

NEWEST TASK OF LIGHT.

Another Great Invention by the Telectroscope's Maker.

Another great invention, which is already perfected into one of the marvels of the age, is announced from Vienna. The inventor is Herr Jan Szczepanik, whose new wonder, the telectroscope, was described briefly a few weeks ago. His newest discovery, or application of well-known scientific discoveries, is an invention which will revolutionize an important branch of the textile industry.

The focussing screen is 1 1/2 metres square and the bellows draw out to a length of twenty metres, while the immense lens had to be made expressly by Zeiss of Jena. Next he employs ruled screens containing the necessary intersections. These screens or grids are on glass plates prepared by photography and are the largest photographic negatives ever made, measuring 1.10 metres square.

Having chosen the pattern, say a landscape, which the web is to show, he attaches a picture of it to an upright board fastened to the camera stand. It may be remarked it is immaterial what the subject may be. Whether it be a human figure or face, a landscape or mere ornament, whether large or small, one takes neither more nor less time than the other, and causes no more trouble.

The next thing is to insert a suitable ruled screen immediately in front of the sensitive plate—i. e., the silver bromide paper. Two minutes' exposure suffices to produce an image on the sensitized paper showing the points of intersection needed; developing and fixing occupy a quarter of an hour, and then the design is finished. The different colors the web is to have are represented by different signs or figures, squares, &c., which are produced by means of corresponding stops in the objective.

The second process is punching the Jacquard stencils. Hitherto this has been a slow operation, carried on with the help of a machine, each square having to be cut separately. Now Herr Szczepanik, by means of the carbon process, transfers the design on to a thin sheet of metal, thus obviating the necessity for making the Jacquard stencil on silver bromide paper. The procedure is the same as in zinc etching; the parts of the design exposed to the light are covered with gelatine, while in the non-exposed ones the bare metal appears. The result is that good and bad electric conductors are formed, and all those points on this metal plate which represent holes on the ruled screen conduct the electric current. This plate is then put into a machine specially

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." Mrs. H. F. PARM, Degross Street.

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constructed for the purpose of punching it. Automatically it passes under a row of contacts which are connected with electromagnets that set in motion levers which punch the plate.

But the inventor goes a step further yet. With a similar contrivance attached not to the punching machine, but to the Jacquard loom, he sets in motion not only the punching levers, but also the threads in the loom itself; in short, he weaves direct from the original design-plate (as we may name his substitute for the Jacquard stencil) by means of electricity.

The punching machine is really superfluous, inasmuch as the weaving can be done direct from the original design plate, and it is introduced by the inventor only temporarily for economic reasons. He wishes to avoid the sudden doing away with looms of the present style. Eventually he expects electric looms will supplant the present machine. In a few days Szczepanik's first electric loom will arrive in Vienna from Germany, where it has been made. It will be publicly exhibited for the first time at the Paris exhibition, where it will weave silk handkerchiefs. In three minutes the purchaser of such a handkerchief will be photographed by an apparatus in the loom itself, the design plate will be prepared by the same machine, and then it will make a silk handkerchief with the purchaser's likeness woven into it, so that in not more than half an hour from the time when the portrait was taken the buyer will be able to take away with him as a memento of the exhibition a handkerchief with his inwoven portrait, and all for a mere bagatelle.

At the Jubilee Exhibition now open in Vienna for the present only two gobelins woven by Szczepanik's new loom will be shown. One of them contains Mark Twain's portrait. For some time the great humorist has been giving the well-known Polish painter, Henryk Rauchinger, almost daily sittings for a portrait for the gobelin. It will be the best of Mark Twain ever painted. The second gobelin will contain the portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph in his magnificent robes of state and surrounded by allegorical figures, and this portrait will also be from Rauchinger's brush. Herr Szczepanik showed small landscapes woven in silk. They are of wonderful beauty and of course more exact than anything manufactured from hand-made Jacquard cards. They have been made on his present small loom.

His Business Instinct.

One of the brightest travelling salesmen in modern commerce was thinking seriously of going to war.

"You see," he was saying to the old military man whose stories of adventure and achievement had kindled his ambition, "I have had experience in every branch of trade that amounts to very much except fighting.

"I have sold nails, barbed wire, cigars, dry goods, paper, paints, oil and a number of things. Now it strikes me that I'd like to handle lead for the Government awhile."

"You would have to undertake a good many hardships," remarked his friend.

"I don't care. I'm not married: nobody but myself to think about, and I'd like to see if I can't do something. Of course, I may never be heard from. But I'm willing to take my chances at getting a monument some day with the rest of them."

"Of course you would want to go as an officer," remarked the old military man.

"I'd like to. But if I found it couldn't be arranged, I wouldn't stay away for that reason."

"Young man, I like your spirit. Anything I can do for you I will gladly undertake. I'll see if it can be arranged for you to have a commission."

The salesman looked startled.

"No," he exclaimed; "don't do that. Of course, I don't like to seem mercenary, but I don't want to do anything on that basis. I have tried it over and over, but I never got any satisfaction out of working on commission. Give me a salary every time."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"In this country the majority rules, doesn't it?" "Yes—when they think the same as the bosses."

"Potter Palmer is going to build a home that will cost \$3,000,000." "That looks as if the plumbing was included."

Mrs. Shackelford—"They say that a distinct moan comes from Niagara." Mr. Shackelford—"I suppose that is because Niagara is placed in a falls position."

"Golf," drawled the swell, "is—aw—one of the games—aw—that nevah fatigues me." "Why is that?" "Why, don't you know, I—aw nevah learned it."

Mrs. Lookout—"John, how dare you eat shadroes when there is so much talk of ptomaines?" Mr. Don't Care (her brother)—"Easy enough. I never eat pto-many."

Bennie (whose wee baby sister has lately arrived, dejectedly)—"Mamma always said, before baby came, I see the apple of her eye, but now I s'pose I'm only just the core."

Nervous Old Lady (to deckhand on steam boat)—"Mr. Steamboat-man is there any fear of danger?" Deckhand, carelessly—"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger."

She—"Never mind, Fido; he's only playing." He—"But he really did bite me." She—"Never mind; I don't believe a little nip like that would hurt him, do you?"

"No," said the old deacon to the young deacon, "I don't think we can try the minister for profanity, for merely saying 'my land!' though there would seem to be some ground."

"Do you find my son prompt and punctual, Mr. Grandly?" "I never had a young man in my employ who, at the close of business hours, could get out of the office with less delay."

"For years I've wanted Henry to have burglar alarms put in the house, but he said it wasn't necessary." "Well?" "And as soon as he bought a bicycle he had them attached to every door and window."

"When I was a little boy," hisped a top to a young lady, "all my hopeh in life were thentered on being a clown." "How seldom one's youthful ambition is so completely realized," was her reply.

"By George, I haven't been able to sleep nights since the war talk began." "Why? You're too old to be dratted, ain't you?" "Yes, but the captain of our militia company owes me \$250."

"It is said that Americans use 1,000,000 collar buttons every year." "Yes, and I suppose that at least 999,000 of them could be found under American bureaus at the end of every year, too."

Edwin—"You would not take that uncle of mine to be a sensitive plant at all, would you?" Reginald—"He certainly does not look it." Edwin—"Well, he is. Attempt to touch him, and he closes up immediately."

"I don't see," said the investor, "that you have any signs of a town here." "No signs? Well, reckon we have! There's a lot for a postoffice, a site for a cemetery, a pond for bazzing, an' six candidates for Gov'nor!"

"I thought your American gentlemen pride themselves on standing up for the weaker sex," laughed the pretty girl from Glasgow, as she swayed from a strap in the street car. In the twinkling of an eye there was a dozen seats at her disposal.

"O, my friends! there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience, who is always mislaying her glasses.

One day an Irishman was taking a walk in a small town near Glasgow, when he met an old friend. After walking along the road together, Pat's friend said to him, "Have you heard the latest news?" Pat—"No; what is it?" "There's a penny off the loaf." Pat—"Bedad! and I hope it is off the penny ones!"

"Poor Cuba," sighed Mrs. Callahan, "its sad fate is strikingly similar to the fate of many poor women—starved and downtrodden by their lordly husbands." "I don't see why you should have any complaint to make," replied Callahan, "for I recognized you as a belligerent twenty years ago."

Excited Lady (at Atlantic City)—"Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—," Life Saver (hurriedly)—"We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum."

Excited Lady—"Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

Angelina (anxiously)—"Are you sure, dear, that you don't regret it, and that you don't sometimes miss your life as a bachelor?" Edwin (with cheerful conviction)—"Not a bit. I tell you what, Angy, I miss it so little that if I was to lose you—I'm blessed if I wouldn't marry again."

The Other way Around.

The loyalty of the Scottish Highlander to his kilt is a picturesque thing. He will never admit that it makes him cold; and Highlanders who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilization have been known to substitute the kilt for it, in order to get warm—though this would be much like removing one's coat and waistcoat and rolling up one's shirt-sleeves for the same purpose.

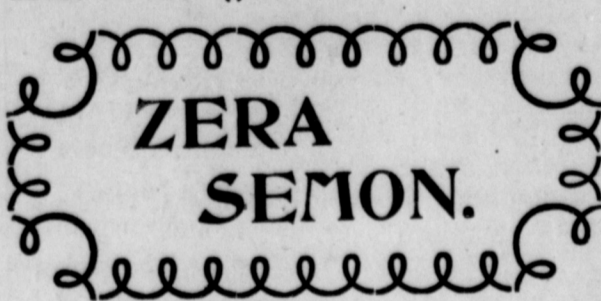
It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full Highlander uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him:

"Sandy are you cold with the kilt?" "Na, na, mon," the soldier answered, indignantly, "but I'm nigh kilt with the cauld!"

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TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

A Little Trick of the Clown's That Used to Please the People Mightily.

"Some of the feats and tricks of one sort and another performed in shows that look so wonderful," said the old circus man, "are really as simple as rolling off a log, if you only know how they are done. We used to have a clown at one time who was also a very good acrobat, and he was humorous in his antics as well as in his speech, and everybody liked him. He always wore a black mustache, with the ends neatly waxed and corkscrewed, and one of the funniest things he did depended for its success on these waxed ends of his mustache.

"After an unusually intricate piece of foolery that called for a good deal of exertion, he would pause, panting, in the ring, and turn to the ring master.

"Well, I'd give a dollar and a quarter," he would say to the ring master, "for a bottle of soda water."

"Why, you shall have a bottle for nothing," the ring master says, and he sends a groom for a bottle of soda water, who comes back in a minute with a bottle and a glass on a tray.

"But where's the corkscrew?" the clown asks, picking up the bottle and holding it up clear of the tray and looking all around on it. "There's no corkscrew."

"What's the matter with your mustache for a corkscrew?" says the ringmaster, the whole audience looking on perfectly still. And before you could think, the clown would swing the bottle up with the cork against the point of one end of his mustache—had practised that so that he never missed it—and drive it on to the point, and then in almost the same motion—there was never any halt in the action from the beginning to the end of the whole thing—he'd begin turning the bottle on to his mustache until the point was buried in the cork, and then he'd give the bottle a yank and pull it free and carry it to his lips and drink, leaving the cork impaled on the end of his mustache. He'd drink half the soda water, toss the bottle at the ring master, have the cork off his mustache in a jiffy, and toss that at the groom standing there waiting with the tray, and then turn a cartwheel while the whole audience double up with laughter. Why, it used to tickle 'em half to death.

"And it was all done in the simplest, easiest way in the world. The two waxed ends were really two corkscrew tips projecting out beyond his mustache and joining under it in a good stout holder firmly held between the teeth."

The Samoan Widow's Grief.

It Clustered Around the Family Rifle After Her Husband Had Been Eaten.

The Samoan will give away anything which he possesses when another member of his family comes along and asks for it. This makes personal property a most fluctuating matter. One thing, however, is never given away under any circumstances, and that is the rifle which each man keeps in good order and in readiness for the outbreak of hostilities. No attempt has been made by the European officials to disarm the natives, but a close watch is kept on the importation of any new munitions of war. When the yacht John Williams of the London Missionary Society returned from a tour of the stations in New Guinea, which are served by Samoan pastors, it brought the sad news that Neemia, a respected native missionary in a remote nook of the Gulf of Papua, had been eaten by his imperfectly converted congregation. The mission vessel arrived too late to save the pastor, but just in time to rescue his wife Masina, who was defending her house with a single rifle against a horde of savages. Masina was brought back to Apia in the John Williams, her grief somewhat tempered by the knowledge that for some time to come she would be a central figure at all district meetings of the mission. where she would be expected to tell her story. In a few days the treaty officials received from King Malietoa an official communication signed with the royal sign manual and duly sealed with the great seal. In it he recited the cannibalism which had been practiced upon Neemia and the bravery of Masina. In consideration of these sad events and the great grief into which the



widow was plunged, he had given her permission to retain the family rifle and her store of ammunition and to bring it ashore with her. The mischief had been done and was beyond repair. All that remained for the official board to do was sharply to remind the King that he had no power to grant landing permits for the contraband munitions of war and to assure him that the Berlin treaty took no cognizance of grief so profound that it must be assuaged by rifles.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

A Family Whose Wealth Began With a Happy Accident.

The large fortune of a wealthy Flemish family, the Bracqs, began with a happy accident—if such a thing is tolerated in the prudent management of Providence. The legend is narrated by Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne in her 'Social Hours with Celebrities.'

Years ago the head of the house was a sugar merchant, who, being uneducated kept no books, but recorded his mercantile transactions on the back of a shutter with a lump of chalk. On one occasion Mynbeer Van Bracq told his chief clerk to order a certain number of tons of sugar from Barbados. The clerk wrote one naught too many, but not till the cargo arrived was this discovered.

What was to be done? The merchant had not at that moment—for he kept no large balance at his bankers—the money to pay for the cargo, although he had taken care to have on hand the sum needed for the payment of what he thought had been ordered. The name of Bracq had always been a guarantee for scrupulous adherence to a bargain and for prompt payment. It must be kept untarnished; a Bracq never borrowed, not even of his own brother; yet his stupid 'naught' made him liable for a sum of money which it was impossible to pay.

The merchant did the wisest thing he could do; he laid the case before his wife. She brought out the family jewels—diamond heirlooms which had been handed down from generation to generation. Bracq did not strike an attitude and exclaim, 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her!' He simply looked at the diamonds, took in their value, and then finding that it was sufficient to make up the required sum, pledged them. Thus, without a word to any outsider, he extricated himself from the embarrassing 'naught.'

A few days later the market turned. 'Sugars were lively.' An unexpected and enormous rise in price enabled Bracq to redeem the diamonds and laid the foundation of his great fortune.

A Special Privilege.

The widowed Princess of Nazal is the only upper-class woman in Egypt who is allowed to see men, and has this privilege through the special order of the Sultan.

About Luck.

"I don't believe in luck myself," said Mr. Gozslaby, "but what do you suppose a horse on a ferryboat thinks when he finds that the wagon he's crowded up ag' in front is loaded with hay?"

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