#### THE WOMANLY TRIBUTE

OF "FAITH FENTON" TO THE DEAD PREMIER.

Sir Jehn's Wonderful Memory-His Happy Home-Life-Views on Literature and Re. ligion-His Charming Personality-Inciput the matter to the test by practical dedents in His Career.

Perhaps the finest tribute that has been made to the memory of Sir John Thompson is the tollowing, by Faith Fenton in the Toronto Empire:

A grey sky lying low over the city, windbeaten rain, tearing the half-masted flags hard, shining pavements rippled with puddled water; the clamor of horses' feet upon stone; the whistle of the wind, the dull monotone of a tolling bell; and through it all the shrill voices of the newsboys: "Evenin' papers; all about Sir John Thompson's death."

It is impossible—it is impossible, we cry, beating back the thought as we do the driving rain drops. Yet our hearts stand still with the cold terror and the awe of it-and all the air seems filled only with that remorseless tolling bell and those shrill impish boy voices.

Sir John Thompson dead! Why, it was only yesterday that he bade us a kindly good-bye and went forth to receive honors from his Queen; only yesterday that we grasped his hand, looked at the tender, dignified tace of him and uttered a light auf wiedershien; only yesterday that his opponents were beginning to realize his great ability and worth and own him with pride as a representative Canadian statesman. Surely someone has blundered-those drooping flags, that dull dropping toll, are not for him.

But oh, friends, if so it be Canada has lost one of her ablest statesmen today; more than this she has lost one of her best and most lovable men-one of high honor, spotless life, and the tenderest heart that ever beat in the breast of a strong man. And those who knew him best can testify most surely to this.

Because so few Canadians have had opportunity to meet him personally-and the loss is greater than they know-those of us who were thus favored should not be slow to bring forth from the storehouse of our memories such little remembrances of him as belong by right to Canadian people. For he loved Canada; he was proud and tender of her, as of a child, and his whole desire was toward her welfare and pros-

He said little about it. He was not a man of words-small talk, or the light effervescent speech of the old chieftain, never came easy to him-but his country was in his thoughts always, and the least that concerned her was regarded by him.

It is not easy to write in the third person of that which touches one so nearly, and those who mourn our Premier will permit the personal remembrance of one who, because she is a woman, was perhaps permitted to see the unorficial side of Sir John Thompson's nature to a greater extent than it would be discovered to a man.

I first met Sir John Thompson five summers ago, as a guest at Riviere du Loup, Sir John Macdonald's summer home. He was then the Minister of Justice.

Engaged by one or two M. P.'s, the Premier left me with Sir John Thompson in the breezy drawing room with its big windows looking out upon the river. Being full of funny Newtoundland experience, I talked, perhaps, more than I should. Sir John listened, with only an occasional word of comment, and in a quarter of an hour the Premier returned, and my call came to an end.

I did not meet him again until last April, in Ottawa. Four years had intervened, but he recalled at once. "I've told those stories of yours over many times," he said,

Yet it was but an incident of no importance in the life of a busy public man. It was one instance out of many I experienced later, of his wonderful memory.

I believe the remark once made to me by an old member was absolutely true. "Sir John Thompson says little, but he never forgets," he said with emphasis. Our memories of him in the House will

always be pleasant ones. He was ever dignified and courteous, and that beautiful mellow voice of his won its way alike with the floor and the galleries. I think even his followers were just be-

ginning to realize the full strength of their leader. They found continuous thought holiday. below the few words, unfaltering determination beneath the courteous manner, and an unvielding sense of justice blended with the tenderness which marked a characteristic of his nature.

It was my privilege, during the fair August days, as a guest of Senator Sanford, to spend a week in daily companionship with the premier and his family. The inmates of the big cottage on the hill and the little cottage beside the shore blended all day long in the happiest of family parties, and here it was given me to realize something of the inner beauty and worth shall find time to meditate and know. of the premier's character.

Of his rarely happy home life, I wrote at the time. I say in all sincerity that I never knew of a home where love so the Premier is dead, but that he has enterabided. Between parents and children, between husband and wife, between sisters and brothers, the tenderest love prevailed. They were all in all to each other-and the only pain that had power to hurt any one of them was that which fell upon the

ada's chiefest statesman lived, more con- years of age he went out to his father's good looks. tent than in a palace; remembering the pasture to catch a frisky colt. As he was love light in the eyes that looked upon him, about to place a halter around his neck and the quiet, tender contentment of his | the colt kicked him in the head, making a returning glance recalling the simplicity, ragged wound. The wound healed, but it the purity, the utter joyousness of that dear | soon became apparent that the man was home life-it is no shame that my tears | slightly demented, and his hallucination drop upon the pages, and my heart aches | took peculiar forms. He would travel up m his sleep-the calm last sleep of a good claiming the proprietorship of the latter life-blood must now be dropping, dropping | men humored him, as he was considered from the arriel wound.

they were of the world of philosophy, for been forced into contact with the brain by to join hands, they would reach from Lonhe was a deep thinker; and not rarely they the blow, and by a skilful operation on to Carlisle, a distance of 300 miles. he was a deep thinker; and not rarely they | the blow, and by a skilful operation

all reverent in faith.

One day he was listening amusedly to a Mackenzie Bowell and Senator Sanford. The Minister was in earnest, and as he always is, and the Senator was joking, as usual. Suddenly the Minister offered to

monstration. "No," said the Premier, with sudden vigor, "I forbid it, I do not believe in it at all; it is nonsense. But all the same, I won't have any one tampered with."

And when our laughter subsided, he related to us a curious, yet amusing, pershall tell you some day.

He was fond of books, and read much; bot his dislike for certain tales was strong and outspoken.

He had no good word for Tolstoi, Ibsen, Olive Schrenier, and all the modern faith disturbing pessimistic school of novelists, and his condemnation of them was couched in severe words. "I think the old way of writing novels is the best," he said. "A tragrant, sweet old love story is the best

and most wholesome of all." One day, in the course of a chat, I thoughtlessly spoke of a public man who was one of his bitterest detractors.

A stern look chased the pleasant smile from his face. "But he is really good to his many re-

latives, and his home life is unhappy," I en-"Many men who have done much evil in the world have not a few fine qualities," he said; and I knew that it was the Min-

ister of Justice who spoke.

But most comforting of all to remember now was his reverent attitude toward spiritual things. Very rarely was it given to the world to see this phase of the Premier's character; vet it was the secret of much of his strength.

His belief in the vital doctrines of the christian faith was as honest and complete as that of a little child. Yet it came not of ignorance nor blind acceptance; but of searching and pondering.

Moved by some sudden impulse of restlessness or unfaith I questioned him one day-the day of our last long talk-when we had bidden adieu to the fair Muskokaakes and were journeying cityward to-

We had been talking of various books and presently somehow we reached Cardinal Newman, Bishop Brooks, and a few other rare divines.

"I often wish I had more time to read and meditate," he said: then in response to my questioning, he ran lightly over the details of an ordinary day in a Premier's

"You see," he said, smiling, " if I get time to glance over the chief daily papers I do very well." But gravely, "I wish I had more time to meditate and read; perhaps I will have-some day." "Sir John-what do you believe?"

He looked at me with no rebuke, only a gentle questioning.

"Do you accept all of the Apostles' "Yes," he said, and the little word was

ull of affirmation. "Even the resurrection of the body?"was it some unconscious premonition that

moved me, I wonder? "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another," he replied with gentle gravity; and then he spoke about the difficulties of faith, and how he come to realize that all vital belief centres about the solemn story of the In-

Understanding that aright, we shall know all else, he said; "Christ did not come into the world merely to teach .norality, that can be taught in other ways."

He told me, too, of a conversation he once listened to, ketween two eminent and studious divines, men who had devoted their life to the study of the Bible. "They seemed to pass all mere outer barriers, and reach to the very heart of life's mysteries," he said, "and they came back at the close with only the simple words I have just quoted upon their lips."

Our talk was broken by the entrance of some politicians to shake hands with the premier, and was not resumed.

I have only one other vision of him-the last that Toronto knows-as he stood beside the flag-wrapped statue of the Old Chieftian, and spoke the graceful in memoriam words; and presently his eyes looked down upon the assembled multitude, Curative Syrup. Being interested in what and rested for an instant with kindly recognition upon his companion of a summer

Oh, dear, dead statesman, whose rare value and worth we were just beginning to know; you have passed from our midst in the flood time of your honor and reputebut we would that you had been spared to us a little longer. Canada needs you; your party is bereaved, and from one bright home the light has gone out forever. Oh, honorable and high-souled man ;let your mantle fall, we pray, upon your

successor, whoever he may be-since for you has come the some day of which you spoke, and in the land of eternal rest you

Toll, bells; flutter your drooping fregs, to the breeze; let the rain beat, the wind moan and the shril newsboys call not that

OUEER EFFECTS OF A HURT.

Forty-Five Years of a Man's Life Rendered a Perfect Blank.

"In the village of Lubec," says the sorely-not for the dead statesman lying and down the bay on the steamboats, man; but for the loved ones whose very and refusing to pay fare. The steamboat daft, and he was the butt of the small boys' jokes and banter. He has lived in Many cits of talk in those holiday hours | the village since, and is now sixty years of come back to me now. Sometimes they age. About six weeks ago the local physicwere merry, for the Premier enjoyed a lians determined to experiment on his case. good story in his quiet way; sometimes They found that a portion of his skull had

were of things spiritual, for he was above removed the pressure. Strange to say, the man has now recovered his reason, and the first question he asked when he recovdiscussion on hypnotism between Hon. ered from the operation was: 'Did the colt get away?" Wallis is perfectly sane now, but forty-five years of his life are a perfect blank to him."

A STUFFED EMPEROR.

Valerian, Conquered by the Persians, Put to Queer Use in Diplomacy

The art in taxidermy is now practiced by thousands of naturalists and ornithologists, and many sportsmen have become so adept at it that they are no longer obliged to send the specimens which they wish to sonal experience with a spiritualist, that I have preserved to a professional, but can prepare and mount them themselves in the way they which to have them, and in this way many amatuers have secured most valuable collections, serving as excellent souvenirs of many a delightful day's shooting, and mary an exciting hunting adventure.

One of the most remarkable stuffed skins on record was that of Valerian, emperior of Rome, who was taken prisoner and atterwards kept in chains by Sapor, king of Persia. He was either killed in a tumult, or by order of his conqueror, who was perhaps fearful of losing his valuable living trophy, in the year 269. The body of the dead Roman emperor was treated with no more delicacy than when it had held the immortal spark of a living one. It was skinned, the hide, after being tanned, was stuffed painted red and suspended in the chief temple of the capital. It remained here for many years, and was the popular spectacle for holiday makers and visitors from the country.

But it was put to more important ends than this; it was made a diplomatic engine of much significance and efficiency. In after times it often happened that the Roman envoys at the Persian court had misunderstandings, more or less serious, with the government to which they were temporarily accredited. When these ambassadors from Rome grew arrogant in their demands it was the custom to conduct them into the presence of the stuffed skin of the ex-emperor of Rome, where they were asked if humility did not overcome them at sight of such a spectacle.

SEVEN POUNDS IN ONE WEEK.

Not every man who is thin would thank to be fat, and for very good reasons. Un- an he can be," she murmured. "I don't necessary fat is a load to carry about; it | believe he was asleep at all." interferes with a man's power to work, shortens his wind, and dulls his wits.

of flesh is needed for health and comfort. For example; a man five teet high should out of an immense crowd of other young weigh about 120 lbs.; and a man five feet | ladies by a committee at which the Doinsurance companies allow a variation of the matter. 7 per cent. above or below it, and beyond those limits charge an extra premium. One shouldn't be much over or under his proper weight if he wants to be sound and hearty-and we all do want that.

Now we will tell you how Mr. Thomas Crosby, being under weight, gained seven pounds in a week. He had lost 11/2 stone, which is too much off for a man who was never fleshier than he naturally ought to be.

It was this way. He was right enough up to May, 1861. At that time he began to teel ill and out of sorts. He had a nasty taste in his mouth-like rotten eggs, he says- and a thick, slimy stuff comes on his gums and teeth. His appetite failed, and what he did eat was, as you might say, under compulsion; and right afterwards he would have great pain in his stomach and chest. Plainly, something was amiss with him in that region. He was often dizzy, and cold chills ran over him as though he were threatened with fever. Of course we should expect a man who is handled in this way to lose strength. Mr. Crosby lost strength. In fact he got so weak and nervous that he shook all over, and his hands trembled as if a current of electricity were running through him.

To use his own words: "I rapidly lost flesh, was 11/2 stone lighter, and could hardly walk about. Once my parents thought I was dying, and sent in haste for the doctor. I saw two doctors in Epworth and one at Haxey, but they were not able to help me. Our vicar, Rev. Mr. Overton, recommended me to the Lincoln Infirmary, where I attended for eight weeks as an outdoor patient, without benefit.

"Soon afterwards Mr. Sharp, a chemist, at Epworth, spoke to me of the virtues of he said, I lett off trying other things and began taking this Syrup. In a few days I felt better, and presently I gained seven pounds in a week. At that rate I soon got back to my work, and have had the best of health ever since. I tell these facts to everybody, and am perfectly willing they should be published. Yours truly (Signed), Tom CROSBY. Ferry Road, Epworth, via Doncaster, December 23rd,

After reading Mr. Crosby's story we scarcely need to ask why he lost flesh. The minute he stopped eating and digesting his usual allowance of tood he began to tall away. Trees, they say, grow as much from the air by means of their leaves, as they do from the soil. But men don't. They've got to built up through their stomachs. Indigestion and dyspepsia (Mr. Crosby's complaint) stops this process and poisons those who have it, besides. That accounts for all the painful and dangerous | regard it with the highest symptoms our friend speaks of. The favor. The valuable features doctors do what they can, but, unluckily, they don't possess the medicine that goes to the bottom of this disease and cures it. ity, quick and direct action The remedy is Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and nothing else, so far as we know. Remember those fair, sunny days and Lewiston (Me ) Journal, "lives Clem It restores digestion, and digestion covers that happy nest of a cottage, where Can- Wallis. When he was a boy about fifteen the bones with fat enough for health and

His Pedigree Attacked.

Pluto was obviously angry. "What's all this noise?" he demanded, very irritably. "It sounds as if a shade was shaking the bars of his cage and trying to get out and do somebody." The deputy warden of Hades came for-

ward to explain. "It's the oldest inhabitant, sir," he said. "He has just been listening to some university extension lectures on Darwinism, and

monkey of." It is calculated that if the children under the care of the London School Board were

I guess he doesn't enjoy being made a

SIZE OF THE UNIVERSE.

Startling Figures as to the Immensity of the Heavenly Bedies.

To form some idea of the largeness of the earth one may look upon the landscape from the top of an ordinary church steeple, and then bear in mind that one must view 900,000 similar landscapes to get an approximately correct idea of the size of the

Place 500 earths, like ours, side by side, yet Saturn's ontermost ring could easily inclose them. Three hundred thousand earth globes could be stored inside the sun. if hollow.

If a human eye every hour were capable of looking upon a fresh measure of world material 5,400 square miles large, that eye would need 55,000 years to overlook the suatace of the sun. To reach the nearest fixed star one must

travel 20,500,000,000 miles, and if the velocity were equal to that of a cannon ball, it would require 5,000,000 years te travel that distance.

Besides single stars, we know of systems of stars moving around one another. Still, we are but a short way into space as vet. Outside our limits of vision and imagination there are no doubt still larger

The milky way holds at least 20,191,-000 stars, and as each is a sun, we presume it is encircled by at least 20 planets. Counting up these figures we arrive at the magnitude of 1,000,955,000 stars. A thousand million stars. Who can comprehend it? Still this is only part of the uni-

The modern telescopes have discovered more and similar milky ways still further away. We know of some 2,000 nebu'æ which represent milky way like ours. Let us count 2,000 by 20,191.000 equals 40,382,000,000 suns or 2,019,100,000,000 heavenly bodies.

A Christmas Dream.

She held herself so still to catch what he was muttering in his dreams that she hardly breathed. "Mary-" "That's me," she thought to herself, as there was no occasion for her to think of any one else. "Mary must have that new wrap, even though I do have to take it out of the bookkeeper's salary. It is too bad, too. He is the only support of a widowed mother." All was still again. She lay there and you for fattening him. He doesn't want | thought some more. "He's just as mean

The circumstances of the late Empress Yet, on the other hand, a certain amount of China's marriage were not calculated to insure a happy union. She was chosen six inches, 145 lbs.; a man six feet, 178 | wager-Empress presided, and neither she lbs. It is a regular ascending scale. The nor the Emperor had anything to say in

### EXPRESS

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

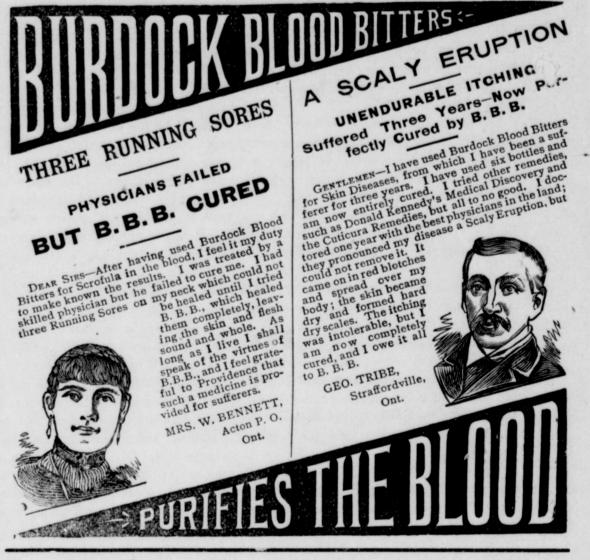
Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.
Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over
the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel,
Napanee, Tamworth and Quebec, Central Ontario
and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial
Railway, Nothern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship
Lines to Digby and Anappolis and Charlottetown
and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies
Connections made with responsible Express Com
panies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and
Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. es and British Columbia Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers.

Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent.
Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.
Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with deepatch. with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

J. R. STONE, Agent.

H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

Shrink when washed with SURPRISE SOAP. Flannels have a tendency to shrink in the wash. Everyone knows that A little care with the use of Surprise Spap (Follow the directions on the wrapper) will prevent it. You can easily test Surprise and prove its worth in doing away with shrunken flannels. Nearly every grocer sells it. Buy it and try it. 



# Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wines:

OUR

SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, \*ST. AUGUSTINE, (Registered), THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the Pelee Island Grape Juice during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs we have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, - - - 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 523, - - - Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces, \*J. S. HAMILTON & CO'S Communion Wine, guaranteed pure juice of the Grape. Registered at

## ENGRAVING.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU ST. JOHN, N. B.

# "THE NEW YOST"

TAKES THE LEAD.

HE No. 4 Machine is acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the old style "YOST" machines say of them. these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.



St. John, N. B., June 28th, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City.

Dear Sir: We' have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given as every satisfaction Yours truly, ROBERTSON & ALLISON. 000

YARMOUTH, N. S.,
July 3rd, 1894.
Dear Sir: I beg to say
that I have used the
"YOST" typewriter for
over 36 months, and the
longer I use it the more I

am convinced that it is superior to all other I conster the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and he great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfec alignment. I would rec ommend any intending purchasers to investigate the "YOST" before buy ing a typewriter. E. K. SPINNEY, Hardware Merchant,

& neral Insurance Ag't The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS,

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

DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. Second band 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. Murrav, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham VanMeter & Butcher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare; Knowles' Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Ditmars, Clementsport, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W P. Bishep, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryenton, Amherst; W. F' Kempton, Yarmouth N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock.

Clarence E. Casev, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.