### A MINISTER OUTWITTED.

There are many folk who knew Alphonse Lacour in his old age. From about the time of the revolution of '48 until he died, in the second year of the Crimean war, he was always to be found in the same corner of the Cafe de Provence, at the end of the Rue St. Honore, coming down about 9 in the evening and going when he could find no one to talk with. It took some self-restraint to listen to the old a plomatist, for his stories were beyond all belief, and yet he was quick at detecting the shadow of a smile or the slightest little raising of the eyebrows. Then his huge, rounded back would straighten itself, his bulldog chin would project, and his rs would burr like a kettledrum. When he got as far as "Ah, monsieur, r-r-rnit!" or "Vous ne me cr-r-royez pas donc!" it was quite time to remember that you had a ticket for the

There was his story of Talleyrand and the five oyster shells, and there was his utterly absurd account of Napoleon's second visit to Ajaccio. Then there was that most circumstantial romance (which he never ventured upon until his second bottle had been uncorked) of the Emperor's escape from St. Helena-how he lived for a whole year in Philadelphia, while Count Herbert de Bertrand, who was his living image, personated him at Longwood. But of all his stories there was none which was more notorious than that of the Koran and the Foreign Office messenger. And yet, when Monsieur Otto's memoirs were written, it was found that there really was some toundation for old Lacour's incredible

"You must know, monsieur," he would say, "that I left Egypt after Kleber's assassination. I would gladly have stayed on, tor I was engaged in a translation of the Koran, and, between ourselves, I had thoughts of embracing Mohammedanism, for I was deeply struck by the wisdom of their views about marriage. They had made an incredible mistake, however, upon the subject of wine, and this was what the multi who attempted to convert me could never get over. Then when old Kleb's died and Menou came to the top, I fellowat it was time for me to go. It is not for me to speak of my own capacities, monsieur, but you will readily understand that the man does not care to be ridden by the mule. I carried my Koran and my papers to London, where Monsieur Otto had been sent by the First Consul to arrange a treaty of peace, for both nations were very weary of the war, which had already lasted ten years. Here I was most useful to Monsieur Otto on account of my knowledge of the English tongue, and also, it I may say so, on accont of my natural capacity. They were happy days during which I lived in the square of Bloomsbury. The climate of monsieur's country is, it must be confessed, detestable. But then what would you have? Flowers grow best in the rain. One has but to point to monsieur's fellow countrywomen to prove it. "Well, Monsieur Otto, our ambassador,

was kept terribly busy over that treaty, and all of his staff were worked to death. We had not Pitt to deal with, which was perhaps as well for us. He was a terrible man, that Pitt, and wherever half a dozen enemies of France were plotting together there was his sharp-pointed nose right in the middle of them. The nation, however, had been thoughtful enough to put him out of office, and we had to do with Monsieur Addington. But Milord Hawkesbury was the Foreign Minister, and it was with him that we were obliged to do our

"You can understand that it was no child's play. After ten years of war each nation had got hold of a great deal which had belonged to the other or to the other's allies. What was to be given back? And what was to be kept? Is this Island worth will you do that at Sierra ? It we give up things adjusted themselves, and the night came round when the treaty was to be

finally signed. "Now. you must know that the one great card which we held, and which we it when the carriage which had alarmed me played, played, played at every point of the game, was that we had Egypt. The English were very nervous about our being there. It gave us a foot on each end of the Mediterranean, you see. And they were not sure that that wonderful little Napoleon of ours might not make it the the driver, and gave him a guinea. He base of an advance against India. So whenever Lord Hawkesbury proposed to retain anything we had only to reply: 'In | de what you are told,' said I. that case, of course, we cannot consent to the help of Egypt that we gained terms which were remarkably tavorable, and especially that we caused the English to street and take no orders from any one but consent to give up the Cape of Good Hope; we did not wish your people, monsieur, to have any foothold in South Africa, for history has taught us that the British foothold of one-half century is the British empire of ourselve upon it. With you it is different. You take your wives and your children, and you run away to see what kind of Bloomsbury away from you.

that the treaty was finally to be signed. In the morning I was congratulating Monsieur Otto upon the happy conclusion of his labors. He was a little pale shrimp of a be inhabited by males. But on that raw man, very quick and nervous, and he was | night, amid the damp and the fog, with so delighted now at his success that he | the anxiety knawing at my heart, it seemed | from a burst bellows. could not sit still, but ran about the room | the saddest, weariest spot in the whole wide | "Then I searched to see what there was | for a living, like most of us, he is no doubt cushion in a corner, as I had learned to do my hands to keep them warm, and still strings from my shoes, and with one I And what can possibly be more wearisome in the east. Suddenly in came a messen- straining my ears. And then suddenly out secured his wrists and with another his than long-continued illness? With his as ger with a letter which had been forwarded of the dull hum of the traffic down in Ox- ankles. Then I tied the cravat round his with millions, it was the stomach that was from Paris. Monsieur Otto cast his eyes | ford street, I heard a sound detach itself, | mouth again, so that he could only lie and | in fault. His food entered his stomach and upon it, and then, without a word, his and grow louder and louder, and clearer glare at me. When I had done all this, stopped there. So he suffered from two knees gave way, and he fell senseless upon and clearer with every instant, until two and had stopped the bleeding of my own bad results: he received no strength from the floor. I ran to him, as did the courier, | yellow lights came flashing through the | nose, I looked out of the coach and ah, | it, but he did receive the deadly acids and

ger. 'Monsieur Talleyrand told me to

Otto. I was in Paris at midday yesterday.' "I know I am to blame, but I could not help glancing at the letter, picking it out of the senseless hand of Monsieur Otto. did not faint, but I sat down beside my general and army in one. chief and I burst into tears. It was but a been evacuated by our troops a month before. All our treaty was undone, then, and the one consideration which had induced our enemies to give us good terms had vanished. In twelve hours it would not have mattered. But now the treaty was not yet signed. We should have to give up the Cape. We should have to let England have Malta. Now that Egypt change.

"But we are not so easily beaten, we Frenchmen. You English misjudge us when you think that because we show emotions which you conceal that we are of a weak and womanly nature. You cannot read your histories and believe that. M. Otto recovered his senses and we took counsel what we should do.

"It is useless to go on, Alphonse,' said he. "This Englishman will laugh at me when I ask him to sign.'

"Courage!' I cried, and then a sudden thought coming into my head-'How do we know that the English will have news of this? Perhaps they may sign the treaty before they know of it.

" 'Alphonse,' he cried, 'you have saved me! Why should they know? Our news has come from Toulon to Paris, and there straight to London. Theirs will come by sea through the Straits of Gibraltar. At this moment it is unlikely that any one in Paris knows of it, save only Talleyrand and the First Consul. It we keep our coach! Let me out. I say!' secret we may still get our treaty signed.'

"Ah, Monsieur, you can imagine the horrible uncertainity in which we spent the day. Never, never shall I torget those slow hours during which we sat together, starting at every distant shout, lest it should be the first sign of the rejoicing it would cause in London. Monsieur Otto passed from youth to age in a day. As for me I find it easier to go out and meet danger than to wait for it. I set forth, dow. therefore, toward evening. I wandered here, and wandered there. I was in the fencing rooms of Monsieur Angelo, and in the salon de boxe of Monsieur Jackson, and in the club of Brooks, and in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies, but nowhere did I hear any news. Still, it was possible that Milord Hawkesbury had received it partly free from the cravat. himself just as we had. He lived in Harley street, and there it was that the treaty was if you will let me go, said he. to be finally signed that night at 8. I entreated Monsieur Otto to drink two glasses | man as you are yourself.' of Burgundy before he went, for I teared lest his haggard face and trembling hands should rouse suspicion in the English minister.

"Well, we went round together in one of the embassy's carriages, about 7 30. M. Otto went in alone, but presently, on excuse of getting his portfolio, he came out again, with his cheeks flushed with joy, to tell me that all was well.

"'He knows nothing,' he whispered. Ah, if the next half hour were over ! "Give me a sign when it is settled,"

" 'For what reason?' "Because until then no messenger shall interrupt you. I give you my promise, I,

Alphouse Lacour.'
"He clasped my hand in both of his. 'I shall make an excuse to move one of the candles onto the table in the window,' said he, and hurried into the house, while I was left waiting beside the carriage.

"Well, if we could but secure ourselves from interruption for a single half hour the day would be our own. I had hardly bethat peninsula? If we do this at Venice, gun to form my plans when I saw the lights of a carriage coming swiftly from the direction of Oxford street. Ah. it it should "Help! help! he squealed, and I was Egypt to the Sultan, will you restore the Cape of Good Hope, which you have taken from our allies, the Dutch? So we wrangled was prepared to kill him—yes, even to kill and wrestled, and I have seen Monsieur him, rather than at this last moment allow Otto come back to the embassy so exhausted our work to be undone. Thousands die ed that his secretary and I had to help him to make a glorious war. Why should not from his carriage to his sofa. But at last one die to make a glorious peace? What ing to things adjusted themselves, and the night though they hurried me to the scaffold? I you? should have sacrificed myself for my country. I had a little Turkish knife strapped

> so rattled safely past me. "But another might come. I must be prepared. Above all, I must not compromise the embassy. I ordered our car- the Chapter of the Stallion to him. riage to move on, and I engaged what you knew that it was a special service.

"'You shall have another guinea it you "'All right, master,' said he, turning evacuate Egypt,' and in this way we his slow eyes upon me without a trace of quickly brought him to reason. It was by excitement or curiosity.

"'All right, master," he said again. "So I stood outside Milord Hawkesthe next. It is not your army or your bury's house, and you can think how often the time in viewing these horses. Bring navy against which we have to guard, but my eyes went up to that window in the these horses back to me." And when they it is your terrible younger son and your hope of seeing the candle twinkle in it. man in search of a career. When we Five minutes passed, and another five. Oh, French have a possession across the seas how slowly they crept along! It was a true we like to sit in Paris and to felicitate October night, raw and cold, with a white fog crawling over the wet, shining cobblestones and barring the dim oil lamps. 1 could not see fity paces in either direction, place this may be, and after that we might but my ears were straining, straining to as well try to take that old square of catch the rattle of hoots or the rumble of wheels. It is not a cheering place, mon- put down my head and thrust at him with and life without health don't amount to "Well, it was upon the first of October sieur, that street of Harley, even upon a stat the treaty was finally to be signed. sunny day. The houses are solid and very respectable over yonder, but there is nothattering and laughing, while I sat on a world. I paced up and down, slapping

nurry as never man hurried before. and to I am best, monsieur. You, who only see put this letter into the hands of Monsieur | me when I am drinking my wine in the Cafe de Province, cannot conceive the heights to which I rise. At that moment. when I knew that the truits of a ten-years' war were at stake, I was magnificent. It guinea, and allowed him to proceed to My God! the thunderbolt that it was! I was the last French campaign, and I the Watier's. For myself, I sprang into our em

"'Sir,' said I, touching him upon the few words, but they told us that Egypt had arm, 'are you the messenger for Lord Hawkesbury ? "'Yes,' said he.

hour,' said I. 'You are to follow me at once. He is with the French Ambassador.' "I spoke with such assurance that he never hesitated for an instant. When he entered the hackney coach and I followed him in, my heart gave such a thrill of joy | ger, but a second one. Milord Hawkeswas gone, we had nothing to offer in ex- that I could hardly keep from shouting bury caught the paper from his hand and aloud. He was a poor little creature, this read it by the light of the carriage lamp. Foreign Office messenger, not much bigger than Monsieur Otto, and I-monsieur can | plate before he had finished. see my hands now, and imagine what they were like when I was seven and twenty years of age.

"Well, now that I had him in my coach the question was what I should do with him. I did not wish to hurt him if I could help it.

"'This is a pressing business,' said he. 'I have a despatch which I must deliver instantly. "Our coach had rattled down Harley

street, but now, in accordance with my instruction, it turned and began to go up

". Hullo! he cried. 'What's this?" "'What then?' I asked. " 'We are driving back. Where is Lord

"'We shall see him presently." "'Let me out!' he shouted. 'There's some trickery in this. Coachman, stop the

Hawkesbury ?

"I dashed him back into his seat as he tried to turn the handle of the door. He roared for help. I clapped my palm across his mouth. He made his teeth | this world in person and appear in that city, meet through the side of it. I seized his own cravat and bound it over his lips. He still mumbled and gurgled, but the noise was covered by the rattle of the wheels. We were passing the minister's assertion he appealed to an aged colored house and there was no candle in the win-

"The messenger sat quiet for a little, and I could see the glint of his eyes as he stared at me through the gloom. He was partly stunned, I think, by the force with which I had hurled him into the seat. And also he was pondering, perhaps, what he would do next. Presently he got his mouth

"You can have my watch and my purse "'Sir,' said I, 'I am as honorable a

Who are you, then?

"'My name is of no importance."

"What do you want with me?" "'It is a bet.'

"'A bet? What d'you mean? Do you understand that I am on the government service and that you will see the inside of a jail for this?'

"That is the bet. That is the sport," "'You may find it poor sport before you

finish,' he cried. 'What is this bet of yours, then?' "'I have bet,' 'Ianswered, that I will recite a chapter of the Koran to the first gentleman whom I shall meet on the street.'

"I do not know what made me think of it, save that my translation was always running in my head. He clutched at the door-handle, and again I had to hurl him back into his seat.

"'How long will it take?' he gasped. "It depends on the chapter,' I answered.

"'A short one, then, and let me go!" "But is it fair,' I argued. 'When I say a chapter I do not mean the shortest chapter, but rather one which should be of

compelled again to adjust his cravat. "'A little patience,' said I, 'and it will

soon be over. I should like to recite the chapter which would be of most interest to vourself. You will confess that I am trying to make things as pleasant as I can for

"He slipped his mouth free again. "'Quick, then, quick !' he groaned. "'The Chapter of the Camel?' I sug-

"'Yes, yes. Only proceed!" " 'We had passed the window and there was no candle. I settled down to recite

"Perhaps you do not know your Koran very well, monsieur? Well, I knew it by heart then, as I knew it by heart now. The style is a little exasperating for any-one who is in a hurry. But then what would you have? The people in the East are never in a hurry, and it was written for them. I repeated it with all the solemnity which a sacred book demands, and the young Englishman wriggled and groan-

"'When the horses, standing on three feet and placing the tip of his fourth foot upon the ground, were mustered in front of him in the evening, he said: "I loved the love of earthly good above the remem-brance of things on high, and have spent the time in viewing these horses. Bring were brought back he begun to cut off their

legs and-Englishman sprang at me. My God! how little can I remember of the next few minutes! He was a boxer, this shred of a man. He had been trained to strike. I have been in the best of health. I consider tried to catch him by the hands. Pac, pac, that in all probability this remedy saved he came upon my nose and upon my eye. I | my life; a tall events, it restored my health,

upon him, and he had no place where he could escape from my weight. He fell flat upon the cushions, and I seated myself 30th, 1892." upon him so that the wind flew from him as

with which I could tie him. I drew the often tired, but never weary any the floor. I ran to him, as did the courier, and between us we carried him to a sofa. He might have been dead from his appearance, but I could feel his heart thrilling beneath my palm.

The floor. I ran to him, as did the courier, yellow lights came flashing through the fog, and a light cabriolet whirled up to the door of the foreign minister. It had not stopped before a young fellow sprang out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the door of the foreign minister. It had out of it and hurried to the steps, while the capitulation of an army and the loss of a province. Yes, monsieur, what Aber
""'What is this, then?" I asked.

"I do not know,' answered the messen-" the fog once more."

"Ah, it is in the moment of action that crombie and 2,000 men had done upon the beach of Aboukir was undone by me, singlehanded. in a hackney coach in Harley street.

"Well, I had no time to lose, for at any moment Monsieur Otto might be down. shouted to my driver, gave him his second bassy carriage, and a moment later the door of the minister opened. He had himself escorted Monsieur Otto down stairs, and now so deep was he in talk that he walked out bareheaded as far as the carriage. As "'I have been waiting for you half an he stood there by the open door there came the rattle of wheels, and a man rushed down the pavement.

" 'A despatch of great importance for

Milord Hawkesdury!' he cried. "I could see that it was not my messen-His face, monsieur, was as white as this

". Monsieur Otto,' he cried, ' we have signed this treaty upon a false understanding. Egypt is in our hands. " What! cried Monsieur Otto. 'Im-

possible. "'It is certain; it fell to Abercrombie last month.

". In that case,' said Monsieur Otto. it is very fortunate that the treaty is signed. ... Very fortunate for you, sir,' cried

Milord Hawkesbury, and he turned back to the house. "Next day, monsieur, what they call the Bow street runners were after me, but

they could not run across salt water, and Alphonse Lacour was receiving the congratulations of Monsieur Talleyrand and the First Consul before ever his pursuers had got as far as Dover."

#### An Unexpected Reply to Moody.

When Mr. Moody was preaching in Washington last spring he asserted one day that it Jesus Christ should return to He would not be welcomed, and that the people would not consent to be governed by him. He asked the audience if they would receive Him, and to empathsize his man sitting near the pulpit: "Would you vote for him?' The reply came promptly: "Twouldn't do no good. They wouldn't count my vote." Mr. Moody at once changed the subject.

#### How to Catch Cod.

A French doctor has just discovered why some fisherman catch cod and others do not. He found that on the northerly side of high submarine peaks the cod would not bite, while on the southerly side they did. By attaching thermometers to fishing lines he further found that most fish were taken tetween 45 degrees and 50 degrees, and that at 45 degrees, with a depth of about fourteen fathoms, the catch was best.

#### OFTEN TIRED BUT NEVER WEARY.

Let's discuss this point for two minutes. Here's a man who says that at a certain period he began to feel "tired and weary." That's precisely the way he puts it in his letter. Now anybody has a right to feel tired or fatigued (it's the same thing), after labor or much exercise. It's the body's fashion of telling you to hold up, to give it a rest. It is a natural and, in health, with supper and sleep just ahead, a pleasant teeling. But weariness!—that's different. That comes of monotony, of waiting, of lonelines. Weariness is of the mind, not of the body. But it can arise in the body, all the same. If this bothers you at first, don't say "stuff!" "humbug!" but study up on it. A man may be tired and happy, but not weary and bappy. For weariness means depressed spirits, and nerves all sagged down in the middle. And when you get both at once you will be wise to find out what's gone wrong.

It is a short letter, this is, and we can just as well quote the whole of it. The writer says: "It was in November, 1887, when I began to feel tired and weary. It seemed as it I had no strength left in me. Before that I had always been strong and healthy. My appetite was poor, and for days together I could not touch any food that was placed before me. After every meal that I did succeed in forcing down I had such dreadful pains in the chest and back that I was almost afraid to eat. Then there was a sharp pain around the heart, too, as though I had been stabbed with a

"I lost a deal of sleep, and for nights together I didn't sleep at all. Then I began to lose flesh rapidly, was afraid I was going into consumption. Yet I kept on with my work, however, but it was a hard thing for me, because I was so weak and nervous that I trembled from head to foot. As time went on I gradually got worse and worse, and my eyes were sunken and drawn in. I consulted a doctor in Kentish Town. He gave me medicine, but it did no good. After all this I got the idea into my head that I should not recover.

"One day a lady came into the shop, and noticing the state I was in, kindly asked how long I had been ill. I told her all about it, and she said, 'You try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup; it has made me well, and I believe it will do you good.'

I sent for a bottle, and after taking only a few doses I felt relieved. Presently my gs and—'
'It was at this moment that the young food agreed with me, and I enjoyed my meals. I could sleep better also, and by keeping on taking the Syrup I soon got as strong as I ever was in my life. Since that time (now over four years ago,) I it. Pac, he came from below. But ah, I much. I gladly consent to the publication was too much for him. I hurled myself of this statement, and will answer inquiries.

> Thus Mr. Vince's unfortunate experience comes to a happy end. As he has to work

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