

SOCIETY ON THE WHEEL.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AS A SHINING EXAMPLE.

She is Now Gaining the Title of the First Cyclenne of England and France—She Invents a Winter Wheeling Dress and Rides With the Princess Louise.

Mrs Grey-Catfield writes from London to the Chicago Inter-Ocean as follows: While Americans are looking with interest upon the decent little sprig of English nobility now in the United States, Americans abroad and Europeans also are looking with amazement and admiration upon the fair American aunt of the same Duke, Jennie, Lady Randolph Churchill, widow of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the fairest American that ever wedded a title, has sprung into new notice by her skill in handling a bicycle.

Lady Randolph Churchill since her marriage has distinguished herself in many ways. She worked hard in India, and in recognition of Indian political work the Queen conferred upon her the imperial Order of the Crown of India. But this is only one of her many distinctions. As the wife of a great politician she took prominent part in all questions of the day, and in token of the general admiration felt for her by the whole Churchill family, the late Duke of Marlborough, brother to Lord Randolph Churchill, said: "She is easily the first of her sex!"

"The first of her sex" is now winning laurels in fields little expected of her. She is gaining the name of "First Cyclenne" of England and France. Her speed upon the wheel, her grace, her new inventions and discoveries to aid cycling women who wheel for health and pleasure, are attracting attention across the entire continent.

At Aix-les-Bains, where she has been spending a month, crowds turned out daily to see her wheel, and at her home in Connaught Place, London, there are always to be seen little groups of women waiting for My Lady to come out and take her place upon the wheel.

The interest which Lady Randolph Churchill takes in cycling is a surprise to her friends because she has never been an athlete. Of fine, slender figure, she did not need to take violent exercise, and that she should now wheel persistently sends them shaking their heads and saying, "There's no knowing a woman." But as Lady Randolph Churchill herself explained it to me, "My husband was not well enough for any outdoor exercise besides driving, and I would not go without him, otherwise I should have taken to the wheel two seasons ago."

The improvements which Lady Churchill has made in wheeling circles since she began to ride are important ones.

One of the best is the ankle practice. She advocates and even instructs her friends in bending the ankle to make it supple. An hour's practice working the foot at the ankle joint each day will limber it up and make the member not only better in cycling, but also in walking. With a supple ankle the pedal need never be struck a violent blow after it has turned—as so many cyclists practice wrongly.

Another of the improvements made by my lady is in the matter of coasting. She has an ingenious pose upon the wheel that takes the feet off the pedals, yet does not raise them too far to allow them to be too quickly put in place again should obstacles arise. This is an ankle pose, quickly learned by lifting the feet and holding them in the air, one, two, and three minutes at a time, without either extending them or drawing them very close to the body.

The number of hours for cycling a day, the best time to ride, and the necessary rests have all been considered by her ladyship, who practised with the Princess Louise in the Royal Gardens many hours a day at first. After much experience both ladies agree that the best time to cycle are in the morning and after the early 4 o'clock tea. At these hours there are fewer vehicles in the streets, and the air is cooler, clearer, and more removed from the distempers of the latitude of mid-day. In the matter of exercise after eating, both ladies find that it is no harm to cycle immediately after meals, as the exercise of the limbs in no way interferes with digestion, while the variety of scene even aids this function.

Lady Churchill wheeled at first because of loneliness. Her husband was dead, and she was debarred from the London season. The cycle seemed a rational and delightful way to exercise.

A year before she had heard of one of Frances Willard's remarkable cycle lectures and she was secretly longing to "walk six inches above the ground." Now she wheels for her health, her looks, and her enjoyment.

A very delightful scene was viewed the other day in the establishment of a photographer who makes a specialty of taking cyclennes. He had all the necessary "scenery" of the road, and can stand the fair rider against a stone wall resting with her wheel alongside or even provide a smooth "studio road" for racing.

But Lady Randolph Churchill only wanted a simple photograph of herself in cycling dress. The photograph was to send to friends in the United States who were being asked Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Frewin, Lady Churchill's two sisters now traveling

in America, "just how" Jennie looks and how she passes her time in her social retirement.

The gown which Lady Randolph Churchill wore was on her own creation, and very proud she was of it, or she would hardly have put it on the first cool day to have her picture taken in it. The gown is Lady Churchill's invention, and is a model winter cycling suit—the first ever seen in London.

To have a picture of a suit and not know its material is aggravating, so it is only fair to say that heavy rough serge is the material and the trimming is short Persian lamb, cropped and close setting to the figure. The waist is corset-breasted and lined with fur. It buttons far on the side, so there is no possibility of its obstructing the workings of the handles. Lady Randolph Churchill is very proud of this her own invention, and the probability is that it will be extensively copied in London this winter. Already "my lady's permission" has been asked to have a suit like it, and modistes are advertising themselves "Maker of cycling suits for her Ladyship Lady Randolph Churchill."

As to the social career of the bicycle, Lady Churchill thinks it will be a long and brilliant one. "The machine is not a cheap one," she said to a journalist interviewing her on the subject, "nor is it a common one. I know a Duchess who is having a good wheel made, with plating wherever the gold is not hard enough for the purpose. I, myself, like silver better."

Regarding the actual social status of riders, Lady Churchill thinks they will necessarily be of the best-toned people, if not of the wealthiest class. "There will be no inducement for a person of doubtful tastes to ride a wheel, for the exercise takes one into the country, where nature is purest, and on a wheel a woman must attend to her business of pedaling along, without stopping to chatter or to elicit admiration from others, as she may do when riding or driving."

When asked about the morale of bicycling—that ridiculous question raised by a few of peculiar mind—her ladyship would give absolutely no opinion, but the disgusted look upon her face and the contempt of her patrician lip gave their own answer.

It is claimed that bicycling gives entertainments to young and old, grandmothers and grandchildren. With a woman so beautiful as Lady Randolph Churchill all question of age is put aside; but when one comes down to cold facts one finds that she was born in 1853, and that, therefore, her years must be on the other side of 40. Nevertheless she is now at this minute one of the most beautiful women in the world, and her great skill upon the wheel shows her to be as young in action as in looks.

In America the woman of society have long since elevated the bicycle even as they have been literally and figuratively elevated by it; but in London, while the street have been full of cycles, the royal ladies, who set the fashions here, have wheeled in their own private grounds or in the select parks. But Lady Randolph Churchill comes out openly, and a bonny sight she is upon her shining wheel. She is the fairest cyclenne of London, and that is saying much for a woman who has already earned the greatest titles that can be given to her in other fields.

THE DEAD MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Five years ago this present summer (1893), an English sailing ship was struggling and tumbling in the midst of a cyclonic gale in the South Atlantic. As a part of the effort to bring the ship to the wind the mate sang out to the man at the wheel to put the helm hard over. Seeing that the man made no movement to obey the order, the mate rushed to him in a fit of rage. On getting in front of him the officer looked for an instant and ejaculated "MY GRACIOUS?" The poor steersman's eyes were turned up in their sockets, the upper lip was drawn from the teeth, and the facial muscles fixed as though cast in bronze. He was dead, with his horny fingers still gripping the spokes. A stroke of lightning had done the job in a fraction of a second. He may have heard the first words of the mate's order and been deaf to all the others. But how long was the electric battery in the heavens loading for that fatal shot? Tell me that.

But you say, not many people are struck dead that way. True, not many comparatively. There are things however—Well, here's an incident that may help you to understand.

In February, 1890, Mr. George Martin, of 22, Smalley Road, Stoke Newington, London, was working at Chingford. One day while thus engaged a sharp pain struck across the small of his back. The writer of these lines once had that same pain strike him while he was washing his hands at a sink in his own house, and fell to the floor as though a musket ball had gone through him. Millions of men—(its nearly always men, seldom women)—have been dumped to the ground that way without having the ghost of an idea what ailed them. And lots of them have died in from ten to thirty days afterwards, and some in less than thirty minutes, in convulsions. That too, understood, without any previous intimation of anything being the matter with them. The doctors will call such a style of taking off any of a dozen names—commonly *wormia*. What's that? Wait a bit. Let's get on with Martin's experience first.

The pain he speaks of disabled him as a blow from a club might have done. Or rather, he says, it felt like the thrust of a knife. He dropped his work and set out for home, but had trouble enough getting there because he could not use his back. Every attempt to walk or to stir brought on the agony again. Finally, however, he reached home, and sent for a doctor im-

mediately, who said he was suffering from gravel, and prescribed some medicine. Getting worse, he consulted successively two other doctors. The last of these medical gentlemen assured him he had stone in the bladder.

Only think of the deep wisdom of these men. One said gravel, the other said stone. As if stone—any stone on earth, whether inside or outside a man's body—where anything but gravel packed into a mass! We desire to speak respectfully; but what would the learned professions do if they couldn't weave a fog of words around a simple fact?

Well, the last doctor recommended Mr. Martin to go to a hospital. So he went. He became a patient in the University College Hospital. This was in April 1890. Whilst there he passed a stone, suffering excruciating pain as the hard, angular substance tore the tender passages. Improving a little by and by he returned to his work but was never well. In a letter, dated April 20th, 1893, he says, "Often I had to give up my work for a few days at a time. For two years I was in this condition, suffering awfully. Finding the doctor's medicine did me no good, I made up my mind to try a medicine that three years ago cured my sister, Mrs. Memery, of Chelsea, Torquay, after the doctors said she was incurable. I began taking it in November, 1891, and in two weeks a second stone came from me. This medicine, which was as well as ever, I call *Seigel's Syrup*—learned all the gravel from my system without giving me any pain. I have never had any signs of the complaint since.—(Signed) George Martin."

We beg to shake hands with Mr. Martin. Probably he does not realize how narrow an escape he had from chronic and a deadly disease. The shock that struck him at Chingford was the opening gun, the first sensible touch of the poison—*uræmia*—kidney secretion, uric acid in the blood. His case has a history of indigestion and dyspepsia—the foundation and cause of it all. Gravel, or stone, is formed by the uric acid uniting chemically with the alkalies of the body. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures by expelling the acid and preventing the formation of more. But keep an eye on your digestion. There's where the deadly bolt is torped.

FOLEY AND HIS FROG.

Relations That Result in Occasional Embarrassing Episodes.

The embarrassments and annoyances incident to the existences of a man, whose stomach is occupied by a barstone, frog, with a propensity for demanding recognition at any time, under any circumstances, will readily suggest themselves. Yet this is precisely the predicament in which James Foley of Wheatland finds himself. One evening recently he was sitting with his family playing dominoes, when a peculiar grunting sound made the children jump.

"What's the matter James; aren't you well?" inquired Mrs. Foley.

"Why, I didn't do that."

"Yes, you did, James. I heard you. Have you been drinking again?"

Mr. Foley was in the act of making a most emphatic denial, when the sound was heard again.

"Yes it comes from me, sure enough," he was forced to admit. Like a flash his mind grasped the true state of affairs; he must have swallowed something in the drinking water, and it had grown inside him.

He has now brought suit against Philip C. Dickinson to recover \$5,000 for damages to the plaintiff's health, alleged to have been caused by drinking impure water furnished by the defendant. The Foley and Dickinson farms adjoin, and Foley paid his neighbor \$12 a year for the privilege of using water from the latter's well.

Mr. Foley claims that the animal inside of him is a frog. "I know it's that," said he, "for nothing else would make so queer a noise. Last Sunday in church the frog took it into his head to kick up a fuss just as I was enjoying the sermon. First I knew, it gave a big croak. Everybody looked at me, and of course I got embarrassed. Then it started to croak still louder. I couldn't stand that, so I got up and walked out. All the way down the aisle the frog, or whatever it is, kept making its strange and peculiar sounds. I'm afraid I've queered myself for that church. "The worst of it is," continued Mr. Foley, "they won't believe me. Everybody seems to think I am doing this for fun. I can't go to any little social gathering or prayer meetings without this internal animal tuming up in my interior."

Mr. Foley, like many others, doesn't realize his own possibilities—he doesn't know what's in him. He ought to make the frog pay for his lodgings by earning a lot of money for him—Oil City Blizzard.

The Truth About Opals.

"The superstition which causes people to regard opals with awe as the cause of ill luck and even death," said a jeweler yesterday, "is due to a peculiar observation made many years ago. Opals were in considerable use in Venice during the plague, and it was noticed there in the hospitals that before death the stone would sometimes brighten upon the victim's finger. It never seemed to occur to the people that the illness could produce a glow of color.

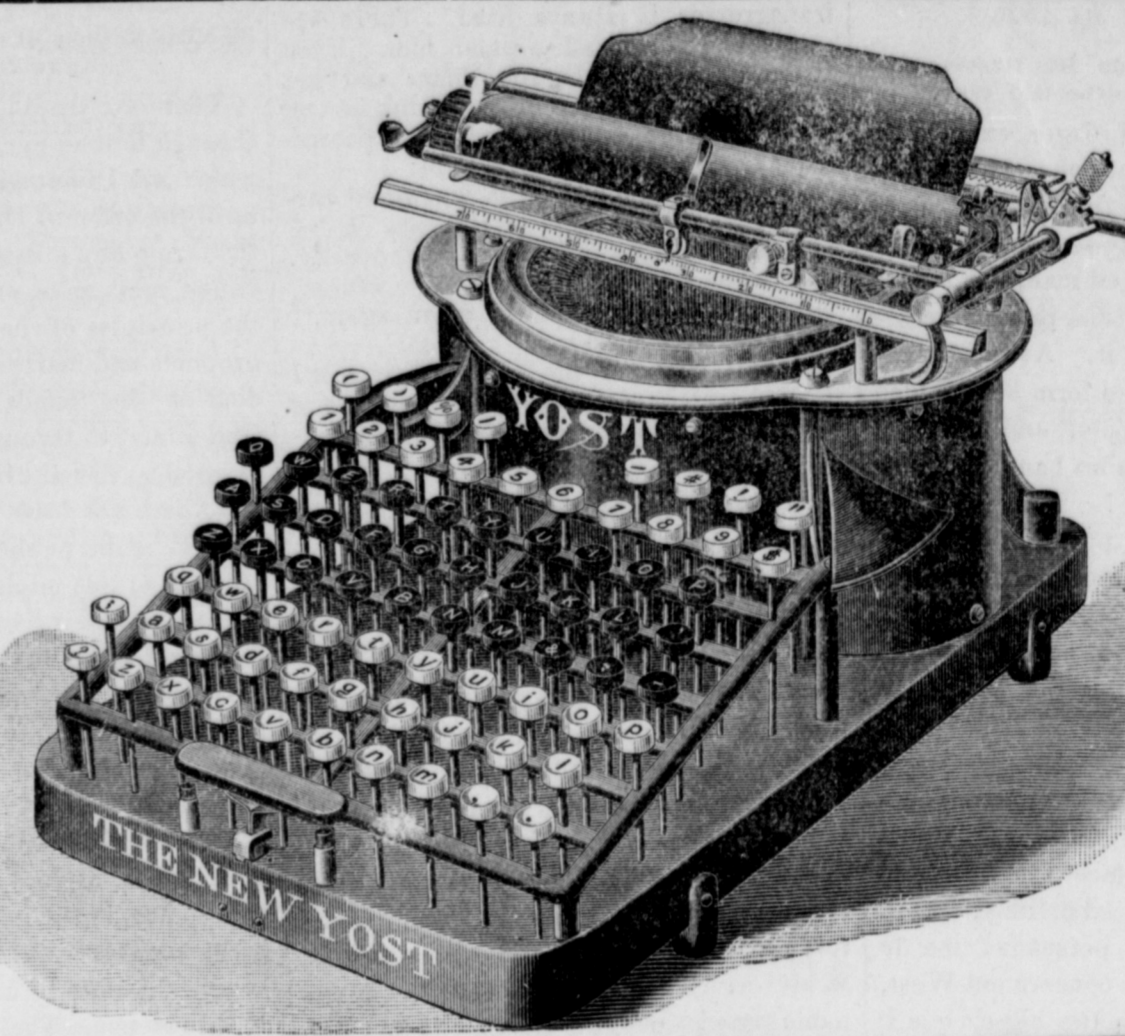
They took it for granted that the stone occasioned the illness. As a matter of fact, opals are affected by heat, even by that of the hand, and the fever, being at its height just before death, caused the color to shine with unwonted clearness. This confirmed the superstition, and to this day there are sane and able-bodied people who believe that a chip of stone in the house can cause calamities. Probably another reason for the distrust excited in opals is the fact that they change and lose their color. That is due to the softness and por-

E NUMBER 4 YOST. THE RIBBON CONE FOREVER DISCOVERED, THROUGH NAWA.

Perfect In Every Particular.

CORRECT IN Design, Workmanship, Principles, Results.

Complete.



Complete.

It Stands UNEQUALLED IN Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Clearness of Letter Press Copies

Perfect.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO

ALL KINDS OF TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED.

RA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents

- Messrs. R. Ward Thorny, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; Messrs. R. Ward Thorny, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; L. J. McGhee, 50 Bedford Row, Halifax; J. B. L. Mars, Clementsport, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; G. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newswick, N. S.; P. J. Gogan, Poirer, N. B.; H. F. McLatchee, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Springhill, N. S.

ousness of the material and its capacity both for absorbing water and parting with what it has one of which tends to make it dull and the other chalky and opaque.

They have been known to be carefully cut and laid away, and upon opening the paper had crumbled into dust within a few weeks. A species of opal known as the hydrophane, found in small quantities lately in Colorado, has wonderful powers of absorption. In its usual state it is of yellowish, waxy tint, but when water is dropped upon it the tint passes slowly away and from being translucent it becomes transparent. On exposure to the air the water evaporates in an hour, leaving the stone as it was before.—Washington Post.

DOUBLE DECEPTION.

The Public Often Imposed On.

Proprietary Medicines and Pills that are Utterly Worthless.

When you ask for Paine's Celery Compound do not Allow your Dealer to Recommend Something Else.

Yes, there is a vast amount of double deception practised in the country. The double deception imposed on a two-confiding people, just men's the making of worthless liquid medicines and pills, and putting them into the stores of dealers, who often recommend them when Paine's Celery Compound is asked for, because they pay larger and handsomer profits.

This work of falsely recommending and substituting is fraught with many evils. It encourages deception and falsehood; it brings the public to the position of slaves to the will of the grasping dealer; it tends to prolong sufferings and agonies when the sick are forced to buy what they do not ask for; and lastly, the vile work of substituting assists the spread and circulation of preparations that should be prohibited by law.

This work of recommending poor and trashy medicines when Paine's Celery Compound is asked for, is meeting with its just reward in many places. The substituting and deceptive dealers are being shunned, and the money for Paine's Celery Compound goes into the hands of upright and honest business men, contented with moderate profits, and who are anxious to give men, women and children just what they ask for.

The great desire of sick and diseased people is a new life, which means health, strength, and bodily vigor. This condition is surely and speedily realized when Paine's Celery Compound is used. This fact is proved every day by the number of testimonials received from cured people. The clergy, medical men, bankers, merchants and the everyday

people testify in favor of Paine's Celery Compound; such letters cannot be shown by the proprietors of the medicines you are asked to avoid.

TORTURE OF CRIMINALS.

Not Confined to Europe but Used in the Early Days of America.

The constitution of the United States and of the various States, in prohibiting cruel and unusual punishments, were not fighting an absurdity. The use of torture in legal processes was not, when these instruments were framed, so remote as it is now.

When Sir Thomas Dale came as High Marshal to Virginia he crushed a conspiracy by killing the ring leaders by torture. One had a bobkin thrust through his tongue and was chained to a tree until he died, others were broken at the wheel. It is quaintly stated that Sir Thomas was "a man of good conscience and knowledge in divinity."

Dole's date was 1611. The next notable instance of the use of torture was in 1692, in the Salem witchcraft excitement, when Giles Cory was pressed to death—the "paine dure et forte," the most horrible of deaths. A far worse instance was the burning of the negroes at the stake in New York, already described in these columns.

Throughout the early colonial period the use of the stocks "cage," and pillory was common, but these were torture only to the sensitive spirit. A similar device is the cangue, or plank necklacc, four feet square, which Chinese prisoners still carry.

Executions were in public throughout the East until comparatively recent times. When Qalech, the pirate, and six others were hanged in Boston, Sewall wrote in his diary: "When the scaffold was let to sink there was such a screech of the Woman that my wife heard it, sitting in our entry next to the orchard," though the gallows was a mile away and the wind unfavorable.

The use of torture to wring the truth from witnesses is said to have been recognized as legal in Austria until well within the present century.—New York Recorder.

Consumption of Spruce Lumber.

The consumption of spruce in the manufacture of paper pulp increases at the rate of over a hundred million logs a year. Half of the spruce lumber in the United States has already been consumed. Where the future supplies are to come from begins to be a serious problem. At this rate it will not be long before the somewhat limited areas upon which the spruce grow will be entirely denuded. Other woods may be found to supply its place in pulp-making, though none so good has yet been

discovered, but if not it will obviously be come necessary to seek fresh material abroad. Siberia, just been opened by the Trans-Siberian Railway, contains the greatest spruce forests in the world, and may in time become the headquarters of the world's paper manufacture. The rapidity with which the demand for this product eats up the forests of a continent is somewhat appalling, and the discovery of new substances out of which it can be made becomes of the most urgent importance. Humboldt says that wherever man appears upon the earth he provides conditions for his own extinction in the destruction of forests; and the paper business has accelerated that destruction with extraordinary rapidity. If the spruce forests of the American continent supply its requirements only a few years, how long will even those of stretching Siberia last? And what is to be done when they are to be exhausted? The pulp-makers will probably not bother themselves much with these queries so long as they can get material to go on with, but they must be met and answered sooner or later.—New York Tribune.

The Poetry of Matrimony.

Her constant aim is to be interesting to her husband. She multiplies herself. In turn she is his friend, his confidante, his partner in business, his chum, and, if I may use the word in its best and most refined sense, his mistress. She is forever changing her appearance. For instance, you will seldom see a French married woman wear her hair in the same way longer than three or four weeks. She knows that love feels on trills, on illusion, on suggestion. She knows that, when a man loves his wife, a rose in her hair, a new frock, a bonnet differently trimmed, will revive in him the very emotion that he felt when he held her in his arms for the first time. She also knows that the very best dishes may sometimes become insipid if always served with the same sauce.

She understands to a supreme degree the poetry of matrimony. I have heard men say that matrimony kills poetry. The fool! There is no poetry outside of it. And the poetry has all the more chance to live long in French matrimonial life because our wedding ceremony is not, as in England, the end of courtship, but only the beginning of it. In France, when you have married your wife, you have to win her and the process is very pleasant. I have often told my English friends that if in their country there were not so many kisses indulged in before the wedding ceremony, there would be a great many more administered after it. Why is the French woman of forty so attractive? Because every feature of her face shows that she has been petted and loved.—Max O'Rell.

A Stunning Gown is Easily Made if you have a pretty material and use FIBRE CHAMOIS to give it the style and stiffness. Put the Light weight, No. 10, in the sleeves and skirts; make the collars, cuffs and belt of the Heavy weight, No. 30; and use the Medium weight, No. 20, through the body to give a comfortable windproof warmth. This is also the best grade for capes, coats or wraps. Always cut it across the goods and never be satisfied unless you find the name and number on every yard. Imitations are miserable failures. Patented July 1890, March 1895.