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INTELLECTUAL TEA.

George Elliot's Sunday Afternoon Social Gatherings—were Pleasant Affairs, Collier's Weekly.

Very pleasant were the social gatherings at the London house of the gifted authoress, "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" of a Sunday afternoon. They were something in the nature of five o'clock teas, but quite without restraint and of a decidedly intellectual character. On Sunday afternoons her house was a favorite resort of men and letters who discussed all manner of topics with the hostess or in her presence. She encouraged variety of conversation among her guests. In this she was unlike fashionable ladies of our day, who adhere to such safe subjects as the weather and the park and the new novel, dealing two minutes and a half to each topic. When she herself got into conversation with anyone, she would try to put him completely at ease and to draw out of him whatever lay closest to his heart. She had no timid or awkward sensitiveness about talking of her books. She, of course, was not in the habit of broaching that particular subject, but was always willing to receive and give opinions concerning her writings. A little girl once asked her which of her books she considered the best, and she told her, very simply, that she thought "Silmarillion" the best. No doubt George Elliot, like a great many geniuses, knew how to be coy and cross if approached at the wrong time, but on those Sunday afternoons she was urbane and kindness itself. No one was to be rebuffed for her notice and everyone was welcome. One of her intimates—not an obscurity—was Herbert Spencer. It was through him that she met her husband, G. H. Lewes, who was not only a loving spouse and faithful friend to her, but also her literary adviser and business manager. She was hardly fit, nervous and deficient in annual spirits as she was, to go out and battle with editors and publishers, for even successful authors are not quite exempt from such troubles. On the score of payment she appears to have been pretty well treated. For "Romola" she was offered \$50,000—the price, it is said, paid for "Trilby"—by a London firm, but she preferred to take \$35,000 from the Cornhill Magazine, in order that the book might be read slowly. This choice showed, besides forethought of her own advantage, a devotion to literature for its own sake.

NLWBORO AFFAIRS.

Newboro, Aug. 24.—The event of last week in this vicinity was the lawn social, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bushfield near the Lower Rideau lake, on Friday evening, the 18th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Bushfield had spared no pains to make the house and grounds attractive for the occasion, both as to arrangement of seats and illuminations, and they were amply repaid by the large number in attendance, and the hearty appreciation of their kindness. The social was for the benefit of the Newboro Methodist circuit, the proceeds being intended for parsonage repairs and furnishing. The goodly sum of \$44 was realized, and over 200 people spent a very pleasant evening together. The Singleton orchestra discoursed appropriate music during the evening, Miss Gallagher, of Portland, gave several fine selections from her gramophone, and the pastor, the Rev. J. W. Chapman, gave a reading. Heartily voted of thanks were passed to the host and hostess, and the musicians, and the happy gathering broke up after "God Save the Queen" had been sung.

Miss L. Sanderson, Toronto, is visiting her numerous friends in the village. Miss Zimmerman, New York, had the misfortune to sprain her limb while amusing a party on Wednesday. J. H. Whelan, Westport, will exhibit his entire lead of thoroughbred Yorkshire cattle at Newboro fair this year. The herd consists of over twenty of the finest stock in the country. Ernest Hull, R. Davison, Gordon Leggett, J. White, D. Whelan, W. Gallagher, J. Proud, and S. Cannon are on the executive of the German Coach Horse association offer a special cash prize of \$10 for the best colts of 1899 sired by the imported coach horse "Mabel." This will bring the best exhibit of horse flesh ever seen at Newboro fair. The money is divided into \$5 for 1st, \$3 for 2nd and \$2 for 3rd. Rev. G. H. Groat attended a picnic at New. Boyne Wednesday. Mrs. (Dr.) R. J. Gardiner and child are visiting at Mrs. J. P. Teit's. The Hornerites are still conducting revival services in the village. There has only been one real prostration since the meetings started. There are very few campers here just now.

Effect of Marriage on Salaries
Chicago Record.

A young man and a young woman employed in a big supply house in Chicago fell in love and were engaged to be married. The aggregate salary of the two was \$18.

Man's salary	\$8 a week
Woman's salary	10 a week

The young man notified his employers that he was about to marry and rather hinted that an increase of salary would be acceptable. The young woman notified the firm that she was about to marry and hoped that she would be permitted to keep her place.

On the first pay day after the marriage the envelopes came as follows:

Man's salary	\$10 a week
Woman's salary	8 a week

Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, BEECHAM'S PILLS

Getwellness you want to be cured. 25 Cents at Drug Stores.

A LETTER FROM RIVERSIDE.

THERE HAVE BEEN SOME EARTH-QUAKE SHOCKS.

The City Depopulated—Account of Heat-Growing accounts from Friends outside the Sea—The Christian Science Leader—Typewriting by Souca.

Riverside, S. Cal., Aug. 14.—(To the Editor): I am writing the first copy of this letter in one of the cool recesses of our delightful public park, where on every hand beauty greets the eye. Every week some fresh attractions to be found there and to my left the Cactus city, as I call it, with its castles, towers, mosques, temples, palaces and huts all in cacti material but of every imaginable form exhibit the wonders of the formal creation, while to my right the splendors of our flora, are beyond description. Every kind of flower, of every hue and of conning hues, deck the scene, and in front of me stretches a verdant lawn of great extent and on which the happy children are picnicking with their nurses. For the last four weeks we have kept as much as possible out in the open, those of us who live in tenement houses, as your correspondent, for mother earth has been heaving such terrific sighs that the highest brick building of Riverside as the Rubidoux is was neither a comfortable or safe abode. Some of the shocks were fearful as felt in my garret room, but it was the nervous dread of the next being still greater that was the worst to bear. The Saturday shock three weeks ago was the worst ever felt in our region and the Rubidoux rattled and swayed, but save some cracks in the wall and articles knocked over no damage was done.

The writer, having been somewhat "under the weather" on the day of the terrible shock—was only partly dressed at the time, but rushed to the street with the rest of the frightened crowd and as the post office is in our block all its officials were in the open street with as blanched faces as our own. As the shocks continued at intervals after the ground floor of the house of our friend in need, Mrs. Ruthford, the widow of the late Dr. D. Bell Ruthford—where we spent some nights until the nervous feeling had abated—but as worse ones were predicted for August and Mrs. Ruthford and her daughter Helen had gone to the seaside, we were obliged to adopt our alma mater's progressive ideas. Principal Barnes of St. Louis puts his advertisement of the new method in a most attractive form—that of testimony in court—Tenth Writing—plaintiff versus Eighth Writing—defendant. Advantages—Arthur Roberts for plaintiff and Will B. Obsolete for defendant. Elizabeth Gordon Rose is one of the witnesses called for the plaintiff. It is what the boys call "real cute."—ELIZABETH GORDON ROSE.

AMERICAN WORK IN SIBERIA.

Thousands of Miles of Railway of American Construction.

New York Tribune.

M. Sergey Friede, one of the engineers in charge of construction of the new Siberian railroad, who arrived here, direct from Manchuria and eastern Siberia, reports that the great trans-Asiatic railway has advanced rapidly that it is more than probable that through trains will be run from Port Arthur, the eastern terminus, to St. Petersburg, before the close of next year, it being understood that the numerous numerous solid rivers will be used as temporary road-beds for the tracks through the mountains, and the traffic will be suspended during the spring and summer, while permanent bridges are being placed in position.

M. Friede says that the thousands of miles of railway in Manchuria and eastern Siberia are practically American in construction and equipment, and that the shipments of American machinery this year will be greater than ever before. This is Friede's fourth trip over the completed and uncompleted portions of this road in the last three years. He is the pioneer American in that country, and now expresses himself as satisfied with his work of years in opening Russian Asia to American manufacturers and the eyes of the American business man to the enormous field of commerce opening up to him.

The Servant Question in London.

London Evening Standard.

A London householder who finds it impossible to obtain domestic servants announces his resolve to employ Chinese men henceforward. By public advertisement, he solicits the co-operation of about fifty householders similarly situated, in order to reduce the expenses of import in China, passages, etc. The remedy has often been discussed, but seldom, perhaps, it has been entertained for a day or two—that is, until the adventurous began seriously to study ways and means. It would be no small responsibility to import a Chinaman for service in this country, putting the money cost aside—and that could be a matter of indifference only to the rich. But the rich generally contrive to get along with British-born domestics. Would not such an importation of servants fall under the Coale act? The advertiser should succeed in collecting fifty desperate persons who share his views, beyond any doubt the official known as "the protector of the Chinese" at Singapore or Hong Kong would claim control of the enterprise, laying down rules and exacting conditions which would "rub all the gill" of the enterprise, as they say. It is more than likely that some of the employers would find themselves in the police court before many weeks had passed, summoned by their Chinese domestics for a breach of the Coale act. Upon the whole, those competent to advise upon the matter will counsel their friends to put up with the ills they have. A good Chinese servant is a treasure, and such may be found with no great difficulty throughout the far east. But employers must do not concern themselves with a "boy's" duties when of duty. Too often they are such as would make speedy trouble in England.

GAMBLING IN MEXICO.

An Establishment That Pays a License Fee of One Thousand Dollars a Day.

Mexico has a Monaco which outdoes the sensational marvels of Monte Carlo. This gambling palace is situated in the centre of the city of Mexico, at No. 2 Gante street. Its proprietor and manager, Don Felipe Martel, is not only a self-made millionaire, but a phenomenal character.

For Don Felipe is not only the king of gamblers, but a devout churchman and the chief backer of the municipal treasurer. Mexico city is almost dependent upon this one citizen.

Martel was a rich man before the Mexican government decided to abolish gambling houses. Many influential Mexicans objected so seriously to the absolute stopping of their favorite pastime that the authorities thought they would achieve a clever compromise by demanding from every gambling resort a daily license tax of \$1,000 in cash and demanding a day's license. In a few hours his palace was thronged. At a single stroke he had won the patronage of Mexico, and his doors have never been closed since. The daily outlay of \$1,000 is not missed from the daily revenue of thousands.

It is not remarkable that Don Felipe's personal fortune should have reached \$20,000,000 in spite of his constant lavish expenditure. His establishment is glitteringly appointed as a palace. Liveried attendants minister to guests, and refreshments and cigars are served at the host's expense. Mexicans find no amusement more alluring than a visit to No. 2 Gante street.

Don Felipe's strong religious tendencies are as well known that no one was surprised when he built recently in the village of San Anselmo a church that cost more than \$50,000. The poor people of the vicinity, and many of the rich as well, have come to regard him as a fair prince. His own state of living encourages this belief. The Martel mansion in Mexico city, a magnificent affair, constantly filled with guests. A curious feature of it that it contains forty windows—the number of cards in the Mexican deck.

When That Feeling

Deepens into a wide-awake conviction that should be try

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

This never fails to please. Sealed Lead Packets only. All grocers. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Lonesome Little Willie.
I'm just as sad as I can be I'm lonesome, too, all day!
They ain't no one to play with me when papa's gone away!
I'd like to romp with Johnny Dix, the boy 'at lives next door,
But he won't let me, 'cause he's six, and I'm just only four.

I wish 'at I'd grow tall some night when I'm asleep,
And Johnny, he'd stay just as small as he is now and keep
But only six, while I got ten or nine or 'leven—
I bet he'd like to race me then! I wouldn't let him though!

He says 'at I can go and play with little Eddie West,
But he wears kilts, and, anyway, I like big boys the best;
It ain't no fun for me to be with such a little thing,
'Cause he's just only half past three, and I was four this spring.

I wish my papa didn't need to work down at the store;
If he could stay home always, we'd show that there boy next door!
My papa, he's the best of all, for he ain't never told
Me I'm no good, just 'cause I'm small and only four years old.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Merely Musing.

"Down with the trust magnates," he exclaimed in a low tone. After a moment's silence he repeated, in a more plaintive key, "Down with the trust magnates."

"Is that your war cry?"

"That's where I'd like to be. Just think of living down with the trust magnates at the seashore all summer long!"

—Washington Star.

The Kissing Bug's Rival.

'Tis not alone the kissing bug
That makes a maiden pout
And to the wooing summer breeze
Her ruby lips stick out.

Good gracious, man,
Since time began,
And Adam Eve did hug,
That's been a trick
She learned full quick,
With no help from a bug!

Not 'at that insect all alone
That swells the many head
With stolen kisses in the night,
Where moonshine's charms are spread;
The simplest girl
Maid's brain can whirl
With just one little smack,
Till his proud pate
Doth grow so great
He never can shrink it back!

—St. Louis Republic.

The Soft Answer.

Irate Father—I saw you kiss my daughter under cover of the bushes this afternoon. What do you mean by it?

Golightly—Well, now, you hardly think that I would stoop low enough to discuss personal matters with a beastly peeper, do you?—Philadelphia North American.

Age Begots Wisdom.

"Father, dear, you're getting old. The doctor says you're ill."

Thus spoke the son. "And really you ought to make your will."

The old man from his easy chair gazed at his thoughtful boy:
A look stole o'er his wrinkled face
That was not of pride or joy.

"Nay, not on your life, young man! I've no sense now," he said,
"And I'll not give people cause to say
I was crazy when I'm dead!"

—Chicago News.

Must Be Beneficial.

"It makes my blood boil!" he exclaimed.

"That's good," she replied.

"Good?" he cried.

"Certainly," she answered. "Boiling is recommended to remove impurities in all liquids."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Overwork.

When a kicker you get out,
No happiness you'll find.
The occupation without doubt
Destroys one's peace of mind.

If conscientiously you strive,
You'll find no need to do
That you will owe no man alive
Could see the business through.

—Washington Star.

One Place He Would Accept.

"I think you are the laziest man I ever saw. Is there any job on earth you would take for the salary?"

"Yes; I think I'd be willing to hold down the position of Spanish minister of war."

—Chicago Tribune.

Stower's Lime Juice at Redden's.

Vineland Grape Juice at Redden's.

WHERE IT REALLY RAINS.

Truthful Tales of the Heavy Spring-rainings That Soak Kansas.

A reader in the east writes that there has been a western Kansas man back there telling them about the heavy rains in western Kansas. The reader says he is suspicious of the man and thinks that his story is a lie. He says he has always understood that little or no rain falls in the western part of the state, but that the western Kansas man is telling a story about ten inches of rain falling in half an hour and wants to know if there is any truth in the statement. We have not kept track of all the that have fallen in western Kansas and of course cannot say as to the particular fall of moisture to which the man from Kansas refers.

We might say, however, that if the impression prevails in the east that it never rains in western Kansas it is a serious error. It is true that there are spells of drought when for several months there will not be sufficient moisture fall to wet a 2 cent postage stamp, but when it gets ready to rain out there the bottom seems to fall out of the sky.

The story is told of a man who was driving over the divide north of Dodge City when one of the showers came up. He was riding a buckboard, which has a bottom made by fastening the cleats between the axles with spaces of half an inch between the cleats. The water fell so fast that it could not run through the bottom of the buckboard as fast as it fell. Rushing down the side of the divide, the water struck a barb wire fence and damped up until the water ran over the wire of the fence. This was because the rain came so fast that it couldn't get through between the wires of the fence.

On the same trip the traveler says he saw a jack rabbit drown while it was jumping through the air. The same traveler declares that within half an hour the water was three feet deep on the ridge, and falling faster than it could run on both sides of the hill. We have supposed that possibly the traveler in his excitement might have exaggerated, but there are residents in Dodge City who stand ready to prove the truth of the story by showing the ridge where the buckboard stood during the rain and the place in the air where the jack rabbit was when it drowned.—Topeka Mail.

FOOLED KIT CARSON.

Kit Carson's rifle, which was carried by him for more than 40 years and which never failed him, is now a precious relic in the possession of the Montezuma lodge of Masons at Santa Fe, of which he was a member.

As an Indian fighter Carson was matchless, and no one understood better than he the habits and the nature of the savages. He told Colonel Inman of Kansas that he was deceived but once by Indian tactics. He said that he was hunting with six others after buffalo in the summer of 1835; that they had been successful and came into their little bivouac one night very tired, intending to start for the rendezvous at Bent's fort the next morning. They had a number of dogs, among them some excellent animals. These barked a good deal and seemed restless, and the men heard wolves.

"I saw," said Kit, "two big wolves sneaking about, one of them quite close to us. Gordon, one of my men, wanted to fire his rifle at it, but I did not let him, for fear he would hit a dog. I admit that I had a sort of idea that those wolves might be Indians, but when I noticed one of them turn short around and heard the clashing of his teeth as he rushed at one of the dogs I felt easy then and was certain that they were wolves sure enough. But the red devil fooled me afterwards, for he had two dried buffalo bones in his hands under the wolfskin, and he rattled them together every time he turned to make a dash at the dogs. Well, by and by we all dozed off, and it wasn't long before I was suddenly aroused by a noise and a big blaze. I rushed out the first thing for our rifles and held them. If the savages had been at all smart, they could have killed us in a trice, but they ran as soon as they fired at us. They killed one of my men, putting five bullets in his body and eight in his buffalo robe. The Indians were a band of Sioux on the war trail after a band of Snakes and found us by sheer accident. They endeavored to ambush us the next morning, but we got wind of their little game and killed three of them, including the chief."

—Chicago Record.

Frontense Cafe—Opened day and night

Weak Men, Attention!

My world famed appliance, the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt with special attachment for weak men, is a perfect home self application of galvanic electricity. It is fully protected by U. S. and foreign patents and represents my thirty years experience as a specialist. Over 6,000 gave testimony during 1898. A specific remedy for all results of youthful errors or later excesses.

Dr. D. Sanden, Sr. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR:—You are at liberty to make whatever use you think proper concerning the No. 5 Electric Belt I purchased of you. I was laid up in bed for eight weeks suffering from Rheumatism. It cost me no end of money for patent medicines, etc., but to no avail. At last I sent for your Belt, and in a week I was out of bed and able to follow my professional business. Your Belt has proved to me to be all you claim for it. I have recommended it strongly to my many friends, for I think it is only in justice to you and them that the properties of your Belts should be widely known. My health, independent of curing my complaint, has greatly improved in every way, and I am, without doubt, ten times a better man, although I am over fifty years of age, and for this I tender you my sincere thanks.

Yours very truly,
FRED H. JONES,
Band Master, 62nd Fusiliers, St. John, N. B., Can.

I have thousands of equally as good recommendations. Book explaining all sent sealed free, or drop in at my office and consult me free of charge.

Dr. D. Sanden,

132 St. James Street, Montreal;
140 Yonge Street, Toronto

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

