

## TOLD ABOUT MARRIAGE.

DAYS AND DATES WHICH ARE SAID TO BE LUCKY OR NOT.

Wedding Presents and Bridal Favors—Their Early History—The Meaning of Wedding Cake—Good and Bad Omens for Bride and Bridegroom.

It would not be strange if an epidemic of matrimony should result from the British royal wedding just celebrated, says the New York Sun.

There's something like the force of example. Even the most wary of spinsters and the most pessimistic of bachelors are susceptible to contagion, and it behooves them to study diligently the treatment they must adopt.

In the first place there are certain dates upon the calendar which cannot be fixed upon for "the happy day," because hoary tradition has decided otherwise. It is the subtle fever of matrimony is working in your brain, consult the following list of unlucky days and be governed accordingly: Jan. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 15; Feb. 6, 7, 18; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7, 15; June 7, 15; July 5, 19; Aug. 15, 19; Sept. 6, 7; Oct. 6; Nov. 15, 16; and Dec. 15, 16, 17. These particular days are warranted to blight the lives of the truest lovers ever seen.

But they are not the only snares which threaten the matrimonially inclined. Read this little verse:

Monday for wealth,  
Tuesday for health,  
Wednesday the best day of all;  
Thursday for crosses,  
Friday for losses,  
Saturday no luck at all!

Hymen has a deep seated grudge against the latter part of the week. No good and sufficient reasons can be advanced for this partiality, but as marriage is not often an affair of the reason it would be as well, perhaps, to respect the caprice of this particular deity.

Having learned the particular days to be avoided, the feverish lover may think that he may breathe freely. Not yet! The plot still thickens. He has yet to learn that the old Romans started the idea that June was at the top notch as a propitious month for matrimony, and that May was correspondingly below par. This complicates matters even more, but the tangle is still further aggravated by the moon, that potent factor in all human affairs.

If the individual who is credited with inhabiting the land of green cheese were a woman it would help out the theory that a wedding should be celebrated only when the moon is full. That would gratify a woman's proverbial desire to have a full view of such affairs. At any rate such is the superstition that nothing short of the full light of the sanguine moon can dispel the clouds which seem to hang over the voyage of wedded life.

Probably by this time the lover who would a-wooing go is in the depths of despondency, but the end is not yet. Here is another warning which cuts the matrimonial season down to still narrower limits:

Marry in Lent,  
And you'll live to repent.

No wonder that unhappy marriages are so common and the divorce lawyers so sleek and well fed! There seems to be no forget-me-not crop of days "that grow for happy lovers." But if the lovers are really determined to wed they can probably, out of all these unlucky conditions, sit some day to which no penalty attaches and, having settled that point, turn their attention to the other utterances of Sibylline tradition.

The enamored maiden should have learned long ere this time that to "change the name and not the letter is to change for the worse and not for the better." Also to marry and yet "to keep her condition forever the same."

Getting down to the wedding itself, it is interesting to know that the word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon term "wed," which was the name of the security given by the bridegroom at the espousals. This "wed" was held by trustees, and the bridegroom further added such presents as he could afford, all of them to go to the bride, or, in fact, to revert to himself after he fulfilled his contract of marriage.

The wedding ring, according to Henry Swinburne of the seventeenth century, was first designed by Prometheus, and fashioned out of adamant and iron by Tubal Cain. He says that it was "given by Adam to his son to this end, that therewith he should espouse a wife." Men were, as all women know, deceivers ever, and some of these unscrupulous creatures were wont to wed with rings made of rushes, imagining them to be less binding than a strong and valuable ring. The Bishop of Salisbury, however, stepped in, and forbade this practice in 1217.

Silver was more frequently used than gold for wedding rings, and they were made in all kinds of shapes, some twisted like two joined hands, or a pair of hearts stuck together with an arrow. Often they were adorned with precious stones, and had "posies," that is scraps of verse, inscribed upon them.

Fortune doth send you, hap it well or ill,  
This plain gold ring wed you to your will.

In these days a gold ring is considered so essential to the validity of a marriage that a tradesman in a market town some years ago materially added to his income by letting out rings to the poor people for their wedding day.

Bridal favors are of Danish origin. For instance, the true lover's knot was a Danish fancy, and took its name from the expression, "Truelofa"—"I plight my troth."

The throwing of the slipper after the bride comes apparently from barbarous times, when the relations of man and wife were really very much akin to those of master and slave, for it seems that the shoe was an emblem of authority, and at an Anglo Saxon marriage a shoe was given by the bride's father to her husband in token of transference of power over her, the groom usually indicating his appreciation of that fact by tapping his new wife lightly on the head with it.

Our wedding cake is the remains of a custom whereby a Roman bride held in her left hand three wheat ears, and many centuries later an English bride wore on her head a chaplet of wheat. The attendant girls threw corn, either in grains or in small bits of biscuit or cake, upon the heads of the newly married couple, and the guests picked up the pieces and ate them. Such was the beginning to the wedding cake, which did not come into general use until the eighteenth century, and was then composed of

solid blocks, laid together and iced all over with sugar, so that when the outer crust was broken over the bride's head the cake inside fell on the floor, and they were then distributed among the company.

There are certain precautions incumbent upon the would be bride and groom and their friends, by the close observation of which they may hope to give the final slip to the ill luck which would appear to be lying in wait to devour them. They must not open an umbrella in the house, even though they have seen the mischievous bride-maids pour quantities of rice into the case. On the contrary, they owe it to their hopes of future happiness to provide all the rice and old shoes they can get. A horseshoe must be hidden in the flowers beneath which the ceremony is performed, and a wishbone must keep it company. Of course the bride must wear

Something old and something new,  
Something borrowed and something blue.

If one of the couple can manage on the way to the ceremony to catch sight of a spider, a toad, or a wolf, he or she may congratulate himself or herself. On the other hand, it would be well to send an accommodating friend ahead to put out of the way such unlucky objects as a monk, a hare, a dog, a cat, a lizard or a serpent. If a raven croaks above the bridal party it will save trouble to give the whole thing up. If either one trips on the way to the church, the steps must be retraced and, finally, when the portal is reached both bride and groom must put the right foot first on the step of the church.

There were certain good old customs (from the bride's point of view) involving the presentation by the groom of sundry gifts, or purses, or endowments to the bride. One of these required the prospective husband to provide a goodly amount of silver pieces, and at the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," they were poured into the bride's handkerchief with a loud jingle, which must have been very cheering to her ears. These customs, luckily for impecunious bridegrooms, have now fallen into innocuous desuetude.

## IT MIGHT SUIT HERE.

But the Sals of Chief Kerr Would Need a Race Horse.

The sais is a runner who keeps in front of a carriage and warns common people out of the way, and who beats them with a stick if they do not hurry up about it.

It is obvious that to do this he must run quickly. Most men when they run bend their bodies forward and keep their mouths closed in order to save their wind. The sais running with his shoulders thrown back and trumpeting like an enraged elephant. He holds his long wand at his side like a musket, and not trailing in his hand like a walking stick, and he wears a soft shirt of white stuff, and a sleeveless coat buried in gold lace.

His breeches are white, and as voluminous as a woman's skirt; they fall to a few inches above his knees, the rest of his brown legs is bare and rigid with muscle. On his head he has a fez, with a long black tassel and a magnificent silk scarf of many colors is bound tightly around his waist.

He is a perfect ideal of color and movement, and as he runs he bellows like a bull or roars as you have heard a lion roar at feeding times in a menagerie. It is not a human cry at all, and you never hear it, even to the last days of your stay in Cairo, without a start, as though it were a cry of "Help!" at night, or the quick clanging bell of a fire engine. There is nothing else in Cairo which is so satisfying.

There are sometimes two of them running abreast dressed exactly alike, and with the upper part of their bodies as rigid as the wand pressed against their sides, and with the ends of their scart and the long tassel streaming out behind.

As they yell and bellow, donkeys and carriages and people scramble out of their way until the carriage they precede has rolled rapidly on. Only princesses of the Royal harem and consuls-general and the heads of the army of occupation and the Egyptian army are permitted two sais; other people may have one.

## THINGS OF VALUE.

Sittings: It is rather discouraging to a man to be forced to wait until he is dead to discover that he is a good deal of a fellow.

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.

Puck: Nothing emphasizes the fact that there is no accounting for taste more than the way some people admire themselves.

"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bottle of Puttner's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor's bill, bye and bye.

Here is a singular coincidence for the collector of such curiosities to make a note of. On the 214th anniversary of the first publication of the "Pilgrim's Progress," a tinker named Bunyan was brought up at the West London Police Court, and fined for being drunk and disorderly.

## They all Talk Shop.

Members of the brute creation always talk shop. The bird never speaks about nor cares to listen to tales which the least delights in. The stories of a cat's adventures on the back fence and of his narrow escape from destruction by the deadly boot-jack would hardly interest a canary, and a canary would bore a snake most miserably in discourse on the relative palatableness of sponge cake and chickweed. Man belongs to a higher order, and to distinguish himself from the brute creation he has to appear to take an interest in everything under the sun. But it is only in appearance that man stands alone. He loves to talk shop just as much as does any brute he looks down upon.—Boston Transcript.

## Wanted to Please Him.

Tourist (in Ireland)—I should like a bed with an iron bedstead.  
Hotel Proprietor—Sorr, I haven't an iron bedstead in the place—they're all soft wood. But you'll find the mattress noice and hard, sorr.

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An Esteemed Methodist Clergyman  
is Enabled to Resume His  
work!

Grateful and Honest  
Words!

Clergymen, like other mortals, have their days of sickness and suffering—their times of mental and physical depression. The great Healer and wise dispenser of mercies has so ordained matters, that even His ministers and servants must look to the same means for physical rebuilding as are put within the reach of men and women of all callings.

Within the last two years, many well known and eminent clergymen, who have labored constantly and assiduously in the Master's vineyard, have been forced to give up active work, owing to bodily infirmities and diseases. Though incapacitated physically, their souls yearned for longer service and work. Happily for such, Providence has made a wise provision—has given them a renewing agent from nature's lap, known as Paine's Celery Compound, an ideal food for recuperating the body and strengthening the nerve and brain power.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. John, N. B., is one of the ablest of the many able men in the Methodist church; he is one of Canada's most gifted lecturers, and is possessed of high literary talents. Thousands in Canada have listened with rapt attention to his eloquence on "The Typical Irishman," "Traits of Scottish Character," "The Model Young Man," "A Tramp Abroad," and "Imperial Federation."

Unfortunately for the church and country, Dr. Wilson was laid aside some time ago owing to severe sickness—a complication of troubles. After repeated but vain efforts to secure health through physicians and their remedies, the Doctor tells us of his marvellous success with Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that is now doing such noble work in our midst. He says:—

"For many years I have been a sufferer from asthma, but was able to continue in active ministerial work until the winter of 1891, when la grippe laid me aside and compelled me to be a supernumerary. Since then I had recourse to various means in order to bring about a restoration of health, but without any real benefit. I was induced to try Paine's Celery Compound, and it affords me very great pleasure to be able to say that I have been greatly helped thereby, and regard it the best medicine I know anything of. My general health has so greatly improved that I now do a great deal of work, and if the improvement continues I will be inclined to re-enter upon active service at the next conference. I wish you every success in your good work of saving the bodies of your fellowmen."

## Elected to Execution.

In some villages in Japan robbers are tried and convicted by ballot. Whenever a robbery is committed the ruler of the hamlet summons the entire male population and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name of the person they suspect as having committed the crime. The one receiving the largest number of ballots is declared duly "elected," and is accordingly hanged. This system, like all others, has its peculiar advantages. It ensures the punishment of somebody for every robbery committed, whereas under the system in vogue in many civilized countries in nine cases out of ten no punishment is inflicted on anybody for the crime, and justice remains unsatisfied.

## When Sunflowers Do Good.

People who are unfortunate enough to live in damp houses, particularly near un-drained land, are apt to think that there is no help for them save in removal. They are mistaken. Successful experiments have shown that it is quite possible to materially improve the atmosphere in such neighborhoods in a very simple manner—by the planting of the laurel and the sunflower. The laurel gives off an abundance of

ozone, whilst the "soulful-eyed" sunflower is potent in destroying the malarial condition. These two, if planted on the most restricted scale in a garden close to the house, will be found to speedily increase the dryness and salubrity of the atmosphere, and rheumatism, if it does not entirely become a memory of the past, will be largely alleviated.

## The Land O' The Leal.

One of the most tender strains ever sung in Scotland is Lady Nairne's "Land of the Leal." The author was a lovely Scotch woman who married William Murray Nairne, a military man of good position. She loved music and poetry and did much to sweeten and purify the minstrelsy of Scotland. She was most anxious to preserve her anonymity, and today she is known and loved for only this one sweet strain. These verses were written to console a friend of hers, a lady who lost her only and dearly loved child:

"I'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreath in thaw, John,  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither care nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

"Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
She was bairn gude and fair, John,  
And oh! we grieve her sair  
To the land o' the leal.  
But sorrow's self wears past, John,  
And joy's a coming fast, John,  
The joy that's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.

"Sae dear that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sin's man e'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.  
Oh, dry your glistening ee, John,  
My soul longs to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

"Oh, hand ye leal and true, John,  
Your day it's wearin' through, John,  
And I'll welcome ye'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.  
"Now fare ye weel, my ain John,  
The world's cares are vain, John,  
Weel meet, and we'll be fae,  
In the land o' the leal.

## A Tooth Worth Millions.

Teeth of all kinds have been worshipped and are, in fact, venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian Temple; the Chinese worship the tooth of a monkey; while the elephant's and shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar and Tonga Islanders respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of a tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued very highly, but in a war with the Portuguese they lost the holy grinder, and had to pay \$3,500,000 to get it back again. It is now kept in a small gold box, inclosed in six other boxes, in one of the many temples of the Siamese capital.

## Warning to Nail Biters.

The objectionable habit of biting the nails is not uncommon. Those who indulge in it should take the following history as a warning. A young girl died from painful internal disease which baffled medical science. A post-mortem was held, and in a vital part there was discovered a large ball, formed entirely of morsels of nails, which were quite indigestible, and which had increased gradually.

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# MANY A BITTER FIGHT

OVER LEGAL DOCUMENTS ARISES FROM

## STUPID WORDING AND PUNCTUATION.



Books, newspapers, and all manuscripts furnish proof of the prevailing ignorance of spelling also. And as to composition, how many of us can write clear, crisp and correct English? Very few. Why so? Because the art is not taught in schools, and in later life we cannot acquire it. Leave adults to struggle with the bad habits of years and save the children from a like fate. There are two ways to do this; practice with a pen, which is tedious torture, and a method hinted at by a man who thus notes

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