

THEY WON THE MEDAL.

Early in the spring, when Colonel Peasley left for Chicago with his shipment of beavers, every one on the ranch expected his quick return. The Colonel had so announced his intention, and he was a man of his word. Hence when a messenger rode over from Stringhalt to the ranch with a message for the foreman that read, "Come to New York back in two weeks—Peasley," there was some surprise and comment.

But when, ten days having passed, the messenger again rode over with a second telegram that read, "Come to Europe; back in sixty days—Peasley," there was so much surprise that for some hours discussion was paralyzed. Then the boys at headquarters began to ask and speculate on the wherefore of this thing. From all this mass of discussion came the crystal of explanation. The Colonel had often signified his intention of grading up his herds. Imported stock was the thing for the purpose. Certainly, then, the Colonel had gone abroad to buy his high grades from first hands at the place of their birth—Durham bulls in Durham, Jersey bulls in Jersey, and Spanish jacks from the dignified dons of Spain. With the promulgation of this theory talk of the matter ceased.

One day early in the summer the Colonel stepped from the train at Stringhalt. It is not etiquette among cowmen to inquire as to what a man has done and why he did it. Voluntary statement and explanation must be patiently awaited. Consequently curiosity was rampant and unpeased among the followers of the "running W," that being the Colonel's brand, until I came out there to enjoy a few days' outing. I am not bound by the stockmen's code of etiquette, so I asked the Colonel where he had been and what were his experiences. The Colonel ignoring the breach is coming from a man beyond the pale whose shortcoming were to be overlooked, took a chair and gave me the whole story. This is how he told it:

"I had sold all my beavers in Chicago and got money, Ferguson, of the 'T' bar, was there and had sold his, too, but he wanted to stay over a day to do some trading. I stayed so we would both go home together. Now, me and him had been hearing a long time about these here theatre shows, but neither one of us had ever seen one. So we picked on a place to go and that night we went. We got into the prettiest house I ever seen. We sat down in velvet chairs, while a hundred fiddles fiddled. I didn't catch on exactly to what the show was about, but there was lots of singing and dancing and pretty pictures. The big boss bull of the herd was a fellow named Sinbad. He wasn't nuch man as his name says, and he was a good man to tie to. There was about a hundred mighty passable looking gals there, and Sin married every durned one of 'em he wanted to. When the show was done me and Ferguson came back to the hotel, and we was so full of it that we had to sit down in the office and talk it over. It had sure hit Ferguson right, just like it had done me. After heard us talk n— a little piece of a cuss, who looked like he'd been put up out of leavings after a man had been built. He put in that the show was a good show, but it wasn't nothing to what they had in New York. When the feller left says I to Ferguson:

"If there's anything that beats that anywhere I'm going right to the place where it is."

"I'm sure with you," said Ferguson. "Next day me and him left for New York. We got to New York and asked the hotel clerk where the best show was. He said there was lots of shows, and we'd better go see the 'Gaiety Gals.' This name hit us, and we went. Sure enough, though I wouldn't have believed it, the house was a little more tozier than the one we'd seen. There were more fiddlers and more kinds of fiddles. The gals was a little more passable than Sinbad's wimmen, and Lord! how they did dance. It was the most pleasurable, aggravating thing to look at I ever seen!"

"The next morning Ferguson got a paper, and the first thing he read about was this show we'd been in. The paper had it that the show was good but it was inferior to the London performance. Ferguson folded up the paper and says, 'I'm there.'"

"That was just how we went to England. We were seven days getting there. I never was so sick since when I was a yearling and chewed my first chaw of tobacco. It didn't taste good, so I took and put the tobacco in between two slices of gingerbread so's to kill the flavor. I swallowed the whole mass. It hadn't been long seeing that show ahead of us, we'd have got on the first boat we'd met and come back again."

"The show we went to was about a young feller named Dick Whittington. Dick was a girl, trying to pass for a boy, but we was onto her. She had a big tomcat that followed her around. There was more gals than the other shows had. The scenery laid over them others way yonder, and the stage was big enough to round up 300 head on."

"The next day what do we do but meet up with a young feller from America. We drank and palavered around with him and told him what we'd seen. He sorter laughed, and he told us when it comes to shows not London nor no place was in it with Patee, over in France. I wasn't going back and not see a show that was anywhere, if it was better'n what we'd seen, and I said so."

"Patee goes," said Ferguson. "We crossed over to France on the nastiest, roughest streak of water we'd come to yet. We was two mighty sick men when we got ashore. We hadn't nuch'n got braced up good when we was in Patee and in a hotel."

"Patee is a nice town and a clean town, but we couldn't find a drop of decent whisky in the whole of it. We couldn't make out the talk everybody was talking, and was feeling right lost, when we met up with another feller from America, and his name was Van Dusen, from New Jersey. He knowed the whole town, and he knowed just the show we wanted to see. It was in the daddly of all show houses. Built and run by the Government, Van Dusen said. I never saw a tonier house. Thousands of lights, a big marble stairs and statues of men and wimmen all round. The inside beat the outside all hollow. There was a whole army of fiddlers. The talking part of the show was all singing, and you

just bet they could sing some, too. There it was a 'bally.' We'd been seeing some dances, but this headed off all of them. There was a whole caviary of young gals. They'd all stand up right stiff and straight just on one toe. Then they'd raise their other legs slow, smiling and with arms folded all the time. Then, first thing we knew, they'd all spin around. Then they'd stop still and take three or four long sliding skips clear across the stage. The music played like it was going plun crazy. Here they all come, a-charging down toward the front, prancing, caviarying and fluttering, and the curtain come down. Everybody clapped their hands and made a racket, and Ferguson felt so good he stood right up and gave a cow puncher's yell. The other noise and racket all stopped, and everybody looked at Ferguson surprised like."

"Ferguson sat down. A fellow all over tuttons came down to us. Van Dusen talked some to him. The fellow began to laugh, and he turned round and said something to all them people. Everybody began to laugh, and holler, and clap their hands. Van Dusen told Ferguson it was all for him, and he must get up and respond. Ferguson stood up in his seat and said right out:

"Feller citizens. This is a bully town. This is sure the bulliest show I ever saw, Me and my friends here like you and your s'yle. When the show lets out we want every one of you to come and take a drink with us."

"There was a heap more applause. I never saw a man as tickled like Van Dusen was. I felt mighty proud of Ferguson. Durned if I knowed it was in him."

"Van Dusen said that was the finest show, in the finest show house, by the finest show folks in the world. There wasn't no need to keep on. We'd seen it all. Do you know, just then, when there wasn't nothing more to look ahead for, I began to find out I was tired out. Ferguson was just as tired as me, so we made up our minds to find some quiet town and rest up for a week or two, so we'd be better braced up for tackling the water. Van Dusen knowed such a place. He called it 'Bussard,' though it didn't spell that way. He went with us to it. Up a little ways the place with a stoop in front. The very next day we were sitting outside on the little stoop taking things easy. A couple of cavalry soldiers were inside getting a drink and their ponies were standing unhitched right at the door."

"All on a sudden we hear a terrific racket, screaming and commotion. Here come a crowd of men, wimmen and children running down the road and falling over each other. Right after them were two big, black longhorn steers just a-teasing. Before we could do a thing the whole business stampeded down the road past us. The soldiers' ponies reared and pitched, but I grabbed one and Ferguson the other. We was straddle of them right then. Them steers had to be stopped or somebody would get tossed and trampled on. We put right out. The saddles was queer. No pommel and no lariet to them. Stirrup leather way yonder too short. Don't see how we could do anything without a lariet rope, do you? Been loading around here all summer for four years and never saw anybody tail a cow, did you? It's nothing but fun. That's what we did to them steers. I run my pony right down and alongside one of them. I grabbed his tail and got a good hold. So did Ferguson on his'n. I made the pony keep right on and I fetched a heave on the tail. We was a-running a little faster than the steer, and, of course, my heave pulled his hind feet off the ground. We kept right on and I hoisted his hind feet over his front part and he came a somersault, cheralop, down on the hard road. He floundered round, but he had broke his leg and couldn't get up. Ferguson turned his'n but it got up again. It was jarred up considerable and ran around in a fool way, and Ferguson turned it again. Then I turned it, and then Ferguson. It was bully, and I felt like I was home again. You bet we yelled and cussed. At last the brute laid down and gave clean up. It wouldn't run no more."

"A feller came running up with an ax and the fun was all over. You never such a stir like when I got back. The children kissed us, the wimmen kissed us and the men would have kissed us only we wouldn't let 'em. Everybody jabbered and jewed and the landlord made more noise than any three. Them two steers was raised in the mountains somewhere, and had broke out from a train on its way to Patee. I never could have thought they could raise wild stock like that in such a tame country."

"That wasn't all by a durned sight. A few days more and here come a fat feller all gilt cord and buttons, with a half dozen more got up like him. There was a brass band playing and no end of people. The gilt fellers came in the tavern and the landlord grabbed me an' Ferguson and took us in a big room, where they all was. Every feller took turns talking to us. I couldn't make out what it was, so me and Ferguson just waited. Then a feller steps up with a red ribbon and a medal. He fixed one on me, and another feller fixed one onto Ferguson. It's a sorter purty thing, ain't it?"

And the Colonel fumbled in an inside pocket, brought the decoration out and handed it to me. I handled it reverently. It was the red ribbon and bronze medal of the Legion of Honor, such as is given for acts of exceptional daring and in preventing loss of human life.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ideal Commonwealth.

St. Kilda is an Ideal commonwealth. Each morning the adult population will consult together as to what business is to engage their attention during the day. Even the most simple affairs of daily life are seriously debated—all work in union, and for the common good. Shops there are none, and so far as I could see, barter is unknown.

The cliffs of St. Kilda are divided equally among the inhabitants, just like so many allotment gardens, and a man seldom poaches on the preserves of his neighbors. Each year the rocks are portioned out anew, the Saxon Mod or Council assembling for the purpose, so that no vested interests accrue in cliffs

that are more prolific in bird produce than others.

The adjacent islands of Doon, Soay, Borreay, and the several "stacks" are common property, and are hunted at intervals by a party dispatched in one of his boats for the purpose, the produce of the expedition being shared equally. The fulmar is the national bird of St. Kilda. No gamekeeper watches his preserves more jealously than the St. Kildians his fulmar nurseries, and every time during the fortnight I was there, when I went near to the cliffs where the highly-prized bird was breeding, if I chanced to have a gun with me, several men and boys were sure to follow and warn me off the sacred spot.

The difficulty of climbing the huge cliffs of St. Kilda seems to have been exaggerated, for they are much broken into ledges, and rarely descend sheer to the sea. The St. Kildians, none the less, are exceedingly proud of their agility as cragsmen, and it is still the case that no lad can hope to secure a wife unless he has performed certain set feats of climbing.—Pearson's Magazine.

TIPPING THE WAITER.

Size of the Customary Fees in Europe and in the United States.

In company with a number of distinguished gentlemen, in a running conversation on the subject of tipping, I gathered these ideas from them:—Abroad, where the waiters are paid nothing and have to rely upon their tips entirely, the diner is always expected to pay 5 per cent. of his check. In striking contrast in America, where the waiters are even well paid, the custom among gentlemen, bon viveurs, the wealthy, and even more cultured people have established the rule that the waiter should be given about 10 per cent. of the face of the check. That is, if you take a friend to an ordinary repast, to include a good bottle of wine, coffee, and cigars, and your check is \$5 to \$7.50, you should give the waiter not less than 50 cents. Should you take a party of friends, and your check amounts to say \$15, \$1 would do; but, for anything under \$5, you are not expected to give less than 10 per cent. Some gentlemen never tip less than a quarter, and consider it better to give nothing at all than to give a ten-cent piece. In America it looks awkward to give less than a quarter; very awkward to give less than 10 cents; in fact far, better to give nothing at all. Whereas in Europe a tip of 5 or 10 cents is more the rule than the exception.

Very few people understand how waiters are employed at great summer hotels. For instance, the head waiter is instructed to procure as many waiters as the dining room has tables. These waiters are paid so much a month, varying from twelve to thirty dollars, according to hotel and position, but they are not paid until their actual services commence. In other words, the head waiter assembles them at the hotel boards and lodges them without cost and without salary until the guests begin to arrive, and each waiter is assigned a table. Of course, one can see that the head waiter naturally will give his best waiter the best table, but the waiters usually have to take chances on tips. As soon as the waiter is assigned a table his salary, as well as his tips, commence, but until that table is assigned it is no salary and no tips, and for this reason, unless the head waiter is a man of strong personality and has a master influence over his men, if the season be backward, as often occurs at some of the summer places, the waiters become dissatisfied, and some of them leave to accept positions at other hotels which are more fortunate in securing early guests.

The summer hotel head waiter, who has also a winter hotel to take his crew to, of course, is far more fortunate in securing the best of help, and also in influencing his men to remain with him, even through a dull season. As to the customs and usages at all the best hotels, the invariable rule of all proprietors, managers, and heads of departments, is that any waiter who neglects a guest by reason of the guest being a non-tipper, shall be instantly discharged. There is an unwritten law, however, which permits the head waiter to rather favor the best of the people who do tip. As to the amount of the tip, a great many guests at prominent hotels have written me to know what is the custom in order that they may secure the best of service. It is this: If a gentleman and wife, say, for instance, engage accommodations at a fine hotel, at all the way from \$75 per week upwards, the custom among others of a like class would prompt the gentleman on arrival to give the head waiter, on being assigned a seat at a table, a tip, varying all the way from \$2 to \$10, according as the gentleman feels in good spirits and liberality. The waiter assigned to the table should have a tip of at least \$1 on the first service of dinner. Afterwards, either once a week or at times during the week, tips should be given him to the amount of not less than \$2 or \$3, or not more than \$10.

Large tipping, in America as in Europe, is vulgar, and is usually in practice among newly rich people, and, of course, the wealthy or very great people. Lorillard established a custom years ago, on arriving at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, to present the head waiter with \$50, and through the manager or proprietor in the office to the chef an envelope containing \$50 or \$100. The chef should always be reached through the chef, and not through the head waiter or side waiter, as a great many persons ignorant of the best usages suppose. The wife of the gentleman above alluded to should give the chambermaid not less than \$8 per week or more than \$5. I print the above as statement, not as

comments or advice to any one. The Hotel Register is not pleading for tips or condemning tips, as some of our daily contemporaries charge. It is pleading for nothing; it is untalantly telling the facts the accuracy born of long observation and great practice.—Hotel Register.

A YOUNG GIRLS TRIALS.

HER PARENTS HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE OF HER RECOVERY.

Pale and Emaciated, Subject to Severe Headaches—she was Thought to be Going Into Decline—Now the Picture of Health and Beauty.

There are very few people, especially among the agriculturists of Kent County, N. B., who do not know Mr. H. H. Warman, the popular agent for agricultural machinery, of Molus River. A Review representative was in conversation with Mr. Warman recently, when the subject of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was incidentally touched upon. Mr. Warman said he was a staunch believer in their curative properties, and to justify his opinion he related the cure of his sister Miss Jessie Warman aged 15, who he said had been "almost wrested from the grave by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Miss Warman had been suffering for nearly a year with troubles incident to girlhood.



"A Picture of Health and Activity." She suffered from severe and almost constant headaches, dizziness, heart palpitation, and was pale and bloodless, and eventually became so weak and emaciated that her parents thought that she was in consumption, and had all but given up hope of her recovery. Her father, Mr. Richard Warman, who is a well-to-do farmer, and spared no expense to procure relief for the poor sufferer. The best available medical advice was employed, but no relief came, and although the parents were almost in despair, they still strove to find the means of restoring their loved one to health. Mr. Warman, like everybody else who reads the newspapers, had read of the many marvellous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like some others, looked upon these stories as "mere patent medicine advertisements." However, as everything else had failed he determined that Pink Pills should be given a trial, with a result no less marvellous than that of many other cases related through the press. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have completely cured the young lady, so that in a few months, from a helpless and supposedly dying girl, she has become a picture of health and activity. The Warman family is so well known in this part of the country that no one would think of disputing any statement made by any of its members. Mr. H. H. Warman, on account of his business as salesman for agricultural machinery, is personally acquainted with nearly everybody in the country, and we feel assured that any enquiries made of him concerning the statements made above will be readily answered.

The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Warman, prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

New Field for Woman's Work.

There is a woman in this town who has invented a new calling for women says the Portland Telegraph. She is a professional companion for women whose husbands are away. She will go to a house and be company for a lone woman at \$5 a week, or she will go out for the nights while the husbands are away for 75 cents an evening. She knows all the gossip and will tell all for 50 cents an night extra. In families where there is a young woman with a beau who is liable to be talking in a low tone until 10 o'clock in the parlor, and then hush up until she is awakened by the front door slamming about midnight, the woman charges a dollar straight, making no reduction for long time contracts. In families where there is a boy who lies on his back and screams at bed time, the woman charges double rates. She is particular and very independent, and as the lodges in the place grow her business is branching out, and she is said to be putting money in the bank every Saturday.

A Story of Parkman.

The late Francis Parkman, the historian, had the Mosaic idea of justice—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street-boy with either hand.

"What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked his friend, "I found that Johnny here had eaten all of the apple, instead of dividing with his little brother, I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnny watch him while he eats it." B.L.E.

Full of steam.

It's the usual way on wash day—a big fire—a house full of steam—the heavy lifting—the hard work

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used according to the directions on the wrapper does away with all this muss and confusion. The clothes are sweeter, whiter and cleaner than when washed the ordinary way:

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THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

MARCH 10TH, 1906

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