

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

ST. MARTIN'S GALA DAY.

THE BLINDS DOWN AND BUSINESS SUSPENDED.

Everybody off to the Seminary to hear the Closing Exercises—Visitors from Town—The Outlook for the Future Looking very Bright.

The man from outside, who had a little bill to collect in St. Martins on Tuesday, and being in town, thought it a good opportunity to call on his debtor, and obtain a settlement, met with a bitter disappointment, for even had he been that mighty potentate, the tax collector himself, he would have failed to obtain an entrance to a single house in the town; the very dogs were not at home, and the deserted appearance of the houses might have puzzled the stranger who was not familiar with the customs of St. Martins folk, and therefore could not be supposed to know that the closing exercises of the collegiate year were being held at St. Martins seminary, and that every man, woman and child of the good burghers of that flourishing village consider it their duty as well as their pleasure to attend them from the opening to the closing speech. Whether they take their lunch or not is a question, but the presumption is that they do, since the ranks in the college halls never seem to thin for a single instant.

Tickets for admission having been distributed amongst those of the baptist denomination from other places who might wish to attend. A special train left St. John in the morning, and the excursionists arrived in the lovely village at about eleven o'clock, and proceeded at once to the crowded halls of learning, in time to hear the opening speech by the president, Dr. E. B. De Blois. No one could fail to be impressed with the beauty of the college grounds, which have recently undergone extensive improvements, and the situation of which, in one of the loveliest villages of New Brunswick should make the seminary additionally desirable, to those who consider the health of the body, as well as the cultivation of the mind.

In speaking of the improvements both present and in prospect in the college, Dr. De Blois referred to the intention of the faculty to introduce the study of shorthand and typewriting into the regular course of instruction, together with telegraphy, making a complete business course. In reference to the library which is so sorely needed, the president stated that several prominent men had promised their aid in this direction, and that preparations are already being made to have a good library awaiting the students on their return in the autumn. The great incense which has always weighed down the college since its opening, the mortgage—still hangs over it, and the unpaid interest on the same, has always been a stumbling block in the way of its success, but this year a number of young business men of St. John and Fredericton, graduates of the seminary, have decided to share the burden with their alma mater, and have guaranteed to pay the sum of \$50 a year each, for the next five years, in order to secure the interest and eventually bring the seminary out of debt; this debt having proved the great drawback to the institution, especially of late years.

The improvements in the grounds are very marked, no pains having been spared to make them attractive. The roads and paths winding through them have been beautifully levelled and gravelled, a grand stand has been placed in the base ball field through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Bourke who is also having a flag staff 80 feet high, to fly four flags with yards and halyards, to cost \$70, the flag costing \$25. After the alumni dinner which took place at one o'clock, and was a triumph of culinary skill, addresses were given by C. E. Everett of this city, first president of the board of directors and student of the school when in Fredericton 55 years ago. Also by G. J. C. White one of the governors of Acadia college, bringing greetings from the sister institution, Rev. S. McC. Black, Rev. Dr. Day, A. C. Smith, M. P. P. Rev. Dr. Long, Rev. A. M. McIntosh, Rev. W. M. McKell, Rev. G. A. Hartley.

All the speakers expressed the deepest interest in the seminary, their faith in the bright outlook for the future which has been so materially aided by the improved basis upon which the finances have been placed, and the fullest confidence in, and satisfaction with the work of the present principal.

At the meeting of the alumni society, the principal laid before that body a scheme of work in connection with the erection of a gymnasium. The society adopting the idea decided to make arrangements for its immediate establishment.

The greatest interest and enthusiasm prevailed at all the meetings, and the interest shown in all schemes for the future improvement of the school and its buildings, must have been most gratifying to the principal and governors.

The idea was suggested in the alumni meeting that the young men of the province "put their shoulders to the wheel" in some practical manner and help forward the work of the institution. Many have already pledged themselves to the good work, and the indications are, that when St. Martins seminary opens for the term of 1892-3, it will be with brighter prospects than ever.

beauties of the village itself and the surrounding scenery! Viewed on a beautiful day in June, it is a sight to refresh weary eyes, with its broad expanse of silver beach, its sparkling water, and its beautiful winding roads, wide as King street, and level as the floor. No tired dweller in city streets need seek a fairer summer resort than St. Martins beach, which lies so near at hand that sometimes its charms are neglected for the lesser attractions of watering places farther afield.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS'S WIFE.

Unknown, Unhonored and Unsung, She Deserves a Better Fate.

It seems a little hard that, in this year, when a continent is preparing to honor its discoverer, that there should be insinuations that the great explorer was not, like all other men, perfect. Recent writers have tried to make us believe that the great man was a great rascal; and we may yet be told that the only reason that he discovered America was because he wished to spite his crew.

Columbus is dead; "dead as the tree hundred year," but while he lived, he was a live man. The evil that he did was probably "interred with his bones;" cursed be he that will not let his ashes, like those of Shakespeare, rest. The good that he did was not buried, it is right that a man, who suffered for truth should have his virtues praised and his faults forgotten.

But while Columbus is receiving his share of praise, and more than his share of blame, who ever hears of Mrs. Columbus? The unknown great wife of great men—what honor ought theirs to be in "that undiscovered bourne," to pay for the oblivion in which they are enshrouded in this world!

You didn't know that Columbus was married? Why, if there hadn't have been a Mrs. Christopher Columbus there might never have been a Christopher Columbus. That is, his name would not be known for many centuries after he had passed away. If it wasn't for her, he would have died, "unwept, unknown, in endless night," because he lacked a determined wife.

Columbus married a Miss Palestrello, of Lisbon, whose father was a distinguished navigator. Miss Palestrello had no abundance of silver and gold, but she gave Columbus precious marriage dower—a collection of valuable charts, journals and memoranda. She had gone into unknown seas with her father, and had drawn many maps of the places which they had explored. Columbus had found these of great value, and she had the lucky stars—that there was a Mrs. Christopher Columbus.

HOW COLUMBUS LOOKED.

A Personal Description of the Great Discoverer.

Columbus was of powerful frame and large build; of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten rocks; his nerves high-strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and his shoulders broad; his face rather long and his nose aquiline; his complexion fair, even inclining to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep workings of thought, says Emilio Castelar in June Century. In the life written by his son Ferdinand we are told that Columbus not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skillful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engraving and copying. In his private notes he said that every good map-draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts, over which are scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures.

He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at his head this devout invocation: "Jesu cum Maria sis nobis in via." Besides his practical studies he devoted himself to astronomical and geometrical researches. Thus he was enabled to teach mathematics, with which, as with all the advanced knowledge of his time he was conversant, and he could recite the prayers and services of the church like any priest before the altar. He was, as I have already said, a mystic and a merchant, a visionary and an algebraist. If at times he veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas, and allowed his vast powers to degenerate in puerile irritation, it was because his own age knew him not, and had dealt hardly with him for many years—from his youth until he reached the threshold of age—without taking into account the reverses which darkened and embittered his later years.

Who could have predicted to him in the midst of the blindness that surrounded him, that there in Spain, and in that century of unending achievement, the name of Columbus was to attain to fame and unspeakable renown? There are those who hold that this was the work of chance, and that the discovery of America was virtually accomplished when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not in these posthumous alterations of history through mere caprice, nor in those after-words of the discoverers who died in obscurity.

DARTMOUTH'S LAKES.

Picturesque and Grand, but With no Poetry in Their Names.

Very beautiful are Dartmouth's lakes nestling among the rocky hills. They lie just outside the town only fifteen minutes walk from the ferry. Unfortunately they have never been given pretty names, only first, second, and third lake, respectively. Con-dign punishment certainly awaits the person who had so little of poetry in his nature that he could only command the numerals for such beautiful sheets of water.

The wonder is they are not more appreciated. Any one tired of the bustle, toil or dust of the city can in a short half hour be on the bosom of as beautiful a sheet of water as is likely to chance upon in the Alpine regions, or in "Loch district of old Scotland." At one point he can see the sea, the city, with its fort crowned hill, the harbor lights in the twilight, and far out to sea the revolving light on old Chebucto Head, to the right pretty banks and charming green slopes or pretty groves, to the left the rugged and stern hillsides rock capped and barren, save where man has wasted energy enough to found a nation striving to reclaim a garden patch; to the rear the wilderness for miles. Here he may enjoy the pure air of heaven, revel in the changing beauty of the water, as it is ruffled by the breeze, reflects the form of the passing sail, or blushes rosy red under the gaze of the setting sun.

The picturesqueness of the scene is unique. The wigan of the kindred of the "Ancient Arrow Maker," peeps from out its leafy shelter, makes one forget that a few minutes will bring him back to city life. Wild fowl are often seen but seldom shot, as they are ever on the alert for the wiles of the white man, and refuse to trust him within gun shot.

One of the chief charms lies in the locks at Port Wallace, or as they are called for short, "The Locks." These are remains of the old Shubenacadie canal, built years ago, and simply completed sufficiently to draw a good round subsidy, and never used after that important feat was performed. Verily the ways of McGreevy & Co. were not unknown to our forefathers in the "good old times," and they profited thereby. "The Locks" were genuine locks in the canal. They now are fallen into a badly decayed condition, except where solid masonry was used.

The gates are completely gone. The sportsman occasionally gets a fine trout at the fall at the head of each lock, but otherwise they are of no interest except as ruins. A fine shower bath can be obtained by the shore, and with a little labor, the fall could be easily utilized, and a very pleasant bath obtained. For beauty the surroundings are charming, and many a picnic is held here, when—"Soft eyes looked love to cry which spake again," and in some cases the marriage bell went merrily enough afterward. "Just the spot for picnics," every one exclaim when landed there. The tow paths are as perfect as a well kept lawn; lots of open places surround the locks, and are well suited for spreading lunch, glimpses of lake and hill-top are easily got, and the stream flowing between the two lakes is strictly bewitching in its tranquil beauty, reflecting like a mirror every object on its shores. One can get wild rambles by pretty, winding paths, and possibly start a partridge, if you have no gun.

Only one drawback I shall name, the villainous little mosquito menace is there and holds high carnival on the victim who returns for pleasure. After a ramble, and return loaded with wild flowers, come to on the green, a la gipsy, then the sail or generally the row home, for the wind will have gone down, by moonlight on a summer evening, is a thing to be remembered "forever and aye."

Though so requested as much as one would suppose, still a larger number each year come to know of its peaceful beauty, and invariably return to enjoy its charms. Many travel for thousands of miles to see places not a whit more beautiful. In fact, the beauty of the lakes is the most beautiful spots on the Lake of the Woods, and the lower portions of Lake Superior. My charms never grow less, and the writer, for him, will enjoy them all the more if the crowd do not find them out.

Turning the Tables.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed peddlers. Taking his walk abroad one day, he came across an old fellow whom he at once recognized as an illegal tender, and inquired if he had got anything to sell.

"Have I got anything to sell, aquire?" was the response. "Guess I have got blacking that will make them old cowhide boots of yours shine so that you can shave in them. Got razors, too, an article you want I should say, by the look of your beard. Got Balm of Golumby, too, only a dollar a bottle, good for the hair, and assisting poor human nature."

The sheriff bought a bottle of Balm of Golumby, and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling.

The document was produced, examined, pronounced genuine, and handed back to the old man.

"I don't know now if I care for this stuff," said the disappointed official. "What will you give for it?"

"Waal," answered the peddler, "I don't want it, aquire; but seeing it's 'you, I'll give you thirty-seven cents for it."

The sheriff passed him the bottle and pocketed the money, when the peddler said: "I say, I guess I have something to ask you now. Have you got a peddler's license about you?"

"No," said the sheriff, "I haven't any use for one myself."

"Waal, I guess we will see about that pretty soon, replied the Yankee. "If I understand the law, aquire, it's a clear case that you've been trading and peddling Balm of Golumby on the highway, and I shall inform on you."

Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

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SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

INVENTOR OF THE GUILLOTINE.

It was Originally a Substitute for the Block and Axe.

The centennial anniversary of the guillotine occurred a few days ago in Paris. The guillotine was set for May 27, it is said, because on that day the guillotine claimed its first victim, a common highwayman named Pelletier, but this seems to embody an error, for reliable records show that Pelletier suffered on April 25, 1792. Still the fact remains that the guillotine has just closed a century of bloody work. The man whom this ugly instrument has immortalized, Dr. Guillotin, would hardly recognize his clumsy contrivance in the neat, business-like machine which from time to time draws a crowd to the Place de la Roquette, where, in front of the prison of that name, the executions take place. The tradition that Dr. Guillotin invented the instrument of death, which has taken his name, is not much better founded than the fiction that he died by its blade. The French have inquired into the origin of the instrument, and there seems to be no doubt that Dr. Louis, the celebrated singer, really invented the guillotine in the shape France has used it, though a mechanical substitute for the axe and block has far greater antiquity, there being some evidence that it was used by the Spartans. Dr. Guillotin's advocacy of the machine was based on a humane desire to shorten the agony of executions, and the constituent assembly adopted by law in 1791, chiefly because it made democratic and universal manner of execution that had previously been enjoyed by aristocrats alone. The guillotine, as it is used today in Paris, is a simple wooden frame, not unlike that of a large window, thirteen feet in height, grooved for a triangular steel blade, the descent of which is governed by a spring and made swift by a lead weight. The criminal's head is fastened into what is called the lunette, two half moon shaped pieces of wood that fit under and over his neck. When everything goes smoothly a quicker mode of execution can hardly be imagined. From the time the prisoner reaches the platform whereon "the widow," as the Parisians call the machine, stands till the criminal's head drops into a zinc-lined basket hardly a minute elapses, as a rule, and the fact of execution itself, the fall of the heavy blade, consumes but a third of a second.

In olden times every large city in France had its executioner, and he was called "Monsieur de Paris." "Monsieur de Paris," after the scene of his operations. Since 1872 the office of public executioner for all France has been created, and a large salary for that country of small stipends has been attached to it. Deibler, the gentle, uncommunicative gentleman who presides over the guillotine fetes these days, gets \$1,200 a year and travelling expenses. One of his predecessors in Paris, Sanson, the last of four of his family who held the office, achieved fame and lost his job by rawing the guillotine to get money to treat the girl who had had the singularly bad taste to smile upon him.

The Religion of Ceylon.

The native religion of Ceylon is Buddhism, but that of a liberal orthodox kind which attacks christianity by it as a sort of theological lean-to, on the sailor's principle of prayer, good Lord, good devil, as he did not know into whose hands he would fall and wished to propitiate both. Indeed, a Cingalese chief is credited with making this distinction. When he was remonstrated with by the principal of a government seminary for halting between two opinions, he replied that he added the christian religion to his own to steady it. "Just as my boatmen," said the polite chief, "made an outrigger to his canoe to keep it from upsetting."

The tooth of Buddha is kept in a shrine at Kandy, the second town of importance on the island. It was placed there 1,500 years ago and is devoutly worshipped as a sacred relic. It is a discolored piece of ivory about two inches long and is said to resemble the tusk of a wild boar. But the splendor of its shrine is a token of the great value of the relic. The shrine in which it is kept is hung with cloth of gold and encrusted with jewels. On a massive silver table reposes the casket in which, concealed in the heart of a golden lotus, the tooth lies hidden from the gaze of the multitude. The relic came into the possession of the English government in 1815, when it was taken from the Kandyan rebellion of 1848. There is a superstition among its worshippers that whoever obtains that sacred relic is entitled to the Government of Ceylon. The English Government had no use for the relic of ivory, but as a concession made it over to the Buddha priests, and it is exhibited at stated intervals and is supposed to have the power of working miracles. The shrine is only opened in the presence of a chief of high rank in the Kandyan Kingdom. This relic of the mythical propagandist is at least more practical than the one shown at Kasia—the shadow of Buddha. The adoration of a tooth that is safely shrined in an unapproachable temple has some redeeming features.—Detroit Free Press.

Standing on His Head.

Wagner, the eminent composer, had the nerves of an acrobat. Once he was climbing a precipitous mountain in company with a young friend. When some distance and walking along a narrow ledge of rock, the companion who was following, called out that he was growing giddy. Wagner turned round on the ledge of rock, and his friend and passed him between the rock and himself to the front. His biographer, Ferdinand Praeger, relates an incident of a visit to Wagner at his Swiss home. The two men sat one morning on an ottoman in the drawing room talking over the events of the years. Suddenly Wagner, who was 60 years old, rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman. At that moment Wagner's wife entered. Her surprise and alarm caused her to run to her husband, exclaiming: "Ah, Richard! Richard!" Quickly recovering himself he assured her that he was sane and wished to show that he could stand on his head at 60, which was more than Ferdinand could do.—Youth's Companion.

Overfeeding and Its Results.

We have known several cases, says the Methodist Times, where ministers have long persuaded themselves that they were prostrate with "over-work," whereas, as a matter of fact, the only part of their system which had been really overworked was their alimentary canal. We are more or less on our guard now against intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors. But we have almost forgotten that gluttony is also a terrible temptation. Most persons are more or less tempted to eat pleasant food in excess. Great simplicity and moderation at the table would have a surprising effect upon not a few ministers of religion who are now morbid with dyspepsia and with imaginary nervous disorders. It is extremely difficult to work the brain too much, and very few men have really too much work. The overwhelming majority could do twice as much as they are doing if they carefully observed the elementary laws of physical health.

Benefits from Running.

Running is the great beautifier of figure and movement, it gives muscular development, strong heart action, and free lung play. The muscle comes where it ought to be, the shoulders go back, the loins hold the trunk well balanced, and the feet take their correct positions. It was running which made Greek figure. The more active tribes of American Indians have been runners from time to time immemorial, and from the chest to the heels they are much more beautifully built than the average of white men. Running people have usually the firm but elastic texture which is the beauty of flesh.

AN EMPEROR'S WARDROBE.

The Arrangement of the Costumes for All Possible Occasions.

The wardrobe of no modern sovereign has attracted more attention than that of the German Emperor. On his recent travels, wherever he went he became conspicuous by his change of dress. He has often the occasion to change his costume than an ordinary mortal. He might arrive, for instance, in Kiel, the chief German port of war, in travelling costume, review the marine in the uniform of a German admiral, then visit the various schools in civilian dress, dine on a foreign man-of-war in the uniform of an admiral of its nationality, and in the evening give a reception in some gala dress. For each of the occasions a different dress is absolutely necessary, according to the etiquette. He has made as many as ten or twelve changes in eighteen hours. His wardrobe has reached gigantic dimensions.

It contains at present more than 1,000 costumes, divided into six classes. The military costumes include all the different uniforms of the highest ranks of the German army, with a collection of modern swords which has hardly its equal in Germany. The court dresses, under which category all the dresses for great ceremonies are classified, excepting the coronation robes with sceptre and crown, which are taken care of specially, include the uniforms of the different orders, like the order of Black Eagle, of the Garter, etc., and the costume for the Torchlight Polonaise at great festivals, which is entirely of silk with knee breeches and gartered hose.

The civilian garments, among which the dress suits and walking costumes of English cut play a leading part, contain every piece of dress that is worn by fashionable men at present, with the exception of a dressing gown, which the Emperor never wears. Fine smoking jackets are seldom used. To that category belong also the incognito dresses and the Free Mason's costume. He has, besides bathing, riding, driving, sleighing and skating costumes, and a large number of hunting costumes, from the Tyrolese to the Russian fur gear for bear hunting.

The so-called dresses of courtesy include the uniforms of foreign regiments whose honorary chief he is, besides the costumes he is obliged to don in visiting foreign courts, it being a custom on such occasions for the visitor to appear in the host's favorite costume, and vice versa, at the first meeting. Even Chinese and Japanese court dresses are not forgotten, and there is a display of Persian garb, which the emperor wore during a visit of the Shah. The only national court costume he has not worn is the French. Of all these costumes he has a duplicate, in case of an accident.

He has twelve dozen of every piece of underwear, and of socks and handkerchiefs not less than fifty dozen. As he does not care for silk, his underwear is of merino, with the exception of the socks, which are of silk. His handkerchiefs are of batiste, and as a rule he uses them only once. A number of embroiderers are employed the year round to make the initials, etc.

As he is not fond of jewelry, his wardrobe contains only a limited selection of cuff buttons and studs, all in gold and diamonds. The number of gloves, on the contrary, is very large; there are chamois gloves for driving, beaver for riding, dog-skin, white lambskin, and the innumerable white kid gloves for uniforms that are worn only once. In civilian dress he uses gloves of distinctly different color to the suit.

He has a number of canes that are seldom used. Strange to say, the umbrellas are only three in number, and they have been kept closed so long that they would surely appear streaked if opened accidentally. The emperor never uses one, as he has really no opportunity, for either riding or driving out he is generally in uniform.

—N. Y. Sun.