

**PENNARBY MINE.**

Pennarby shaft is dark and steep,  
Eight feet wide, eight hundred deep  
Stout the bucket and stiff the cord,  
Strong as the arm of Winchman Ford.  
"Never look down!"  
Stick to the line!"  
That was the saying at Pennarby mine.  
A stranger came to Pennarby shaft—  
Lead, to see how the miners laughed!  
White in the collar and stiff in the hat  
With his patent shoes and his silk cravat,  
Picking his way,  
Dainty and fine,  
Stepping on tiptoe to Pennarby mine.  
Touring from London, so he said,  
Was it copper they dug for? or gold? or lead?  
Where did they find it? How did it come?  
Stooping so much  
Was bad for the spine;  
And wasn't it warnish in Pennarby mine?  
'Twas like two world's that met that day—  
The world of work and the world of play;  
And the grimy lads from the reeking shaft  
Nudged each other and grinned and chaffed.  
"Got 'em all out!"  
"A cousin of mine!"  
So ran the banter at Pennarby mine.  
And Carnbrae Bob, the Pennarby wit,  
Told him the facts about the pit:  
How they bored the shaft till the brimstone smell  
Warned them off from the tapping—well,  
He wouldn't say what,  
But they took it as sign  
To dig no deeper in Pennarby mine.  
Then leaning over and peering in,  
He was pointing out what he said was tin  
In the ten-foot lode—a crash! a jar!  
A grasping hand and a splintered bar.  
Gone in his strength,  
With the lips that laughed—  
Oh, the pale faces round Pennarby shaft!  
Far down on a narrow ledge,  
They saw him cling to the crumbling edge.  
"Wait for the bucket! Hi, man! Stay!  
That rope ain't safe! It's worn away!"  
He's taking his chance,  
Slack out the line!" cried Pennarby mine.  
"He's got him! He has him! Pull with a will!  
Thank God! He's over and breathing still.  
And he—Lord's sakes now! What's that? Well!  
Blowed if it ain't our London swell.  
Your heart is right  
If your coat is fine:  
Give us your hand!" cried Pennarby mine.  
A. CONON DOTLE.

**EVE AND AN APPLE.**

Eve and an apple overcame an ancestor of mine. He would not have wanted the apple, he said, but for Eve. That was exactly my case. Eve lived at No 52, and I at No. 54. I am not sure where apple lived, but it was at one of the two. It hung on a high branch over No. 52's garden, but it fattened on the soil of No. 54, for which I paid rent.  
It was Eve, of course, who called my attention to it. I heard her voice through the open window. She has an attractive voice.  
"Oh, look, mother!" she cried. "There is my apple."  
"Hush, dear! It isn't your apple at all. It belongs to the people next door."  
"He isn't people," objected Eve.  
I am a bachelor.  
"Anyhow the apple is his."  
"Is it?" She tossed her head. She has a graceful way of tossing her head. "Then he shan't have it. Mr. Layton gave it to me every year. Mr. Layton was my predecessor. You know he always lent me his ladder to get it." I felt inclined to offer my ladder there and then; but the time, like the apple, was not ripe.  
As the summer went on the apple grew in size and beauty. Eve watched the apple, and I watched Eve. She was so nice to watch that I did not offer her the forbidden fruit. I regarded it as a hostage for her regular appearance. In the dusk of evening Eve tried to reach it with a clothes prop—at least, it looked like Eve. I knew it was a clothes prop, because she let it drop over my wall, and it smashed three panes of a cucumber frame. Next morning she happened to be in the garden, so I returned it.  
"I—I'm afraid it broke something," she apologized.  
"Not in the least, I assure you."  
"I'll tell Mary Jane not to stand it up against your wall again," she promised, mendaciously.  
Next she tried knocking tennis balls at it. Of course, she never went within a couple of hundred yards. I picked up nine balls next morning, and restored them to her.  
"I thought they were windfalls from my apple tree," I said, and she fled indoors.  
When I came home that evening the apple was still there in all its glory; but when it grew dusk I noticed manoeuvres with the prop going on once more. Finally I heard a cry of triumph and the rustle of her skirts as she ran indoors. Then I went out.  
I climbed the tree, gathered about a gallon of apples, and sent them in with a note.  
"Dear Madam,—I trust you will accept a few apples from my tree overhanging your garden, as I notice there is only one upon your side.  
"I have, however, a special reason for desiring that one. May I enter your garden to get it?—Yours, very truly,  
"Frank Newton."  
In a few minutes Sarah Ann returned with Mrs. Parker's thanks, and an assurance that she would be pleased for me to gather the apple whenever I liked. I went round to their front door, knocked, and was shown into a cosy sitting-room. Mrs. Parker received me very pleasantly, but Miss Eve was rather quiet.  
"You will be surprised at my bothering you about a single apple," I said. "The fact is that I want it for someone who has particularly admired it."

"We have noticed," said her mother, with a side glance at Eve, "that it is a singularly fine apple."  
"I should like to see it when you have picked it," Mrs. Parker confessed. Eve said nothing. She appeared to have become absorbed in a book.  
"I'll bring it in at once." I promised. I went out and ascended the tree. No one was looking, so I gathered another fine apple from my own side. When I returned Miss Eve had disappeared.  
"It doesn't look quite so large off the tree." I suggested, placing the apple upon the table.  
"No," said her mother, examining it critically. "I scarcely think it does; but it is a fine very one."  
"Perhaps your daughter would like to see it?"  
"Ye-es." She laughed. "I am afraid it will make her feel rather envious." She rang the bell, and the servant came. "Ask Miss Eve to come for a moment, please."  
After a few minutes' waiting pretty Eve re-appeared, looking guiltily defiant.  
"Mr. Newton wants you to see his apple, Eve dear. Isn't it a beauty?" Eve flushed, and gave me a swift glance.  
"Yes," she said hesitatingly. She seemed to be studying the floor rather than the fruit.  
"It might be a fellow to the one that tempted Eve." I observed with a smile. She traced a pattern with her foot.  
"Adam was also tempted."  
"By Eve, I believe. I don't fancy he wanted the apple much, did he?"  
"You could not have a nicer apple than this anyhow." She looked right at me at last. Her eyes said quite plainly, "You needn't tell mother." As if I had had any such intention.  
"I am glad you like it," I said, "because I want to give it to you if I may. I could not help noticing that you admired it."  
"There, Eve!" said her mother. "I told you that every one would see that you coveted it."  
"I—I am sorry," she said, in a subdued little voice.  
"Pleas don't say that, or it will spoil my pleasure in giving it."  
"Then I am not sorry." She took it with a laugh.  
Soon afterward I went, assuring Mrs. Parker that I should soon avail myself of her kind invitation to call again.  
Then next day was Sunday. In the afternoon Eve sat under the shade of my apple tree reading a book. So I strolled out and looked over the wall.  
"Eve," I remarked, "was turned out of Paradise for stealing an apple."  
She looked up and smiled. Then she looked down.  
"The annual apple on this side has always belonged to Eve," she asserted.  
"She might spare a tiny piece for Adam," I suggested. She glanced at me out of the corner of her eyes.  
"Adam was better without the apple, you know," she assured me.  
"Adam," I declared, "needed no pity at all."  
She rested her chin on one hand, and looked at me inquiringly with her big eyes. I would put down how she looked if it were possible. It isn't. Mere ordinary charm of feature or colouring is common enough to have words. Real prettiness is unique, unnameable; little wifful curves of the features, little waves of the hair—and "ways." She is pretty like that.  
"Adam," she remarked, "lost Paradise and the apples."  
"But he had Eve."  
"You have plenty of apples," she said; "and you are not shut out of Paradise."  
"Then," I replied promptly "I will come in." I did.  
How do you know this is Paradise?" she asked, demurely.  
"Eve is here."  
She looked at me saucily over her book.  
"Poor Eve was much to be pitied."  
"Because she lost Paradise?"  
"No, because she kept Adam!"  
"Did she mind, do you think?"  
"Well—you see, it was just a very little bit her fault that he ate the apple."  
She would have eaten every scrap herself if she been a modern Eve."  
She looked up at the desecrated bough and laughed.  
"I think she could be persuaded to share it with the modern Adam," she stated.  
Thereupon she dived under the chair cushion and produced it.  
"Now you have Paradise and the apple!" she told me.  
"They are nothing." I said feelingly, "compared with—Eve!"  
But Eve—my dainty little Eve—is coming to No. 54 in the spring. It will save any further dispute, she says about the apple.—Madame.

**A Bright Idea**


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**The Poet Laureate.**

Mr. William Archer, in the August Critic, plaintively asks how much longer we have got to stand the present poet laureate's utterances: "The home secretary has assured us that the examiner of plays has been rebuked for an indiscreet utterance in the newspapers; whence it appears that the officers of Her Majesty's household are not absolutely irresponsible, but can be called to order when occasion demands. Is it not time, then, that someone should gently but firmly remonstrate with Mr. Alfred Austin, author of "Mafeking" and other verses, whose indiscreet utterances in the newspapers are becoming a national scandal? I have an uneasy sense of cowardice in advertising to this matter. It is poor sport, certainly, to attack a friendless and defenceless man, who is only too assiduously doing his best in that station of life to which malicious fate and a cynical prime minister have called him. But it is in no sportive humor that I approach the subject. If ridicule and parody, if jibes and jeers, could bring home to Mr. Austin the pathetic absurdity of his position, he would long ago have learned to minimize it by a resolute silence. Fortunately for himself, unfortunately for his country, a sense of humor has been denied him. Praised by none, derided by all, he pipes on imperturbable. It is this very doggedness, in itself sublime, which makes the nation ridiculous. Wherefore I ask: "How long are we fated to grin and bear it?"

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**Lying Low.**

"Nope," said farmer Cornstossel, "I didn't go to nary convention this year. I have points of sympathy with all of 'em, but I kept away."  
"Too busy?"  
"No; I wa'n't so busy jes' then. I was skeered. There ain't no tellin' nowadays who them delegates is a goin' to pick on fur vice-presidential nomination." — Washington Star.  
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**Intercolonial Railway.**

Tender for Filling Ponds and Beaches at Levis, Que.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Filling Ponds at Levis," will be received until seventeen o'clock, Eastern Standard Time,  
FRIDAY, the 7th Day of SEPTEMBER, 1900.

for the Filling of the Ponds and Beaches between the Ferry Wharf and Couture's Wharf, at Levis, P. Q.

Plans and specifications may be seen on and after Saturday, the 31st day of August, 1900, at the Assistant Engineer's Office, Levis Station, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.  
All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,  
General Manager.  
Railway Office,  
Moncton, N. B., August 28th, 1900.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

TENDER FOR STATION AT LEVIS,

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Levis Station" will be received until seventeen o'clock

TUESDAY the 25th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1900,

for the construction of a new Station Building at Levis, Quebec.

Plans and specifications may be seen on and after the 8th day of September, 1900, at the Assistant Engineer's Office, Levis Station, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.  
All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,  
General Manager.  
Railway Offices,  
Moncton, N. B., August 28th, 1900.

**A Clerical Witticism.**  
Dr. Lyman Abbott tells this anecdote of the Miles banquet: A punch was served showing tiny flags stuck in the ice at each side—the English and American flags. The prominent English guest of the occasion was replying to a toast to the two countries and looking at the punch with the American flag in one end and the English flag in the other, he said there seemed to be a coldness existing between the two countries. Dr. van Dyke followed, and looking at the punch and referring to what the other speaker had said stated that no matter what coldness there might be the countries seemed to be united by a common spirit.

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