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The... of... killed himself in the garden of the beautiful residence which his wife, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, occupied on the shores of Lake Como. Sultan Abdul Aziz stabbed himself to death with a pair of scissors. Prince Baldwin of Belgium and Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria are known to have committed suicide in consequence of their having become entangled in a situation from which it was impossible that they should extricate themselves without entire loss of honor.

Had the policeman who attacked the coachman of the British Ambassador in Vienna lived in the last century he would long ago have paid with his life the penalty of his assault. As it is he will be let off with dismissal from the force and a term of imprisonment. And it must be confessed that he would deserve his punishment. It seems that the old English coachman of Sir Edmund Monson got into an altercation about an overcharge in his bill at a restaurant in the Prater. A policeman was called in and took the whole party of waiters, the coachman and his wife, an elderly Englishwoman, off to the police station. The policeman said that on their way thither the Englishman made some threatening movement. Thereupon the policeman drew his sword and slashed several severe cuts on the old man's head and shoulders until he fell insensible. The wife, who interfered, likewise received a couple of cuts from the policeman's sword. The matter was taken up by the entire Diplomatic Corps, who joined Sir Edmund Monson in demanding exemplary punishment for this gross infraction of their most cherished privileges, namely the immunity of themselves and their servants from interference on the part of the police and civil authorities of the country to which they are accredited.

Swords are far too easily and readily drawn in Germany and Austria. Four young noblemen in military uniform in the streets of Vienna, one of them Count Czaky, son of the statesman of that name, and another, Prince Batthyany, declared that they had been justified by two Habres shopkeepers. To the insulting epithets addressed to them by the officers, the civilians replied in kind. The officers drew their swords and slashed the men until they fell covered with blood. Before a civil tribunal the officers were acquitted. They were censured, however, by their commanding officers for getting into a quarrel with men whose social status was not such as to permit their according them satisfaction in a duel. The climax of the situation is that the lawyer of the victims, Dr. Rosenfeld, who, during the course of his address at the trial, denounced the attack of the four officers upon two unarmed and defenseless men as cowardly, has just been sentenced to pay a fine of 300 florins for having insulted the army of his imperial and apostolic Majesty, the Emperor.

Knowledge. A man may have all the knowledge that this world's life can give him, and yet not be a good man. Knowledge will lift a man higher in this world. Goodness will lift a man higher in any world. Knowledge will give a man power, goodness will give a man direction of power. Knowledge will consecrate a man's intellect to get for himself, goodness consecrates a man's intellect to get in order to give for the uplifting of others.—Rev. Dr. Egbert.

Rem stitching seems to be the one requisite to elegance in these days. Pillowcases and sheets of fine cotton, as well as those of linen are hemstitched. These are comparatively cheap and the woman who catches bargain counters intelligently chooses such full-sized, fine hemstitched pillowcases selling for 35 or 75 cents a piece.

There is a grave in Truro churchyard that always appeals to me. It is the grave of a young man of twenty who died a hundred years ago somewhat tragically. The epitaph on the tombstone says that the first stone of the grave falling from the church tower killed the young man.



A PETROLEUM BICYCLE.

And so, in the eternal fitness of things, they have made the room the guardian of the unfortunate youth's resting place, thus anticipating Mr. W. S. Gilbey's Mikado, in making the punishment fit the crime.

But I went to Tunbridge Wells, as I have said not to see the place, but to witness an exhibition of horseless carriages gotten up by Sir David Solomon, who, like his namesake of old, is evidently a wise man and sees into the future. Not long ago there was a road race of horseless carriages from Paris to Bordeaux and return in France. It was a long journey and the race was won by a carriage worked by a petroleum engine, which made quicker time on the high road than the usual French express does on the railways. In England the law makes such a road exhibition impossible. The law says that any carriage not drawn by horses must be preceded by a man carrying a red flag and that it must not travel faster than two miles an hour. This law was evidently framed with an eye towards the crushing steam roller; nevertheless, it prevents any steam or electric vehicle running on the queen's highway, and the wonder is that it did not step in in time to prevent bicycling. There is an agitation just now in England to have this law repealed, and, doubtless, it will be repealed ultimately. As it was, the exhibition at Tunbridge Wells could not take place on the high road, but was held in the agricultural grounds, which, with its damp, sodden grass, was about as poor a place for such an exhibition as could well be imagined.

England, of course, is far in the rear in the invention of machines of this kind, and accordingly only one English carriage was to be seen there, which was more than ordinarily clumsy and by all odds the poorest vehicle on the grounds. All the rest were from France, and some of them were very neat carriages indeed, without any perceptible machinery about them that would show that they were not to be drawn by horses. The one steam carriage exhibited could hardly be called a success, as every now and then a cloud of steam and smoke enveloped the carriage, which made it rather uncomfortable for the occupants. The petroleum and naphtha engines are evidently the practicable and workable machines of the future; although the advance of electricity may yet oust the petroleum engine from its place. No electric motors were shown at work there, however, and so one could not judge the carriages worked by petroleum engines. It was said, would run 200 miles without needing a fresh supply, and the cost was something like a cent a mile.

A bicycle, made in Paris, was shown worked by a petroleum engine, and these are said to be becoming very popular in the museum.

Miss Margaret... daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is too delicate to have done much literary work as yet, so to have effected more than a promise of possible ability. She was obliged to spend the whole of last winter in Egypt for her health, and is not at this time recovered so that she does not still betray her invalidism in her looks and habits.

The Trolley in Politics. Politicians have discovered that one of the most effective canvassers ever depended upon for bringing votes to the polling booth is the trolley car. To swell the audience at the political mass meeting in Newark, N. J., last week, the Democrats engaged two cars to run all day throughout the city and advertise their meeting by huge signs which announced the speakers. Each car had drums and flags on board, and at night they brought up the Democratic sympathies to the meeting hall. Soaring the success of this move, the Republicans, who had been content with advertising their meeting on a furniture van covered with painted canvas signs, hired a car, nearly filled it with a big brass band, and dispatched it triumphantly around the town. At night political clubs from all parts of Newark and the Oranges were carried in illuminated trolley cars to the places of meeting, and the demand for street car accommodation was so brisk that every special car of the company was in use.

A Maine Invention. The newest market novelty is the tomato sausage. It is made in a domestic way at Portland, is a delicate pinkish white, and tastes of sage and ripe tomatoes. It has made quite a bit in that city and surrounding towns.

Wanted to Know. He—You don't believe in marrying for money, do you, Miss Oldgirl? She—I don't know; how much have you got?

Makes of Charles I. Among curiosities lately acquired by the British Museum the first place is due to some very remarkable acquisitions connected with Charles I., one being a copy of the secret instructions to the commissioners appointed for raising a forced loan in 1626. No other printed copy is at present known to exist; and Mr. Gardner, while writing his history of the time, was obliged to refer to a manuscript in the State Paper Office. The interest of this copy is much enhanced by its being addressed to the County of Nottingham, where Charles was destined to commence the civil war sixteen years afterward, and by its bearing his signature on the first page of the text. With this is to be mentioned a copy of the 1633 edition of Sternhold and Hopkins' "Psalter," bound in silk, richly embroidered with silver with portraits of Charles and Henrietta Maria worked on the covers, and a bookmark with the motto: "Your captive King from prison brings." It is enclosed in an embroidered silk sachet, and accompanied by a pair of richly worked kid gloves. The freshness of the objects, which are said to have belonged to Mrs. Osborne, one of Queen Henrietta's ladies-in-waiting, is surprising. Another acquisition connected in some measure with Charles I. is one of the seven extant Scriptural Harmonies, prepared by the community of Little Gidding, another of which, executed for the King at his own request, was already in the museum.

Should the train come to a standstill through a block, a wreck or any other interruption, the hanging set, consisting of spliced rods with a cross-arm at the top, is dropped by two wires on the pole line alongside the track. This gives a perfect connection so if the telephone were in a private office, and it will work along every foot of a railway line. In case of a wreck the telephone is instantly available, the dispatcher is called and orders are sent direct to the spot in return.



Go ahead—Ease and lower the hand vertically. Back—Swing the hand vertically in a circle. Train parted—Swing the hand in a circle over the head at the full length of the arm. Track clear, go ahead—Extend both arms at full length above the head. Turn air on the brakes—Hold the arm down and move the hand in a circle from the wrist. Probably everybody who has ever ridden on a railroad train has seen brakemen do through these motions time and again and yet not one person in a thousand knows what they mean.

The significance of colors is another part of a railroad man's education to which a great deal of importance is attached. Red means danger, and is a signal to stop. Green signifies caution, and is a signal to go slowly. White stands for safe, and is a signal to go on. When blue is thrown it means that workmen are employed upon the car or track and must not be interfered with.

The explosion of one torpedo is a signal to stop immediately. When two torpedoes are exploded it means to reduce speed and look out for danger.

The code of steam whistle signals is an extensive one. It is almost as long as the telegraphic alphabet. One long blast is given when the train is approaching stations, crossings, etc. One short blast means "down brakes" and stop. Two long blasts, throw off brakes. Two short blasts are given in answer to signals. Three short blasts indicates that the train will back. Four long blasts call in the flagmen that have been sent ahead or back. Five short blasts signal the flagmen to go back on the track. A succession of short blasts is to alarm people or cattle on the track.

There are a great many more whistle signals, but they are not of public interest. Whenever a signal is imperfectly displayed or no signal appears where one should be, engineers are instructed to consider it as an indication of danger.

The engine bell is always rung before starting a train, for a quarter of a mile before grade crossing, and all the while when in tunnels or going through the

As a young man who could supply a... Young Man. A funny story is told of a wealthy elderly Irish peasant who had a young man who kept London, Lady—was in search of a new apartment, and heard of a registry office in a certain square on the confines of the big city. Thither she drove in much state one afternoon, and, on arriving at the square in question, her footman asked a policeman where was the "agency." The man in blue majestically waved the equipage to a certain house. Her intrepid was equipt.

"I have come about a young man," she remarked to the bland proprietor. "Yes, madam; I quite understand," was his reply. "He must be older and used to good families."

"Oh, yes, madam; I think we have the very thing on our books. Would you like to see his photograph?" "His photograph? His photograph?" cried Lady—. "I suppose the man's straight?"

"Oh, yes, madam; a very fine man. A fortune is no object, I imagine?" "This last with a movement of the hand toward the carriage with its poring horses they could be seen through the window."

"A fortune with my footman!" Heavily shouted the Irish lady. "Then the proprietor explained that his was a matrimonial agency, and that the registry office was on the other side of the square."

Expensive Music. They are a dentist in San Francisco who is noted for his musical taste and his high charges. His ordinary fee is \$15 an hour; his extraordinary fee is unknown. Some time ago a lady was in his chair and the dentist was conversing with her while her mouth was filled with rubber dams and things. Carried away by his enthusiasm while talking of a certain song, he offered to sing it for her. Taking an inarticulate, rubber inserted sound for an affirmative, he skipped lightly to the piano, which stood in one corner of the operating room. There he toyed with Polyhymnia, the muse of music, doubtless much to his satisfaction, and, turning to his patient, asked how she liked it. "Very much, indeed, doctor," came the reply in muffled tones, "but it would have been cheaper at a concert, for here it has cost me \$3.75."

Beaten by a Little Boy. "It says here," Mrs. Wetherbee broke in from the newspaper, "that the battleship, Indiana, is expected to make seventeen knots. What does that mean?" "Seventeen knots an hour, of course," explained her husband, with a husband's clearness.

Mrs. Wetherbee shook her head. "I don't think that's anything great," she said reflectively; "they ought to see Willie's shooting when he's undressing for bed!"

Soldiers Good Husbands. It is interesting to learn, on the authority of Dr. Mantegazza, the Italian professor, that the soldier generally turns out an exemplary and faithful husband, one of the reasons being that the family dinner is grateful to him after a long course of mess-feeding.

The professor counsels young men to distrust, generally, pronounced brunettes with very black eyes, whose passionate temperaments will cause trouble; and large, fair women, whose nonchalance and indulgence are similarly disastrous to domestic happiness.

They should seek a young girl, who is neither very fair nor very dark, and neither excessively demure nor too feeble in character, and, above all, who loves little children. This is the fail-safe sign, according to the professor, of a tender and good disposition.

Known to Fame. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, who completed his fortieth year of service in the British army on September 7, has probably seen more hard fighting than any other officer of his rank in the empire. He was one of Baden's lieutenants in the Indian mutiny, commanded "Wood's" regiment of blacks in the Ashantee war, and held important posts in the Kafir, Zulu and Transvaal campaigns and the Egyptian expeditions. Before he joined the army, he was three years in the navy, during which time he was with the Naval Brigade at Inkerman and in the trenches, and was severely wounded at the assault on Redan. He is not yet fifty-eight.

M. Goron, who was once the head of the detective bureau of Paris, and who was as well known in Scotland Yard as on the Continent, has made an application to be retired on a pension of \$400 a year. M. Goron became famous by clearing up the Gouffé murder mystery, but was afterward deposed from his high office and relegated to a division superintendent.

To a letter from an Italian firm of real estate agents, offering him a great estate in Italy with a dukedom thrown in for so many thousand dollars, Barnett I. Banato, the South African diamond king, replied that he would consider the offer if the crown were included.

Labourers are one of the hardest working members of parliament, being usually the first to arrive in the House and the last to leave. He is a man of great self-possession, with a large head and a powerful face. His eyes, under their thick-set eyebrows, are small and piercing.

Ex-Judge William C. Price, who was Treasurer of the United States under Buchanan, is living in St. Louis, an interesting relic of the lost cause. The old judge gets painfully excited when he talks about "the wrongs of the South," and in spirit he is as unconstrained as were Jefferson Davis and Jubal Early.

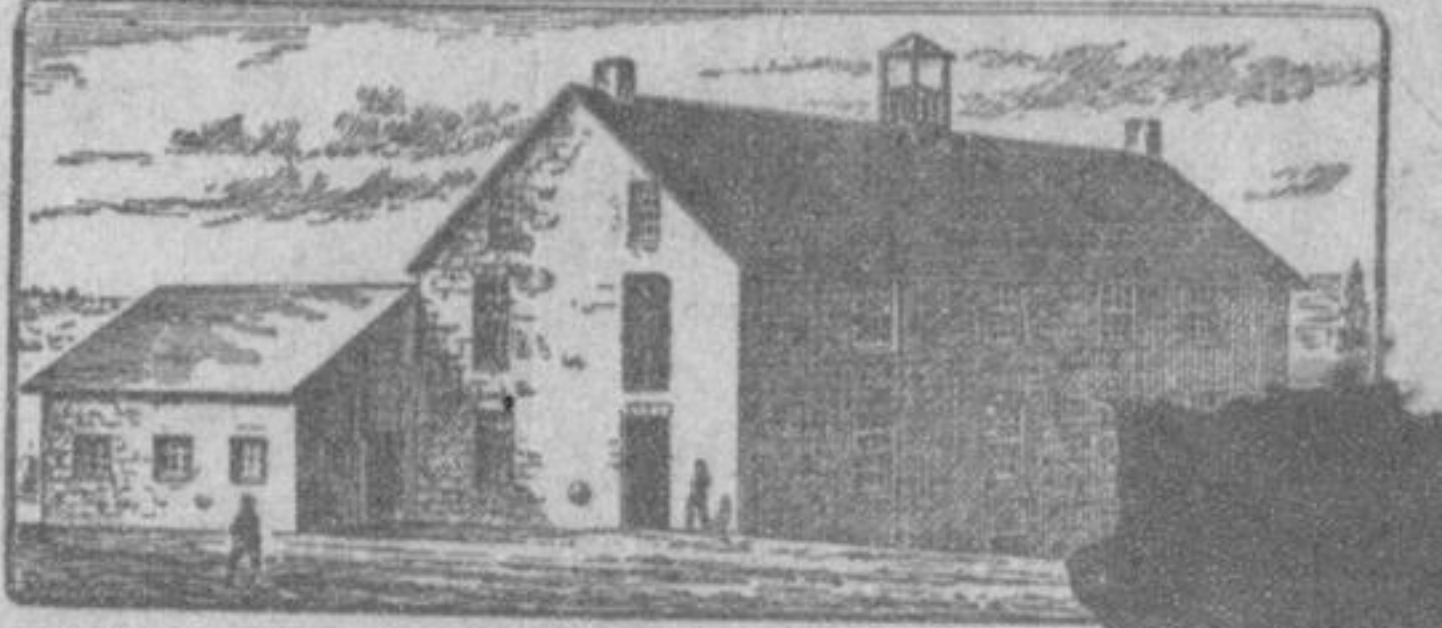
Judge Price, who is now eighty years old, said the other day: "When Buchanan asked Attorney General Black, of Pennsylvania, if the Government could coerce a state, he promptly replied, 'No.' Despite this fact Buchanan ordered the reinforcement of Anderson at Sumter. That I could not stand, and I resigned."

Cardinal Vaughan has been accused of appropriating the arms of the See of Canterbury. The arms conferred upon him by Pope Leo are the historic arms belonging to all British Archbishops, a crozier surmounted by a pall, as the field for the Protestant sees is azure, that in the arms given to Westminster is gules.

A Reputed Remedy for Hay Fever. Martyrs to hay fever will learn with interest the experience of Dr. Faber, of Hamburg, who suffered a great deal from hay fever during several summers. He noticed that in winter a coryza was accompanied with hot ears, which retained their normal temperature when the discharge from the nose was established. He tried a reverse order of things on the hay fever and rubbed his ears until they became red hot. He can now lead an agreeable existence. As soon as there is the least amount of fulness in the nose, the ears are noticeably pale. A thorough rubbing of the ears has always succeeded in freeing the nasal mucous membrane from congestion.

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