

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900.

A St. John Lady Among the Alps.

One of the most interesting features of the past week in the line of entertainments was Mrs. E. A. Smith's lime light talk on Switzerland, under the auspices of the Scotch Company of the Boys Brigade, and before a very large and appreciative assembly of people in St. Stephens church schoolroom last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Smith is a most delightful talker, clear and comprehensive, and the hour and a half stay in the "playground of Europe," as she termed it, which the audience indulged in before the picture-clad curtain, was highly enjoyable and certainly instructive. The lecturer spoke from her own experience in Switzerland a couple of years ago in company with her husband and her remarks made one grand word picture, which even if not accompanied by the stereopticon slides taken by Mr. Smith, would have initiated her hearers into the beauties of that famous little republic nestled among the Alps.

Starting from that imperial metropolis, London, and crossing the English Channel to Rouen, Mrs. Smith carried her audience in a cleverly descriptive manner right into Paris.

The inevitable seasickness of the Channel, the famous dungeons of Rouen and the gradual gaiety of apparel as Paris was approached were pleasingly told of, though briefly, and the next step brought the audience to Geneva, Switzerland.

In order to give her hearers a concise idea of the country about which she was to talk Mrs. Smith dealt generally with Switzerland at first, particularizing afterwards. About two thirds the size of New Brunswick and bounded by four of the big European nations, this little land of tradition and story struggles on its maze of snow-clad mountains, its shimmering glaciers; four hundred in all, and beautiful vales. The Alps and their glaciers are the sources of many of the rivers of central Europe, such as the Rhone and Rhine, also do they supply lakes Geneva, Thun, and Brienz. Politically Switzerland is a republic, divided into twenty two cantons or districts, each self governing, but all united under one federation. This federated form was assumed in 1815. Of the national character of the people the absence of class is a remarkable feature, fashions are not adhered to, and frugality, with a disposition to lay up the proverbial rainy day, marks the populace country-wide. Patriotism in any land could not be stronger or more sincere, though cantons may diametrically oppose one another in religion. The people are happy and their greatest "crop" is the tourist crop, which yields no less than seven millions of dollars a year.

Arriving in Geneva in the evening, the first thing thought of in the morning after breakfast was a glimpse of the white topped Alps, which could be seen clear and distinct against an azure sky. The scene was in reality an eye feast. Geneva bending gracefully around its namesake lake, its shady promenades about the waterfront, and stately buildings all along, the mountains in the distance overtopping all—was a panorama of rare beauty. Fully an hundred thousand people live in Geneva, which is the largest and richest of the Swiss cities. The names of many world's notables are associated with it, such as Mde. de Sacl, Rousseau and Voltaire. It was in Geneva in 1864 the Red Cross movement was given birth the Geneva Cross now the symbol of the second estate in war being an adaptation of the Swiss flag, which is a white cross in a red field. Delightful excursions are run out of this city to the junction of the rivers Arve and Rhone, the chateau of Voltaire at Ferney and to other sight-seeing spots. Geneva's shops are bright and attractive, its industries are enamel work and watch-making. A noticeable thing about this famous city is the absence of any mark of honor at the grave of Calvin, the great reformer, while Rousseau the less deserving perhaps; is unduly memorialized.

Geneva was left behind and the famed Vale of Chamounix entered by rail. The valley, which is deep but beautiful, is famous only because of Mount Blanc and Mere de Glace, the mountain being 16,000 feet high. In reality Mount Blanc is not a Swiss peak, neither is it Italian or Savoyian—rather an orphan, for it lies on the boundary line between these three countries, but this does not detract from its marvellous beauties and awful grandeur. It was first ascended in 1786 by a chamois hunter, Jacques Balmat, and the year after De Laussure, a French naturalist, climbed to the summit. Nowadays this feat is frequently performed, at least three or four times a year. It takes three days of the most arduous plodding upward to stand at last upon Mount Blanc's pinnacle, but those who have achieved this distinction say the panorama afforded amply repays the hardships endured in reaching that point. Alpine climbing is very dangerous, but the Swiss people themselves have a mania for it and it is a wonder casualties are not more numerous. The terrible catastrophe of 1879 is still fresh in the minds of many, when two Americans, a Scotchman, three guides and five porters were lost in a blizzard during an ascent of Mount Blanc.

To see Mount Blanc by moonlight, when the moon having passed the pinnacles throws its silvery shroud about, is a perfect delight, almost, as one would think Nature's masterpiece had been thrown upon the canvas. The sublime hymn of Coleridge's, "In the Vale before Sunrise" is the concentrated expression of the inspiring part of scenery.

From the vale of Chamounix to Martigny in the Rhone valley was the next advance and then on to the Pass of the grand St. Bernard, over which the great Napoleon led his army in 1800. It was a day's journey to the celebrated Hospice of St. Bernard, situated at the highest point of the Pass, 8000 feet above the sea level. In a separate building near the monastery lie the bodies of those who have for years perished in the mountains snows, and a small chapel includes the body of one of Napoleon's generals, of whom the French Emperor said, "I will give him the Alps for his monument." The St. Bernard dogs of today are not the handsome woolly canines we have at home, but much more sinewy, leaner and with no pretensions to beauty. They are sagacious and lovable nevertheless.

A return was made from St. Bernard Pass and the Chamounix Valley to Geneva and a tour of the blue lake made. Calls were made at the towns of Ouchy, Lausanne, the university city of Switzerland, and where Gibbon wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" Mount Treux, the most charming part of the lake where the north east wind never blows and nearby which the historic castle of Chillon is situated. Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" has familiarized this spot. Beyond the castle somewhat is the entrance of the river Rhone to the lake.

Berne, the quaint and interesting national capital of Switzerland and international centre as well, repays in no stinted degree a visit. It is situated on a peninsula and is famed for its nine international offices, its unique clock tower, arched streets, curious fountains and Gothic Cathedral.

From Berne through the valley of the river Aar to Thun is perhaps the most charming landscape of all. There the eye ranges through valley, over plains, up mountains and into depths, while peaceful vineyards and luxuriant vegetation are roundabout. At Thun there is a feudal castle belonging to the 12th century, and military station. Switzerland's army is 250 000 men strong, each citizen being liable for service.

During the course of her lecture Mrs. Smith gave a graphic description of a climb she and her husband indulged in up the Niesen, a pyramid-shaped mountain of 8000 feet, at Wimmis. Capt. Smith took views during the ascent and from the top, all of which were thrown on the canvas. From the summit an excellent view of the Bernese Oberland, or high plateau, was available. Then following the Gemmi Pass from the valley of the Aar river to the valley of the Rhone, 7600 feet above the sea level, the hamlet of Leukerbad was passed. This village is noted for the medicinal properties of its hot baths, people eating, drinking, playing games and even sleeping whilst lying in the wooden tubs of hot water. A village accessible only by ladders was the next curiosity en route.

The train is boarded at Leuk for Zermatt, which is right under the shadow of the Matterhorn, "the fiend of the Alps."

The renowned Matterhorn is the most inaccessible of all the Alpine peaks and the disaster which occurred upon it years ago was fully described by Mrs. Smith and depicted by the stereopticon.

From Zermatt to Lucerne is usually the way tourists proceed and the latter place is certainly the most beautiful and picturesque of the Swiss cities. It has 20 000 inhabitants and stands guarded, as it were, by Mounts Pilatus and Rigi. Quaint bridges with highly ornamented and pictured roofs are an odd sight in this place.

Altorf, the town made famous by William Tell and his brave son, was visited and found to be a very pretty spot with suitable monuments to Tell's memory.

Starting from Lucerne again the Brunig Pass was traversed and Meiringen, where the falls of the Aar are to be found was visited. The wood carving town of Brienz was interesting to walk about, nearby being the falls of Giesbach. Then in order came Grindelwald, one of the loveliest Alpine valleys noted for its glaciers and ice grotto. Interlachen between lakes Thun and Brienz—a sort of "union depot" for the travelling public of Switzerland. Then by railway to the valley of the Lauterbrunnen the lofty heights on either side being nothing less than perpendicular walls, 1100 feet high. The sun cannot strike into this valley until after mid-day. Also in this locality are the falls of Staubbach, 1000 feet high.

Mrs. Smith concluded her lecture in delightfully descriptive sentences telling of the sunset and sunrise at the Jungfrau peak, witnessed by herself and her husband. This indeed was the most brilliant part of her exceedingly pleasant talk and elicited round after round of applause.

Rev. Dr. Macrae, who was present, paid a high tribute to the gifted lecturer and to the fidelity of her descriptions of scenes he had himself visited. He moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mr. Leavitt and adopted amid hearty applause. The meeting closed with the national anthem.

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VIVID PHRASING.

How Children Learn to Use Words Correctly.

Elizabeth Harrison, in her "Study of Child Nature," says that children begin to learn the intellectual value of words as soon as they are familiar with them in their maternal relations. "Sweet," "sour," "rough," "crooked," as applied to character, mean something to them when they have investigated them first through the senses.

Occasionally they translate the new meaning rashly, and make laughable mistakes. One morning we had hyacinth bulbs; we examined them, and then compared them with the blossoming hyacinths on the window-sill.

A day or two later, an onion was brought in to us by a child, as another fat, round flower-baby for us to plant. I had some difficulty in making the children see the difference, but finally, cutting the onion open, I blinded their eyes and let them smell first the flower bulb and then the onion bulb. An hour or two later, one of the little girls spoke in an irritated, petulant voice to her neighbor, who had accidentally knocked over her blocks.

"Look out!" said the little one on the other side of her, "or you'll have an onion voice soon!"

Will Manage the Athletic Grounds.

Umpire Johnny Scott of the Daily Telegraph staff and Dan J. Britt, the popular first baseman of the Alerts team, have secured the Marsh Road sporting grounds for the coming season, an announcement which will be heard with pleasure by baseball enthusiasts and lovers of wholesome athletics. With "Scotty's" knowledge of the good things of the diamond game in both New England and Canada, St. John can expect some really gilt-edged sport this summer, and with the genial Daniel as a partner in the venture the old time grounds should be the scene of many interesting bat and ball battles throughout the summer.

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black, Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color. Price 10 cents.

BRIGHT LOCAL TOPICS.

Count forthwith, in his usual dignified way.

"I can't say that I do," answered the lady of the house.

"Well I'm Count de Bury, you've surely heard of Count de Bury, I'm a candidate for mayor and would like to have your husband vote for me."

Mrs. ——— was too much dazed to talk with collected senses and mumbled a few words in which she said she did not know of Count de Bury. Of course this staggered the candidate.

With a few more requests for a corner on all the votes in the house the visitor prepared to depart and was shown out the front door, although the Count wanted to keep his luck and leave by the rear exit.

The Victoria Rink not to be Torn Down.

The Victoria Rink closed its skating season last Saturday, and Manager "Bob" Armstrong says all the stories about the old rink going to be torn down and appropriated for government railway purposes are without foundation. If everything goes right and there is sufficient cold weather next winter to make ice the "Vic" will again be the favored resort. "If anybody knows whether the rink is to be bought over or not it ought to be me," says the genial R. J. and I tell you straight, we'll be on deck again next Christmas day."

A Rural Couple and a Bridal Hat.

Wednesday afternoon a rural pair, from all appearances a prospective bridal couple, ambled down King street just as the sunny afternoon parade was at its height. They were delightfully "spoony" and held one another's disengaged hand in a lovingly protective clasp. Neither one spoke, but it was evident to all they were soon to be come man and wife, for he carried a hat box, supposed to contain the bridal headwear, and in the arms, or rather arm of the maiden sufficient parcels were encircled

causing those who suspected matrimony to have grounds for their thoughts. But a playful spring breeze was at large. It caught the hat box in a whirl and tossed it helter skelter down the street, the groom-to-be close after it like a footballist ready to score a "touchdown." Then the cover came off the box and a millinery marvel in pink and blue skipped merrily forth in the breeze's embrace, box one way, hat the other. The bride of next week picked up her skirts and started in pursuit of her ribboned and feathered treasure, leaving her parcels on the doorstep of the old Newport House.

An amused crowd stood by. Finally the frolicsome box and bedabbled hat were brought together again and, nothing chagrined or embarrassed the love eyed swain and his equally sentimental mate, after gathering up their belongings passed blithely on to the depot.

HOW ACTRESSES "MAKE UP."

Facial Defects Made Good by Paint and Powder.

A majority of the younger women of the stage use dry powders instead of grease paints. In this process the face is first rubbed all over with vaseline to protect the skin from injury. The powders are in various colors corresponding to those of the paints. They are applied with a puff and blended with a hare's-foot. The effect obtained is so similar to the one above described that to audiences there is no discernible difference. But the actress with grease on her face will say that the colors are deeper and more mellow than can be produced with powder. It is certain that an appearance of youthfulness can be obtained by it, and age concealed. There are face washes made in many tints of flesh color, exaggerated and deepened to suit the purposes of the theatre, and some actresses use them instead of either paint or powder. The preparation of a woman

to look her best on the stage is little more than the heightening of color. The hands are merely whitened, as a rule, though the tips of the fingers are sometimes reddened a little. The arms and neck, if exposed by evening gowns, are tinted with powders, washes, and even with grease paints.

If an actress' features are irregular she has to treat them specifically. If her nose is a pug or a turn up she draws a white line down its centre to the very tip end. On each side of this line she lays on a light bluish gray tint. The effect of that is to lengthen the nose when the full face is seen. Of course the illusion is lost when the profile is presented. If the cheeks are two plump the lower halves of them are darkened. An imitation of youthfulness is helped by making the color very light just below the eyes. If the cheekbones are high and the cheeks hollow below them the former are whitened and the latter reddened.

When an actress finds that she is called upon to "make up for a character part," which means preparing herself to represent an old or eccentric woman, her methods are much the same that men use under the same circumstances. Few young women on the stage like to look old. Stage managers have to struggle to make them conceal their youth even when the characters require it. They are apt to lose years as soon as his vigilance is relaxed.

To Accommodate Excursionists.

To accommodate those who wish to visit suburban points on the line of the Canadian Pacific on good Friday, that company has arranged to run their accommodation train No. 25 from McAdam to St. John several hours behind schedule time, so that those going out on excursion rates will have the whole day in the country. Trains leave Welsford at 5 p. m., Westfield Beach at 5.55 p. m., Grand Bay at 6.25 p. m., and arrives at St. John about 7.20 p. m., standard. For full particulars get poster from Ticket Agent.

COUNT LeBURY IS ORIGINAL.

He Gets Down to the Common People By Calling at any old Door.

Count deBury, one of the mayoralty candidates, has inaugurated a most unique manner of soliciting votes. Indeed if nothing else our resident Belgian nobleman has shown a distinct streak of originality in his campaigning, and should be successful on Tuesday in wresting the chief magistracy from his rivals his methods of canvassing will hereafter be compiled in that book of recipes, "The Politician and How to make Him." Space allows only of a single reference to the Count's methods.

It was at a highly respectable but not overly pretentious home near the foot of Union street about the middle of last week. The head of the house, a government official, was of course at his work and his wife was lying down in her room slightly indisposed. A lady friend was in the act of making a neighbourly call, when a loud and persistent knocking was down stairs at the back door in the ell of the house. It was first thought the downstairs dwellers would answer the unusual summons, but as they did not so the caller volunteered to go and see who was knocking. As she approached the rear of the house a climbing upstairs was heard and in a moment Count deBury's dignified personage stood in the kitchen.

"Who lives here?" inquired the mayoralty candidate.

"Mr. ———," replied the lady who had just dropped in to call.

"Is he at home?" again interrogated the North End nobleman.

"Why no, he's at work as usual," was the reply.

"Well is Mrs. ——— at home?" was the persistent query.

"Yes, but she's ill and I'm afraid you can't see her. What is your business please?"

By this time the Count had left the culinary precincts and was traversing the dining room en route to the sitting room. Mrs. ——— aroused herself from the lounge and met the odd-acting visitor.

"You know me of course," said the