

OF THE ERRATIC WOMAN. SOMETHING IN REGARD TO HER GOOD AND BAD POINTS.

She May Be the Best Natured and Most Generous of Mortals—Knows No Law but the Fancy of the Moment—We Like Her and Do Not Hold Her Responsible.

"Save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies myself!" said a wise man, who had probably given the subject careful thought, and spoke out of the fullness of his heart. Of course he generalized rather too much, but then life is not long enough to admit of too close particularization. Were it not for this, I think the sage I have quoted, would have classified the different kinds of friends he wished to be delivered from and awarded special mention to those erratic ones who are here today and there tomorrow, who never know their own minds for twelve hours at a time, and are figuratively speaking, never there, when you put your finger on them.

I am afraid this erratic person is usually a woman, and to say that she is a trial to all who have the honor of her acquaintance, is to express it very mildly. I am sure the erratic woman is a joy to herself, because somehow she has a way of taking care of number one, and skimming the cream off everything that is worth having, in the most guileless way imaginable, all the while seeming to be unselfishness itself. But she is far from being an unmixed blessing to her friends.

She has a very taking manner usually, and on first acquaintance you think her charming but that is before you have found out her little ways, and know how deceptive is the glamour she manages to throw around some of her most reprehensible actions. She is pretty sure to have a frank, open manner that captivates you at first and she is, to speak "one of the boys" always ready for any enterprise that may be suggested, and that requires energy, tact and enterprise. It is a picnic that is proposed! The erratic woman is full of interest at once, "nothing could be more delightful than a picnic," and from the way she throws herself heart and soul into the discussion of ways and means, you feel certain—before you know her—that she will be the leading spirit of the whole affair, almost carry it out herself, in fact. After you know her little peculiarities, you feel equally certain that the moment she is out of your sight the picnic is out of her mind at the same time, and the only assistance she will render is what she has already contributed with her tongue. More than that, she will not even be on hand the day the entertainment comes off, but will have forgotten all about it as completely as if the subject had never been mentioned. She has a delightful irresponsibility in the matter of invitations, and engagements of all kinds, which may be a very charming trait in her character to those who are not affected by it. But when one has carefully planned a luncheon or matinee party, and arranged the exact number of guests that will make her party a success, it would try the patience of a saint to have a hastily and utterly inadequate excuse sent in, an hour or two before the guests are due, and find oneself with a sulky and aggrieved superfluous man on her hands, or worse still, to wait for the expected guest until the rest of the party are getting cross and hungry, and the sweetbreads or outlets spoiling, only to have her utterly fail either to arrive or send any message of excuse; and then rush in while you are at breakfast the next morning, full of incoherent penitence, to explain that she forgot all about it.

The erratic woman is usually the best natured, and most generous of mortals! She would give you her last cent, and if you happened to admire her new bonnet she would be quite capable of taking it off and presenting it to you on the spot. She loves to give other people pleasure almost as well as she loves to enjoy herself, and it is this amiable weakness which leads her into so many pitfalls; she simply cannot find it in her heart to say no, to anyone and after having accepted Mrs. Brown's invitation to a small, select, and carefully arranged whist party for Thursday evening, she finds it impossible to hold out against young Mrs. Green's entreaties that she will join her jolly theatre party, which includes a delightful supper at a swell restaurant, after the play, but which unfortunately takes place on the same evening. She reasons with herself that Mrs. Brown won't mind much, someone else is sure to disappoint her also, and it might happen to be the very man who had been invited to be the erratic one's partner; in which case it would be very dull indeed for our erratic friend, and besides that she does not care for whist. So she scribbles an excuse to Mrs. Brown, just too late for that distracted hostess to find a substitute, and goes off with a light heart and a clear conscience to the gayer party. She really does not mean to be dishonorable, she would be horrified if you told her she had been guilty of even a very mean action: she has simply been accustomed to pleasing herself in everything, and giving way to every whim that seized her, without stopping to think of its effect on others. The erratic woman really knows no law but the fancy of the moment, and he is even capable of the one unpardon-

able social sin—she has actually been known to accept an invitation to dinner, and then let the day and hour of the all-important function pass airily by, all unmarked by her. She did not mean to be rude but the date slipped her memory, she thought it was next Thursday instead of yesterday, she has such a bad memory for dates.

She has indeed a wretched memory for every sort of obligation, and the word punctuality is not in her vocabulary. She never knows the exact time at which any stated event takes place, and if you try to make sure of her, by calling for her, when you have an engagement together, she is never ready. She is always missing trains because she is never certain about the time they start, and she accounts for her misfortune by insisting that the train started full ten minutes ahead of time.

Somehow her brain never seems to be quite clear on the subject of hours and dates, and she has a singular idea that such trifles don't matter much. They don't trouble her to any large extent, and why should others consider them of more importance?

So she goes her way rejoicing; irresponsible as a butterfly, perfectly happy in her own way and blissfully unconscious that she is such a source of unhappiness to others. Strange to say, in spite of all her faults we find it impossible to help liking her a bit, after all. We know she is "an unreliable little cuss" like Artemus Ward's celebrated Kangaroo, and so we make allowances for her that we would never dream of making for any more responsible person, quite oblivious of the fact that we are thereby encouraging her in her nefarious little ways, and making a possible reformation even more unlikely than it would be if we were muffed by her as she deserves. ASTRA.

BLUFF THAT WORKED.

How Even the Principal Participant in It Was Badly Fooled.

Some day one of Europe's leading theatrical entertainment purveyors may take the world into his confidence and relate some of the tricks innumerable by which managers deceive the public. At present the best stories are kept for the cognoscenti, and are seldom or never recorded.

A tale is being told that will, by suppression of names and places, bear repetition.

One of the best falls in a leading capital was doing very bad business, and stood greatly in need of an attraction. The proprietor consulted his favorite agent, and finally a strong man wrestler was secured at a low figure, and it was announced that \$2,500 would be paid to any person who could throw him. People were engaged to be thrown nightly, and the show filled the house.

The hero, who was a man of little more than ordinary strength, began to imagine that he could throw anybody. Accordingly he demanded an increase in his very moderate salary, and succeeded in getting it.

A week later a man who practiced the gentle craft of horse slaughtering, and was renowned throughout the slums of the town for his great strength, sent a challenge to the performer, and on receipt of his letter the proprietor saw the money and the boom in strong men about to disappear at the same time.

The agent was equal to the occasion. He sent a polite note to the knacker, asking him to call early on the following day with his wife. The pair arrived punctually, and found the agent sitting at a table with pens, ink, and paper before him.

He asked the gentle slaughterman his full name and age, and how many children he had. Then, after writing assiduously for ten minutes, he read a long declaration in which the knacker indemnified the music hall company from all responsibility on account of any damage to his life that might be the result of the contest. "You must sign this," continued the agent, "for in America this wrestler killed eight opponents and crippled more than a dozen."

The man did not wish to hesitate, but his wife begged and prayed and cried until he reluctantly gave up the idea of the contest.

"Now," continued the agent, "if you like to come in tonight I will tell our man to deal gently with you, and if he throws you we will be pleased to pay you \$25 for the trouble, and repeat the payment as often as you like to call."

So the burly butcher came and was thrown, and took the cash solatium like a man, and such of the world as knew the acts and noted how all the towns went wild for seats and rushed to see the show agreed that the agent was a man that knew his business.

However, the wrestler was quite unaware that the butcher was not doing his best, and accordingly imagined that he threw him by force of superior strength. So he demanded a further rise, and yet another, until the director, seeing the boom was nearly at an end, sent him about his business.

Some fifty miles away is a very prosperous town, whose inhabitants are ever ready to emulate the doings of their fellow countrymen. The management of the best place of entertainment there engaged the wrestler, who agreed to go for the very

best salary he had ever received. He appeared on the night appointed, and met with a huge reception from a big crowd.

The management thought his power was genuine—in fact, the wrestler thought so himself and on this account there were no "Jummy" wrestlers. None the less the very first amateur who stepped on the platform threw the famous wrestler with ease.

There was a state of uproar and confusion; lights were lowered and the whole entertainment came to an abrupt end. On the following day the press, ran into leading articles, treating the matter from discursive, philosophical, or sportive standpoint, to the great enlightenment of the public.

And among the many thousands who were entertained by this nine days' wonder only two people knew the why and wherefore of the strange result.—London Sketch

RIGHT OR WRONG WOMAN.

Man's Life is made Happy or Wretched by His selection of a Wife.

There are few young men who do not expect to achieve some degree of success or greatness during the course of their lives. The young man who entertains this ambition should keep a weather eye open on the question of matrimony. It might be thrown out as a matter of advice that every young man ought to marry with the idea that he might become famous some day. The girl who will make a good wife while "they two" are living in a three-room flat will be pretty safe to be trusted to be a good wife in a brown-stone front, for the chances of happiness in a brown-stone front would not be very promising if the woman in question was not qualified to be a good wife in a three-room flat.

The married life of the great men of the world is full of light and shadows. In fact woman can make happy or miserable the life of a great man just as easily as she can that of a man "to fortune and to fame unknown." It all depends upon the woman—and the man.

Tea, dyspepsia, and a scolding wife made the life of the famous essayist, Hazlitt, miserable. Tea, dyspepsia, and a scolding wife—these three, but the greatest of these is a scolding wife. Fielding married a maid-servant and was miserable. Goethe married his housekeeper, and was contented and happy. Lessing married a widow, and was singularly happy—that is, he was, singularly happy! Moliere, at 40, married an actress of 17, but it was a farce, and the curtain was soon rung down.

Steele was twice married, and both times happily. The married life of Prince and Princess Bismarck is one of the world's sweetest stories, while Milton drew from his personal experience the material for a vigorous pamphlet advocating divorce. Abraham's married life was made very unpleasant by the jealousy of Sarah for Hagar.

If Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great had lived in Delaware they would have been whipped about three times a week, for they were chronic wife-beaters. Racine was about to turn monk through disgust at the failure of one of his plays, but was persuaded to marry, and he never regretted it. The music of Mozart's happy wedded life was sweeter than any he composed. The story of the married life of James Fenimore Cooper and his wife is one of the idyls in the annals of hymen. Richter married to get a good house-keeper, and he got one. And right here it might be suggested that the true sweet Marie is not she whose chief claim is that she has a face that is fair to see. The girl that can make biscuits that can be opened without using a "jimmie" discounts by a very large per cent the grand dame who never saw the inside of a flour barrel.

Heine wrote to a friend that he was "frightfully" happy. Cato married a poor girl that she might be wholly dependent upon him, and found her disagreeably independent. David married the daughter of Saul, but had to get rid of her on account of her temper. Napoleon's mistresses were intimately connected with the divorcement of Josephine.

The list might be gone through with and at the end we should find that before the great problem of human happiness the prince is as helpless as the peasant and the philosopher as the mechanic.—Kansas City Journal.

Railway Deliriums.

The most absurd project that ever emanated from a madman's brain would, during this memorable year (1895) have found credulous English investors. It is difficult, in fact, to believe that some of the promoters were not insane. In Durham, for instance, three railways, all running in parallel lines, not far apart, were projected. At Greenwich speculators were eager to tunnel the park, and, lest the vandalism should arouse indignation, proposed to erect marble arches adorned with marble busts. One inventor, confident that wind was a better motive power than steam, endeavored to propel his engine by means of sails; another was certain that by the aid of rockets he could drive a locomotive at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

Even more delirious was the rush for fortune in 1845-46. The number of projects was enormous. The number of lines, on paper, duplicated everywhere, or carried into the remotest localities. One was advocated because it passed through a country "celebrated for its genial cli-

mate," another because it ran across ground invaded by the Danes; and the London and Exeter was actually thrust upon the market on the plea that it ran along the road used by the Romans. It is estimated that £100,000 per week was spent on railway advertisements alone.—London Good Words.

What It Cost to See the Race.

At 11 o'clock on Saturday there were, by actual count, I was said, 198 vessels in the neighborhood of the Sandy Hook light-ship all loaded to the guards with sight-seers. This number steadily increased till 12:20, when the start was made, there were easily 250 craft in the fleet. The largest had on board 3,000 persons, and the smallest about fifteen. It is estimated that at least 80,000 persons saw the race from the fleet. It seems reasonable to put down the average expenses at \$4 each. I believe that \$5 would be nearer the mark, but let us be careful not to overstep the limit of prudence. Tickets, luncheon and drinks on a yacht race make a mighty hole in a \$5 note. At \$4 each we have \$320,000 expenses for the crowd. In addition to this there must come in the expenses of the private yachts, of which there were about forty in the fleet. These had very meager parties on board, some of the largest and finest not carrying more than a half a dozen passengers as guests of the owner. It cost Willie K Vanderbilt \$500 to steam the Valiant over the course, and the refreshments for his guests probably took \$100 more out of his pocket. The expenses of the smallest private yacht in the fleet could not have been less than \$150. Put the outlay of the forty at \$10,000, and we have the total up to \$330,000, what it actually cost us to see the first of the series of races.—New York Press.

Knew the True Norwegian Flavor.

My daughter, who plays a great deal, has devoted most of her time to the German composers. I suggested that she try something by a Norwegian composer by way of variety. She got "Grieg's Wedding March." Our two housemaids are of Norwegian extraction, but were both born and raised in this country. Presumably neither of them had ever heard this air or knew anything about the man who composed it. Neither had ever made any remarks about my daughter's playing and showed no special interest in it, but the other morning the second girl said to my daughter: "Ida likes that piece you played last night." She was asked to what piece she referred and replied: "That new one." My daughter began to play the Norwegian wedding march and she said: "That's the one. Ida thinks that is the prettiest thing she ever heard you play."

Chopin, Beethoven, Mozart, and all the rest had apparently gone clear over Ida's head, but the moment she heard a composition containing the true Norwegian flavor she recognized it instinctively.—Chicago Paper.

Ice Cream as a Medicine.

Those persons, and their number are legion whose fondness for this summer dessert is such that they are designated ice cream fiends will be glad to know that the value of ice cream as a remedy for certain intestinal troubles is being advanced. Some, indeed most, physicians permit it through typhoid fever, always insisting it shall be of the purest make. To this story recently going the rounds in print, of the entire cure of a case of ulcer of the stomach by the sole and persistent use of ice cream may be added that of a woman. She suffered from a serious affliction of the eyes, directly traceable to digestive disturbances, and her physician finally put her upon ice cream as a sole diet. For eleven months she literally lived upon ice cream, with the result to effect a complete and apparently permanent cure. The theory is that the cream furnishes ample nourishment, while the diseased intestines chilled by the low temperature of the food, are prevented from getting up inflammation during the process of digestion carried on by the healthy parts.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

There's one good school—Snell's College.

Mother— How many young people go wrong—because they've not learned how to go right. S. A. SNELL. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

ARE YOU COMING to our Exhibition? present it at our exhibit, it will enable you to have your photograph taken and a cabinet print, free of charge. THE ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS and Amateurs are invited when visiting the Exhibition to inspect our modern studio in Main Building, where all the new appliances and materials will be demonstrated. THE ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO.

WANTED HELP.—Reliable men in every locality (local or travelling) to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission on salary, \$45 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write The World Med. Electric Co., P. O. Box 221, London, Ont., Canada. 6-8-95

RESIDENCE at Rothessay for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Reasonable. Apply to H. G. Penney, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. 24-6-95

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing, developing, tinting and fixing solutions for sale. LONDON PHOTO STUDIO, 38 Charlotte St., St. John N. B.

For the Bath and Complexion USE BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

ELEY'S ENGLISH AMMUNITION. Job Central Fire Cartridge Cases E. B. Military Caps, E. B. Caps, C. Caps, Best Sporting Caps, Also, 1373 Bags Shot. To make the best shooting, use Eley's Cartridge Cases, loaded with Hazard's Powders and M. R. M. Shot.

W. H. THORNE & Co., MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN.

Your Attention is Directed to our display of WOOD MANTELS, SLATE MANTELS, REGISTER GRATES, PLAIN AND FANCY TILES, BRASS ANDIRONS, BRASS FENDERS AND ARTISTIC FIRE PLACES. Write for Photos and prices if you cannot call.

EMERSON & FISHER. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES. MENZIE, TURNER & Co., Cheapest, Strongest, Best. Sold by all reliable dealers.

DO YOU WANT A GUN? If so, it will pay you to send at once for our price list. We have a fine assortment of Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns, Rifles, Cartridges, Revolvers, and all kinds of sporting goods. Lowest Prices.

T. M'AVITY & SONS, 13 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. Germain's Building, St. John, N. B.

Fresh Salmon, Mackerel, Shad, Haddock, Codfish. Smoked and Salt Fish of all kinds. J. D. TURNER, King Square.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.