

## SCENES IN OLD EXETER.

REMINERS OF MERRIE ENGLAND  
OF THE PAST.

Cheery Country Folk Who Love Old Devon—A Town in Which the Past and Present Blend Harmoniously—Roads That are Not Found in America.

All the way to Exeter, alongside those huge carts which bowed along under their great loads as easily as over a cathedral floor, and in a thousand other places on the highways of England, Ireland and Scotland, I have inexpressibly longed for the power to bodily transfer some of these grand old roads to America, and compel American farmers to know what might be the matchless independence of their lives and living with these perfect defences for their toil and homes and granaries against most of the monopolistic and "corner" abominations of our land.

I set out to write about Exeter; but this subject of better American roads will not down. In five years' time I have tramped along 3,000 miles of British roads. Each time I step my feet upon their broad, firm, even surface every drop of American blood in me tingles with shame at the thought of the mud pikes and bottomless road sloughs of our own splendid country—rich, great and strong enough to match the roads of Europe without a week's delay.

"Ah, but the grand English roads you go so glibly write about have been centuries in building. How can we accomplish, in a year or generation, what has required 2,000 years' labor for perfection there?"

This would be good argument were it true. But it is not. There is not a British, or for that matter a European, stone road in existence that was not originally at once constructed to absolute completion, whenever begun and however long it may have been maintained. And, with European governmental and social conditions inconceivably hard upon peasant populations, wherever these roads exist the condition of the people is incomparatively more happy and prosperous than where they do not; while land values have invariably been increased from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

Not so many years ago Austria built nearly 2,000 miles of stone highway up and down and from end to end of Galicia, or Austrian Poland. Previous to that time, materially, a no more wretched, God forsaken land existed on the face of the earth. What was the result? In less than ten years' time these roads did more for the 6,000,000 people of Austrian Poland in material and social advancement than all the churches, all the books, all the newspapers, all the battles, and all the governments had ever accomplished for them from the days of Miecyslaw and Boleslas to the day these roads were done.

With such thoughts as these I came, with the carts and cartmen, along the brow of the hills skirting the noble valley of the Exe, to ancient Exeter, which looks far away to the warm green sea that beats upon the red cliffs of Devon.

It was in ancient days an old British town, built long before Caesar, and called Caer Ise, or the city on the river. Antiquarians observe that, like most Celtic trading towns, it was built for safety some little distance from the sea, and just beyond where the river Exe ceases to be navigable. Discovered coins of the Greek dynasty in Syria and Egypt prove that Phœnician merchants must have come here many years before Christ to trade for Cornish and Dartmoor tin. Then the Roman marched in and made it a great station. Lastly the Saxons fortified the town on the Exe, and traded here with the Cornish Britons across the Tamar.

The Exe was the frontier then for the Damnonians, but Athelstan came and drove them pell-mell into Cornwall and rebuilt the walls of Exeter. The Cornish Britons cooped up among the rocks of Cornwall, soon had their vengeance. The Danes came crowding up the Exe with their black sails and black banners and wintered in Exeter in 876, rejoicing in Saxon beehives and ale. The old red tower, still seen in the Rougemont ruins of today, was always getting beaten about by stones from military engines and chipped by crossbow bolts. William the Conqueror besieged it, wishing to seize Githa, mother of Harold, and her daughter, but they escaped safely to Bruges, while Perkin Warbeck, as Richard IV, when joined by the Cornishmen of Bodmin, besieged the place but unsuccessfully, and was finally hanged at Tyburn.

And so on and on runs the grim story that has left just enough scar and hardness on the lovely, leafy old city to add a mellow charm to all you may see and know. Fifty thousand folk do not live together in a more winsome spot in England. The embowered Devon hills which surround it, the glorious valleys which reach their greens and blossoms to its very doors, the grand sweep of the Exe vale to the sea, the city's noble old antiques, its beautiful streets, half in the shadows of a remote architectural past and half in the sunshine of modern elegance and adornment, give everything upon which you look a sweet and winsome face.

It all blends in that fine sunset glow which some of these old cathedral towns take on so fittingly. The pleasant smiling smiles back to you from polished panes, from snow white old arches from bright red roofs and brighter red banks of roses, from marvelously clean stone steps and areaways, from bits of ancient tilings, from dormer windows and brassy glittering like burnished gold, from the suggestion and trimmest of shop windows; indeed, from all things that can tell substantial, well kept age without the semblance of a wrinkle or a frown upon it.

You feel this sense of radiating heartiness and amplitude again in Exeter around the market places on these pleasant market days. All the country folk gathered here are well garmented, comfortable and cheery. They all look as though they had stepped out of the "merrie old England" of the books, now so hard to find outside the covers of those books. Pride glows in their faces for old Devon and Exeter, its capital, and in themselves. They do say Dickens found his "Fat Boy," of Dingley Dell, among them. And well he might, for they are fat and fine and stanch, and all. Rosy, overlapping jowls and big paunches, suggestive of plum pudding

and the famous "clotted cream" of Devon, are everywhere among them.

You are thus in love with Exeter long before you have many times wandered up and down Queen and High streets, sauntered through the arcade of Chapel street, peering into the old half timbered structures that cluster in stately fashion around the wide cathedral close, and have at last come among the silences within the great cathedral walls. A pedant can alone tell another the exactitudes and measurements of such a mossy, massive, marvellous edifice. Coming one by one to England's splendid cathedrals, you will at least surely remember of them all those impressions upon your mind and heart which seemed most powerfully characteristic of each.

In the sense of architectural distinctiveness Exeter cathedral will remain in your memory remarkably distinguished from all other English cathedrals. Their plans invariably comprise a huge central tower and smaller towers at the west end. Here are towers crowning the transept. This does away with the usual four cumbersome arches architecturally separating nave and choir, and permits the grandest uninterrupted view of vault and vista of the entire nave and choir to be found in England.

Two other structural peculiarities are seen in this cathedral. The choir and the nave are of equal length, and throughout the whole edifice the openings are wide and low, rather than narrow and lofty. The latter feature contributes greatly, along with the emphatic feeling that the structure is not a doggedodge of "restoration," but one great design, to a sense in the beholder of indescribable breadth and spaciousness. Whatever else you may feel within Exeter cathedral, which has stood here practically as you now see it for certainly more than 600 and perhaps more than 800 years, it will remain in your memory as the one cathedral of England which must stand as the highest expression in consecrated stone of perfect dignity and repose.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## KINDNESS A MORAL LEVER.

Among Criminals are Few Who in Youth Loved Four Footed Beasts.

One of the most important duties of a mother is to teach her son kindness to animals. No sight in our boasted age of civilization is more painful, and none more disgraceful, than the cruelty practiced by boys, and I regret to say, by men as well, upon the helpless animals in their power.

Thousands of mothers give their very lives to all sorts of charitable service, while their young sons grow up to torment the cat, maltreat the dog and kill and maim every small creature they can get their hands upon. It is a burning and a crying shame upon us as a race in this nineteenth century, and especially upon us as mothers.

The boy is a little savage, his tenderness cannot be counted upon, his sympathy is an unknown quantity; but he is a bundle of curiosity, his attention can be roused—and here is the point to attack him. He must be instructed and interested in the lives of the lower orders of creatures. To this end the mother must begin with herself. She must know something of the wonderful facts of natural history, so that when she finds that hopeful son of hers mutilating flies and teasing the kitten, she can tell him some curious and entertaining facts in the lives of those animals—show him how the fly is developed, the office it performs, and, if possible, its marvelous beauty under the microscope.

The world of life below us is brimming with wonders, and the child is fairly hungry for information. He will not throw stones at a bird whose movements he has learned to understand, whose actions he is entertained by, nor will he crush an ant whose strange and remarkable life history he knows something of; he will rather want to see what it will do. His intelligence must be aroused and fed, and as he becomes older his sympathies will grow.

How a mother professing to model her life upon that meek and gentle one in Judea can permit her sons to come up like the brutal savages, who have a far different ideal, is a problem I am unable to solve.

It is as much a deadly wrong to the boy to let him indulge in cruelty as it is to the animal he abuses. Every act of brutality hardens him and makes him more ready for crimes against his fellow man.

As to the civilizing and humanizing tendency of kindness to animals, some curious and significant statistics have been collected. It has been discovered by search among the criminal classes inmates of prisons and penitentiaries, that a man who in boyhood owns and cares for animals very rarely becomes a criminal.—Olive Thorne Miller.

## The Paternal Ostrich.

The ostrich has many strange ways, and I was particularly interested in studying them. They go in flocks of three or four females and one male about their nesting time, and for several weeks before locating their nests, the hens drop their eggs all about the pampas. These are called *haucho* eggs (pronounced "watcho"), and are much more delicate in flavor than the eggs taken from the nests. They have a thinner shell, and when fresh laid are of a beautiful golden color. We cooked them by roasting them before the fire. We would first break a hole in the small end of the egg large enough to insert a teaspoon. The egg would be set up among some hot ashes, a pinch of salt and pepper put into it and the contents kept stirred with a stick so that all would be done alike. The flavor is excellent and one egg would satisfy a very hungry man. As soon as the ostriches decide upon a suitable place for a nest, the male bird scratches away the grass and slightly hollows out the ground for a space of about 3 ft. in diameter. All the hens of the flock lay in the same nest until there are from 25 to 35 eggs laid. The male birds then take possession and sit on the eggs until they are hatched. As soon as the flock can leave the nest the old fellow leads them away to feed on flies and small insects, and everything is lovely until he espies another male bird with a brood. As soon as the old birds see each other they make a peculiar booming sound and every little ostrich disappears in the grass. The old ones then approach each other and engage in a most deadly conflict. They fight until one or the other is killed or runs away. The remaining one will then utter another peculiar sound and both broods will spring up from their hiding places and follow the victor, who struts off as proud as a peacock. I have seen old male ostriches with three broods, each of a different size, two they had captured.—Forest and Stream.

## BISMARCK AT HOME.

At a Picnic in the Forest of His Vast Estate.—How He Looks in 1892.

Prince Otto von Bismarck's vast estate is within half an hour's ride by train from Hamburg, and he received a correspondent in one of the most beautiful groves of his vast forests recently while entertaining a celebrated club of Hamburg. There was a dinner under the trees, and the affair was more like an American picnic than a formal feast. There were speeches and toasts in Bismarck's honor, and the Prince and all of his family were present and mixed with the people with an entire absence of conventionality. Prince Bismarck chatted and laughed and made jokes with the ladies and gentlemen present. He moved about among them with his big dogs beside him, took flowers from the ladies and pinned them into his buttonhole, and acted, in short, like one of our country deacons at a church picnic.

He seemed to be perfectly happy, and he shows no signs of any trouble or sorrow over his change of life. The people at the picnic were his friends and worshippers, and among the features of the celebration was the raising, at the close of a song, out of a grave hidden by branches, a gigantic statue of Bismarck in the full armor of his rank as an officer. This was done by about a score of men dressed for all the world like the dwarfs which Rip Van Winkle sees during his twenty years' sleep on the mountain. These men had long white beards and they wore brown quaintly cut coats and wooden hats. The grave was on a small hill and the statue towered up among the trees, and when it was raised these little wooden men threw themselves down around its feet, making a scene which was picturesque in the extreme. As it stood upright a member of the club paid a high tribute to Bismarck, to whom the whole was a surprise, and the party cheered.

Prince Bismarck made a witty and a pleasant response, and as he did so about fifty of the prettiest girls of Hamburg went up to the statue and threw themselves down on the ground about it, making as it were a picture of beauty worshipping fame. Bismarck then walked up to these ladies and talked to them, and the two hours which he spent with the party was of a similar character. I came to Friedrichsruhe in the morning and spent the forenoon, in wandering about through the beautiful forests, which make up a great part of the estate, and at the suggestion of the prince's private secretary attended the picnic reception. I had an opportunity to shake hands with Prince Bismarck and to have a short talk with him. I met many of his friends and through them and the events of the day learned much that is new concerning the prince and his life since he gave up his chancellorship of the German Empire and became a private citizen. His whole family, including the Countess Hoyas, the affianced bride of Count Herbert von Bismarck, were present, and the affair was most charming in its unconventionality, friendliness and simplicity.

But let me tell you how Prince Bismarck looks at 77 years of age. He is as big as any man you have ever seen, and he stands six feet two in his stockings. He is as straight as the mighty oaks which stand by the tens of thousands in his forests, and his shoulders are broad and full. His frame is that of a giant, but he keeps it from fat by careful living, and his weight ranges from 185 to 200 pounds. The head of Prince Bismarck is one of the most striking I have ever seen, and his face, as I saw it, has a far different expression from that seen in his pictures. There seems to me an entire absence of sternness about it, and his blue eyes were kind and smiling. They are said to flash fire, however, when Bismarck grows angry, and he can be the personification of wrath. Prince Bismarck's head is fully as large as that of Daniel Webster. It is rather rounder than that seen in Webster's best portraits, but it shows more than Webster's strength of character. The forehead is broad and full, and the top of the head, as can be seen from its baldness, is one of characteristic bumps, such a would delight a phrenologist. Bismarck's hair consists of a fine fringe, which runs from high above his large ears around this white oasis of baldness. It is now as white as snow, and the heavy mustache, which shows prominently out from under his large and full nose, is of frosted silver, with yellowish tinge directly under the nose. One of the most striking features of his face is his eyebrows. These are very heavy, and they stand out over his full steel blue eyes like silver bristles. His eyes are rather fat and the flesh under them pulls out slightly, though not so much as you see in the face of Secretary Blaine. His chin is long and full and almost double and he has a way of clearing his throat as he talks and of moving his head back and forth in emphasis of his words. He articulates distinctly and his tones are by no means unpleasant. He does not, you know, believe much in oratory, and he thinks that eloquent public speakers are more of an evil than a good. He once compared orators to dudes, who wear shoes to small for them, and spend their time in sticking out their feet to be looked at. His manner of

speaking is more like that of our best after dinner orators, and he uses the simple conversational style, saying the most striking things in a most striking way with little apparent emotion. He talks in the same tone in private conversation, and he is said to be one of the most entertaining talkers in Europe. He has no airs of either tone or language, and he made every one feel perfectly at home at this feast. He is too great a man to be snobbish, and I was not surprised at his great simplicity of manner.

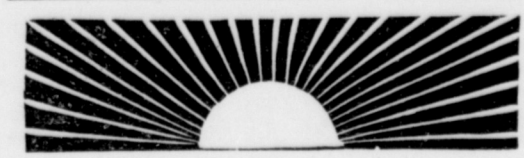
Prince Bismarck dresses as simply as he talks. He wore yesterday a long double-breasted frock coat buttoned well up over his broad chest, and a pair of dark pantaloons. Around his neck a white necktie like a stock shone out above a white shirt, and upon his head a soft white felt hat with a brim as broad as that of the sombrero which Ben Butler used to wear. During the afternoon he took this hat off many times, and each time crushed it differently in putting it on. Sometimes the wide rim was turned up at the side, again it came down over his eyes, and now it turned up at the back or the crown was pressed out or in. He had a long cane in his hand, and during a part of the day sat leaning his hands upon this as he talked.—F. G. Carpenter.

## They Came Up Quick.

"How are you getting on with your garden, Weedchick? Did your seeds come up?" "Oh, yes—they all came up in about two days. My neighbors keep hens."

## Tender and True.

Jack—I dined with Buskin the other day. He's a dry wit—called the turkey Douglas. Tom—Why? Jack—Because it was tender and true.



If You Use Sunlight You're Right!

The fact that "SUNLIGHT" has by far the largest sale of any soap in the world, and that it has been awarded 7 Gold Medals and other honors for purity and excellence, are sufficient guarantees that you can't make a mistake by using "SUNLIGHT" Soap.

BE ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

USE THE RIGHT SOAP—

"SUNLIGHT."

It Has No Equal for Purity Nor for Saving Labor

DON'T Let another washday go by without trying it.

WORKS: P. F. SUNLIGHT NEAR BIRKENHEAD LEVER BROS., LTD. TORONTO

Sunlight Soap Depot for Quebec and Eastern Provinces: FRANK MAGOR &amp; Co., Montreal.

## OVERWORKED BRAINS.

Ministers, Students and others suffering from Nervous Debility, Mental Worry, Sleeplessness, Lack of Energy and Loss of Nerve Power, positively cured by HAZELTON'S VITALIZER. Address, enclosing 3c. stamp for treatise, J. E. HAZELTON, Graduated Pharmacist, 308 Yonge Street, Toronto. July 11, 1892.

**EXCELLENCE.**

**RHEUMATISM.**—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W.C., London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

**NEURALGIA.**—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

**SCIATICA.**—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

**STRAIN.**—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C. London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

**LAMEBACK.**—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

**IT HAS NO EQUAL.**

## Chicago Beef.

Pressed Tongue and Bologna,  
Boneless and Pressed Ham.JOHN HOPKINS, 186 UNION ST.  
133 Telephone.Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Co.  
(LIMITED.)

Having established our Maritime Agency in ST. JOHN, we now solicit your orders for our special Brands of

## Pure Canadian Wines.

Dry Catawba, case or dft.	St. Augustine, case or dft.
Sweet " " " "	P. I. Port, " " "
Isabella, " " " "	P. I. Sherry, " " "
P. I. Claret, " " " "	P. I. Alicante, " " "

Unfermented Grape Juice, case; also Concord, case or dft.

E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant,  
62 UNION STREET ST. JOHN. TELEPHONE 522.

Advertise in The **BEACON**

CIRCULATES WIDELY. CLEANLY PRINTED. CLOSELY READ.

R. E. ARMSTRONG, Publisher, St. Andrews, N.B. SUMMER RESORT.

12,000 COPIES of the "BEACON" distributed during the next three months among best class of Summer Travelers in Canada and U.S. Great chance for Hotel Men and Transportation Companies to Advertise.

**DALEY CHOCOLATES**

MANUFACTURED BY

**White & Colwell & Co.**

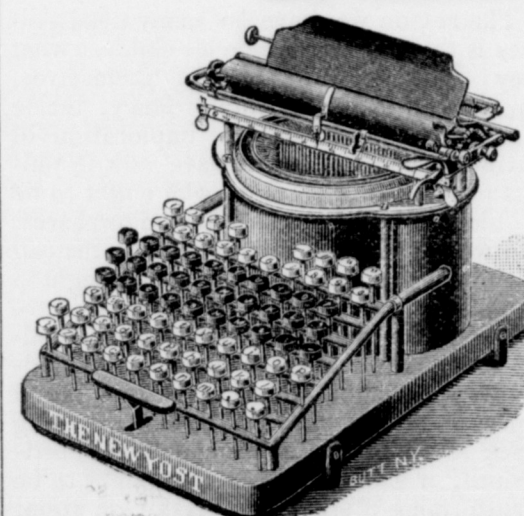
ST. JOHN, N.B.

## ENGRAVING.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## Write me a Letter

AND RECEIVE A REASON WHY YOU NEED NEVER WRITE ANOTHER.



For the long epoch of penmanship is closing with the century. Aching wrists and cramped fingers are to inherit a legacy of rest. The slaves of the inkstand are to go free, and that bespattered and bespattering nuisance to become a volcano forever extinct. And it is high time, Heaven knows. The most desired of all inventions comes late, very late; but we bless our sinful souls with the thought that it is come at last. And when you read the brilliant story of the

—THE—

## New Yost Writing Machine,

and consider the illimitable field of its future usefulness, you will be glad it arrived in your lifetime. There are other so-called typewriters—mosses that cling to the mouldering past, illustrations of the doctrine of arrested development. But the NEW YOST has excellences worthy of the adjective "new." They are sui generis, born with it, common factors with none other. In **THIS MIRACLE OF MECHANISM** "old things are done away and all things are become new."

It has a new mode of printing—direct from concave steel type. It discards the foul, costly, and cumbrous ink ribbon, and inks from a pad that will outlast twenty ribbons. Its work is clean-cut, clear, and beautiful. Its alignment is perfect—not for advertising purposes, but as a matter of fact. And it stays so, because the wonderful and infallible centre-guide permits not the least deviation. This is true of no other typewriter. The key-board contains every needed letter and character in open sight. No shift keys; soft touch; high speed, and ease of operation. The finest materials; handsome and durable construction.

You cannot argue from other machines to the NEW YOST. The latter is of today and stands alone. Write, therefore, for the catalogue, and afterwards write with the instrument which it describes. Address

General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, Chubb's Corner, **St. John, N. B.**

**IRA CORNWALL,** Second-hand Remington's, Caligraph's, Hammond's and other machines for sale cheap.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use. In 1810.

Originated by an Old Family Physician. Think Of It. Years, and still leads. Generation after generation have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

**Every Sufferer** From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrhs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lumbago, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this Old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Should have Johnson's

**Every Mother** Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Cold, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, Croup, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all summer Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, \$2. Express paid, L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.