect was that of champaign.

The seed was sown, and the noxious plant flourished. The remainder of my seminary days may be summed up in a few words: Periods of headaches or depression without morphine, which I relieved by constant injections, though small.

Commencement came. I was the valedictorian of the class, and the most brilliant — all due to six grains a day for a week preceding commencement. The morphine had become a daily diet.

"I came out in society" less than a year after graduation. The minutes of exhilaration caused by the morphine were followed by hours of depression, melancholy and despair, when I loathed myself and distrusted all others. Suicide would be a relief from such hours, and recourse to the drug was had again and again. My realizations were twofold; I could not get along without it, and I could not live long with it.

Well, I met the man of my choice — of my choice because he was older than I and stronger-willed than ever I was. I loved as much as any woman could who had lived my life and he — well he loved me with all the strength and blind foolishness of most men.

I believed he might be able to get me to shake off the accursed habit, but he did not know for months what fetters I had forged about me. He saw all was not right, but his simple straight forward mind did not penetrate the mystery. At last I told him that life with or without the drug seemed worthless.

Let me pass over the shock. He did not desert me. He was faithful and kind, though I fancied his respect for me had vanished forever. Then, with his aid, and that of the physician, who had urged mildly that I break myself of the habit while giving me prescriptions of opiates, I struggled at intervals as best I could to live without stimulant.

A more loathsome object than I when deprived of morphine, it would be impossible to find, except in another person similarly situated.

I was the queen of liars. I lied about everything and for no cause, lied, when truth would have resulted in getting just what I wanted. The druggists would not trust me with a penny's worth of anything.

My craftiness and shrewdness developed as my desire to get the drug, and the difficulty increased. When my husband would give me no money I would borrow; when I couldn't borrow, I would have stolen if I had known where to go. As I didn't have that knowledge I pawned what jewelry my husband had not locked up — the locket with his picture enclosed, my rings and watch. With the money thus obtained I bought the morphine, which I loved better than earth or heaven.

As months passed I became weaker and had to take to my bed. I grew contrary. Unless I had the injections I would do nothing; would not eat, drink, sleep, lie still. Woman's natural perversity became superhuman. I shut my teeth and dashed the food on the floor. The doctor forced open my mouth as a hostler opens a horse's mouth to take in the bits, and put in a stomach tube, and fed me with fluids I writhed on the floor, and shrieked for the stuff that was the stuff of my life.

In order to get the morphine I pretended that I had various aches and pains which must be relieved. The doctor was told I had dreadful twinges in my eyes. He gave me a harmless concoction which I know was not morphine, and which I resisted taking as much as my feebleness would permit.

The injections were not made under the skin, but an inch and a half deep, straight into the flesh. I would not mind the pain if I believed it was morphine that was being injected, but a quinine solution, or even pure water, would often be used, and if I suspected it, I would scream as if the pain were unbearable.

The strongest characteristic of my morphined mind was the erotic tendency. Without thinking much of women, I gradually got the fixed idea that personal virtue in men was a myth, I descanted and enlarged upon this topic. It was a sweet morsel to be rolled under the tongue.

And I wonder if the writers of the erotic literature of the hour are not morphine eaters?

[The most recent of these recollections are not recollections at all. After the attempt to cure me failed, and I resumed the regular use of morphine, I had no remembrance of what I had said or done while I was under the treatment. My only knowledge of it is derived from my husband].

I am now taking twenty grains a day. I succeed in living, and I wait for death's release from a habit worse than the horrors of hell. I will not need to wait many years.

WHAT SHE SAID.

Mrs. R. Peck, E. 15th street, New York City, visited Canada last year, and had the fortune to pick up something which not only suited her, but her neighbors also. Writing the manufacturer of Nerviline she says:—"I bought three bottles of Nerviline while in Canada and treated my neighbors to some of it, and all think it the best medicine for internal or external pain they have ever used." Nerviline deserves such a commendation, for it is a most powerful, penetrating, and certain remedy for pain of all kinds. Take no substitute.

BARNUM'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

How He Paved His Way to Fortune.

Right and left Barnum showered his handbills, posters, newspaper scares and other awakeners of public curiosity, and his receipts netted him $1,500 a week, while "Joyce Hetch, the nurse of Washington," was known and talked about all over the land.

She cut short his triumph, however, by dying within a year, and a post mortem examination showed that the bill of sale, which was dated 1727, had added about 80 years to her actual age.

Mr. Barnum travelled through the south with various shows, on the whole losing money, till 1841, when he purchased, on his credit, Scudder's American Museum in New York, changed its name to "Barnum's," added novel features and sailed into advertisement in his own whole-souled fashion.

He paid for his investment the first year, made rapidly increasing profits and turned a large share of them into extending his business.

One of his most marvellous successes was the mermaid, which he bought from the Boston Museum for $60. It probably brought him $60,000. When he secured it he advertised it as only Barnum could.

First he had brief articles inserted in the papers discussing marine wonders and among them the mermaid, which might yet be found a reality. The articles were very interesting, and the subject was much talked over.

When this discussion had fully prepared the public mind another appeared, mentioning that the long-mooted question could now be easily settled, as a gentleman had just come from the Fiji islands with a specimen. He had stopped at the Pacific hotel, but would soon sail for London, as the specimen was intended for the Royal Society.

Next day the paper stated that "the gentleman" would exhibit the mermaid at a room in Broadway for a few days in order to afford men of science an opportunity of examination. Then came the announcement that Barnum, with

HIS USUAL ENTERPRISE,

had secured the wonderful object, which could be seen for a short time at the museum, where, indeed, it had been during all this adroit manipulation of public opinion.

It was a horrid looking, dried up thing, on which all gazed with admiration, for the monkey's head and fish's body were so neatly joined that they really seemed one. While Barnum stood there answering questions on the habits of the animal a man in the crowd exclaimed: "I lived two years at the Fiji islands and never heard of any such thing as a mermaid."

"There's no accounting for some men's ignorance," was Barnum's cool reply, and he proceeded with his talk.

In 1842 he first heard of Charles Stratton "Gen. Tom Thumb, then less then 2 feet high and weighing only 16 pounds, and his world-wide fame began. With the marvellous dwarf he travelled all over Europe. presenting him to Queen Victoria and other "crowned heads" and piling up the proceeds.

TAUGHT A LESSON.

A man with large business interests and a handsome income married a lady says the Youth's Companion, who, unaccustomed all her previous life to the luxuries of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the worth and purchasing power of money. For some months the indulgent husband gratified his wife's every whim.

One day the lady, to carry out some caprice, asked for a cheque for so large a sum that the gentleman was disturbed. He saw that such prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin, but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal he determined to give her a lesson in finance. He therefore smilingly remarked that he could not give her a cheque as usual, but would send up the money from his store.

About noon the promised money came, not in crisp bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags.

The wife was at first vexed, then amused, and finally, as the afternoon wore away, became deeply thoughtful. When her husband came home to supper she took him gently by the arm, and leading him into the room where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is my love" was the reply.

"And did you have to take this money all in dollar by dollar, in the course of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes," he answered gently; "it represents the result of many weeks of hard labor."

"Well then," she said with tears in her eyes, "send a man to take it to the bank in the morning. I can't use so much money for so trivial a purpose. I didn't understand about it before."

THE FUNERAL OF THE FUTURE.

"The time is coming," said an undertaker of New York city the other day, "when people will cease to go to funerals in troops, and when the friends of the deceased will take farewell of the remains at his home, instead of following him to the grave as they do now. This will be a decided change for the better. Funerals as now conducted are foolish and meaningless performances. They bring discomfort to all who attend them, and in many cases they do positive injury. Think of the thousands of people who catch their deaths of cold from standing shivering around an open grave and from sitting for hours in carriages travelling at a snail's pace for miles into the country. Of course the time is not far distant when burials will be largely superseded by cremation.

"On the whole, I am disposed to regard cremation as a blessing. People are opposed to it now because they think that it is unnatural and horrible. It is simply an assistance to nature's work; it does neatly and quickly what nature accomplishes after a long time and in a very unpleasant fashion. I wonder if people will ever realize that when a human being dies the body which he leaves behind him is not himself. There is no more relation between a man when he is living and when he is dead than there is between the living thing and a piece of clay. But we have not reached the stage of civilization when the popular mind can grasp this fact. When we do, there will be very different funeral ceremonies from those now in vogue, and our methods of disposing of the dead will change materially."

TORONTO BASE BALL NINE

probably will not accept Ottawa's Challenge, as Mr. Gillett of Toronto, the manufacturer of Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder, is very short of help and thinks playing ball a waste of time when they could get work. Imperial is sold by all grocers and is the best.

IN BRITISH WARS.

The Battle of Tel-El-Kebir.

Sir Archibald Alison's Highland Brigade was made up of the 42nd, the 74th, the 75th, and the 79th regiments. The march across the desert to Tel-el-Kebir began about half-past four in the afternoon. The following is a description of it by a sergeant of the 79th regiment: "About 1.30 a. m. the march was resumed. The 79th was appointed the directing regiment, and Lieutenant Rawson, R. N., had the duty of guiding it by the stars. Clouds obscured the sky occasionally, but the north star and part of the little bear remained visible. Another non-commissioned officer and myself had the honor of being told off to march on the flank, and we were consequently close to the directing guide, Lieutenant Rawson. We were ordered to take off our helmets and keep our eyes fixed on a certain star, and if it should disappear to inform him in a whisper. In less than an hour several disappeared, and, as they did so, Lieutenant Rawson indicated others for us to watch. The strictest discipline was now maintained, and silence rigorously enforced; save that occasionally a horse would neigh and another answer, not a sound was to be heard but the slow trampling of many feet on the sand, resembling the fluttering of a flock of birds. Once a man on whom the sun had taken effect or whom the weird silence had made ungovernably nervous, suddenly broke out into wild yells. Sir Garnet immediately rode up and ordered the offender to be bayoneted, but the regimental surgeon interposed and begged leave to chloroform him instead. This was granted — the man was drugged into insensibility and left lying on the sand. After marching at a funeral's pace for about two hours, a twenty minutes halt was commanded. As the orders were slowly passed from company to company in a low tone of voice they did not reach the flanks of the brigade, which continued in motion, retaining the touch till the extremities all but met in the front of the centre, so that the brigade in the effect formed a great hollow circle. This line had to be laboriously straightened out and reformed in the pitchy darkness, and in all but silence, and it was a fine proof of discipline that this was accomplished in twenty-five minutes. The advance was resumed at 4.30. The slowness of the pace was very tiring, and, but for the necessity of the steady watching of the stars, I certainly should have been nodding in sleep as I moved, as many men were doing. Sir Archibald Alison, commanding the brigade, was close to Lt. Rawson, and, as the night waned and nothing was discerned, he was clearly beginning to fear that something was wrong. "Are you sure, Rawson," he asked in a low tone, "that we are on the right track?" "Yes, sir!" said Rawson, "we have the north star on our right, and——another, whose name I did not catch, in our front, and soon we ought to be there or thereabouts." Dawn was just breaking. I could dimly see some objects in front of us, looking like a lot of kangaroos, hopping backwards and forwards—they were Egyptian cavalry we afterwards learned. I nudged my companion, and Rawson whispered, "we are not far off now." Suddenly a shout was heard, then two shots were fired from opposite our left front and a man of F company fell dead. No notice was taken of this, and the brigade marched on silently; every man was on the alert. All at once a whole sheet of musketry flashed out, lighting up the scene far to right and left. Above the crackle of the rifle-fire sounded loud the roar of artillery. Regardless of these portents, our regiments marched silently and steadily on. The order to fix bayonets was given; when it had been obeyed and the men sloped arms, the rattle of the bullets on the bayonets was like the sound of hailstones striking against glass. The 79th had marched quite one hundred yards with their rifles at the slope when the command, 'prepare to charge!' was given. Down came the rifles of the front rank of the unbroken line. The charge sounded, and as the last note of the bugle died away, a tremendous cheer was raised, the pipes struck up the slogan, and with our gallant colonel in front, shouting. 'Come on the Camerons,' the ranks broke into double time, and still cheering, with all their power swept forward on the enemy's position. One of the pipers, just as he began to play, had his bagpipes pierced by a bullet, and most discordant sounds escaped from the wounded instrument. 'Gude faith,' cried the piper, philosophically! 'but the bullets a deevilitch sicht better through her wame than through mine." It will be remembered how gallantly the field was won. Rawson was mortally wounded amongst the first of those who sprang over the trenches and tried to climb the earth works. As the poor fellow lay near the trench the general rode up to him, having heard of his wound and in response to his kind words of consolation, Rawson said faintly. 'I led them straight, sir, didn't I?' In the Gazette, two days before his death, his promotion as Commander appeared, for his "valuable and gallant services rendered at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir on the 13th instant, on recommendation of the general officer commanding Her Majesty's forces in Egypt." He died on board the hospital ship Carthage, shortly after the battle.

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are — a new world created from the brain of a skilful physician — a discovery — the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay — in the beginning at least — in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only *guaranteed* Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

New Orleans Picayune: With another Bonaparte gone, France still has abundance of backbone.

Yonkers Gaxette: Standing Obligations are not generally accepted as indications of financial uprightness.

Atchison Globe: A man no sooner finishes his prayer to be delivered from temptations than he hunts up temptations to be delivered from.

STORY OF A VIOLIN.

An Old Musician's Bargain with Count Wenzel Trauttmansdorf.

A Stainer violin was sold in Lubeck three weeks ago for $750. Early in this century it was purchased for $100. which was then considered a high price for it. Since that time, however, the value of the Stainer instruments has risen so remarkably that the price paid in Lubeck is regarded as remarkably low.

The most costly Stainer in the world was sold in 1791 for $6,000, under these curious circumstances. The German Count Trauttmansdorf entertained at his castle Emperor Charles VI., King Frederick William of Prussia and other princes of high and low degree, such as flooded Gernany in those dissonant days. For their pleasure he arranged violin concerts by Faustina and Mauro Alessi. Alessi played on a wonderful Cremona instrument so exquisitely that he moved the count to tears. After the first concert the count determined that he must have the Cremona for his own private concert master. He offered fabulous sums for it, but Alessi said he would never sell his life, and so the negotiations came to naught.

The rumor of the count's attempt to get the Cremona went abroad, and some weeks later an unknown old man appeared at the castle door with a worn and shabby violin case under his arm. The servants refused to admit him.

"Tell your master", he said to them, that heaven's music is waiting at his door."

The Count received him. The old man drew from the unworthy case a perfect instrument, the work of Jacob Stainer's own, hand, and played it so marvelously that the count and his people forgot all about the Cremona. The old man was willing to let his instrument go, on the condition that he might pass the rest of his life near it and play it once daily. The haggling as to the price lasted for two weeks, at the end of which the count got the Stainer by agreeing to give the old man $150 in money at once, free woodand shelter for life, free light, one suit of clothes annually, one-half a bushel of wheat and $3 monthly, all the hares he could eat, a measure of wine daily, and two huge barrels of beer every year. The old man played almost daily on his adored instrument before the count, and consumed fully $6000 worth of the count's money and provision. His violin is still preserved intact. It was last played in 1854 at the marriage of emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

The maker of all "Stainers," as well as the father of the German violin, was Jacob Stainer of Absam, in Tyrol. He lived from 1621 to 1683.

DOES A TWO-YEAR-OLD BABY PAY.

Does a two-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday when my own baby slipped into my study and "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. He was playing in the coal hod 10 minutes after a clean dress was put on him, and later in the day he pasted 50 cents worth of postage stamps on the parlor wall and poured a dollar's worth of the choicest "White Rose" perfumery out of the window, "to see it wain."

Then he dug out the centre of a nicely baked loaf of cake, and was found in the middle of the dining room table with the sugar bowl between his legs and most of the contents in his stomach.

He has already cost over $100 in doctor bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few grey hairs to the misery I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along out in the hall. I hear his little ripple of laughter, because he has escaped from his mother and found his way up to my study at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. The worthless little vagabond can't get in, and I won't open it for him. No, I won't. I can't be disturbed when I'm writing. He can just cry if he wants to. I won't be bothered for—"rat, tat, tat" go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"Rat, tat, tat."
I sit perfectly still.
"Papa."
No reply.
"Peeze, papa."
Grim silence.
"Baby tum in—peeze, papa."
He shall not come in.
"My papa."
I write on.
"Papa," says the little voice, "I lub my papa—peeze let baby in."

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up into my arms, and his warm, soft little arms go around my neck, the not very clean little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby voice says sweetly—

"I lub my papa."
Does he pay?
Well, I guess he does!—

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON HIS MA.

Ma is my mother; I am her son. Ma's name is Mrs. Shrimp and Mr. Shrimp is her husband. Pa is my father. My name is John George Washington Shrimp. Therefore pa's name is Shrimp, so is ma's.

My ma has a ma. She is my grandma. She is mother-in-law to pa. My pa says mother-in-laws ought to be vetoed. I like grandma better than pa does. She brings me ten-cent stamps and bolivars. She don't bring any to da. Maybe that's why he don't like her.

Aunt Jerusha is my aunt. When pa was a little boy she was his sister. I like little sisters, Dicky Moops has a little sister. Her name is Rose. I take her out riding on my sled. Aunt Jerusha don't like her. She calls her that Mopps girl. I think Aunt Jerusha ought to be ashamed of herself.

Aunt Jerusha lives with us. Sometimes I think ma would rather have her live with somebody else. I asked Aunt Jerusha once why she didn't marry somebody and set up for herself. She said that a man wanted to marry her, but that while poor Susan Jane was in such a state of health she couldn't think of leaving "Besides" she said, "what would become of your pa?"

Aunt Jerusha has a state of health too. On wash-day she has the headache and does her head up in brown paper vinegar and I have to make toast at the kitchen fire. I make some for myself, too.

Aunt Jerusha says nobody knows what she has done for that boy. That boy's me again. I told pa what she said. Pa said it was just so. Nobody did know. Ma says Aunt Jerusha means well, and that she is pa's dear sister. I don't see why that is any reason she should always scold me when I eat cabbage with a knife.

WOMEN ON THE WHEEL.

How the Fair Sex Dress, and Enjoy Life on a Bicycle.

I saw a gray, cycling habit says a New York writer, much lighter in weight than the blue, and I should imagine more serviceable, though perhaps hardly so becoming in color. The plain skirt was trimmed with five or six rows of narrow black braid, the light basque having a similar finish of black braid and buttons.

None of the ladies wear the much talked-of divided skirt, nor see any necessity for it. "We do not ride astride," said one pretty cyclist laughingly, "though that seems to be the general impression. The position is much the same as upon horseback. I do not even find it necessary to make any change in my costume beyond the outside habit. It is possible to ride in perfect comfort wearing the ordinary number of underskirts."

"Would not a blouse waist be more comfortable than a close fitting bodice," I enquired.

"More comfortable, certainly; but not so becoming," she laughed.

Ladies' wheels range in price from $100 upwards. The "Rudge" and the "Comet" — two standard wheels — cost $125 and $135 respectively. The latest improvement is a wheel with cushioned tire of hollow rubber that absorbs the vibration and prevents any jarring.

Mr. H. Davis, of Yonge street, and Mr. Fane, of the Comet cycle company, each showed me a number of ladies' wheels, and are prepared for a big demand during the coming season.

"A good bicycle will last a lady about ten years," said Mr. Fane, "and the best quality machines are not likely to come down in price. They do not get out of order easily, and require little repair. I have taught a lady to ride in one evening. Cycling is less exertion by far than walking. A lady who is beginning may safely ride two hours per day, and after a month's practice she may double the time. The 'Comet' cycle weighs thirty-eight pounds."

Being informed that Dr. J. B. Hall, the well known homœopathist had recommended cycling to several lady patients, I went to see him and propounded my question:

"Would you advise cycling for every woman?"

"Not for every woman," he answered, smiling. "There are some people for whom no active exercise is advisable. But for all who can walk and do walk cycling is certainly not injurious but most beneficial. No, the exercise is not to be placed in the same category as playing an organ or running a machine; these are dragging, deadening exercises, while cycling is light and most exhilerating.

"Of course it must be practised in moderation and with discretion. A woman should not ride up a steep hill, for instance, or remain on her wheel till she is overfatigued. But with the exercise of a little judgment a delicate woman can ride not only without injury but with most beneficial results. She secures fresh air, exhilerating motion and light muscular action that need in no wise disturb the internal organs; therefore for the majority of women I certainly recommend cycling."

Thanking Dr. Hall for his courteously granted spare moments in a busy day, I walked home making mental summary