

## ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ODD HAPPENINGS THAT SURPASS  
TALES OF FICTION.

The Strange Finding of a Lost Bank Note—  
A Drama in the Courts—Queer Cases of  
the Identification of Criminals—Genuine  
Enoch Ardens.

Fact often puts fiction to the blush for its indifferent ingenuity says an English paper. What could be stranger than the story of a fifty pound note as recently reported? It was missed at the Bank of England by an intending depositor, who had previously called at a Fleet street restaurant. With hot haste the gentleman sped back. His search was in vain, and the chances of recovery looked blank. The number of the note was unknown, but he determined to call in the assistance of New Scotland Yard, and took a cab for that purpose.

Astonishment and delight overpowered him. By a chance so exceptional that no novelist would dare to imagine it, the vehicle was the one in which he had originally gone to the bank. It had not been hired since, and on the seat, precisely as he had dropped it, was the lost note.

A wonderfully complete and well-rounded drama of real life was detailed the other day at Cromer by the retiring ornament of the bench, Mr. Justice Denman.

Drink has made a brute of a husband and father, and his home was a place of misery. The wife was the frequent victim of ill-usage. She had a son, a lad of fifteen, who could not bear the sight with patience. He warned his father one day that the next time he would shoot him, and to prepare for eventualities he bought a revolver.

Again the drunkard's violence was unloosed. The misled boy was as good as his word, and, producing the revolver, lodged the contents of a chamber in his father's cheek.

He was tried for wounding with intent to kill; but the judge mercifully regarded his youth, and the great provocation. Though the offence was proved, and the premeditation obvious, he merely bound the boy over to come up for judgment when called upon.

Now comes the romantic sequel. The lad rose to a responsible position in her Majesty's naval service, and the vicious father was so shocked at the situation in which his cruel conduct had placed his son that from the hour of the lenient judgment he entirely reformed. The thick darkness went before the dawn.

There was a striking tableau in a Paris prison a few months ago. A constable had been accosted one night in the streets by a shelterless vagrant, heart-sick of sleeping out. He begged to be arrested. Bed and breakfast would be sure if he were once in custody. Pity moved the policeman, and he locked up the man as a suspicious character. In the cells he was brought in to casual association with a thief long wanted and at last caught. The two were able to converse.

Next morning the command was issued to bring the wail of the streets before the controller of the prison. A lecture and liberty were his lot. Then the supposed thief was remanded. But the officials made a startling discovery a few hours too late. There had been a plot. Beggar and rogue had exchanged parts, and answered to each other's name. The wrong man was detained, and a clever scoundrel went back to his burrow.

Captures of miscreants are sometimes made in a fashion quite as surprising and adventurous. In London last winter a jeweller lost a diamond brooch worth £18 through an old trick. A gentlemanly fellow, who filled the part to perfection, called at the establishment—it was in Oxford street—and gave his name as Count Puisse. He asked to be shown a few trinkets in the gem line. The attendant waited upon his whims, but failed to satisfy them. When the "Count" was gone, a diamond star had also vanished.

This was a revelation of villainy, and the hue and cry began. But it looked hopeless. The victimised jeweller himself went about making inquiries at West-End pawnshops. He hardly expected actually to run against the thief. Yet this was what happened. Opening the pawnbroker's door in Cranbourn street, he came face to face with the *soi-disant* "Count Puisse." It was a mutual surprise, and the rogue made a bolt for it. There was an exciting street chase and capture, and subsequent conviction.

Lord Eldon used to relate an episode of unlikely detection. There had been a brutal murder, and the perpetrator succeeded in escaping. He was known, but could not be found. A dozen years or so elapsed.

One night the brother of the murdered man was asleep in a lodging-place at Liverpool. He was aroused by stealthy fingers tampering with his clothes and trying to get at his pockets. As soon as he realized the position he sprang up, and in a trice had the thief in a grip of iron. Swinging him round under a light, he knew the man in a moment.

"Good heavens," he cried, "the man who murdered my brother!"

The identification was thoroughly established. The prisoner had enlisted and gone to India after the crime. He had only been back in England a few hours when his attempt at larceny trapped him for the old deed of blood. It was a fatal snare, for he was condemned to death.

A good many plots have turned on the central incident of the supposed disease of a person who is, after all, very much alive. The difficulty is to make the deception perfect, and keep the reappearance out of the reader's reach until it is due. But all this is sometimes included in a real series of events.

A French lady had a brother whose brain had given way. He was lodged in a Paris home for the insane. Instead of recovering, news came that he was dead. The sister went to the funeral, and ordered an expensive tombstone for the grave. The loss changed her own life. She had an aged parent who suffered keenly, and it was necessary to resign a lucrative situation and tend her mother. But when this had been arranged a letter was sent by the management of the home, stating that it was a grim mistake. The brother still lived, and another patient had been unwittingly buried in his name.

Genuine Enoch Ardens have been intermittently reported since Tennyson's fine poem first appeared. The denouement was peculiarly startling in an example that

occurred some eight years back, and also in Cornwall. A working man disappeared and left his wife after three years of married life. Twenty years of silence passed, and after waiting more than half that time the woman married a thrifty farmer in her neighborhood.

All went well for a considerable while. But one afternoon a tramp was put on to assist in cutting turf for a large order. The farmer had compassion on his man and starved appearance, and invited him next morning to dine in the kitchen with the servants. While the vagrant was there the mistress of the house entered. There was a surprised look and mutual recognition. It was the long lost husband. He had spent much of the intervening time in prison, though his wife had no cause to suspect that his absence had this explanation.

## POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Her Voice.  
Her voice was low and sweet, a most excellent thing  
in a woman—Shakespeare

I met her in the crowded car,  
But scarce a second glance she won.  
For there was nothing in her air  
Of tone, and beauty had she none.

Her dress, though modest trim and neat,  
Hung on a figure far from plump,  
And like to flat fish were her feet,  
Her arm the handle of a pump.

Her bosom had not beauty's swell,  
And rhythmic heave like ocean wave,  
The eyes beneath my glance fell  
As sorrow in their depths might have.

I met her in her cottage home,  
A greeting kind and warm she gave,  
And with its something filled the room  
That like a burst of sunlight gave.

A glow of pleasure all divine,  
A sense of rest a languorous spell.  
Like mist of fancy which refine  
The gifted mind in which they dwell.

As rippling water in the glen,  
Where shady trees so tone the light,  
That less it seems the haunts of men,  
Than of the spirits pure and bright.

Who labored, struggled, fought on earth,  
And by such conflict, gained the right  
To rest in gay and quiet mirth  
'Tween garnish day and sombre night.

So flowed the magic dulcet tone,  
So soft, so sweet, so clear, so low,  
That, sure it seemed from Heaven alone  
Could music rare divinely flow.

It pieced the mystic time that bounds  
'Tween matters realm and spirits sphere  
My soul absorbed the gracious sounds  
As in a dream the music here.

My heart compelled by music's power  
Its homage lay before her feet,  
I date my Heaven from the hour  
When I with sweet voiced—did meet.

Told of an Umbrella.  
With "Progress" in hand, I remarked to dear Bella,  
'Such a deluge of verse demands an umbrella.'  
So the bones from the hat-rack I carefully drew  
And dressed them as follows, and send them to you.

Tho' "the friend best knows whether woman or man  
be the worse"

Poor pocketless woman oft loses her purse,  
Her watch and such trinkets (advertisements scan)—  
The Umbrella's a loss that is "common to man!"

THE WAIL OF THE UMBRELLA.  
Though my form may not very graceful be  
Like the penniless lass, I've "a long pedigree!"  
And can trace my existence, by sculptured outlines,  
To the land of the Pharaohs, and ancient designs.

As royalty's emblem, I figured in Greece—  
(They favoured Protection in times of peace!)  
But alas! I have fallen on evil days!  
My grievance: I lay at a footman's feet  
Who in England exposed me to rain and sleet,  
And also left on my name this blot—  
The man who carries me owns me not!

A blot that grows with the lapse of years  
And has made me rusty with unsold tears!  
I break my ribs that my honest fame  
Of centuries gone should be turned to shame;  
And none can tell, spite of tags and rings,  
Whether I'm owned by beggars or kings.

In Liberty's Land! In this year of grace!  
I've passed along—no abiding place!  
Like the Wandering Jew I am under a ban,  
And forced to play daily "catch who can!"

Could I only rest for a little space  
From the claims of an absent-minded race,  
Perhaps I could find some lawyer fellow  
To plead for the rights of an old umbrella!

St. John, Feb. 1st, '93.  
DONOTHY.

## Summer Clouds.

The white fleecy mountains of Heaven  
That rise in the far away,  
That gleam in the glowing sunset,  
And darken with dying day.

So pure in the pearly splendour  
As they spread in the azure sky,  
That they seem to speak of the angels  
And the blissful by-and-by.

And now by the sunset painted  
They gleam with crimson and gold,  
And we dream as we gaze upon them  
That the heavenly gates unfold.

'Tis surely the radiance of Heaven  
That shines through the mystic fleecy,  
And we sigh for the joys of the entrant  
Who glides through the portals of peace.

But the shadows of twilight deepen,  
Then night with its sombre shade,  
And the visions of beautiful angels  
And heavenly portals fade.

Like the shades of our earthly troubles,  
These shadows hide from our eyes  
The land of Celestial glories  
And the beauties of Paradise.

But in at the heavenly gateway  
We will enter—when life is o'er,  
And our Father, who liveth in Heaven,  
We will meet at the mystic door.

EDLWEISS.

## Song—"Yankee Doodle Dandy."

"Making beds is bad enough—  
Or sweeping, if one wishes—  
But as if these plagues would not suffice  
They sent us washing dishes!"

Wash and scrub and scrape the pans,  
Keep a dish-rag handy,  
Every morn and noon and night,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Maybe some folks think it fun—  
I only wish they'd try it!  
Then if the custom was for sale  
They would not want to buy it.

I will sweep or make the beds,  
Or iron, if mother wishes;  
But I shall say to all who ask  
"Confound the washing dishes!"

Wash and scrub and scrape the pans,  
Keep the dish-rag handy—  
Every morn and noon and night,  
Yankee Doodle Dandy.

POLLY HAYES (Age 14)

## A New Departure in Melissa.

According to the persistent demands of our many patrons, and recognizing the soundness of their argument, viz.:—that in all but the large cities, it is almost impossible to get wraps properly made, we have made arrangements during the past few weeks, to supply to the trade of Canada, Melissa Rainproof Garments, for Ladies, Misses and Children, in all the novelties of the New York market. We have secured at great trouble and large expense one of the best designers and pattern cutters in New York city, who will preside over this special department of our business, and aided by his imported and trained staff of assistants, will, at once, without any costly or annoying experiments, be able to turn out TAILOR MADE GARMENTS, equal in finish, fit and design to any obtainable in New York, and superior to any of European manufacture.

Our entire output will be manufactured on the premises, under the personal supervision of our foreman. All our operators are men and are practical Cloak makers. None of our work is given out to women nor is outside labor of any kind employed, thus only can we secure one uniform finish.

In connection with our Ladies' Melissa Wrap Department, we are also inaugurating a Mantle Department, but owing to the late date at which we entertained this latter idea, we will for this season show only a comparatively small range, but sufficient to enable the discerning public to form an idea of what they may expect for next season.

One of the many advantages which merchants will secure by patronizing us, will be that they can assort their sizes from time to time, thus doing away with the necessity of having broken lines before the season is half over. They can also at all times, on short notice, get garments to fit outside figures and figures of irregular proportions, by filling in measuring forms which we will furnish on application.

Our travellers will shortly be upon the road with a large range of patterns of Melissa, in many new and common sense styles of Wraps, both for Spring sorting and Fall delivery, and at the same time will offer for the inspection of the trade a representative exhibit from our Mantle Department.

Designs, Patterns and every other information furnished on application.

Special attention given to letter orders.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO.,

J. W. MACKEDIE & CO.,

MONTREAL,  
Sole Agents for the Dominion.

TURKISH  
DYES

EASY TO USE.

They are Fast.

They are Beautiful.

They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal.  
Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions.  
Sole in N. S. by S. McDIARMID, and E. J. MAHONEY, Indian town.

Chase's Liquid Glue.

MENDS EVERYTHING THAT GLUE WILL MEND

ALWAYS READY WITHOUT HEATING

Sold by Druggists, Stationers, Hardware Dealers, or Sample by mail for 10 cents.

GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.

## Heating Stoves.

50 SIZES AND STYLES TO SELECT FROM.

ALL GOOD HEATERS.

AND THE PRICES WILL SUIT YOU.

J. H. SELFRIDGE, 101 Charlotte St.

(Opposite Hotel DuRoi.)

The Company has no mortgage

indebtedness; and, according to the

law under which it was incorporated,

none can be created without the

consent of two-thirds of the shareholders,

represented at a meeting called for the purpose.

The Company has placed in the hands of

its Bankers:—

(a) Full statements of its affairs, certified

to by Messrs. Campbell, Bell & Co.,

Chartered Accountants.

(b) The following letter from Messrs. Abbotts, Campbell & Meredithe, Solicitors,

Montreal, upon the legality of its incorporation,

and the issue of its stock:—

MONTREAL, January 5, 1893.

Consumers Cordage Co., Ltd., Montreal:—

GENTLEMEN.—We have examined the

books and documents connected with the

organization of the Consumers Cordage

Company, Limited, and are of opinion that

it has been properly incorporated, and

that its capital stock of \$3,000,000, as

issued, is fully paid up and non-assessable,

according to the provisions of the "Com-

panies Act."

We are, yours truly,

(Signed), ABBOTTS, CAMPBELL & MEREDITH.

(c) A report from Messrs. Macmaster

and McGibbon, Solicitors of the Company,

that the titles to its Mills have been duly

examined, and that no encumbrances exist.

Applicants for shares may examine these

documents, copies of which may be seen at

the Company's offices, and at the various

offices of the Banks mentioned above.

The Consumers Cordage Company is prob-

ably the second largest Manufacturer of

Cordage and Binder Twine in the world,

and claims the following very material ad-

vantages over its competitors:—

1st. Ample capital to conduct its busi-

ness which enables it:—

(a) To buy its raw material in larger

quantities, and at lower prices.

(b) To use only the latest and most im-

proved machinery, thus keeping its mills

in the highest state of efficiency.

2nd. Economy in selling and distributing

its manufactured product.

3rd. The business covers so wide a terri-

tory its manufactured goods go to almost

every civilized country, and its manufac-

turing establishments are so scattered that the danger of severe

loss by fire is very slight.

4th. Lower cost of production.

(a) By maintaining the sharpest com-

petition between its several mills, it is enabled

to introduce in all the best methods found

in each.

(b) By spreading its commercial ex-

penses over a larger output.

(c) By placing in one hand the purchas-

ing of the Raw Materials and Manufac-

turing supplies for the several Mills, thus se-

curing lowest prices.

(d) By manufacturing for themselves

many of their supplies.

The Company has always found it in its

interest to divide the economies effected in

production and distribution with the Con-

sumer, and since its existence the Con-

sumer has, upon the average, had a better

article at a lower price than previously.

The Company does not claim to have

any monopoly, or to earn monopoly profits;

in fact, it has not done so. Since its orga-

nization it has been able, owing to the ad-

vantages above referred to, to earn a net

return on its present capital of not less

than 10 per cent. per annum (as state-

ments in their financial statements), and

the Directors believe that these profits

will be maintained in the future, as the cost

of production and distribution shows each

year a marked decrease.

The Dividend for the year ending

31st October, 1892, was at the rate of

8 1/2 per cent. per annum. The past

record of the Company and its pre-

sent position justify the Directors

in believing that quarterly divi-

dends of one and three-quarters per

cent. can be paid and should be

paid for the present year be as

large as the outlook promises, the

next quarter's dividend might be

increased.

Any further information may be

had at the head office of the Com-

pany at Montreal.

## CONSUMERS CORDAGE CO.,

(LIMITED.)

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent of the

Dominion of Canada, under the "Com-

panies Act."

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.

In thirty thousand (30,000) Shares of one

hundred dollars each.

DIRECTORS.

JOHN F. STAIRS, M.P., Halifax, President.

A. W. MORRIS, M.P.P., Montreal, Vice-

President.

EDWARD M. FULTON, Montreal,

Treasurer.

GEORGE STAIRS, Halifax.

JAMES M. WATERBURY, New York.

CHAUNCEY MARSHALL, New York.

WILLARD F. WHITLOCK, Elizabeth.

SECRETARY.

CHARLES B. MORRIS, Montreal.

BANKERS.

THE CAN