

LUCERNE AND ITS LION.
SCENES VISITED BY A NEW BRUNSWICKER IN EUROPE.

Places Which Have Been Made Famous in Story and Verse—The Dance of Death Bridge—Heidelberg Castle and the Biggest Beer Tun on Earth.

When in Lucerne, we went to see the famous Lion. Entering a tiny bit of woodland where a few little buildings were erected apparently for the purpose of selling the Swiss carved woodwork, we came suddenly upon a small pond of water over which some swans were swimming. Opposite the side on which we were standing, rose abruptly a tall rocky cliff, smooth and characterless save for its height and for a few saplings and wild bushes which had struck their roots into a few stray crevices. Just above the water in the centre of the rock was the lion—the exquisitely executed piece of sculpture—carved out of the common rock, but so beautifully done that one could not think of any material which would have served better. It was a marvellous thing this exquisite figure of the wounded lion, hewn out of the rough rock and it takes one's breath away on first view. Viewed from the aesthetic standpoint it is faultlessly beautiful; thought of as a symbolical of disabled Switzerland it is a perfect allegory and as it lies there with the waving shadows of the trees passing over it and the sparkling waters below it, it is impressive indeed. To me it was doubly so. In the days when I was a tiny thing and used to read Hans Anderson, Thorwaldsen, the designer of the Lion, was a familiar name to me, for he was a great friend of the poet story teller and was spoken of very often in his books, and figured in one or two of his stories. Something of the old feeling of childish admiration and friendship for the genius came back to me, as I gazed at his work.

We had a long walk that afternoon, but first we went into some of the stores to buy wood ware. Then we mixed ourselves up in among the strange, narrow, old-looking streets, where one came so often upon such oddly painted houses, with fruits, flowers and old German figures ornamenting them; we crossed one of the quaint old bridges, wandered through a maze of lanes and finally found ourselves among the low rolling hills of dazzling green at the back of the city. We mounted one after another till we came to the old city wall, pausing every now and then to admire the view which was unutterably lovely. Every summit and every hollow has its own little treasure of beauty, making one long to have either the pencil of an artist or the pen of a poet to adequately express it. Descending from the slope which is crowned by the old wall we found ourselves in a more modern-looking part of the town, but presently were confronted by an old, odd looking, three-towered church, into which we entered. It was very like most Roman catholic churches are inside and at this particular time presented a picturesque appearance indeed. Vespers were in progress and through the tall windows long slanting rays of the sun crossed the church diagonally, lighting up the dense crowd of kneeling people and bringing out the warm colors of the pictures on the wall with unusual beauty and brilliancy.

"We will go to the Gutch to-day," said Alison as she raised the blind the next morning and saw that the weather was dazzling, and so after a leisurely breakfast we found ourselves out in the hot—very hot streets. Then we wended our way in the direction of the Dance of Death Bridge. Under its quaint old-fashioned roof we spent some time examining every one of the Dance of Death pictures, which were painted on the roof supports above our head, while Alison tried to make out the inscriptions under them. These old pictures are more famous than cheerful, representing every aspect of human life with death in its customary skeleton form and in every variety of costume in the midst of them. It is difficult to know why they should have been painted just there, but doubtless it was to remind the people that passed every day over the bridge of their mortality. Some of them are half effaced by time and weather. We stared at them until our necks were stiff and then stood for a while watching the icy locking current rushing under it, and the strange looking houses at its edge, out of the windows of which, here and there, several people were fishing. Fancy being in a house where one could go into one's bedroom for a day's fishing! We thought of course of Longfellow's "Golden Legend" as we stood there. Remembering how Prince Henry and Elsie stopped on that seltsame bridge, on their way to the sacrifice, and watched the river rushing along and looking at the old pictures just as we were doing. It was nice and cool under the roof of that old bridge, with the rush of that river sounding in one's ears, and it was not without regret that we left it and emerged into the broiling street.

More climbing railway, this time a very precipitous one but it only lasted a few minutes and we were at the Gutch. We found ourselves in a garden exquisitely kept and yet with an appearance of wildness beautifully preserved. Here and there were small round platforms with roofs and arched pillars from which we could see Lucerne spread out below the hill. It is a perfect view and that is the reason why the Gutch exists and bears its enormous restaur-

ant which bears a strong resemblance to a gentleman's villa. Almost every inch of Lucerne can be seen, its curving river winding through the middle of it, the quaint old bridges crossing it at intervals, the low waving green line of hills in the background, a little further in distance, the lake, round the edge of which the little city curves, and still further off Pitatus, the Rigi and several other mountains, blending their outlines into each other.

Beyond a doubt the Gutch is popular. The columns and balustrades of the little stand from which we first looked at the view was covered thickly with the names of visitors who had been there—so thickly indeed that it would have been quite impossible to put a single word more, and this was the case far up each column above our heads. These names were mixed with exclamations, sketches, verses and comments in every possible variety of handwriting and with a pleasing number of languages, although the majority, both of names and sentiments were in English. Some of them were significant, for instance, "God save Ireland: down with Farnell!" "God save Gladstone," "Long wave the stars and stripes," "England for ever!" "Tres beau aber toujours le meine, toujours le meine," together with a number of remarks expressive of patronizing approval of the scenery. It was very amusing.

We had our luncheon on a kind of a large verandah, also with arched supports to the roof, round which the vines clustered and afforded a home for a crowd of birds—beautiful little creatures with various colored breasts, which flew in the place as we were eating, coming quite close to us, and receiving, as a matter of course, the crumbs we scattered for them. We sat there for some time, resting, and enjoying the perfect view; and then we went for a walk in the woods behind the restaurant. They were the strangest woods I ever was in; the ground was entirely covered with pine needles, and a straw fern or leaf here and there, was the only relief. Enormously high pine trees, planted in even rows, and putting forth no branches from their straight trunks until quite near the top, where they spread a thick, dark mass of foliage, through which at this time the sun penetrated but feebly, and shed a mild and tempered light, which was really a cool, green shade. It was indeed like a vast cathedral, and through it sounded a heavy bass droning—like the rumbling of a great church organ, but what was in reality the hum of many bees.

The principal street in Heidelberg is a very lengthy affair indeed but we kept on the shady side of the street and so avoided the heat while the way was beguiled for us by the pretty shop windows and the students. Another lit in one of those railway climbers and we were in a few minutes in the courtyard of the castle where the trees and flowers were growing luxuriantly and as happily as if they were not surrounded by those magnificently pathetic ruins of human glory those frail things that had outlasted it all.

Led by a very valuable guide and in company with a couple of very stout Germans, who were evidently humorous as they kept the guide in a roar of laughter all the time—we went through the castle. It is a wonderful old ruin, and one feels a thrill as in passing through it, thinking of the history it has had and trying to picture the scenes that have been enacted in it. The great dining room, the spot sacred to the memory of many a famous carousal, the kitchen with its immense fireplace, built very likely to admit of oxen being roasted whole there. The very narrow winding stone stairway, the old looking little corner rooms, the little places here and there from which they defended the castle—what wild excitement there must have been there whenever the place was attacked—even in its ruin the whole place is wonderfully beautiful and its position on that high hill, ideally romantic. I should think that the poor ghosts of the dead and gone people who have filled the place in those far back days making it radiant with the splendor of their old time costumes, and have experienced there all the exciting experiences probable in those days, should, if they can see it now and have the power of formulating a wish in that land where they have gone, long greatly to return and rebuild the place with all its former beauty.

Having seen the Castle of course the next proceeding was to see the great Tun, so we followed our guide into the cellar with a feeling of excitement, it was natural perhaps, one had read and heard so much about it, all one's life. Suddenly I stopped with a start, there it was for sure—"What a monster! what a—" "That's the smallest one," observed Alison. I looked at her incredulously, but the guide walked on without giving the object that had excited my amazement much attention, and when at last we stood before the Tun, I said nothing; comment would have been frivolous. There was a tomb for Bachaus: It is idle to attempt to describe it—all one can say is that it is big. Of course I opened the door of the little box, and started at the fox-tail which sprang into my face. It is the famous surprise of the famous jester, who drank himself to death, but I had not heard of it nevertheless.

We left the great Tun without much comment, except from the witty German, who grumbled humorously at it being empty, and for a few excited comments which we made when informed that six couple could dance on the top of it comfortably. N. J.

It is customary for a Buddhist priest to be present at the birth of a child in India, and the words with which the little newcomer is welcomed into the world by the holy man are very appropriate: "You come into the world weeping," says he, while all around you smile. Strive to live in such a manner that when you depart this life you will smile, while all around you weep."

ABOUT A CUP OF COFFEE.
THE STORY OF THE BEVERAGE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

It Came From Ethiopia in the First Instance—How the Berry is Cultivated—Methods of Preparation—The Best Way to Prepare Coffee.

Did you ever stop to think as you sit at breakfast sipping and enjoying the fragrant cup of coffee without which your meal might seem far from perfect, how much labor and pains have been expended on the preparation of the coffee berry before it reached the coffee "mill" in the kitchen? Do you know anything of the interesting story of this aromatic beverage since the time when man first discovered that it was fit to be used as food?

As a general rule far too little thought is given by the people of this matter-of-fact age to things of this sort. They can go to a grocery and purchase their coffee, tea or other articles of food already to be prepared by simple and well known processes for the table. Beyond these things the world at large knows nothing. In fact there is no one now living that knows all of the history of coffee.

The Greeks and Romans knew nothing of its use if they had any knowledge of its existence. But in Ethiopia it has been known as far back as the memory of man, records or tradition extend. It can be traced farther back in the history of Ethiopia than in that of any other country and it is therefore probable that it is to the ancients of Ethiopia that he owe the discovery of its properties, the result of which we today so gratefully enjoy. From Ethiopia coffee is said by some to have been introduced into Arabia as early as 875 A. D. Others, however, declare that it was not until the fifteenth century that the Arabian knew of it, the Persians having first obtained it from Ethiopia in the ninth century, introducing it in turn into Arabia. Others again, claim that Arabia got its coffee in the fifteenth century direct from Africa. Be this as it may its future progress is more easily traced. Appearing in Constantinople in 1553 and in Venice in 1615 it was finally introduced into England in 1652. In 1690 it was introduced into Java and from there extended throughout the East Indies. Among the Egyptians coffee was a favorite drink, but was allowed only twice a week, in campaigns especially assembled for the purpose, the greatest solemnity being observed on such occasions. A mention of coffee is thus made by an English writer in 1621: "The Turks have a drink called coffee (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter, which they sip up as warm as they can suffer, because they find by experience that that kind of drink so used helpeth digestion and produced alacrity."

The coffee berry is a little larger than a cranberry and something like one in appearance. Each of the two seeds is enveloped in a delicate membrane. This being strongly adherent can only be removed by strong rubbing, even when the seed is dry. Outside of this is a thicker and looser covering. The two seeds, with their respective inner and outer coverings, are together enveloped in a tough shell, which in turn is surrounded by a thin white pulp and an outer skin, forming the berry. Nearly all the processes of preparation seek, first, the removal of the outer pulp by maceration in water; second, the drying of the seeds with their coverings; third, the removal of the several coverings after they are dry. To this is sometimes added a fourth, by which the seeds are sorted according to their forms and sizes.

Notwithstanding the popular impression to the contrary the coffee berries do not grow on a bush but on a tree, which, if permitted to grow, will shoot up 30 or 40 feet. When properly cultivated, however, this tree is nipped off about six feet from ground, which not only presents a surface more easily picked from, but allowing the main stalk to gain great strength. The snow white flowers shaped like a star remind one somewhat of orange blossoms in all but fragrance. One often sees buds, blossoms and green and ripe fruit on the same tree. But though always flowering and developing fruit, the true harvest season is from April to November. The berries are harvested by hand and when dry and ready to ship the coffee is conveyed to port or railroad in bags on the backs of mules. In former years coffee was only sold "raw" or green, but now the business of roasting forms an important industry by itself.

It is related that about 1750 a Portuguese traveller visiting in Cayenne was given a handful of berries by the wife of the French governor. The seeds from these were planted near Para and from them sprang the first coffee trees in Brazil. It was long before coffee got to be an article of export from that country. In 1800 10 sacks (1,350 pounds) were sent out from Rio and two years later 12 sacks were exported. In 1851 the largest export was made and consisted of 330,000,000 pounds of coffee.

The best kinds of coffee are the Mocha and Java, the former being grown in Arabia and the latter in the Island of Java. The seeds of Mocha coffee are small and of a dark yellow color; those of Java are larger and of a paler yellow. When old, however, in which state it is most esteemed, the latter coffee assumes a brown shade.

It is safe to say that no attempt is made to adulterate coffee in its green state, but great cleverness is employed in the adulteration and imitation of the browned berry both whole and ground. One of the most ingenious articles used is an artificial bean manufactured by a machine invented by a Connecticut Yankee. This bean is of the exact size and shape and color of an ordinary coffee bean, and is made out of a sort of paste resembling macaroni. It can be made for a few cents a pound. There is no flavor of coffee to it and it is perfectly harmless. When the manufactured bean is roasted with the real bean and imbibes its aroma while taking on the same color, it is difficult for experts to detect it, and the general public without expert knowledge is utterly unable to distinguish the counterfeit.

It is in the grinding of coffee that the greatest opportunities for fraud occur, for here there is a chance to mix in any quantity of cheap substances, that are ground in so that the grains of the product are all of the same shape and color. The bean of

the mesquite tree is used largely, as is also the seeds of chicory.

Taken strong in the morning, coffee often produces dizziness. But this is not the proper way to take it. Rightly used it is most valuable to the morning meal. It should be made as strong as possible in a drip bag and a tablespoonful or so of the liquid added slowly to a large cupful of equal parts of hot milk and cream, in which have been previously dissolved two or three lumps of sugar. Try it some time this way and you will find that you have a delicious cup—that cheers but does not inebriate."

Acres of Pictures.

The largest panorama picture ever made was the panorama of London, which was exhibited at the Colosseum. It was taken from sketches made by Mr. Hornor from the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral, and completed by him in 1829. It covered 46,000 square feet, or more than an acre, of canvas. The canvas of Niagara, lately exhibited in London, is 400 feet in length and 50 feet high, representing an area of 20,000 square feet. It was painted by M. Philpoteaux, in his studio at Harlem, about four miles from New York. There was some difficulty in getting in across the water, for the owners of the steamer informed the proprietor that the only place where it could be accommodated was on the deck, and that is how it came over, in one solid roll weighing eight tons. It took up the whole of the deck, and cost \$10,000 for freight. Some idea of the size of the building where the canvas was fixed may be gathered from the fact that Convent Garden Theatre, one of the largest in London, was not big enough to contain it. There has just been exhibited at Geneva, for exhibition at the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago, a panorama of the Bernese Alps, which is 51 feet high and 345 feet long. It costs \$300,000 and the sketches for the painting were taken from the summit of the Mannlichen, which is 6,600 feet high. M. Philpoteaux's panorama of the Siege of Paris was 30 feet long and 50 feet wide, having some 20,000 figures depicted.

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