

THEY PAID FOR THE FUN

AND THEY'RE GLAD THE PICNIC SEASON IS OVER.

They had a Very Enjoyable Outing of it but it Proved a Little Expensive in the end—How a Fredericton Lady Entertained her Friends.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 14.—The picnic season is about over for this year, and there are about a dozen or so young men in this city who are not sorry for it if all reports are to be believed. The reason for their lack of regret over the passing of the gay picnic season is said to have resulted from a most enjoyable though rather expensive outing, which they experienced at a popular out of town resort on Labor day, as the guests of a lady prominent in business as well as social circles. The lady in question some time ago conceived the brilliant idea of entertaining her young friends to an outing in the country, and meeting with every encouragement she at once began to make preparations for the event. She was determined that it should be a pronounced success in every way and in the minds of those who were to participate, rank as the swell picnic of the season. Having had some experience in the picnic line and being convinced that estableness was one of the most essential elements to success, the lady proceeded forthwith to the coffee rooms of the W. C. T. U. and ordered an elaborate "tuck out" for the merry maidens and gallant swains who came to be the guests. The young ladies were of course delighted when they learned that they had been relieved of the necessity of taking along the troublesome basket and Mrs. Blank was warmly commended on all sides for her generosity and thoughtfulness.

A four horse bus with seating accommodation for some thirty persons and the driver was instructed to put in an appearance at a place indicated on the morning of Labor day. The invitations were issued in due course, and it is usually the case with social functions of the kind in the neighborhood, the majority of acceptances came from members of the gentler sex. Still, the young men were not too slow—being in blissful ignorance of what was before them—and about ten of them managed to show up at the starting point at the appointed hour. Several of them had intended taking in the A. O. H. excursion to St. John, but as the price for ticket, \$1.25, seemed to them a little steep, they concluded to curtail their expenses, by spending the day among the hills and dales of Kingsclear. But it is sad to say that should the opportunity again present itself they would not hesitate a great while in coming to a decision and that decision would be different from the last one. Well, to make a long story short, the bus frightened with gay pleasure seekers got away almost on schedule time, and after a delightful drive of some eight or ten miles, the picnicers arrived at their destination safe and sound. The weather was delightfully cool and pleasant, as if designed by nature for such a festive occasion and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Dinner and tea were served on the green sward and all partook heartily of the good things so lavishly provided by their thoughtful hostess.

The drive home by the silvery light of the moon was indeed enjoyable. The male members were particularly jubilant, and made the woods echo and re-echo with some thrilling songs and choruses punctuated by an occasional cheer for she who gave the picnic. The young ladies were also in a happy frame of mind but less demonstrative than their male companions.

As the party approached the suburbs of the city one young man who was less particularly joyful on the way down was seen to engage in an earnest conversation with the hostess. The other male members of party noticing his thoughtful countenance were naturally somewhat curious to know the cause. It was not until the city was reached and the young ladies had been disposed of that their curiosity was satisfied on this point and fully satisfied at that. They were approached by the young man of the thoughtful countenance and politely informed that he had been doing some figuring along with the hostess, and it was his painful duty to announce as a result of his mathematical work that the amount to be assessed to defray the expenses of the trip, would be the insignificant sum of \$2 per man. Caterer he explained had sent in a little bill of \$14 for grub, which with the price of the team, made a total of \$24 to be "flushed". Had the young man exploded a bomb at their feet he could not have treated his companions to a greater surprise. They were almost thunderstruck and for a moment solemn stillness reigned; some of the young men, particularly those with a limited picnic experience, almost fainted. Several kicked vigorously against making such a large sized ante but there

did not seem to be any way out of the difficulty and in the end all were obliged to pay up but they refused to look pleasant. One young man had not participated in the picnic at all, but had enjoyed a drive from the picnic grounds to the bus. He was assessed the full amount. Another abandoned the bus a few miles from the city and rode home on a bicycle, he got off.

It came to pass, as the sequel to the affair, that the "kicking" made by the young men over paying the piper, reached the ears of the young ladies and they met and resolved to do something to relieve the feelings and pockets of their consorts, by sharing the expenses of the outing. They took up a collection and a day or two later each young man who was on the picnic and paid his share was somewhat astonished to receive a sealed envelope enclosing the sum of 75 cents. No word of explanation accompanied the cash and the young men are completely in the dark regarding the identity of the sender, but they have their suspicions. The affair incidentally leaked out and has caused no little amusement about the city.

A BEAUFISHING FLEET.

How the Pisarino Fisherman Enjoy Life—His Daily Life.

There is a "mosquito" fishing fleet at Pisarino. At early evening it puts out into old Fundy's tide and a fair sight greets the boatman's eye. Fifty gleaming little hulls—clinker and carvel,—a hundred tant and tugging spritsails, a hundred jolly fishermen, away they go racing for vantage places on the fishing grounds. Soon miles and miles of snaky net—buntline and sinker and cork—are trailed across the bay, and as the river-seeking salmon strike them and mesh themselves and struggle, they thrill their tally to the chappies in the boats.

A Pisarino fishing boat is a wonder. Twenty-one feet long, with a beam of seven feet two inches, and thirty-two inches deep, she sports two spritsails large enough for a small schooner. Her centre-board is six feet long and sixteen inches wide, and she carries five hundred weight of stone ballast on each side of her centre-board-box. Her fishing outfit consists of eight new 80 fathom salmon nets, fifteen meshes deep, "halfoled" or (deepened,) by sewing other nets of the same size, but of last year's make, to the bottom of them; two pairs of oars, a five gallon water cask, an anchor, a painter and a lantern. Thus laden with crew aboard and centre-board up she floats in fifteen inches of water.

Blow high or low, in rain, fog or merry weather, throughout the fishing season from May till August, each afternoon when the tide comes creeping up the shore, these little boats nodding so sleepily at their moorings in their little harbor, seem suddenly to awake as though alarmed. With a common impulse they spread their wings and keeping as near their leader as they may, they send away as though pursued. By Manawagonish, and Thumb Cap and the Shag Rocks they fly, by Partridge Island and the mouth of the great St. John, by Mispic and Cape Spencer, until, in the quiet, or the tumult, of the middle bay they reach their nightly destination, fold their wings, and settle down to bob and roll, and tumble and nestle in the tideway. Soon the nets are out and it is drift away until morning.

Sometimes the occupants of one of these little boats are started by two great eyes, one green and one red, suddenly staring at them out of the darkness, and they know that some sailing vessel is bearing straight upon them. Then they give tongue. "Luff her! luff her! You Nova Scotia Dutchman luff her!" Usually this is effective. One eye closes as the vessel changes her course, and then the other, and nets and boat are safe.

Frequently, however, it unfortunately happens that in avoiding one fishing boat a vessel runs over the nets of another. This means damage, and across the dark and vasty deep there goes swirling a tornado of vituperation, destructively including in its widening, speeding circles, every skipper and every ship that sails the bay at night, from Point Lepreaux to Digby Gut and from Briar Island to "Blow-me-down."

And the cave from whose mouth this whirlwind blew you may discover, if you look for him next day, asleep on his back in the sun on the Pisarino beach one top boot crossed peacefully over the other, the back of his head in his elbow and his hat serving as an extinguisher for his nose. Not that his nose particularly needs an extinguisher unless mayhap he snores, but at home he never drinks nor even swears, for the women who are deftly mending his broken nets up on the hillside would surely bring him to book if he did, and none would be seen being beamed home from church or temperance meeting by him. So he has to be good. But alas how different we are ashore and afloat.

At evening he is ready again to take his place in the fleet and sails away thoughtless alike of his surroundings abroad and his blessings at home.

Early morning finds the drifting fleet off Musquash. With the dawn the fruitful nets are hauled in, the spritsails spread again, and about the time that you and I are wondering whether we had better open our eyes, the anchors are dropped in the little harbour, the carrying boat has made its round, and "the squire and his brother" are sailing away with the "catch" to market.

THE MURDERED EMPRESS.

Life of Elizabeth of Austria, who was Killed in Geneva.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria has been conspicuous for many years in Europe for the persistent effort she has made to official duties and functions pertaining to her position, and to lead her own life in her own way. This has led to many accusations of eccentricity against her, and at times to suspicion as to her sanity, which was strengthened by the fact that she was a member of the Wittelsbach family, in which insanity has broken out repeatedly, the two best known cases of late years being the late King Ludwig II. and the present mad King Otto.

The murdered Empress was the second daughter of Duke Maximilian, and was born on Christmas eve of 1837. She was therefore in her sixty-first year. Late in middle life she was held to be one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and she was particularly proud of her long hair, falling to the ground, which she was fond of wearing loose, even on public occasions. She was but a few months over 16 years of age when she was married to the Emperor Franz Josef, in April, 1854. A romantic story is told of the marriage, which, on the Emperors part at least was a love match. His mother, the Archduchess Sophia, had decided that he should marry the eldest daughter of Duke Maximilian, who subsequently became Princess Thurn and Taxis, and Franz Josef, who throughout his life has been an easy-going man, was ready to comply with her wishes. He therefore visited his future father-in-law preparatory to the announcement of the engagement, but, before meeting his destined bride, caught sight of a young girl, hardly more than a child, in the woods, and fell violently in love with her at once. On finding out that she, too, was a daughter of the Duke, he insisted that she should be his wife, and had his will in spite of his mother's objections.

The young Empress was received coldly by her mother-in-law and by the court at Vienna. She found the etiquette and ceremonial irksome after the open air life to which she had been accustomed, and never became reconciled to it. Her disinclination to submit to formalities increased in later life, so that in recent years she had rarely appeared at any court functions. She preferred Budapest and Hungary, where the restrictions were not so great, to Vienna. As a result, she was never popular in the Austrian capital.

She bore her husband four children, of whom two daughters are now living, the Archduchess Gisela, married to Prince Leopold, second son of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Valerie, married to Archduke Franz Salvator of the Tuscany branch of the Hapsburgs. Her first child a daughter, died at the age of 2 years at Budapest, and with her death the Empress's marked avoidance of society is said to have first become noticeable. A touching story was told of this event in *Outing* some years ago. On returning to the palace after the funeral the Empress, who had borne herself unmoved in the church, was going up the steps with her husband, with the court following them, when a big dog with which the baby was accustomed to play came bounding down to her. She burst into tears, dropped on the ground beside the dog and sat there crying over him till the Emperor was able to lead her to her rooms. The dog slept in her bedroom till it died, and she shunned Budapest for years. When her husband was crowned King of Hungary, however, after the disasters of 1886, the Hungarians presented the old castle of Godollo to her; she took a liking to the place, where she was able to live the open-air life she loved, and spent much of her time there. She was fond of animals, and especially of horses; she was called the best horsewoman in Europe, and would ride at anything when hunting. She took great interest too, in horse breeding.

She withdrew more and more from court functions, and after the tragic death of her only son, the Crown Prince Rudolf, was rarely seen by the Viennese. She had drifted away from her husband, as her children grew up. Through all her wanderings no breath of scandal ever touched the Empress Elizabeth; the same cannot be said of the Emperor. Her habit of taking long journeys outside of Austria be-

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gan long before her son's death. For years she went to England and to Ireland during the hunting season and by her reckless riding seemed to court death. The crew of her yacht, the *Miramar*, in which she cruised about the Mediterranean, learned to expect to sail whenever the weather was stormy. In whatever exercise she took up her endeavor seemed to be to tire herself out. The disgraceful circumstance surrounding the Crown Prince's death at Meyerling, whether it was the result of a duel, a murder or a suicide, made her still more anxious to avoid men's eyes. She spent large sums of money in building chapels to his memory in different parts of the empire. The building craze took possession of her and she spent millions of florins on her Villa Achilleion in the island of Corfu, where she proposed to end her days. She gave up the idea last year, however, and the villa was sold for much less than it had cost.

For years she had suffered from sciatica; the disease grew so that some years ago she was obliged to give up her favorite exercise of horseback riding. She then took to walking long distances, twenty or twenty-five miles a day. This the doctors also stopped this spring, and a few weeks ago it was announced that the rheumatism from which she suffered was incurable and must lead to her death within a few months. The Empress's eccentricities and her long withdrawals from society have repeatedly led to a report that she had become insane and was confined in an asylum. She preserved her fine figure and much of her beauty to the last. She came out of retirement, making her first appearance at a court function, last spring when at a court ball two her granddaughters were introduced to society.

The Empress Elizabeth was an educated woman and a generous patron of literature and art. Her favorite poet was Heine; she had a monument to him erected on the grounds of her Achilleion when one German town after another was refusing to do him that honor. Besides speaking well the language of civilized Europe, she was said to be able to speak all the tongues found in the babel of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and when well past middle life, thinking to live on a Greek island, she took up the study of Greek and learned to speak it.

The crime committed upon her is a particularly cowardly and senseless one, as for years she had gone about practically unattended, it being her custom to walk or ride ahead of the few persons being her suite. When her incognito was really unknown and she could feel safe from the annoyance of being started at, she often went about alone.

A STRANGE CASE.

MR. JAS. CROSGREY OF PORT HOPE TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY.

His Right Leg Swollen to Three Times its Natural Size—Ulcers Followed and for a Year and a Half Doctors' Treatment Failed to Help Him.

From the Port Hope Times.

"It was nearly as large as that telephone pole." These words were used by Mr. Jas. Crosgrey, for eight years a resident of Port Hope, Ont. Mr. Gregory is in the employ of Mr. R. K. Scott, who has a feed store on Walton street, and is well and favorably known in town and vicinity. Less than two years ago Mr. Crosgrey was the recipient of much sympathy on account of a severe affliction which befel him, depriving him of the use of his right leg, and from doing any labor except a few odd days work. His recovery was wrought so suddenly and completely that the Times considered the matter would be of sufficient interest to its readers to obtain an interview with Mr. Crosgrey. In substance Mr. Crosgrey told the following story of his illness:— "In April, 1895, I was laid up

for seven weeks with typhoid fever, and after I recovered from the fever my right leg began to swell. It was very painful indeed and in a few weeks it was three times its natural size—nearly as large as that telephone pole," and he pointed to a stick of timber ten inches in diameter. "Nothing the doctor did gave me relief, and I consulted another with the same result. I suffered for nearly five months when I noticed that the swelling began to decrease and I became hopeful of recovery. But the improvement only continued for a short time and then the swelling became greater and two big ulcers formed on the inside of the ankle. These ulcers were right through to the bone and you could put that much into them," and Mr. Crosgrey indicated on his thumb an object an inch in length. "For the next year and a half I was treated by four or five doctors but my leg and the ulcers were as bad as ever. The doctor pronounced the disease phlebitis or inflammation of the veins. They didn't seem to know what to do for me, however, and I despaired of getting well." Mr. Crosgrey's relief came in a strange manner, almost by chance one might say. He tells of it in this way:—"I had a relative living near Teeswater, named William Baptist. He heard of my condition and sent word to me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. His reason for recommending them he stated, was because they had cured him of serious trouble in both legs, when all the else had failed. I decided to try them and in less than five weeks the ulcers were completely healed and the swelling in my legs disappeared. The ulcers never returned and my leg is just about as sound as the other one. I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone cured me when doctors and all other medicines failed and I am willing that the details of my illness and cure be made known." Mr. Crosgrey who is 41 years of age, is now at work every day. The nature of his work, that of lifting heavy bags of flour and feed, is proof of his complete recovery. He is a life long friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lets an opportunity pass of speaking a good word for them. The above statement was sworn to before the undersigned at Port Hope, on the 17th of February, 1898. D. H. CHISHOLM.

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GOOD WORDS FROM OLD STUDENTS. No. 13.

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