

# ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ODD HAPPENINGS THAT SURPASS  
TALES OF FICTION.

The Strange Finding of a Lost Bank Note—  
A Drama in the Courts—Queer Cases of  
the Identification of Criminals—Genuine  
Enoch Ardens.

Fact often puts fiction to the blush for its  
indifferent ingenuity says an English paper.  
What could be stranger than the story of a  
fifty pound note as recently reported? It  
was missed at the Bank of England by an  
intending depositor, who had previously  
called at a Fleet street restaurant. With  
hot haste the gentleman sped back. His  
search was in vain, and the chances of  
recovery looked blank. The number of the  
note was unknown, but he determined to  
call in the assistance of New Scotland  
Yard, and took a cab for that purpose.

Astonishment and delight overpowered  
him. By a chance so exceptional that no  
novelist would dare to imagine it, the  
vehicle was the one in which he had origi-  
nally gone to the bank. It had not been  
hired since, and on the seat, precisely as  
he had dropped it, was the lost note.

A wonderfully complete and well-rounded  
drama of real life was detailed the other  
day at Crompton by the retiring ornament of  
the bench, Mr. Justice Denman.

Drink has made a brute of a husband and  
father, and his home was a place of misery.  
The wife was the frequent victim of ill-  
usage. She had a son, a lad of fifteen,  
who could not bear the sight with patience.  
He warned his father one day that the next  
time he would shoot him, and to prepare  
for eventualities he bought a revolver.

Again the drunkard's violence was un-  
checked. The misled boy was as good as  
his word, and, producing the revolver,  
lodged the contents of a chamber in his  
father's cheek.

He was tried for wounding with intent to  
kill; but the judge mercifully regarded his  
youth, and the great provocation. Though  
the offence was proved, and the promed-  
ication obvious, he merely bound the boy  
over to come up for judgment when called  
upon.

Now comes the romantic sequel. The  
lad rose to a responsible position in her  
Majesty's naval service, and the vicious  
father was so shocked at the situation in  
which his cruel conduct had placed his son  
that from the hour of the lenient judgment  
he entirely reformed. The thick darkness  
went before the dawn.

There was a striking tableau in a Paris  
prison a few months ago. A constable had  
been accused one night in the streets by a  
shelterless vagrant, heart-sick of sleeping out.  
He begged to be arrested. Bed and  
breakfast would be sure if he were once in  
custody. Pity moved the policeman, and  
he locked up the man as a suspicious  
character. In the cells he was brought into  
casual association with a thief long wanted  
and at last caught. The two were able  
to converse.

Next morning the command was issued  
for bringing the wail of the streets before the  
controller of the prison. A lecture and  
liberty were his lot. Then the supposed  
thief was remanded. But the officials made  
a startling discovery a few hours too late.  
There had been a plot. Beggar and rogue  
had exchanged parts, and answered to each  
other's name. The wrong man was detain-  
ed, and a clever scoundrel went back to his  
burrow.

Captures of miscreants are sometimes  
made in a fashion quite as surprising and  
adventitious. In London last winter a  
jeweller lost a diamond brooch worth £18  
through an old trick. A gentlemanly fel-  
low, who filled the part to perfection, call-  
ed at the establishment—it was in Oxford  
street—and gave his name as Count Puisaye.  
He asked to be shown a few trifles in the  
gem line. The attendant waited upon his  
whims, but failed to satisfy them. When  
the "Count" was gone, a diamond star had  
also vanished.

This was a revelation of villainy, and the  
hue and cry began. But it looked hope-  
less. The victimised jeweller himself went  
about making inquiries at West-End pawn-  
shops. He hardly expected actually to find  
against the thief. Yet this was what hap-  
pened. Opening the pawnbroker's door in  
Cranbourne street, he came face to face  
with the soi-disant "Count Puisaye." It  
was a mutual surprise, and the rogue made  
a bolt for it. There was an exciting street  
chase and capture, and subsequent convic-  
tion.

Lord Eldon used to relate an episode of  
unlikely detection. There had been a bru-  
tal murder, and the perpetrator succeeded  
in escaping. He was known, but could not  
be found. A dozen years or so elapsed.  
One night the brother of the murdered  
man was asleep in a lodging-place at Liver-  
pool. He was aroused by stealthy fingers  
tampering with his clothes and trying to get  
at his pockets. As soon as he realized the  
position he sprang up, and in a trice had  
the thief in a grip of iron. Swinging him  
round under a light, he knew the man in a  
moment.

"Good heavens," he cried, "the man  
who murdered my brother!"  
The identification was thoroughly estab-  
lished. The prisoner had enlisted and gone  
to India after the crime. He had only been  
back in England a few hours when his at-  
tempt at larceny trapped him for the old  
deed of blood. It was a fatal snare, for he  
was condemned to death.

A good many plots have turned on the  
central incident of the supposed disease of  
a person who is, after all, very much alive.  
The difficulty is to make the deception per-  
fect, and keep the reappearance out of the  
reader's reach until it is due. But all this  
is sometimes included in a real series of  
events.

A French lady had a brother whose brain  
had given way. He was lodged in a Paris  
home for the insane. Instead of recovering,  
he came that he was dead. The sister  
went to the funeral, and ordered an expen-  
sive tombstone for the grave. The loss  
changed her own life. She had an aged  
parent who suffered keenly, and it was nec-  
essary to resign a lucrative situation and  
tend her mother. But when this had been  
arranged a letter was sent by the manage-  
ment of the home, stating that it was a grim  
mistake. The brother still lived, and an-  
other patient had been unwittingly buried  
in his name.

Genuine Enoch Ardens have been inter-  
mittently reported since Tennyson's fine  
poem first appeared. The denouement  
was peculiarly startling in an example that

occurred some eight years back, and also  
in Cornwall. A working man disappeared  
and left his wife after three years of mar-  
ried life. Twenty years of silence passed,  
and after waiting more than half that time  
the woman married a thrifty farmer in her  
neighborhood.

All went well for a considerable while.  
But one afternoon a tramp was put on to  
assist in cutting turf for a large order.  
The farmer had compassion on his wan and  
starved appearance, and invited him next  
morning to dine in the kitchen with the  
servants. While the vagrant was there  
the mistress of the house entered. There  
was a surprised look and mutual recogni-  
tion. It was the long lost husband. He  
had spent much of the intervening time in  
prison, though his wife had no cause to  
suspect that his absence had this explana-  
tion.

## POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Her Voice.

Her voice was low and sweet, a most excellent thing  
in a woman—Shakespeare.

I met her in the crowded car,  
But scarce a second glance she won.  
For there was nothing in her air  
Of tone, and beauty had the none.

Her dress, though modest trim and neat,  
Hung on a figure far from plump,  
And like to flat fish were her feet,  
Her arm the handle of a pump.

Her bosom had not beauty's swell,  
And rhythmic heave like ocean wave,  
The eyes beneath my glance that fell  
A sorrow in their depths might have.

I met her in her cottage home,  
A greeting kind and warm she gave,  
And with its something filled the room  
That like a burst of sunlight gave.

A glow of pleasure all divine,  
A sense of rest a languorous spell,  
Like mists of fancy which refine  
The gifted mind in which they dwell.

As rippling water in the glen,  
Where shady trees so tone the light,  
That less it seems the haunts of men,  
Than of the spirits pure and bright.

Who labored, struggled, fought on earth,  
And by such conflict, gained the right  
To rest in peace and quiet mirth  
'Tween garish day and sombre night.

So flowed the magic dulcet tone,  
So soft, so sweet, so clear, so low,  
That sure it seemed from Heaven alone  
Could music rare divinely flow.

It pierced the mystic time that bounds  
'Tween matters real and spirits subtle,  
My soul absorbed the gracious sounds  
As in a dream the music beat.

My heart compelled by music's power  
Its homage lay before her feet,  
I date my Heaven from the hour  
When I with sweet voiced—did meet.

Told of an Umbrella.

With "Progress" in hand, I remarked to dear Bella,  
'Such a deluge of verse demands an umbrella.'  
So the bones from the hat-rack I carefully drew  
And dressed them as follows, and send them to you.

Tho' "the friend best knows whether woman or man  
be the worse."

Poor pocketless woman oft loses her purse,  
Her watch and such trifles (advertisements scan)—  
The Umbrella's loss that is "common to man!"

THE WAIL OF THE UMBRELLA.

Though my form may not very graceful be  
Like the penitless lass, I've "a long pedigree,"  
And can trace my existence, by sculptured outlines,  
To the land of the Pharaohs, as ancient designs.

As royal's emblem, I figured in Greece—  
(They favoured Protection in times of peace!)  
And used me to temper the sun's hot rays;  
But alas! I have fallen on evil days!

My grievance: I lay at a footstool's feet  
Who in England exposed me to rain and sleet,  
And also left on my name this blot—  
The man who carries me owns me not!

A blot that grows with the lapse of years  
And has made me rusty with useless tears;  
Of centuries gone should be turned to shame;  
And none can tell, spite of tags and rings,  
Whether I'm owned by beggars or kings.

In Liberty's Land! In this year of grace!  
I'm passed along—no abiding place!  
Like the Wandering Jew I am under a ban,  
And forced to play daily "catch who can!"

—Could I only rest for a little space  
From the claims of an absent-minded race,  
Perhaps I could find some lawyer fellow  
To plead for the rights of an old umbrella!

St. John, Feb. 1st, '93. DOROTHY.

Summer Clouds.

The white fleecy mountains of Heaven  
That rise in the far away,  
That gleam in the glowing sunset,  
And darken with dying day.

So pure in the pearly splendour  
As they spread in the azure sky,  
That they seem to speak of the angels  
And the blissful by-and-by.

And now by the sunset painted  
They gleam with crimson and gold,  
And we dream as we gaze upon them  
That the heavenly gates unfold.

'Tis surely the radiance of Heaven  
That shines through the mystic fleece,  
And we sigh for the joys of the entrant  
Who glides through the portals of peace.

But the shadows of twilight deepen,  
Then night with its sombre shade,  
And the visions of beautiful angels  
And heavenly portals fade.

Like the shades of our earthly troubles,  
These shadows hide from our eyes  
The land of Celestial glories  
And the beauties of Paradise.

But in at the heavenly gateway  
We will enter—when life is o'er,  
And our Father, who liveth in Heaven,  
We will meet at the mystic door.

EDENWILKS

SONG—"Yankee Doodle Dandy."

"Making beds is bad enough—  
Or sweeping, if one wishes—  
But as if these plagues would not suffice  
They sent us washing dishes!"

Wash and scrub and scrape the pans,  
Keep a dish-rag handy;  
Every morn and noon and night,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Maybe some folks think it fun—  
I only wish they'd try it!  
Then if the custom was for sale  
They would not want to buy it.

I will sweep or make the beds,  
Or iron, if mother wishes;  
But I shall say to all who ask  
"Confound the washing dishes!"

Wash and scrub and scrape the pans,  
Keep the dish-rag handy—  
Every morn and noon and night,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

POLLY HAYES (Age 14)

## A New Departure in Melissa.

According to the persistent demands of our many patrons, and recognizing the soundness of their argument, viz:—that in all but the large cities, it is almost impossible to get wraps properly made, we have made arrangements during the past few weeks, to supply to the trade of Canada, Melissa Rainproof Garments, for Ladies, Misses and Children, in all the novelties of the New York market. We have secured at great trouble and large expense one of the best designers and pattern cutters in New York city, who will preside over this special department of our business, and aided by his imported and trained staff of assistants, will, at once, without any costly or annoying experiments, be able to turn out TAILOR MADE GARMENTS, equal in finish, fit and design to any obtainable in New York, and superior to any of European manufacture.

Our entire output will be manufactured on the premises, under the personal supervision of our foreman. All our operators are men and are practical Cloak makers. None of our work is given out to women nor is outside labor of any kind employed, thus only can we secure one uniform finish.

In connection with our Ladies' Melissa Wrap Department, we are also inaugurating a Mantle Department, but owing to the late date at which we entertained this latter idea, we will for this season show only a comparatively small range, but sufficient to enable the discerning public to form an idea of what they may expect for next season.

One of the many advantages which merchants will secure by patronizing us, will be that they can assort their sizes from time to time, thus doing away with the necessity of having broken lines before the season is half over. They can also, on short notice, get garments to fit outside figures and figures of irregular proportions, by filling in measuring forms which we will furnish on application.

In many new and common sense styles of Wraps, both for Spring sorting and Fall delivery, and at the same time will offer for the inspection of the trade a representative exhibit from our Mantle Department.

Designs, Patterns and every other information furnished on application.

Special attention given to letter orders.

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## CONSUMERS CORDAGE CO.

(LIMITED.)

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent of the Dominion of Canada, under the "Companies Act."

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.

(In thirty thousand (30,000) shares of one hundred dollars each.)

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A. W. MORRIS, M.P., Montreal, Vice-President.

EDWARD M. FULTON, Montreal.

GEORGE STAIRS, Halifax.

JAMES M. WATERBURY, New York.

CHAUNCEY MARSHALL, New York.

WILLARD P. WHITLOCK, Elizabeth.

SECRETARY.

CHARLES B. MORRIS, Montreal.

MANAGERS.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

THE UNION BANK OF HALIFAX.

SOLICITORS.

MACMARTER & MCGIBBON, Montreal.

The Directors, who are now the owners of the entire Capital stock, have decided, at the request of numerous friends of the Company throughout Canada, to enlarge the proportion of shares, to be issued, from ten thousand shares, of one hundred dollars each, fully paid and non-assessable.

Payments are to be made as follows:—Five per cent. on application; fifteen per cent. on allotment; twenty per cent. each in one, two, three and four months from the date of allotment. Applicants have the right to pay in full on allotment.

Applications for shares will be received until February 15th, 1893, at any of the offices of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at the offices of the Union Bank of Halifax, and at the head office of the company, N. Y. Life Building, Montreal.

Forms of application for shares may be obtained at any of the above places, or they will be sent by mail on request.

Should no allotment of stock be made to any applicant for shares, the amount paid will be returned in full, and in the event of the Directors finding it impossible to allot the full number of shares applied for, the surplus of the deposit will be credited toward the amount payable on allotment.

The right is reserved of withdrawing the offer in whole or part at any time before allotment, and of refusing to any applicant any less number of shares than the number applied for.

As the dividends of the Company are payable quarterly, beginning with the first of March next, allottees of stock will be entitled to receive a proportion of the quarterly dividend, and corresponding to the amount paid upon their subscription.

It is proposed to apply to the Stock Exchanges of Montreal and Toronto for official quotations of the shares of the Company.

The Consumers Cordage Company was organized in June, 1890, with a Capital of one million dollars, to manufacture the largest Cordage and Binder Twine Factories in Canada. It, at first, operated two smaller ones, but its operations having been successful, the Capital stock was subsequently increased to three millions, and the assets and properties were purchased.

The Company has no mortgage indebtedness; and, according to the law under which it was incorporated, no more can be created without the consent of two-thirds of the shareholders, represented at a meeting called for the purpose.

The Company has placed in the hands of its Bankers—Messrs. A. G. Blair, J. B. Carter, J. H. Selfridge, J. J. McGilgus, J. B. Carter, J. & A. McMillan, H. Chubb & Co., and others, a full statement of its affairs, certified to by Messrs. A. G. Blair, J. B. Carter, J. H. Selfridge, J. J. McGilgus, J. B. Carter, J. & A. McMillan, H. Chubb & Co., and others, as Chartered Accountants.

The following letter from Messrs. Abbott, Campbell & Meredith, Solicitors, Montreal, upon the legality of the incorporation, and the issue of its stock:—

MONTREAL, January 5, 1893.  
GENTLEMEN:—We have examined the books and documents connected with the organization of the Consumers Cordage Company, Limited, and are of opinion that it has been properly incorporated, and that its capital stock of \$3,000,000, as issued, is fully paid up and non-assessable, according to the provisions of the "Companies Act."

We are, yours truly,  
(Signed), ABBOTT, CAMPBELL & MEREDITH.

(e) A report from Messrs. Macmaster and McGibbon, Solicitors of the Company, that the titles to its Mills have been duly examined, and that no encumbrances exist. Applicants for shares may examine these documents, copies of which may be sent on request to the Company's office, and the various offices of the Banks mentioned above.

The Consumers Cordage Company is probably the second largest Manufacturer of Cordage and Binder Twine in the world, and claims the following very material advantages over its competitors:—

1st. Ample capital to conduct its business which enables it:—  
(a) To buy its raw material in larger quantities, and at lower prices.  
(b) To use only the latest and most improved machinery.  
(c) To produce its goods in the highest state of efficiency.

2nd. Economy in selling and distributing its manufactured product.  
3rd. The business covers so wide a territory (the manufactured goods go to almost every civilized country in the world) that it cannot be seriously injured by local competition, and its manufacturing establishments are so scattered that the danger of severe loss by fire is very slight.

4th. Lower cost of production.  
(a) By maintaining the sharpest competition between its several mills, it is enabled to introduce in all the best methods found in each.  
(b) By spreading its commercial expenses over a larger output.

(c) By placing in one hand the purchasing of the Raw Materials and Manufacturing supplies for the several Mills, thus securing lowest prices.  
(d) By manufacturing for themselves many of their supplies.

The Company has always found it in its interest to divide the economies effected in production and distribution with the Consumer, and since its entrance the Consumer has, upon the average, had a better article at a lower price than previously.

The Company does not intend to have any monopoly, or to earn monopoly profits; in fact, it has no-one so. Since its organization it has been able, owing to the advantages referred to, to earn a net return on its present capital of not less than 10 per cent. per annum (as stated in their prospectus and balance sheet), and the Directors believe that these profits will be maintained in the future, as the cost of production and distribution shows each year marked decrease.

The Dividend for the year ending 31st October, 1892, was the rate of 5 1/2 per cent. per annum. The past record of the Company and its present position justify the Directors in believing that quarterly dividends of one and two-thirds per cent. can be paid and should be paid for the present year to be as large as the outlook promises, the 1st quarter's dividend might be advanced.

Any further information may be had at the head office of the Company at Montreal.

## WOMEN

It is quite an old story, a cough, cannot be hushed, cannot be fully cured, of the proverb—since love very successfully, though disguised that a very opposite feeling with all my heart to the in the first place the hide it even if he second he does not desire to do so, but his affliction than the judge by the number from violent coughs, tend church, and of all the other worst them. It may at last, to suggest that severe colds should ion of attending church sensible view of the anyone whose cough turbs the whole count would be much better possible for a person occupied in coughing he