

TWO LEADING WRITERS.

OF ONE COUNTRY AND OF KIN,
THEY ARE VERY MUCH UNLIKE.

Ibsen is Precise, While the Man With the Needless "B" is not—Bjornson has a Soft Snap in Having a Wife who Edits his Manuscript.

The two great writers of Norway, Ibsen and Bjornson, have recently been united even more closely by a tie of consanguinity; in short they are grandfathers of the same child says an exchange. The youngster's father is Sigurd Ibsen, and his mother Bjornson's eldest daughter, Mrs. Alec Tweedie has an interesting article in the Temple Bar upon the two great Scandinavians, Ibsen and Bjornson. In the early months of the present year Mrs. Tweedie called upon Ibsen in his own house in Christiania, and interviewed him there. She says:

"The doctor is a small man, thick set,—one might almost say stout in build. His head is splendid. The long white hair is a tangled mass of glistening locks. It is brushed straight up from an unusually high forehead and stands out as a sort of frame to the face; indeed, the face is completely framed by white hair, for Ibsen wears whiskers and a beard under the chin, the chin itself and upper lip being clean shaven. By this arrangement the mouth is clearly visible, and it is a very curious mouth. The upper lip is short and the mouth is so thin and decided that the top lip hardly shows at all. The mouth is very determined, with a pleasant smile when talking. He always wears glasses, and whether from their use or from short-sightedness the eyes themselves are somewhat sunken and much hidden by the shaggy eyebrows. It is a keen face, not actually handsome, but impressive, and denotes power and penetration."

She adds that he wore a complete suit of shiny black, with a double breasted top coat, some of the buttons of which were the worse for wear. His tie was of white satin. In manner he is very quiet and reserved, speaking German very slowly and deliberately. He is of German descent and very sympathetic with Germans, although he thinks Norway the most lovely country in the world.

Mrs. Tweedie says that Ibsen is almost as neat and as faddy as an old maid. Everything was in its place, and all the MSS. were fastened up in elastic bands. He is always punctual to a second; writes a clear, neat hand, walks and moves slowly, and is never in a hurry. He takes some two years to write a play, and he writes it out so often, that when it is finished, not a line of the original often remains. He is absolutely unimpaired by the bustle and turmoil that he sees all around about him. As to his habits, Ibsen said that he was getting lazy, and did not read much. He looked over the papers every day, and read a book now and then. By the side of the ink pot, on the table on which he writes his book, there stands a little tray, and on that tray one of the small carved wooden bears so common in Switzerland. Beside it was a little black devil, holding a match and two or three little cats and rabbit in copper, one of the former of which was playing a violin. Mrs. Tweedie asked Ibsen what was the meaning of the strange group. He replied: "I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having that tray and its occupants before me on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is; but I cannot write without them," he repeated; "but why I use them is my own secret," and he laughed quietly.

His writing room is bare and very unpretentious. The drawing room and dining room are covered with pictures, which he carries about with him wherever he goes. Mrs. Tweedie says that is purely an exaggeration—that Ibsen has probably made more money with his pen than any other writer.

Ibsen now lives very quietly, taking no part in politics. After his morning work is done, he takes a little walk before dinner. After dinner, which is at three, he strolls down to the hotel, where he sits down to coffee or beer, and reads the newspapers for an hour or two.

Following is Mrs. Tweedie's description of Bjornstjerne Bjornson:

"Bjornson is a big man of powerful build. His well knit form denotes great physical strength, and his splendid head signifies great mental power. The face is curiously round, and the high cheek bones and massive jaw have a peculiarly Northern air. From his broad brow he wears his hair brushed straight up. The hair is now almost white, although it was red in his youth, and he still has great quantities of it. As he moves his head in his emphatic speech, the massive main of hair moves and shakes and reminds one of a shaggy lion. His face is clean shaven, except for a small pair of reddish whiskers. He is a fine looking man with his burly build and keen, piercing blue eyes. He is very short sighted, and is never seen without spectacles. He has a very determined, thin mouth, with a kindly smile, very characteristic of the man, who is stern and grave and very tender hearted.

"Bjornson is devoted to music; although no performer himself, he is passionately fond of listening."

Of his method of working Mrs. Tweedie gives the following account:

"When the household is settled and things have assumed the usual routine, Bjornson writes all the morning until 2 o'clock, at which hour the family dines, and after that he considers the chief part of his day's work is done. He is not at all methodical and tidy like Ibsen; but then he has not so much time on his hands; his whole life is a rush from morn to night.

"Bjornson always likes to be alone when he is writing, and in each of his little country seats he has his own writing room and a large plain table. He thinks out all his scenes and situations, and even decided on the conversations of his characters before he puts pen to paper, and during all his planning and arranging of his chapters he always walks about. Up and down, backward and forward he trudges, muttering to

himself; but when he has once decided on chapter and verse, he sits down and dashes it off with great rapidity, resulting in some very untidy and illegible MS., about which some very curious stories are told. But for his wife the printer would probably never decipher what he writes; but Fru Bjornson copies nearly everything for her husband, then he corrects and alters it, and she copies it all over again before it goes to press. She is of the greatest assistance to him in this way."

ORIGIN OF THE BRIDAL WREATH.

A Symbol of Womanliness and Purity of Mind and Soul.

No wreath has ever been so sung by poets and rhymesters as that which graces the head of the bride on her wedding day, and in most countries the myrtle is closely associated with the bridal wreath. The latter has become a symbol of true womanliness, of purity of mind and soul, and even Schiller is amongst those who have sung its praises. In the time of the Old Testament the Jews saw in the myrtle a sign of what, for them, was most beautiful and precious—the promised land, for which they were always longing. Later on, among the Greeks, the myrtle and the rose were considered the favorite flowers of Venus, the goddess of love, and gardens of myrtle were planted in her honor, with beds of roses, the red rose and the green myrtle representing the union of love and virtue.

Nowadays the myrtle has, however, several rivals. In America, in England, in France and in Poland the orange blossom reigns supreme; in Italy the white rose has taken the place of the evergreen and fragrant myrtle wreath. In Spain the red rose and in Portugal the carnation have supplanted it. In many parts of Germany there are many distinct customs to be observed. The sprigs from which the wreath shall be twined must in some places be taken at a fixed hour of the night between certain holy days. In some countries or districts the veil is used without the wreath. In the province of Dalarne, in Sweden, the bride wears a white cloth round her head, and in several countries the bridal wreath, has, in the course of time, taken the shape of a more or less elaborate headgear or wedding crown. This is the case in Norway and in several places in Germany. In Altenburg it takes the shape of a red velvet cap, round which run thirteen silver rings, from which are suspended a number of silver and gold plates and coins. A veil and a profusion of floating silk ribbons in gay colors complete the bridal crown. In Denmark the myrtle is universally used for bridal wreaths, together with a long white veil. Many families possess myrtle trees, which have for quite a generation or more furnished the myrtle wreaths for the brides of the family.

THE LETTERS J AND W.

A History of Two Important Members of the English Alphabet.

It is a fact not so well known but that it may be said to be curious that the letters j and w are modern additions to our alphabet says a Western paper. The use of the j may be said to have become general during the time of the Commonwealth, say between 1649 and 1658. From 1630 to 1646 its use is exceedingly rare, and I have never as yet seen a book printed prior to 1625 in which it appeared. In the century immediately preceding the seventeenth it became the fashion to tail the last i when Roman numerals were used, as in this example: viij, for 8, or xij, in place of 12. This fashion still lingers, but only in physicians' prescriptions, I believe. Where the French use j it has the power of s as we use it in the word "vision." What nation was first to use it as a new letter is an interesting but perhaps unanswerable query.

In a like manner the printers and language makers in the latter part of the sixteenth century began to recognize the fact that there was a sound in spoken English which was without a representative in the shape of an alphabetical sign or character, as the first sound in the word "wet." Prior to that time it had always been spelled as "vet," the v having the long sound of you or two u's together. In order to convey an idea of the new sound they began to spell such words as "wet," "weather," "web," etc., with two u's, and as the u of that date was a typical v the three words mentioned above looked like this: "vvet," "vweather," "vveb." After a while the type founders recognized the fact that the double u had come to stay, so they joined the two u's together and made the character so well known as w. I have one book in which three forms of the w are given. The first is the old double v (vv), the next is one in which the last stroke of the first v crosses the first stroke of the second, and the third is the common w as used to-day.

A Ponderous Machine.

The largest locomotive ever built in England—an honor belonging to the Messrs. Hawthorn of Newcastle—runs upon a four-wheeled leading bogie and two pairs of independent driving wheels of seven feet six inches diameter, and there are four high-pressure cylinders. Two cylinders placed inside under the smokebox are seventeen by twenty-two inches, and actuate the first pair of driving wheels; two outside cylinders are placed behind the bogie wheels; they are sixteen and one-half by twenty-four inches, and work the second or trailing pair of driving wheels; the total tractive force exerted by the four cylinders upon the four driving wheels is, therefore, one hundred and forty-three pounds for each pound of effected pressure. The boiler works at a pressure of one hundred and seventy-five pounds, but is constructed to carry two hundred pounds if necessary, and it is of oval section, in order that it may be placed between the tops of the driving wheels. The number of tubes is one hundred and eighty-nine, with a diameter of two and three-eighths inches, sixteen feet long, and a total heating surface of two thousand and eighteen square feet. The area of fire-grate is 28 square feet, the weight of engine in working order sixty tons, and the tender when loaded tons.

Why the Rat was a Pet.

Missionary—Ah, you have a pet. I see. Convict—Yes—this rat. I feeds him every day. I think more o' that 'ere rat than any other livin' creature. Missionary—Ah, in every man there's something of the angel left, if one can only find it. How came you to take such a fancy to that rat? Convict—He bit a gaoler.

MAY APPLY TO CANADA.

"THE ROAST OF HERALDRY" AS A LONDON PAPER EXPLAINS IT.

Crests and Mottoes Supplied at Short Notice for Spot Cash—Methods of the Bogus Heraldic Office—How Anybody Can Get an Escutcheon at Short Notice.

"What is your crest and motto? Send name and county to —'s Heraldic Office. For plain sketch, 3s. 6d.; in heraldic colors, 6s.

Advertisements of the above class, says London Tit-Bits, are familiar to every newspaper reader, and it is not unusual to find displayed in the windows of die-sinkers and engravers the brief legend, "Arms found."

It is extraordinary how many people are taken in by these sham heralds. In fact, it is probable that not one person in a hundred has the slightest title to the arms that are so confidently borne and displayed. They are mostly individuals who have prospered in life and like to fancy themselves of noble descent.

These amusing members of the nouveau riche deem it of the first importance to sport a crest and motto on their note-paper, on their carriage door and on their silver spoons. It is so easily managed, too. "Three-and-sixpence plain; six shillings highly colored." A letter is written, the stamps inclosed, with "name and county," and by return of post the matter is settled, and they are in possession of the arms borne by noble ancestors, whom they are quite unable to trace beyond their great-grandfather! Could anything be easier or cheaper?

But what a wonderful man the advertising herald would seem to be! Surely his methods must be similar to those of the astrologer, who tells you all your past and future from the simple date of "place and moment of birth." He tells us the arms that our ancestors bore, when we have not the slightest idea who our ancestors were— if we ever had any, as is reasonable to suppose.

The system, however, adopted at the bogus "Heraldic Office" is so sublimely simple. Suppose your "name and county" to be "Grogson, Gloucester." On receipt of this information the advertiser refers to one of the numerous printed Armories, or lists of arms, and perhaps finds "Grogson, Nerfolk; Grogson, Gloucester; and Grogson, Kent," with particulars of the arms originally granted to persons of the name in each county. A rough, a generally quite inaccurate, sketch is then made of the Gloucester arms, and sent to you on the delightful assumption that it a certain family called Grogson have at any time been granted a coat of arms, every other individual of the name who happens to reside, or to have been born, in the same county has an equal right to its use.

If no arms for "Grogson, Gloucester," can be found in the manner described, you receive those applying to Somerset or Devon, or whatever the nearest county may happen to be.

But supposing the name does not appear at all, no person called Grogson having ever borne arms, does the "Heraldic Office" return your money and inform you that no arms can be found? Not at all. Failing Grogson, you receive the arms of Grogson, or, failing that, Grigson. If Grigson does not appear, then Grogson is tried, until something is ultimately "found" and supplied that probably an antiquarian friend will soon tell you is an inaccurate copy of the arms of Gregswell!

These fictitious arms we have painted and engraved on all our goods and chattels, and our sons and daughters glory in what is called the "family crest." Formerly the College of Arms (the only real heralds) would interfere in the matter, and they may still legally proceed, but they have long ceased to do so. The innumerable small fry who sport sham arms are not deemed worth powder and shot, while, in the case of personages of some importance in their day, it is sufficient to threaten an exposure, and no man of position cares to be pilloried as a charlatan—as a wearer of borrowed or stolen plumes.

If the "honorable distinction" of bearing arms is of any value at all, and a great many people regard it as a useless, if not stupid, relic of the days of chivalry, something should be done in the direction of stopping the daily frauds practised on a credulous people by the self-styled "Heraldic Offices."

Should the reader wish to obtain a genuine coat of arms, he will have little difficulty in doing so, provided he be a respectable and honorable person of some position. The College of Arms can easily be induced to make him a grant for a trifling consideration—generally a sum between £70 and £80.

THINGS OF VALUE.

A man refuses to drive a nail unless he has a hammer. A woman does not hesitate to use a poker, or the heel of a shoe, or the back of a brush.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

REV. WM. BROWN.

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. MASTERS.

Salvation may be free, but it costs money to convey the information.

The remarkable longevity of Cape Breton people may largely be attributed to a wholesome fish diet—the quintessence of which forms the basis of—Putner's Emulsion.

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—H. Bushnell.

What Province Girls May Face.

"I cannot afford to take even a car ride," said one working girl, when asked where she intended to spend her holiday. Further inquiry elicited the facts that she was paying rent, feeding and clothing herself, and meeting incidental expenses on the mag-

nificent income of four dollars and eight cents a week! There must have been money stringency in that quarter sometimes.

It would be an interesting study to go into the details of such a case, and dwell on the provision for sickness and slack seasons when even such remunerative labor was not to be had. And yet that girl who would not indulge herself by the outlay of five cents gave a dollar in charity where the need was greater than her own.

Another girl, who had planned and boarded months ahead for a two weeks' outing yielded up her little store to a friend out of work, out of money, and further harassed by the possession of a good-for-nothing drunken brother.—[Mary B. O'Sullivan in Donahoe's Magazine.]

ON THE BRINK OF INSANITY!

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE!

A Postmaster Saved!

Paine's Celery Compound Drags a Victim from the Open Grave!



P. J. KILBRIDE.

A marvellous cure! A wonderful rescue from death! These are the expressions used by the friends of Mr. P. J. Kilbride, postmaster of Inverness, P. E. I. Months of agony was endured; medicines of the ordinary kind produced no good results; all was dark despair until nature's great medicine was used. Then true life dawned, hope was brightened, and in due time a perfect cure was effected. Mr. Kilbride writes as follows:—

"I now write you about Paine's Celery Compound, having just finished the fifth bottle. It is impossible for me to say sufficient, or find words strong enough, to praise Paine's Celery Compound as I ought.

To-day I feel myself a new man. Six months ago I was on the brink of insanity; my nervous system was completely broken down; I could not sleep more than one or two hours at night, and often did not sleep for four nights in succession. Oh! I never can describe the agony I suffered. I was almost reduced to a skeleton; could only work an hour, when I was so fatigued I would be obliged to lie down and rest before I could resume work.

The use of your Compound has given me rest and sweet sleep, and I can now work all day. To tell the honest, candid truth, I have not felt so well for fourteen years. When I commenced taking Paine's Celery Compound my weight was 144 lbs.; now I weigh 168 lbs. I am gaining in flesh every day; my friends are all surprised at my wonderful cure and changed appearance. Oh! if I only had known of this life-saving remedy years ago, I would have escaped many days and nights of terrible pain and agony. Thank God the terrible times have passed, I hope never to return. How I wish I could reach the ear of every man in Canada—those who are suffering as I once suffered—how I would plead with them—yes, on my knees I would ask them to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair trial; and I feel confident they would bless me afterwards for my recommendation.

Young men take this truthful and candid advice; if you are suffering from a broken-down nervous system, use Paine's Celery Compound; it will thoroughly restore you physically and otherwise.

I am now in perfect health through no other agency than Paine's Celery Compound. You may use this statement as you choose."

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 25th day of July last past, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Ellen Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Bostford, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiffs' Bill, and in said Decreeal Order mentioned and described as

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR parcel of land, situate in the City of Saint John, being known and distinguished as all that part of Lot No. 29, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called)."

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Sammell and Anne Maria, his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P, No. 6 of Records, pages 414 and 415, and therein described as situate lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Indenture of Release or Partition, dated the eighth day of February, A. D. 1860, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and Georgianna Wilson of the other part, as the land and premises recently in the tenancy of Messrs. Short and Setoy, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill."

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee.

Dated the 5th day of August, A. D. 1893.

J. TWING HARTY, CHARLES DOHERTY, Plaintiff's Solicitor. Referee in Equity.

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.

You Want.....
The Best.

Naturally you pay for it and are entitled to it. And when it comes to dyeing, we are prepared to furnish it to you.

Ladies' and gentlemen's work of every description gives satisfaction if dyed at **UNCAR'S**.

One Trial Convinces.
He makes the old new.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to **UNCAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works**, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 66 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

UNCAR'S.



STEPPING OVER...

"BABY'S OWN SOAP" is stepping over the best of Soaps for the nursery.

It is composed of the purest materials, and is slightly but delicately scented—there being strong objections to the use of highly perfumed soaps in the nursery.

Made Only by **THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.**, Montreal.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the **PHENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN.**

WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st, 1891.		D. W. C. SKILLTON, President.	
Cash Capital.....	\$2,000,000 00	J. H. MITCHELL, Vice-President.	
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.....	293,831 17	GEO. H. BURDICK, Secretary.	
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,819,903 88	CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President.	
NET SURPLUS.....	1,517,078 68	CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.	
TOTAL ASSETS.....	\$5,624,814 73	GERALD E. HART, General Manager.	
KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST,	132	Full Deposit with the Dominion Government.	
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