

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

The Man She Would Marry.

'All alone?' said Dolly. 'Has that writer man gone?' 'He hasn't gone,' yawned Molly, because he doesn't come. 'Already? What a case of rapid transit. It's only a month since he began coming. Why this unseemly haste in checking him off? 'It was his own fault,' in an injured tone. 'He would ask me.'

funny man who loses his first wit and recovers only his second wind. A steady course of a man like that would be something like seasickness. At first you would die laughing and afterward you would wish you had. But he won't be prosy either. He won't occupy forty minutes telling you that he lost 40 cents. He will be original but not eccentric. Originality is the spice of life, but eccentricity is the tobacco sauce. A little of it goes a long way. It would be all right for a man to have the courage of his convictions if there could only be some way of regulating the convictions. There are men, for instance, who are convinced that politeness is an infirmity peculiar to women and effeminate men. They take a real delight in keeping their hats on when courtesy would recommend uncovering. A hat on the head is next thing to a ship on the shoulder with these men.

L is for Lovable, the very best feature; M is for Manly, without that, just fancy; N is for Neat, but not for Miss Nancy; O for Original, of which we have spoken. P for Persistent, his will can't be broken; Q is Quick witted where'er he goes; R for Reserved, won't tell all he knows; S for Sincere, no posing or prating; T is for Tender; A No. rating; U for Unselfish—make this an equation. V is for Vehement when there's occasion; W for Well Bred, no dandified graces; And X all the good traits omitted embraces; Z is for Zealous in loving as few are; &c., in order to make up good measure, I'll allow you to fill out to suit your own pleasure. 'There, Molly, that's what you call a tour de force.'

New Faces At Windsor. Visitors at Windsor these days hear a good deal about the changes that are taking place in that venerable castle with the accession of its new occupants. Queen Victoria had a practice of retaining her attendants as long as they were useful, and as a natural consequence, being a very old woman, most of the people around her were of a similar age. The new king is sending them all off with comfortable pensions and replacing them with younger, active and up-to-date men and women. Of course the old ones who have to go imagine that the kingdom is going to the bowwows, and that the changes will be the ruin of the royal establishment, and the new brooms, according to the proverb, are sweeping clean. Capt. Fraser, who was a sort of general superintendent of Windsor, and was almost as much venerated as the queen herself, has been retired and a young military officer takes his place. The gardeners, the ushers, and the ancient clerks who have been in the office of the household from a third to half a century have all disappeared and smart-looking young men are filling their places. Even greater changes are taking place in the material affairs of the castle. The furniture and decorations are being thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date. Queen Victoria had a passion for closing up the rooms of her relatives and attendants when they died, and as a consequence considerable portions of Windsor Castle and other palaces were left unused, including some of the best apartments, much to the inconvenience and discomfort of those who lived there. The apartments of Prince Aldert, the royal consort, at Windsor, have remained untouched since his death. No one but the queen and a few of the servants were allowed to enter them. The rooms once occupied by John Brown, her famous Scotch gillie, have been locked up in a similar manner for eighteen years and a brass plate recording the date of his death marking his loss and commending his virtues, was screwed upon the door. King Edward has caused his father's rooms to be opened. The entire furnishings have been removed and new ones substituted. He will use them for his own study and private purposes. John Brown's room has been cleared out, redecorated and converted into a billiard-room.

to go into another car, observing that her presence would keep the other occupants from smoking. One thick-skinned wretch, however, insensible to the claims of refinement and reform, began to enjoy his accustomed cigar, which was suddenly snatched from his lips with the remark in a high treble: 'If there is anything I do hate it is tobacco smoking!' For a time the offender was motionless, then, gravely rising, amid the curiosity of the assembled smokers he took that little poodle out of the lady's lap and gently threw him through the window sighing: 'If there is anything I do hate it is a poodle. Three Londons. He who has trodden surface London, and seen the modern city, has yet not known all there is, or was of London. It has been fairly well proved that Roman London lies buried about eighteen feet below the level of Cheapside. Therefore he who would see what London was must dig. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins and statues of the Roman gods. Popular Science News recalls that when a little over a century ago, deep sections were made for the sewers in Lombard street, the lowest stratum was found to consist of tessellated pavements. Many colored dice were lying scattered about, and above this stratum was a thick layer of wood ashes, suggesting the debris of charred wooden buildings. While building the Exchange the workmen came upon a gravel pit full of oyster shells, bones of cattle, old sandals and shattered pottery. Two pavements were dug up under the French church in Thread needle street, and other pavements have been cut through in several parts of the city. Authorities on the subject say that the soil seems to have risen over Roman London at the rate of nearly a foot in the century. Still further must the searcher dig to find the third London, the earlier London of the Britons. It is supposed to be buried under the London of Roman days. To Save Them. The Chicago News prints it, but his is the Hon Joseph H. Choate's story of the readiness of the late Wm. M. Evarts in replying to an impossible toast. At the Harvard dinner over which Mr. Choate presided, instead of asking the men who were down for speeches to respond to the regulation toasts, he read off to each a question from one of the college examination papers. 'Why is it that the stomach which continually digests foods, is never itself digested?' Mr. Evarts in response said: 'I have attended a good many Harvard dinners before this, and long ago as a result of my experience with them, before setting out from New York to attend one of these feasts I always divest myself of the coats of my stomach and hang them up in my wardrobe.' 'I understand that trading is rather quiet at present.' 'Yes,' answered the stock operator. 'There's no use of a man's trying to watch the figures in the market quotations and on the thermometer at once.'—Washington Star. Mrs. DeVorse—I don't like people to call me a grass widow. Mrs. Chumm—No, because of course, you're not really a widow. Mrs DeVorse—O! I don't mind the 'widow,' if they'd only 'keep off the grass.'—Philadelphia Press. 'Wait a minute,' she said to the young man. Now the young man being a wise party, immediately went to the telephone and told his friends he would possibly be with them in two hours. Elephant—What an elegant throat you have for a cool drink! Giraffe—Yes, it is grand; but say I wish I had a skin with a nice, breezy fit like yours. Premeditated Disability.—'I'm afraid of this half-ripe watermelon.' 'We've all eaten some of it.' 'Well, I'll eat some too; I don't propose to be left in a condition to nurse the rest of you.' 'Papa,' asked Dickey Tredway, 'what is a non-suit?' 'I think,' replied Mr. Tredway, 'it was the kind that Adam and Eve wore the summer before the fall.'

Good Hot Weather Reading.

Read this, then put away your palm leaf fan, take a hot drink and cover yourself up well with blankets!

'Once upon a time' there lived a man who always kicked when it was hot. He was using one day words that would have risen a thunder shower at the North Pole, when an old sea captain overheard him.

'What would you give,' said the old sea captain, 'to be cool again?' 'Ten thousand dollars!' said the man on the spur of the moment.

'Done!' said the old sea captain. 'Go into the city and order a fur overcoat.' The man laughed. But the sea captain said not a word, but fitted up his boat with hardtack and plenty of salt pork. He also had a keg of hot stuff.

'Shiver my timbers, said he, 'if I haven't forgotten the way, I will take him where he will long for the bad place.' Only he didn't say 'bad place,' sea captains seldom do.

They sailed for a month. It grew cooler every day. By the beginning of the second month it was very cool indeed. It was 40 degrees below zero. It might have been more, but no one could tell because this was as far as the thermometer was built to go.

'Let us go home,' said the man.

'Aye, aye, my hearty,' said the sea captain.

But when they tried to go they discovered that they were frozen in.

As far as they could see there were only large chunks of ice.

The man shivered. His teeth chattered. His knees knocked together and his nose was very blue.

Whenever he took a long breath, it felt as though someone had rammed an icicle down his throat.

'Give me some of the hot stuff,' he said. But he had to eat it in junks and it only made him colder.

It grew so cold that they had to wrap the candle flame in blankets to keep it warm.

Then the wind blew. It was full of little pieces of ice that felt like mosquito bites when they struck.

'Odds bobs,' said the captain, 'I did not forget.'

The man shivered for two months and then he got so cold he couldn't shiver. All he could do was to lie on his back on the ice and look up at the icy roof, and try not to breathe.

A rescue party found the man and the captain and brought them home. But the man has not thawed out yet, and the sea captain has so much money that he keeps disgracefully full of 'hot stuff' all the time.

Two Passengers Dislike.

A lady of a truly masculine spirit, accompanied by a small poodle, is said to have failed sadly the other day in an attempted reformatory movement. She entered the smoking car of a suburban train and sternly refused when approached by a conductor