

SNAZELLE, "FUN-DEVIL."

HE TELLS STRANGE TALES OF SOUTH PACIFIC AUDIENCES.

One Old Man Went in on a Pig, Like A. Ward's Marmosets—Young Women Gave the Box-Office Man all Their Adornment, to See the Show.

A reporter had a chat with that vocalist, Mr. G. H. Snazelle, concerning his five years' professional wanderings in the South Pacific. Mr. Snazelle is the first showman who has visited islands which a few years ago were inhabited by cannibals.

"I went to all the principal islands in the Fiji group," said Mr. Snazelle. "I engaged a schooner, and moved from island to island. Here is a translation of a poster I used:—'Hearken!! He comes!! He comes!! The great king merry-maker is here, he is the laugh doctor of the whites the man who makes kings merry, and queens rejoice, and mountains laugh. See, oh see, this fun devil, Snazelle the Rogo Rogo Vinaka!!'"

"I gave performances in all sorts of places—on board ship, on the sea-beach, on the top of a mountain, and on one occasion right in the heart of the forest. In many places money, of course, was out of the question, and then cocoanuts took the place of coin of the realm. This was the tariff:—Reserved chairs, fifty nuts; family circle, twenty nuts; amphitheatre, ten nuts. The 'reserved chairs' squatted in front, the 'family circle' squatted at the sides, and the pit and gallery were at the back. They don't use chairs in those far-off lands.

"At Bau, the island inhabited exclusively by Fijian royalty, I had a warm reception from King Cocabau's eldest son, who set before us the usual royal grog in token of friendship.

"I am afraid it will offend the susceptibilities of your readers if I tell you how this royal grog is made. It is made of the yankana root, and the essence is distilled by being chewed by the native servants. To refuse to drink this nauseating preparation was an implied insult, but I preferred to risk my head rather than do it. The king, however, was gracious enough to have some of the royal beverage prepared in a more acceptable way, and I drank his health in it—with a shudder.

"The Duke of York and his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, visited Bau on their voyage round the world, and were hospitably received by the king, who, of course, offered them this royal drink. I was told that the Duke of York, rather than offend a monarch who was about to ally himself to England, actually drank the horrible concoction, but that the delicate Duke of Clarence turned pale, and could not touch it.

"I gave my entertainment at Bau in the native church. The 'hall' was sounded—an enormous hollowed log, which is beaten with a club—and when the people assembled, Mr. Langham, the missionary, told them that a white man had arrived with a wonderful show, and that presents of curious things would admit to the church.

"Here I had the unique experience of taking goods instead of money. A huge mat was held at the door, and the natives dropped their offerings into it. One old chief brought a fine fat pig, dropped it into the mat, and passed in with his wife and family. One fellow carted to the show a pair of whale's jaws! These I have presented to Mr. Geo. R. Sims. Fifty fine handsome girls parted with articles of personal adornment rather than miss the show. Their clothing consisted of a waist-belt, beautifully worked with their own hair. They pulled these off, threw them into the mat, and went inside as they were."

Mr. Snazelle has some good stories to tell of his southern experiences. Whilst in Tasmania he came across an old "sundowner" sitting in front of his cabin, over the door of which was legibly painted—

"Hei on parle Francais." A tattered, dejected-looking Frenchman came up the road, paused in front of the sundowner's hut, read the inscription, rushed up to the Australian, and enthusiastically kissed him on the cheek.

"Ere, what's you up to?" said the sundowner gruffly. "Don't you do that again."

"But you was a countryman of mine," exclaimed the Frenchman, with a smile of pleasure on his face.

"Certainly not," retorted the Australian.

"But you put 'Hei on parle Francais' over me door," said the Frenchman, pointing to the inscription.

"Well, what do you call it?" asked the sundowner.

"Means," cried the Frenchman: "it means, 'French is spoken here.'"

"Well, I'm blowed," said the sundowner. "A painter chap came along here the other day, and put that up for me. He said it was Latin for 'God bless my happy home.'"

"I was placing my advertisement in a Melbourne daily newspaper office one day, when a tall lanky countryman walked in, and said he wanted an 'In Memoriam' notice in the obituary column of the paper. 'My ole guv'nor died a year ago,' he explained, 'and I should like a bit of poetry in the paper about him.'"

"All right," said the clerk. "Have you brought it with you?"

"No," said the rustic; "can't you fix me up a bit?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk; "our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is six shillings an inch."

"A look of intense amazement passed over the countryman's face.

"Great Heavens," he cried, as he made for the door, "I can't afford that; my guv'nor was six feet high!"

For that extraordinary product of Australian civilization, the "larrikin," Mr. Snazelle has the greatest dislike. "Our 'Arry is a nobleman to him," he says. At Sydney the gallery boys covered the stage with cabbages, carrots, etc. Mr. Snazelle regarded this as an insult, and walked off. Next night, seeing they resented this, he held a parley, and they assured him the garden-stuff was meant as a compliment, adding that Fred Leslie had so regarded a like tribute to his talents.

Quite a different reception Mr. Snazelle obtained at La Palmas on his way home. The Lyceum Theatre in that city was placed at his disposal, and a large house gathered to welcome him. The first night passed off smoothly; on the second night his troubles began.

"During the morning of that day," continued Mr. Snazelle, "the magic-lantern

operator had been to the theatre to see that everything was in order for the entertainment in the evening. An inquisitive caretaker began to examine the lantern, and showed a great curiosity concerning it. The operator, fearing that in his absence the caretaker might injure the instrument, said that if he touched the gas bag it would explode, and blow the city into ruins.

"Great was my astonishment, on going to the theatre in the evening, to find it in the possession of the Alcade (chief magistrate) and a posse of policemen. I was forbidden to enter. The Alcade stepped forward, and served me with a document in Spanish, in which I was immediately ordered to take my lantern out of the theatre, as it constituted a danger to the public safety.

"News of the bomb outrage in the Barcelona theatre had just reached the island, and I was a suspected Anarchist! I convinced the Alcade, after a great deal of trouble, that the instrument was practically harmless, after which I was allowed to give the entertainment. But the scare had gone all over town, and the business was completely killed. I took £70 the first night; the second night I didn't take £7. Needless to say, I left the island as quickly as possible."

LIFE BECAME A BURDEN.

THE WONDERFUL NARRATIVE OF A PATIENT SUFFERER.

The After Effects of LaGrippe Developed Into Inflammation of the Lungs and Chronic Bronchitis—After Four Years of Suffering Health is Almost Miraculously Restored.

(From Le Monde, Montreal.)

Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 405 Montcalm Street, Montreal, has passed through an experience which is worthy of a widespread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. Up to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since, notwithstanding all her care to avoid it, she has been afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, which would bring her to the very verge of death. This was followed by bronchitis for the rest of the year. Her bronchial tubes were affected to such an extent that it was with difficulty she could breathe, and a draught of outside air would make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said Mrs. Cloutier to the reporter, "a constant rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my house, and I did not need for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. I had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt they must contain the truth, for if they were unfounded none would dare to give the names and addresses of the persons said to be cured in the public manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have derived from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cured I may tell you that on the first occasion of my going out after my recovery I walked for two miles on an up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or the least pant for breath, and since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at that period of former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not think it possible for me to say too much in favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of which in other cases as well as mine has proved invaluable.

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents or a box of \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Sunday Drinking in Scotland.

I heard the other day of a novel method of evading the Sunday-closing act, which has come into favor in Scotland. The would-be evader of the laws goes to an inn on Sunday night and books a bedroom. He pays his half-crown, or whatever it may be, and departs. No law compels him to sleep in the bed he has engaged. On the Sabbath morn he returns to take his rest in the inn. He does not come alone, but brings with him other thirsty souls to spend the day with him, and then it is a case of "Willie brewed a peck of malt." In some localities the hotels are crammed to overflowing on Sunday with "bona-fide travellers" of this new type, and their equally bona-fide guests. So difficult is it to make people sober by act of Parliament.

Mails by Pneumatic Tube.

The pneumatic mail delivery system of London has 42 stations, with a total length of 34 miles of tubes. Six engines of an aggregate of 216 horse power constitute the power plant. In London the tubes are 2½ and 3-inch lead pipes, laid in cast iron for protection. The carriers used in 2½ inch tubes were but 1½ in. in diameter, the remaining space being taken up by packing. Carriers are despatched singly. First vacuum alone was used; later, vacuum and compressed air. The tubes used in the continental cities in Europe were wrought iron, the Paris tubes being 2½ inches diameter. Three carriers are dispatched in trains of six to ten, propelled by a piston.

THE RAILROAD HOG.

How He Lost His Hat, and Nobody was Sorry.

Going downtown in a crowded New York elevated car was a man who lolled over a couple of seats, though there were many standing up. He was so big and cross and boorish that nobody felt justified in requesting a seat next to him.

He had a window wide open and rested his arm upon the sill, calmly disregarding the sensitive shrinking of a lady on the other seat. He seemed to be one of those human hogs one occasionally meets, and he was distinctly marked by every passenger in his vicinity. Everybody who came in or out had to step carefully around a pair of muddy shoes or carry with them the results of contact. After awhile the man began to nod drowsily, then calmly laid his head upon his arm and went to sleep. His new hat went out of the window, but he slept on, to the intense interest of the other passengers. The general look of malicious satisfaction that went round was pardonable. Nobody said a word to the man, yet everybody was curious to see what he would do when he awoke. I really believe some were willingly carrying by their destination for the pleasure of witnessing the discomfort of the human hog. I was intending to get off at Thirty-fifth, but concluded I would go on to Twenty-second street. I was almost immediately rewarded by seeing the hog start up suddenly and demand:

"Where's my hat?" He looked fiercely around as if someone was suspected of stealing it. Nobody said a word, but he saw at once nobody was mourning. He looked under the seat, on the seat, and down the aisle, and without addressing any individual particularly:

"Where's my hat?" "I think you'll find it somewhere along between Fifty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, if I remember rightly," sweetly remarked the young lady who had been shrinking from the draught for the last two miles. "And if you'll get out right off and run back maybe they'll wait for you."

But She Did Worry.

The lawyer, who had been married for only a year, sent word to his wife that he had been suddenly called to Milwaukee. "I will be back tomorrow," he wrote. "Don't worry. My stenographer goes with me."

But she did worry. When he reached home next evening her eyes were red from weeping, and as soon as she saw him she broke down again. "Oh, how could you?" she sobbed.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Your stenographer," she began, and again she sobbed.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Him? Was it a man?"

"Why, yes; I fired that girl a month ago."

"Oh, dearest! I never believed it for a moment, any way."

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee Tells a Story.

In the course of his address at Richmond the other evening Gen. Lee told a very funny anecdote on himself. He said that a New York telegraph operator spoke to a Washington operator over the wire, asking if Fitz Low was in the city. The operator at the national capital did not know whom the Metropolitan was talking about, but after puzzling his brain said: "There's no one here named Fitz Low, but Fitz Lee is in town."

The Gotham key-manipulator promptly telegraphed back:

"D—n those Chinamen; I never could keep their names straight."

Rather Discouraging.

Country Boy—"I'm disgusted."

Schoolmate—"What at?"

"I saw a city-feller with a gun this morning, and you know it's against the law to kill game till next Monday."

"Yep."

"Well, I just said I'd feller him and git the reward."

"Yep."

"Well, I fellered him 'bout forty miles today, an' he missed everything he shot at."

Where Hypnotism Fails.

New boarder: "What's the row upstairs?"

Landlady: "It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening."



Mr. J. Alcide Chausse, Montreal, P. Q.

A Marvelous Medicine

Whenever Given a Fair Trial Hood's Proves Its Merit.

The following letter is from Mr. J. Alcide Chausse, architect and surveyor, No. 135 Shaw Street, Montreal, Canada:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen:—I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for about six months and am glad to say that it has done me a great deal of good. Last May my weight was 132 pounds, but since

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla it has increased to 163. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is a marvelous medicine and am very much pleased with it." J. ALCIDÉ CHAUSSÉ.

Hood's Pills cure liver illa, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

DON'T LET ANOTHER WASH-DAY GO BY WITHOUT USING

YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way.

It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

SMITH & TILTON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

We Have just received the following recent publications from the pen of well-known authors of books for Boys.—

By G. A. Young Builders, I. Berie the Briton, Rajub the Juggler, Through the Silk We St. Bartholomew's Eve, In Greek Waters, Jacobite Exile.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE. The Walrus Hunters.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY. Diamond Rock, Up Among the Ice Floes, Bert Lloyd's Boyhood (A Nova Scotia story), Ferns MacTavish (A Tale of the North West), Archie MacKiezie (The Young North-West).

Fanny, Elsie, Bessie and Mildred Books.

Poems, Songs and Sonnets by Robert Reid. (Rob. Wanieck).

STATIONERY.

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Bargains in Note Paper and Envelopes.

Five quires Eruption Vellum. 25c. Five quires Wood Pulp and five Five Packets Envelopes to match. 25c. Packet Envelopes to match for.

Special 10 per cent discount on all lines of Fine Stationery.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., - Montreal.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

THREE RUNNING SORES

PHYSICIANS FAILED BUT B.B.B. CURED

DEAR SIR:—After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for Scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by a skilled physician but he failed to cure me. I had three running sores on my neck which could not be healed until I tried B.B.B., which healed them completely, leaving the skin and flesh as sound and whole as when I was first attacked. As long as I live I shall speak of the virtues of B.B.B. and I feel grateful to Providence that such a medicine is provided for sufferers.

MRS. W. BENNETT, Acton, Ont.

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St. John, N. B., 2nd July, 1894.

IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable feature of the "YOST" are its simplicity, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes.

Yours very truly, E. T. C. KNOWLES, Barrister.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features.

The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

Second hand Ribbon and Shift-Key Machines for sale cheap.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces,

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. F. L. Beeson, Chatham; Van der Borch, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Fowles' Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dittmer, Cansimont, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. T. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; G. J. Coleman, "Liberty" office of Sperry, G. B.; J. Bryerton, Amherst; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Farrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Clayton Ketchum, Woodville; Clarence E. Caser, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 2nd, 1894.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 28 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

I consider the pad a most improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. And the number of adjustments for the type is so convenient for instant action. The type is so arranged that it is so convenient for instant action. The type is so arranged that it is so convenient for instant action.

Yours truly, E. M. SPINNEY, Hardware Merchant, General Insurance Agent, &c., &c.

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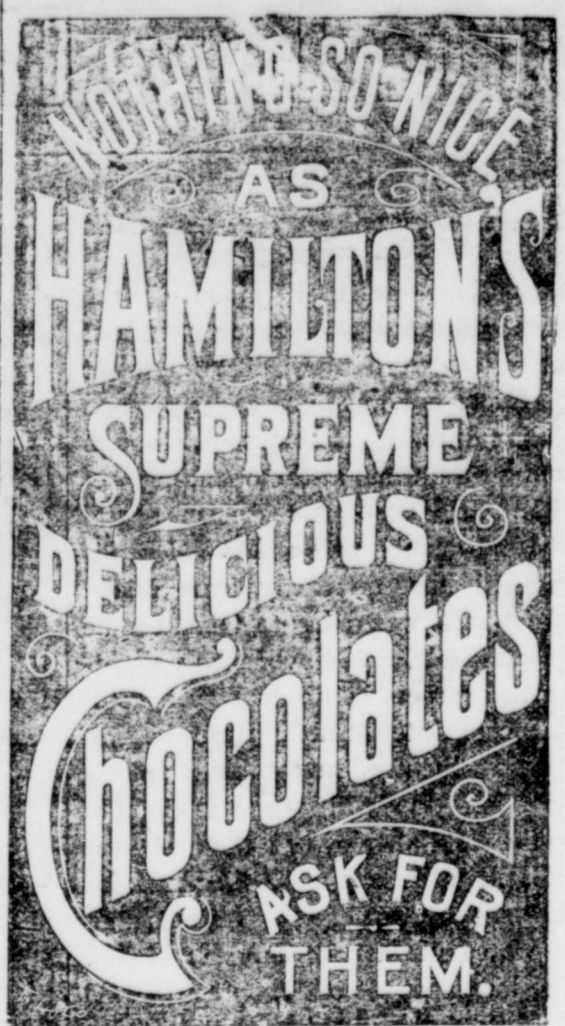
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M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Vt., sends this endorsement of the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My symptoms were extreme, my leg from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

Trafalgar Institute.

(Affiliated to McGill University.)