GLOBE SUPPLEMENT

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 4, 1896.

HERONS AND ROOKS.

Interesting Facts About These British Land Birds.

Herons and rooks are the only two kinds of British land birds that unite in companies in the breeding season, says the London *Standard*. …undant food supply is probably the reason for …lection of any given site by either of these "The instinct of finding food for the …predominant," says Prof. Newton, "and food is there will the feeders be …oth herons and rooks nest … and since the food …, frogs and water pond snails and …ound near ponds …wking was at Its breed- and severe young or nineteenth in Essex …o lanner …ybound …lmas to … From this …f heron hawking, …o, may be conjured up. All …re, from the flushing of the when heron and hawks come ground, and the falconer runs …ave his birds from being transfixed by the "spear" of the heron. With the decay of hawking heronries ceased to be protected as they had formerly been, and where kept up were main…ned as appurtenances of ancient houses. One …most famous was that formerly existing at … near Spalding. It was here that …nted 80 nests upon one oak tree; …ion of this heronry in a letter to evoked the enthusiastic reply: …ts of such a bird on a tree is a …ould ride half as many miles to have a sight of."

Heronries, varying greatly in the number of nests, exist in almost every county in England and Wales. In Scotland and Ireland the breeding places are still more numerous, though the nests in any one colony are generally few. Within easy journey from the heart of London are two heronries where the birds are now nesting and rearing their young. One is in Richmond Park. It would probably be unknown to many people, but for the fact that the cutting down of some trees on which herons had built, and the consequent destruction of the nests, gave rise to indignant protests from bird lovers and put a stop to the ill-timed thinning of the Penn Ponds plantation. The official reply to a question in Parliament was to the effect that there was still a large number of nests, and the birds disturbed appeared to have again nested. The heronry in Wanstead Park is much larger and of far more interest to Londoners, for it is, so to speak, at their very doors, and, thanks to the city corporation, it belongs to them forever. Crossing Wanstead flats and entering the park one passes by ponds white with the dainty flowers of the water crowfoot, on for a little way past the chalet and the old hunting lodge till the grotto is reached, when the path bends to the left and leads round the water in which lies Lincoln island, with its tall elms, where the herons breed. Formerly these birds built in the trees on the island in what is still called the Heron pond; but they migrated to their present quarters many years ago. Special precautions are taken to prevent their being disturbed during the breeding season, and there are more nests now than there were when the park was opened to the public in 1882. Then there were 40. The number rose to 51 in 1889 and reached a maximum of 68 in 1894. Last year they decreased by seven and this year there are only 50. Mr. Buxton says, in his book on Epping Forest: "The birds do not seem to mind the people; but I think there is some danger of their being evicted by the rooks." There is so much difference in size between a heron and a rook that most people would assume that in a contest the victory must almost inevitably lie with the larger bird, armed as it is with a long sharp bill that has been proved over and over again to be an admirable weapon of offence and defence. They would also think that when herons are driven from their nesting places by rooks it must necessarily be by a process of mobbing. This may sometimes be the case, but battles royal between these birds for the possession of nesting places are recorded; and Mr. Howard Saunders tells how, at Malin in Donegal, the two species never retired to rest without a skirmish, in which the rooks were the aggressors. At the Birch heronry, near Colchester, the rooks are kept down in the belief—probably correct—that they destroy the herons' eggs, a crime of which the keeper in Wanstead Park does not believe his rooks to be guilty. He lays the blame of such ravages on the carrion crows, which, no doubt, do take toll of such nests as come in their way. But the rook is not a bird to stick at trifles in matters of this kind. Mr Bartlett has borne testimony to its guilt as an egg stealer from the nests of waterfowl in the Zoological Gardens. There is no doubt that the habits of rooks have of late years undergone a remarkable change. Formerly they lived chiefly on grubs and worms; but as the supply of this kind of food has greatly diminished by better farming they have been compelled to seek new means of subsistence. The guilt of the rooks in the matter of herons' eggs at Wanstead would seem to be established by the fact that the decrease in the number of herons' nests this year is coincident with an increase of rooks' nests. Of these there were last year 250; this year there are 400. Fortunately, the remedy is an easy one—to keep down the rooks.

MARRIAGE AGENCIES IN PARIS.

People Regard the Business as a Perfectly Legitimate One.

[From the Illustrated London News.]

Albert D. Vandam gives an interesting description of a Parisian marriage agency. "All that the Paris agencies of the best standing undertake to do," he says, "is to bring the parties together, not only by means of epistolary correspondence, but through personal introduction:—and this is so skilfully—I may say delicately—managed that neither the parents nor relatives of the girl nor she herself have the slightest suspicion of it being a planned thing. My statement holds good even in the case where the girl's friends have had recourse to the agency. I could produce evidence that in France hundreds of girls, absolutely unexceptionable in every respect, some positively handsome, many pretty and a few altogether unfavored by nature, and all of these dowered to a greater or lesser extent, enter wedlock through the intermediary of the four or five well-known matrimonial agencies of Paris. The reader must take my word for it and absolve me from explaining. Each agency published a bi-monthly journal, which is sent to all the railway book stalls, hotels, clubs and circulating libraries throughout France, especially, and often to smaller establishments across the frontier. Its price, postpaid and in a sealed envelope, is one franc per copy. The subscription to the agency is 50 francs, which the subscriber may take out in advertisements if he likes, and in consideration of which he is entitled to correspond with any or all the advertisers in the paper until the supposed right partner for life is found. In the event of a marriage being contracted through the agency's intermediary the agency claims 2½ per cent. from the bridegroom on the marriage portion of the bride, or a sum fixed beforehand in the reverse case. The recipient of the letter knows the writer's name; the writer is absolutely ignorant of the recipient's. The whole of the correspondence passes through the hands of the agency, which supplies special envelopes for the purpose.

"But there is no necessity whatever to advertise. The candidate for wedlock may apply personally to the directress of the agency—it is generally a woman. That is what I did when I wanted materials and facts for my article on the subject. I paid my 50 francs and stated my qualifications and prospects. Next morning I had a letter asking me to call at the office of the agency. "I think I have got what you want, said the principal. And then she gave me full particulars of the young girl whom she had in view for me. Neither the girl nor her parents had the remotest idea that the agency was bestirring itself for her happiness. I was to see my possible fiancee two evenings later on at an 'at home.' The principal herself was to take me. From two or three remarks she dropped I felt convinced that she knew pretty well all about my position, except the important fact that I was a married man. I did not absolutely carry my marriage certificate on my back. Two evenings afterward the principal, who might have passed muster in the best society, fetched me in her own, or what seemed her own, carriage; and in about half an hour I found myself in the apartment of a gentleman holding a by no means subordinate governmental appointment. I knew him by sight, but he did not know me. He was simply subsidized by the principal of the agency. Subsequent experiences taught me that he was simply one out of a hundred. I was introduced to the young lady and her parents. Of course, next morning I pretended to have changed my mind. I would remain a bachelor, I said, for another twelvemonth or so. But I took the trouble of verifying the principal's statements. Every one, including that of the £10,000 dowry, was strictly correct. Whether I should have been accepted by Beatrice or her parents if I had pursued the affair to the last stage but one is another thing. I doubt it, for every one of my statements would have been also sifted by the principal, and there were a good many that would not have washed."

DAIRYING IS PROFITABLE.

Dairying is the most profitable business for a farmer engaged in this work. Nothing goes out but butter, all of which consists of the carbon drawn from the air. Everything taken from the land goes back to it in the manure and whatever food may be purchased adds to it. It is better to buy food than fertilizers. The food well used pays for itself, but the fertilizers cost money which must come out of the crop. The manure made from the food costs nothing and the crop is all gain. This is the great benefit of this method of farming, and for a worn or overcropped farm there is no other way in which it may be restored so quickly or so cheaply, or rather so profitably, for there is profit from the first. And if the dairyman is skilful and can make fine butter that will sell for ten cents or more above the common market price he will have an easy time of improving a run-down farm, for all he sells is drawn from the inexhaustible atmosphere, and whatever he takes from the land is given back to it and the land, like mercy, gives doubly; it returns what it receives, and by the mere act of producing a crop it is made to increase in productiveness by the benefit from its cultivation.

Art Is Non-Partisan.—Pentsel—Who is the fat figure that Uncle Sam is jumping on in this sketch?

Brushess—Dunno; haven't sold it yet. It'll do either for Mark Hanna or a British manufacturer, according to the campaign club that buys it.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

BRITISH ZOLLVEREIN.

FRANCE WATCHES THE MOVEMENT WITH INTEREST.

The Late Jules Simon—Colonial Affairs—Curious Cafe—Socialist Burial.

[Correspondence of the GLOBE.]

PARIS, June 20.

The French follow with keen interest the movement in England for a zollverein, or commercial union, within her empire of 320,000,000 of people—greater than that of Russia, France and Germany put together and whose area is vaster than all the Russias, while her wealth, strength and resources, and that have never been conquered, are in keeping. The idea is admitted to have now come within the sphere of practical politics by starting from a kind of fair and free trade within the imperial empire, striking a nominal tax on the foreigners' exports to the British colonies and the same upon his imports, raw materials especially, into Motherland. That moderate taxation could be applied to the maintenance of an omnipotent intercolonial navy and to keep colonial defences in a state of up-to-date efficiency. The wave of protectionism is expanding over modern states, and the likely advent of Mr. McKinley to the White House next March will give a fresh impulse to the flux of protection while relegating free trade to the limbo of smashed idols. England can still adore th "Ion," but within her borders and alone. She is the only faithful worshipper of unfettered commerce among the faithless. But her future depends upon in-and-in family trading; as she cannot "everlastingly" breast the tide she must tack and float with the current. Locked out by the foreigner she must look herself in among her own purchasers and consumers.

It may be said not a discordant note has disturbed the unanimous expression of regret on the

DEATH OF JULES SIMON.

Yet in his half a century of public life no man had been more abused, villified and caricatured than the deceased. He was like M. Thiers, an old umbrella, and so accustomed to showers of railing. His aphorism in life was, forgive and forget. He was in his 82nd year and as he lay on his death bed he looked 20 years younger. Of late his eyesight failed and he underwent operations for cataract. It was his wife that was his amanuensis, who accompanied him to meetings of the Senate, the Academies and the charitable societies over which he presided and for whose objects he so eloquently pleaded. It was his wife who linked him to these trysting places and arm in arm they returned—Baucis and Autigone at once. Jules Simon was born in Lorient, of which town the composer Victor Masse was also a native. His origin was humble and he was the architect of his own, not fortune, but celebrity, for the man who was several times minister, once premier and occupying many high posts died as he was born and lived—poor. His books brought him some income, but it was by journalism he supported himself. He dictated his daily articles, since his sight failed, to Madame Simon and she despatched them.

He resided on a top flat, before the Madelein church, and where the obsequies of the

NATIONAL FUNERAL

decreed him have been celebrated, for he was a devout and unpharisaical Catholic, though one half of the world believed he was an Israelite and almost the other moiety a materialist. This was due perhaps to the fundamental doctrine of his life, toleration and liberty. His humble home was popularly, and not untruly, known as the "Garret;" it was a *salon*, but only for men, and during half a century it was the head centre for all that was liberal and intellectual in France. Matured and rising talents there met and fraternized, while the host by his learning, experience and eloquence not only charmed but instructed. Professor of human philosophy he was the assistant of Victor Cousin at the Sarbonne and became his successor till he was dismissed and exiled for not bowing the knee to the 1851 coup d'etat. And later, when he re-entered France his "garret" was more dreaded by the Second Empire than Krupp cannon. It was the pivot of the opposition which demolished the Second Empire. His favorite Greek philosopher was Plotinus and whom he much resembled in character, life uprightness and eloquent teaching. In dealing with that philosopher Simon and his pupils mutually shed tears.

Necessity made Simon a politician, but it was a kind of life whose tortuous ways he disliked. He chose always the department of public instruction and that he presided over. It is to him that France is indebted for her present system of

FREE AND OBLIGATORY PUBLIC EDUCATION,

but he at the same time advocated freedom for private instruction. Being returned deputy to the Corps Legislatif, Jules Simon devoted his time to measures for the amelioration of the working classes; he organized a monster petition throughout France in 1870 in favor of free and compulsory national education. His humble home was filled with bales of signed petitions; "these," said he with a sigh to a visitor on the evening of the declaration of war against Germany, "will serve as wadding for cannons." The communists burned the manuscript of his intended work, "Roman Stoicism," that was to be published in three volumes. When minister his greatest joy was to steal away from his palatial official residence to his "garret," enjoy his old arm chair and his overstocked library while the servant prepared his dinner—a chop, a vegetable, some fruit and a carafe of water. When he handed in his letter of resignation to MacMahon as premier an official called on him later to take his orders as to removing his private furniture from his official residence. "Thanks; it is already done; I brought all away with me in the cab this morning and en route delivered my letter of resignation." Jules Simon will live in his books, because they are human documents; to that shrine the other excellencies of his model life form the incense. *Vale!*

Since the

BRILLIANT VICTORIES

of the Anglo-Egyptians over the Dervishes on the road to Dongola and where hard work must yet be expected, even sedate newspapers here appear to be off their heads. They pervert the Prophets and purloin the Psalms to denounce England for remaining in Egypt, when the French decamped, though bound by treaty—valuable as all modern treaties are—to aid the British to clear out Arabi Pasha. Once bitten twice shy in the matter of dual controls. The French wilfully shut their eyes to England's cool resolve to reconquer the Soudan provinces for Egypt and by *ricochet* for the Sultan, placing them under her own protection for the Khedive. They believe such a paper pellet as the law suit of the *caisse* cash advance could turn her aside from the career of her humor. Before the suit arrives at the Appeal Court the Mahdi will be smashed and the territories occupied *a la* Madagascar. The *entente* between England and the triple alliance is as mysterious as that between France and Russia. But it would be dangerous to touch any of the quadruplists. The world feels sick and ashamed at the Cretan massacres and would gladly see Young replace Old Turkey in its policy of extermination of the Christians. The Koran never wishes its believers to "Merit heaven by making earth a hell." That appears to be the price payable for the maintenance of European peace. It is enough to make the college of cardinals join a Greek "Thousand."

THE SOUTH AFRICAN QUESTION.

There is no more capital to be made out of the Boer than out of the Venezuelan question. It may be taken for granted that England has promised the Kaiser a free hand—in Syria, for example and Morocco, less Tangiers or Holland, less the Spice Islands—elsewhere, but to let the Cape Colony alone. In time then Uncle Paul and Cecil Rhods—the former knows the Psalms both of David and of "Life"—will meet together like mercy and truth and Drs. Jameson and Leyds will kiss each other like righteousness and peace. All's well that ends well. Second Cecil Rhodes to connect the Cape with the Nile. General Joubert may rest assured that neither Sirdar Kitchener nor Major Burn-Murdoch will ever march upon Pretoria with their Soudanese stalwarts. By then the rough diamond Boers will be transformed into Anglo-Afrikanders.

The angel Gabrielle has had hard times since he re visited the glimpses of our moon. It was a very unbusiness arrangement to allow himself to be run by Madlle. Couedon. The latter took an action against two journalists, who expressed their belief that she was totally unknown to the archangel and was only an ordinary not a celestially inspired fortune teller, etc. Mademoiselle claimed 25,000fr. damages; she was accorded only 100fr., while the writers were fined 25fr. each for not recalling Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. That ruling of the books has completely killed the archangel industry.

There is no scarcity of hells in Paris; hence it is refreshing to find a new rest opened on the Boulevard Clichy called the

CAFE DU CIEL.

It is too close to the cafes of the "Dead Rat" and the "Skeletons." However, they are in a special astronomical propinquity. The cafe of Heaven burns red lights like the Moulin Rouge and its warning arms, and blue, recalling the spectral or sepulchral glamor of the rival squelettes, where the tables have the form of coffins, the seats like crematory cars, the walls well hung with Dances of Death frescoes and statuary in the form of real skulls, more or less grinning, tibia, fibia and other osseous terms ending in ias. The "Chucker Out" is armed with a scythe and an hour glass. The portico of the new heaven beer saloon is ornamented with a large statue of an angel with wings in position and outstretched arms appealing to the public to enter; this angel has been already christened Mademoiselle Couedon; artist Gilbert may be glad to hear the statue is "colored:" cemetery slate shade. The actual entrances are on the model of church or cloister doors. Inside, demi-virgins will bring bocks of beer or glasses of absinthe. A *fin de siecle* lady pianist on a bicycle touches the ivories.

Rochefort has just performed the

SOCIALIST BURIAL SERVICE

over an old lady who lived and died in the village of Boulogne, outside Paris. During his exile in England, whenever a case of misfortune was signalled in Rochefort's paper, he received a money order to relieve the misery from an anonymous lady. When he arrived in Paris a free man this lady gave her name and address in confidence and asked Rochefort to call on her. He did so. Said she, "I wanted to give you 100,000fr. for the socialist miners at Carmaux: the money, in gold and bank notes, is in this old valise, take it, allocate it, but return the portmanteau." Her funeral has just taken place. Rochefort related her modest history and noble life; in accordance with her wish he and the assembled socio communists threw a handful of clay on her coffin and promised never again to allude to her. Such talents ought not to remain covered up in a napkin. Mme. Dembourg, you are translated.

WHERE YOU MAY LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH

[Outing for May.]

In 1891, according to the government estimate, over 700,000 horses had been slaughtered in the Argentine Republic for their hides alone, the sales furnishing the figures. Also that a horse was cheaper than a coat, that the beggars rode from place to place and declined to walk, and that if a horse were offered them as alms they would unhesitatingly refuse it, that being about the meanest thing which could be offered to them.

This looks like extravagance and is justified by the residents by various excuses, but I do not think that any distance of market can compensate for a waste of strength which might be easily realized upon in a land where a bonus of $25 was being then paid to every immigrant, however poor, or of what nationality, who came to settle and work. And one of the horses is well worth any four of the 10,000 immigrants I saw landing in Buenos Ayres.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The Idea Repulsive to the Average Civilized Man.

["Who Are Our Brethren," by W. D. Howells, in the April Century.]

But to the average civilized man the notion of human brotherhood is not only dismaying; it is repulsive, as the physical contact of a stranger would be. We are all, by our difference of traditions and conditions, more or less aliens to one another—"infinitely repellant particles," like the sentences of Emerson. When we meet an unknown fellowman our instinct, if not to "heave half a brick" at him, is to have nothing to do with him because we do not know him; we wish to shun and to shirk him. But if we meet an unknown fellowman in good society we behave decently to him, because the ideal of society is equality among guests and between hosts and guests. We have to suppose that he is something like ourselves or he would not be in good society; and so we consent to endure him, and when we have been civil to him we find that we like him a little; we like him greatly if it appears that he is of like aspirations and endeavors with ourselves. In any case we make a show of liking him, for any show of disliking him would be vulgar. But the only terms of great liking are parity of aspiration and endeavor.

Without this we cannot have fraternity, and when we have this we shall have a brotherhood liberated from those irksome burdens and galling ties which society now inflicts upon natural brotherhood. Society does this ignorantly, of course, in a conception of the family which is a survival of the times when one family was adverse to another, when each was the germ of an unfriendly gens, tribe, clan, and each of its embattled members might not so unjustly be made to answer for all the others.

But in civilization the individual, not the family, has been found to be the social unit; he is precious and it is he who is regarded. He is regarded in and for himself and not because he is akin to this, that, or the other one. If he does wrong he is punished and none of his kin are made to suffer through the state, as they are in barbarous countries, where the innocent kindred of a public enemy have their eyes put out when he is put to death. In this the state shows itself more humane than society, which still regards the family as the unit so far as to defame a man if his brother errs and to defame all his brethren if the man himself goes wrong. Society still recognizes fraternity only in the natural sense and has yet to learn that any love between brothers is altogether supernatural and not an instinct, like the love of offspring.

Fraternity is supernatural, as all civility is. The man was an animal and natural; now he is a citizen and supernatural, so far as he is civilized. What we may do is to civilize him so thoroughly that this fraternal feeling will impart itself to all humanity. At present the most of men do not wish to share in the blessings of supernatural fraternity, because they dread in them some latent quality of the annoyance they find in natural fraternity. From the brotherhood of blood, which they did not choose or seek, they often break away as soon as they can and treat their brothers on a business footing. They buy and sell with them; they lend and borrow, and take and give usury, or it, for shame's sake, they do not they secretly feel defrauded. They live apart from one another and keep their families separate. If one brother prospers beyond the others they are suspicious of him, and justly, for at the bottom of his heart he knows that they are no longer his equals and fears that they will some time put him to shame before his equals. We all thought it very droll when the new rich man ceased to ask his brother to dinner, and said: "One must draw the line somewhere." But we all felt the joke the more because in our secret souls we had the potentiality of the same meanness.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE IN SCOTLAND.

Not as Strict Now as it Was a Few Decades Ago.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

For some time past it has been painfully evident to the student of men and things north of the Tweed that Scotland is degenerating—that she is slowly but surely falling from her high estate. During the past few years many and wonderful changes have occurred in the northern kingdom, but perhaps the most noteworthy of these is the extraordinary change which has taken place in the observance of the first day of the week. When the magistrates of Glasgow a few years ago authorized the running of the tramway cars on Sunday it was predicted that a terrible judgment would fall upon that city on account of its wickedness, and perhaps it is due to the gloomy prognostications of the Sabbatarian Cassandras that no other town in Scotland has followed in the wake of Glasgow. When the Edinburgh botanic gardens were thrown open on Sundays another wail went forth, but, alas! notwithstanding threats of "judgments" the public throng there. And, in spite of the shrieks and denunciations of the Sabbath Observance Society, steamers laden with passengers ply in the Firth of Forth every Sunday during the season; coaches convey pleasure seekers from the town to the country and cyclists "scorch" along the roads of Scotland in all directions.

Quite lately the battle of Sunday golf was fought and ended in a victory for the Sunday golfer, and on every hand there are signs that the old-fashioned Scottish "Sawbath" has "departed, never to return." A most remarkable proof of this is furnished by the plea of a deputation which waited upon the lord provost of Edinburgh this week. The members of the deputation were for the most part eminent ministers and office bearers of the Free church of Scotland, who in time past were considered rigid Sabbatarians. Some of them, indeed, are members of the Sabbath Observance Society. Yet this deputation interviewed the lord provost in the interest of those who used to be considered Sabbath breakers. There was a time, not very long ago, when the heinous sin of vaging or stravaiging (i. e., walking) on the Sunday was punishable by imprisonment in the stocks, but it was in the interests of stravaigers that the present day Sabbatarians solicited the lord provost to prevent golf playing on the Braid hill on Sundays. They stated distinctly that they did not appear as objectors to Sunday golf, but simply contended that the bills should be left safe and quiet for those who do not play golf, but who enjoy a ramble on Sunday. Of a verity Scotland is degenerating!

Of course there are still some stalwarts who, faithful to the traditions of their forefathers, uphold the good old Scottish "Sawbath" as a day upon which no man shall be seen to smile. A few of these were gathered together in Aberdeen the other day and endeavored to console themselves by predicting, as they many times before have done, that judgments fall upon the present sinful generation of Scotsmen. The secretary of the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland, Rev. J. M. Shiach buoyed up himself and his hearers with the hope that the opening of museums and picture galleries may be unsuccessful but he was horror stricken to note that the Prince of Wales had a yacht at the race at Hyeres on Sunday last week, and he made the awe-inspiring prediction that "if the heir expected to sit on the throne and to outrage divine institutions in this way it was more likely, looking forward to the future, that the throne would sit on him than that he would sit on the throne." What was meant by this threat was not quite clear to the audience, but, looking upon it as something very terrible, they applauded heartily. Another clergyman denounced as un-Christian certain "at homes," which he had heard had been given by "elders" on Saturday night. People, he said, should be preparing for the "Lord's day." An ex farmer, who followed the reverend gentleman, denounced the sale of milk on Sunday and told how thirty years ago he was asked to bring milk to town on Sunday and had refused. He would rather have "put the milk down the burn." All his customers agreed to take their milk on the Saturday evenings, "except one rich lady, and she died a few weeks afterward." But, alas! the Scottish Sabbath breakers, and they are legion, only scoff at such judgments.

TWO MUCH TUBBING.

"Do you know that many people really bathe themselves to death, or at least weaken their constitutions permanently by too many plunges and scrubbings?" This remark was made to me yesterday by a professional nurse, who has been a small lifetime in the service.

"Of course you mean surf bathing," said I.

"No. I hadn't reference to surf bathing, although, of course, that has many dangers besides drowning."

"I suppose you meant some of those foreign baths, then. The unreliable ones, where they literally play you and break your articulates."

"No. I was thinking simply of the home bath. The one which is taken under your own roof. There are plenty of people, especially women, who would consider it sacrilegious to begin the day without an hour in what the English call "tubbing." They wouldn't consider it "cleanly," to use the phraseology of these enthusiasts. Now, the morning bath is a good thing if one is physically strong and robust, if the bath itself is of short duration and followed by a brisk friction with coarse towels. But for the delicate it is often by far too great a strain upon the system.

"For the woman who has no vital force to spare a sponge bath is the most that should be undertaken. This notion that it is necessary to be immersed each morning in water brings a smile to the lips of anyone who has studied the subject. It is, of course, a luxury, but perfect circulation and perfect cleanliness in no way demand it. A good piece of toweling, a basin of hot water which contains a handful of sea salt will be found to contain the elements of a good bath when physical prowess required for the plunge is wanting."

"Do you believe in cold baths?"

"I oppose them strongly, although I know of many people, some of this profession, who uphold them. This clientage is dying out. I admit that there are many men and some women who have indulged in this shivering ablution frequently during many years with no apparent bad results. But it is an open question whether even these did not lay up the causes of after disorders? It stands to reason that when the temperature of the body is reduced so suddenly by immersion into water from which not even the chill has been removed that a serious shock is administered. There are other opinions and diverse ones, but in mine this shock is exceedingly dangerous for the system.

"Mothers whose sons and daughters are sent to boarding school should be careful to impress on the young people the importance of using reason in matters of this kind. I have known of half-grown boys and girls who have taken as many as four cold plunges during a summer day. And in one case I was called in to attend a young girl of 14, who had, while in a perspiration, stepped into a tub of cold water and rendered the condition of her system critical.

Mother—Do you think young Freshly's attentions toward you are serious?

Daughter—Serious? Why, they are more than that, they are positively mournful.

LONDON LITERARY TALK.

EDWARD BOK'S BRIGHT GOSSIP OF THE ENGLISH WORLD.

Anthony Hope Writing a Sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," also His First Historical Novel—Conan Doyle's Popularity—C. D. Gibson's Wonderful London Triumph—News of English Authors.

[Correspondence of the GLOBE.]

LONDON, June 15, 1896.

It is very likely that Anthony Hope will be a much-read man during 1897. At least, he is working hard and the results of his nine hours a day at his desk will be given his public next year. What will probably interest this author's readers is the fact that he is engaged upon a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," and this will probably be the first work to appear from his pen after "Phroso" is published. This sequel is interesting Mr. Hope (or Mr. Hawkins, to use his private name) mightily, and he believes that it will interest the public as much as did the original story. He will, of course, marry off the Princess in this sequel, but in what way remains for the story to tell. While no title has been settled upon for the story the one now in mind is "The Constable of Zenda." The work will first see print during the late summer of 1897. When the "Zenda" sequel is off its author's hands Mr. Hope will begin the writing of his first historical novel. This desire has been a strong one with him for some time and he believes that his forte lies in that direction rather than in romantic fiction—a fact which will, in a sense, surprise his readers.

WHAT ANTHONY HOPE THINKS HIS FORTE.

The fact is, I think, that neither Anthony Hope's tastes nor his heart incline toward the romantic in fiction. He has made an enormous sum of money with his "Prisoner of Zenda," and, in all probability, he will be long remembered by this book. But his taste runs to the problem novel, and he admits this frankly and with a laugh—the latter because he thinks this tendency in him will amuse his readers who regard him as the exponent of the romantic school. He is now considering a short story of that character which he will publish in the "Cosmopolis" magazine, and through this tale his readers will get a clearer idea of his strength in "problem stories." This will be one of the few short stories which will come from his pen for a long time. But Anthony Hope's uppermost desire is to write a historical novel, and with this he prefers to have his name associated rather than with "The Prisoner of Zenda." Of course, it may be but another case of a writer attempting to go into a field other than that in which he has made a success; at all events, he is going to try it and it will remain with the public to judge of the result.

A PRETTY GIRL AFTER A DAY'S WORK.

The author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is London's principal social lion, in a literary way, these days, and he is easy prey. He is indefatigable in this respect, keeping from three to four social engagements during an evening and winding up with a supper. He is fond of the theatre and is seen at every important "first night." He studies the mechanism of the stage as well, for his last novel, "Phroso," is to be dramatized. Although the work of dramatization is not to be done by him he helps it along with suggestions culled from his now somewhat extensive and varied experience at the theatre. Late hours do not affect Hope in his work, however. He lives in bachelor apartments in Buckingham street, a small street just off the Strand and within two squares of Charing Cross. Every morning finds him at his desk at nine o'clock, and he works throughout the day without cessation. "But when evening comes," he says, "then I like to throw the whole thing off, go out and talk to some pretty girl. What about? Oh, nothing. If they start me on my books or work I switch them off. If they ask me what I am writing I tell them nothing. That ends it and we return to social topics. London society and its people interest me immensely and I like to move in it and be of it. It is recreation to me. Either that or the theatre and then I am content to go to sleep, rise and take up my work again."

CONAN DOYLE'S POPULARITY.

Conan Doyle has always been popular in England, but never more so than at present. Nor is his popularity confined to the literary element. His whole-souled, vigorous manner is liked by men and women, some of whom know the man and not the author. A somewhat striking instance of this latter fact was brought to my attention at a dinner party where Dr. Doyle was present. His next companion was a woman, who, it must be confessed, is not of a literary turn of mind; in fact, books are rather foreign to her nature. Naturally, she dropped into conversation with the man at her left, and at the close of the dinner fairly glowed with the delight of her new acquaintance.

"Did you find the man equal to the author?" I asked of the woman.

"Author?" she repeated. "Why, does he write?" I told her he did.

"Well, bless me, I never knew it—in fact, I do not know his name. But one thing I do know: that he is the most interesting man I ever met."

At least, the compliment was the more sincere than if the woman had known of Dr. Doyle's repute. This personal magnetism is a singularly happy possession of the well-known author of "Sherlock Holmes," and he makes legions of friends who do not know his books and consequently do not seek him as a lion. In the case which I recite he certainly made a new reader for his works, since I had to make out a complete list of Doyle's books, and next day I met the author's new admirer at Hatchard's ordering the complete works of the man who charmed her the evening before.

C. D. GIBSON'S LONDON SUCCESS.

Charles Dana Gibson has made a most pronounced success in London. In fact, no American illustrator has been helped along in his work as has he. Gibson came to London with his bride in January, and settled down in a suite of most comfortable apartments in Piccadilly, in the centre of everything social, literary and artistic. He was not in London many weeks before he was allowed the unusual courtesy of attending the first of the Queen's "drawing rooms" of the season, and permitted to remain in the room during the entire function. Of course, he took advantage of the opportunity and has since made a series of "drawing room" pictures, which will soon be in America. In April he attended the second "drawing room" at Buckingham Palace, when Mrs. Gibson was "presented." and on June 1 he was "presented" at the Prince of Wales' "levee" at St. James Palace. Thus he has been singularly fortunate in his glimpses of England's royalty. He has, likewise, been favored in the men and women who have come to his studio and "posed" for him. In this way Anthony Hope, George du Maurier, Phil May, the caricaturist; Lord Russell, Arthur Balfour, Mrs. Asquith and Sir Evelyn Wood have posed as "models," and are presented in Gibson's pictures. Then the demand came for him to give an exhibition of his drawings, and this is now in progress, with wonderful success, at the Fine Arts Galleries in New Bond street. In addition to these "society" pictures Gibson has made other studies, which will illustrate his "Phases of London Life," in *Scribner's Magazine*, early in 1897. His most important studies while here he holds in reserve, however, and these are on lines entirely different from anything which he has as yet done. Upon these he has now begun work, and will finish when he returns to America. Mr and Mrs. Gibson sail for home the middle of July, and after spending the summer in Mrs Gibson's home in Virginia will settle in or near New York.

WHAT ENGLISH WRITERS ARE DOING.

Conan Doyle is busy upon a new novel which will be serially published during 1897.

One hears an astonishing lot of talk in London, about the unpopularity of Marie Corelli. At present she is much talked about all her books selling remarkably well. But of her personality one scarcely hears a kind word spoken. She is almost never seen in society, and this, I am told, is due to her unpleasant manners, and an effort which she is said to make upon every occasion of being disagreeable to those around her. This feeling is becoming so pronounced that it shows the first signs of extending to her books. And London makes a good deal of the personality of a writer. It influences its buying.

Both S. R. Crockett and Stanley Weyman are keeping themselves secluded just at present, each being at work upon a novel promised for delivery before the end of the year.

A report was circulated in London last week that the newspaper letters written by Rudyard Kipling while he was a newspaper man in India, under the title of "Letters of Marc," were to be published in book form. It is not often that one catches so good a literary authority as "The Athenæum" napping, but in this case it undoubtedly was, as there is no truth to the report.

Gilbert Parker is once more settled in his London apartments, and at work reading the proof of a new novel to be published this coming autumn. His "Seats of the Mighty" has gone into its second edition here, and occupies, to a large extent, the attention of the literary world. Beerbohm Tree is now considering a dramatization of the novel for production by him and Mrs. Tree.

Miss Elizabeth L. Banks, the young journalist who left America four years ago, and achieved notoriety in London by disguising herself as a nurse girl, a street sweep, and occupying sundry other roles and then writing out her observations, is to return to the United States in September. She will come as the representative of a London paper, and send over political letters picturing the approaching Presidential campaign from a woman's point of view. Miss Banks has literally let go somewhat her "Campaigns of Curiosity," and succeeded in writing on weightier topics for "The Nineteenth Century." This latter work has done much to give her a position different from that attained by her first journalistic work.

J. M. Barrie is idling rather than working. He is not a prodigious writer, at his best, and since he finished his "Sentimental Tommy," he has started upon no further work. "Tommy," it is expected, will be widely read here when it is in book form. But Londoners are too busy and have too much to read to take up serials, and hence Barrie's novel is only dipped into as yet.

EDWARD W. BOK.

MANY OF US LEFT.

The World's Population Now About 1,480,000,000—Density in Various Countries.

The population of the world is about 1,480,000,000, according to *The Chautauquan*. Of these there are in China 361,766,000; in British India, 286,136,000; in Russia, 117,736,331. One half of the human race lives in Asia, and nearly one-fourth in China, which slightly exceeds the whole of Europe in population. India contains a little over one-fifth and Africa about one-ninth of the race. Less than one fourth belong to civilized nations. Of these, nearly one-third, or about one-thirteenth of the total population of the world, belong to the English-speaking peoples. The density of population to the square mile varies greatly in different countries, being greatest in Belgium. The number of persons to the square mile is, in Europe, 95; Asia, 48; Africa, 14; America, 8; in Australasia, 1.3; Belgium, 535; England, 480; in the Netherlands, 357; Great Britain and Ireland, 312; Italy, 272; German empire, 236; Japan, 271; China, 220; India, 187; Switzerland, 186; France, 184; Austro-Hungary, 170; Denmark, 145; Portugal, 124; Spain, 89; European Russia, 49; Sweden, 27; United States, 17; Mexico, 15; Norway, 15; Canada, 2. A large part of the world is not crowded yet. The entire population of the world could stand on an area of about 250 square miles, and could be compressed within the limits of the city of Chicago, which includes 160.54 square miles and has a population of about 6,850 per square mile.

In 1890 the most densely populated city in the United States was New York with 37,675 people to the square mile; and in the most densely populated ward, i. e., ward 20, there were 474 persons to the acre. The most densely settled state was Rhode Island with 318.4 persons per square mile; next, Massachusetts with 278.5; New Jersey, 193; Connecticut, 150.4; New York, 126; Pennsylvania, 116.9; Nevada, 0.4; Arizona, 0.5; Wyoming, 0.6; Montana, 0.9; Idaho, 1; New Mexico, 1.03; Utah, 2.5, and Oregon, 3.3; per square mile. In Europe there are more females than males—1,019 females to 1,000 males. In the United States there are but 952 females to 1,000 males. In the older states the females predominate, the percentage in Massachusetts being 51.42; in Rhode Island, 51.37; Connecticut, 50.48; Montana, 33.50; Wyoming, 35.19; Nevada 36.16, and Washington, 37.73. In all countries there are born more boys than girls in the proportion of about 105 boys to 100 girls; but the boys die much faster than the girls in the earlier years of life. Birth rates vary in different years. Taking the average for the twenty years from 1871 to 1890, the birth rate for England and Wales was 34 per 1,000; Scotland, 33.6; Ireland, 14.9; Denmark, 31.7; Austria, 38.6; Switzerland, 29.4; the German empire, 38.1; the Netherlands, 35.2; Italy, 37.3; Belgium, 31; France, 24.6 per 1,000. In most civilized countries the birth rate is diminishing. For the United States in the above period the rate was 34. For 1890 in England and Wales it was 30.2; Scotland, 30.3; Ireland, 22.3; Denmark, 30.6; Austria, 36.7; Switzerland, 26.6; German empire, 35.7; Netherlands, 32.9; in Italy 35.9; Belgium, 28.7; and France, 21.8. Death rates are also diminishing, but not so much as the birth rates, varying from 18 to 36 per 1,000. Taken as a whole, the population of the world has increased during the last hundred years, but especially the last fifty years.

UNDOUBTEDLY.

That man is strong, and virile strength displays,
Who strives from trouble's miry slough to raise
His struggling fellow man
By kindly deeds, and words of hope and praise,
Whene'er he can.

That man is brave, whatever role he may
Have destined been by Fate's decree to play,
Let it be high or low,
Who, when 'tis right, altho' the world cries yea,
Dares answer, No.

That man is great, tho' faint renown hath he,
Who grows not, while successful he may be,
Inflated by success
And knows himself, and aims his heart to free
From selfishness.

That man is wise, who tries not to unwind
Those tangled coils his neighbors seldom find
Much joy in owning their's,
And who, at least, pretends to always mind
His own affairs.

Some men possessed of these ennobling traits
Of heart and head, no doubt, on Sabbath days
Display their mental bents
In church, where folk less holy on them gaze,
Collecting cents.

But tho' man may be strong, brave, great and wise,
And though the faults the sterner sex disguise,
So slyly, be not his,
He's not so good, and pure, and loved a prize
As woman is.

Would not, then, some fair dame or charming lass,
Who moves 'mongst sinners of whatever class,
In costumes up to date,
Much better than the men in temples pass
Around the plate?

St. John, July, 1896.

CATCHING TARPON.

Some Big Fellows Reported to Have Been Taken Off Punta Rassa.

The first report of the tarpon fishing season is from Punta Rassa, Fla., to the *Forest and Stream*, and says that several of the big fish have been taken.

It took the tarpon fishers a good while to learn how to make tarpon fishing a sport. They use now half to pound mullets, an eight-foot rod of substantial proportions, a very large reel, with a long, powerful line, and a peculiar hook on it that has a yard or so of non chewable buckskin, wire or twisted cat gut for the snood, so that the fish can't bite itself free.

The hook and most of the snood are swallowed. Before they knew how to fish for tarpon, the anglers struck almost as soon as the line started off, but now they wait a while. The fish's mouth is too hard to be penetrated by the hook, and striking alarmed the fish. After taking the bait, the fish always spits it out, and swims away and comes back satisfied that it is all right, and at a gulp swallows it, "clean to the tip of his tail," and goes looking for more. In three jiffies the sportsman yanks up his rod and the fish is fast. Then comes a job that makes one's arms ache, and may or may not bring the fish to gaff.

A well-known manufacturer of fishing tackle was up in the Adirondacks, last summer, fishing. He had a guide, very popular among visitors to the Blue Mountain Lake region, and this guide was using a home-made gaff, which was so much better than ordinary gaffs that the manufacturer began to talk business, instead of fishing. The gaff was made out of old files, and had two hooks that closed down on one another into the big fish, or opened up at a single twist or jerk of one hand. The gaff hooked into both sides of the fish instead of into one, as the old style did. The guide got a substantial price for his invention, and the tarpon fisherman has found a gaff especially adapted to his use.

The record boards of tarpon fishing clubs are kept by tacking a single scale of each fish taken to a plank, with the date, catcher's name and weight, written below it. These notebooks make interesting reading.

HUNTING DOWN A BANDIT.

A Story That Illustrates Some Phases of Life in Corsica.

[London Westminster Gazette].

The other day I told your readers the story of Bonelli, who secured the price put on the head of a well-known brigand by murdering an old pilgrim and palming off his body as that of the brigand. An even stranger story remains to be told about the brigand himself. Casanova, commonly called Cappa, was already dead when Bonelli was beheaded. The story of his death is picturesque, and it breathes the ancient faithfulness and honor of the Corsican character.

"An Ajaccian friend," writes a correspondent in the island, "tells me that Cappa was horrified by the conduct of Bonelli, and, none the less, much affected by the news of the murderer's arrest. Cappa felt himself hemmed in on all sides, and fled to the mountains of Prunelli-di-Sium-Orbo. This district has long been famous for the courage and hardiness of its sons. In Louis XVIII.'s reign a few of its hillsmen kept 5,000 soldiers at bay. Here Cappa withdrew and hid himself in a lonely valley, watched over by shepherd friends, and here the hunted outlaw fell sick. The mountaineers tended him as well as they were able. An old priest also ministered to his comfort, and, while succoring the needy body tried as well to play the 'soul friend' to the bandit. He influenced Cappa sufficiently to make him promise never again to use gun or knife in killing a fellow man.

"Cappa was still ill when the annual feast of a distant village came around. The shepherds had no fears for their guest. They did not know that spies were set to watch him. The men of the valley were seen leaving the place, and information was sent to the nearest gendarmerie. The sick man had with him only a few children, some of whom kept a lookout.

"The police, who were not in strong force, ventured with grave misgivings into the dangerous, scarcely known region. On perceiving them the youngsters gave the alarm, and the weak and ailing bandit seized his gun, making down a narrow path for a wall, beyond which was the Magnis—the outlaws' asylum, 'the heather' of the Scottish royalists, otherwise dear life, safety! When he had all but gained the wall he saw a single gendarme close to him.

"Cappa was a dead shot. In an instant he had covered his enemy. But he remembered his solemn promise to the priest. He dropped his weapon and let the gendarme go free. The police are under orders to shoot down bandits as a keeper shoots down vermin. This fellow, of course, fired. Cappa was hard hit, but he dragged himself across the fence and into the thick covert—far he could not go. On his knees, clasping his gun with one arm, and with the other grasping a tree bole, his pursuers found him some hours afterward, stark and cold, quite dead."

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Decanters and carafes that are stained inside may be cleaned with a mixture of vinegar and salt, rock salt being best for the purpose. To a handful of salt allow a gill of vinegar; put both in the decanter and shake well until the stains have disappeared. Rinse well.

The following is an excellent fruit salad, and, like Dickens's Marchioness, if you "make believe" just a little you will find it tastes like pineapple: Take three large oranges, peel, remove all the white part, and cut the fruit into thick slices; pare two apples and slice them very thin; alternate the slices of fruit in a dish and sprinkle over them sugar, the juice of one lemon, all the orange juice, and a glassful of sherry wine; place on the ice for two hours before serving.

A handsome sofa pillow cover may be made of figured denim. Outline the pattern with rope silk of some dark, rich color, and fill in the figures with gold-colored silk in the darning stitch.

For shampooing take five cents' worth of powdered castile soap, the same quantity of borax, add to them two tablespoonfuls of alcohol, the beaten yoke of an egg, and a pint of hot water. Put this in a bottle and cork it tightly. When used, rub well into the scalp and make a good lather. Carefully wash the hair in several waters, having the first water hot and the last one cool. This will prevent taking cold if the hair is dried thoroughly.

Plants that have been recently repotted, palms especially, should not be brought at once into a living room, but kept where it is cool, nor should they be watered so plentifully as when they were in a pot bound condition.

A good method for raising the crushed pile of velvet is to cover a hot iron, held upwards, with a wet cloth, lay the velvet on this, and then gently beat the crushed part with a clothes brush. Lay the velvet out on a flat place and do not touch it until it is perfectly dry.

To make a paste for cleaning marble mantels, take equal parts of ox gall, powdered soap, and pipeclay, and add a little turpentine. Apply a coating to the marble, and when thoroughly dry rub it off and wash with warm soft water. This mixture will cleanse without destroying the polish. If the marble is badly stained a second application may be necessary.

Mack—Is it true that Bullion's daughter eloped with his coachman?

Wyld—Yes.

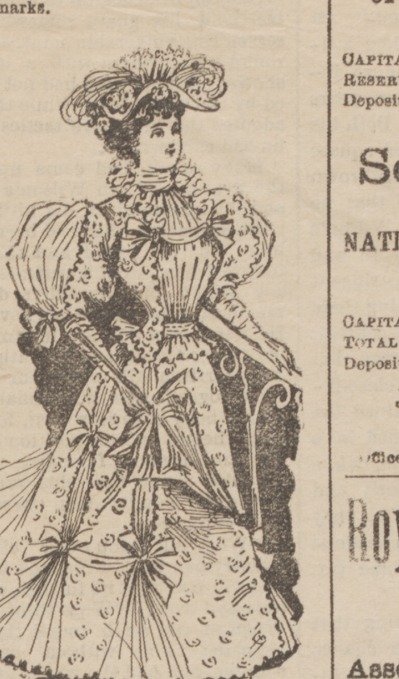
Mack—I suppose Bullion is furious?

Wyld—I should say so. He says he never can get another coachman that will suit him as well.—*Brooklyn Life.*

LINEN LAWN IS DOOMED.

Already Has Its Death Knell Rung.

Clad in a linen lawn gown, through which pink glimmered, she floated into the room. As she stood before me she suggested a picture of dawn, as I laughingly told her. But this matter-of-fact maid would have none of my praise and bade me look at the spots on her gown. Inspection verified her remarks.



For that reason linen lawn is doomed. It spots and there is no remedy. Every spot seems rather to creep into a larger and larger circle as the days go by. Although so charming, so suggestive of a robe of fleecy clouds, already is the popularity of this material waning.

In spite of that fact at present every up-to-date girl must have a linen lawn gown. But let her whose purse is limited eschew the material and choose rather a gown of dainty organdie, which will be so popular when the dog days are upon us.

A novel French design received by a fashionable modiste is being made into a gown for one of New York's pets of fashion.

A delicately green tinted organdie has orchids scattered over it.

The skirt bears a Parisian stamp by having pleated panels, of plain heliotrope organdie, set between the gores. Yet these panels add nothing to the width except at the bottom, being kept under control by reins and bows of heliotrope ribbon.

The bodice shows the same combination effect, having a jacket of the flowered and a vest of the plain organdie.

The sleeve puffs are small, but, like overripe cotton buds, have burst, sending forth an airy mass of plain organdie.

Orchids, green plumes and heliotrope organdie combine to make an effective hat.

THE LATEST.

REMOVE THE TIME LIMIT.

[Rev. F. C. Iglehart, D. D., in North American Review for May].

For one reason or another short pastorates have been the rule of the Christian ministry in this country. It is believed that the average term of the so called settled pastorates is not over three years. While ministerial migration is the law, there are in other denominations long pastorates, some of them the symbols of stagnation, some of them unfortunate in breaking the heart of the pastor or breaking up the church when the pastoral relation is severed, but some of them an unmixed blessing. We believe the Methodist church can make a long term possible without destroying the itinerant system, and should do so. The time limit is not now and never has been one of the restrictive rules or a part of the constitution of the church; it is only what might be called one of the by-laws. There was no limit in Wesley's day. He stayed as long as he pleased and kept his preachers in a place as long as he desired. Circumstances made their stay in one charge necessarily brief. There was no time limit in the Methodist church of this country at the beginning. Bishop Asbury influenced the General Conference of 1804 to vote a limit of two years on the pastoral term of any man in a single charge. The limit applied only to pastors. Secretaries, agents, editors, presidents or professors of colleges were exempt.

This limit was retained for sixty years, when, at the General Conference of 1888, when it was extended to five years. We believe it would be an advantage to the church if the time limit were entirely removed. The change from two to three and then to five years has not destroyed the itineracy as the opponents of the change maintained, nor do we think that a removal of the limit would destroy it. In the earlier history of this country, when the population was scattered and migratory missionary labor seemed to be almost the sole need, and the pioneer ministers adjusted themselves to the need with marvellous facility, the time limit acted as a strong arm of evangelistic power. Now that the population is more settled and its rush to the cities is so impetuous, the work of building up the church and adjusting it to the changed social conditions is as imperative as gathering the people into the kingdom, and a longer term in the great cities is a necessity. A longer term would be good for the minister. It would compel increased diligence in reading, study and pulpit preparation. It would enable him to lay deeper and broader plans and build more substantial and artistic superstructures. The dead line is where a minister ceases to do new work, though he be but thirty years of age. The change would give the Methodist ministers the opportunity that those of other denominations have of fastening themselves to the local institutions of education, benevolence, and reform.

TRUST.

Dear, lay thine hand in mine once more,
In perfect trust of heart and mind;
Turn to the happier days before,
Leave we the darker hours behind.
From Life's dark Past new hopes are born,
The jarring discords slowly cease;
And though an ever-brightening morn
Sweet Love walks hand in hand with Peace.

Men Who Court Death.

The foreign legion of the French army is a unique body of troops. It is always sent on dangerous missions or where absolute foolhardiness is required, and it has never been known to falter. An explanation is given in the fact that many of its members are foreigners who have been forced to leave their native countries. They are utterly reckless and anxious for death, but do not choose to commit suicide. They are political refugees of all sorts, besides men who have been dishonorably dismissed from other European armies for various crimes and misdemeanors, as well as criminals who are serving under assumed names.

On the Farm.

[Truth.]

"Well, how do you like farming? Has the hog cholera got in your pigweed patch yet?" asked the friend from the city.

Johnson, who had rented a farm to escape epidemic of appendicitis that was raging in the city, extracted a sliver from his thumb and replied: "I can tell you, farming isn't the snap some folks think. There's lots of work. A couple of weeks ago I wanted to set a hen. The hens were all laying, and not wishing to interrupt them, I set a rooster. I've been working with him ever since. That bird is as faithless to his vows as a summer girl. But my worst stroke of luck was last week."

"What was it? Forgot to put quilts on your onion bed?"

"No, not that. You see, I had a colt that was in rather poor flesh. One of the neighbors told me to feed it plenty of corn in the ear. I did so, and I'm afraid it is going to die. The poor animal has been as deaf as a bat ever since."

Paper Matches Useful and Cheap.

Paper matches are the latest. The time-honored scheme rolling up paper and utilizing it for a lighter has been used by an inventor in the manufacture of matches, and promises to revolutionize European match-making. It is particularly timely, because the wood for this purpose is constantly growing more scarce and costly.

The new matches are cheaper than those made of wood and weigh much less, quite an item in exportation. The paper used is strong and porous, and when immersed in a solution of wax, stearine and similar substances burns with a bright, smokeless and odorless flame. Strips of half an inch in width are first drawn through a combustible bath and are then turned by machinery into long thin tubes. They are then cut to match length and the heads dipped into phosphorous wax and dried.

WOMAN TAKES CARBOLIC ACID.

Makes a Second Attempt to End Her Life While Despondent.

Elfrida Massey, twenty-six years old, wife of a Manhattan Elevated railroad employe, attempted suicide early on Wednesday by taking a dose of carbolic acid. Mrs. Massey took a large quantity of chloroform and laudanum on June 15, presumably with suicidal intent, but after recovering at Harlem Hospital was discharged in the Harlem Court on the plea of having taken the drug for toothache. She refused to get up Wednesday morning and several hours later was found suffering from the effects of the acid which she had drunk. She was taken to Harlem Hospital again, and is said to be in a critical condition. The two attempts upon her life are said to be due to despondency following an illness.

"George says there's bound to be bolting in the convention."

"Yes, I suppose that's to hold the planks in the platform."—*Chicago Record.*

INSURANCE CARDS.

LANCASHIRE
Fire Insurance Co'y
OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Capital, - - - - - - Ten Million Dollars
Reserved Fund, - - Three Million Dollars
Deposited with Dominion Gov't - - - $100,000

Scottish Union
AND
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y
OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Capital, - - - - - - Thirty Million Dollars
Total Assets, - Thirty-Three Million Dollars
Deposited with Dominion Gov't, - - - $225,000

J. M. & C. W. HOPE GRANT,
Insurance Agents and Brokers,
Office: 52 Princess Street (Ritchie's Building).

Royal Insurance Co'y
FIRE AND LIFE.
Assets Exceed $40,000,000.
J. SIDNEY KAYE, Agent,
No. 1 Jardine's Building
St. John, N. B.

NORTHERN
Fire Assurance Company
OF LONDON AND ABERDEEN.
Capital, - - $22,000,000
Insurance Effected on Buildings, Merchandise, etc., at lowest rates.
PETER CLINCH
Agent.

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS,
PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORIES.

84B	Almon, L. J., Residence, Rothesay.
858	Bain, Thos., Residence, Garden St.
757A	Colman, Leb., Residence, Douglas Avenue.
945	Canadian Drug Co., Ltd., Prince William St.
437	Cornwall, Ira Co., Ltd. King St.
459	Clarke, C. P., Residence, Peters St.
953	Dibblee, E. S., Residence, Sewell St.
485	Dunning, T., Residence, Leinster St.
831	Estabrooks, T. H., Residence, Orange St.
840	Gorham, Dr. C. F., Residence, Leinster St Gorham, Dr. C. F., Dentist, Union St.
764	Gould Bicycle Co., Ltd., Brantford Bicycle, King St.
949	Harding, C. E. & Son, Lumber, Water St.
334	Hatheway, W. F., Residence, Rockland Road
954	Landry & Co., Pianos, Organs, Music, &c., King St.
955	Landry, I. J. D., Residence, 136 Leinster St.

A. W. McMACKIN,
3-26 Local Manager

$14. $14.
The choice of my
SPRING and SUMMER OVERCOATINGS
Trimmed and made to order in A1 style for $14.
S. McCLELLAND,
5 21 Carleton.

Bath Sponges,
SPECIAL VALUE.
Boat Sponges,
Carriage Sponges,
Toilet Sponges.
C. P. CLARKE,
100 KING STREET,

D. McINTOSH, - Florist.
Choice Cut Flowers.
Order direct from the greenhouses and receive them fresh.
Funeral Designs at short notice.
Plants for decorative purposes for sale or to hire. (1-17) Telephone 264.

LAXATIVE
Bromo Quinine,
FOR LA GRIPPE AND COLDS.
Does not affect the head like Quinine Sulphate.
The best remedy for Head Ache.
30 CENTS PER BOX.
A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,
Druggists, Etc., 41 Charlotte street.
Telephone 187. 5-29

SEEDS. SEEDS.
Fresh Garden and Flower.
Insect Powder, Paris Green.
Also a Choice Lot of Habana Cigars, assorted brands, etc., etc.
Est. R. D McARTHUR,
Opposite King Square.

USHER'S WHISKEY.
LANDING:
CASES and BULK. { O. V. G. SPECIAL RESERVE Do.
For sale low in bond or duty paid.
THOS. L. BOURKE - - Water Street.

USHER WHISKEY!
JUST WAREHOUSED:
50 Cases "O. V. G" and Special Reserve; 10 Octaves "O. V. G."
Scotch Whiskey
R. SULLIVAN & CO.,
44 and 46 Dock Street. 5 9

EGGS, FRESH, Arriving Daily.
BUTTER,
Creamery, in small tubs. For sale by
T. COLLINS & CO., North Market St.

HENRY MAXWELL & SON
Lumber Dealers.
Pine, Spruce and Hardwood, Walnut and Whitewood, Sheathing, Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Etc.
BRITAIN STREET St. John, N. B

EARLY SPRING!
BRACKETT.
Send in your LIGHT SUITS and have them cleaned. If faded, Dyed. At
ST. JOHN DYE WORKS,
Princess street.

THE SAINT JOHN GLOBE

(Established 1861)

Is published Every Evening (except Sunday) at the office, "Globe Building," 143 and 145 Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B.

Subscription Price—payable in advance, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, - TWO CENTS EACH.

Two Editions are issued daily, the first edition at four o'clock and the second at five o'clock, containing the latest news from all parts of the world up to the hour of going to press.

The popularity of the "Globe," and its great circulation, make it one of the Very Best Advertising Mediums in the Province of New Brunswick.

THE
SAINT JOHN WEEKLY GLOBE

Is published every Wednesday at the office, "Globe Building," 143 and 145 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

In addition to the Wednesday issue there is published Every Saturday

THE SATURDAY GLOBE,

which contains four pages of solid reading matter, and is sent free to every subscriber to the Saint John Weekly Globe.

By this arrangement the very latest news is furnished to the subscribers to the Weekly Globe twice each week, and several days in advance of any other weekly paper in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia.

The subscription price of the Weekly Globe (including the Saturday Globe) is only

One Dollar

per annum, postage paid.

The Globe reaches all classes and conditions of readers, and is a universal fireside favorite.