

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY JULY 10, 1897.

A SAD TALE OF THE SEA.

IT HAPPENED LONG AGO AND WAS NOT OF LATE OCCURRENCE.

But it Made a Great Commotion When it was Told to the Neighbors as a Recent Happening—Strange Freaks of the Great Bore and Fundy Tides.

We were driving along in the medicine wagon on the banks of the Petitcodiac River, in New Brunswick, within sound of that tidal freak known as the Bore, when Wilson told me this story. There has been considerable written about the Bore already, mostly untruths; but it is only fair to the writers to state that they had never met the Bore personally, and it is really surprising the amount of interesting information which can be given about almost anything, when the writer is not confined to dry material facts. The Petitcodiac is a river to be proud of. The Thames and the Mississippi are well enough in their way; but they are brilliant simply as rivers. Now, the Petitcodiac isn't much of a river as rivers go, but as a variety show and refined vaudeville where parents may bring their children without fear, it runs alone. Its office as a river is a minor one—where it shines is as a fertilizer factory, and also as a roadbed when the tide is out. The Bore is generally confused in the minds of geographers and others, with the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, and its height is given as from thirty, to one hundred and fifty feet. The Bore itself is only a product of these high tides, being the result produced when the tides rush up certain narrow estuaries. Its height is about six or seven feet. The moment you land in this neighborhood you are asked if you have seen the Bore. If you say "No" you are attacked by people bent on showing it to you for nothing. There seems to be a portion of the community whose sole object in life is showing the Bore to unoffending strangers, and if you get mad and refuse to look at it you are regarded with suspicion, and they refuse to buy your goods. This is the only natural Bore in the country, but there are hundreds of most unnatural ones ready to drag you away and make you look at it.

When the tide goes out in the Bay of Fundy waters it seems to be in two minds as to whether or not it will ever come in again. The flats are exposed dry and hard for miles and there is not a drop of water to be seen in the river. This may seem like a geographers tale, but I am prepared to believe and defend anything about these Fundy tides. If an old inhabitant were to tell me that they went out once and didn't come back for a week, I should accept his story without question. It is said by men who ought to know better, that this tide has been named after a temperance lecturer from Halifax who came down here once to run as member for the county. The people repudiated him and he wandered out on the flats to dress his weird. He met the tide coming. For a time neither would give way, but as the tide was very high at the time and broad in proportion, and as the rejected candidate was determined to run for something, he decided to yield and run for his life. No one seems to know whether he got in or not, as he was never seen there afterwards. The tradition is that this tidal freak was named after him.

The tide leaves a valuable deposit behind it, in the shape of fertilizing mud, which the farmers gather and spread on their fields. Probably the only reason it has for leaving this behind is that it is an article for which the owner has no further use; for it takes away everything else it comes across and could easily take this mud also if it wished. This work of gathering fertilizer must be done between tides and there are frequently exciting contests between the farmers and the Bore which frees agriculture in this district from much of that monotony which usually attends it. When a boy I used to envy the early settlers who to guard against Indian attacks had to carry a rifle with them to the field when working; but that could not have been half so exciting as gathering fertilizer with one eye (so to speak) and watching for the bore with the other.

It was Wilson I say, who told me the story about the little children who were drowned; and it was made all the more thrilling by the romantic and perilous nature of our surroundings at the time, clinging as we were to the frail top of a medicine wagon and looking down from that giddy height at the busy world far beneath our feet.

Wilson was a fellow I took with me because he wanted to come; he said he could make himself "a general help." He also said he wasn't well and thought travel would do his health good and improve his mind. He didn't know exactly what was the matter with him but said it was "something inside." I had been looking at him carefully in case he might have leprosy or warts or something but when he said it was inside I knew in a minute what it was, and decided to take him along with me and see if I couldn't cure him. There is nothing in the world better for Wilson's disease than rubbing down horses, two to be taken at a dose, or nailing up medicine signs in the rain.

When he told me the story there was a tremor in his voice and a very tender look in his eyes, and I thought to myself, "Poor old Wilson, he's a soft-hearted chap, too!" Then when he took advantage of the occasion to ask for tobacco, I handed him my pouch without a word. The story was about two little girls, who toddled out over the flats to play on a chain of rocks some distance from the shore, which the tide left exposed when it retreated. The poor little innocents were having a tea party with a fine clam-shell service, and they forgot all about the tide until they heard the roar as it came rushing in. They were soon washed off the rocks and drowned. The story was a simple one enough, but the affecting way in which he told it really impressed me. He was so overcome that he let the horse wander from the road up on to a stone pile, where the animal hung his head over the fence and tried to get a little sleep. Wilson sighed softly to himself and winked rapidly as he straightened the brute out again. I thought then that he was winking to repress the hot, bursting tears but I know better now. I looked out across the long stretch of dark brown flats, so recently the scene of that simple tragedy, and imagined to myself that the waves looked cruel and angry still. I found out afterwards that I was wrong; they had got all over it where we saw them.

I asked him if they had found the bodies yet.

"No" he said, "not yet."

The sad occurrence occupied my thoughts until we reached the next village, a little further on. I asked the hotel keeper if they had found the bodies of the little girls yet.

"Which little girls?" he asked. I told the sad story just as Wilson had told it to me, and he became greatly excited: said he had heard nothing about it but it was terribly sad. "Do you know their names?" he asked. I said I did not, but Wilson probably would. I went to look for Wilson and found him in the bar. There were tears in his eyes still, but they were tears of joy now. He had apparently forgotten all about the little innocents, as he had called them, and their sad death.

I looked at him reproachfully and asked him for the name of the little children.

"Which little children?" he said.

He had a beer-mug up to his face and gazed at me through it as though it were an eyeglass.

"The little children who were drowned" I said sternly.

"Never knew their—Oh yes, Johnson was the name, I think."

I went out and told the name to the little group that had gathered to look at the horse.

"Johnson!" the hotel keeper said. "That must be Squire Johnson's little girls. The square will feel mighty bad; them's the only young-ones he had. I guess we better go over and help to search for the bodies, boys."

We fed the horse and were setting forth from the village, when we overtook the hotel-keeper and eight or nine others, setting forth laden down with grappling irons and ropes. They said they were just starting out to look for the bodies, and I spoke a few kind words of encouragement to them. After we had passed them Wilson said:

"What bodies?"

"What bodies!" I said sarcastically ignoring his condition. "What bodies do

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you suppose they would be going to look for?"

He said he didn't know, but supposed from the appearance of the implements they were taking with them, that it would be dead bodies.

Then he became a little nettled at the way I had spoken, and said he wasn't an undertaker nor a compiler of life insurance statistics, neither was he personally in the patent medicine business, and so couldn't be expected to take the deep interest in death and all its surroundings that I did. But would I kindly tell him if any one was drowned in the vicinity?

"Is there anyone drowned?" I repeated after him. "Do you mean to say that your mind is so befuddled with liquor that you have forgotten about the death of those poor babies who were swept out with the tide back there and drowned? Those men have gone to search for the bodies."

Then Wilson dropped the reins and began to laugh like a fool. After he had kept this up for a while I said "Perhaps you may see something funny in the death of two tender little children, but I confess it does not appeal to me in that way. How you would have enjoyed the Johnstown flood if you had been there—and its a pity you weren't. I suppose you have no thought for the sorrowing parents. It never occurred to you, did it, (I was getting indignant now as well as sarcastic) that you were a heartless idiot or that—" "No" he broke in, "I never thought about any of those things; but I would like to hear that relief party curse you, when they find that those children were drowned over thirty years ago!"

THOMAS M. FRASER.

FRENCH ARTISTS MODELS'

Their Work, Their Wages, and the Life They Lead.

The art season of Paris is now in full swing, and everybody is occupied with it. It is to be seen on the opinions of the critics, neither of the two rival salons is up to the mark this year. Let us, therefore, leave the artists and turn to their models, of whom many interesting things may be said. The model does not earn so much as might be expected. The sitting lasts half a day, and is paid at the rate of four francs for men and five for women. There are exceptional cases in which the remuneration is higher. The man model has one advantage over the woman model—his figure does not change so quickly, whereas the woman model, after four or five years, is no longer fit for the service. The record for posing was held for some time by an Italian named Fousco, who began to sit when he was only two years old, and continued to sit up to the age of seventy-six. He was called the King of Models, and bore that title on his cards. All painters knew Gelon, who is sixty-five, and whose robust form still furnishes a good model. The same number of years have also passed over the head of Mezarino, who has posed for Romans to a generation of artists, thanks to his aquiline nose, his regular profile and the energetic expression of his face. Another type was Schlumberger, who died a couple of years ago, and whose blue eyes, heavy mustache, blond hair and fair complexion enabled him to sit for the 'Last of the Gauls.' The black model was for a long while represented by Salem of Timbuctoo, who said he was formerly a prince in his native land. He fought

in the war of 1870-71, and though decorated with the Legion of Honor and in receipt of a small pension, resorted to posing to increase his income. He was for many years employed by Gustave Boulanger.

Although the man model has not the same resources as the woman model, yet he finds means of augmenting his earnings. The most successful method is to have many children, and to introduce them to the studios as soon as they can walk. Other models, having acquired a taste for painting, study the art, and manage to get a living out of it. One of these models, an Italian, who figures in a picture by Levy at the Luxembourg, is professor of painting at one of the city schools. Another named Colorosi has founded an 'atelier,' for which he has obtained the support of some of the masters for whom he has served as a model; his pupils are numerous. Soci, another Italian model, has established an agency for the supply of models to the painters. Mention must also be made of Dubosq, who by dint of economy scraped together not less than 20,000 francs. When he died he left his little fortune to the School of Fine Arts, to be spent in increasing the pensions of the Prix de Rome.

Some painters rarely employ professional models. Roll, for example, draws his soldiers from the barracks. Jean Beraud, when he has workmen to produce, gets them from the workshops. L'Hermite chooses his peasants from the fields, and Renout his sailors from the seashore. Sometimes the painter makes use of 'sosies,' or striking likenesses. The most celebrated 'sosie' was an old costermonger in the Quartier Latin, who was the very image of Victor Hugo. He sat for almost all the portraits of the poet to be found in the picture shops. Nearly all the man models are Italians, who live chiefly in the Rue des Boulangers, the Rue Saint Victor, and the Avenue du Maine. They congregate in the Place Pigalle, at Montmartre, where the painters abound, and where they are hired.

I have said above that the woman model does not last long. There are, however, exceptions. The most remarkable was Josephine, who posed in the 'ateliers' of the porcelain manufactory of Sevres up to 45 years of age, and received a pension from the Government. During the whole of that period she never wore stays. Sometimes the model is married. This was the case with a German woman named Celestine

Gurr, who came to Paris after the war and was engaged by Cabanel. She was not particularly handsome, but her build was perfection itself, and her husband was jealous of her. On the first day Gurr arrived with his wife, and while she posed before a score of students he sat down in a corner of the studio. This kind of guardianship aroused the students, who resolved to put a stop to it. The next day, on the arrival of the couple, all sorts of unpleasant tricks were played on Gurr. He resisted stoically for that day but he was bound to confess himself beaten, and did not return to the school. His wife then came alone to pose.

Many models, after having given up their profession, are seized with nostalgia and return to the study. Mme. Lucienne G——, who kept a shop on the Boulevard Raspail, furnishes an instance of this kind. On leaving the 'atelier' she got married and set up in business. All went well for six years, when she suddenly deserted her husband and the shop and again became a model. A short time after she disappeared, and the artists say she was carried off by a rich amateur painter. Good models we are told, are becoming rarer every day. Many of the masters however, have their own models, who are not allowed to sit for anybody else. Such, for example, is Emma who has become the faithful model of Gerome and accompanies him in all his artistic journeys in the summer, and in the winter lives in a snug apartment on the Boulevard de Clichy. A Belgian woman named Alice, after having first appeared in the studio of Pavis de Chavannes, went over to Hennen, to whom she sits for his luminous nudités. Martha, who was born in Senegal, is much sought after for Oriental subjects; she poses frequently for Benjamin Constant. Next to these models come Blanche Briant, Laure Serrepan, Alice Baudet, Corine, and Elize Duval; all of them are engaged by the greatest masters. Notice must also be taken of Sarah Brown, of English origin, as her name indicates, who was one of the most beautiful models ever seen; she sat for Jules Lefebvre, and died a year ago. Another extraordinary model was Victorine, who posed in several of the pictures of Manet. The majority of models on quitting the 'atelier' get married. It not unfrequently happens that the painter marries his own model. Others less fortunate have to resort to needlework to earn their daily bread. A certain number join the ranks of the demi-monde, become notorious, and in that way pass the rest of their lives, or commit suicide, as was the case the other day, when two of them put an end to their existence. Such, in conclusion, is the way the artists' models live and die in Paris.—London Globe.

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