

CATALANI AND GOETHE.

How the Singer Greatly Mortified the Author of Werther.

The prima donna of the olden time was, as a rule, a somewhat illiterate individual. Catalani, for example—whose throat, by the way, was said to be large enough to swallow a penny loaf whole—Catalani was almost entirely uneducated. She was extremely vivacious in company, and this, with her ignorance, often placed her in a somewhat ludicrous position. The best story told of her in this connection is associated with an occasion when at Weimar she was placed next to Goethe at a fashionable dinner party. Catalani knew nothing of Goethe; but, being struck by the fine appearance of the poet, she asked the gentleman on her other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the reply. "Ah, yes. Pray on what instrument does he play?" was the rejoinder. "He is not a performer, madame; he is the renowned author of 'Werther.'" "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalani, and turning to the venerable poet she addressed him. "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werther'!" A low bow followed in acknowledgement. "I never," continued the lively lady, "I never read anything half so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" "Madame," said the poet, looking serious, "the 'Sorrows of Werther' a farce?" "Oh, yes; never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," rejoined Catalani, still laughing heartily. It turned out that the lady had been talking all the while of a parody of 'Werther,' which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris. But fancy the mortification of the poet!

HE WON THE BET.

The Trousers Cost Considerably More than They Seemed Worth.

Old John Langley, the veteran horseman, is better known to old Worcester sporting men than any man living. Stories of his eccentric career are innumerable. He often complained of being "done" in betting. As a matter of fact, he "did" his adversaries in the sporting world often than they did him. One day he called at the store of a tailor and stated in his usual loud and emphatic way—for his conversation was always highly flavored with the tabasco of profanity—that he "wanted a pair of breeches. And I want the best stuff in the store, no matter what the color." The tailor was a little bewildered, but finally showed Langley the most costly material in the shop—a beautiful silky broadcloth. "That this was unsuitable for trousers made no difference to him. 'I want it,' said he, 'and I want it made up wide side out.' The tailor expostulated in vain, and the trousers were made and delivered. A friend called on Langley and remarked on the trousers in uncomplimentary language. Langley said he was satisfied. More gaudy resulted in this old man offering to bet \$25 that the cloth cost more a yard than that in his friend's trousers. The bet was taken, and the tailor was to decide it. He named the price. The friend would not believe that the rough goods could be so costly until he was shown the shiny, silky other side. Then he paid, as did other men on similar bets. That was what the old man had bought the trousers for.

HE WANTED BREAD.

And That was why a Tender Woman's Heart was Touched.

"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp, who had made his way around to the kitchen. "Nuthin' much, ma'am," he replied with a politeness that awakened her suspicion. "Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money." "No'm. I don't want no money." "Well, we have no victuals, except for dinner, and they ain't done yet." "I don't even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread." She was touched. "Poor man!" she exclaimed. "Here, I'll give you a piece of pie anyhow." "No'm. I'd rather hev the dry bread." "Do you like it?" "No, but yer see me and the rest of the boys hez bustled aroun' till we've got turkey an' some celery an' some cranberry sauce an' some plum puddin'. An' all we want now is jes' the dry bread ter make the stuffin' of."

Why Preaching Fails.

Various reasons are assigned for the failure of preaching to reach some people and to convert the hearers. An old chief in Uganda, with whom Bishop Tucker recently had an interview, frankly gave his reason for not wishing to accept Christianity and for refusing to allow missionaries to come to his territory. He said: "We are fond of fighting and cattle-stealing, and if teachers come they will tell us that all this is wrong." Possibly if some of our citizens were equally frank they would give a similar reason for not going to church. They do not want to be told that their business principles and practices are wicked.

The Bishop was Shaming.

Here is a story told of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Short. After the usual examination for ordination, the Bishop requested one of the candidates to come into his drawing-room and pay him a "pastoral visit" as a sick parishioner. In due time the neophyte entered the drawing-room and found the good Bishop lying on the sofa, with a handkerchief over his face. Summoning up his courage, he advanced to the sofa and pulled off the handkerchief, exclaiming, "Thomas Vowles Short, you are shaming!"

Not Adapted to the Age.

Employer (to new amanuensis)—"Here, you are taking most of this dictation in longhand! You represented yourself as a stenographer." Graduate (of business college)—"So I am, sir; but you talk too fast!"

We feet, cold in the head, cold in the chest, are reasonable complaints. Hawker's catarrh cures cold in the head. Hawker's balsam cures cold in the chest.

School children are not always wise. They expose themselves, and presently you hear a nasty cough. Then you need Hawker's balsam.

Those who have once used Hawker's balsam will have no other remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial sore throat. It is prompt, pleasant, perfect.

The worst case of hoarseness will yield at once to the effect of Hawker's balsam.

Babies

and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Emaciation, Consumption, Blood Diseases and all Forms of Wasting. Send for pamphlet. Free.

W. & B. Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists, 50c. & \$1.

KNIVES FORKS & SPOONS
STAMPED
1847. ROGERS BROS.
Genuine AND Guaranteed
by the
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD

HUMPHREYS'

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant. It Cures TONSIL, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises.

It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable. It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL, 111 & 113 William St., New York.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Sold by Samuel Watters.

CLEAN TEETH
and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI.
Take no imitations.

JAMES S. MAY & SON,
Tailors,
Domville Building,
68 PRINCE WM. ST.
Telephone No. 748.

SPECTACLES, EYE GLASSES, OPERA GLASSES, CLOCKS AND BRONZES, SILVER GOODS, JEWELLRY.

WATCHES AND DIAMONDS, AT 43 KING ST., FERGUSON & PAGE.

DAVID CONNELL,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES,
45-47 WATERLOO STREET.
Horses Boarded on reasonable terms.
Also Cures and Carriages on hire. Fine Fit Out. at short notice.

CAFE ROYAL,
Domville Building,
Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM CLARK

ICE! Wholesale and Retail.

Telephone 414. Office 18 Leinster Street.

Mrs. R. Whetsel.

THE ARAB CHARACTER.

The Remarkable Warning of an Arabian Chieftain.

One day I was the guest of a general commanding the military division of Northern Africa. It is better not to mention names, for people with official responsibilities usually dislike being quoted.

My acquaintance with General—arose, however, through a good mutual friend, and as I was treated with frankness, I have every reason to consider his views of consequence.

"Can you trust these Turcos and Spahis in the case of war?" I asked him. To this he replied by telling a story.

That he had once been in the position where he was able to save a great Arab chief from disgrace and beggary. That chief had been friendly with him for many years, and was so overwhelmed by gratitude that he brought the general a costly present.

"I never expect presents from natives," said the general, in parenthesis. "Whoever accepts a present from an Arab loses his authority at once."

The chief was very much chagrined at the general's determination, and sought in vain to alter it. Finally, in a fit of uncontrollable emotion, and with a choking voice, he raised his hand solemnly and said:

"General, you have saved me from dishonor. I owe you all I have. Let me make you a gift more valuable to you than any precious stone. It is one word of advice: Never trust an Arab—not one—not even me!"

"With which strange, not to say paradoxical, warning the chief disappeared."

"That happened several years ago," said the general, "but each day I realize more fully the value of that strange gift. The Arab has his nature, which is not yours or mine. He may live twenty years with you, respect and admire you, serve you faithfully, even spill his blood for you—but all that counts for nothing. The next year he may cut your throat."

Fiercest of Their Tribe.

The gray wolves are on the rampage in the northern part of Gullatin County, Montana. Already they have killed hundreds of calves, and in some instances have been known to attack steers and cows that became separated from the herd. The gray wolf is the fiercest of his species and many a man in the great woods of the East and North has been killed by them. A few days ago a farmer in the northern part of the county shot two large-sized colts in a corral while he took his team to a field. When he came back after the colts a few hours later he found both had been killed by wolves. Another stockman, while riding over the hills, came across two large steers that had been carrying on an unequal fight with wolves. The steers were surrounded by a number of the big gray creatures and several coyotes, which had been running the battle about. The steers were badly bitten, and they were nearly exhausted with the unequal struggle. At the appearance of the stockman the wolves and coyotes slunk away. When winter finally sets in and it becomes a difficult matter for them to get a call or a sheep the stockmen fear that these wolves will become desperate. They will then go in bands and will undoubtedly attack almost anything that might furnish them a meal.

Reward of Honesty.

Mr. Chugwater, who was taking a ride on a street car, had just handed a half dollar to the conductor. On counting the change given to him in return, he called out:

"Conductor, you didn't keep out your nickel. You've given me 50 cents."

"So I have," replied the conductor, counting it himself. "I must have dropped a dime in my nickel pocket by mistake. Thanks."

He took back the dime, put it into its proper pocket and Mr. Chugwater rode to his destination suffused with the comfortable glow that comes with the consciousness of having done a manly, honorable, upright act.

And it was not until Mr. Chugwater had got off the car that it dawned upon him he had paid 14 cents for his ride.

Flying Machines.

Lord Ryleigh at the British association considered that three out of the five great flight problems had been solved—namely, motive power, propelling power and the lifting power. Steering and maneuvering remain. The art of descending has also to be practiced. Hitherto this has been the easiest but least satisfactory portion of the problem. For commercial purposes M. Maxim expects little from flying machines, but for military uses they will be highly valued. Perhaps they might be used for sporting purposes, and it is not altogether unlikely that in the daily journals of 20 years hence we shall find illustrations of some popular prince of the realm on a flying machine pursuing a flock of wild geese through the air and firing on them with a Maxim gun.

The Portieres Broke Their Heads.

An old couple took a son home to live with them and decided to him the property. The young man's wife brought from Massachusetts a head full of notions as to style in house decoration, and had the inner doors taken off, all through the house, and turkey-red portieres hung all over the premises. The old folks looked on in wonder at first, then the change in their home surroundings amazed them so they began to weep. After about three months of this crying the young man concluded that his wife's decorative ideas would kill the old folks, so he decided back to the farm and went his way. The portieres did it, for he could never learn of any other cause for complaint.

A Ghastly Competition.

A hungarian of Hungary recently died, and his post was offered for competition. Amongst the aspirants were several bankrupt merchants and schoolmasters, but the place went to a peasant who had proved his talents during the Bosnian campaign, when he assisted at several executions.

I was Cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. L. LAURE.

I was Cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I was Cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Baby Wants It.

Martin's Cardinal Food

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

The most palatable food prepared, and is unequalled by any other preparation of its kind. The best food and the best value, put up in one pound tins, price 25 cts. per tin.

Sold Retail by all Druggists and Grocers and Wholesale by

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS

(MONTREAL.)

FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF THE

SILVER TRUSS

Retains Severe Hernia with Comfort. LIGHT COOL Easy to Wear No pressure on Hip or Back No understraps Never moves.

FOR SALE AT The Montreal Silver Truss Co., 180 St. James Street, Room 6, 1st floor, MONTREAL, QUE.

EPILEPSY
Fits, Nervous Debility.

Causes, Symptoms, Results and How to Cure. Treatise free on application to M. G. EDSON, 35 de Salaberry St., Montreal.

SHARPS BALSAM
OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED.

FOR CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

A. & J. HAY,
—DEALERS IN—

Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, American Watches, Fancy Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.

76 KING STREET.

Turkeys,
CHICKENS, GESE AND DUCKS.

Dean's Sausages.

Ham, Bacon, Clear Pork and Lard, Celer, Squash and Vegetables.

Annapolis Co., N. S. Beef, Kidney, N. B. Lamb, Ontario Fresh Pork.

THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

The Sun.

The first of American Newspapers.

CHARLES A. DANA Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world

Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year.

Daily, by mail - - \$6 a year.

Daily and Sunday, by mail, - - - - \$8 a year.

The Weekly, - - - \$1 a year.

Address THE SUN New York.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

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.

Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Napanee, Timworth and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown, and Sumner, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agents.

Connector made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory 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 despatch.

Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

J. R. STONE, Agent, H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Here's Twenty Dollars to Get Her a Better Coffin With.

He didn't look like a savant or scholar—not even like a cultivated gentleman of refinement, capable of the higher instincts and noble feelings. He was not even well dressed. In fact, he looked rough and unaccustomed to the ways of civilization. How he came to find his way to the city's undertaker no one knows. But he pushed and edged his way through the little crowd that surrounded the bodies of Severa Cisneros and her lover, and did not shrink from the ghastly sight of the dead sweethearts who had found union only in death.

"Say, pard," said he to the city undertaker, "that gal died afore she wanted to, didn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' that feller there murdered her?"

"So it is said."

"An' ye'r givin' him a big burial?"

"His friends are."

"Yer say the gal's got to go to the potter's field?"

"I am afraid so."

"Where's her mother?"

"She has none."

"But she had one on't, an' she's got to have a squire deal an' be buried right. Here's twenty dollars to get her somethin' to wear what's fit to be planted in. Here's twenty dollars to get her a better coffin with, an' here's ten dollars for a broken wheel of flowers. Let's not have it said that old 'Frisco gives the murderer a bigger send-off than the poor gal what he killed. Good-bye, old pard."

"What is your name, please? This is an act of rare generosity."

"Have a drink, pard, but my name's my own biz."

What Comes After Death.

A little story is told in connection with the recent lectures on theosophy in this city that is too good to keep. The lecturer was in the midst of a learned discourse and asked in stentorian tones:

"What comes after death?" No one answered, and after waiting a moment he repeated with vehemence, "Again I say, what comes after death?"

Just at that moment the door opened and in walked one of the leading undertakers of the city and went demurely to a seat. The coincidence was too much for the theosophists, from whom we boast descent, were compelled to walk to church, to which exertion the additional annoyance of shooting Indians en route was a necessity!

No Blackmail for Mrs. Mackay.

Mr. Mackay, the wife of the well-known "Silver King," is not a woman to be intimidated, for recently she completely turned the tables on a would-be blackmailer. Mrs. Mackay, when in Paris, received a letter from him in which he asked for four hundred and eighty pounds, intimating that unless this sum was paid, he intended to have the bodies of a former porter and a governess in Mrs. Mackay's establishment exhumed (their deaths, according to his statement, having come about by foul means). Mrs. Mackay sent the letter to the Prefect of Police. The man was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Where Men and Women Dress Alike.

In Annam, an Empire occupying the eastern portion of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, with a population of 6,000,000, men and women wear their hair in the same way, and dress almost alike. Like the man the woman wears a turban, a long tunic, wide, loose trousers, and a bright sash, the end falling below the knees. The physiognomy is almost the same, as the men are beardless, and have their hair done up like the women. The only clue to distinguish them is found in the ear-rings and finger-rings, which are worn by women only.

Pole-Flinding Made Easy.

To reach the North pole an architect, M. Haulin, has proposed to the Geographical society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an experiment of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, about a score of huts would be necessary to establish a route to the pole.

A Prince Among Flatterers.

Jollyer—"Yes, Miss Lightfoot, you are a wonderful dancer."

Miss Lightfoot—"Do you think so?"

Jollyer—"More wonderful than the damsel who sat before Harold and demanded the hand of John the Baptist."

Miss Lightfoot—"How so, pray?"

Jollyer—"When she danced one man was decapitated, but when you dance all men lose their heads."

Ancient Eggs as Food.

The Chinese are fond of eggs about 100 years old, and old eggs are worth about as much in China as old wine is in other countries. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite Chinese dishes for invalids is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt-water.

A Four-Footed Electrician.

The underground system of electric wires in London owes much of its success to "Strip the electrician." Strip is not a man, but a tiny "ox" terrier, who has been trained to crawl through the street conduits, dragging a wire, the end of which is attached to her collar. She has done an immense amount of work that could not have been accomplished as well by any other agency.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World.

The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

CHASE & SANBORN,
BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS
Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS
The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS
For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

43 and 45 William St., Montreal J. Solis in St. John by T. B. BARKER & SONS, S. M. DIARMID and E. J. MAHONEY, Indianapolis.

TEABERRY
FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
ZEPHRA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

Do you Write for the Papers?

If you do, you should have THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM, a Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY

ALLAN FORMAN,
117 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

State where you saw this and you will receive a handsome lithograph for framing.

THE SAME MAN,
Well Dressed,

fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs, Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor,
64 Germain Street.
(1st door south of King.)

I CURE