

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

HOW SECRETS LEAK OUT.

THE POWER TO KEEP THEM SEEMS TO BE VERY SMALL.

Some Important State Happenings That Have Become Public Property in the most Mysterious Way—How an Appointment of a Viceroy was once Announced.

The power to keep a secret has not been too freely given to the human race, and the marvellous development of the Press has made it more difficult than ever to withhold information from the public.

Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation was a secret worth knowing, but it cost the 'Times' nothing at all except the indignation of Lord Randolph himself.

'That may be true, but you cannot bribe the 'Times,' remarked the proud editor of that journal. 'This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation.'

Bismarck himself once revealed a secret to M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the 'Times,' which averted a great war and probably saved France from destruction.

A piece of information of the gravest importance to Great Britain once leaked out at a dinner party. The editor of a London evening paper, who is still living, was dining at his club when he heard from a great financier, that the Khehive was about to sell his shares in the Suez Canal to France.

The journalist left his dinner and went to see Lord Derby, who was astounded at the news. Lord Rothschild found £4,000,000, and in less than a week it was announced that the Khehive had sold his shares to England.

It seems incredible that a man should be the means of revealing a secret which he himself did not know, but that was actually done some years ago. In the course of conversation at a dinner party in London, a well-known doctor remarked casually that Lord—had been asking him that day how he thought the climate of India would suit him.

Any visitor to some of our public libraries may see a copy of a secret treaty by which Charles I. entered into an agreement with the Catholics of Ireland, making certain concessions to them, in opposition to a public treaty made at the same time.

Authors have frequently tried to hide their identity under a non-de-plume, but few of them have been so successful as the author of the famous Junius letters, whose

THE DIAMOND DYE LONGJOHNS' TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE.

When winter's storms and blizzards are o'er, From melting snows in torrents pour From mountain and from hillside steep, To fill the streams and canyons deep;

The Longjohns are a busy race, And love to roam from place to place; And now, intent on new designs, Sigh for the far-off Klondike mines.

The great convention night comes on, O, happy time for each Longjohn!

The chairman's opening speech was brief—A credit to the Longjohn chief—He with a flaring tongue exclaimed:

All gathered 'd on the steamer's deck, No thought of danger, ice or wreck; They feel light-hearted, happy, gay.

No faces sad, no falling tea's, No timid souls, no doubts, no fears; All with brave hearts, and hand in hand, They sing a psalm, noble grand.

secret went with him to the grave a hundred years ago. The letters of Peter Plymley, which appeared in pamphlet form in the earlier part of this century, puzzled the literary world for many years, until Sydney Smith, tired of the mystery, published them in a book of his works, with this preface:—

O, glorious time! What weather grand! Now spring is hovering o'er the land; April's bright sky, the balmy air Presages days of weather fair.

The time is up, the whistle sounds, The Longjohns with great strides and bounds Enter their special car with pride.

The train speeds on, no time is lost; No dangers now from winter's frost; The balmy air o'er prairie wide Has brought the Longjohn boys outside.

The train reached, what joy profound! A thousand people gather round; Their object is a public call!

Vancouver reached, what joy profound! A thousand people gather round; Their object is a public call!

All gathered 'd on the steamer's deck, No thought of danger, ice or wreck; They feel light-hearted, happy, gay.

When landed safe with their supplies, Each Longjohn to his duty flies; No faltering steps, no languid looks, No time for play or reading books.

Two days of work in weather cold; Has given a vim to Longjohns bold; The hardest work now must sleep, While some on boats a watch must keep.

Ha! See! They're off! With joy and glee Each oarsman works right manfully;

thirteen years the reading world spoke of the author of the Waverley novels as 'The Great Unknown.' All that time Scott wrote books in his own name, kept up a hospitable house, acted as clerk of session, and did so much that nobody dreamed of connecting him with 'Waverley.'

No murm'ring word, no faltering hand, While Longjohn Bill is in command; On Stikee's waters dark and cold A score of dangers they behold;

The small boat journey now must end, For they have reached the 'Miner's Bend,' Where they prepare the trail to take That leads them on to Te-lin Lake.

Ere Indians take their homeward way, Bill Longjohn has a word to say, For he has found them faithful, true, In all the work they had to do.

The trail band all with whoops and cries Express'd delight and much surprise; E'en Snaketail's voice could not control The feelings strong that rack'd his soul.

The river boat with strange device—A ram for cutting through the ice— Moves off a thing of force and life, For battle in commercial strife.

Arriv'd at Dawson's centre grand Of the great Klondike mining land! The boat is mor'd both safe and fast, When anxious, waiting people cast Their varied looks on comers new.

Here Longjohns see the miner rough With unkempt hair and voice so gruff; Here are the runners, or hotels,

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was a wonderful scene when Lord Meadowbank sat down. Soon after, Sir Walter threw a note across the table to a friend, asking him: 'Why not confess something, too—say, the murder of Begbie?' and, a little later, when someone spoke of 'The Great Unknown,' the author corrected him by calling out: 'The Small Known, now, Mr. Bailey.'

Ordained Women Ministers. A large number of women are at the present moment regularly ordained as ministers of various denominations in the United States. The United Brethren and the Congregationalists appear to have been the first denominations to open the door of

The gambling sharks and city swells; Here, too, are men who've made their 'pile,' Though calm and peaceful, still they smile; While here and there a woman's face Is marked with beauty, charm and grace.

The Longjohns march from steamer's deck With steady step in heads erect; They are received with hearty cheers, Which dissipate their doubts and fears.

As men and women homeward turn, Their hearts within begin to burn For dyes the same as Longjohns use, Imparting wondrous tints and hues.

Next morning, early in the day, The Dawson men without delay Went to the busy camping ground, Where Longjohn Bill they quickly found.

Our men and women, young and old, Have many a precious bag of gold, Of which you can a share possess, If you but meet our sore distress.

In one short week no sash or frown Was heard or seen in Dawson town; A satisfaction deep, sincere, Soon cast out doubt and gloom and fear.

The Longjohns' trading now must close, The tired men need sleep, repose. To fit them for the toilsome way That all must take at break of day.

Their handsome tents are pitch'd again, Made fast against storms of wind and rain; Their mining tools and camp supplies, As well as stock of Diamond Dyes, Are all unstack'd, so that they may Be reach'd by all from day to day.

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the ministry to women. As far back as 1851 the Rev. Lydia Sexton was ordained as a minister, and continued her work till 1890. The Rev. Antionette Brown-Blackwell graduated from a theological school in 1850, and was admitted into the ministry of the Congregational Church in 1853. The Congregationalist denomination has, at the present time, over thirty ordained women preachers. The baptists have not so many women preachers, but in the Baptist churches at Chicago, Pittsburg, Kansas, Nebraska, and Michigan there are women ministers. The Presbyterian Church prohibits women from ordination. Nevertheless, there are fifteen women students in the theological department of the Presbyterian Union Seminary.