BASKING BENEATH SUNNY SKIES

Notes of a Trip Through Italy by a Former Canadian.

PEN PICTURES OF HISTORIC SPOTS.

The following interesting notes of travel are taken from correspondence to a relative, written by Mr. John B. Eager, who, with his wife and son, is wintering in Southern Europe.

* * * From Paris we came to Berne, a very ancient town, noted for its bears, from which it derives its name. The town keeps a den of them, and everywhere you will see them cut in stone. From Berne to Lausanne, a very fine town, built on a hill overlooking Lake Geneva, here it is called Lake Leman, thence to Montreaux, the winter resort of Switzerland. A great many English and Americans spend the winter here. The town is protected from the north and west by immense mountains looking out on Lake Geneva to the south. We also visited near here the Castle of Chillon, made famous by Byron, and where Bonnivard was chained to one of its pillars for seven years. The flags around this pillar are worn deep down with his constant walking. Byron's house is about half a mile distant. He also had a chateau at Bechey, now part of Lausanne. Travelling through Switzerland in summer is delightful; even at this season it is most pleasant. The mountains are snow clad, while the valleys are as green as in summer. Magnificent views are to be had from railway carriage windows. From Lausanne we went to Geneva, a very pretty place with fine streets and large squares; thence to Turin, passing through Mount Census tunnel. It took us twenty-seven minutes to pass through. Turin is the most evenly built city we have seen. There is not a small or poor house in the city. From Turin to Milan, a very fine city with its most magnificent cathedral, Regie, and I ascended the highest point, some 400 feet, from which an excellent view of the city and country can be had.

THENCE TO VENICE.

Here we made our shortest stay, as there came down a cold blast and the only means of conveyance being gondolas, sight seeing was not at all pleasant. We arrived on Saturday and left on Monday, visiting most of the principal places, amongst others the famous "Bridge of Sighs," which we walked over, the Palace of the Doges, old St. Mark's Cathedral, etc. As you are aware, it is a city of islands, the canals are the highways, connecting some seventy islands, and are crossed by a number of bridges. A queer feeling pervades one as he glides silently through its watery streets; it seems like a city of the dead, not a sound being heard except an occasional splash of an oar. Even at our hotel there was a death-like silence. Although we were located on the grand canal there was not a sound from the outside, where in summer all is joyous with music and mirth, the Grand Canal being the fashionable promenade, if I may so speak, of this weird city, the like of which is nowhere else to be seen. I assure you it had a very depressing effect on us and we were glad to leave it for Florence, the prettiest city we have seen outside of Paris. Even as I write there is a bright sunshine and you can go out without an overcoat. The air here is very bracing, which renders walking most pleasant. We are so taken with this city that I think we shall spend a few weeks here, thence we will continue our journey (or pilgrimage) to Rome and Naples, the end of our trip, returning via Pisa, Genoa, Cannes, St Remo, Nice and Marseilles to Lyons and Paris.

IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

Writing from Rome, 8th February, 1890.)

* * * * We find this a most interesting pilgrimage. Everything is so different, the people, their customs, dress and habits, as also the country with its lemon and orange groves, the latter laden down with ripe fruit. The cities are full of antiquities of ages long past, particularly Rome with its hundreds of ancient Basilicas (churches), temples erected to the heathen gods, its galleries, museums, palaces, etc, etc, together with its incomparable and never-to-be-forgotten Colosseum and Forum, making it indeed interesting beyond expression. There is a saying here that if you once visit Rome you will always have a desire to visit it again. I believe it is so, as it would take one a year or more to thoroughly see all the attractions of this most interesting city alone, even without its environs. I shall not attempt even a slight description of it. I will only say that it has a charm, not for me only, but for every one who has made any effort to see its many wonders. Before leaving Rome to tell of a few other places where I have been, I must tell you that we had the honor of an excellent view of

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE

Two weeks ago to-morrow he gave a reception—I should not say reception. It was the making of a new Saint, Joan of Arc. Some four hundred and fifty tickets were issued, and I was fortunate enough to have an opportunity of buying two which admitted the holders to the throne-room in the Pope's private apartments at the Vatican. After waiting nearly an hour, His Holiness was carried to the entrance of the large and handsomely furnished apartments in a sedan chair. He there alighted and walked the entire length of the hall to the dias accompanied by a dozen or more cardinals in their robes of office; the Pope was likewise robed. A body of troops (the Swiss Guards) stood with arms at ease and two paces apart, from the entrance to the dias lining both sides to keep a passage clear through which the procession slowly passed, the service being conducted in Latin. The immense organ then pealed forth and the Pope again slowly marched down the passage to his sedan chair and was carried off. We had an excellent opportunity of seeing him as he stood between the soldiers and could easily have touched the hem of his garment if so inclined, or of his hand either for that matter, as he passed very close to us. I may say, that it takes three ceremonies to make a saint. To-morrow the saint will be beatified and a new saint will be added to the catalogue. We will now leave the Pope "a prisoner in the Vatican" as he styles himself, yes a voluntary prisoner in a grand palace surrounded by magnificent gardens, and take the express train to Naples, leaving Rome at 12.30 p. m. and arriving at 6 30 p. m. A terrific thunder storm was in progress when we arrived; rain pouring down in torrents, washing away several embankments within the city. The greater part of Naples is a dirty, filthy pest hole, full of squalid, miserably looking, half-clothed beggarly people. In many of the low parts of Naples it is not safe to go alone; even in daylight, assaults are not uncommon. There are very few places of interest in the city, with the exception of the Museum, which is one of the finest—I think even more so than the British Museum. We spent five days there, taking short drives. From thence we went to Castle le Mare (the Castle in the Sea), an old castle, built on a single rock, some two or three hundred feet from the shore. This is a delightful town. The hotel is built on a rock on the side of a hill overlooking the town and commands a fine view of the city and bay of Naples, the former 17 miles distant, with Mount Vesuvius eight miles off and a little to the right of the city. We left this place at 9 o'clock one morning to make the ascent of Vesuvius, taking carriages to the foot of the mountain, where we each mounted a mule and rode to the foot of the incline. Up this we were each assisted by a stout man in front with a strap over his shoulder, on which we pulled, and with a staff in one hand made the ascent by noon. As we approached the crater we could hear the workings within and see

SHOWERS OF LAVA

thrown up. When we got within about 100 feet it sent up a terrible volley. The red-hot lava falling around us, the guide called for us to run, which we did as best we could over the rough lava, but poor Regie, in his hurry, fell. I stood over him to protect him, throwing my overcoat, which I had on my arm, over my head. The red-hot lava fell all around us, but we fortunately escaped. Another day I made the ascent with a party of tourists and was more fortunate, getting up to the cap of the crater and looking in. We could not, as I expected, see the boiling lava, the smoke and sulphurous gas hiding the boiling mass, but the roaring within was awe-inspiring. I cannot compare it to anything but a dozen nail and boiler factories all at work in the small space within. The mouth of Vesuvius is not more than 100 feet in diameter. We walked all around it, occasionally shoving large masses off the edge into the crater with my Alpine stalk. I am bringing home several specimens which I gathered on top of the mountain.

After passing three very pleasant weeks at Castle le Mare and neighborhood, we went to Sarrento, ten miles distant. One of the most beautiful drives I ever had the pleasure of taking was along the shore of the

BAY OF NAPLES

with hills on our left covered with olive groves all in full bloom and the valleys filled with lemon and orange groves laden with red ripe fruit. Both at Castle le Mare and Sarrento we had the privilege of picking in the gardens of the hotels as many oranges and lemons as we desired. The fruit was in different stages of maturity from orange blossoms to luscious ripe fruit. Roses and wild flowers are in full bloom along the road, it was indeed a picture never to be forgotten.

At Sorrento, we hired a row boat with four men rowing to the Isle of Capri (a three hour row) and visited the celebrated blue grotto. It was a most charming sight. The only opening to the grotto is through an entrance three feet high, and about six feet wide, from the sea. In rough weather it cannot be entered. Fortunately, this day the sea was calm. When inside, the prospect is grand, the water being of the most beautiful blue possible to imagine, the only light admitted being through the small opening. Leaving our large boat outside, we entered small ones. The grotto is about 150 to 200 feet in diameter. Giving a boy a liera (20 cents) he pulled off his few clothes and jumped in; when under water he appeared as if silver plated. We then returned to the town of Capri on the island, took carriages and drove over the island, visiting the ruins of a castle built and occupied as a summer residence by Tiberius, nearly 1,900 years ago. Returning to Sorrento we spent about a week there, enjoying the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. We then took a trip to the north side of the bay, going through Naples, and visited Pozzouli, and there among other interesting sights entered the crater of an extinct volcano, where I got other specimens of lava. The entrance of the Bay of Naples is between the islands of Capri on the north and Ishica on the south; Pozzouli is on the mainland near the Island of Ishica. I forgot to mention that we made four visits to the unearthed city of Pompeii, and took the greatest interest in walking the deserted streets and roofless houses of that once beautiful and busy city. We also visited the catacombs, in which I got a piece of marble, which I intend having made into a paper weight.

An inquiry into the discrepancies in the Lincoln County pay rolls will be held before the County Judge. Sheriff Dawson has been exonerated.

Reports ought to be coming in about this time that the peach crop has been ruined by the frost.

Black and white plaid in cloth or flannel will make a stunning as well as a serviceable dress if worn with a long ulster of dull red cloth.

The late John P. Mott, of Halifax, left to Dalhousie College and various other public institutions more that $250,000.

Another foreign innovation is African mackerel which are pronounced as good as the American. A consignment has just reached this country and been tested.

After the taking of some unimportant testimony at the inquest on the body of the man found murdered in the woods near Princeton, it was adjourned until Friday week.

Warren Maybee, a young man 21 years of age, son of Mr. James Maybee, of Northumberland county, while cutting timber in the woods with his two brothers, was struck on the head by a tree and instantly killed.

The United States House Committee on Claims has decided to report a bill providing for the payment of the French spoliation claims. It is estimated it will require an appropriation of between eight and ten million dollars.

HE SWALLOWED A HALF-DOLLAR.

Little Jimmy Watched the Juggler and Then Did the Trick Too Well.

Jimmy Caufield, of No 133 West Sixty-Seventh street, New York, a messenger boy employed in the Produce Exchange, went to a variety show on the Bowery a few nights ago. Jimmy saw one of the performers throw a half-dollar into the air and catch it between his teeth. The next morning Jimmy's mother gave him a half-dollar with which to buy some butter on his way home from work. Jimmy experimented with the half-dollar by twirling it in the air and making a vain effort to close his teeth on the coin as it descended just as the museum man had done. He found the trick much easier than he expected. The half-dollar not only lit in his mouth, but it kept right on down his throat. This was much more than Jimmy had bargained for, and it necessitated taking him to the Chambers Street Hospital. There it was discovered that Uncle Sam's medium of exchange had passed too far along toward the stages of digestion to be easy of access. Jimmy was treated to physic and sent home. He still has the half-dollar, but he cannot buy butter for his mother with it. He is the envy of all the other boys, and, though he has been ill ever since his feat of jugglery, the doctors do not look upon his case as serious

Quinine and Dr. Lorimer.

Dr. Lorimer's quinine episode is not the first one of an unpleasant character that has marked his career as a clergyman. Several years ago Mr. Lorimer preached to his congregation in this city a powerful sermon, which, it was subsequently shown, had been previously delivered by an eminent English divine—the Rev. Dr. Parker, of London—and published in pamphlet form. Confronted with these facts, Dr. Lorimer was not at a loss for an explanation. The reports in the Chicago papers showed that he had simply reproduced Dr. Parker's sermon. Being manifestly unable to deny this fact, Dr. Lorimer said that he had read the published sermon of Dr. Parker, and that he had "unconsciously assimilated it"—in other words it had sunk into his plastic and receptive intellect and and had been reproduced, *verbatim et literatim*, as an original production. "Unconscious assimilation" became a by-word in Chicago, and one citizen, who was arraigned before the Criminal Court on the charge of having stolen a large bay mule, attempted to make practical use of Dr. Lorimer's assertion. He admitted that the mule was not his, but pleaded that he had unconsciously assimilated the animal, having previously owned a mule that looked exactly like the one in question. But this defence did not avail. The assimilation of a sermon and the theft of a mule were entirely different transactions in the eyes of the law and in the solitude of a penitentiary cell the lover of mules reflected bitterly on his poor judgment when it came to taking other people's property.—*Chicago News.*

The Editor of the London World.

One of the most familiar figures at Brighton, England, is that of Mr. Edmund Yates, the editor and proprietor of the London *World*. Mounted on his large-limbed roan horse, he appears the very embodiment of comfort and physical strength. Whatever carking cares may agitate his breast there is no indication thereof in the outward placidity of his demeanor. This unruffled tranquility goes far to authenticate an episode in his earlier career as a clerk in the Postmaster-General's Department. His chief at that time was a Col. Maberly, and that officer imposed upon him the necessity of never overworking himself. "I gave," said Mr. Yates the other day, "the required pledge that I would not, and solemnly adhered to that sacred obligation."

Forgot the Baby.

A friend of ours, travelling in the west, put up with a farmer who had a number of children, and asked, "How many children have you?" "Well," replied the farmer, "there's Mary, and Tom, and Bill, and Elizabeth, and Jane, and Peter, and Jacob, and Priscilla, and Josephine, and Hezekiah—ten," he said, numbering them off on his fingers. "I have ten." One of his daughters cried out, "Why, father, you forgot the baby!" "So I did," he said, "We have eleven." About two hours afterward, the guest, looking out of the window, saw the hired man driving hogs, and, turning to the farmer, said, "How many hogs have you?" "Eighty-three," was the answer, and he hit it right the first time.—*Christian Advocate.*

Didn't See Him Once.

Wife—Where have you been this evening, John?

Husband—I went over to see Jack Hardy, who's been laid up for two months in the house.

Wife—Well, did you see him?

Husband—No; he raised me every time so high that I couldn't stay in.

Chicago's Fair has fallen foul of the Lake Front hotelkeepers, who threaten to take out an injunction against the authorities if they persist in making the lake front the site of the fair.

The only secret that a woman should keep from her husband is that she manages him.

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres has closed and dismantled his famous observatory at Dun Echt, so well known to all astronomers for many years, and has presented all the instruments and the astronomical library to the Royal Observatory at Edinburgh.

Professor Schiparelli has discovered that the planet Mercury revolves around its axis in 88 days, the same as its period of revolution around the sun. It is thus always night in one hemisphere and fiery day in the other.

Wm. Nickle, President of the St. Lawrence Steamboat Co., died at Kingston yesterday. The value of his estate is estimated at half a million dollars.

Justice—I dislike to interrupt counsel, Mr. McCady; but it seems useless to hear further argument from you. Mr. McCady—I beg that your honor will hear me through. This alibi is not the only one my client can establish. He has another much stronger yet.

Advertising enables a business man to place his goods before the eyes of thousands who would otherwise never know of their existence, or that of the owner.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP

HIS NAME IS JOHN.

A little immigrant arrived last night
From some strange shore.
We never saw so small a mite
Come West before.

The lingo is so very queer
That he doth speak,
You'd swear, without a doubt or fear,
That it was Greek.

We wonder how he journeyed here,
But cannot tell;
From some white cloud that floated near
Mayhap he fell.

—Herbert Spencer has spent his entire life in boarding houses.

—Ducks are a good deal like brokers. They live on margins.

—Every ruling monarch in Europe has German blood in his veins.

—Women are very regular in their shopping. They buy by advertisement.

—Nearly $100,000 000 in English gold found investment in Mexico the past year.

—The way to keep children happy and healthy, in the winter, is to keep them on ice.

—The King of Italy personally placed the body of his brother, the Duke of Aosta, in its coffin.

—"Short and sweet," remarked the grocer as he tied up thirteen ounces of sugar and marked it "One pound."

—Husband (looking over his cash)—I've lost $5 somewhere. Little Harry—Ma said you lost $5 when she examined your pockets this morning.

—"Are you observing Lent?" asked one miss of another. "Oh, yes; I always do. I told Charley he should stop bringing those dollar bonbons, and we're going to make the 80-cent kind do during the season of fasting."

—"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no! I guess there ain't. If I bite my finger nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think it's just cunning!"—*Puck.*

—Seven years ago there was just one brass band in the Salvation Army. It was composed of a father and his sons. Since then 8,550 other bands have been formed. They have been mostly recruited from the the tap-room (says the *War Cry*), and have sought out the theory and practice of music for themselves.

A BURNING QUESTION.

A gas company is generally regarded as a proper target for grumblers to fire their ill humor at, but there are two sides even to the gas question. The Montreal *Witness* tells us that gas meters are not infernal machines invented by gas companies to cheat customers, as consumers seem to suppose. They are but machines which when in order—and all consumers can have their gas meters inspected when they suspect them to be out of order—measure with machine-like accuracy the amount of cubic feet of gas which passes through them, and, like grocers' and butchers' scales, they are inspected, tested and stamped by a Government inspector. If consumers find their gas bills moderate one quarter and high the next without any appreciable change in the habits of the household in using gas, they should investigate for themselves the causes. It is doubtful whether any but a few of those who complain take the trouble to ascertain for themselves what amount of gas the meter shows has been consumed at the end of the quarter, and whether the account of the Company is correct. Then, again, if the pressure of the gas is too great and the burners are turned full on more gas is used, though not wholly consumed, without producing any greater illumination. If the gas be not turned off at the meter at night more or less gas, in most cases not an appreciable quantity perhaps, escapes through the burners, which are not closely enough fitted to retain the gas. Now and then a hole in the pipes within the house, and, therefore, on the consumer's side of the meter occurs, and he is rightly charged with the quantity of gas thus allowed to escape. Such escapes are, however, quickly noticed. The principal checks against bills are to watch the meter, be prepared to check the gas bill, and turn off the gas every night at the meter. This last precaution may prevent extravagance as well as loss.

100,000 People Perish!

More than 100 000 persons annually die in this country from Consumption, which is but the child of Catarrh. $500 reward is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists; 50 cents.

Mistaken.

Prospective Tourist—I am going West because I have reason to believe that it is a great place to settle in.

Returned Tourist—I'm not so sure of that; I lived there ten years myself and never paid a bill while I was there.

The Empress of Austria is the best housekeeper among European royalties. She employs 50 cooks—25 men and 25 women. She pays strict attention when in Vienna to the details of her huge household and is a very clever manager.

It is reported from Rome that Archbishop Fabre is to receive a Cardinal's hat.

"How did the bride look?" asked a lady in a Market street car to another, returning from a wedding. "Look!" was the reply, she looked out of the Ark. She wore a travelling dress cut exactly like one that I saw eight months ago"

AN UNLUCKY ENTERPRISE.

The Sort of Life Led on Board an American Warship.

The New York *Tribune* says: The United States ship-of-war Enterprise returned yesterday, the most unhappy ship, probably, that ever came in port. In the course of her cruise of two years and seven months on the European station desertions had been frequent and nearly every officer in the ward room had been under suspension one or more times. When she arrived here yesterday, officers and men thanked their stars that the cruise was ended. The Enterprise went up to the navy yard on her arrival, but Capt McCalla having neglected to pay attention to a regulation of the navy which requires that a man of-war before going to the yard should remove her ammunition, he was refused permission to come alongside the piers there and ordered to the foot of West 23rd street. The life aboard the Enterprise for officers and men was described by one of her ship's company yesterday as having been one continual round of "from hell to breakfast and back again." When the ship was at Christiania a fireman named Walker got drunk and was put in irons. Capt. McCalla had him brought to the mast. Walker, when questioned, said he was "drunk and glad of it." Capt. McCalla ordered the officer of the deck to cut the man down with his sword. The officer refused. McCalla himself, it is alleged, then cut Walker down, deluging the deck with blood, and so severely injuring the man that the surgeon had to be summoned. Men had been placed in irons at various times during the voyage and as many as 14 were in irons at one time, but in all cases the offences were simple and there never had been any general disaffection.

Is any "Flower Born to Blush Unseen"?

The old wives tell us "that blushing is virtue's livery." But, alas! to many a maiden, whose soul is purity itself, has been denied the gracious privilege of wearing the delicate crimson; and all because her skin is covered with blotches, pimples, yellow "liver spots," and other discolorations. Who can tell how such a maiden loathes the very sight of herself, or who shall intrude upon her as she weeps bitter tears over her uncomely appearance? Thrice unhappy she, if by the use of cosmetics, she shall seek to hide her wretched complexion. But if she will use Dr. Pierce's golden Medical Discovery, to regulate the liver and purify the blood of all poisonous humors, she will find that her "flesh shall come again like unto the flesh of a little child." It cures scrofula, tetter, salt-rheum, pimples, blotches, eruptions, and all skin diseases. Druggists.

School Memories.

How dear to my heart is the school attended, and now I remember, so distant and dim, that boy Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin so high that his bullet-head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars set up a din. That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy, that loud-shouting Billy, who sat on a pin.

The Fastest Time on Record,

in the direction of the nearest drug store, is not too fast for any person to make who is troubled with constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, or sick headache, and is, therefore, in need of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Gentle and effective; one a dose.

Amelia Rives wrote the famous story "The Quick or the Dead," in thirty days, It contains 40,000 words.

—A newspaper paragraph says: "A late census of France embraced 20,000,000 women." Happy census!

D. C. N. L. 11. 90.

WALL-PAPER BARGAINS.

8 yds. Strong White Back Paper for.....3 to 5c.
8 " " Gilt " " ....5 to 10c.
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Stop that
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For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Cure** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. **I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.** I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I **warrant** my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle** of my **Infallible Remedy.** Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, **T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.**