

THE WORLD'S WARS.

Since the Birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 Men Have Been Slain.

Our civil war cost 303,000 lives. Of this number 98,000 were slain in battle. The vast army which succumbed to disease was no less than 184,331, while the remaining 20,000 or so died of wounds received.

At the battle of Waterloo 51,000 men were killed or disabled. There were 145,000 soldiers in that great struggle, and it is estimated that one man was either killed or disabled for every 400 shots fired, counting both the artillery and rifle shots.

In the Crimean war 95,615 lives were sacrificed, and at Borodino, when the French and Russians fought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battlefield. There were 250,000 troops to combat in that engagement.

Of the 95,615 men who perished in the Crimean war 80,000 were Turks and Russians.

At Cannae, however, where the Romans suffered the worst defeat in their history, it is said that 52,000 of their soldiers were slain. The Roman army in this battle consisted of 140,000 men—the picked brawn and sinew of the empire.

In the Franco-Prussian war 33,000 Frenchmen were killed. The Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle shots to attain this result. During the same war the Germans fired 363,000 artillery charges.

Since the birth of Christ 4,000,000,000 men have been slain in battle. Before the beginning of the Christian era the losses cannot be estimated, owing to the very indistinct and inaccurate accounts that have been handed down.

In none of the battles mentioned was dynamite used. In the wars of the future this terrible agent of destruction must be reckoned on. Men who have studied the morality statistics of the past shudder at the thought of what may be in store in the wars that are to come. Only recently has the use of dynamite in land warfare been considered safe for the army using it. The modern dynamite gun, however, has seemingly solved the problem, and the men who go to war hereafter will face an agent of destruction beside which the charges of Napoleon's old guard were child's play.—N. Y. Dispatch.

The Love of Machinery.

Most people are so pleased with the mere appearance of a pretty piece of machinery that they do not think deeply of its practicability. This characteristic of human nature is well understood by the dealers in mechanical inventions.

At an industrial exhibition—the introducer of a certain invention reports—a prosperous-looking farmer stood for some time before a brand-new and somewhat complicated piece of machinery, apparently lost in admiration. Finally he said to the exhibitor:

'Mighty useful machine that must be.' 'It is, indeed,' said the exhibitor. 'Kind of handy to have round, eh?' 'Decidedly.'

The farmer looked at it uneasily a moment more, and then said: 'Say, mister, what's it for?'

Cast-Offs Rarely Seen in the Street.

'I've seen old shoes in the street,' said Mr. Glimby, 'plenty of them, and wrecked umbrellas, and old hats, and cast-off coats and various other articles of wear, but until to day, and I've lived some years, did I see a pair of suspenders lying in the street, and this was only half a pair, by the way. I notice things habitually; it's a part of my business to see things, but I never before saw a pair of suspenders in the street, and I'll bet you a thousand dollars you never did.'

A Young Soldier.

The New York Tribune records the following instance of modern precocity:

Some people were talking recently of the Civil War, and the older members of the company had compared reminiscences.

'Which side were you on during the war,



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SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

Mrs. B. P. asked the old young girl of the party, turning to a bright little woman who confessed to having been born in '62.

'I was in arms on the Southern side,' was the quick reply.

Doctor Gatling and His Gun.

In spite of a trade with an unhappy name there is a kind of humane second thought in the ingenuity of the death-instrument maker. He may invent some thing so terrible as to make war impossible. This view lends an interest to the work of Dr. K. J. Gatling, the creator of the famous gun that fires two hundred shots a minute. Our surprise to be told that he is really a tender hearted man grows less when we know how he was led to contrive his murderous weapon. Seeing the trainloads of wounded and wrecks of regiments return from the front during the great war for the Union, he thought of the waste of industry and time and life in sending so many men into a deadly service. If war must slay, what a saving would be a single firearm that would shorten the slaughter from months to minutes, and finally appal contending armies so that they would refuse to face it! Doctor Gatling was a man in middle life then, but from the age of twenty-one he had shown skill as an inventor. The first fruit of his genius was a steamboat propeller-wheel. He had also originated several labor-saving devices for use in cotton culture, made a furrow drill that brought him a fortune from the Western wheat farmers, and patented a hemp-breaking machine and a steam plow. He is eighty years old now, and still inventing. Lately Congress voted him forty thousand dollars for his proof experiments in a new method of casting cannon. The fortitude and grit of the man constitute a character history, and illustrate a moral as well as physical vitality possessed only by those who are greater than their circumstances. He was a poor boy on a North Carolina plantation, who earned his own bread; a clerk at sixteen, a schoolmaster at eighteen, and at nineteen and twenty a country storekeeper tending counter by day and studying chemistry at night.

When he invented his propeller and took it to Washington he found that Ericsson had just secured a patent for a similar design—and all his labor was thrown away. A few years later he lost two thirds of the money he had realized—and invested—from the sale of his wheat drill. After he completed the 'Gatling gun,' a fire destroyed all his work and his patterns. When, a year or two later, he had duplicated his patterns and placed an instrument before the public, a rascally agent ran off with every cent of the sales. It is a robust quality of soul that can fight disappointment repeatedly, and try again. Doctor Gatling believes that the weapon which made him famous has served, and will serve, the cause of philanthropy. He is probably right. General Miles has told him how one exhibition of its effects before the chief of a savage tribe in the far West prevented an Indian war, and we have learned how, on both hemispheres, its use and that of rapid-fire cannon have made battles too terrible to be undertaken if they can be honorably avoided.

The Marquis of Granby furnishes the rare example of the eldest son of a peer sitting with his father in the house of Lords. Unlike his father the Duke of Rutland, still known to the fame as Lord John Manners, who was for nearly fifty years a prominent figure in the House of Commons, Lord Granby only sat for seven years until he was translated to the higher House as Baron Manners, of Haddon. The Marquis is the most enthusiastic of noble anglers and has travelled thousands of miles with his rod.

Strength of Spiders.

Naturalists say that, in proportion to their size, spiders are seven times as strong as lions.

BALLOONS IN WAR.

A Novel Battle in Cloudland Nearly Thirty Years ago.

The announcement that the balloon is destined to play a role in the present war with Spain recalls the aeronautic experiments made by the French during the great war in 1870 and 1871. As early as 1792 balloons were used for military signalling in France. But, in our times, during the siege of Paris by the German troops frequent attempts were made by Frenchmen to communicate with those inside the beleaguered city, and to despatch men and matter from the capital by means of balloons. In Paris itself, under the direction of Postmaster Rampart, a balloon post and transport service was established for carrying persons and Governmental as well as private mail matter from the besieged capital. Among the public men leaving the city in this way M. Gambetta will ever be remembered. Homing pigeons were also sent by this route to carry news back to Paris. A total of sixty-six balloons, according to Tissandier's 'En Ballon Pendant Le Siege de Paris,' left the besieged city, and 168 persons, 10,194 kilograms of postal matter, including 3,000,000 letters, 363 homers, five dogs, and two boxes of dynamite, were despatched by the aerial route. Of the balloons, fifty-two descended in France, five in Belgium, four in Holland, two in Germany, and one in Norway. Only five of them were captured by the Germans and two were never heard of, having been lost in the ocean.

Of all voyages of that time, however, none could compare for exciting and perilous incidents with that of the well-known aeronaut, M. Nadar, who left Tours for Paris with important Government despatches at 6 o'clock one fine December morning. At 11 he was in view of the capital on the Seine. While floating about 3,000 metres above Fort Clarenton, Nadar suddenly observed a second balloon on the horizon. Thinking it to be one leaving Paris, the French aeronaut at once displayed the tricolor of his country, and the other balloon responded by exhibiting the same flag. Gradually the two balloons approached one another, being drawn in the same direction by the same current of air. When they were separated by only a short distance several explosions were heard. The stranger had commenced to fire shots at Nadar's balloon—the 'Intrepid'—which began to descend rapidly. The French flag had by this time been replaced in the other balloon by the Prussian colors. The Parisians, who were watching the affair from the forts below, and who now realized the true character and object of the last arrival, cried out that their plucky compatriot was lost. But they were mistaken.

Nadar had scrambled from the car up the network of his airship after the first shot from the enemy, to stop a hole made in the tissue. Presently he descended to the car as the balloon righted itself, and throwing out a quantity of ballast, caused it to rise higher and higher. Then, seizing his rifle, he fired shots with rapid succession into the Prussian, which suddenly split and sank to the earth. On reaching the ground a detachment of Uhlans, who had been watching the combat from the plain, picked up the German aeronauts and rode off to the Prussian outposts. Nadar then alighted in safety within the girdle of the Paris forts, meeting with an enthusiastic ovation for his victory in the first balloon duel.

A Natural Conclusion.

The Philadelphia Record prints an amusing story of the late Pres. William H. Allen of Girard College and a lady of more inquisitiveness than intelligence. On one occasion a business matter called Mr. Allen to a small town in the central part of Pennsylvania. While sitting in the parlor of the country hotel in the evening, after transacting his business, he was taken in hand by the wife of the proprietor, who wanted to know all about his private affairs. Mr. Allen took it all in good part, and for

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a time was rather amused. Finally she asked: 'Have you much of a family?' 'Oh yes,' said he, and he smiled, as his mind reverted to the hundreds of pupils. 'How many children?' she persisted. 'Well,' said Mr. Allen, with great earnestness, 'I have five hundred, and all boys!'

On Women's Blushes.

In a learned work on criminology, it is stated that out of ninety-eight young men criminals, 44 per cent did not blush when examined, of 122 women criminals, 81 per cent did not blush. From this it seems that writers of fiction are all in the wrong, and that, instead of making their heroines betray their emotions by blushing, they should leave that part of the regulation programme to their admirers of the other sex. It is also noted by the author that women blush about the ears rather than on the cheek. Perhaps, some time soon, scientists will be able to tell us why, without apparent reason one or other of our ears suddenly blushes and burns, and if, as the old wives tell us, it is a sign that someone is speaking of us, how we can tell who it may be. We all know that it is 'right for spite, and left for love,' but the knowledge is not very useful to us, and nowadays we like to know the why and the wherefore of everything.

Archbishop and Architect.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was bishop of London, was dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace at Fulham, and called in an eminent architect to advise as to alterations. The architect took time to consider, and when he finally brought in his plans and estimates, the figures were so great that the Bishop relinquished his project. 'And now,' said the Bishop, 'I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble in the matter.' 'I thank your lordship,' was the answer; 'one hundred pounds.' The amount was disconcerting. 'Why, sir,' said the Bishop, 'many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service.'

Why he Departed.

Burke once rushed out of the House of Commons in a rage, because as he rose to speak, holding a bundle of papers a member jumped up, saying, 'Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not intend to read all those papers and to bore us with a speech in the bargain.'

'A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass,' whispered the witty George Selwyn. This old anecdote is 'capped' by one told in Sir M. Grant Duff's 'Diary' of a London engineer.

The engineer, though not easily worsted, admitted that he was once put to flight by a dealer in marine stores. He had gone to examine, from the man's back yard, a house which he was thinking of purchasing on behalf of a railway company. While standing there, he saw a huge mastiff making at him open-mouthed. 'Oh! you're in no danger, sir,' said the dealer, 'he's very particular about what he eats.' The engineer instantly left the yard.

The Confession.

'Clara,' said William Wharton, as he placed his arms around his wife and looked down into her eyes. 'I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise before I begin it, that you will forgive me.' A wild fear took possession of her. She placed a little white hand upon her heart, and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid and she could only gasp: 'Tell—tell me what it is.' 'I cheated a man out of £50 today,' he said. 'Can you darling—can you forgive me?' The color came back into her cheeks, her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile, she rested her head against his breast, and

looking fondly up into his eyes, said: 'Oh Will, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed some horrid woman.'

Rather Difficult, Though.

A certain popular divine, who is noted quite as much for his absent-mindedness on occasions as for his general piety, was called in once by a young couple, whose home had just been lightened by a miniature representative of the mother's self. The happy parents decided to have the christening at home. The minister took the child in his arms, and, in his kind, fatherly way, addressed a few words of advice to the young people. 'See that you train this child up in the way that he should go,' he began. 'Give him the benefit of a good example, and see that he is surrounded by the very best influences. If you do this, who knows but that he may become a general, a big politician, or even a Lord Mayor! What is his name?'

'Jennie,' demurely responded the mother.

Mr. Chamberlain's distaste for physical exercise is as marked as his passion for orchids. At no period in his life has he indulged in any form of sport, and walking is his special aversion. Practically the longest walk he takes when in London is from Prince's Gardens to his clubs in Pall or St. James' Street. To his sedentary habits he adds a love of smoking strong cigars—a conjunction which would be fatal to any man who did not possess the constitution of the Colonial Secretary.

The prespectroscope is a new American instrument for giving a single photograph or picture the appearance of solidity as if seen in a stereoscope. It is an arrangement of lenses and a pair of mirrors set at an angle such that the image of the picture is reflected into both eyes. The picture is at right angles to the eye-glasses.

To illustrate the rapidity of thought, a distinguished scientist says that if the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer, the brain will distinguish the fact that the blows are separate, and not continuous pressure, even when they follow one another as rapidly as 1 000 a second.

An authority on microscopy states that the hair of a woman can be distinguished by its construction from that of a man.

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SUGAR ..... Two pounds
CREAM OF TARTAR ..... One half ounce
LUKEWARM WATER ..... Two gallons
Dissolve the Sugar, Cream of Tartar, and Yeast in the water, then add the Extract; stir until thoroughly mixed and immediately bottle in strong bottles or jugs, corking and tying the corks as usual. Place the bottles in a warm place for several hours until the yeast can work sufficiently to make the contents effervescent, then store in a cellar or other cool place. If these directions are strictly followed and Fleischmann's or fresh homemade Yeast is used, failure to produce a bright, sparkling, foaming and refreshing drink is an impossibility.