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IF.
What to me are worlds of splendor
If the splendor of thine eyes
Gaze not in the depths of mine, love,
Where thy image lies?
What are days without thy presence,
What the nights without thy care,
What to me are joys of heaven
If thou art not there?
Passion's kiss on red lips dieth
If the red lips' kiss is cold.
Scanty is the lily's perfume
Till the buds unfold.
There can be no strain of muscle
Till the player touch the chord
And the master's thought is silent
Till it finds the word.
Worlds would darken into ruin
If the sun should cease to shine,
What are life and love to me, then,
If bereft of thine?
—Emily Selinger in Boston Transcript.

SPOONS.

The Date of Their Origin Unknown, They
Are So Very Ancient.
If you desire to know about the scarcity of really reliable data on the history of spoons, take down your handbooks and encyclopedias and see if it doesn't take you a long while to learn anything concerning their origin, "nativity," etc. In fact, the antiquarians do not pretend to give us anything of value in that line. It is admitted that they are "very ancient," but just exactly how old they are and by whom and where they were first used are points upon which we are left completely in the dark. Creighton says, "Spoons must have been a very ancient invention, for a Saxon spoon of perforated silver gilt, ornamented with gems, was found in a grave at Sarre, Thanet."

When forks were unknown, spoons played a very important part at the table. Spoons of the thirteenth century, and even later, had handles terminating in a knob, knot, acorn or other odd and cumbersome devices. About the period of the restoration, of which so much is said in English history, a great change was made in the forms of spoons. In some of the unique patterns the "spoon" part was divided into two, three and even four parts, and the handle always split or twisted and turned up instead of down and back. Spoons of that period were all blunt instead of being pointed as in the forms generally seen at present. They continued short and blunt down to the time of George I, when they were first made pointed and had the handles turned down instead of up.

About the year 1500 what were known as "apostle spoons" were introduced. They were so called because they had the figures of the 12 apostles carved upon their handles. They were generally given by sponsors to children at their time of baptism. The wealthy presented the entire 12, those who could not afford to indulge in such extravagance giving one or more, according as they felt able.
The most curious and remarkable spoon in the world perhaps is a "coronation spoon," preserved among the other royal relics in the tower of London. The bowl is of gold and the handle of silver. The handle is split down the middle and set with all kinds of precious stones. The relic is valued at about £20,000, or upward of \$100,000. —St. Louis Republic.

China.
The Matchoorian has always been aware that there were large deposits of coal "in his midst," but he used to imagine that they were under the control of evil spirits, and he therefore would not touch them himself nor allow any one else to. A good deal of that old nonsense has been brayed out of him by recent events—the war and the practical enterprise of the Russians in his territory—and the fields are now being opened. They are abundant and are found all over the country and will have the most important influence in its development. The climate, soil and geographical situation of Manchuria are favorable to the maintenance of a large, enlightened and progressive population, the root of which, in many races interblended through many ages, is already there. With a Russian railroad running through the country and Port Arthur as the outlet and inlet of its commerce, a new chapter of its history will be opened, and the humdrum career which it has pursued since the days of Kublai Khan, and as much farther back as anybody wishes to go, may merge into a more active and enterprising one, giving her a new status in the world and a new relation to its affairs. —New York Tribune.

Religions in New Zealand.
The New Zealand Gazette gives the census tables dealing with "Religions of the People." Out of 703,360, the total population, 702,238 gave answers on the census forms. The Episcopalians numbered 281,166; the Presbyterians, 159,952; Methodists (of all kinds), over 73,000; Roman Catholics, over 97,000. The other sects come far below these figures. Unitarians number 375. "Our Father's Church" numbers 80. There is one "esoteric Christian," one "salvation Catholic," one "sinner saved by Grace" and one "Christian freethinker." One is a "Bible freethinker," another "believes in his Maker;" there is one "pessimist," one "natist," one "trinit" and one "heathen." Nearly 16,000 objected to state their position.

A Sudden Change of Mind.
She—Does my refusal really pain you?
He—Yes, it does. I was so sure you would tell me "Yes" I actually wagered \$100,000 that you would marry me.
"A hundred thousand dollars? Well, I was only joking. When shall it be, dear?" —Boston Traveller.
The five principal fortresses in Bulgaria are at Rastchuk, Silistria and Widdon on the Danube, Varna on the Black sea, and Shumla in the interior.
Edinburgh is 3,375 miles northeast of Washington.

A CITY OF THE DEAD.

PERE LA CHAISE, THE GREAT AND BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY OF PARIS.

It Contains 90,000 Mausoleums and Monuments—The Last Resting Place of Many Whose Names Live in History—A Battlefield in the Days of the Commune.

Pere la Chaise, so called after Louis XIV's confessor, who had his residence on the hill long ago, covers 106 1-2 acres and is laid out like a miniature city, in nearly 150 streets or avenues and little paths. Bordering these are 90,000 mausoleums and monuments of every description, from the most magnificent tombs to the most unpretending urns. Each little house has its family name above the door, and few are ever without some fresh tokens of loving remembrance.

The French may not be a deeply religious nation, but they certainly do not lack personal affection and respect, and this is strikingly shown in their devotion to the memory of their dead. Ornamental wreaths made of beads or tin, black, white and colored, many of them with appropriate mottoes, were piled or hung upon the monuments.

Entering one of the main streets and walking up the hill, we were soon in a labyrinth of tombs. Inside of one little house, which had a glass door, there was a shelf built of marble, upon which stood a framed photograph of a man. On each side were vases filled with white lilies, and underneath was stretched a white ribbon, and letters in gold upon it told that this was an offering from his sorrowful schoolmates. Three columns rising from one pedestal and resembling some fragment of a Roman ruin stood to commemorate three brothers who had wished to be laid together. Many monuments were like obelisks or in other Egyptian forms, showing the influence upon the fashion of the time of Napoleon's eastern campaign. One large column with a broken shaft stood alone in an open space upon a raised platform and attracted our attention because of the great number of wreaths and flowers piled high upon it. This was a monument to those whose burial places were unknown, whose deaths were shrouded in mystery, and whose mourners come here to pray and weep. As we looked a poor woman with a child by one hand added her little spray of chrysanthemums to the gay but pathetic heap. Soon familiar and world famous names began to claim our interest. Here lay Moliere and further on Alfred de Musset, the great poets, Chopin's last resting place marked by a beautiful figure. Lafontaine, with a little fox appropriately crowning his sepulcher—for who can mention him without thinking of the sly puss that got the crow's dinner?—Balzac, the novelist; Cherubini, the composer, and many other famous painters, authors and musicians. Then the brave men who fought for France—Marshal Ney, Napoleon's right hand man, who lies in a little inclosed lot filled with shrubs and flowers, but with no monument, for when he died his enemies were in power and would allow none to be erected, and now its absence and the simple grave speak more eloquently than could the finest tomb.

Near by lies poor Villeneuve, who lost at Trafalgar and in consequence of Napoleon's displeasure received such a harsh rebuke when he returned to Paris that he ran a needle through his broken heart. Just across the way from him is Parmentier, the agriculturist. He was the man who with the utmost difficulty convinced the dainty French that the potato was worth cultivating and eating. They say that Marie Antoinette helped him to attain this end by wearing potato blossoms with her beautiful ball gowns. However true this may be, certain it is that the vegetable is planted every year around the good man's tomb. There is one tomb which every one is sure to visit at Pere la Chaise, and this is the grave of Abelard and Heloise, the grave that has been the subject of so many songs and verses, and where lovers come to plight their vows and pledge their faithfulness. Very romantic it must be, too, on a moonlight evening, with the pale rays falling on the stone figures lying peacefully side by side, with folded hands, under the canopy of early Gothic style, with queer gargoyles at each corner. The story of the lovers is well known. They had many trials and tribulations, but at last they rest together, according to Heloise's last wish that she might be reunited to her idol. Through the tombs and trees we went higher and higher, until we came out upon a wide terrace and Paris burst upon our view. Paris, sparkling in the sunlight, spread before us in a glittering panorama, an immense expanse of white buildings with domes, towers, spires and bridges, and the Eiffel tower rising like a gaunt skeleton amid the feast of beautiful architecture. No wonder that the mutineers of the commune appreciated the fine advantages of position afforded by Pere la Chaise. Here they entrenched themselves and transformed the quiet cemetery into a noisy camp. Here they met the fire from the government positions, until finally they were overpowered by troops which sealed the heights, and the terrible slaughter took place when thousands of the communists fell among the sepulchers. Some poor wretches tried to hide in the tombs, and the merciless soldiers closed them up fast, so that to this day skeletons of their victims are found in their ghastly prisons. —Paris Cor. New York Observer.

A Claim AND An Offer

WE CLAIM there is only one preparation in Canada to-day that is guaranteed to cure BRONCHITIS, and that is DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LIMESED AND TURPENTINE. It is MOTHER'S cure for her child when it is all stuffed up with CROUP and coughing its little lungs out with WHOOPING COUGH. One small dose immediately stops that cough. By loosening the phlegm, puts the little one to sleep and rest. Dr. Chase compounded this valuable syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of turpentine and limesed. WE OFFER to refund the price if Dr. Chase's Syrup will not do all that it is claimed to do. Sold on a guarantee at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard St. Price, 25c.

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H. O. BARBOUR, of Little Rocher, N. B., writes: "As a cure for coughs Pny-Pectoral is the best selling medicine I have; my customers will have no other."
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JAMES SPARRACK.