

QUAINT SUPERSTITIONS.

SOME OF THEM ARE NOT UNKNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY

Bible and Key Used in Incantations—Certain Ceremonies for Particular Seasons and Festivals—Love is Usually the Motive for the Experiments.

"So you believe that superstition has almost died out from this country?" I remarked to a medical friend who had come from the metropolis to stay with me awhile. Many of your contentions are undoubtedly correct, but if you had only my experience here in Cornwall you would think differently.

"Not long ago my wife interrupted a superstitious performance in our own kitchen. She entered the room unobserved, and found two of the servants with a book suspended between them, while one was reciting with considerable earnestness a passage from the Song of Solomon. But they became aware of her presence, and the proceedings were abruptly adjourned.

"We soon discovered that a rather important rite had been disturbed. One of the girls was concerned about her lover's fidelity and was consulting the oracles. She had placed a key in her Bible across the words my wife heard her repeat; she had then bound the book with her left garter, taking care to allow the ring of the key to come beyond the edges of the volume.

"At this point her fellow-servant joined her, and each placed a forefinger beneath the ring. This being done, the anxious one quoted the verses on which the key rested: 'I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters; and was proceeding to add, 'I will marry me, may this Bible turn round; but, if it not, may it stand still!' which words, she believed, would have been succeeded by the answer."

My friend was amused and astonished, especially when I showed him a Bible in which the passages quoted were quite effaced by pressure and rust from the keys so often used.

And so, far into the night, we talked about the quaint Cornish customs in connection with cunning Cupid, many of which are still extant.

At Hallowe'en, the girls pour melted lead through the handle of the front-door key, so that, in the form it may assume, the future husband's trade may be detected. Eyes, alert with love, will quickly discern a ship, plough, or cart, as being, according to circumstances, most clearly represented.

Sometimes on this night another spell is tried. Three names, each written on a separate slip of paper, are placed in three balls of earth. These are put into a bowl of water, and eagerly watched until they open, for the first slip that comes to the surface has on it the name of the man the girl will marry.

Or a wedding ring is suspended from a hair over the water in a half-filled glass. If, in reply to the questions that are asked, the ring touches the side, an affirmative answer is given; but if the ring is stationary, the answer is in the negative. Can we wonder, if, occasionally, some magnetic thrill should, unconsciously of course, determine the result?

For old Christmas Day, a wedding-ring, a six-pence, and a thimble are at times put into the cake. The cake is cut into as many portions as there are guests, and the person who secures the wedding-ring will be married before the year is gone, while the holder of the thimble will become a confirmed old maid, and the one who has the sixpence will become rich.

After the midnight supper, according to the testimony of one who has taken part, the following divinations have been practised. And it must be confessed that these are so weird as to render a strong nerve absolutely necessary.

When a large turf-fire has been made—for hot embers with pure water are indispensable in what is to be done—the young people silently leave the house in single file to pull the rushes and gather the ivy leaves by means of which they are to learn whether they may expect to be married, and to whom; and if any of their friends are to die before the close of the year.

On leaving and returning, each of these Twelfth-night diviners touches the lintel in the chimney-corner and wishes. Should either of the party break the silence before the rushes and the leaves have been procured, all will be obliged to retrace their steps, and again touch the lintel.

When they come back, those who wish to know their fate name the rushes in pairs and place them in the hot embers; and, if any couples are too bashful to do this for themselves, their friends play their part. The way in which the rushes burn shows if the young people are to be wedded to the person chosen or not; some, perhaps, will burn well, others part, and a few go out altogether.

The couples that burn smoothly are to be married, and the one whose name the rush that burns longest bears, will outlive the other. This settled, one ivy leaf is thrown on the fire; the number of cracks it makes is the number of years before the wedding takes place. Then two are placed on the hot ashes; the cracks they give this time show how many children the two will have.

Ivy leaves, named after present or absent friends, are afterwards drawn through a wedding ring, and put into a basin of water that is left until the morning. The persons whose leaves shrivel or turn black in the night are to die before the next Twelfth-tide, and those who are so unfortunate as to find their leaves spotted with red will die by some violent death, unless a wise man can, by his skill and incantations, grant protection. Through superstition, these prophecies of evil have been known to fulfil themselves.

Love-sick maidens, just before midnight on St. John the Baptist's Day (Midsummer day), will sometimes lay the table with a clean white cloth, knives and forks, and bread and cheese, that they may know if they are to marry the men to whom they are betrothed. The young ladies will sit down to the table, keeping strict silence—

"For, if a word had been spoken, The spell had been broken."

As the clock strikes twelve, if the facts are favorable, the door will be opened and their lovers will walk in. Can we blame those ardent swains, who, taking advantage of this custom, duly make their appearance at the "witching-hour?"

Some will pluck a rose on this midnight, and boldly wear it to church with the as-

sured belief that in those who might pluck the flowers from them they would see their future husbands.

In another superstition of a similar kind, connected with the same season, there is unquestionably much poetic charm. A maiden will gather a rose on Midsummer Day and fold it in white paper. If she can forbear to look at it, or to mention what she has done until the following Christmas, she will then find the flower still fresh and bright.

In the morning she places it in her bosom and wears it to church, when the person most worthy of her hand will surely draw near her in the porch and beseech her to give him the rose.

But, of all these customs, one of the most strangely interesting is that which, going back beyond all historical research, is still observed at Crowan Church-town in West Cornwall.

On Sunday evening previous to the day (July 16th) of the neighbouring fair, many of the young of both sexes repair to the parish church, and at the conclusion of the service hasten to the adjoining park of Clowance, where crowds assemble, gathered together by every kind of conveyance from the surrounding villages. Here the sterner sex select their partners for the forthcoming fair, and as it often happens that their proposals are not at once accepted, a struggle ensues, to the intense delight of the on-lookers and passers by. Many a happy marriage has, however, been the result of Taking Day in Clowance Park.

Is there not in this a reminiscence of the customs connected with the marriages by capture of long past ages, traces of which are to be found among so many nations, and are unmistakably present even now among the Welsh?—Cassell's Journal.

THE VIRTUES OF WALKING.

It Has Been the Practice and the Help of Many Men of Great Minds.

The world knows all about the walks that Dickens took, for the delightful pictures he has given us are but transcripts of what he found and treasured. In forty years his daily tramps are said to have aggregated one hundred and forty thousand miles.

He constructed for himself a theory that every portion of the day given to intellectual labor should correspond an equal number of hours spent in walking. Carlyle usually took a vigorous tramp of several miles, enough to put him in a glow before he commenced the day's labor. Macaulay found in walking his favorite recreation. Buckle, the historian, walked both forenoon and afternoon, and heat or cold, sunshine or rain, made no difference to him. Kant, the philosopher, accustomed himself to a long walk every day without regard to atmospheric conditions.

Equally resolute in his out-of-door exercise was Longfellow, who never omitted his daily tramp, though he might go no further than the walls of his garden. Gladstone at eighty-one is the most active all-round man in England. That bodily motion facilitates mental activity is something we all know by experience. Burns composed all his sweetest songs at the plough. Thompson could not compose except in open air, and Tennyson, Wordsworth, Lander and Rousseau were all inspired as they walked.

There are thousands of puny creatures in this world of ours who have no excuse for their inactivity—thousands of languid, torpid, complaining bodies, victims of dyspepsia and ennui, but with half their troubles in their brains, who, if they would walk regularly and pleasantly instead of consulting physicians and druggists, would soon find themselves sound, healthy and contented men and women. Instead of tossing on uneasy beds through weary nights, they would sleep "like tops;" their imaginations would clear up, their aches and pains and dumps would flee away, and almost before they were conscious of the transformation, they, who had thought themselves invalids for years, would forget in the best enjoyments of life, that anything had ever been the matter with them. There are few people who cannot, by proper attention to the best of physical exercises, add from ten to twenty-five years to the average vital span. The truth is that most persons die unconscious suicides, owing to the disregard of nature's simplest requirements; not strictly criminal, but nevertheless guilty.

FOUR LEGGED OFFICIALS.

More Than Three Hundred Cats Kept by the American Government.

Three hundred and odd cats are maintained by the United States government, the cost of their support being carried as a regular item on the accounts of the post office department. They are distributed among about fifty post offices, and their duty is to keep rats and mice from eating postal matter and mail sacks. Their work is of the utmost importance wherever large quantities of mail are collected from two or three thousand bags of such material are commonly stored away in the basement.

Formerly, says the "New York World," great damage was often done by mischievous rodents, which chewed holes in the sacks and thought nothing of boring clear through bags of letters in a night. Troubles of this sort no longer occur, now that the official pussies keep watch. Each city post-master is allowed from eight to forty dollars a year for the keep of his feline staff, sending his estimate for "cat meat" to Washington at the beginning of each quarter. Care is taken not to feed the animal too "high," in order that their appetite for live game may be keen. It is laid down as a rule that no meat shall be given when there is a mouse or rat to be caught.

Cats are kept in all the government buildings at Washington. In that of the state, war, and navy departments, they are employed not only to protect the priceless papers stored there but to guard against fire. Twice the war department has been set afire by rats gnawing matches—on one of these occasions in the office of the secretary of war in the middle of the night.

Rats occupied the pension office in great numbers while it was in process of building, taking up their residence in the walls and floors as fast as they were put up. Two years ago four cats were introduced there to guard the records of the old soldiers, and they have driven most of the vermin away.—Ex.

He—So you don't know that if I might linger by your side forever I would be another man? She—Well, it will be another man that does linger there.

A WARKWORTH MIRACLE.

THE HAPPY TERMINATION OF YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Mr. B. Crouter Relates An Experience of Great Value to Others—Life Was Becoming a Burden When Relief Came—A Druggist Expresses His Opinion. [Warkworth Journal.]

Not long ago a representative of The Journal while in conversation with Mr. N. Empey, druggist, drifted upon a topic which appears to be of general interest not only to this locality, but throughout the country. We refer to the wonderful cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Newspaper men are not possessed of more curiosity than other people, but they have a feeling that instinctively leads them to investigation, and in the course of our conversation we asked Mr. Empey whether he thought the sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are really as large as claimed for them. The answer was that judging from his own sales he was well assured that Pink Pills are the most valuable, the most reliable and the most successful proprietary medicine extant. In answer to the query as to whether there were any noteworthy cures in this vicinity, Mr. Empey promptly responded, "Yes; many people have been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and I know of one case in particular worthy of being recorded. The case to which I refer, continued Mr. Empey, 'is that of Mr. Crouter, brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons. Mr. Crouter was suffering from nervous affection and the after effects of the grippe. He had not been able to do anything for two years, was unable to eat as he could not hold a knife or fork in his half-paralyzed hands. He suffered greatly from cramps in his arms and legs, and had a continual feeling of coldness. One day Mr. Crouter made enquiry concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I advised him to try them, and the result is that he has entirely recovered his health.'

Having heard this much, the Journal determined to interview Mr. Crouter, and get from his own lips the full particulars of his illness and remarkable recovery. We found Mr. Crouter at his home in the best of health, and enjoying an evening's smoke after a day's toil in the woods. When informed of the object of our visit, Mr. Crouter said he was glad to bear testimony to the wonderful value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a remedial agency. "The original cause of my trouble," said Mr. Crouter, "I date back a good many years. When I was 19 years old I drank a glass of cold water when overheated, which proved a most injudicious act on my part. I was sick for 13 months and unable to work, and since that time until recently I have never had what you may call a well day. Two years ago I had an attack of the grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night. It was impossible for me to eat with a knife or fork, and I was forced to eat with a spoon, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read in The Journal of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I made up my mind to give them a trial. I sent to Mr. Empey's for a supply and before the first box was entirely gone I could notice that they were helping me, so you may be sure I continued their use. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. I have taken just twelve boxes of pink Pills and I consider them the cheapest doctor's bill I ever paid. When I get up in the morning, instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Although I am 71 years old I can go into the woods and do a hard day's chopping without feeling the least bad effects. I have now so much confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I intend shortly beginning their use again, this time as a spring medicine, for I believe they have no equal for building up the blood, and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease."

Mr. Crouter has lived in this vicinity for forty-five years, and is well known as an upright, honorable gentleman, whose statements can be fully depended on in every particular. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom. These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a rosy, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary benefit from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is to note how many wheels of toil one thought, one word, can set in motion!—Longfellow.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gents—My daughter was apparently at the point of death with that terrible disease diphtheria. All remedies had failed, but MINARD'S LINIMENT cured her; and I would earnestly recommend it to all who may be in need of a good family medicine. JOHN D. BOUTILLER, French Village.

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or expelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.

There's a Bridge of Sighs at Venice, At Montreal a Bridge of Size; But Puttner's Emulsion is the Bridge of Health Which all sick men should prize.

Dark seasons are never pleasant to us, but they are always good for us. A cloudless sky could never produce a good harvest.

Weave the Moral Into It.

A celebrated preacher, when speaking to some three thousand children, after delighting them with a variety of stories, thought it might do well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say, "Now, this teaches," when a little ragamuffin on the front bench cried out, "Never mind what it teaches. Give another story." "I learnt from that little rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a sting into the tail."

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX! Sleepy. If a man is drowsy in the day time after a good night's sleep, there's indigestion and stomach disorder. BEECHAM'S PILLS by removing the waste matter which is clogging the system will cure all Bilious and Nervous Disorders, and will quickly relieve Sick Headache. Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

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CERTIFICATES. The following have been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINTMENT:

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B. MESSRS. I. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM PETERS, Tanner; CAPT. D. JORDAN, WM. ALLINGHAM, P. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. Baptist Minister, Carleton, St. John; JABOB GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B. ROBERT McCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes: This will certify that for two years and four months I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of SEGEE'S OINTMENT. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was.

SURPRISE SOAP DID IT. That snowy whiteness so sought for in linen can be had by washing it with Surprise Soap. You can't get it with common cheap soap no matter how hard you try.

The peculiar qualities of Surprise Soap gives the cleanliness, the whiteness and sweetness, without boiling or scalding the clothes. The directions on the wrapper tell you how it's done. Read them, they are short. You will find out then how thousands wash their clothes with perfect satisfaction—you can too. SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

A LINE TO YOU!! Have you started house cleaning? Spring is coming, and coming fast. Those curtains, though new last year, look faded and grimy. Now is the time, before the rush comes, to send them to UNGAR. He does them up as good as new. Same with clothing. Everybody wants their clothes cleaned or dyed in the Spring. So do you. Look over your wardrobe now. No sensible man or woman leaves a thing to be done at the last moment. ARE YOU SENSIBLE? BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at UNGAR'S.

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