

LIUTENANT AT A LEVEE.

Young Military Debutante's First Bow to the King—Might Have Saved His Trepidation.

Just as a young debutante looks forward to her first drawing-room with feelings as much of nervous trepidation as of delight, so a young officer or lawyer fights more shy of his first levee than of facing an enemy in the field or conducting his first case in court, although naturally he feels proud of the prospect of coming individually under the eyes of his King.

I am not ashamed to confess that when some time ago, in all the glory of the full-dress uniform of a lieutenant of Yeomanry, I made my way on foot to St. James's Palace to be presented to His Majesty as one of his gallant soldiers, it was with a little internal quaking and an external trembling of the knees, which rather belied my brave appearance. I was just in time, as I neared the Palace, to see the King's equipage, with its escort of Life Guardsmen making a gallant show with their glistening helmets and nodding plumes, dash up through a roar of welcoming shouts from the crowds of curious sightseers, and to feel proudly that I, too, was a part, however insignificant, of the "show."

Ran Gauntlet of Crowds.

My own reception by the crowd, however, was not quite so cordial as that of the King, although one critic did exclaim, "I say, Bill, don't 'e think 'e's a torf!" which, after all, was rather a dubious kind of a compliment. But a soldier of the King can afford to be criticised, I thought as, with the air of a field marshal, I ran the gauntlet of the crowds and at last found myself safely landed within the palace walls.

And what a startling transformation it was from the dinginess of the world outside to the blaze of color and life and animation in which I found myself within the palace. Here were hundreds of men stretching away in a long vista as far as the eye could see, a river of moving colors as variegated as those of Joseph's coat and probably far more picturesque. They were men of all types and ages—a few generals, erect and still imposing in scarlet tunics, cocked hats, and plumes—men apparently old enough to have fought at Balaclava and Inkerman, and still ready if need be to take the field again; and rubbing shoulders with these grizzled veterans were dapper young subalterns of Guards as gaily attired as so many popinjays, and no doubt full of dreams of the day when they too, should wear a general's badge. Here are aides-de-camp in their richly embroidered tunics, gold aigrettes, plumed hats and gold sashes; Highland officers in tartan trews and feather bonnets; trim naval commanders in their more sober but most becoming blue and gold; officers of engineers and artillery, of cavalry and infantry of the line, Yeomen and volunteers—an epitome, in fact, of the British Army and all sporting their bravest colors.

A Brilliant Scene.

Dotted here and there in this gorgeous stream of color, slowly moving onward to the Throne Room, are the white wigs and black robes of lawyers fresh from the courts and their briefs, and come to pay homage to the King; men in the modest splendor of black velvet court suits, steel-looped cocked hats, and swords and buckles of steel; stray ministers of the Crown in gold-laced uniforms; scarlet-clad dignitaries of the Church; county lieutenants in silk-lined embroidered tunics, silver-laced trousers, and crimson and gold sashes; Chinamen, gorgeous in robes of silk and gold; picturesque Japanese; and turbaned Turks.

In my uniform of dark green I felt quite eclipsed by the blaze of color around and in front of me, as moving with the stream I found myself passing through room after room scanned by keen-eyed officials, on the lookout for anything irregular in dress, and the entrance to each room guarded by two gentlemen-at-arms; ready to bar the entrance with a cord of silk if the pressure should become too great.

At last, after what seems hours of slow progression, I catch a distant glimpse of the Throne Room, voices which until now have been incessant become hushed, I clutch my ticket of presentation to make sure that I have still got it, and summon up my evaporating courage for the ordeal which is now near.

Catches Sight of the King.

A little later I find myself at the entrance to the Throne Room and catch sight of the King, in field marshal's uniform, standing on a raised platform with a brilliant group behind, to the right, and in front of him—Royal Princes and household officials in gorgeous uniforms. My name is announced in a clear, cultured voice—that of the Lord Chamberlain—and with a dazed feeling and a shakiness in the legs I walk forward, make a clumsy obeisance to the King, receive a gracious smile and a bow in turn, and somehow, before I realize that it can possibly be over, I have emerged from the room and find myself in a corridor outside.

After all, I thought, it was not very formidable, and I might just as well have saved myself all my trepidation. For a few moments I waited in the corridor watching the steady flow from the Throne Room—the Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Law, Ministers and Attaches—and I could not help fancying that they all seemed as pleased

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AT 9 A. M.

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as myself at having done homage to our gracious King, and that the ordeal was over.

land from the Spaniard and the Inquisition.

His Devoted Wife.

At dinner time we left talking about rural matters, and I listened with deep interest to what fell from the lips of him who, among the foremost, had built so strong and well upon the foundations which the "Earthquake" had fiercely laid.

Everybody knows about the early years of Ito's venturesome life; how he foresaw the mighty future and prepared himself for it, studying the west down to its deepest principles, working his way to Europe as a common sailor, landing on England's shores with half a dollar in his pocket, but with a heart in his breast, ardent, patriotic, full of an Empire to be.

And by his side was the amiable lady who in the time of her childhood had seen this hero husband hiding for his life under the "tatami," while his enemies, searching everywhere and thirsting for his blood, dragged her by her long black hair from her cushions and threatened to kill her also.

Now she did the honors of her house, placid, demure, debonaire, the kind eyes which had witnessed such deeds and days guarded by blue spectacles of the over-brilliant gold of the setting sun, while her illustrious lord, with only a gray hair or two in his black locks went back to finish behind the nearest screen the rules of the new Parliament, or busied himself in making lists of peers, as we catalogue pictures or books or sacks of rice.

I saw the great Marquis on the first day of that new Parliament, when, while peers and commons, with foreheads upon the floor, knelt in two hemicycles before the Mikado, he stood proud, but reverent, beside His Imperial Majesty, handing to him the first speech from the throne. I shall never forget the bow of acknowledgment which the Mikado vouchsafed to the two Houses of his Legislature, thus simultaneously prostrate before him.

How would he discharge this recognition, descendant from the Sun, heir of a dynasty which has 2,000 years of record? He simply dropped his chin two inches and a half, so as just to touch the broad scarlet and white ribbon which crossed his breast, and in that Imperial parsimony of salutation I saw the inborn traditions of his line.

I saw and heard it all like a mouse at a chink in the wainscot, for the master of ceremonies had solemnly whispered to me:

"You must not be seen. You are

here by chance placed above the Emperor, which would be treason. You will see everyone sits below him except Ito. You must be honorably invisible." And so I was.

A Story of No Man's Land.

That night again in Tokio I had the honor of listening to him upon whom so much still depended, and was glad to find his first and last thought was to render Japan powerful enough to save herself, whatever might befall.

I should not, of course, dream of repeating here any of the weighty things he uttered, since they were all heard in private conversation; yet I may be allowed to mention an instance of his alert habit of mind and swiftness of action.

I had spoken of a group of islands eligible to possess, and, as I had gathered, not by any means out of reach of Japan's ownership if she wanted them.

Without directly replying he took a swift note in Japanese, despatched a messenger to the telephone, and returned quietly to the little pipe. I saw the message afterwards, the sense of it was:

"Send immediately full particulars, with map and latest commercial particulars, report of—well, No Man's Land."

Not long afterwards I had occasion to find that he knew more about the spot in question than anybody, and the white and red flag of Japan floats over it now.

The last time I met the great Marquis was in Moscow, at the coronation of the reigning Czar.

Japanese Racial Distinction.

The first snow which follows maturity had sprinkled his temples and neck like the summer drift which lies upon the head of Fuji, but the firm face seemed more resolute than ever; the dark brows were even more sternly knit, the strong mouth had grown almost harder than before with use of words masterly and commanding.

He was not Ambassador for Japan at that time, but only, if I rightly remember, a representative Minister, who, so far as I could see, did not by any means waste his time while in the city of the green and golden domes.

It appeared to me that I was viewing history through an inverted telescope, seeing him and Count Lobanoff standing together, far off, in the miniature of events, but coming and certain to come into the large foreground.

The Russian statesman, who has not survived to carry out the anti-British plans he cherished, was tall, spare and punctilious; Marquis Ito is of average Japanese stature, which is lower than that of the west; and you could read difference of race in

the Muscovite countenance, where the Slav blood mingled with the Teutonic, and that other countenance, which only the ignorant called Mongolian, and foolishly confuse with the yellow peoples.

It will be well when continental statesmen learn that a score of natural facts discriminate the Japanese people from the Chinese and the Tartars. There is more of Malay blood, there is even more of Kanaka and of Polynesian blood, in that fearless, self-reliant visage of the famous Marquis than of Genghis or Kublai Khan.—Edwin Arnold.

COBWEBS.

Cobwebs—cobwebs—waves of woven gold, Dancing where the sun-boats cross the shutters old!

Cobwebs—cobwebs—chains of silver mail Flashing when the moon-swords down the shadows trail!

Cobwebs—cobwebs—grey on every side, Sails for ships of fancy, vells for some lost bride!

Cobwebs—cobwebs—dark on roof and wall, Winding sheets for Youth and Hope and dead Love's pall!

Cobwebs—cobwebs—ropes of dusty pearls, Jewels on the white breasts of half-forgotten girls!

Cobwebs—cobwebs—glinting now like tears, Now like chains upon the gates that guard us from the years!

—WILL H. OGILVIE.

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Year	Income.	Assets at End of Year.	Surplus at End of Year.	Amount of Insurance in Force at End of Year.
Dec. 31, 1893.	\$1,261,930.51	\$ 6,453,309.56	\$229,292.96	\$55,914,417.00
Dec. 31, 1903.	2,386,617.13	10,204,727.03	563,565.59	57,385,198.00
Increase,	\$1,124,686.62	\$3,751,417.47	\$334,272.63	\$21,470,781.00

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until Monday, July 25, 1904, inclusively, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

FRED. GELINAS,

Secretary and acting Deputy Minister. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, June 24, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid therefor.

June 30—831