

FAIR NEW ZEALAND

VISITED BY DR. TALMAGE IN HIS TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

Some of the Many Pleasing Surprises—Success of Woman's Suffrage—Bishop's Explanation of a Famous "Blunder"—Grand Reception to the Brooklyn Divine.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND, July 23.—The angels of night were descending from the evening skies and ascending from the waves of the Pacific and riding down in black chariot of shadow from the mountains of New Zealand as we approached the harbor of Auckland...

It was half past 7 o'clock when the great screw of our steamer ceased to swirl the waters, and the gangplank was lowered, and we descended to the firm land, our name called as we heard it spoken by a multitude who were there to greet us. Strange sensation was it, 10,000 miles from home to hear our name pronounced by those whose faces we had never seen before, and whose faces could be only dimly seen now by the lanterns on the docks and the lights of our ship...

I told how for many days I had been looking off on a great ocean of ice, but that I had not wanted, as many say under such circumstances, to be thrown overboard, and that I did not think any one ever did want to be thrown overboard, and reminded me of the seasick voyager who said he wished to be thrown into the sea, and the captain had a sailor dash on him a painful of cold ocean water, and when the soaked and shivering man protested and asked the captain what he meant by such an insult the captain replied, "You wanted to be thrown overboard, and I thought I would let you try how you liked a bucket of the water before you took the whole ocean."

Never so glad were we to stand on firm land as the night of our arrival at Auckland, Wondrous New Zealand! Few people realize how it was discovered. They tell us of Captain Cook and of

Idyllic Gone Wrong



"Will you give me this little hand, he pleaded, lovingly." "Refrain, this hand is already pledged," she replied. "I will redeem it," he answered, absently, "if you will let me have this ticket."

Dutch navigators, but all the islands of the South sea as well as the immense New Zealand were discovered as a result of the effort to watch the transit of Venus over the sun's disk from the South seas. The Royal Society sent on ships for this purpose, and Captain Cook and the astronomer and botanists who accompanied him on his voyage were only the agents of science. How the interests of this world are linked with the behavior of other worlds and how the fact mentioned suggests that most of the valuable things known in this world have been found out while looking for somebody else, and what sublimity all this gives to the work of the explorer, the transit of Venus as an island of light, resulting in the transit of many islands from the unknown into the well known. But the protest of such men can never be fully appreciated. The captain who puts out in this day of charts and navigating apparatus with a ship of 10,000 tons for an other hemisphere, daring typhoons and cyclones, strange currents and hidden rocks, must be a brave man, but who can measure the courage of Cabot or Marco Polo or Captain Cook sailing out into unknown seas, across wildernesses of water that have never been mapped, in ships of 20 tons, discovering rocks only by running upon them and meeting on shore by savages ready to scalp or roast them!

These challenges of tempest and cannibalism and oceanic horror must have had nerve and valor beyond that of any other heroes. Such men set New Zealand as a gem into the crown of the world's geography. To me and to most people who come here New Zealand is a splendid surprise. We have all read so much about the superstitions and outrageous cruelty of this land in other times that we are startled on arriving here to find more churches in New Zealand than in America in proportion to the number of the population. In one village that I visited since coming here I find eight churches to a population of 2,000 people. There are too many churches in many places in New Zealand, and they jostle each other and contend for right of possession, hindering each other and half starving many of their ministers, as is sure to be the case when there are too many churches, and consequently not enough support for every one of them.

Another surprise to me is that female suffrage is in full blast. I found elegant ladies telling of their experience at the ballot box, and I hereby report to the American ladies now moving for the right of female suffrage that New Zealand is clear ahead of them, and that the experiment has been made here suc-

cessfully. Instead of the ballot box degrading woman, woman is here elevating the ballot box, and why in New Zealand or America or anywhere else should man be so afraid to let woman have a vote, as though man himself had made such a grand use of it? Look at the suffragettes and the incompetents who have been elected to office and see how poorly the masculines have exercised the right of suffrage. Look at the governments of nine-tenths of the American cities and see what work the ballot box has done in the possession of man. Man at the ballot box is a failure. Give woman a chance. I am not clear that governmental affairs will be in any better by the change, but they can not be any worse. New Zealand has tried it. Let England and America try it.

It is often said in America that if women had the right to vote they would not exercise it. For the refutation of that theory I put the fact that in the last election in New Zealand, of 109,000 women who registered 91,000 have voted, while of the 193,000 men who registered only 129,000 have voted. This ratio shows that women are more anxious to vote than men. Perhaps women will yet save politics. I know the charge that she is responsible for the ruin of her race since she first ate the forbidden fruit in paradise, but I think there is a chapter in that matter of Edenic fruit not written. I think that Adam when he saw Eve eating that apple asked for a bite, and getting it into his possession ate the most of it, and he immediately shook the tree for more apples and has been eating ever since. If woman did first transgress, I cannot forget that she introduced into the world the only being who has ever done much toward saving it. Woman has started for suffrage, and she is a determined and persevering creature, and she will keep on until she gets it. She may yet decide the elections in England and elect presidents for the United States, as already she is busy in the political affairs of New Zealand. I was surprised also in these regions to find how warmly loyal they are to old England. I had heard that they had become somewhat impatient of their governmental mother. But this is not so. They practically have things their own way, electing their own Parliament, and all governors sent out from the old country are such men as I got agreeable, and the people are required to pay no tax to the British crown, and they are in good humor with the British flag.

I addressed an audience last night, on my right hand the United States flag, on my left the English flag, and you ought to have heard them shout when at the beginning of my address I said, "When in my church at home I pray for the President of the United States, I am very apt to say God Save the Queen."

Many of the streets of New Zealand cities are called after the generals and prime ministers of Great Britain; and Wellington and Palmerston and Gladstone are the names of great thoroughfares. New Zealand feels the financial depression very much as the whole world at this time seems suffering an epidemic. Indeed the world is now a compressed and interlocked affair. Out of the hold of our ship arriving in New Zealand were lifted rakes, haws and various agricultural implements of American manufacture. To-day all New Zealand is rejoicing that the American congress has put tax on the free list, and the value of sheep on all these hillsides is augmented.

Among our most interesting hours in New Zealand were those spent at the bishop's house in Auckland. Lord Bishop Cowie is a man of marvelous attractiveness, and his home is an enchantment, adorned with many curios which he brought from India when he served as chaplain during that war which interests and appals the world with its tales of mutiny. While chaplain he rode with Sir Colin Campbell and his historical host for the capture of Lucknow, that city whose name will stand in the literature of all ages as the synonym for sepy atrocities and womanly fortitude and Christian heroics. He told us most graphically how the women waiting for death at Lucknow tore up their underclothes to make bandages for the wounds of the soldiers, and that when at last these women were rescued they appeared in the brilliant dress of the ballroom, these dresses formerly worn by the convicts having been suddenly come upon, and when the wives and daughters of missionaries and Christian merchants had nothing else to wear.

Lord Bishop Cowie also had on his walls pictures of some of the most stirring scenes of the Russian war with which the military friends of the bishop had been cognizant. Here is a pictured scene where there was no retreat for the English, and yet their standing firm seemed certain destruction, and their general cried out: "Men, there is no hope from this place. You will die here!" and the men replied, "Ave, ave, we are ready to die!" And younder another picture seems of Balaklava after the famous charge of the 600, and the commander said to the few men who had got back from the awful charge, "Men, it was a mad brained trick, and they replied, "Never mind general, we would do it again." The bishop's walls in other places were made interesting by swords, belts and iron insignia of battle from the fields of India, all the more interesting because we expect in our journey around the world to visit Lucknow and Cawnpur and Delhi and many of the chief places made immortal by the struggle between British valor and sepy infamy.

And here from the bishop's own words I got a satisfactory answer to a question I have asked many times, but for which I never received a satisfactory answer. I said: "Your lordship knew the chief men of Balaklava, and will you please explain to me what I have never been able to find out, and to which Tennyson makes reference in his 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' and in that line where he says: 'Some one had blundered?' Do you know and will you tell me exactly what that blunder was?" He said, "I can and will." Then the bishop illustrated with knives and forks and napkin rings on the dining table the position of the English guns, the Russian guns and the troops. He demonstrated to me plainly what the military blunder was that caused the dash and charge of that cavalry regiment whose click of spurs and clatter of hoofs and jingle of bits and spurs of the bayonet you hear in the poet laureate's battle hymn. Here was the line of the English guns, not very well defended, and younder was the line of Russian guns backed by the whole Russian army. The order was given to the cavalry regiment to take care of those English

guns and keep them from being taken by the Russians, and the command was "Take care of those English guns!" But the words were misunderstood, and it was supposed that the order was to capture the Russian artillery. Instead of the command, "Take care of those guns!" it was that the command was was, "Take those Russian guns!" For that ghastly and horrible assault of the impossible the riders plunged their spurs and headed their horses into certain death. At last I had positive information as to what the blunder at Balaklava was. At Edinburgh, years ago I asked one of the soldiers who rode in that charge the same question, but even he, a participant in the scenes of that fiery day, could not tell me just what the blunder was.

Now I have at last not only told in stirring words of a natural orator and magnetic talker, but on the dining table of the Lord bishop of Auckland I had it set out before the eye, dramatized and demonstrated by the cutley on the white table cloth, but instead of the silver spoons the silver forks of a beautiful repast, and instead of bread cutting, and instead of the belching guns of destruction the memory of which shall be bright and fresh as long as I remember this visit to New Zealand.

Deal With Sea Turtles.

"I am reminded," said an old coasting captain, "of an experience I once had with sea turtles on the edge of the gulf stream, about 60 miles from Hatteras. I was part owner and captain of the Mary Lyle at that time and was coming up from Savannah with a half cargo of rice, when one morning the lookout yelled to me to come up on deck and look at the sea turtles. I got up and looked over the rail, the whole ocean, as far as I could see ahead of us, was covered with turtles. They were tremendous fellows and were paddling along lazily in the opposite direction to that in which we were going.

"It didn't take us long to rig up a windlass and tackle and begin pulling some of the old fellows aboard. We picked the biggest, as they came, and in the course of three hours we had caught 26, about all that we could handle. I had them all taken to New York, and we sold them for good prices. The shell of one that weighed 470 pounds is now in front of an eating house on Houston street, New York. I would hate to say how many turtles were in sight of the Mary Lyle that day for fear somebody might think I was fish yarning, but they came by us steadily for five hours, and when we got well into the school it extended as far as the eye could reach on all sides, and there was a turtle to about every 40 square feet of water, and I didn't see one that weighed less than 150 pounds."—Washington Star.

Wire Wound Wire.

An important change is to be noted in engineering practice—namely, that of winding steam pipes over 8 inches in diameter with three-sixteenths inch copper wire, thus nearly doubling the bursting pressure, in the case of merchant steamers using high pressure steam. It is found that, as with the wire wound gun, wire of square section coiled round the pipe under tension adds enormously to the strength, and the results of some tests have showed that a wire pipe stands just above the pressure it ought to have stood when unwired had the copper not been in injured in the brazing. To obviate the risks of careless brazing and enable the thickness of sheet copper forming the pipe to be reduced to a minimum, at the same time that full advantages of wire winding is secured, an improved system of manufacturing steam pipes has been devised—forming even a closer analogy to the wire gun than the usual system of wire winding—and consists in using copper of the thinnest practicable gauge to form the interior of the pipe proper. The body of the pipe wound closely around the core, the interstices being filled in solid with copper by a new system of copper electro deposition.—New York Sun.

Some Queer Shaped Comets.

The astronomers and observers in general have noted and recorded many oddities among the various comets or "hoary stars" that have made their appearance in the heavens. That of the year 1182, known as "the tail comet," was in the form of a plow, but without anything resembling handles. The crook near the "moldboard" finally elongated until the celestial wanderer stretched out in a V shape until it looked like a flock of fiery geese. Josephus says that the comet of the year 70 A.D. was in the shape of a sword, and that it "hung over the city of Jerusalem a whole year." The comet of 1221 looked like the flukes of an immense whale, the resemblance being so strong that it went into the histories of several widely separated countries as the "whale comet." Donati's comet, when first seen on June 2, 1858, was in the shape of a tadpole. On Oct. 3 it was sword-shaped, and six days later was the counterpart of the wing of a gigantic bird.—St. Louis Republic.

Six Cameras to One.

A sextuple photographic telegraph has just been completed for the Yale observatory which may revolutionize the present astronomical methods and lead to valuable new discoveries. Having six cameras instead of one, the new telescope can cover a field in the sky equal to that which would be occupied by 2,400 full moons. With this wonderful gain of perspective not only does it seem probable that it may reveal new facts relating to meteoric heights, but that it may cast new light upon the moon as a living world. Enlargement of the negatives of the Lick observatory revealed last year the existence of a new lunar crater, and the Arequipa observatory has discovered evidence of actual physical change.—Buffalo Commercial.

An Athlete's Gargle.

The duke moved softly into the barber's parlor and ranged himself alone in front of a clerk. "I want to purchase a peppermint," he said in a ladylike voice. "A what?" asked the clerk letting his chin drop. "A peppermint," repeated the duke: "one of those," he added pointing to what he wanted. "Oh," apologized the clerk, "you mean a sweater," and he raised the price 50 per cent. on him.

I Believe in Hood's Inherited Scrofula Cured



Mr. Geo. A. Zirkle, Mt. Horeb, Tenn.

The statements in the testimonial below are familiar facts to the immediate friends of Mr. Geo. A. Zirkle, school teacher, of Mt. Horeb, Tenn., very well known throughout the county, where he was born and has always lived. Read it. "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 'Dear Sirs—I believe in Hood's Sarsaparilla. I will tell you why. I have suffered from inherited scrofula from child hood. When 37 years of age, my eyes became strangely affected. I could not read after sunset, and when I would close my eyes, I could not open them; but on whichever side I lay, on that side I could open my eye. This condition continued about two years, and was succeeded by

An Intolerable Itching over my body and limbs. I had to have my little boys take shoe brushes and scratch me. It was dreadful. It continued a month and was followed immediately by a tumor in the right side of my neck, as large as a small egg. It at once commenced taking physicians' prescriptions and continued till I lost hope. In the meantime the tumor changed its place to the immediate front of my neck, suppurated and was followed by others, till six had formed and broken. 'Finally, three years ago, another large tumor seated itself on the point of my collar bone, and in six months another half way back on the bone. Both of them soon began to discharge and continued to do so till about seven months ago. I tried everything, including prescriptions. I was often so weak that

I Could Scarcely Walk and my mind was so confused that I could scarcely attend to my business (school teaching). I was utterly discouraged. And now my story draws to a close. I began the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla a little less than a year ago, and took five bottles. When I began I had no faith in it. In less than three months both the sores on my shoulder were healed; I was cured of a troublesome catarrh; and scrofulous habit has steadily grown less apparent. I weigh more than I ever did in my life, and am

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla a little less than a year ago, and took five bottles. When I began I had no faith in it. In less than three months both the sores on my shoulder were healed; I was cured of a troublesome catarrh; and scrofulous habit has steadily grown less apparent. I weigh more than I ever did in my life, and am

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