

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Lord Salisbury's ancestors were members of the English cabinet 300 years ago.

The latest figures on the debts of the Prince of Wales places the aggregate at \$1,700,000.

The late Duke of Bedford's income, apart from his personal estate or from his enormous property in London, was \$750,000.

The Emperor of China is anxious to visit the United States, and is said to be impatient because the Chinese minister in Washington urges him to wait until the world's fair.

Countess Aymery de la Rochefoucauld is said to be the most beautiful woman of this century. Her profile is strikingly like that of Marie Antoinette, and her hair is of the real shade possessed by the martyr queen.

Dr. Gatling is working on a new gun which will knock the spots out of his famous pepper box gun. His object is to make war so dangerous that nations will have hard work to decide between it and base ball.

Marie Stolle, a once popular soubrette in Berlin, died happy in a hospital last week. She once had the world at her feet and lived like a queen. Consumption seized upon her and she was soon forgotten.

The Duke of Fife is a dude whose highest ambition in life seems to be to wear as many changes of clothing as he was a walking advertisement for a swell tailor. He would faint at the thought of a crease in his coat and die of blue mold were his trousers to bag at the knee.

London now has a number of women of aristocratic lineage who are in trade as milliners or dressmakers. The pioneer of them all is Lady Granville Gordon, who six years ago opened a little shop in Park street. Her capital at the start was only £150, but she has been remarkably successful.

Edwin Booth in a plain, ordinary suit of gray and a soft black hat is frequently seen these days about the New York thoroughfares. A great many people appear to recognize the wonderful eyes under the heavy eyebrows, the long, strong nose, close lips and rather sharp chin. Mr. Booth looks well and much younger than his years.

The king of Dahomey is the proud possessor of a brass helmet with a flowing green plume which he considers of more consequence to his dignity than troops of guards or a park of artillery. When he mounts it on his massive brow and dons his court uniform—a paper collar and a pair of braces—his subjects look admiringly at him through smoked glasses.

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his 21st year. To be a sculptor it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and perspicuity. The latter faculties Vidal has to an exceptional degree—even more acute, he believes, than if the former were not lost to him forever.

Mrs. Nancy M. Johnson was the inventor of the first ice cream refrigerator in this country. Before her invention ice cream was made by a spoon constantly kept stirring up the cream. She devised the crank, and got out a patent for her invention in the year 1843. She afterward sold the right of her patent for \$1,500. She lived in Washington all her life, and died in 1890 at the ripe old age of 95 years.

The Princess of Wales adds to her various accomplishments, which include practical dressmaking, a technical knowledge of carpentering, brass hammering, etc., and she spends some time teaching in the school she has established on the estate. The hospital, also, engages much of her attention, and her kindly visits among her people there and in their cottages, wins for this gracious, gentle lady their most devoted love and admiration.

Phillips Brooks was asked some time ago to furnish a sketch of his career for the record of his class in Harvard, and replied in the following characteristic fashion: "I shall certainly be at commencement and shall not miss the dinner on commencement day. As to your question, I have little to say. I have had no wife, no children, no particular honors, no serious misfortune and no adventures worth speaking of. It is shameful, at such times as these, not to have a history, but I have not got one and must come without."

Mrs. French Sheldon, the wealthy woman whose proposed daring attempt to emulate H. M. Stanley's recent feats in mid-Africa has attracted much general attention, resides with her husband, a well-known author, in a beautiful retreat near the Thames, at Hampton. She is of fine physique, lithe and supple, with piercing eyes, very handsome, of exceptional conversational powers, and one who appears to be regardless of fear. She is said to be a relative of Sir Isaac Newton, is comparatively young, and of American birth.

Is it a Coincidence.

Surely this is not a coincidence merely, or if so, a very remarkable one indeed. I had been reading the *Story of an African Farm* and pondering over the queer ideas expounded there, I could not fail to recognize them as children of the great American poet Emerson. Many of the ideas are identical, and it is not difficult to notice some peculiarities in style which the two writers have in common. It was after I had settled in my own mind that the poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson had, at any rate, been very well known to Miss Schreiner that it struck me that the following was a very curious fact:—The words "Ralph Waldo Emerson" supply Miss Schreiner with names for "the little firstling of her pen." Thus, the book is written under the *nom de plume* of Ralph Iron, and has two leading characters in Waldo and Emme. Putting these words together, it will be found necessary to change their order very slightly to form Ralph Waldo Emerson. Of course, in "Iron's" we have an I instead of an E, but otherwise the same letters are used in both sets of words. —J. A. M.

The prices of Wilkins & Sands for Painting and Graining are very reasonable—Union street.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"Fingers were made before forks," remarked Miss Elder, at the table. "Mine weren't," replied Miss Flipp, spitefully.

Teacher—"Why did Caesar hesitate on the banks of the Rubicon?" Bad Boy—"Because he didn't have any bathing suit."

"Who was the author of the saying, 'There is always room at the top?'" "The hotel clerk, I believe," [Boston Gazette].

It is hard to believe in the religion of a man who always looks as though he had just been throwing bootjacks at a cat.—[Ram's Horn].

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water, upon seeing a boy picking up a stone.

First Fly—They are painting the house outside. Let's go out and get stuck in the paint. Second Fly—I'd rather stay here and get stuck in the butter.

"Alas! It is an age of doubt!" sighed the philosopher. "What?" asked his companion. "The age of woman," he answered.—[Harvard Lampoon].

Young wife (with innocent pride)—I made this pudding myself, Harold. Young husband (consoling)—Never mind, Imogene; nobody will ever know it but me.—Chicago Tribune.

Up in the parlor the young folks sat; With each hour their words grew sweeter, While her father, grim, With a lantern dim, Sat down in the cellar and swore like a vim, As he watched every skip of the meter.

"My boy," said the witty young swell to the street-arab, "have you seen a cart pass this way with a load of monkeys?" The street arab was equal to the occasion, and he answered, looking sympathetically at the masher, "Why, hae ye fa'en aff?"

Middle-aged Spinster (as tramp comes into the yard)—What do you want here, anything to eat? Tramp—What else should I want, madam? Did you think I came to offer a proposal of marriage?—Boston Herald.

Wife—I've just had a letter from mother. Husband—How is she? Wife—She's miserable. Husband—I'm glad of it. Wife—Monster! Husband—Not at all. I know your mother. She's never happy except when she's miserable.

"Some of the college boys got badly hurt yesterday night." "What was the matter?" "They had a base ball match, you see." "They must have played a desperate game." "Oh, they weren't hurt in the game; it was in celebrating the victory."

"And you think I will never tire of you, George?" Never cease to regard you with affection?" "You never will. You are altogether too sweet to sour on me." She smiled, blushed, cast down her eyes and the kiss he had been begging for was granted.

"What is the difference between the two dudes we just passed and a pair of true lovers?" "I give up conundrums." "A pair of true lovers are two souls with but a single thought, while the dudes, judging from their vacuous faces, are two souls without a single thought."

"Now, John," said the pessimist's wife, who had persuaded him to go to the circus, "I do hope you will try to throw aside all care and enjoy yourself." "I have, Maria," he replied as he gazed at the contortionist; "but there it is again, the same old struggle to make both ends meet."—Ex.

Jack Hardup—Oh, Miss Ploutot! may I hope at all? Miss Ploutot—No, Mr. Hardup, this must go no further, but I will be a sister to you. Jack Hardup—Well, then, Miss Ploutot, just remind the old gentleman that I'm his son; I'm afraid he might forget me in his will.—Yale Record.

Ned (at the club)—"Where's Tom?" He is generally in time." Fred—"Tom's chair will be empty for some days. He bought a bicycle yesterday. Then he thought it would be 'such a pleasure to be able to ride.' Now he writes it would be 'such a pleasure to be able to walk.'"

"The rooms are too few and too large," said the lady, after she had inspected the Prairie avenue flat, "and the price is too high. Besides, the house is shapeless. It is a regular Noah's ark of a building." "Yes, mum," said the dignified janitor, frigidly, "it's right in the swim."—Chicago Tribune.

Fred—Baw Jove, Cholly, when the nasty, ugly dawd twined to bite me I just stopped still and looked at him—like this—and baw Jove, he turned round and ran off. Wasn't that great presence of mind? Cholly—It was, indeed, old chappie. Who would have expected to see it in a dog?—[Chicago Tribune].

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked a tramp of the servant, who rang the door bell of one of the stateliest mansions in Austin. "De lady of de house don't come to de do' to talk wid de likes ob you." "Then," said the tramp, elevating the remnant of a hat with a grace Chesterfield might have envied, "tell the lady of the house a gentleman wishes to speak with her in the parlor."—Texas Siftings.

It was a Scotchwoman who said that the butcher of her town killed only half a beast at a time. It was a Dutchman who said that a pig had no marks on its ears except a short tail. It was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife!" It was an American lecturer who solemnly said, one evening, "Parents you may have children, or, if not, your daughters may have."

The average man usually finds himself at sea when he undertakes the description of a lady's dress. An old farmer, returning from the wedding of a niece in a distant town, was eagerly questioned by his family as to the bride's costume. "Well," said he, "she had on some kind of a dress, with a lot of flubbubbery of some sort or 'nother down the front of it, and a thingamajig on the back of it, with a long tail of some stuff—I don't know what it was—dragging out behind, and a lot of flip-flop flounces over the whole thing. There wasn't no arms to it, and she had a lot of white truck, soft and floppy-like, on her head, and that's just all I know about it." All of which must have been very unsatisfactory to the ladies of his household.

Pale and sorrowful girls and prematurely aged women should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they come as a boon for all those ills which afflict the female system. Build up the blood, restore shattered nerves and convert sorrowful complexions into rosy cheeks. Sold by dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for \$2.50 by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adet.

AFRICAN CURRENCY.

More Curious Than Convenient Representations of Value.

I have procured some of the country money; it is more curious than convenient. The "manilla," worth a dollar and a half, would be a fearful currency to make large payments in, being composed of old brass kettles melted up and cast in a sand mould. The weight is from two to four pounds; so that the circulation of this country may be said to rest on a pretty solid metallic basis. The "buyapart," valued at twenty-five cents, is a piece of cloth four inches square, covered thickly over with the small shells called cowries, sewed on. The other currency consists principally in such goods as have an established value. Brass kettles, cotton handkerchiefs, tobacco, guns, and kegs of powder are legal tender. Coin is almost unknown in the traffic of the coast; and it is only those who have been at Sierra Leone or some of the colonial settlements who are aware of its value. One "cut money," or quarter of a dollar, is the smallest coin of which most of the natives have any idea. This is invariably the price of a fowl when money is offered; but a head of tobacco or a couple of fish-hooks would be preferred. Empty bottles find a ready market. Yesterday I "dashed" three or four great characters with a bottle each; all choosing ale or porter bottles in preference to an octagonal-sided one. The chiefs must have consulted about it afterwards; for this morning no less than three kings and a governor begged as a great favor, that I would give them that particular bottle, and were sadly disappointed on learning that it had been paid away for a monkey-skin. No other bottle would console them.—*Journal of an African Cruiser*.

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Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.10
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Fast Express for Halifax..... 14.00
Express for Sussex..... 14.00
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 16.30
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Quebec at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.

The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.35 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.00 Sunday evening.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 9.35
Accommodation from Point du Chene..... 12.55
Day Express from Halifax..... 19.20
Fast Express from Halifax..... 22.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., 13th March, 1891.

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ST. JOHN, ST. GEORGE and ST. STEPHEN.
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Oct. 4, 1890. FRANK J. McPEAKE, Superintendent.

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