

THAT FUNNY H.

The Funny Uses to Which the Little Letter is Put.

Now that English people are reading the dialect stories of Miss Wilkins, Mr. Cable, Owen Wister, and other American authors and are enjoying the amusing perversions of phraseology and pronunciation which the mother language undergoes in different parts of our wide country, they can afford to be less sensitive to the American delight in the remarkable variations of the aspirate in English.

That English H! We are all used to it in literature. We have good endless jokes about it. We know well the two famous test lines to discover a cockney—"The 'orn and the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," as 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is warbled within sound of Bow Bells," and Mark Twain's prize invention, it isn't the 'unting as 'urts the 'osses; it's the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway."

But none of these, and no acquaintance, however intimate, with Dickens's Sam Weller, and his numerous swarm of cockney companions or with Mr. Kipling's Ortheris of the famous Soldiers Three, will prepare an American for the thrill of recognition amazement and deep satisfaction which he will feel when he travels in England, and first encounters for himself that marvellous and meandering H!

When, for instance, in the vast solemn aisles of Canterbury Cathedral, the eminently respectable verger, in black gown and skull-cap comes forward to show on inquiring countrymen about they are often in doubt as to whether he is, or is not, a distinguished and kindly condescending clergyman, until he comes to his first H. Then they know. 'Hup above, 'angling 'igh over 'is heffigy, hobserve the 'elmelet and harmor of Hedward the Black Prince.' No, he is not a clergyman, and they enjoy thenceforward 'istory, harchitecture and hatches, unweaved by besetting 'doubts as to his degree and the suitability of tips.

Capricious as the use and omission of the H. appears to be with the uncultured Englishman, the traveller begins dimly to perceive after a time that there is a certain amount of method in his madness. Although of course he does not know it, he observes certain rules of euphony. He does not add the H to an H-less word which would be rendered thereby more difficult to the tongue, from its position in a phrase. He is apt, if it is an unemphasized word, or a little word naturally slid, to leave it correct.

For example, he says I oftener than Hi. He will begin a sentence occasionally with Hi; but if the pronoun recurs in a less conspicuous position, it is likely to be I. But an important, an emphasized word beginning with an H from prompt decaapitation.

Americans trying to reproduce the speech of an H abusing Englishman frequently think they can do so by simply adding the letter before every word beginning with a vowel, and dropping it when the aspirate should occur. They are mistaken. The Law of the English H is not yet accurately known; it is doubtless complicated; its manifestations are mysterious, but it exists—and some ambitious philologist will yet rise to fame by expounding it to the world!

Equally Wearisome

On the authority of the New York Tribune we print a story which seems to show that a man when very small—may be perfectly candid with ladies: A former teacher at Wellesley College had as her guest for a few days a nephew, aged three. He was a delightful little man, and having no rival there, seemed quite in danger of being spoiled by his many admirers among the students. When, however, one of the young ladies asked him if he would not like to live there always, he shook his curly head in a most decided negative, and exclaimed, with a sigh:

'Such 'ots of womans an' stairs!'

'Cholly believes in himself thoroughly,' said one girl. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'he's so credulous.'

At Last!

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The Water Spirit.

Maiden of beauty, peerless and bright,  
What dost thou here, from thy realm of light?  
What dost thou here, in a world of shade—  
Here, where the bright are the first to fade?

Birds are asleep in their leafy bowers,  
Star-gleams are rocking to sleep with the flowers;  
Moonlight and music of murmuring rills  
Are weaving a halo o'er meadow and hills;  
But moonlight will vanish, and blossoms decay,  
So maiden of beauty, away, away!

Why dost thou pause, like a glorious dream,  
Bending above the enamoured stream?  
Why does the fire in thy dark eyes glow?  
Why throbs the pulse in thy breast of snow?  
Fission around these enchantment flings,  
Fettered, alas! I am thy golden wings.

Lost as thou art in love's maddening bliss,  
Little thou dreamest of the wretchedness I  
Better the sea, with its tempest swell,  
Had crushed thy heart in its wave-washed cell;  
Better thy willow limbs, sweet girl,  
Were laid in death on thy bed of pearl;

For love—'tis a gleam of the setting sun,  
Through a flood of gold when the day is done;  
Faint and more faint droops the purple light,  
Till the heart is alone on a rayless night.  
Maiden of beauty, beware! Thy bliss will turn  
To a wild despair; Rouse thy deep soul from its dream of bliss,  
Yield never more to love's glowing kiss;  
Free thy proud heart from the tyrant's sway,  
Maiden of beauty, away, away!

Suggested by a Picture.

The noble lord of Oakland Hall  
Has lost his highborn lady wife,  
Who was beloved by one and all  
Through all her charitable life.  
The lovely daughter seeks to cheer  
The old man in his widowed woe,  
And as she grows from year to year,  
His dark hair turns as white as snow.

Sweet Rosalie, with quiet grace,  
Moves round in her domestic sphere,  
And seeks to take her mother's place,  
By keeping order there and here.  
Two weighty keys hang by her side,  
And quite important is her air;  
It pleases her the house to guide,  
And none to disobey will dare.

Behold her now with happy ease,  
As in the early morning hour,  
She wanders out among the trees,  
And gathers many a lovely flower;  
And mark with what coquettish style  
The kerchief on her bosom lies,  
And see the merry little smile,  
And watch the love-light in her eyes.

Her pretty foot, in tiny shoe,  
Descends the marble steps so light;  
Her lover knows not what to do,  
His heart is in a woeful plight.  
She plucks a rose, and looks at the dew  
That on its blushing petals rests,  
And says, 'My favourite are you,'  
And lays its sweetness on her breast.

But she is the one blushing Rose  
Within her father's lonely bower,  
Yet young Lord Arthur thinks he knows  
Whose love adds beauty to the flower.

A South Breeze.

There's a laden south wind blowing,  
With romances of the sea and shore,  
Bringing back a boyhood's glowing  
Visions of the Caribbean;  
Bearded buccaneer and rover  
Scouring the Spanish Main,  
And the pirate-ships from Tortola  
Beating up to Port o' Spain.

Drifting o'er the shining water,  
Out of sight of any shore,  
Drunk with sun and rum and slaughter,  
How the crews caroused and swore!  
Scared black-crested cormorants and gulls  
Sailed and slashed and silk clad men,  
Raked and ravaged sea and seaboard,  
Barbados to Darien.

There are wafts of Spanish pleasure,  
There are gleams of Southern smiles  
There are dreams of haunted treasure,  
Spectre-guarded on the isles;  
There are sea-fight glimpses dimly,  
Drifting smoke off Portchartruis,  
When the Jolly Roger, with two bars  
Swept with blood the Spanish Main.

Have I only read those stories?  
Have I never sailed those seas,  
Santa Cruz to Salvador—  
Islands of the Caribbean?  
Yet I know the fierce uproarious  
Jewels on the plumes along the bay,  
And those Spanish paces canorous  
Rise familiar to my lips.

There's a magic fog-bank clinging  
To the gray face of the sea,  
From the warm Gulf water bringing  
Boyhood fancies back to me—  
Lascar rover, Cuban maiden,  
Trade-winds, sun and steaming rain,  
And the galleons, treasure laden,  
Beating up the Spanish Main.

—Frank L. Pollock.

They've Mustered out the Volunteers.

They've mustered out the volunteers,  
And hearts beat raver North and South,  
The brown hand clasp the mother's fear—  
Dear kisses touch the bearded mouth,  
The house is glad, the fires are bright,  
The hero tells about the fight.

They've mustered out the volunteers—  
The Captains cried, 'We're off to-day,  
The pine woods rang with maddened cheers,  
The troop ships swung along the bay,  
The hero talks 'guard mounts' and 'taps,'  
Ponchos, death and shoulder straps.

They've mustered out the volunteers—  
The bugles set the camps astir,  
And at the words some fell to tears,  
And some embraced the messenger.  
And now the hero, with two bars  
Upon his shoulder, sings the wars.

They've mustered out the volunteers!  
The page is short and bit, but the mail  
Brings no bright word. The wet wind veers,  
And he still guards the muddy trail;  
Last orders have not come his way!  
Though all the soft winds sing of peace  
He holds the road to Siboney  
And waits the final, great release,  
The hero, when the candles fall,  
Hears singing down a distant trail.

—Theodore Roberts.

"Under the Greenwood-Tree."

Under the greenwood-tree,  
Friends with the moss and grasses,  
Friends with the wind that passes,  
There where the still pool glazes  
Under the greenwood-tree.

Under the greenwood-tree,  
Where the blue bird is whining,  
Full on the ivy, twining,  
There on the sod reclining  
Under the greenwood-tree.

Under the greenwood-tree,  
All in the summer weather,  
Smoothing a pleasant feather,  
Watching a spider's tether,  
Under the greenwood-tree.

Where the woods sing to me  
Of joys that many be;  
Nature and I together  
Under the greenwood-tree.

—Ernest McGaffey

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept in which passengers may enter any complaint they may wish to make.

A ton of sea water is supposed to contain about fourteen grains of gold.

With a population of 5,000,000, London harbors every day 120,000 strangers. Some may remain a week, some a month, but all the year around there is an average of 120,000 visitors who are within the Metropolitan boundaries.

People often speak of a trillion as a possible number. The fact is, not a trillion of seconds has elapsed since the creation of Adam; nor will that number have elapsed until February 1st in the year of our Lord 25825; for in a trillion of seconds there are 31,687 years 32 days 1 hour 46 minutes and 40 seconds.

THINGS OF VALUE.

In the Sacred College.—Of the fifty-seven cardinals living, thirty-one are Italian, seven French, five Spanish, four Austro-Hungarian, three German, one Polish, one American, one Belgian, one Irish, one English, one Swiss, and one Australian. Pope Leo has created 117 cardinals, and during his pontificate 123 cardinals have passed away.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence of which Quinine exerts on Nature's own resources. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making actively a necessary result of strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public what is superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Electricity is now being employed by anglers. The line of the up-to-date fisherman consists of a fine wire, and the moment the fish touches the hook it is electrified. One angler in America is reported to have caught in this way over three hundred pounds of fish in three hours.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. It is at once a great relief in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease.

In India there are at least 130,000 lepers.

Nine-tenths of all the world's sewing machines are made in America.

Can Recommendation Fit.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Treasurer, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pains in recommending it."

Spectacles are never worn by a polite Chinaman in company.

Never sleep in a small room where there is a burning gas jet. One gas light gives out as much carbonic acid gas as two human beings.

An End to Billious Headaches.—Billiousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifest itself by severe headaches. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from colds, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parnele's Vegetable Pills will cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the pills operate. There is nothing surer in the cure of bilious headaches.

A paragon is as plentiful on the Russian steppes that the cattle eat it like grass. The seeds are sometimes dried and used as a substitute for coffee.

Larks in opposition to the general belief, do not rise until long after the sun has risen, and a number of lark-keepers have been up and about, in their "action," before the sun has risen. They are not in the habit of rising early, and if persisted in they will injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parnele's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

Muskets were first used in 1414, during the siege of Arras, but it was not until 1521 that they replaced the bows and arrows of the British soldier.

A FRENCH PRESIDENT.

The new one is Very Simple in his Mude of life.

A French president, if he chooses, can live like a prince. His salary is one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and the annual allowances for incidental expenses are equally large. The Elysee is splendidly furnished and kept in repair as his town residence, and the palaces of Fontainebleau and Rambouillet are also maintained by the state for his use during the summer. There are large shooting preserves at Marly, where, he can enjoy outdoor sport during autumn.

The late President Faure liked ceremony, splendor and stateliness. Taking the view that the French people did not wish to have the presidential office maintained in an unpretentious way, he adopted much of the etiquette of European courts, drove about constantly in a coach-and-six under military escort, and gave brilliant entertainments in town and country. Generously as the state provided for him, he expended a large share of his private wealth in

keeping up luxurious appearances and in entertaining guests like the tsar with splendid pomp.

President Loubet has not been long in office, but it is apparent that he intends to live less pretentiously and in closer accord with old-fashioned ideas of republican simplicity. In comparison with his predecessors in office he is a poor man, and he has the frugal tastes of the class of small country landholders from which he sprang. He represents the great element of rural France, which studies and practises economy and dislikes wastefulness and luxury.

Pleasure-loving Paris laughs over the rumors of reform and retrenchment in the kitchens and servant-halls of the Elysee, but the president's conduct, meets with hearty approval in the country towns and villages, where thrift has never ceased to be a virtue.

Even the boulevard wits were silent when the president, returned to his mother's home in Montelimar, gave an unstudied exhibition of filial reverence. Catching a glimpse of her white hair as he drove in triumph through the town in a manifest coach behind an escort of cuirassiers, he sprang to the ground, ran toward the platform where she was seated and embraced her again and again, while she was sobbing from joy and pride.

A president who is not ashamed of his humble peasant mother and remembers her counsels of thrift and carelessness, stands, for the best qualities of staid, rural France. There is so much that is sordid and contemptible in the public life of the republic with the strange hurly burly of the Dreyfus case, that a touch of the simplicity of earlier and better times is welcomed.

A Mistake.

The late Emperor of Brazil once spent a very pleasant hour with a great linguist, and at the same time made a rather amusing mistake. The story is told in Chambers's Journal. The emperor was in England, and during the absence of the master of the place this imperial student chose to visit Chatsworth, the beautiful estate of the Duke of Devonshire. He reached the Palace of the Pease soon after dawn, before the family was up. The housekeeper, arriving upon the scene, found a strange gentleman talking in a language she did not understand. Fortunately Sir James Leacita, the great linguist and librarian, was in the house, busy with the books. He came to the rescue, and addressed the visitor in French. The emperor replied in Spanish, in which language Sir James continued. Italian was next employed, and presently a particular patois of that tongue peculiar to a certain district of Naples was tried. It happened to be literally the mother tongue of Sir James. Afterward came the inspection of the books. The distinguished cicerone still kept his identity secret. The emperor, assuming him to be the butler, asked, as he left the house: 'Do all the servants of the Duke of Devonshire have to pass an examination in languages before his grace engages them?'

Have Faith in the Boy.

Have faith in the boy, not believing  
That he is the worst of his kind,  
In league with the army of Satan,  
And only to evil inclined;  
But daily to guide and control him,  
Your wisdom and patience employ,  
And rally, despite disappointment  
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Ah! many a boy has been driven  
Away from the home by the thought  
That no one believed in his goodness,  
Or dreamed of the battle he fought,  
So, if you would help him to conquer  
The foes that are prone to annoy,  
Encourage him often with kindness,  
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions,  
Believe that at last he'll prevail,  
Though day after day he may fail,  
Your doubt and suspicious misgivings  
His hope and his courage destroy;  
So, if you'd secure a brave manhood,  
'Tis well to have faith in the boy.



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