

SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

Mr. Chubb of Peckham.

Mr. Chubb of Peckham, London, S. E., lay on the ground all crumpled up with his leg twisted like a note of interrogation.

On the whole, Mr. Chubb rather believed himself to be dead. He had a vague recollection of a long, dreary march under a blistering sun, for an extraordinary feeling of emptiness, then of much loading and firing, and rushing forward and taking cover, and falling back and rushing forward again.

After that things became slightly mixed. Something hit him in the leg. It didn't hurt, you know, but it made him very angry, because he was very busy shooting Boers. So he had to sit down or lie down, and that's about all he remembered.

Yes, Mr. Chubb felt tolerably confident that he was now a dead man. He was surprised at his own indifference. Somehow his thoughts turned to Peckham, and he remembered a Rye. Mr. Chubb chuckled at the mere thought of it. He had been most surprisingly drunk that day. Not that being drunk was an unusual occurrence, but this was a really different kind of a really delightful fight with a man from the country, whose wife had called Mrs. Chubb a "woman."

It was too funny for words—so Mr. Chubb thought, as he lay there in a heap. A policeman arrived on the scene and requested the pleasure of his company as far as the station, and Mr. Chubb, being exuberantly happy, knocked him down and proceeded to jump on him. Finally it required four constables to persuade him to visit their official residence, and Mr. Chubb clearly recollected singing "It's a great big shame" the whole way, followed by an appreciative and admiring crowd.

Just then Mr. Chubb felt a splash of rain on his face. Also he noticed that the atmosphere was cold, and he concluded from this that he was not dead, but very much alive. He turned the notion over in his mind for some time. It was rather amusing, this being alive. There might still be time for some more fun. On the whole he might as well get up and find out where the other "blokes" were.

So Mr. Chubb proceeded to rise. Then he made a discovery. His right leg was, to use his own expressive phrase—"all over the shop." He was no more able to stand, or even sit up, than he was able to fly, so he fell back and "cussed" loud and deep. Presently he heard a half-suppressed groan.

"Who are you?" said Field of the Horse Artillery. "Well, I'm Chubb of Peckham, at present serving with her glorious majesty's blooming Rifle Brigade. Where are you?"

"In the stomach," said Mr. Chubb. "Pretty bad, ain't it, matey?"

"I reckon I'm about done for," said the voice, very faintly indeed.

"Garn!" said Mr. Chubb promptly. "You ain't done for—not by a long way! Cheer up!"

"Right leg!" said Mr. Chubb, in a tone of deep disgust. "Still, I s'pose I ought not to grumble. It don't hurt when I keep still—at least, nothing to speak of."

"There was silence for a few minutes, and then Field of the Horse Artillery whispered:

"Did you say you come from Peckham?"

"Yus. No. 14 Angel Terrace, Queen's Road."

"I know Peckham," said the faint voice.

"Lovely place, ain't it?" murmured Mr. Chubb sarcastically. "Wonderful sea breeze you get all the way up on the Elephant. And the view you get from the giddy heights of Camberwell is enough to turn your 'ead!"

"I believe I know you," said the voice huskily.

"Know me?" echoed Mr. Chubb doubtfully. "That don't say much for the company you keep. What are you—a copper?"

"Before I joined I used to hold a temperance service every Sunday on the Rye," said the faint voice, very faintly indeed. "I'm afraid I'm too bad to talk."

"Don't trouble to talk, matey, if it hurts you," said Mr. Chubb affably. "You leave it to me. Besides, I reckon you've done your share of jawing."

"I'm afraid you're very ill, old man," said Field, anxiously, noticing the change in his voice.

"I never felt better in my life!" snapped Mr. Chubb. "My leg's quite well now. It don't hurt at all. Only I ain't fit to wipe 'er boots!"

"Are there—are there any messages?" said his comrade huskily, realizing what was happening, muttered "Nothin' in particular,"

Again the conversation flagged, Field of the Horse Artillery being too weak to talk and Mr. Chubb of Peckham being very busy turning over an idea in his mind.

"Foul excuse me," he said presently, "but ain't you the bloke that 'elped my missus and the kids when I was pinched?"

"Some friends of mine sent money to them," said the faint voice in a husky whisper.

"Lummy!" murmured Mr. Chubb, "what a rum thing I should meet you here! So it was you sent 'em some money ever week? Well, I'm dashed!"

Mr. Chubb was so taken up with this remarkable coincidence that, after careful thought, he added: "Well, I'm jiggered!"

Then another idea struck him, and, with much difficulty, he got out a small metal flask, in which he always carried a small supply of spirituous refreshment.

"It ain't likely 'ere's a drop left," he muttered. "I never do leave much 'e'nd."

But on being shaken the flask gave up a slight gurgling sound; there was perhaps a tablespoonful of brandy in it. This was almost more surprising than meeting an unknown friend, and Mr. Chubb's remarks cannot with propriety be recorded.

His natural instinct was to unscree the stopper and pour the contents down his ever thirsty throat, but something made him hesitate.

"I say, matey," he said, gruffly, "I've found a drop of brandy in my flask. Could you manage to crawl over 'ere for it?"

"There was no answer. Field of the Horse Artillery could not even murmur 'No.'"

"Lor," said Mr. Chubb indignantly, as if addressing a third person, "what the good of talking silly? The poor 'bloke can't move 'and or foot!"

"I reckon you'd better drink it yourself, Mr. Chubb," he added, in a friendly voice. "You ain't looking quite the thing tonight."

"Well, no thanks," he added regretfully. "I think I'll give it to that little sandy chap. You see, he's been a sort o' pal to me, unbeknown like."

So, with much difficulty, and in spite of the most excruciating agony, Mr. Chubb of Peckham proceeded to drag himself along the ground as best he could.

The pain was intense, and, although he was not a highly strung individual, the perspiration broke out on his face and head, and he clenched his teeth in a resolute determination not to cry out.

In the meantime, Field of the Horse Artillery had partly recovered his consciousness, and was vaguely aware that something was happening.

"What are you doing?" he groaned. "I'm goin' to give you a nip o' brandy," said Mr. Chubb in a steady voice.

"Oh, I shall be glad of it!" murmured the other. "But don't you trouble if it hurts you?"

"'Urt me?" said Mr. Chubb, in a tone of deep disgust. "'Urt me? Oo said anything about 'urting'?"

Then he lay flat on his stomach, and bit the sleeve of his jacket to stop himself from groaning. He was only a few yards from his comrade, but it seemed like so many miles.

"It takes a long time when your leg's bad, doesn't it?" said the other man sympathetically.

"Well, I ain't exactly in racing condition," said Mr. Chubb. "But don't you worry, I shall be there before Christmas."

Ten minutes later he could just manage to reach Field of the Horse Artillery with his outstretched arm.

"'Ere you are, matey," he said. "Finish it up!"

"Have you had some yourself?" murmured the other dubitantly.

"What do you think?" said Mr. Chubb grimly. "Did you ever know me lose a chance?"

So Field of the Horse Artillery swallowed the tablespoonful of brandy, and Mr. Chubb smacked his lips at the thought of the drink which he had not had.

"That's better," said Field. "I'm awfully grateful to you!"

"Don't mention it!" said Mr. Chubb. "Seems queer you should give me brandy when I've so often warned you against it, doesn't it?"

"Glad of that," said Mr. Chubb briefly.

He was beginning to feel curiously drowsy, and although a moment ago he had been perspiring from exertion he was now trembling with cold.

"I wonder when the ambulance will come?" said Field of the Horse Artillery, almost cheerfully, for he felt so much better.

Queen's Road, Peckham, 'cause I'm goin' straight 'ome tonight." So Field of the Horse Artillery was picked up by the ambulance party, and sent to Netley, but Mr. Chubb of Peckham had "knocked off work" for good and "gone straight 'ome."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Lord's Day Alliance Claim to Have Promises that the Law Will be Enforced.

This Means the Closing of Cigar Stores and the Prevention of the Sale of Soda Water Next Sunday.

A meeting of the executive committee of the St. John Lord's Day Alliance was held in the parlour of the Y. M. C. A. on Monday afternoon.

The secretary reported that since the last meeting efforts had been made to ascertain why the Sunday law was still apparently a dead letter, seeing that it had been sustained by the supreme court of the province.

It was found that the responsibility rested wholly with the city authorities, and upon laying the matter before the chairman of the safety board, the recorder and the chief of police, promise had been obtained that the act would be put in force next Sunday.

The Rev. J. G. Shearer, field secretary of the Dominion L. D. Alliance, who is now in Nova Scotia, is expected to occupy pulpits in St. John on Sunday, Sept. 18, and to speak at a public convention which is to be held on the Monday evening following for the purpose of organizing a Provincial Alliance. The arrangements will be made public as soon as the use of the required buildings has been secured.

Interviewed by the Sun last evening with reference to the action of the Lord's Day Alliance toward the more rigid enforcement of the Sunday law, Alderman Seaton, chairman of the safety board, stated that officially he had no jurisdiction in the matter, and that he had referred the committee from the alliance which had waited upon him to the recorder and the chief of police, whose hands the matter now rests.

A Sun reporter saw Recorder Skinner last night with reference to the matter. Mr. Skinner said the supreme court of New Brunswick sustained the law, and he was sure that the chief of police, as to what course he should pursue, and he advised the chief that the law should be enforced. But then word came to the effect that an appeal had been carried to Ottawa.

It was intimated about the same time that it would be well to await the decision of the supreme court of Canada. He told Chief Clark that if these appeals were bona fide it would be just as well to wait till the court gave their decision. He was then waited upon by representatives of the Lord's Day Alliance, who maintained that the chief was not doing his duty. He assured these gentlemen that the chief was not to blame, as he was always ready and willing to do all he could for the enforcement of all laws. The recorder advised that the chief should be consulted generally. On Tuesday Revs. Dr. Wilson and T. F. Fotheringham waited upon him with a letter from Attorney General Emmerson, which set forth that the local government were not doing anything to prevent the enforcement of the law.

The matter of enforcing the law with the civic authorities in St. John. The recorder then advised the chief of police to see that the law is enforced. The Sun man was unable to get any further information from the recorder, except that the chief things complained of were the desecration of the Sabbath by the sale of soda water and cigars.

Chief of Police Clark was not willing to talk to the Sun. He said he was always ready to do what he considered his duty. In this matter he acted upon the advice of the recorder, and as they were at present in consultation he had no statements to make for publication.

(Charlottetown Guardian, 14th.) The meeting held in Grace church last night commenced at 8 o'clock with Rev. J. W. McConnell in the chair.

There were on the platform beside the chairman Rev. G. P. Raymond, Rev. D. B. McLeod, Rev. G. M. Young. The chairman in a few short remarks introduced the speaker, Rev. J. G. Shearer, who spoke for fully half an hour in reference to the observance of the Lord's Day. After his stirring and eloquent address the different clergymen on the platform spoke at some length, favoring the organization of a Lord's Day Alliance in Charlottetown.

Several of the gentlemen present in the audience also took part in the discussion, after which, on motion, a branch of the Lord's Day Alliance was organized, with the following officers: President, J. K. Ross; secretary, W. C. Turner; treasurer, J. T. McKenzie.

The clergymen of the city were nominated vice-presidents of the society. The new society has a bright future before it, and the choice of officers is an excellent one.

WHEN MOTHER MADE THE TEA. (New York Sun.) "The English cooks an' German cooks an' French cooks now-a-days, they fix funny dishes in a thousand modern ways."

But jest somehow or other things don't taste the same to me As in the older, golden days, when mother brewed the tea.

Her snowy rolls, all steamin', toast an' in town, An' she was sweet as honey, an' full o' joy an' glee, In her sweetest, sweetest days, when mother brewed the tea.

I see her now, the household queen, in her accustomed place, Presidin' o'er the merry board with all an' good old Dad an' little Nan, an' Fred an' Sue an' me, Wuz feelin' prime at eatin' time, when mother poured the tea.

But mother's gone long years ago, up to a fairer clime, An' things don't taste exactly like they did in childhood's time, 'Taint 'cause I'm never hungry, I'm as chipper as ever, But food don't taste jest like it did when mother poured the tea.

QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS. Here sailed Jacques Cartier, bold and great Champlain, Here vigorous Frontenac with iron ruled.

Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, is a favorite spot for tourists during the summer months. Within and without its ancient walls are places of interest to the artist, the historian, and the lover. Henry Ward Beecher says that every street of this small bit of medieval Europe perched upon a rock and dried for keeping is like the leaf of a picture book. Time has wrought few changes in the old city and no Chinese wall was ever more jealously guarded than the walls of Quebec, which are truly covered with historic ivy.

There is no city in America intersected by such tortuous legend loving streets as this "Athens of Canada." History meets you at every turn, in every nook and square, even the rocks and stones have a story to tell, a tale to whisper of savage or civilized warfare, death, famine, fierce riots, earthquakes, land and snow slides.

The beauty of the scenery has been the theme of general eulogy; the majestic appearance of Cape Diamond, the fortifications, the loveliness of the St. Lawrence, and the lofty range of the Laurentian Mountains form a picture that can scarcely be surpassed in any part of the world. The views from Cape Diamond are even more beautiful than those of Edinburgh. Dickens, in writing of the city, which he visited in 1842, says that it is a place never to be forgotten or mixed up in the mind with other places in the crowd of scenes a traveller can recall.

The streets of most interest to the stranger are: Rue St. Louis, where can still be seen the house once owned by the wicked Madame Pean, the chere amie of the villain Bigot, who caused the streets to be named after her; the place where Montcalm died, and also where Montgomery's dead body was carried after he had been killed, while attempting to scale the heights on December 31st, 1776; and the former home of the Duke of Kent which he occupied while commanding the forces here from 1791-1793.

Little Champlain Street, Sous le Fort, Sault au Matelot, and Sous le Cap are all wonderfully interesting as they are relics of past ages. The houses are built into the side of the rocks and the streets are so narrow that one cart cannot pass another. Buede street is famous for the Chien D'or which is now placed in the northern facade of the Bureau de Poste and concerning which William Kirby has written such an interesting romance. Beneath this building reposes the remains of Samuel Champlain, the founder of Quebec.

A square away is the ancient church, founded in 1624 and raised to the dignity of a basilique in 1834. Here may be seen many rare and beautiful paintings which were brought to Quebec from Paris by Abbe Jadin during the French Revolution in 1793, and the churches and cathedrals were pillaged and the famous works of art sold for a mere song. There are paintings by Vanduyck, Fleuret, Blanchard, LeBruin, Brown, and many other noted artists.

The historic little edifice of Notre Dame Des Victoires (the oldest church in America), also contains a number of famous works of art, as does the convent of the Ursulines, the Hotel Dieu, Quebec Seminary, and Laval University.

All tourists to Quebec make it a point to visit the citadel, which comprises 40 acres of ground and which was built at a cost of \$25,000,000 from plans submitted to and approved by the Duke of Wellington. Here is a cannon captured by the English at Bunker Hill, the prison where the soldiers are punished, the officers quarters, and the King's Bastion, whose lofty height flies the emblem of England, may be seen the far famed Dufferin Terrace stretching for 1500 feet on the edge of a cliff 200 feet above the St. Lawrence and also the beautiful Chateau Frontenac, built in the architectural style of the time of Champlain, seven sided, with a court 170 feet by 100 feet, overlooking a panorama of river, mountain, and forest scenery. Standing on the terrace one can see a matchless landscape bursts upon the view, the illuminated beholder, the frowning granite statue above, on the left the bronze statue of Champlain, on the south side the ruins of the house destroyed by a landslide a few years ago, when the persons were hurried into eternity without a moment's warning. Back of the terrace is the governor's garden, in which stands the dual monument of Wolfe and Montcalm with the inscription "Mortem, virtus communem famam, historia, monumentum posteritas dedit" (Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument).

Although the gates (relics of bygone times), Break-Neck Steps, the parks and the little historical villages near by, such as the Indian village of Lorette, were the remnants of the once powerful Hurons, now dwell in savage simplicity, Beauport, which was bombarded by Wolfe, the Falls of Montmorency, 100 feet higher than Niagara the shrine of Ste. Anne of Beauport, where miracles are said to be performed, and Chateau Sag, where the Indian sweetheart of the monster Bigot was sweetheated, are all of great interest to the lover of history; still there is no spot within or without the old city looked upon with such reverence as the Plains of Abraham, on which was fought the great battle between Wolfe and Montcalm, and where a beautiful monument is erected on the spot where Wolfe died happy, and victorious. O give me a home on that bold classic height, Where in sweet contemplation in ages' dark night I may tread o'er the plain where, as history tells us, the brave British soldier's stout hearted Wolfe in his victory fell.

—Winnifred D'Estourte Sackville-Stoner, Quebec, Canada.

TROUBLE IN THE SANCTUM.

(Syracuse Herald.) Editor—Mr. Bluependill, did you compose that headline with "suicided" in it?

Editor—Well, you may go down stairs and tell the cashier to "salary" you. You are "resigned."

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THE HORSE COULD COUNT.

Understood the Meaning of the Fire-Alarm Strokes as Well as the Firemen. (Christian World.)

"If there is any animal that knows more than a horse," remarked a member of the fire department the other day, "I'll like to see it. I mean one that knows more than a smart horse, for there are fool horses as well as fool people, and once in a while we get one of these fool horses in the fire department. But I will say that our horses as a rule are pretty smart and knowing."

"I remember one we had in this company some years ago that actually could count. George was his name, and I remember rightly, and George was one of those horses that never did any more work than he was obliged to. Not that he couldn't, but just because, like some people you run across, he was opposed to looking for work. Well, every company in the fire department has a certain district to cover on first alarms. That is every company responds to certain boxes on the first alarm, and doesn't go to others except on special or general alarms. Well, sir, we didn't have George many months before that he got to know our district just as well as any of the men. He knew the boxes we went out on the first alarm, and it is a fact that that horse got so that he'd wait and count the first round before he'd budge out of his stall. If the box was not in our district, George would walk leisurely to his place, but if it was one we were due at on the first alarm he would rush down to his place. In those days we had to hitch up on every alarm that came in, whether it was in our district or not, and stand hitched for fifteen or twenty minutes. George knew this, of course, and that was why he'd always take his time going to his place when the box wasn't in our district. And it's a fact that if he was eating when an outside box came in, he'd just keep on eating until the foreman yelled out to bring him down to his place.

"Of course, now and then George would miscout the box, and rush to his place on a box not in our district. But when he did make a mistake like that, which was precious seldom, that horse would get so mad and feel so bad about it that he wouldn't get over it for a day or so."

SOLDIERS WHO WEEP.

Kitchener and Buller Contrasted With the Stern Corsican. In a recent lecture by Bishop Brindley, better known to Tommy Atkins as Father Brindley, the Roman Catholic chaplain, he referred to Lord Kitchener in a way which would surprise those who look upon the hero of Khartoum as above all human weaknesses.

Speaking of Khartoum, the bishop said: "At the conclusion I saw the Sirdar with his head bowed in his hands, and tears trickling through his fingers. For many moments he was so overcome that he could not even say a word of thanks to those who had assisted at the service."

The popular idea, so carefully fostered by clever correspondents, of the conqueror of Omdurman as a "man of ice and iron," is thus somewhat discredited.

It is said that when Sir Redvers Buller rode over the scene of his first great check, are yet the flames of Lady Smith was decided, and when, indeed, the whole of Natal seemed almost to be at the mercy of the exultant Boers,

STEAMBOATS ON THE DEAD SEA.

(Washington Evening Star.) "The Dead Sea, which for thousands of years has been a forsaken solitude in the midst of a desert, on whose waves no rudder has been seen for centuries," says United States Consul Winter at Annapolis in a recent despatch to the state department, "is to have a line of motor boats in the future. Owing to the continued increase in traffic and the influx of tourists, a shorter route is to be found between Jerusalem and Kerak, the ancient capital of the land of Moab."

The first little steamer, built at one of the Hamburg docks, is about 100 feet long, and has already begun the voyage to Palestine. An order has been already given for the building of a second steamer. The one already built and on the way is named Prometheus (that is, "forerunner"), and will carry thirty-four persons, together with freight of all kinds. The promoters of this new enterprise are the inmates of a Greek colony in Jerusalem. The management of the line is entirely in German hands.

"The trade of Kerak with the desert is today of considerable importance. It is the main town of any commercial standing east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Its population consists of about 1,000 Christians and 6,000 Moslems. The merchants of Hebron are among the chief frequenters of the markets of Kerak."

To eat food which a mouse has nibbled will give a sore throat. Burton, in that strange book, The Anatomy of Melancholy, says that it is a bad omen if a mouse gnaws the clothes which a person is wearing. A fried mouse is said to cure smallpox. I would rather go through with the smallpox than eat the mouse.