

The Clown's Vengeance.

That evening there was a great concourse of people on the Place de la Liberté. The Rosati Circus was giving its last performance, and the public of Toulon was flocking in crowds to this farewell representation. At the doors beneath the flickering gleam of the rows of gas-lights, there was a careless crush and movement; an endless line was slowly winding its way in, halting at every step and hammering the sounding plants with a confused clatter. All around, on the notice boards stuck in the ground, the colors of the flaming posters were displayed and, bathed in the garish light, dazzled the eye. In the crowd of spectators and idlers every one was reading aloud the placard which stood conspicuous in front:

Positively the Last Time
this evening
Last Performances
of
Princes Icarus
(The Flying Man)
of
Mlle. Rita
and of
Aesop
(The Grasshopper Clown.)

Within the circus the seats were already overflowing, and the same names repeated from mouth to mouth blended into a general murmur deadened by the canvas roof over the ring. Some of the circus-men were raking the sawdust on the track, and above the door to the stables, the musicians were languidly tuning their instruments, or, at times, addressing friends who passed beneath the gallery. "That you? Marius, how goes it?" etc. In the upper rows the audience was alive with impatience for the expected spectacle, and irritated by the passing of the young fashionable "first-nighters"—envied frequenters behind the scenes—who pressed in a crowd to the narrow entrance leading to the greenroom.

Officers in civilian dress, and students, ship-brokers and idle dandies all wished for the last time to get near the fair Mlle. Rita, the celebrated equestrienne, who, for a month, had been the subject of conversation in every mess-room and every club. They stepped along, the elbow and the elbows between the walls that were covered with sets of varnished harness, and begged pardon every time they jostled a groom. They stopped at the stalls of Blue Devil and Djinn, the two trick Arabians, and, under pretext of giving some sugar to the horses, flattered about the extemporized dressing-room where Rita, tranquil and smiling, was donning her attire. Then came the commonplace compliments to which the star of the circus, unheeding, scarcely deigned to give an answer, without seeming to note the ardent gaze of her admirers.

She was a handsome girl, a careless gypsy, with the sun in her eyes and her blood, accustomed to the atmosphere of admiration, and she finished her toilet without hurrying. At times, however, she gave her shoulders a shake and made the pearls of her necklace rattle. It was when the little clown Aesop, her husband, who, all belovéd and painted, was walking before the room, his huge top-knot swaying at every step, drew near, and his sharp falsetto voice lunched some taunt at the artist's courtiers. They laughed, they even applauded, but, more often, they lowered their eyes before the cutting, cold gaze of the dwarf, whose wan and grotesque face—in spite of the smile of his blood-red and too large lips—seemed at some moments to be fraught with evil.

This evening the manikin was in a worse humor than usual; his jeers were more biting and more bitter, and beneath the coat of flour covering his reamed features he appeared not pale but livid. His eyes had a sharp and menacing flash in them, and never left Rita, who, gayly posed before her mirror, was having her bodice laced by the handsome gymnast Icarus.

In the circus the orchestra was finishing a waltz by Metra. The curious were gradually quitting the stable and returning to their places. The sharp cuts of the ring-master's whip was cracking in the arena; the show had begun. Icarus placed a last rose in the hair of the equestrienne and ran to chalk her shoes. He stumbled against his dwarfish comrade.

The clown seemed very busy in examining the gas-metre, and pushed him away with an oath. Then without more ado, the acrobat sent him reeling, and leaping on a ladder, cried, with a laugh, "Out of the way, you pitiful pigmy!"

Aesop uttered a roar of rage and anger, then suddenly calming himself, returned to the metre, and after having followed with an eye of hatred the ascent of Icarus, began fumbling with the mechanism of the stop-cocks.

A great clapping of hands. A frantic ovation. Two hundred pretty women dropped their fans, and leveled their opera-glasses, and, a trifle pale, smiled with a delicious dread. Icarus was up there—high up at the top of the circus—hanging to the last trapeze, and turning over and over in it, slowly, and without an effort.

At times he paused, and his face was seen radiant in the too high pride of triumph. Below, in the ring, the clowns were stretching a circular net, and in all the circus reigned deep silence broken only by a feminine whisper: "How graceful! What a handsome fellow!"

The gymnast then, finding his public sufficiently warmed up, raised himself at one pull, stiffening himself on his wrists. The trapeze, violently thrown back, described a great arc, and letting go the bar, the man shot forward like an arrow into space.

There was a feeling of apprehension in the crowd, and an "Oh!" of fright uttered by a thousand hearts. The acrobat reached the second trapeze, and calmly

let himself swing in its decreasing oscillations.

Slowly he thus darted eleven times, calm and smiling as he made the tour of the circus, and rejoicing at feeling beneath him the immense panting of the throng.

At the eleventh trapeze he paused to prolong this immotion—his glory—and his eyes sought out Rita. The equestrienne saw him, and with the handle of her whip threw him a kiss.

The elated Icarus, hanging by one hand, saluted her; then he brought his trapeze to rest. He was about to complete his task.

"Enough," said some voices. "No! Bravo! Encore!" cried the ladies, eager to feel once more the perverse joy of an enticing pain.

For the twelfth time the handsome gymnast, stiffening his muscular arms essayed his terrible flight.

And an appalling cry of terror, a frantic shout arose.

In an instant, suddenly—like a candle put out by the flap of a bat's wing—the thousand glistening lights of the circus were extinguished all together, at the precise and fatal moment when the man was darting into space.

At the same instant there rose from the ring a laugh, terrible, vibrating with hate.

Then in the black and hideous obscurity, in the pitchy darkness that filled the circus lately so blazing, poignant shrieks rolled from row to row. Women fainted, and the spectators, with their hearts crushed in hopeless terror, shudderingly sat as if petrified in their places and peered into the night that filled the dome. The net was empty, the acrobat must be looked for in the gloom. In the search, lanterns were brought and carried toward the top of the circus. Five minutes—five centuries, elapsed. Some one cried, "Benegal lights!"

Then, while here and there people were trying to relight the burners, a blaze of violet and red, of green and azure, flashed out and with a powerful illumination lit up at one flash every corner of the circus with its fantastic and trembling gleams.

And suddenly, as in the flames of a transformation scene, was seen, rigid, clamped to the trapeze, Prince Icarus, hanging motionless.

An unheard of horror paralyzed him in a supernatural frenzy. His distorted face, whiter than that of a corpse, his haggard eyes, protruding from their sockets, rolled convulsively.

Soon his comrades were near him. With the handle of his knife Aesop struck the gymnast's hands, and with great difficulty detached from the bar the clamped hands of the miserable man.

The gas was relighted, and the crowd, silently and without a breath, watched, as it was slowly lowered down, the descent of the living corpse.

There is to-day near Marseilles, in the Asylum of Saint Pierre, a poor madman who stalks straight forward, his arms held in front and contracted in an imaginary grip. It is a frightful sight. It is "Prince Icarus."

I do not know what jail holds Aesop. As to the fairy Rita, she is now a princess somewhere in Germany.

Gold was Found

In the discovery of so wonderful a remedy as Nerviline—nerve-pain cure. No remedy in the market affords such prompt relief for toothache, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Its action in cramps, colic, &c., is simply marvellous.

Early Writers on Smoking.

The fact has been discovered that Shakespeare never mentions smoking or makes the slightest allusion to the habit. This is the more curious, as most of his contemporaries Ben Jonson, Decker and others, discuss the then new fashion at length, and the humorist and satirist of the time lost no opportunity of deriding and making game of the votaries of the weed. The tobacco merchant was an important personage in the time of James I. The Elizabethan pipes were so small that when they are dug up in Ireland the poor call them fairy pipes. King James himself was one of the most virulent opponents of the habit, and in his ludicrous "Counterblasts" calls it a vile and sinking custom "borrowed from the beastly, slavish Indians—poor, wild, barbarous men—brought over from America and not introduced by any worthy or virtuous or great personage."

He argues that tobacco is not dry and hot; that its smoke is timid like all other smoke, and is therefore bad for the brain, which is naturally wet and cold. He denies that smoking purges the head or stomach, and declares that many have smoked themselves to death.—Medical Record.

Book Buyers.

During a recent book sale in this city there were many calls for Henryk Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis." One girl appeared with a card bearing this: "Quodidiz," by "Stinkwitz." Another reader asked for "Two Waders," by "Sinkers," while a third demanded "That book by the man whose name ends 'itch'."

While the sale was going on, a woman asked a cash girl:

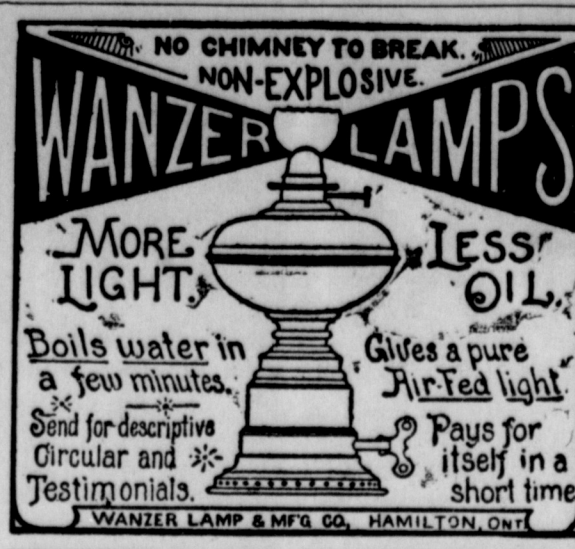
"Can you find 'David Copperfield'?"

"I'll see," said the girl, and disappeared. She presently returned, and said:

"No, mum. He don't work here no more."

Another customer at the sale was a woman who drove up in her carriage. She explained to the clerk that she had just moved into her own house.

"The library," she said, "is 60 by 100 and the shelves run around the whole shooting match." She looked at the stock of books, and sweeping her hand over a lot



of shelving containing about 1,500 volumes she said: "Send those books up." As the assortment contained broken sets, odd volumes, duplicates and paper-covered novels, her library will be a motley collection.—Chicago Chronicle.

No Map of the United States.

"The school children of the Bermudas know nothing of American history," says a New York woman who has just returned from Hamilton. One day I stopped and talked with a bright little colored boy on the street. The Bermuda negro, you know, is superior in intelligence to the Southern negro of this country. He has neither the thick lips nor the flat nose of our American negro. His superiority is accounted for by the fact that he has in his veins the blood of the Indians captured in King Philip's war and taken as slaves to the Bermudas.

"Do you go to school?" I asked the boy.

"Yes'm."

"Who owns these islands?"

"England."

"Who rules England?"

"Queen Victoria."

"Where are the United States?"

"South of Canada."

"And do you know who is president of the United States?"

"Yes'm; George Washington."

"When I had visited one of the little schools at Hamilton I did not wonder that Washington was the only American president the boy had heard of. On the walls were maps of every important country in the world but our own, and I found that the teachers said as little of the United States as they could."—New York Sun.

Cancer.

Cancer defies the surgeon but yields to our vegetable home treatment. Full particulars 6c. (stamps). Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Rice at Weddings.

A clergyman in the Eastern colonies has issued a request to his people not to throw rice at weddings, on the ground that the practice means a great deal of extra cleaning up from the church and church yard. "If you must shower something symbolic of blessings on their heads," he says, "let it be outside." If, when a bridegroom himself, he had had rice thrown in his eye he would have taken a more serious view of the matter. I have known the best part—that is, the first part—of a honeymoon passed with an oculist instead of a bride in consequence of this custom. If the rice must be thrown, let it be boiled first.—Illustrated London News.

Prisoners Refuse to Leave.

Abyssinia is likely to be conquered peacefully by Italy, as over 4,000 soldiers taken prisoners by Menelek are said to have settled in the country, refusing to go home. Meanwhile their families are petitioning the government either to get back the men who disappeared after Adana or declare them dead officially, so that affairs in Italy may be settled.



WEAR Trade Mark
SUSPENDERS
GUARANTEED

BORN.

Kentville, May 16, to the wife of Mr. Fred W. Hiltz a son.

Truro, May 17, to the wife of Mr. C. A. Armstrong a son.

Halifax, May 13, to the wife of Mr. Enos Rafuse a daughter.

Truro, May 8, to the wife of Mr. M. M. McLearn a daughter.

Kentville, May 16, to the wife of Mr. C. S. Nixon a daughter.

Joggins Mines, May 16, to the wife of W. C. Dick a daughter.

Truro, May 4, to the wife of Mr. Wm. McDonald a daughter.

Scott's Bay, May 2, to the wife of Mr. George Parson a son.

Moser River, May 5, to the wife of Mr. Neil Fraser a daughter.

Hortonville, May 15, to the wife of Mr. W. D. Patterson a son.

Scott's Bay, May 7, to the wife of Mr. Norman Steele a son.

Chatham, May 10, to the wife of Mr. George R. Matvey a son.

Mink Cove, May 11, to the wife of Mr. E. A. Gidney a son.

Freepoint, May 11, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Campbell a daughter.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISH STAIN



is stain ground in varnish. It stains the wood and varnishes it in one operation. It is made in the following colors: cherry, oak, mahogany, rosewood, walnut, ebony. It is prepared ready for the brush and very easy to put on. We recommend it for furniture, and bric-a-brac and any of the woodwork about the house; also for floors.

It can be used over painted surfaces, if a suitable ground color is put on first. Sample cards and booklet sent free to any address.

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100 Canal St., Cleveland.
387 Washington Street, New York.
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STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

Fredericton.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

While navigation permits, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton for Woodstock on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday, the 18th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.

Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Tues. and Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unparalleled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamers, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax.....7.00

Express for Halifax.....13.10

Express for Sussex.....16.25

Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.20

Express from Moncton(daily).....10.30

Express from Halifax.....13.10

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.3

Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Company's Lines

.....TO THE.....

Klondike.

Present fares St. John to Vancouver or Victoria, B. C. \$35. first; \$25. second. From Vancouver or Victoria to Glenora via Wrangle \$50. first; \$35. second class. These rates include meals and berths on Steamers, excepting between Wrangle and Glenora. From Glenora contractors are putting teams on Teslin Trail.

Equally low rates from other points quoted on application.

Send for "Klondike and Yukon gold folder" and other advertising matter, and apply for reservations on Steamers to

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. General Passer. Agent,
St. John, N. B.