

IN THE OTHER BERTH.

"This will be your berth, sir, No. 31," said the berth steward, ushering me into a cosy little cabin. "Your friend can have 33; the lower berths with not be occupied." "So much the better," said my "friend," whom I had met for the first time at Liverpool Street station that evening. He seemed a gentlemanly fellow, and had an endless stock of good stories at his command, so that I was not sorry to hear that we were to be companions for the rest of the journey; and flung my luggage down on one of the lower berths with alacrity.

"We're lucky," he remarked, as we made our way up on deck; "the boats are usually crowded at this time of year, and it's difficult to secure a cabin to oneself. Have a cigar? There's plenty to see up here; I have been across some dozens of times."

I took the portly cigar that he offered me, and for a time we wandered up and down the decks, watching the crowds of passengers, Dutch, English, Hebrew, and German, who had just come on board. It was not until the lights of Harwich were mere pink-heads in the distance that we decided to turn in.

We undressed in a very few minutes, and, hurried, our clothes on the empty berths below us, scrambled up aloft. My cabin companion switched off the electric light.

"We shall be half-way up the Maas when we wake to-morrow," he remarked, wishing me good night.

"Good night," I answered, turning over on my side. I recollect thinking for a few minutes of the jolly holiday before me; of Mynheer Van der Denn, the wealthy diamond merchant, and his pretty daughter, whom I hoped soon to make my wife; of skating and sleighing galore in her company at Amsterdam; of the chance of my best being as ready to give his only child to a comparatively poor young Englishman as he was to invite me to his house; of a dozen other things connected with my visit; and with past days, when the branch in Hatton Garden was being started, and the Van der Dens lived in London.

And then, suddenly, the rolling of the vessel and the throbbing of the engines, and the tuncs of the strong cigar I had smoked on deck must have overpowered me, for the next moment I seemed to hear the gruff voice of the berth-steward:—

"Now, sir, it's time to get up, please. I called you some time ago, and thought you were dressed. We're just outside Rotterdam."

I rubbed my eyes drowsily, and darted up knocking my head suddenly against the white ceiling of the cabin; and the berth-steward, having at last succeeded in rousing me, hurried out to attend to his numerous duties. How on earth had I managed to oversleep myself so shockingly? A glance at the tumbled bedclothes opposite showed me that my acquaintance of the night before was already up. I could feel that the engines were beginning to slow down; while through the port-holes, trees and houses on the bank of the river were to be seen. On the deck above I could hear the shuffling of many feet, the excited jabbering of Dutch and English Jews, the guttural tones of Germans, the shouts of the sailors to those on the quay, the plumping down of bags and boxes ready for land.

I was still drowsy, but I managed to resist the temptation to lie down again, and began to fish about for my clothes in the berth below me. I was annoyed with myself for losing the early morning trip up the river, and the sight of the snow-covered windmills, the quaint wooden houses, the low marsh-lands, and the curious little craft that generally dot the Maas; I was equally annoyed with my room-mate for his kindly consideration in not rousing me from my slumbers; and I struggled into my garments rather viciously. And then, suddenly, it began to dawn upon me that something was wrong.

What on earth was I to do? The clothes that I had fished up from below were not the ones I threw on the berth over-night—they had been changed for others! By mistake or by design—yes, it must have been by design, for no such mistake could possibly have been made; the man in the other berth had substituted his clothes for mine.

I flew to the electric bell, and rang vigorously for the steward. But by this time he was on deck, handing departing passengers their luggage, and pocketing tips in return; and no one heard or heeded my summons. It was impossible for me, half-clad as I was, to rush up above amongst the crowd; and as hastily as possible I slipped into the other man's clothes. I had come off much the worse over the bargain, for there was not a sou in the pockets of the substituted garments, while my watch and chain, money, and jewellery were all missing.

When I finally was in a condition to rush up the gangway—I need hardly say without finishing my toilet, for I was in my (or the other man's) shirt-sleeves—I found that most of the passengers had left the deck, though a small group of officers were standing on the shore side of the vessel, engaged in earnest consultation. The heads of a couple of Dutch policemen, distinguished from the others by their curious, low crowned helmets, towered above the group; and I at once rushed towards them, thanking the "lucky" chance that had brought them on the spot.

"Have you got him?" I shouted, excitedly, no doubt cutting a curious enough figure in the blue shirt and short trousers that my friend of the night before had been considerate enough to lend me.

"It looks rather as if we have," said one of the ship's officers, glancing at me with a singular expression that I could not at all understand, in his eyes. "Blue shirt and light trousers—dark moustache—that's all right, isn't it, officer?" he said, in Dutch, to one of the policemen.

"But where is he?" I asked in surprise, looking from one to the other. "The fellow's taken practically everything—watch, chain, money, clothes."

"Let's have a look at the other things," said one of the policemen, ignoring my question altogether, and turning to meet the steward, who was stumbling up the gangway under the weight of the clothes that I had left in the cabin. "Blue shirt, light trousers, dark moustache, astrachan overcoat, soft felt hat," he muttered, checking off the items with a cablegram he held in his hand. "And he speaks Dutch pretty well, but with a foreign accent. Yes, my friend, I'm afraid we shall have to take charge of you for the present, in spite of your clever little ruse. Just put the

rest of your things on, please, and come along quietly."

"But what's the meaning of all this?" I asked in bewilderment, as the handcuffs were locked on directly I had finished dressing. "A man steals my clothes and my money, and you lock me up for it, and allow him to escape. Is that the way things are usually managed in Holland?"

"You'll see how things are managed in Holland where diamond thieves are concerned, quite soon enough, sir," said the man, curtly, evidently annoyed at my tone. "Any explanation or excuse you can give later on; in the meantime, perhaps you will accompany us quietly."

"Yes, and in the meantime this gentleman is hurrying off as fast as trains can carry him to some out-of-the-way corner of Europe," I grumbled; but resistance was worse than useless, and, followed by a small crowd of stolid urchins, we made our way along the tree-lined Bompies to the police-station.

Here a short interview with a fiery-faced and fierce-moustached official told me the nature of my supposed offence, but did not in any way improve my prospects of release. The object of my cabin companion was now quite clear to me, though all my exclamations with regard to the change of clothes were smiled at by the officials, who evidently thought them very clumsy excuses. I was accused of being concerned in a large diamond robbery, and was supposed to have been travelling to Amsterdam in order to make use of my knowledge of precious stones in disposing of the spoil among the "fences" in the Jewish portion of the town.

The actual thief was confidential clerk to a large firm of diamond merchants in London; his escape with the booty had been noticed a few hours after his departure from town, and full particulars of his clothing and general appearance had been obtained to Rotterdam, with instructions to detain him on the arrival of the boat. But my "friend" had foreseen some difficulty of this kind, and had laid his plans accordingly.

Selecting me as a man of about his own bright and appearance, he had managed easily enough to change the clothes in his cabin, the drugged cigar aiding him in his scheme. Clad in my brown ulster and travelling cap, he had passed off the deck with the other passengers without attracting any special attention, and was probably in the act of negotiating with Amsterdam traders at the moment of my examination by the official at the station.

The fact that I had no diamonds in my possession at the time of my arrest meant nothing; they might have been concealed anywhere in the vessel, or even have been thrown overboard. The steward, to whom I appealed in support of my story, could only assert that he had found me asleep, or feigning asleep, while the other passengers were all preparing to land—and, of course, this told against me. There was only one man in Holland who could help me out of my scrape, and at the name of Van der Denn, diamond merchant, of Amsterdam and Hatton Garden, the officials looked even more suspicious, though they promised that he should be communicated with "in due course." I was compelled to content myself with this, and resigned myself to my fate.

I suppose I must have spent four or five hours in confinement, and was beginning to wonder whether I was fated to pass the night in like fashion, when the key suddenly turned in the lock, and a warden entered, closely followed by my friend Van der Denn.

"My dear fellow," said the old boy, effusively, rushing towards me and gripping me by the hands, "what an adventure to have had, to be sure! But all's well that ends well, and when you have changed your clothes we'll start for Amsterdam at once. Chris is getting quite anxious about you."

"Why, certainly. We've got the clothes and the jewellery, and the diamonds, and that's quite as important, the man himself, the most curious thing I ever knew in my life. Christina and I were expecting you hour back, and I was going to the station to see what had become of you, when I suddenly caught a back view of your very counterpart—travelling cap and that brown ulster of yours, English every inch of it; why, I know it a mile off in Holland—hurrying across the Dam. I caught up to him in a moment, and laid my hand heavily on his shoulder—and, instead of your face, Holt and Markon's confidential clerk turned to meet me, with terror in his eyes. I had the police up in half a minute; the diamonds and your watch and chain were discovered; he confessed the whole plot; and beyond that there's nothing else to tell, save that your things are waiting for you to slip into them, as quickly as possible, down below."

I have little more to tell than Mynheer Van der Denn had; save that I spent a jolly winter holiday, not in the whitewashed cell that I asked Christina to be my wife, and, met with very little demer from her of her father, who seemed to think that my adventure deserved some compensation; and, finally, that the handsome wedding present we received from Holt and Markon, out of gratitude for the recovery of the diamonds, has made me none the less cautious now of men "in the other berth."

From the Toronto Globe Sept. 5th.

Odorama is the name of the latest thing for the teeth, introduced into Canada by the Aroma Chemical Co. It seems to be meeting with the appreciation of the elite of Toronto at any rate, owing, no doubt, to it having been endorsed by well-known professional experts as much as to recommendation from one to another. That it is a good thing is beyond question, that it will rapidly become popular is equally certain.

An Educational Scrapbook.

One mother has introduced a new occupation to her children. This is the construction of a scrapbook of noted people of the day. Each has a page on which a newspaper picture is pasted at the top. Beneath this photograph the child writes when the person was born, the briefest account of his or her life, up to date and possibly the time of death. Among the fast growing list are the Russian royalties, the little King of Spain, the Queen of Holland, Dr. Holmes, Robert Louis Stevenson, President Carnot, the Emperor of Germany and his children, etc., Another

mamma has varied this idea for her own family of bright little ones. She has set them to work collecting, for a scrapbook, all the pictures they can find of royalty. The results is very interesting. There are of course, those from Russia, the cunning pictures of the German Princess, the youthful rulers of Spain and Holland and several among the English family.—Exchange.

THE TALKING WATCH.

Messrs. Spartan & Plowing prided themselves upon being the best jewellers in Cartwich. They were a very go-ahead firm, and in their windows the greatest novelties in watches and clocks could always be seen. One morning Mr. Plowing, the junior partner, began to dance around the shop, excitedly pointing at a parcel which lay open on one of the glass covered show cases.

"Mr. Plowing," said the senior partner seriously, "if you have been buying as more of that 'stick and umbrella cigar case' or 'night light match box' or 'horrid beetle pencil cases' I shall be very angry. When I asked you to go to London I meant you to get sensible things and—"

"It's all right, sir; it's the phonographic watch," said the junior partner, excitedly: "It will sell like blazes."

The partners undid the wrappers, in which some fifteen watches were incased. They looked very harmless, and had the stupid, over-conscious look of the ordinary watch.

"They are all going," said Mr. Spartan, after he had put each to his ear. "It is ten minutes to nine," said Mr. Plowing. "In ten minutes we shall hear them speak. I believe one contains the voice of Mr. Gladstone, and one text spoken by Archdeacon Farrar at 11 o'clock, and a sentence from the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons."

The partners then arranged the watches in rows upon the desk, and anxiously awaited the hour. As the big clock over the shop began to wheeze preparatory to striking, a tiny little voice was heard to proceed from one of the mild looking watches on the desk.

"Nine. Your father has gone down to breakfast," it said.

"A schoolboy's holiday watch, I suppose," said Mr. Spartan.

Mr. Plowing looked for the words "Your father" in the descriptive catalogue.

"Father Christmas, Father Stanton, Father Vaughan & Father Cour," he read. "No. 942—a young lady's watch," he said.

"Nine. Quite time to get up," said one of the watches, brightly. Then the others said, all talking at the same time:

"Nine. Open the letters and take them upstairs."

"Nine mustn't forget pencils and a scoring card—also niblick."

"A golfer's watch," said Mr. Plowing. "Nine. Remember roll call."

"In the city by nine."

"Nine o'clock. 'The labor we delight in physics pain,' said another; "nine o'clock."

"Nine. Clear away the breakfast things."

"Nine. Talk to cook about dinner."

"A lady's watch, that," interrupted Mr. Spartan.

"It is quite 9 o'clock."

"It is 9 o'clock now."

"Nine o'clock, I say."

"Nine old chap."

"Nine tailors make a man."

Then no more was heard. Mr. Spartan stood amazed at the experience, while Mr. Plowing looked on with the air of a man who was showing off something of which he had a perfect knowledge.

"Which was the Gladstone watch?" said Mr. Spartan. "In the miniature label of tongues I did not distinguish it."

"It was the oratorical sounding one, which said, 'It is quite 9 o'clock,'" said Mr. Plowing. "I'll repeat the message for you." He consulted the catalogue, then picked out the watch and pressed a small pin.

"It is quite 9 o'clock," rang out from a case, in perfect imitation of the impressive tones of the Grand Old Man.

"They seem to be a very good invention."

"Here is the show card," said Mr. Plowing. "We had better put it in the window, and keep the watches here to 'speak' to the customers."

He placed the show card in the window. Messrs. Spartan & Plowing went on with their ordinary business until 10 o'clock. At that hour one or two business men stopped to hear the talking watch on their way to the main road from the suburbs to the business part of Cartwich. Three watches spoke, as Mr. Spartan thought it more economical to shut off the other. He kept the "Gladstone watch," which quoted from Horace:

"Ten. Eheu fugaces * * * labuntur anni."

"Ten. Play up to the hole," said the golfer's watch.

"It is 10 o'clock," said the other.

"Very amusing. What do they cost?" Mr. Spartan said one of the business men.

"Fifteen guineas in gold, sir; any voice you care to choose."

"Oh," said the business man. "Good morning. Thank you. I am sure obliged. It is very interesting, I am sure."

At five minutes to 1 Mr. Bunsner came in. He asked to see the new watch. Mr. Bunsner was a very rich manufacturer, and spent his money very freely. Spartan produced the watches and turned them on, while Plowing explained all he knew about their mechanism in order to bridge over the interval until 1 o'clock should strike. A moment before the big clock struck the watches began to talk; about ten went off exactly at the same time, and what they said could not be distinguished. All Mr. Bunsner heard was a recipe for boulets a la Norfolk from one watch, and the excellent advice, "One o'clock; take your hands out of your pockets," from another.

"What's that one?" said Mr. Bunsner, eagerly. "How much is it?"

"Which Mr. Bunsner, please?"

"The one that said 'Take your hands out of your pockets.' It will do beautifully for my boy."

"Oh, that's the schoolboy's watch, sir; it has a lot of useful precepts. It has also some football maxims, the chief rules of good behaviour, and some hints upon keeping pets. The whole to conclude with some nice homely advice in a lady's voice for every night at 10. After that, if consulted, it says 'Don't talk' and 'Go to sleep,' said Mr. Plowing, reading from the descriptive catalogue.

"What is the price of this one, then?" said Mr. Bunsner.

"Nine pounds," said the officious Plowing, pushing his way past Spartan.

"I will take that with me, please," said Mr. Bunsner.

Mr. Bunsner took the watch with him. In spite of his curiosity about what the watch would say next, he restrained himself from listening to it until a quarter to 6, when he took the watch out of his pocket and held it in his hand as the carriage neared home. When the hands marked 6 the tiny voice said, "six—change your boots and brush your hair."

Mr. Bunsner was delighted; he had often scolded Bertie, when he came home at half-past 6, for looking so untidy and wearing his boots in the house.

"I have brought you a watch for your birthday, my boy," he said to Bertie, when the boy came in to say "Good night," put it in the watch pocket by your bed; now, mind you take good care of it."

"Yes, father, I will," said the boy, his eyes brightening at the present "thank you very much. Good night, father."

"Good night, Bertie, my son; don't be afraid of your new watch."

Mrs. Bunsner and Bertie laughed, and the boy went off to bed handing his new possession.

A servant came into the boy's room a few minutes before eight the next morning. She pulled up the blind and called the sleeper.

"Your bath is ready. Master Bertie: you must get up."

She put his dressing gown and slipper ready and went out of the room. Bertie turned over and had a long discussion with himself.

"Shall I get up? It will be awfully nice to get up in a few minutes. It's very bad for one not to have enough sleep. Another quarter of an hour will do me a lot of good."

"Eight. Time to get up now," said somebody.

"Hallo, I'm dreaming. That was a ghost, I suppose," said Bertie.

"Half-past 8. Get out."

"Nine. You have been in bed too long; get up; it is somebody."

"What on earth is it?"

"Ten. Don't talk in school."

"Eleven. Hurry up to the other class room."

Something had gone wrong with the watch and nothing could stop it.

"Twelve. William the Conqueror, 1066."

"One. Don't eat too fast at dinner."

"Two. Don't run after eating."

Bertie got up and looked all around the room, under the bed and in the cupboard.

"Ugh," he said to himself. "I must be going mad. I keep hearing horrible counting and people saying things. There it is again!"

"Four. Get ready for tea."

"Five. Don't speak with your mouth full."

"Six. Change your boots and brush your hair."

Bertie screamed for help, and the servant came rushing in.

"Oh, Mary, I'm mad! And there are ghosts saying nasty things all around me. Listen!"

"Eight. To bed in an hour and a half—"

was all they heard.

Mary fainted, and Bertie hid his face in his hands and grovelled on the floor. Suddenly he jumped up, tore down the watch pocket, and held it to his ear.

"That's it!" he cried. "It's this beast of a watch that papa gave me is mad; not us. It is talking like Balaam's ass; here goes!" and he dropped the watch pocket and all into the fire. "We shan't hear it there," he said to himself, as he threw the contents of the water jug over the servant and scolded his son for his ingratitude; then sent Mary away and administered corporal punishment.

As his father left the room Bertie muttered to himself:

"Talking watches are humbugs!"—Windsor Magazine.

DENTISTRY IN OREGON.

The Man who Did Not Advertise that He Had any Painless Method.

"When I was travelling through southern Oregon last month," said Attorney W. W. McNaair, "I found myself in a small village and with a large toothache. I found the local dentist, with his whirling engine that resembled a small lathe, at the lively stable clipping a horse."

"Do you treat teeth?" I asked.

"Course; what do you suppose I'm here for?" he replied in a nettled tone.

"Well, I have one that needs attention."

"Want it pulled or plugged?" he asked.

"I want it treated. How do you treat a tooth that is aching?"

"Pull it or plug it."

"I think this could be saved if it had proper treatment."

"Want it plugged, then. What is it—aw tooth or gnawer?" and he tried to force a finger that was covered with dirt and

horse hair into my mouth. I had grown a trifle suspicious of him, so I thought I would find out what sort of work he did.

"Do you do bridge work?" I asked.

"Not since I been practicin'. I did build a bridge across Cow Creek when I was ranchin', but I mostly confine myself to draggin' fangs, doctorin' horses and barberin'."

"Do you ever transplant teeth?"

"Say, I tried that once, but she didn't work. Ol' Bill Robison had a tooth that was acbin' an' he wanted it pulled. I got the wrong tooth. I tried to put her back, but Bill hollered an' cut up so that I thought I'd try and transplant it."

"I sawed off the snags and riveted it to Bill's plate o' false teeth, but she wouldn't work. The first time Bill bit a bone with it, the tooth swung around on the rivet an' he bit a hole in the roof o' his mouth a big as a hazel nut."

"I concluded not to have my tooth treated. The dentist was sorry, and told me that 'it was holler to heat a knittin' needle hot an' an poke it in the tooth, or hold a claw o' toothbacker in my mouth."—San Francisco Post.

How Parents Provoke their Children.

"How do parents provoke their children? By unreasonable commands, by perpetual restriction, by capricious jerks at the bridle, alternating with capricious dropping the reins altogether, by not governing their own tempers, by shrill or stern tones where quiet, soft ones would do, by frequent sneaks and rebukes, and sparing praise. And what is sure to follow such mistreatment by father or mother? Bursts of temper for which the child is punished and the parent is guilty, and then spiritless listlessness and apathy. 'I cannot please him no matter what I do,' leads to a rankling sense of injustice, and then to recklessness—it is useless to try any more."

And then a child or man loses heart, there will be no more obedience. Many a parent, especially many a father drives his child into evil by keeping him at a distance. He should make his boy a companion and playmate, teach him to think of his father as his confidant, try to keep his child nearer to himself than to anybody else, and then his authority will be absolute, his opinions an oracle, and his slightest wish a law."—Dr. Alexander MacLaren.

Safer Than Lightning Rods.

Each day adds some new virtues to the long list of those already credited to the pneumatic. The latest of these is that the wheels of a bicycle being encircled by a band of India rubber and air—which is a perfect insulator—the rider is completely insulated from the earth, and consequently, is impervious to the attacks of the electric fluid. Thus, day by day it becomes more and more a fact that life without a pneumatic tire is neither safe nor worth having. Anyone who suffers from nervousness during a thunder shower has now only to go into a barn or the cellar and sit himself upon the saddle of a pneumatic-tired bicycle to be perfectly safe from lightning strokes.

As the chances of a man on a bicycle being struck by lightning have been carefully calculated to be about one in a billion, the W. L. adds, there will, of course, be some pessimists who will deny that this newly discovered virtue of the pneumatic as a lightning insulator amounts to very much. "Scientific American."

BORN.

Truro, Sept. 16, to the wife of Ed. Bruce, a son.

Monro, Sept. 18, to the wife of D. E. Shaw, a son.

Yarmouth, Sept. 16, to the wife of L. M. Mitchell, a son.

Economy, Sept. 4, to the wife of William Moore, a son.

Paton, Sept. 7, to the wife of A. E. McDonald, a son.

New Glasgow, Sept. 14, to the wife of D. C. Fraser, a son.

Truro, N. S., Sept. 14, to the wife of J. D. McKay, a son.

Burlington, Sept. 12, to the wife of Daniel Young, a son.

Halifax, Sept. 16, to the wife of H. Cornelius, a daughter.

Truro, Sept. 16, to the wife of John Stirling, a daughter.

Pictou, Sept. 14, to the wife of Dr. H. Clay, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 4, to the wife of Hector Munro, a daughter.

Amherst, Sept. 18, to the wife of Henry Horsemann, a daughter.

Falmouth, Sept. 11, to the wife of Edward Patterson, a daughter.

Burlington, N. S., Sept. 12, to the wife of Edward W. Haines, a son.

Victoria Beach, N. S., Aug. 31, to the wife of O. T. Haines, a son.

New Glasgow, Sept. 17, to the wife of J. M. Donaldson, a son.

Aracadia, Sept. 17, to the wife of Andrew M. Patman, a son.

Scotch Fort, P. E. I., Sept. 6, to the wife of Daniel McDonald, a son.

Burlington, N. S., Sept. 15, to the wife of Arthur Lark, a daughter.

Upper Gasquet, Sept. 17, to the wife of S. C. Weston, a daughter.

Hantsport, Sept. 12, to the wife of Rev. William Phillips, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, Sept. 13, by Rev. F. W. Parker, Fred Fowle to Laura Logan.

Truro, Sept. 17, by Rev. W. F. Parker, John Oakes to Mrs. Ellen Wason.