

## WHAT THE PICTURE NEEDED.

He Beat the Lightning Artist, and Went one Better.

A New York Sun reporter heard an artist tell an amusing story of a prank played by a young American student in Berlin. The teller of the story, with some friends, had dropped into an amusement hall, where the principal performer seemed to be a lightning-sketch artist, announced on the bill as Professor So-and-so, a tall long-haired man, whose rapid work was giving great satisfaction to the audience.

His arms worked like a windmill, and the paint flew off his brush in a steady stream. The result didn't resemble anything, until, with a quick spit-spat of the brush he put a touch here and a touch there, and behold a picture!

It wasn't a work of art, to be sure, but then, the spectators were by no means critical. As the professor's arms flew around and his brush whacked the canvas, turning out new pictures in less than half a minute, the enthusiasm increased. The professor sat down to rest. A well-dressed young man, evidently an American, called out in very shaky German:

"O professor, you are very slow and your pictures are bad!"

"Come up and try one yourself if you think so," replied the professor.

"All right," said the young man, and while the rest of the spectators were shouting and laughing at the invitation, he climbed up on the stage and took possession of the professor's plants and easel.

It was apparent he knew something about painting from the ease with which he handled his brush. After two or three preliminary motions to limber up his arms, he turned and bowed low to the audience in the professor's best manner. The caricature was appreciated, and a terrific howl greeted him.

Turning to the canvas, he swung his paint-brush at a rate that made the professor's previous efforts seem slow by contrast. He seemed to be in a frenzy, and the eyes of the stolid Germans in the theatre bulged with astonishment. They forgot to drink their beer. In less than a minute the American turned and bowed again to the spectators to imply that his picture was completed, and that he awaited their decision. As he stood aside, and the canvas on which he had been working was exposed there was silence for a moment, and then came a storm of jeers, in which the professor joined. The canvas was merely a blotch. Not even the wildest imagination could trace any suggestion of a picture on it.

The American looked pained at his greeting, and then turned toward his canvas. A surprised expression came over his face. That couldn't be his picture. The spectators were still jeering him, when as if it were a second thought, he sprang to the easel and turned the canvas bottom side up.

The jeers were changed to cheers. The canvas now bore an excellent landscape, with no detail left out. There were trees, a stream, an old Dutch house, and in the background several cows. It had been painted coarsely, but it was effective, and far superior to anything the professor had turned out.

While the spectators were laughing at the young American's ready wit, he sprang off the stage, and accompanied by several friends, left the hall. I learned that he was studying art in Berlin, and that he spent more time in practical jokes than at the art schools. He had fairly beaten the professor at his own game, and there were no more lightning sketches that evening.

## A DEEP LAKE.

The Irishman was Bound to Prove the Depth of the Water.

In County Sligo, says the Waverley Magazine, there is a small lake renowned for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr."

"But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor.

"Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was shavin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said: 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes, and in he jumped."

The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression.

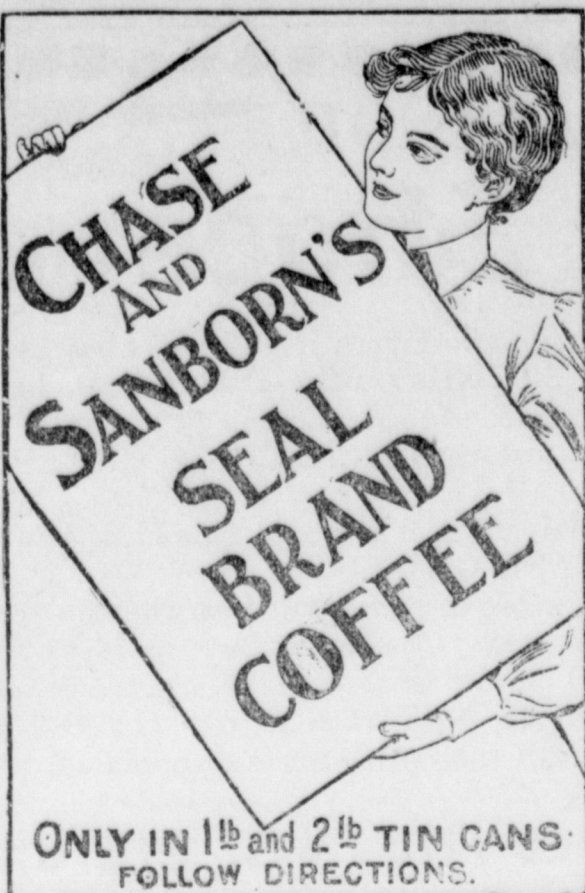
"Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again at all, at all."

"But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself."

"Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was; the next day comes a cable from him in Australia, askin' to send on his clothes."

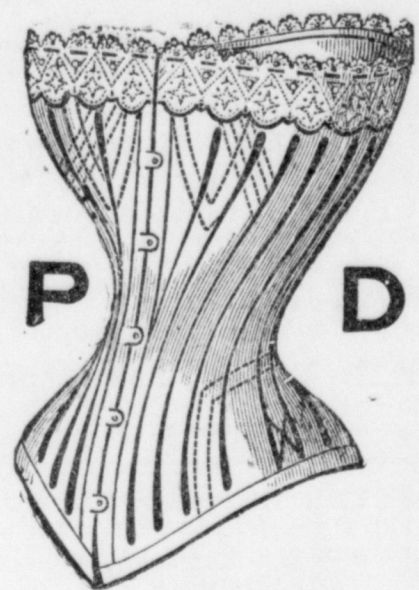
## Reclaiming Salt Meadows.

The New Jersey state geologist, after a study of the Holland dikes and drainage system, proposes to use his knowledge by diking and draining the Hackensack and Newark salt meadows. These comprise 27,000 acres, and if they can be made cultivated land they will be exceedingly valuable, owing to the nearness to New York and the other large cities on the New Jersey side.



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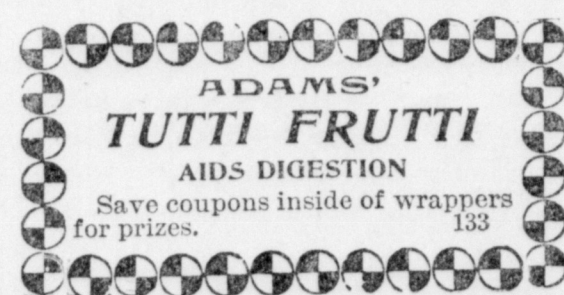
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It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure.

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## Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

## SPARROWS TOOK POSSESSION.

And Every Effort to Dislodge Them was Unavailing.

The congregation of the baptist church at Smith's Farms, two miles east of Kingston, N. Y., has been obliged to abandon the building in consequence of the vast number of English sparrows that have taken possession of it. The church is a small structure that stands on the edge of the little settlement, and it has been a place of worship for the people of Smith's Farms and the surrounding country for nearly a quarter of a century.

Five years ago some women members of the congregation conceived the idea that English ivy planted near the building and trained on its walls would give it a picturesque appearance, and some roots were set out. The vines grew rapidly, and within three years they nearly covered the building.

Two years ago a half dozen English sparrows made their appearance, and built nests in the vines. More soon followed and took up their abode in the belfry. The people of Smith's Farms were pleased with the idea of the birds making their home among the vines, and they did nothing to disturb them. Last spring an army of sparrows came to the church, and the vines were fairly alive with them.

Some of them managed to get inside the building and make their nests in every available spot. The members of the church didn't like the idea of the birds nesting inside the building, but their was a strong sentiment against tearing the nests down, and they were allowed to remain. When the season for hatching came the building swarmed with young sparrows.

The pastor thought he saw sure destruction of the property if the birds were not driven out, and he called a meeting of the trustees of the church to devise some way of ridding the building of the birds. There was trouble at once. The majority of the trustees were opposed to molesting the sparrows, and they refused to follow the pastor's suggestion. The upshot of the affair was that the pastor resigned and the birds continued to roost in and around the church.

Last spring the number of sparrows that came to the old church was innumerable; they swarmed into the building, and when the people attempted to hold services Sunday the chattering of the birds made it impossible, and finally it became necessary to dismiss the congregation. The seriousness of the situation was now fully realized by the people, and they set about studying up a way of getting rid of the birds.

The vines were torn from the church walls and the nests destroyed; this appeared to madden the vicious little pests and they gathered in full force inside the church and whenever a man came through the door they swooped down on him in a body and pecked his face until he was glad to get out. An attempt was made to drive the birds from the building by burning pounds of sulphur inside, but the occupants left temporarily, returning when the fumes of the sulphur were out of the building.

Finally the people gave up in despair and decided to abandon the church till winter, when the sparrows will leave, and they hope to be able to keep the birds out next spring.

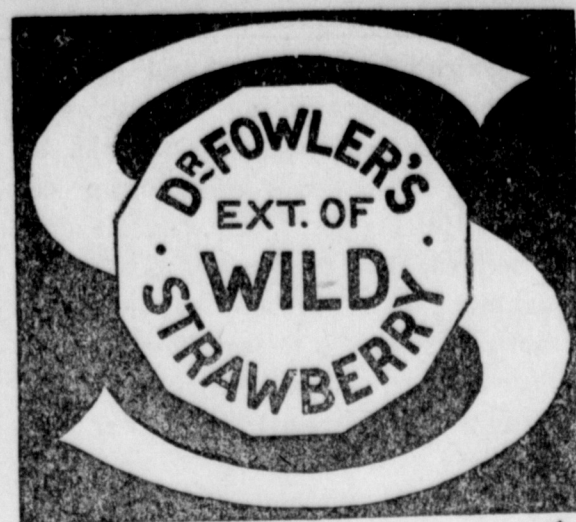
## NEVER PAY CASH.

Advice of a Business Man Who Believes in Buying on Credit.

"Never pay cash for anything if you want to get commercial rating," said a business man the other day. "Get goods on credit, even when able to pay spot cash for them, and pay the bill with promptness when it becomes due. If you do this long enough you will probably get the reputation of possessing all the money you have got trusted for, and, at any rate, will be known in business circles where you wouldn't be named if you always paid cash. A man who pays cash for everything is supposed to be doing business on small capital, while a man who gets things on credit, or, what is better still, pays for them in notes, is generally believed to be operating on such a large scale that he has no ready money to spare for small deals."

"As for getting credit, it is the first step that costs, of course, but a man can begin by referring people to his landlord and the tradesmen with whom he deals, if he can do no better. If he has no accounts anywhere, he must set about having them; get trust for small amounts and in time you will get trusted for larger ones. The first requisite to wealth is not money, but credit. Get credit and you will do business amounting to an indefinite number of times your capital."

"Without dilating further on the advantages of credit, let me give you an illustration of the disadvantages of doing business on a cash basis. A country merchant I knew who had always paid cash for everything he bought (and did a correspondingly small business) determined finally to enlarge his trade, and to do this required the credit he had never before asked for. When he came to town and asked the men to whom he had always paid cash to let him have goods on time, they one and all became suspicious of him and refused. The very fact that he had always paid cash made them think, when he finally asked for credit, that he wasn't a safe man to trust. Moral: Never pay cash for anything if you would avoid suspicion."



## BABY WAS CURED.

DEAR SIR:—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.

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R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charles, N.B.

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20 Bb's. Buctouche Bar Oysters

At 19 and 23 King Square.

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## WON'T PAY DUTY CALLS.

Revolt of English Women in India Against One Form of Social Bondage.

The English women living in India put a sensible scheme into execution recently. They revolted against the social bondage of 'duty calls' and organized an anti-calling union. Several hundred women joined and pledged themselves to abide by the rules which are very simple.

Instead of paying calls in person cards are sent and calls are returned by post. A personal call is allowable only when a special compliment is intended. At home days are held by the members of the union when convenient, notices of these being printed in the papers several days beforehand. The fact that men are excluded from these privileges has caused no end of amusement among the women and no less talk among the lords of creation, particularly the crusty bachelors of society, who declare that calling did keep some women quiet; they go so far as to make wagers on what mischief their woman friends will be up to now that there is no necessity for them to pay duty calls.

There is no union of this kind in this city, but the women members of the Barnard Club long ago gave up calling for the mere name of the thing. They agreed that their club should be a kind of a social clearing house, and the plan has worked admirably. An informal reception is held in the beautiful club rooms every Saturday afternoon, and a little chat with one's friends there relieves everybody of all calling obligations. This even extends to party calls among most of the members. One of the most prominent women in the club says that the plan not only saves the club members a great deal of valuable time, which can be put to more profitable use, but strengthens the moral character as well, since nothing weakens it so much as obligatory duty calling. The member, ship of this club, which includes men, too, has run away up into the hundreds and the waiting list is very long.—N. Y. Sun.

## DIAGNOSIS BY GESTURE.

Different Diseases Produce Characteristic Movements of the Limbs.

A medical paper in a recent issue has described the characteristic movements of the limbs made by persons suffering from different diseases. The gestures of the patient when asked to locate his pain not only indicate its seat, but describe its character. Thus, if the pain be in the chest and distributed over a large area the sufferer sweeps the palm of his hand over his chest with a circular motion; but should the pain be local he first draws his hand away from the body and then with the index finger outstretched and the others curved cautiously approaches the spot where the trouble is. In appendicitis he holds the palm of the hand over the diseased area without touching the skin. When suffering from violent non-inflammatory pains the patient slaps the abdomen. A child who complains of continuous pain in the stomach when there is no tenderness on pressure, is probably afflicted with disease of the spine. In hip-joint disease the pain will be referred to at point inside the knee. With violent diffused non-inflammatory pain in the leg, the patient grasps the limb affected; if it be a shooting pain he will point at the place with one finger.

The pain of hepatic neuralgia or 'shingles' is indicated with the thumb or forefinger. In joint pains the patient approaches the seat of trouble cautiously with the hand flat.

A curious case is quoted of a patient complaining of a severe headache. Being asked in what part of the head it was, he answered, 'The top,' and when further questioned as to the exact spot pressed his finger on the side above the cheek bone. This he did three times, though declaring that the seat of the pain was exactly on the top of the head. The cause of the trouble was found to be a bad tooth.

## An Ontario Lady Had Her Hands Poisoned

Ladies should remember that the Diamond Dyes are the only pure, true and undiluted dyes in the world. The imitation dyes sold under various names have bulk enough, but three fourths of the contents is composed of cheap and worthless ingredients most dangerous to use and handle.

Diamond Dyes, prepared according to scientific principles are always the same in color and strength; these great advantages the women of Canada fully appreciate.

An Ontario lady writing about Diamond Dyes says:

"Your Diamond Dyes are the best I have ever used; they are quite harmless to work with and never irritate the skin. I had occasion to use a package of common, cheap dye that was sold me as being equal to the 'Diamond,' but it proved a source of great trouble. After using it a severe rash appeared on my hands, showing it contained poisonous matter."

## A Mistaken Idea.

Commander Booth-Tucker's conviction of keeping a disorderly house seems to have no effect on that ardent warrior. His neighbors have again lodged complaints against the Salvation Army headquarters in Fourteenth street, and the all-night racket conducted therein. This sort of religious enthusiasm seems to have erased from its code the canons about loving one's neighbors as one's self, and doing unto others as one would be done by. These be days of progress. Some better weapons of scaring away the devil should be discovered than nerve-destroying bells and Salvation Army tom-toms.—Life.