

A CHINESE BANQUET.

Extraordinary Variety of Fish, Flesh and Vegetables Served in Thirty-seven Courses.

Here is a first-class Chinese dinner in thirty-seven courses, as described by a writer in a London newspaper:

Course 1. Pyramid of ham and carrots in oblong slabs.

2, 3, 4 and 5. The same of mutton, boiled pig hide, grilled fish rolled in sugar and boiled fowl dipped in soy sauce.

6. Shark fin shreds in pickle, served a la hay-cock.

7. Eggs stewed away in lime till they had become black.

8. Peeled "water chestnuts," the root of a sort of lotos.

9. Cakes of cranberry jelly, very stiff, and piled in pyramids.

10. Sliced boiled carrots and turnips similarly arranged.

11. Pinnacled pyramids of green olives kept in place by bamboo pins.

12. Ditto of greenpeas soaked in wine.

13. Ditto of tamarinds; and 14, ditto of pieces of dried red melon.

15. Small piece of pastry rolled in brown sugar.

16. Sections of oranges, toasted melon pips and monkey nuts.

17. Small boiled dumplings with sugar inside, pink tops.

18. Patties similarly filled, for all the world like mince pies.

19. Baskets of pastry filled with brown sugar of the sandy sort.

20. Packets of pastry filled with mince-meat, folded as for post.

Now for the real "pieces of resistance"—eight big bowls containing:

21. Sea slug rissoles, the enjoyment of which was spoiled by information as to what they were, though certainly no worse than oysters.

22. Mutton stewed to shreds cut two inches long.

23. Fish tripe in white soup, not at all bad.

24. Stewed duck; 25, stewed shrimps; and 26, stewed lotos seeds.

27. Sliced chicken stew; and 28, red sturgeon stew.

Then came eight smaller bowls:

29. Clear soup, styled on the Chinese menu, "Mouth nourisher."

30. Raw pig's kidneys cut into the shape of an open flower.

31. Stewed shrimp's eggs; and 32, balls made of sliced ham.

33. Ducks' tongues stewed with ham, many dozens of them.

34. Sliced pigeon stew, the bird being cut up like a joint.

Thirty-five and thirty-six I failed to analyze, though I ascertained that the one was called in Chinese "The Three Silken Strings," being composed of pig's tripe, ham and chicken, and the other "Precious Shield Hooks," the composition of which I could not learn.

37. Last, but not least, with the exception of huge bowls of rice brought in to fill up the corners, the dish that in these lands takes the place of bread—a sort of sweet pilau called "The Eight Precious Things."

Better Than the Egg Trick.

Something far better than the egg trick was shown at a card party in Twenty-eighth street a night or two ago. The exhibitor declared himself to be a reformed gambler. He had made much money out of the trick and did not mind letting a few friends know the secret. He arranged two white hands from the desk, in one of which there were six trumps and in the other none. The cards being spread out on the table, face up, he bet \$100 that he could take either hand and beat any man in the room holding the other. A young whist player tried him with the trump hand and lost. Then an old fellow took the other hand, which he said was the stronger, and also lost. Others followed suit and lost. It made no difference who had the lead. Finally the old fellow tried again and won. He had analyzed the play. It is not safe to bet on the trick with a first-class player more than once. With two players evenly matched the trump hand will always be beaten.—New York Tribune.

The Dear Old Lady's Mistake.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Shuman from Bryan went to town, and in going to the hotel for dinner, saw a crowd around the justice court. The old couple, with pardonable curiosity, inquired the cause of the gathering. They were informed that a man was on trial for beating his wife. Edging their way through the bystanders to get a look at the prisoner, the old lady whispered to her husband:

"What a murderous-looking creature the prisoner is! I'd be afraid to get near him."

"Hush!" warned her husband. "That isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet."

"It isn't? Who is it then?"

"It's the judge!"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Regret.

"The general was a great talker before he was elected," said one constituent in a tone of melancholy reminiscence.

"He was that," replied the other.

"But he don't seem to have done much in the lines that he orated about."

"Mighty little. He says his hands were tied."

"I s'pose he tells the truth. But it does seem too bad that so many more of 'em gets their hands tied than ever gets 'em untied."

Envious Rabbits.

Johnny (looking up from his arithmetic with a sigh)—Oh, papa, I wish I was a rabbit!

Father—Indeed! And why would you like to be a rabbit, my son?

Johnny—Because I was reading a book to-day which said that they multiplied with astonishing rapidity.—Exchange.

PROCKINGS FROM GRILL

Talk is Cheaper.—Mr. Verbose—"Silence is golden." Miss Canstique—"I suppose that is why you give us so little of it."

The Reason Why.—"Editors never send my poems back." "That's easily explained. No doubt you forget to enclose stamps."

Good For The Audience.—Clara—"I'm getting uneasy about my sore throat." Mand—"Oh, it's nothing serious." Clara—"But I am afraid it will prevent my talking at the opera to-night."

Irony.—Guffles—"Say, conductor, you ain't running this car on time this morning." Conductor—"Guess not. What do you suppose the rails are for?"

Not his Business.—Goodum—"Do you expect to fill a drunkard's grave?" Old Soak—"Not much, (hic) sh't too hard work. Whass matter wiz er blooming shexton?"

Trials of an Artist.—D'Auber—"Well, I sold my picture for what it was worth." Smeere—"That was rough on you. How are you going to keep the wolf from the door?"

Unaccountable. Trolliar—"What's the trouble between you and Snarler? He was abusing you like a pick-pocket yesterday." Gaffick—"Was he though? That's strange. I never did the fellow a good turn in my life."

On Good Authority.—Tommy—"Ma, I thought you said it was wrong to fight?" Mother—"Yes, my son. Fighting is very wicked." Tommy—"No it ain't. I heard the preacher read out of the Bible this morning. 'H't h'is eye, Peter, be not afraid.'"

A True Friend of Labour.—O'Hare—"It's the foine politician O'Toole is. It really do one good to shake hands wid him." Flannagan—"It do indeed, especially at election times. He always laves a two dollar bill in the workin' man's fist then."

Thoughtful Husband.—Wife (preparing to retire)—"What on earth are you doing?" Husband (turning his pockets inside out)—"Trying to set your mind at rest so that you will get a good night's sleep. I want to show you that there is nothing in my pockets."

At Sir Hogger's Dinner Party.—Chappie—"Ah, you hear old man? Awfully mixed crowd, isn't it? There are actually a couple of tailahs heah, by Jove." Cholley—"You don't tell me. That's just splendid, you know! Shall get o'ah host to give me an introduction to one of them and go wound to-morrow and ordah a new suit."

A Wise Suggestion.

The young man had married the rich man's daughter, and wasn't killing himself with work to support her. One day the father called him up to call him down.

"Look here," he said emphatically, "why don't you go to work?"

"I don't have to," the son-in-law replied, with brazen effrontery.

"Well, you will have to."

"Why will I?"

"Because, sir, I can't live always to support you."

"But you will leave us something?"

"Not much, I won't. There won't be anything to leave."

The son-in-law was alarmed.

"Great Jupiter," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to tell me that you have nothing?"

"That's about the size of it."

The son-in-law devoted himself to profound thought for several seconds.

"I have a suggestion to offer," he said, in a business-like manner.

"What is it?" asked the old gent.

"Well, I suggest that you take out, say, \$100,000 life insurance on yourself to save wear and tear on my mind."

Napoleonic Economy.

"It seems to me," said a friend of the bank president, "that your cashier is most too extravagant for safety."

"How?" inquired the president, looking up over his spectacles.

"Well, he's building two or three new houses; he is buying unimproved real estate; he owns a lot of railroad stock, and is interested in various schemes."

"That's economy, my dear sir," explained the president.

"Economy, nothing," protested the friend. "His salary is only \$2,500, isn't it?"

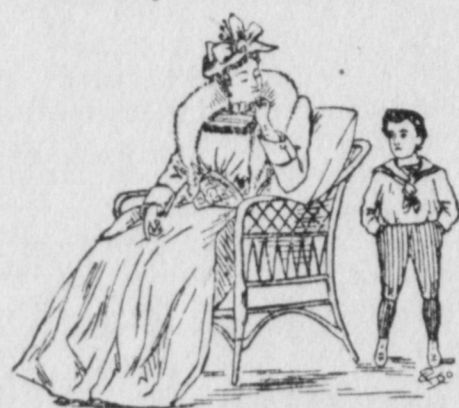
"That's all."

"Well, how the dickens can he spend \$10,000 or more every year?"

The president took off his glasses and wiped them carefully.

"Um-er," he replied, "only by the most careful economy, my boy. It takes an economist, I tell you, to do that. Now, if he were getting \$10,000 a year and saved \$2,500 for investment, there wouldn't be anything at all in it, but to do it the other way is Napoleonic, my boy, Napoleonic."

The Day After Christmas.



Visitor.—Well, Willy, did you have a good time yesterday?

Willy (in disgust).—No; I ain't half as sick as I was last Christmas.

The Light-Headed Youth.

The clock struck 11 and the young man rose to go. "Is it possible I have been here so long?" he murmured apologetically.

"Oh, do you look at it in that way?" suggested the young lady with sudden coolness.

"Such a waste of time," he continued, stumbling madly on to destruction.

"Sir! if you—"

"Of your time, my dear miss," he gasped on the brink, and was saved from going over.

"Don't mention it," she said sweetly, and they parted as friends, but he realized that it was a narrow escape.

What She Will Say.

"You think you're wonderfully good," said Mr. Scapegrace to his wife, "but what will you say when you meet me in Heaven?"

"Well," she responded, "I'll say: 'How did you manage to get here?'"

Not Unknelt.

First quidnunc—"Did the town authorities take any appropriate action on the death of Scruggs the millionaire?"

Second quidnunc—"Yes; they had the fire-bell rung while the funeral was going on."

ORIGIN OF THE BOERS.

A Peculiar Mixture of Hollanders and French Huguenots.

It is extremely interesting, at the present moment, to inquire as to who and what the Boers really are, and whence comes this heroic and stubborn defense on their rights which has exalted these South African agriculturists in the eyes of the world.

After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV., numbers of Huguenots in 1688 left France and settled in Cape Colony under the Dutch, who then had possession of it, which Government at that time denied the very privileges to the Huguenots that their descendants and those of the Dutch have until recently denied the Johannesburgers, which has led to this unfortunate revolt against the Government of the Transvaal, as in the eighteenth century it led to the French exodus from Cape Colony.

Two centuries ago, when the Huguenots in Cape Colony presented a petition to the Governor for electoral rights, Van der Stell was enraged, and dismissed them with a severe reprimand, "to restrain their French importunities," which had a parallel in Pretoria lately, when some reasonable appeal for representation by the Uitlander was "received with jeers" by the members of the Raadzaal. In 1709 the use of French in addressing the Government on official matters was publicly forbidden. In 1724 the Church service in French was permitted for the last time, and seventy years after the arrival of the Huguenots in South Africa their children ceased to speak French entirely. When the settlers could no longer endure the tyranny of the Dutch, they "trekked," or tracked, into the interior, and it is, therefore, quite as likely that the Dutch-speaking Frenchmen are more entitled to be called the owners of the Transvaal than the Dutch themselves—that is, if we consider, as civilized nations do, that the original native has no territorial rights whatsoever.

If the original Huguenots have been deprived of their language, they have not been deprived of their names, and those we find all through South Africa: Du Plessis, Malherbe, Rousseau, Fouché, De Villiers, Du Toit, Malan, Marais, Jourdan, Mesnard, Du Pre, Notter, Le Febvre, Cordier, Retief, Le Roux, Thereon, Hugo, Le Grange, and dozens of others. What are the names they gave to the homes they established if not French—Normandy, Le Parais, Lamotte, Rhone, Champagne, Langue, etc., etc? The name of the Commandant General, Joubert, is French, and he is probably also a descendant of one of those who, in 1688, exiled themselves from France for the sake of their religious liberty. The names of the Boers, De Beer (not Van Beer), Du Toitspan, whose farms were despoiled when diamonds were found in Kimberley, are obviously of French origin, so that it would appear that the President of the French republic has more reason for offering sympathy than the German Emperor.—London Sketch.

"Boy-Like."

The Des Moines, Iowa, Mail gives a laughable instance of a boy who was "boy-like" to the last degree. He was but eight years old, and he was sick in the hospital.

One day his nurse told him that the first snowstorm of the season had come, and that everything was white and beautiful.

The poor little fellow's eyes sparkled for the first time in many weeks. "I wish I could see a snowball," he said, plaintively.

"So you shall, my dear," said the kind-hearted nurse, and in a moment more a snowball was brought in and laid near the bed, the boy viewing it with manifest delight.

The nurse was called away to another part of the ward, and she had gone half way across the room when "whack!" came the snowball between her shoulders, while the boy gave a shrill yell of delight, and hid under the bedclothes as if fully expecting the attack to be returned.

The nurse was too much amused to be indignant, and joined heartily with the other patients in the laughter that the mischievous little patient's performance created.

Glass of Fifty Years Ago.

"The glazier of fifty years ago," said a Maine man of experience in the business, "worked differently from what we do to-day. Glass was very costly then compared with present prices and much of it was so warped and crooked it would be a curiosity in these times.

Owing to the cost we had to be very careful in setting it and the glazier of that day had to be a wood-carver as well as a man of putty. The warped panes had to be laid into the sash and their shape scribed on the wood underneath. This was then cut away so as to make the glass fit into place. Nowadays the glass is tolerably true, and besides it is so cheap that we never stand for a fit. It is sprung into place and if it breaks it is thrown aside. The old crooked glass was, some of it, of superior quality. This was known as Boston crown glass or Berkshire crystal. It was clearer and more brilliant than most modern glass. Only the better quality of houses had this kind, but there are still many old residences throughout Maine in which it may be found."—Lewiston Journal.

All the Good We Can.

When we put all the good we can into one year we shall get all the good we may out of the year. Each moment of time may thus bring to us a glow and throb of eternal existence, make us inwardly younger as we grow older, until we enter that perfect state of which it is written that "time shall be no longer."

FOR LOVERS OF FIGURES.

Something About the Lives, Deaths and Births of Fellow-Mortals on This Planet.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 8,004 different tongues. There are about one thousand religions.

The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years. About one-third of the population dies before the age of seventeen.

According to the most careful computation, only one person in 100,000 of both sexes attains the age of 100 years, and six to seven in 100 the age of sixty.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 85,214,000 die annually, an average of 98,848 a day, 4,020 an hour and 67 a minute.

The annual number of births is estimated at 86,792,000, an average of 100,800 a day, 4,200 an hour and 70 a minute.

A Dancer With a Rubber Foot.

"It is surprising how nicely a man can walk with a rubber foot," remarked a traveling man at the Laclede, around whom a group of listeners were sitting. "I attended a ball last week in a town in Illinois and was introduced to a gentleman from Ohio, who had for a partner the prettiest lady in the ball-room. During the evening I had occasion to notice this couple, who were conceded to be the most graceful dancers in the hall. In all round dances they were partners, and the most intricate figures were executed with a charming ease and grace excelled by none, except they be teachers of the poetry of motion."

"Next day, after I had waited upon my customers and gone to the hotel, in came my friend of the night before, walking on a pair of crutches and one leg off at the knee joint. I was surprised, and remarked, 'You certainly are not the gentleman I met last night at the ball? Most assuredly I am, but after dancing all the evening my leg becomes wearied, and to give it a rest I leave my rubber foot at home the next day. I can feel the sensation now as if my toes were cramped by a pair of tight shoes. Otherwise I feel no inconvenience in the loss of my lower limb.'"—St. Louis Republic.

The Successful Teacher.

There are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have—knowledge of his subject-matter and knowledge of his pupils. The first of these can be gained only by study, the second only by experience. The man who has never been a real child himself cannot effectively teach children; and he who does not know by experience the warm-hearted, exuberant gaiety of school and college boys cannot successfully teach them. Furthermore, the teacher who spends more time on the method of teaching literature than on literature itself is sure to come to grief. Greatest of all forces is the personality of the instructor; nothing in teaching is so effective as this; nothing is so instantly recognized and responded to by pupils; and nothing is more neglected by those who insist that teaching is a science rather than an art. After hearing a convention of very serious pedagogues discuss educational methods, in which they use all sorts of technical phraseology, one feels like applying Gladstone's cablegram, "Only common sense required."—The Century.

His Hard Luck.

"Talk about there being no such thing as luck," said Bilkins, deprecatingly: "why, everything's luck—life, riches, health and even the choice of parents depends on the merest chance. And I have been the unluckiest dog in Christendom."

"Unlucky?" said Wilkins, sympathetically. "Why, I don't know. Now, you've health, a wife—"

"There's an example, my wife. You remember the day we walked down town together? You picked up old Rockleigh's pocketbook. Your acquaintance in this way with him was wholly an accident. Now you are his partner in a money coining business. I picked up a girl's handkerchief. Now I am her husband. I tell you, old man, I'm a Jonah."—Washington Times.

Why They Quarrelled.

A servant who can get a better place is not much to be blamed if she refuses to live in a quarrelsome family.

Housekeeper, in pursuit of a cook—Why did you leave your last place?

Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, mum.

Housekeeper—What did they use to quarrel about?

Cook—The way the dinner was cooked, mum.—Exchange.

They Differ in Details.

The bushranger of Australia and our own western road agent have objects and methods of business in the main identical, but they differ in minor details and in their distinctive slang. The unfortunate traveler who meets a western road agent is "held up." His experience with an Australian bushranger would be practically similar, except that he would be "bailed up," while if he met one of the craft in New Zealand he would be "stuck up."—New York Sun.

Keeping Up With the Times.

"Oh, mamma!" said a little girl, "I singed in Sunday school to-day."

"Did you?" said her mamma. "Could you keep up with the others?"

"I dess I could! I kept ahead of them all the way through!"

That is about the way many of us keep time as we go through life—a little ahead of our fellows or lagging behind.—Boston Commonwealth.

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Richibucto, May 6, 1896.

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COLLECTORS NOTICE.

The under mentioned non residents of District No 1, in the parish of Carleton, in the County of Kent, are hereby requested to pay to the under mentioned Collector the amounts of County and Road Tax as set opposite their names together with cost of this advertisement \$1.00, each within sixty days from date 3rd March 1896, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover same.