

## ONE OF CALEB'S WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

Happening in the Penguin Household on the Occasion of the First Snow.

'There is one kind of insomnia that I don't find in the books,' said Mr. Penguin, 'though it is, if not as old as the hills, at least as old as mankind. That is the insomnia that is brought upon us by the wakefulness of children; and I don't refer now by any means to the time honored wakeful infant that we walk the floor with nights, and that sort of thing, but to youngsters, say, of the age of my Caleb, who is 6.'

'Now, Caleb, as a rule goes to bed at 8 o'clock and sleeps beautifully until 7 or 8 the next morning; but occasionally he gets a wakeful streak; and then Mrs. Penguin myself know there will be no sleep for us until 3 o'clock in the morning. It may be some perfectly simple thing—or simple to most people—that keeps Caleb awake.'

The most recent occasion of his wakefulness was the season's first snowstorm. That made a great impression on Caleb and filled him with delight. He was more than pleased, not alone over the prospect of sliding in the morning, but over the marvelous snow itself. I doubt if we older people can realize, in our maturer years, the impression made upon children by the wondrous spectacle of the falling snow.

'Well, it was snowing when Caleb went to bed, and after his mother had tucked him in and kissed him good night and left him, Caleb lay there and sung softly to himself. Usually he turns over on his side and goes to sleep in about a minute or a minute and a half at the outside, but that night he just lay there and sung so himself he was very quiet in his manner, but he was all keyed up just the same, and sure to lie there awake, with brief intervals of dozing until 3 o'clock in the morning. He keeps very still, though, now, for he doesn't want to disturb you, and he's stopped singing long ago, but he hears you when you are going to bed at 10 o'clock and he asks what he means shall be his only question, for then he's going to sleep. When you do he doesn't want to disturb you.'

'Is it snowing yet?'

'And you, with perhaps rather incautious emphasis, with an interest of your own in the snow, or one caught from him: 'Yes, hard.'

'And that starts Caleb to singing again, but he stops soon and quiet settles down and we all go to sleep; or, as it turns out, all but Caleb; for after a while a voice gradually breaks in on us:

'Mom! mom! mom! mom!'

'That's little Caleb calling to his mother, and calling as gently as he can, but with the persistency of children; and when his mother asks 'What is it, Caleb?' Caleb asks 'What time is it?' The clock strikes as he speaks, eleven. 'Eleven o'clock, Caleb,' his mother says. 'Now go to sleep.' And Caleb tries to, but finds he can't, and presently begins to whistle very softly to himself; but it's plain enough for us all, and we settle down now to wait for Caleb. When he dozes we get ready to, or we may even doze off ourselves; but in a minute we hear the soft whistling again, and pretty soon Caleb speaks:

'Mom! mom! Mom! mom!'

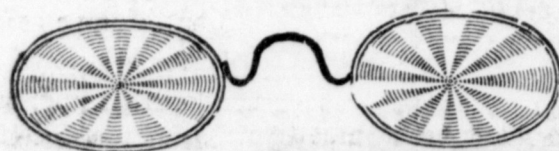
'And when 'Mom' says: 'What is it, Caleb?' Caleb says: 'I tell you what I'd like for Christmas, Mom.'

'What is it, Caleb?' his mother asks, and Caleb says:

'A new sled; and then he goes on to tell with great detail what sort of a sled he wants. And his mother listens patiently all the way through, until Caleb, fearful that she has not heard it all, winds up with 'Hey, mom! and mom says All right Caleb now go to sleep.' And Caleb tries again and compromises this time with soft singing.

'At 1 o'clock he announces that he can't go to sleep.'

'Oh, yes, you can his mother tells him. 'I keep thinking of the snowstorm,' says Caleb.



Eyes Tested Free

—BY—

EXPERT OPTICIANS.

The best \$1 glasses in the world.

Everything at cut prices.

Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

**BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,**

25 King St. St. John, N. B.  
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

## Acute Rheumatism

**Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.**

'For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post.'

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

**Hood's Pills**  
are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 25 cents

'Oh well' his mother tells him, you go to sleep, and you'll forget all about it.

'But at 2 o'clock Caleb asks: 'Is it snowing yet? And you hearing the wintry blast as it sweeps against the window answer but with more calmness this time: 'E—yeh.'

'Then a period of quiet, and then more low whistling and singing; and finally, at 3 A. M.

'What time is now,' and you tell him. 'Three o'clock.'

'And then Caleb goes to sleep.'

**A CANADIAN RAILWAY GENIUS.**  
A Millionaire Who Worked for two Shillings a Day.

Among the comparatively few individuals who have risen from humble circumstances to eminent positions and millionaires there is probably no more extraordinary case than that of Mr. James J. Hill, president and controller of three large American railways, which give employment to 30,000 men.

Mr. Hill was born on a little Canadian farm sixty years ago, and is a fair specimen of a crossbreed—his father being an Irishman and his mother a Scotchwoman. His father, it appears, gave him a fair education, his idea being to make him a minister. This calling, however, did not suit the young man's taste, so he left his home and journeyed to St. Paul, where he procured work as a coal-shoveller on the quays, his wages being 2s. a day.

His employers, however, quickly recognized that he had ability for a higher post, and promoted him to the position of clerk, and afterwards to that of levee agent. He worked in St. Paul for eight years, at the end of which time he occupied a position of trust in one of the large river transport firms.

At this period the American War broke out, and although Hill offered his services he was not accepted. He remained in St. Paul, and was offered the agency of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway. With the acceptance of this agency his wonderful career as a railway genius begins. His active mind quickly perceived the great future for railway transportation and interesting himself in some wealthy bankers he formally opened the Great Northern line in 1893, which was followed in due course by the Northern Pacific and the Baltimore and Ohio lines, which represent investments to the value of over £175,000,000, all controlled by Mr. Hill.

Over these lines which can boast of a total length of 14,000 miles, 4,000 passenger cars and 80,000 freight cars, drawn by 1,500 locomotives, are continually travelling, conveying passengers and goods. Mr. Hill has also not neglected the water transit part of his system of transportation. He has steamers traversing the Pacific from Seattle to Japan and China, as well as vessels on the great lakes.

Mr. Hill modestly puts his personal wealth down to £8,000,000, which he has made entirely through his own energy. He has a beautiful home in St. Paul, its crowning feature being a magnificent art gallery, which extends 200ft. in length, and is declared to be the best and largest collection of masterpieces on the other side of the Atlantic. One of his hobbies is that of stock-raising, and his summer seat, which is situated some twenty miles or so from St. Paul, is an immense farm of 4,000 acres, and the cattle to be found there can be numbered in thousands.

### Alcoholic Milk.

It has long been known that ginger-beer is a favorite drink of teetotalers, as being cooling and refreshing, but it is not so generally known that it contains an appreciable quantity of alcohol—about 2 per cent. It has now been discovered by a German chemist, Dr. H. Weller, that milk containing alcohol can be got 'straight from the cow.' Dr. Weller was employed to examine some milk which had an irritating taste, and discovered that it contained alcohol to the amount of 0.96 per cent.

The cause was not far to seek, for the herd belonged to a distillery, and were fed on the waste, which obtained alcohol, which alcohol was excreted in the milk. It will, however, be a comfort to really enthusiastic teetotalers to know that the obnoxious addition was easily driven off by heat. Alcoholic preparations of milk, such as koumiss, have of course been known from time immemorial; but the fact of alcoholic milk straight from the cow is, at first sight, startling.

### MR. GALLOWAY'S AMBITION.

It was Curbed by His Uncle's Tale, Sim's Boy, and a Shark.

'When I was a lad,' said Tom Galloway of Warwick, 'I was eager to become one of those who go down to the sea in smacks and tawls for cod, but about that time an uncle of mine began to bring in tales that caused my eagerness to lag somewhat, and I never knew, from personal contact, the perils and hardships of the cod fisherman's life.'

'That uncle of mine was a sailor, an all-around sailor. It was all the same to him whether he sailed as a deckhand on a ferryboat, steersman on a raft or able seaman before the mast. Besides my eagerness to snake in codfish off the Banks I inclined towards harpooning whales in the North Seas. When my uncle came home one time he said he had just got back from a three year's cruise off Greenland catching whales. I told him I thought I would go with him when he went for another cruise. He said all right. There would be a good chance for me as they were three men short.

'All eat up by sharks last trip,' he said. 'I didn't say much more about going after whales to uncle just then, but his memory seemed to be refreshed by my bringing the subject up and he became reminiscent.

'A curious thing about it was,' said he, 'that by rights we should have lost five of the crew. Sim Clipp, the cook, took a fever, and when he kicked the bucket we tied an old grindstone and a rusty blubber axe to him to give him weight and tossed him overboard. As poor Sim's body struck the water a big shark came up, opened his jaws wide enough to take in a barrel, and down into that shark's maw went Sim. I know it wasn't just the right thing to do,' said my uncle, 'but as I see Sim go into the shark I couldn't help saying to myself that if Sim wasn't any better than some of the grub he used to dish up for us that shark would be sorry it took him in before Sim had been on his stomach ten minutes. I thought maybe the shark might get away with the grindstone and the axe, but Sim would puzzle its digestion, sure.'

'Sim's boy Jack was one of us, and when he saw his father pass in between the shark's jaws he gave a yell and jumped overboard. The shark hadn't got his jaws shut yet, and the boy went straight in after his father. I remember,' said my uncle, 'that the Captain was mad as thunder, and swore that he might just as well have scurvy the worst kind aboard-ship as to have sharks gobbling his crew, this making five, that had gone to make victuals for 'em, and he ordered us to keep a lookout for sharks and make way with every one we saw.'

'About an hour after the cook and his boy disappeared an old leviathan of a shark came up right alongside of us and looked wishful. We baited a shark hook with blubber, handed it over to the big fish and in a half a minute had the old man-eater fast. We got him aboard by hard work butchered him, and cut him open. And what should we find inside of him but Sim Clipp and his boy. We had captured their shark. I said then, and always will say,' said my uncle, 'that the shark discovered what a job he had on his stomach and actually followed us to get caught and be saved a lot a future misery.'

'But the tinniest part of the whole matter was, Sim and his boy were both alive! We had made a mistake about Sim being dead. He was only in a trance when we cast him in the sea, and had gone down the shark's throat and come to just as his boy went thumping in against him. Sim and the youngster held a council, and what do you think they were doing when we cut the shark open? Rigging up the grindstone to sharpen the axe on, so they could cut a hole and get out!'

'My uncle left home again soon after that visit to go on another cruise, but my folks wouldn't let me go with him. So I was prevented from trawling in tempestuous seas for codfish and harpooning whales in boreal zones. Yet, bobbing for bullheads off in the stilly night and spearing suckers in the purling brook ain't so bad, after all, and I have done my share at both of 'em.'

### THE E. S. D. OF LOTTERIES.

How the Revenues of Some European Countries are Increased.

In the Prussian Budget of receipts and expenses for 1898 there is one item which may seem somewhat strange to British financiers—82,000,000 marks (equivalent to about £4,100,000) from authorized Government lotteries. The lottery is operated under the direct authority of the State, and prizes of 500,000 marks and other sums are offered at regular intervals.

There can be little doubt that this source of revenue raising is a remunerative one for lotteries are the rule rather than the exception in almost every country in Europe. In Italy this year, in the annual budget, there was one item—65,000,000 lire from lotteries, a sum equal to nearly £3,000,000.

Denmark made last year a net profit on its lotteries of 1,000,000 crowns, equivalent to about £50,000. In Holland, too, there is a State lottery, the net proceeds of which are figured each year at 659,000 guilders, or about £35,000. Portugal is another country which recruits its revenues from this source. In the year 1897 the Portuguese lottery gained 1,750,000 mil-rees (nearly £365,000). This country however, has some justification in its adherence to lotteries by reason of the fact that the finances are in an unsettled condition, the creditors are pressing against it, and that the expenditure has, for a number of years, exceeded considerably the revenue.

The Spaniards are great believers in the advantages offered by lotteries, and the financial plight of that country having become so serious, there will be started soon under the auspices of the Spanish Government a great lottery scheme, the receipts of which, minus the prizes, will be turned over to the Government for its needs. Circulars are being sent out, and it is expected that 500,000,000 pesetas, or about £17,000,000, will be netted for the Government. There are five capital prizes of 500,000 pesetas each.

Other countries that derive immense revenues from State lotteries mention might be made of France, Belgium, and Austria. Indeed, Vienna might be described as the hotbed of lotteries, for scarcely a day passes without a lottery taking place there.

There is a unique scheme in France in connection with the Ville de Paris Government bonds. These bonds each bear different numbers, and are Government stock of the value of £40 each. A small dividend, which varies slightly, is paid annually, and in addition to this bondholders have the right to participate in certain lotteries, which take place four times a year, the first prize being no less a sum than 100,000 francs. The bonds are guaranteed by the government, and, of course, the investment is a perfectly safe one, as well as a source of considerable income to the country.

### DELICIOUS PAPAWS.

He Overcome His Objection to the Fruit and now Swears by it.

Real lovers of that peculiar fruit, the papaw, which grows so luxuriantly along the river bottoms of the great Middle West do not hesitate to pronounce it the most delicious and altogether satisfying edible that nature turns out. It has been happily described as a 'natural custard,' its rich, golden-yellow pulp admirably carrying out the simile. Many persons cannot eat it at all, and many others have to acquire a liking for it.

A man from the far northeast, who was visiting a cousin in Ohio in early October was shown one day a fine, large specimen of the fruit.

'What is that?' he asked.

'Break it open and see,' was the reply. He broke it in two, inspected it, and smelt of it.

'Will it?' he said.

'Taste it.'

He did so.

'Faugh!' he exclaimed. 'What kind of game are you trying to play on me? I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world,' rejoined the cousin.

The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it but that was all.

'You'll be eating them by the hatful before you go back East,' said the cousin.

As having some bearing on the outcome of this prediction it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting room. 'What is Home Without a Mother?' a similar but smaller one: 'What is Home Without a Papaw?'

What is that? he asked.

'Break it open and see,' was the reply. He broke it in two, inspected it, and smelt of it.

'Will it?' he said.

'Taste it.'

He did so.

'Faugh!' he exclaimed. 'What kind of game are you trying to play on me? I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world,' rejoined the cousin.

The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it but that was all.

'You'll be eating them by the hatful before you go back East,' said the cousin.

As having some bearing on the outcome of this prediction it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting room. 'What is Home Without a Mother?' a similar but smaller one: 'What is Home Without a Papaw?'

'What is that?' he asked.

'Break it open and see,' was the reply. He broke it in two, inspected it, and smelt of it.

'Will it?' he said.

'Taste it.'

He did so.

'Faugh!' he exclaimed. 'What kind of game are you trying to play on me? I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world,' rejoined the cousin.

The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it but that was all.

'You'll be eating them by the hatful before you go back East,' said the cousin.

As having some bearing on the outcome of this prediction it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting room. 'What is Home Without a Mother?' a similar but smaller one: 'What is Home Without a Papaw?'

## Opera House,

Monday, Dec. 26.

H. Price Webber

AND THE...

Boston Comedy Co.

Supporting the Charming Actress, MISS EDWINA GREY, in Two great Plays.

AFTERNOON AT 2.30: The Honeymoon.

EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK: Gypsy Queen.

Matinee, 25c. to all parts of the house. Evening Prices, 25c. and 35c.

## Church School for Girls,

EDGEHILL, WINDSOR, N. S.

The Lent Term begins WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11, 1899.

For Calendar apply to

DR. HIND, Windsor, N. S.