

BUSINESS NOTICES

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, N. B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the regular mail of that day.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 18, 1898.

CANADA HOUSE

Corner Water & St. John Streets, CHATHAM. LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.

Robert Murray, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC., ETC. CHATHAM N. B.

G. B. FRASER, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC AGENT FOR THE WORTHE BRITISH

THE FACTORY? JOHN McDONALD, (Successor to George Cassady)

WANTED. A MAN to sell Canada grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, and Bulbs.

BUILDING STONE. The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.

BUILDING LOTS. FOR SALE on Princess, Victoria and Howard streets.

ADAMS HOUSE. ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL. WELLINGTON ST., CHATHAM, N. B.

CASTLE DRUG STORE. We have just received a large supply of PATENT MEDICINES.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES. Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.

Manchester House. Biscuits! Blankets! Blankets!

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL. SURGEON DENTISTS.

WOOD-GOODS! WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE

Laths, Palings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Saw Spruce Shingles.

THOS. W. FLETT, NELSON.

WE DO JOB PRINTING. Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY. We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.

THE MEDICAL HALL. B. R. BOUTHILLIER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

BATH GLOVES AND MITTS. SPONGES. A Beautiful Line of

TOILET SOAPS. Mackenzie's Medical Hall, CHATHAM, N. B.

INSURANCE. The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas P. O'Neil, deceased, is continued by the undersigned who represents the following:

SCOTCH UNION AND NATIONAL ASSURANCE CO. LONDON & LANCASHIRE ASSURANCE CO.

ONE DOLLAR BUYS TWO DOLLARS' WORTH. Trimming Done Free

JOSIE NOONAN'S. Millinery Parlors.

HUMAN & PUDDINGTON. SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

LOOK, LOOK! The Subscriber is prepared to furnish Shingles and Frames and Doors and Frames, any size and any quantity at lowest prices for spring delivery.

IMPROVED PREMISES. Roger Flanagan's. Wall Papers, Window Shades, Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes &c. &c.

Also a choice lot of GROCERIES & PROVISIONS. R. FLANAGAN, ST. JOHN STREET CHATHAM.

HEAD-QUARTERS. THE HEAD-QUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES IS AT THE

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE. LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY

Also a large stock of TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES, PERFUMES & SOAPS.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE. E. I. STREET, PROPRIETOR.

Miramichi Advance. CHATHAM, N. B., AUGUST 18, 1898.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you," answered Cardinal Wiseman on some one asking the names of several plants on the table.

"Well, an Irish man who said he couldn't remember all the old Latin names of the herbs of the Society of St. Ignace, retained very few of them, and he retained very few of them, and he retained very few of them."

The cardinal thoughtfully enjoyed humorous stories and often told them at his table. I have seen Father Faber, the author of the "Social Hours With Celebrities," at the cardinal's table, laugh till the tears rolled down his face.

A story which the cardinal enjoyed much was that of an Irishman, who, while taking a charge up the Shannon, was asked what goods he had on board, and answered, "Timber and fruit."

"What kind of timber and what sort of fruit?"

"I'm afraid I'm not sure, the timber is just Irish brooms, and the fruit, well, it's potatoes."

An Irishman avowed that the habit of Irish landlords of living outside of Ireland was the great grievance Ireland had to complain of.

"Oh, yes," answered an Englishman, "that's the old stalking horse. I don't believe in your absences."

"Not believe in 'em! Come to Dublin with me, and you'll see the hundreds. Why, the country just swarms with 'em."

Why Elephants Fear Mice. It seems incredible that so small and harmless an animal as a mouse is able to frighten an elephant almost out of his senses.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chancians, in their flight, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected.

to appear in public for a month. She never guessed what the trouble was. The volatized essential oil of roses is supposed to cause "rose cold."

Diagnosed. Patient—I'm feeling wretched, doctor. I have no interest in anything, have no appetite, can't sleep.

Doctors—Why don't you marry the girl?—London Punch.

In France when the use of yeast was first introduced, it was deemed by the medical faculty to be so injurious to health that its use was prohibited under the severest penalties.

The only two civilized countries in the world in which a white man is not permitted to acquire civil rights or own property are Liberia and Haiti.

Not to be Balked. A comparison made by an old carpenter 20 years ago may be applied in a much wider sense than he had in mind.

He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, had said, "I don't know but you had one just as well as the other."

"Um-m!" said the carpenter. "I presume to say your work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference between those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job, but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools and say nothing about it."

"If I was casted on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there is no use trying. Ed would do it without I could point him out a hammer."

"But Cy" added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. "The lack of a hammer would stump that boy. He'd have something to rig up, and that box opened if there was any open to it. I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life."

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words for while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich in his brother is still an ordinary workman—Youth's Companion.

The Southern Cross. After you have known the Southern Cross for awhile and get on speaking terms with it your respect for it grows. When we first met it, writes E. W. Harden to the Chicago Post, we were at sea and were keeping good hours. By 9 o'clock all of us would have turned in. When the Southern Cross first comes above the horizon, it lies over on its side, and it is not straight in the heavens until midnight.

Of course now of us would sit up three hours to see the cross right itself in the heavens, and we did not see it as it should be seen until one night in Colombo.

We had been out to dinner and did not go on board our ship until midnight. The moon had set, and we were roved out from the landing wharf, and we took those ethnological exhibit boats which the Ceylonese had at the World's fair, the outrigger kind. A big Peninsular and Oriental passenger ship was weighing anchor, and we passed, and as we got on the quarter deck of our ship the liner went by with hundreds of electric lights gleaming over the water. When it passed out of sight, we caught sight of the Southern Cross, high in the heavens, and we were struck by its position, and it was as brilliant and as beautiful as it had been led to expect.

"All Hands Abandon Ship!" A naval officer thus describes the reality. "All hands abandon ship!" drill: "Two minutes after the word has been passed every ship's boat has swung from its davits into the water, and a minute later every boat is thoroughly provisioned and watered. Within four minutes after the word has been passed, every man of the ship's company, from the commanding officer down, is occupying the station in the boat called for by his ship's number, and then the command "Sheer off" is given. The boats are hauled away a couple of hundred feet from the deserted vessel, and she rides without a human soul aboard her, often, when the drill is gone through in midocean, in a sea that the landman would account treacherous.

"Then the word 'Board' is passed, and within eight minutes at the most all hands are not only on board again, but every boat has been re-lashed to the davits, all of the provisions, water, instruments and other gear have been removed, and the ship's company is in a fair way to get to sleep again."

Some Hard Sense. Life is not a picnic. Of course, there are times when it is a picnic, but in a proper way, but on the whole it is a matter of hard and earnest work.

The men who work the hardest are the happiest.

Those who are happiest in their work are the most successful.

Every lick you put in now will be of benefit hereafter. No matter what your pay may be do the best that is within you.

You can't all get rich by lying on flowery beds of ease while other's fight to win the prize or sail through each day with colors at the masthead and every yard of canvas set. Work is the most beautiful, invigorating tonic that poor human nature can help itself to.

Remember that if you are well and busy you must, as a result, be happy.—Hardway.

He Complained. Mr. Transient—Is this all the butter you have in the house, Mr. Caterer? Mrs. Caterer—It is, Mr. Transient, and I wish you would try to make it go as far as you can.

Mr. Transient—With pleasure, Mrs. Caterer (opens window and throws butter against back fence). There! If it hadn't been for that fence, I could have made it go a little farther yet.—Boston Courier.

Not Unique. "Madam," said the smooth spoken tramp, "I am not an ordinary hobo!" "Oh, I don't know," said the brass-eyed housekeeper, as she leisurely took down her husband's gun from the wall, "you're about the same as the rest of 'em. You can work, but you won't. Git."—He and she.—Vim.

In Peking, China, so rumorm the tale, a mandarin of wealth and taste presented a luminary of the stage with a pack of cards made of human skin, 400 years old, and originally captured from a pirate of the most blood-curdling sort.

The king of Greece, when conversing with the members of his family, never employs any but the English language. He seldom speaks French and only uses Greek when compelled to do so.

Spelled the Rescue. Major Tom Williams some time ago told me the story of one of Colonel Gib Wright's adventures in South Carolina in the closing months of the war.

It seems that General Kilpatrick, the

Federal cavalry commander, had captured a number of Confederates, and Wright was anxious to rescue them. He called for volunteers to go with him into the enemy's camp at night and pick out the men he needed from those who responded.

The Federal troops were sneezing quietly in their camp and on both sides of the road leading to it, and their prisoners dozed by a fire near the center.

Just how they got there would be hard to explain, but shortly after midnight Gib Wright, at the head of a few men, rode at a gentle pace into the camp.

The drowsy Federals took them for a party of their own men returning from a scout, and paid no attention to them. Everything was working smoothly until one of the prisoners caught a glimpse of the newcomers. The fellow lost his head and ruined the whole business. He leaped to his feet and looked into the faces of the sleeping Confederates.

"Horry, boys!" he shouted in his delirious delusion. "Hang me, if there ain't old Gib Wright and his crowd. Durned if the whole Confederate army ain't right behind him!"

The Federal troops moved forward with the regular rebel yell, and the sleeping Federals suddenly became very wide awake. From every side they showered bullets on their visitors, and Wright and his men had almost a miraculous deliverance. Several were killed and wounded, but the leader and the majority of the party managed to get away.—Atlanta Constitution.

Getting Up. The Duke of Wellington slept on an iron camp bedstead 18 inches high and argued that "when a man wants to turn over it is time to turn out." Edward Everett Hale quotes this remark of the duke in the "Ten Times One Record."

He takes issue with him. "The principle is well enough," says Dr. Hale, "but I think the detail is wrong. Sleep is far too important to be made uncomfortable." Dr. Hale goes on to tell of various ingenious devices for automatically making a sleeper. A friend of his fixed his alarm so that at the fore-dated moment the bedclothes were dragged from the bed. The same gentleman found another contrivance which worked better. The alarm struck a match, which lighted the lamp which boiled the water for Rosseter's shaving. If Rosseter staid in bed too long, the water boiled over upon his razor and clean shirt and the prayer book his mother gave him and Coleridge's autograph and his own pocketbook and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came."

A Generous Admission. The London Graphic tells the following story about Hans Richter in an article on conductors:

Dr. Richter's popularity, with his men, is easily intelligible, for while nothing escaped his eagle-eyed vigilance he always recognizes and acknowledges good work. A few years ago, while he was conducting—from memory, as usual—one of Brahms's overtures at St. James's hall, "a strange thing happened," as Mr. Haggard used to say. Band and conductor lost touch for several bars, and when the piece was ended Dr. Richter signaled to the orchestra to play the overture again from the beginning. This time everything went all right, and it was as brilliant and as beautiful as it had been led to expect.

Carlyle's Eruption. Jenchin, the great violinist, was introduced to Carlyle by a mutual friend. The sage was about to take his morning walk in the park, and he had to accompany him. During a long walk in Hyde park Carlyle kept the conversation running on Germany and its great men—the Fredericks, Moltke and Bismarck—until at last Jenchin thought it was his turn to take a load, and he started with the inquiry, "Do you know Stern-dale Bennett?"

"No," was the reply, and, after a pause, "I don't care generally for musicians; they are an empty, windy baggy sort of people."

Playing Gooseberry. Playing gooseberry or "to play gooseberry" is common enough in connection with sweetheating. A lass arranges to walk with a lad, but for some reason she does not go, and the lad, so she takes a friend, another girl, and the friend "plays gooseberry." Sometimes the girl who is invited to share the walk refuses, saying, "Nay, I'm not going to play gooseberry." The girls speak of the lad in the connection as "gooseberry fool." By the way, green gooseberries stewed with a little water, mashed, and sugar added, constitutes "gooseberry fool."—Notes and Queries.

Just in Time. A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a certain house in Newcastle where a fierce dog is kept. The lad entered the back yard, and as soon as the dog saw him he planned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away. "Has he bitten you?" she asked.

"No," said the lad, "as kept him off by giving him your seat, an' ye just can't find time to save the beef!"—London Fun.

"In How" Defined. Mr. de Amer (exhibiting his Knight Templar charm)—I'm a h-o-c. Can you tell me, Ethel, what that means? Ethel (his love's little sister)—Yeth, thir. Ith where your watch ith.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A Wonderful flesh Protector. This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try Scott's Emulsion. It is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

DERAVIN & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS. ST. KITTS, W. I. Cable Address: Deravin LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent France.

GO TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC. VIA THE Canada Eastern Railway and Fredericton.

Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Junction to Boston.

Established in 1875, it has increased in circulation, and popularity each year. Advertising rates furnished on application. ADDRESS: SUN PRINTING COMPANY, LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN WEEKLY SUN. 4,992 Columns a Year. 16 Pages Every Week. One Dollar a Year

ST. JOHN DAILY SUN. IS A NEWSPAPER. 2 CENTS FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

WOVEN WIRE FENCING. WIRE ROPE BELVADE.

THE LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT CO. The only British Co. in Canada issuing Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies.

Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.

JAS. G. MILLER, AGENT.

Getting Up. The Duke of Wellington slept on an iron camp bedstead 18 inches high and argued that "when a man wants to turn over it is time to turn out." Edward Everett Hale quotes this remark of the duke in the "Ten Times One Record."

He takes issue with him. "The principle is well enough," says Dr. Hale, "but I think the detail is wrong. Sleep is far too important to be made uncomfortable." Dr. Hale goes on to tell of various ingenious devices for automatically making a sleeper. A friend of his fixed his alarm so that at the fore-dated moment the bedclothes were dragged from the bed. The same gentleman found another contrivance which worked better. The alarm struck a match, which lighted the lamp which boiled the water for Rosseter's shaving. If Rosseter staid in bed too long, the water boiled over upon his razor and clean shirt and the prayer book his mother gave him and Coleridge's autograph and his own pocketbook and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came."

A Generous Admission. The London Graphic tells the following story about Hans Richter in an article on conductors:

Dr. Richter's popularity, with his men, is easily intelligible, for while nothing escaped his eagle-eyed vigilance he always recognizes and acknowledges good work. A few years ago, while he was conducting—from memory, as usual—one of Brahms's overtures at St. James's hall, "a strange thing happened," as Mr. Haggard used to say. Band and conductor lost touch for several bars, and when the piece was ended Dr. Richter signaled to the orchestra to play the overture again from the beginning. This time everything went all right, and it was as brilliant and as beautiful as it had been led to expect.

Carlyle's Eruption. Jenchin, the great violinist, was introduced to Carlyle by a mutual friend. The sage was about to take his morning walk in the park, and he had to accompany him. During a long walk in Hyde park Carlyle kept the conversation running on Germany and its great men—the Fredericks, Moltke and Bismarck—until at last Jenchin thought it was his turn to take a load, and he started with the inquiry, "Do you know Stern-dale Bennett?"

"No," was the reply, and, after a pause, "I don't care generally for musicians; they are an empty, windy baggy sort of people."

Playing Gooseberry. Playing gooseberry or "to play gooseberry" is common enough in connection with sweetheating. A lass arranges to walk with a lad, but for some reason she does not go, and the lad, so she takes a friend, another girl, and the friend "plays gooseberry." Sometimes the girl who is invited to share the walk refuses, saying, "Nay, I'm not going to play gooseberry." The girls speak of the lad in the connection as "gooseberry fool." By the way, green gooseberries stewed with a little water, mashed, and sugar added, constitutes "gooseberry fool."—Notes and Queries.

Just in Time. A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a certain house in Newcastle where a fierce dog is kept. The lad entered the back yard, and as soon as the dog saw him he planned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran out and drove the animal away. "Has he bitten you?" she asked.

"No," said the lad, "as kept him off by giving him your seat, an' ye just can't find time to save the beef!"—London Fun.

"In How" Defined. Mr. de Amer (exhibiting his Knight Templar charm)—I'm a h-o-c. Can you tell me, Ethel, what that means? Ethel (his love's little sister)—Yeth, thir. Ith where your watch ith.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A Wonderful flesh Protector. This is the title given to Scott's Emulsion by many thousands who have taken it. It not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food. Use it and try Scott's Emulsion. It is perfectly palatable. Sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

DERAVIN & CO. COMMISSION MERCHANTS. ST. KITTS, W. I. Cable Address: Deravin LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent France.

GO TO PORTLAND, BOSTON, ETC. VIA THE Canada Eastern Railway and Fredericton.

Pullman Sleeper runs through from Fredericton Junction to Boston.

Established in 1875, it has increased in circulation, and popularity each year. Advertising rates furnished on application. ADDRESS: SUN PRINTING COMPANY, LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

ST. JOHN WEEKLY SUN. 4,992 Columns a Year. 16 Pages Every Week. One Dollar a Year

ST. JOHN DAILY SUN. IS A NEWSPAPER. 2 CENTS FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

WOVEN WIRE FENCING. WIRE ROPE BELVADE.

THE LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT CO. The only British Co. in Canada issuing Guarantee Bonds and Accident Policies.

Accident Insurance at lowest rates. Protect your life and your time by taking a policy in THE LONDON.

JAS. G. MILLER, AGENT.

Getting Up. The Duke of Wellington slept on an iron camp bedstead 18 inches high and argued that "when a man wants to turn over it is time to turn out." Edward Everett Hale quotes this remark of the duke in the "Ten Times One Record."

He takes issue with him. "The principle is well enough," says Dr. Hale, "but I think the detail is wrong. Sleep is far too important to be made uncomfortable." Dr. Hale goes on to tell of various ingenious devices for automatically making a sleeper. A friend of his fixed his alarm so that at the fore-dated moment the bedclothes were dragged from the bed. The same gentleman found another contrivance which worked better. The alarm struck a match, which lighted the lamp which boiled the water for Rosseter's shaving. If Rosseter staid in bed too long, the water boiled over upon his razor and clean shirt and the prayer book his mother gave him and Coleridge's autograph and his own pocketbook and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came."

A Generous Admission. The London Graphic tells the following story about Hans Richter in an article on conductors:

Dr. Richter's popularity, with his men, is easily intelligible, for while nothing escaped his eagle-eyed vigilance he always recognizes and acknowledges good work. A few years ago, while he was conducting—from memory, as usual—one of Brahms's overtures at St. James's hall, "a strange thing happened," as Mr. Haggard used to say. Band and conductor lost touch for several bars, and when the piece was ended Dr. Richter signaled to the orchestra to play the overture again from the beginning. This time everything went all right, and it was as brilliant and as beautiful as it had been led to expect.

Carlyle's Eruption. Jenchin, the great violinist, was introduced to Carlyle by a mutual friend. The sage was about to take his morning walk in the park, and he had to accompany him. During a long walk in Hyde park Carlyle kept the conversation running on Germany and its great men—the Fredericks, Moltke and Bismarck—until at last Jenchin thought it was his turn to take a load, and he started with the inquiry, "Do you know Stern-dale Bennett?"