HE IS STILL A BACHELOR.

The Woeful Luck of Herr Maler, who Resolved to Take to Himself a Wife.

Weary of a bachelor's existence, Herr Maier resolved to take to himself a wife, and advertised to that effect in the papers. He carefully sifted the replies, which filled a large hamper, To each of the fair senders whose missive took his fancy he wrote a letter inviting her to meet him at a particular spot in the public park. As a sign of recognition both parties should wear white roses in their buttonholes. By way of precaution, however, Herr Maier kept the flower in his hand as he went to the rendezvous, so that he might have a good look at the ladies without being ob-

On the first day he saw no lady, but a gentleman sporting a white rose on his breast. As Herr Maier looked intently at him, he was addressed by the stranger, who turned out to be the father of a marriageable young lady, and had come to inquire into the circumstances and prospects of the matrimonial candidate. On being supplied with the desired information, he contemptuously turned his back on the latter and walked away.

The next day Herr Maier espied a plainlooking middle aged lady at the trystingplace, wearing a rose pinned to her dress. Taking her for a relative of the young lady whose photo he had in his pocket, he made himself known by sporting the preconcerted signal. With a joyous exclamation she rushed towards him, threw her arms round his neck, and called him:-"My sweetheart!"

"Hang it!" shrieked Herr Maier, "surely you are not the lady? I have brought the likeness with me : here it is." "This photo," lisped the blushing maid,

"was taken twenty years ago." Speechless with amazement, Maier tore himself from her embrace and fled. The charming young lady he saw on the morrow quite captivated the heart of our energetic wooer, but the moment she detected the flower in his button-hole, calling out, "I don't like you," she wheeled round, and left the poor man in the lurch.

The next day he waited in vain. It is true he noticed a young lady who appearered to be expecting somebody, but the rose was missing, and he went home without achieving his purpose. Some time later he had the good fortune to meet this same young lady at a party. He plucked up the courage to propose to her by letter. He received the following reply:—

"Very sorry, but I was engaged yesterday. Why did you not wear the rose in your button-hole on the day we first met You see, I was as cunning as you were. Herr Maier is a bachelor to this day.

### Artificial Milk.

According to the Cincinnati Times Star," a Cincinnati chemist has made a discovery that promises to revolutionize the diary business. It is a combination of water, solids and fat that is equal to the finest milk. It is in reality chemically pure milk, and is of course free from all taint of disease that cow milk has. This chemical milk will raise a cream, will sour, turn to curd and water, and butter and cheese can be made from it, the same as from cow milk. At present the cost of production is more than \$1 a gallon, but the chemist believes with a few more experiments be can reduce the price to 10 cents or 15 cents a gallon, and by making it in wholesale quantities can retail it at the usual 6 cents a quart. It will be but a short time, according to this, till the "Dry Feed Dairy" will disappear from the milk waggons, to be replaced with "Chemically Pure Milk-Made from Distilled Water and the Purest Fats." Electricity has freed the street-car horse, and now chemistry threatens to complete the emancipation of the milch cows.

### The Omens Were Favorable.

Mrs. Bancroft's mother was devoted to her, and full of anxiety for her success. When Miss Marie Wilton was about to undertake the management of a theatre for the first time, the elder lady was greatly worried lest failure should result. On the day the theatre opened she was taken for a drive, in order to divert her thoughts from all engrossing subjects, which, however, kept recurring to her. "What would I not give to know the end of this undertaking?" she said once, just as the carriage was passing a certain old wall wherein was inserted a stone bearing the words: "Mary's place, Fortune's Gate." The anxious mother's eyes fell on the words, and the answer to her question was taken as a favorable omen. The success it seemed to predict came to Marie Wilton: and years later, when the owners of the property heard the tale, he presented the "lucky stone" to Mrs. Bancroft. It now adorns her husband's study in Berkley Square.

Newspapers in Spain.

P. Hevner, a man who has traveled in almost every civilized country in the world, was seen at the Lafayette recently, and in speaking to a Philadelphia North American reporter of the restriction of the press in Spain, said: "There the publisher must publish nothing without having first shown the paper to the calday. or mayor, of the town or city. You may be sure that individual will let nothing go into print that will hurt himself or city officials, so the citizens have no such protection as they have in this country, and a dishonest official is twice as secure there as he is here. If it should so happen that anything does get into a paper that displeases the calday he sends a body of armed men to the office of that unfortunate paper and stops its publication, and if in the mean time the offending publisher and editors have not fled the country they are clapped into jail."

The Name was Given.

Mr. James Harvey, in his amusing book, "A Queer Assortment," tells the tollowing

good story :-"I knew a snob once (a very rare species), who was put up for a prominent club, where men met nightly to discuss political or billiard questions of the hour. Unfortunately for him, he was not elected, and his wrath was terrible. Forgetful of all English manners and customs, he wrote an indignant letter to the secretary demanding the name of the member who had black-balled him.

"The secretary's reply was brief: 'Dear Sir,-His name was Legion.'"





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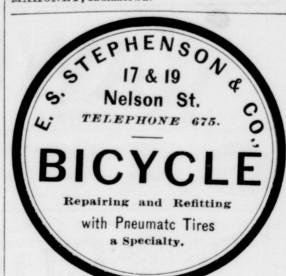
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THE GHOST OF SHERLOCK HOLMES A Song That Will be as Popular as Conan Doyle's Stories.

Sherlock Holmes turns out to be one of those persons whom the world will not willingly let die. More people than one would care to count were shocked and grieved at his terribly sudden end. It is no exaggeration to say that the nation was sad for a space, for had it not learned to love and admire him, and to marvel at his mysterious ways?

Not only did the world take Holmes's death seriously to heart, but many people have felt constrained to try and fill the empty space that he once occupied in the public's mind. Imitators have been many;

One person has, however, gone beyond imitation. He has brought Sherlock Holmes back again into the world-has raised his ghost, and holds him out to the public as the spectre of one of the most popular figures ever known in fiction.

Mr. Richard Morton has done this. Mr. Morton is the well-known song-writer, the author of Miss Lottie Collin's "Ta-rara-Boom-de-ay;" of Mr. Eugene Stratton's "Dandy Coloured Coon" and "Susie Tusie;" of Miss Marie Lloyd's "Twiggy Voo;" of Mr. R. G. Knowles's "Christopher Columbus" and "P'r'aps Not;" and indeed, of a whole host of popular songs, grave and gay. Mr. Morton has recently been suffering from a painful illness, resulting in the loss of the right eye. It was during his convalescence at Hastings that he dreamed a dream. He thought he saw the ghost of Sherlock Holmes! Presto! An idea!

In the morning Mr. Richard Morton sat down and wrote

THE GHOST OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Don't start, and pray don't leave your seats, There's no cause for alarm: Though I've arrived from warmer spheres I mean you all no harm.

I am a ghost—a real ghost! That nightly earthward roams; In fact, I am the spectre of Detective Sherlock Holmes!

Chorus :-"Sherlock! Sherlock!" you can hear the people cry!
"That's the ghost of Sherlock Holmes?" as I go creeping by! Sinners shake and tremble when'er this bogie roams,
And people shout, "He's found us out—it's the
Ghost of Sherlock Holmes!"

The man who plots a murder, when He sees me flit ahead, Forgets to murder anyone, An Anarchist, with lighted bomb To cause explosive scenes, Sees me, and drops the bomb, and blows

The burglar who's a-burgling, when He finds that I'm at large, Gets scared, and says, "Policeman, will You please take me in charge? The lady who's shop-lifting tries To put her thievings back, And says, "Oh, Mr. Sherlock, I'm A Kleptomaniac!"

Himself to smithereens!

Chorus. My life was more than misery: Compelled to strut the earth And be a spy at beck and call Of those who gave me birth. But, now that I'm a spectre, all Their misdeeds shall recoil—

I'm going to haunt Strand Magazine, Tit-Bits, and Conan Doyle!

This is certainly something new in the way of comic songs, and shows the effect of detective literature upon the brain of an invalid. It is a huge success in the provincial music-halls and theatres, and within a few weeks will be heard upon the boards of some of the principal halls in the West-end of London. The singer of the song is Mr. H. C. Barry, a clever young comedian, who has left the legitimate boards for variety-land. He has a distinct style of his own, and is very happy in his decliation of the awe-inspiring spectre of Sherlock Holmes.

Dire Poverty in Russia.

The amount of suffering and misery that Russia peasants are now undergoing in some of the governments in the interior can not be imagined by those unacquainted with this country. In the government of Kursk, which may be taken as an example, the peasants are entirely without the means of existance. The Novoe Vremya states that in some villages where there are from 400 to 500 inhabitants it would be impossible to find as much as two rubles -about 4 shillings-among them, and all the crops which they gathered last year have long been sold. How these poor wretches are to exist-it cannot be said that they live-till the next harvest it is impossible to conceive. In the government of Oxenburg the inhabitants of entire districts are dying of want. Some of the poor creatures, it is stated, allow themselves the luxury of a piece of bread once every two days, but the general food is millet bread, which, when the loaves are baked and still warm, look like cement, and when it becomes cold is harder, it possible, than

She'll Have to be "Making Eyes, Next. Farmer Hodge (reading novelette)— I'm out of all patience with that Gladys Fitzallyn in the story—the way she's abus-ing her beautiful eyes! She doesn't de-

serve to have none. Mrs. Hodge-What's she been doing

Farmer Hodge-This book is full of it. First, she threw her eyes up to the ceiling, and then let them drop on the floor; then she darted them down a long corridor, and rested them on the cool waters of the lagoon. Then she must have called them back somehow, for it says she bathed them in sad salt tears, wiped them, and swept them with long lashes. Once she was fool enough to rivet them on the dome, and when I left off she was fixing them on a

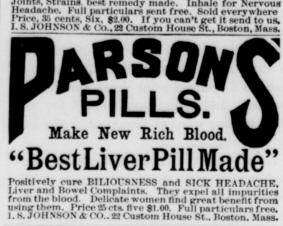
In the course of a conversation between two workingmen's wives, one happened to remark that her husband always put on a clean white shirt on Sunday morning. The other replied: "Well I never care so much about Sundays; but I always see that he has a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, because that's the time he generally drinks, and if he should take off his coat to fight, I like him to look clean and decent!"

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MYSTERIES OF HANSOM CABS. An Article Which Recalls the Most Exciting Novel of Recent Years.

Some time ago it was so customary for an intended suicide to take a cab, and deprive himself of life while the unconscious Jehu was driving him to a given address, that the French cab-drivers were in a fever of excitement if any eccentric-looking character insisted on their services.

A murderer, on one occasion, selected a cab as the hiding-place of his fearful burden. He was garbed in a huge cape coat, and being tall and muscular, carried the body of his victim-a young girl of tourteenwithout effort. Indeed, in the uncertain light of a November evening, it was impossible to detect anything bulky beneath his voluminous overcoat. Before the discovery was made, the man had paid his fare and decamped.

Another body-also that of a young woman-was discovered in a precisely similar manner, and the gentleman in the cape was the fare who had left behind so ghastly a load. These incidents created a sensation some years ago in Paris.

A criminal who was being run down by detectives executed a rapid change in his appearance while being rapidly whirled through the streets, and reappeared, when out of harm's way, as a very charming young lady, giving his driver a wink and a sovereign to observe strict silence. This rather daring game he executed several times before being finally caught, and then it was through the over conscientiousness of the Jehu, who considered it his duty to hand over a suspicious character, that he was caught.

Quite a different incident happened several years ago to a London gentleman who, seated as he thought alone in a cab, was looking over some papers, when a skinny hand was thrust from under the seat, and a wreck of a fellow darted at him, with frenzy in his eyes, attempting to strangle him. Fright deprived the gentleman of speech, but the spectacle of two men wrestling drew the attention of some passer-by, who immediately signalled to the unconscious driver. That worthy declared he had seen the fellow hanging about, but had no notion that he had entered his cab, where he had apparently concealed himself under the seat.

France is believed to be more prolific in suicides than any other country, and the trequency of self-crime is alarmingly great amongst young people.

A lover and his lass selected a vehicle or their death-place, both being found by the affrighted driver stabbed to the heart, while a dagger was discovered in a pool of blood on the cushions.

Coming out of a theatre, with a light opera cloak thrown over her evening attire a lady hailed a cab, and in its friendly seclusion took her lite by piercing herself through and through with a steel dagger she had worn in her hair. This sad occurrence was supposed to be the result of an unsatisfactory love affair.

Instead of driving his fare to a certain park, as directed, a knowing Juhu conveyed a mysterious traveller-whose hands and shirt-front were liberally bedaubed with blood, and whose excited appearance was? certainly suspicious—to the police station, confident that he was the perpetrator of an outrageous murder. His suspicions were, however, ill-founded. The young man had been testing his puglistic powers with a club friend, and the pair becoming excited had eventually engaged in a regular hand-to-hand fight the suspected one receiving by far the worst of it.

A scare of a similar nature was experienced by a cab-driver some time ago. His fare emerged with suspiciously bedaubed front and face, while red drops were dripping from his fingers in an alarming fshion. He had been examining some small bottles of liquid dyes, and a jolt of the conveyance had smashed a phial containing crimson fluid, which had spurted out over his face and clothes. It was some time before the explanation was received as genuine.

Those Beloved Critics.

It is easy enough to learn what may be called the "patter" of various professions. One can discourse learnedly, on leaving a concert hall, concerning the value of the music he has heard; or he may criticize a picture, with the proper reference to" fore-shortening," "highlights," "middle distance," and the rest of it, and yet know

"It is a fine poem; yes, a very fine poem," said a would-be critical triend to an author, "but you will excuse me for saying I don't think you have a perfect understanding of the sonnet form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

The author bowed and smiled merrily; and atterward a friend said to him-"You seem to take criticism very cheerfully, Jack." "Bless you!" said he, " that isn't critic-

ism, but it amuses Tom to deliver it. The poem he was talking about isn,t a sonnet at all. It has nineteen lines."

Forgot an Important Detail An English resident in Russia relates

the following unhappy issue of an enter-prise in which one of his friends engaged, upon falling heir to a fortune. My triend (he says) was a gourmet, and had a passion for shell-fish—that was how he spent his legacy. I went to town one day and found out that the prince was in his usual impecunious condition. "Where has your legacy gone to?" I asked. "Why," he said, "you know that I am very fond of lobster, and having a river on my estate, I delicacy there; but, unfortunately, I have spent the whole of the legacy without succeeding. I quite forgot that the water was not salt!"

Lady of the house: I am a poor lone widow, my good man, and—
Tramp: I'd like to accommodate you,
ma'am, but I am already betrothed.

Late English News.

Word comes from Liverpool, Eng., that the agents of the Hawker Medicine Co., of St. John N. B., as the result of the introduction of the Hawker remedies in the neighboring cities and counties, are over-whelmed with orders for fresh supplies of these great health giving remedies. Their success in England is as phenomenal as in Canada. No greater proof of merit could be presented to the public. Hawker's pills are an unfailing cure for bilious-ness and sick headache.

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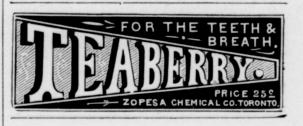
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