

SAILING UP THE RHINE.

THE SIGHTS TO BE SEEN BETWEEN MAYENCE AND DUSSELDORF.

Some of the Scenery is Decidedly Flat—The Rhine is Not Blue but Yellowish Green—Cologne and Its Famous Cathedral—Rich Treasures.

On the railway journey from Heidelberg to Mayence, the carriage was as warm and stuffy as if it had been the receptacle for all yesterday's heat and had treasured it for our special benefit, and I had the pleasure of watching the sun rise over the flat poppy dotted fields. What a long, long journey it appeared to be. It was in reality only four hours, but it seemed like ten, I was so sleepy, tired and hungry. We changed carriages once and another lady entered our apartment, and that was the only break in the monotony. I was just beginning to wonder how many years I would have to sit in that stuffy corner, watching those and for me—nameless towns and villages flash past, when suddenly our fellow passenger roused herself and remarked calmly, "Der Rhine!"

I suddenly forgot I was tired, and sat up quite alert and bright to notice that the train had relaxed its speed and was moving cautiously over a huge bridge. Through the meshes of its railing I saw the shining of golden green water, and over it the towers, steeples and clustered houses of a great city—Mayence. "It isn't blue" I said apropos of the Rhine—"it is yellowish green, all stories say it is blue."

The Rhine boat was crammed when we got there and there were several arrivals after we got aboard. Nevertheless we managed to get a good seat on the boat, and when it began to move we gave our best attention to ordering breakfast—it was half past nine and we were nearly starved. It is just as well that we were so practical just then. Experience teaches me that one cannot enjoy things very much when one is exhausted, and besides there is very little in the way of scenery to enjoy at Mayence. It is certainly flat though it may not be stale and can hardly be unprofitable, since so many manufactory and brewery chimneys rise to diversify its aspect. Our fellow passengers were mostly enthusiastic and rushed to the side of the boat field-glass in hand, gushing over the scenery in which I failed to see anything but flatness. Breakfast finished we gave our mind to it, but still failed to get enthusiastic. Some low banks raised on either side of the water. They were covered with vineyards in which every vine was placed with such distressing regularity that the effect from the water was as if the banks had been adorned with "a neat thing in wall paper." Presently it began to darken up and rain and I began to be alive to the fact that I was actually on the Rhine and not enjoying it a bit. However by the time we got to Bingen it had cleared and from that moment I began to understand and enjoy the Rhine.

Well I might, leaving the exquisite little town of Bingen with the lilt of Mrs. Morton's poems running through one's ears, you turn to behold "the Mouse tower" in which the wicket bishop was eaten. Then the noble statue Germania standing high on the vine clad banks claimed our attention. Then came the magnificent hills, crowned by the ruined castles, with the wonder-little villages nestling at their base and in a short time one began to get used to "onion" steeples as a feature of landscape. Boppard a little gem of a village at the foot of crags as stern as the character of some of those old Grafts who in far back times had inhabited the old castle above it. Boppard is noted for its beautiful girls but we didn't see any of them.

The Stolzenfels likewise had a town to guard, and did it proudly in spite of its ruined aspect. Rheinstein directly overlooking the Rhine on the top of an immensely high cliff, just where the river turned and became narrow, Coblenz looking placid and busy in the noonday sun; Rolandseck and Seven mountains, a dream of island, strew water, high hills and one pretty village. Chrenbreitstein the stern fortress opposite Coblenz a spot which for dark warlike romance made a capital contrast to the peaceful city opposite Bonn where Beethoven was born, and where such a great crowd of students came to the wharf when the boat stopped. A very large city it looked to us, and the stern abrupt rock which they call the Louie.

These are the most vivid pictures that come to my memory when I think of the Rhine and the golden green shining of water intersects it all. It was lovely. We had a delightful day at Cologne, the weather was perfect, there being just breeze enough to keep down the heat.

Long before we reached Cologne, the delicate pointed spires and pinnacles of its cathedral were in sight. They seem to rise slowly on the horizon and in the misty distance looked like delicate spirits of art and beauty brooding over the scene of homely agricultural peace. We spent two hours in the cathedral, I felt as if I could have stayed there all day and would have been quite content to wander up and down that centre aisle watching the wonderful rain-bow-like lights which perpetually up among the slender pointed arches of its roof, looking for all the world as if a sun had had once on a time mistaken the place for heaven and wandering in there had never managed to get out again.

I could not decide which was the more wonderful, the outside with its myriad spires

each one a marvel in its filagree of stone carving on the inside, with its wonders of stained glass pouring the colored light in from every side, down those long dusky aisles, and in and out among that forest of columns which look so slender, and in reality are so massive. I don't know which I like best. We saw the treasures, which are really splendid. The precious stones quite took my breath away. They were so large, so deep colored and flashed so, and there were so many of them.

One large chest called the shrine of the Magi, because it contains authentic relics of the famous three kings, is covered with silver, gilt, gold, enamel and painted porcelain. And by way of a little extra ornamentation golden figures of the Virgin, the prophets, martyrs, apostles and saints, stand in a row around it. And their robes fairly flash with rubies, sapphires, amethysts, diamonds, pearls and emeralds, while carved Cornelian stones cover every available niche. These stones were all given by ladies of Cologne as a free will offering. There is a piece of the true cross there, and a staff once used by St. Peter, a golden bust of St. Sebastian enclosed in which is a "really truly" piece of his skull; there is an archbishop's ring, which has a seal as large as a silver dollar and every inch of its disc is covered with the most brilliant diamonds. Sacramental vessels of gold filagree flashing with gems, altar vestments of cloth of gold with precious stones gleaming in among their heavy embroideries. Massive gold crosses, candlesticks and croziers, those were a few of the things we saw in that little room where they keep their treasures. They impressed me more than those at Notre Dame, though Alison thought that the latter are the richer.

After we left the cathedral we went to a restaurant near by and had dinner, then took a drive in the Kundbalm one of the trains that goes completely round the city. I love Cologne. There is something wonderfully fascinating to me in the narrow, crooked, picturesque streets, that diverge in romantic looking vistas in every direction. The very cobble stones are replete with human interest, and there is a historical possibility in every one of the queer old-fashioned houses, that look down upon the streets with such whimsical expressions and send their upper stories bulging out over the pavement below. Alison went into raptures over the new part of the city as we drove through it. It is certainly very handsome, something like a combination of Fifth Avenue in New York and Commonwealth Avenue in Boston; but I like the old part best.

We went to see the house in which Mary de Medecis died and Reubens was born. It is a very large unemotional looking building, the lower floor of which is almost entirely composed of a huge archway forming the entrance to a funny garden-like courtyard behind the house. The rooms on either side of the archway is occupied by a wine merchant and the rooms above is where he lives, I presume—"to such base uses do we come at last!" Then we did the shops thoroughly, and after having tea we found it was quite time to start. We went in the boat in order that we might see the moonlight on the Rhine. The moon rose a little while before we got to Noyes, and when we reached that little town she was beaming in full glory over the black line of trees behind the place. It was indeed a sight grand enough to make a poet even of the most prosaic.

The two hours at Kaiserwerth were equally as pleasant. It is one of the quaintest old places I have ever seen, a perfect jumble of those old old houses, whose romance never fails to charm and thrill me whenever I see them. The "Mutterhaus" which takes up a great deal of room on one side of the rambling old street, the principal thoroughfare of the place, was once a hospital and in it Florence Nightingale received her first training before she went out to the Crimea. You may be sure that I was wild to see through it, but alas! they do not admit anybody into it now. It is occupied by some old women pensioners. However, we saw the hospital—I mean the grand, new one, that has no recollection of Florence Nightingale whatever. A fascinating little deaconess showed us through. The place is really beautiful, consisting of not one, but several buildings, standing in the midst of spacious, beautiful gardens. Wide, handsome, corridors paved with a mosaic of dark grey marble led from one ward to another and from every window there was a magnificent view of a stretch of country which surely must be a goodly sight indeed to the poor, sick souls who have to look out of them.

Then it was time to take the train for Dusseldorf. The beauty of Cologne quite stupefied me. I thought of it during the ensuing drive to Dusseldorf, which was strictly uneventful and with which our journeyings ended. N. J.

Theory About Bee Stings.

It is a fact not generally known that if one holds his breath wasps, bees and hornets can be handled with impunity. The skin becomes sting-proof, and holding the insect by the feet and giving her full liberty of action you can see her drive her weapon against the impenetrable surface with a force that lifts her body at every stroke; but let the smallest quantity of air escape from the lungs and the sting will penetrate at once. I have never seen an exception to this in twenty-five years observation. I have taught young ladies with very delicate hands to astonish their friends by the performance of this feat, and I saw one so severely stung as to require the services of a physician, through laughing at a witty remark of her sister, forgetting that laughing required breath. For a theory in explanation, I am led to believe that holding the breath partially closes the pores of the skin. My experiments in that direction have not been exact enough to be of any scientific value, but I am satisfied that it very sensibly affects the amount of insensible perspiration.

PHOTOGRAPH PRINTING.

THE ART OF REPRODUCTION OF THE IMAGE ON PAPER.

The Fourth of a Series of Plain Talks to Beginners—Little Points That If Heeded Will Instruct the Amateur, and Lead to Excellence.

Photographic printing differs from any other method of producing prints, in the fact that where type-printing, lithographic printing, etc., transfers a substance from one surface to another, it does not. The negative, which is to us, what the electrotype is to the printer, needs no ink, no renewing in any way and will last indefinitely.

If you hold a negative to the light you will notice that the shadows are represented by transparent parts while the thick opaque portions represent the high lights.

It is apparent that if paper which has been made sensitive to light is exposed, beneath a negative the light will pass through the transparent portions turning the paper dark while the remainder being protected remains in its original condition.

The albumen paper commonly used in photography may be had from any photographer either sensitized or not.

In warm weather it must be prepared fresh at least every other day as decomposition sets in and it discolors spontaneously.

If you wish to prepare it yourself do so as follows:—

Dissolve 1 oz. nitrate of silver in ten oz. of pure water and make faintly acid with nitric acid. Pour in a shallow dish and float the paper on it for about three minutes. Dry it and place in a light tight box in the bottom of which is a little ammonia. In about fifteen minutes it will be ready for use.

Cut to the desired size, place on your negative in a printing frame and expose to the light. The frame can be opened at one end and the print examined from time to time until the desired depth is obtained.

It should be printed considerably darker than you wish to have it when finished, as the after processes reduce it to an extent.

When you have obtained a sufficient number of prints place them in a tub of water to which a little acetic acid has been added, say an ounce of acid to a quart of water. Keep them in motion until they have become a dull red color. Then turn on the water at the tap and allow them to wash for a quarter of an hour, to remove the surplus silver from the paper. The next process will be to tone them.

The chloride of gold used in toning can be bought in tubes ready for use; but as a general thing it is adulterated to such an extent that it is much better to prepare it yourself.

It can readily be prepared as follows: To each dw. of gold add 2 drs. hydrochloric acid, C. P., and 1 dr. nitric acid, C. P. Place in a wide-mouth bottle and heat gently, preferably in a sand or water bath until the gold is dissolved. Now cool and fill the bottle half full of pure water. Add slowly to it bi-carbonate of soda until it becomes green. This is caused by the copper used as an alloy with the gold. It is insoluble in water and by passing the solution through a filter you get a clear solution of chloride of gold while the copper is retained by the filter.

Make the solution acid to prevent precipitation of gold. It is a good plan to keep your stock solution of gold at a uniform strength of three grains, that is for every dw. of gold make up to 8 oz. with water.

To tone, take for a dozen 5x8 prints,

Water 8 oz.
Gold ½ oz.

and enough of a saturated solution of sal-soda to make the bath faintly alkaline.

Place the prints in it one by one and keep them constantly in motion until they have reached the desired color, wash for a few minutes in running water and place in the fixing bath,

Water 8 oz.
Hypo-sulphite of soda 1 oz.

Fifteen minutes will be sufficient in this, after which they must be washed for two hours when they will be ready to mount.

An extremely simple and at the same time rather pretty method of producing paper positives is by the Ferro-Prussiate process.

This will necessitate two stock solutions, Red Prussiate of potash 1 oz. Water 4 oz. (A) Citrate of Iron 1 oz. " 4 " (B)

To use, simply mix and float any good stiff paper in the same way that you would albumen paper. Dry, print and soak in water for a few minutes and your picture is finished.

There are numerous ready sensitized high surface papers appearing in the market lately which are rapidly taking the place of albumen paper.

They are especially valuable to the amateur who wishes to avoid the trouble of sensitizing a little paper every time he has occasion to use it.

I will give here a formula for toning which I have found to work equally well with every brand of high surface paper that I have used.

A.
Hypo-sulphite of Soda, 4 oz.
Powdered Alum 4 "
Borax 1 "
Water 16 "

B.
Nitrate of Lead 40 grs.
Water 2 oz.

To tone take 8 oz. A to ½ oz. B and gold sufficient for the number of prints that

you have. Refix for two or three minutes in A 1 oz., water 8 oz. Wash and finish as you would albumen prints.

Next week we will take up mounting, spotting and general finishing.
C. F. GIVAN.

The Wonders of Whitewash.

A Missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash.

To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow.

They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in confusion. Whitewash became the rage.

Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a dab of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic.

To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babes.

More About The Willow Pattern China.

There are several varieties of the original pattern, but the common pattern is fairly described in the following childish rhymes:

"Two pigeons flying high,
A little ship a-sailing by,
A weeping willow drooping o'er
Three warren only, and no more,
The workhouse next, and near at hand
A palace for the lord of the land,
And apple tree, with fruit o'er hung,
The fencing round will end my song."

And now, as regards the so-called legends of the plate. It was written up to the pattern, and was merely a fanciful story evolved from his brain by Mark Lemon, formerly editor of Punch. It appeared in 1858 in Bentley's Miscellany (then edited by Charles Dickens), vol. III, p. 61, and was called: "A True History of the Celebrated Wedgwood Hieroglyph, commonly the Willow Pattern." The story was reprinted in The Family Friend (Houlston and Stoneman, London), vol. I, p. 124.

In 1867 there was published in London a shilling's worth of fun on the same subject, illustrated with almost a dinner service number of Blue Plates. It was entitled: "A Dish of Gossip off the Willow Pattern, by Baz, and Plates to match by Fuz."

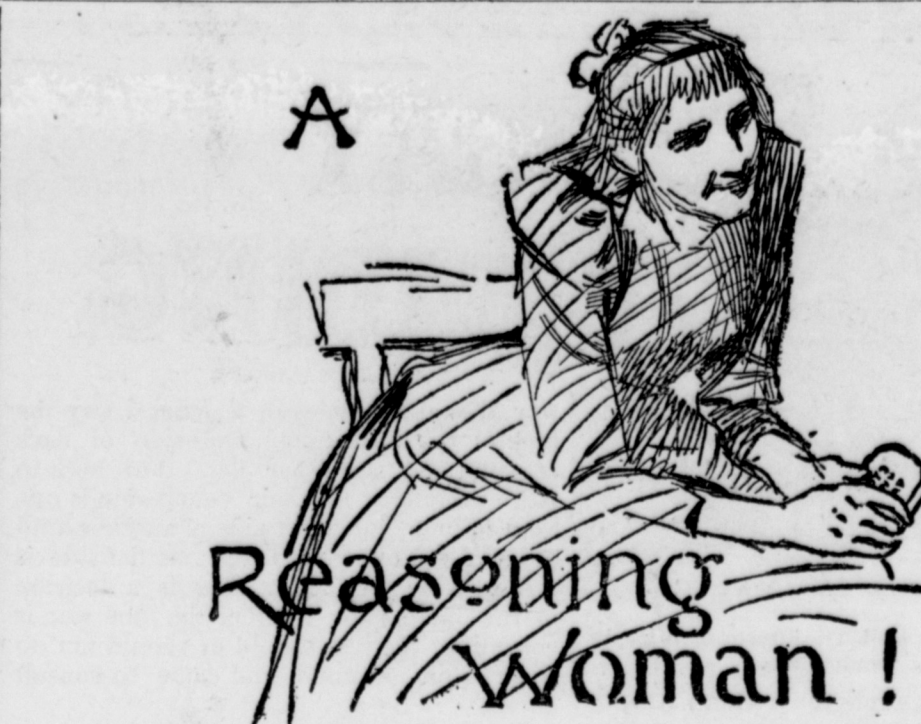
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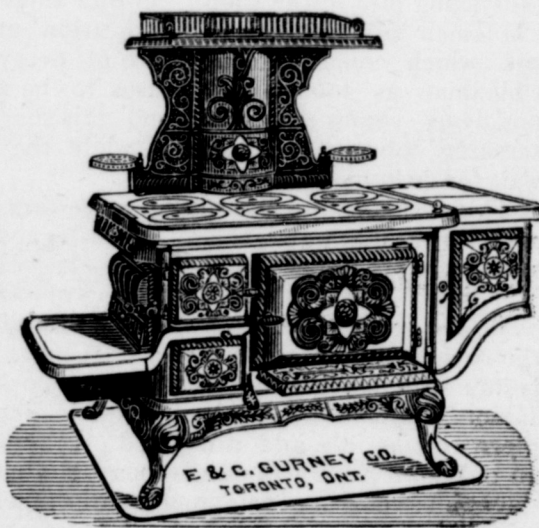
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AFTER BREAKFAST DIALOGUE:

HUSBAND: Anything you want down town this morning Kate?

WIFE: Yes, I wish you would drop into *ALLAN'S* on Water St. and see that new range he is advertising in *PROGRESS*. Mrs. Jackson has one of them and she cannot say enough in its praise. We must have a new Range, and I think "The Kitchen Witch" will suit us splendidly.

HUSBAND: All right; let us have the Kitchen Witch by all means. It is a Gurney Range I see, so it is sure to be what it is represented.



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