

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

The Noble Sort of Man Mexico Has For Its Executive.

As the military history of Diaz in many ways suggests that of Grant—though he had none of Grant's technical preparation, and led far smaller armies, and had always to create them himself out of next to nothing, forging invincible steel from the pen mud—so does his personal simplicity. At the opening of the lips the resemblance ceases. But there was the same quietness of taste. No man of Latin blood could disregard the demands of ceremony in a ruler. No man of any blood could be more modest in them. When and where etiquette compels, Diaz is splendid, and none can better carry off the pomp and circumstance of state than this ascended soldier, who would be at home in any court. But outside the necessities of occasion he goes as unfurled as our president, scrupulously neat and scrupulously simple in his dress. And while a tyrant may be unwin, tyrants do not walk loose among their serfs.

There is a deeper test of balance than unpretentiousness amid the temptations of practically supreme power. Diaz has remained to this day a man of the strictest habits. He has no vices—not even that sweetest and most human vice which is so easy to an autocrat. Abstemious, methodical, tireless; working with remarkable dispatch a long day, yet scrupulous that not even the nation shall quite rob his family of him; early to bed and early to rise; always busy, but never hurried; a sturdy walker; a superb rider of superb horses; a real hunter—as frontiersmen count hunters, and not by the category of titled trigger pullers who butcher tame, fenced game—the private life of this curious man is as wholesome as his administration, and has broadly aided it.—Charles F. Lummis in Harper's Magazine.

LAFAYETTE.

His Courtesy to an American Woman on His Visit to Philadelphia.

The visit of Lafayette to America as the nation's guest is graphically recalled in The Ladies' Home Journal by Jean Freley Holloway, who writes of "When Lafayette Rode into Philadelphia." The welcome given Lafayette in Philadelphia is said to have exceeded in its warmth and enthusiasm that extended to the distinguished visitor in any other city. In connection with his riding into Philadelphia the central figure of a resplendent pageant, an interesting incident is thus recalled: "Lafayette's barouche was passing on Eleventh street the house where dwelt the widow of Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, a sister of the revered Bishop White. Mrs. Morris was at her window, and recognizing her after many years Lafayette rose up in his carriage and bowed to her. The rare courtesy was instantly discerned by the thousands congregated at this point, and it seemed as if the people would go mad with enthusiasm. "The recognition of Mrs. Morris seemed to set them aflame. Even Lafayette appeared surprised that the simple act should evoke such a wave of frantic huzzas. Shout after shout rent the air. Women vied with men in their efforts to show to Lafayette that his graceful act touched them. So great was the furore that the hero had to rise again and again in his carriage, and it was several minutes before the wonderful enthusiasm had abated. But if the applause subsided at the special point where it had been wafted into a flame, it was rekindled again and again and carried along the entire route of the march. By a simple act he had aroused the people, and the fruits of it remained with him all through his visit in the Quaker City."

A Little Sarcastic.

A few years ago an old sailor, who lived a short distance from Snug Harbor on Staten Island, possessed, among the numerous pets he had collected on his voyage, a parrot, of which he was exceedingly fond. The parrot, however, had a nasty temper, and would suffer no one to approach it except its master. Disliking to see the bird cooped up, the old sailor went to work and built a large wire cage out doors. The building of it occasioned more or less remark among the cronies that called to smoke a pipe with him, and as they disliked the bird, they took a huge delight in their raillery. The old sailor laughed with them and took it all in good part, until one day an old weather beaten salt, a trifle without the inner circle of friendship, made bold to offer a suggestion. "If you want to give the parrot more freedom," he said, "why don't you anchor him to a chain so he can fly around instead of building that expensive cage?" For a minute there was silence. Then the old sailor spoke, and there was wrath in his voice. "Say, mister, I s'pose you don't know that bird's strong, eh?" "Well, what's that got to do with it?" "Oh, nothing, except that if I anchor him with a chain he'd likely fly away with the world."

The implied sarcasm caused the man with suggestions to hold his peace.—Herters Round Table.

THE BEST HAND.

It Was Held by an Outsider, and It Beat an "Ace Full."

"Say," said the drug clerk to his friend at the soda water fountain, "I ran against a play last night that made me think that I was the unluckiest man that ever drew a card."

"What was it?" asked the man at the fountain.

"Why, I had an ace full beat by another full. I'll tell you how it happened. You know we have a quiet little game over here on Dearborn street nearly every Saturday night. Well, last night we got into a five handed game. There were Julius, a chattel mortgage man, in whose office we were playing; a real estate man, a clerk for a bicycle firm, a lawyer and myself. Well, it was a small game—2 cent ante and a 50 cent limit. Along about 12 o'clock I opened the pot on a pair of aces. The lawyer raised me half a dollar, and Julius stood the raise. Of course I had to stand it too. I was the first to draw cards. I drew three cards. I thought I was pretty lucky when I picked up an ace and a pair of tens, making me an ace full. The lawyer, who had raised me on three queens, drew down to his hand and caught a pair of sevens, which made him a queen full. Julius asked for one card and made a spade flush.

"Well, I bet a check on the go, the lawyer raised me another half dollar, Julius called the raise and I raised back. We raised each other till we got about \$7 in the pot. Just then the janitor of the building appeared on the scene. He had been out attending a wedding and happened in at this rather unseasonable hour. He was pretty well loaded with some kind of Scandinavian wine. He was good and ugly. It was a great surprise to him to see a game of cards going on in the building over which he had control, and he knew that if the facts ever came to the ears of the owner of the building there would be a janitor looking for a job.

"Now, what do you suppose that fellow did? Why, he just walked over to that table, kicked it over and sent the cards and chips flying in all directions. Then he told us to get out, and to do it quickly; that he would call the police and have us pinched.

"We got out and hunted up a small room in a hotel to continue the game. When we got settled down again, I made a kick for the pot on the last hand. I told the boys that I had an ace full and that there wasn't another full could beat it. But old Julius spoke up and said: "Oh, yes, there was. Vat do you tink of a janitor full?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Surveying Camera.

A surveying camera, styled the Bridges-Lee instrument, is being introduced in England. It resembles an ordinary camera, having a brass bound box with rapid rectilinear lens and double backs, and the usual ground glass screen. The camera body turns on a horizontal plate having a graduated rim, over which slides a vernier attached to the camera for reading horizontal angles. A clamping screw fixes the camera body to the bottom plate, which plate is mounted on a tripod head provided with leveling screws. On top of the camera box is fixed a rotating level and telescope mounted on a horizontal arm and fitted with a rack adjustment and scale, permitting vertical angles to be taken. This telescope has a vertical wire, which bisects the picture on the ground glass screen, and is coplanar with a second vertical wire inside the camera. This wire casts a shadow, which is clearly discernible on the sensitive plate or film when developed, and that marks the center line of the picture. Behind this wire is a compass, mounted on a rack inside the camera, by means of which, when a photograph is to be taken, it can be moved back until it just fails to touch the plate. The graduation of the compass card is carried out on a vertical strip of translucent material, through which the light passes to the plate, thus photographing thereon the compass bearing. A horizontal fiber is also placed inside the body of the camera, similar to the vertical one, which, when the instrument has been properly leveled, indicates the true horizon.—Engineering News.

MESSAGE TO MEN

Proving that True Manhood and True Fidelity are Still Existing.

If any man who is weak, nervous and debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him confidentially and free of charge the plan pursued by which I was completely restored to perfect health and manhood, after years of suffering from Nervous Debility, loss of Vigor and Organic Weakness.

I have nothing to sell, and therefore want no money, but as I know through my own experience how to sympathize with such sufferers, I am glad to be able to assist any fellow-beings to a cure. I am well aware of the prevalence of quackery, for I myself was deceived and imposed upon until I nearly lost faith in mankind but I rejoice to say that I am now perfectly well and happy once more and am desirous therefore to make this certain means of cure known to all. If you will write to me you can rely upon being cured and the proud satisfaction of having been of great service to one in need will be sufficient reward for my trouble. Absolute secrecy assured. Send 5c silver to cover postage and address Mr. G. Strong, North Rockwood, Mich. 135 p&w.

For Sale or To Let

Two Houses on Pleasant Street. Good stable and yard. WILLIAM DODD. dly 6, '97-1m

A WOMAN'S SOLOQUY IN 1950.

I know my husband really tries A pleasant home to make, But he can't seem to make such pies As father used to bake.

He keeps the parlors very neat, Cares for the baby too, But oh, he can't roast the meat As papa used to do!

He has good taste in cutting out And sewing children's clothes, That means economy, no doubt, But father's cooking goes!

I really must insist that Jake Shall seek a cooking school And learn to make such pies and cake As father does, by rule.

And then how proud and glad I'll be, When ma brings father here, To hear her say, "It's a plain to see Jacob can cook, my dear!" —J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

TRUE CHARITY.

That Which is Recognized and Practiced by All In India and Japan.

India, which has no poor law system, is the home of the ideal—religious, metaphysical and domestic—to an extent which makes those ridiculous who speak of her creeds as ignorant, or her inhabitants as "heathen." You never see any but the most wretched women begging for alms there. Why? The explanation proves how elevated, even if mistaken, the average moral sense is of the people. Every woman not deformed, or an outcast, or insane—at least in the higher castes—has been betrothed at an early age to a boy, whose household thenceforward adopts her entirely. If the little husband dies before or during marriage the disaster is regarded universally as the penalty for sins committed by the female in a previous life. The widow must submit, and will submit, not marrying again, but hoping, by patience, to rejoin her lord after death, and his family will until her demise loyally support her for his sake. Practically these views obtain all over the land, and as every female child becomes betrothed all women are definitely provided for.

If the rash ardor of certain crude reformers could have its will and alter this so as to promote the remarriage of Hindu widows all those who became wives for a second time would find neither of the wife belonging in the next world to two husbands, or to none at all. Besides this, the sentiment of the bhoo-band, or blood relationship, is all powerful in the land, and never repudiated. As also in Japan, where there are no poor laws and no paupers, the ties of kinship are everywhere acknowledged, discharged and repaid, and the household cakes will be distributed to all who put forth the claim of poverty, hunger and relationship. Add to all this that charity is not so much a virtue in India as a habit, a religious necessity, an indispensable passport to further prosperous existence, and it will be seen why India in a most tender and effective manner fulfills the law which Christians only, or principally, talk about.—Sir Edward Arnold in North American Review.

Bismarck's Boswell.

Bismarck's Boswell, Herr Moritz Busch, studied theology, but in 1848 went into politics as a violent democrat, came to the United States about the same time as Carl Schurz, and for a short time filled the pulpit of a German church. He returned to Europe in 1855 to travel in Palestine on behalf of the Austrian Lloyds, edited the Kreuzbote till 1866, and after acting in various capacities in Schleswig-Holstein and Hannover was employed by Bismarck as press reporter. Among his duties as such were the writing and forwarding of articles which the chancellor wished in the interest of his policy to see published in the leading papers. He remained in Bismarck's service without any distinct functions till 1873.

After the war a number of sketches from his journal were published in the Gartenlaube, but they were suddenly broken off by the editor of that periodical, whereupon Count Bismarck wrote to the editor expressing his father's satisfaction. Busch is the most copious and minute of the prince's biographers, with a genuine Boswellian veneration for his subject, which is by no means the least qualification for such a function.

Two Trolleys.

There are two kinds of trolleys—those that are built to carry passengers and those that are built to sell bonds of and to sell machinery to. They may look alike at first, but in time the difference becomes very apparent, and there are obvious dangers in multiplying the latter variety. It takes somebody's money to set any trolley line going. The people are full of the idea that real estate doubles the minute a trolley line touches it, and there is in the air more or less of the spirit that led, thirty years or so ago, to ruinous investments in steam roads all over the state. The farmer who takes his savings bank deposit to help build a trolley that is to pass his door may mortgage his home next to keep the road running, and eventually may see the service stopped and the house sold. People don't run trolleys at a loss forever. Somebody must foot the bills. It is asserted in some well informed quarters that one must search long to find a single cross country trolley that pays. Be that as it may, it is obvious that a good many are projected that cannot pay, and it is equally true that eventually the line that doesn't pay will come to grief.—Hartford Courant.

Harness! Harness!

If you are going to exchange money for Harness this summer it will pay you to come to the Montague Harness Shop. I have a large lot made up from the best stock I can buy in the Dominion and I am going to sell them very cheap for cash or approved credit. Old harness taken in exchange. Also in stock—Hook Hames, Great Collars, Rubber Horse Covers, Fly Nets, Rubber Bits, Whips, and everything else kept in a first-class Harness Shop. Do not fail to see my stock before buying. J. A. STEWART, Montague May 17th—2m wky.

NOBLES KEEP HER POOR.

Spain Has Many Pensioners and Suffers Also From Absenteeism.

With such a sun and such a soil, why should Spain be poor? Her land is rich with minerals. Her climate is all that vegetation requires to be fruitful. This is mostly true of Italy and Ireland, too, and the cause of the poverty of these three countries is the same. The land is the property of a few nobles, whose only care as landlords is to extract from it enough money to enable them to maintain their rank and live at ease at the court. The tenants know that all they put into the soil only goes to enrich their landlords, and so, taking example from them, they lead a careless life, save nothing and make no effort to increase the productivity of their land.

But it is not to these facts that the insolvency of Spain is due. The people pay enough taxes to keep the national finances in a sound condition were it not that a large proportion of the money finds its way into the pockets of parasites, creatures of the ministry. There are thousands of needless pensioners, who keep the treasury low.

Here is an instance of the way the people's money is spent in pensions. It appeared in the Madrid newspapers, apropos of the marriage of the pensioner, now an old man. Many years ago, when Queen Isabella was on the throne, this nobleman occupied for one hour only the office of minister of the interior. He had been elected to the cortes, and his father was a friend of the leader of the opposition, who had at that moment just been intrusted with the formation of a ministry. In this task the new premier encountered difficulty. Few deputies would consent to serve. At last, however, he succeeded in filling all the posts but one, the ministry of the interior. Three hours before the newly appointed ministers were to wait upon the queen the young hidalgo called on the new prime minister and presented a letter of introduction from his father, and then without hesitation the premier asked the new deputy, "Will you be minister of the interior?"

The young nobleman started in astonishment, evidently doubting the questioner's sanity. But he was reassured, and before he left the house he had accepted the office. The hidalgo had just time to drive to a tailor's and obtain a ready made court dress in which to be presented to the queen, and then, within an hour, he entered the cortes a cabinet minister. His appointment was immediately condemned by a vote of the cortes, and within an hour he was dismissed from office. In disgust he resigned his seat in the cortes, and has never since taken any part in political affairs. But an ex-cabinet minister in Spain is entitled to a pension of 36,000 pesetas a year, and this pension the minister of an hour has drawn regularly ever since.—New York Press.

MORAVIAN VIEW OF DEATH.

A Beautiful and Impressive Custom of the Moravians.

Clifford Howard contributes to The Ladies' Home Journal an interesting article upon the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., and their religious customs:

"Upon the death of one of the congregation," he writes, "the event is announced, not by the monotonous, mournful tolling of the bell, but by the deep breathing, melodious music of trombones, played in the open, holy steeple of the church by the trombone choir, and as the deep, sweet notes of the familiar hymn are borne to the people below they reverently drop their work to listen. 'Hark!' they whisper, 'the horns are blowing. Some one has gone home!' 'Gone home!'—perhaps nothing more beautifully exemplifies the perfect, unquestioning faith of these devout people than that expressive utterance, the sincerity of which is ever demonstrated by the lack of mourning at the passing away of a member of the household, however dearly beloved. So true and heartfelt is the Moravian belief that death is but the entrance to a brighter, happier home. The trombones are also used at the touching funeral services held at the grave, and amid their sad yet inspiring strains the departed one is laid to his eternal rest. On all occasions, whether of death or joy, the trombones lend their sweet solemnity in fitting breath. From the steeple they herald the festival day of each of the choirs, and in all open air services their mellifluous tones are ever present."

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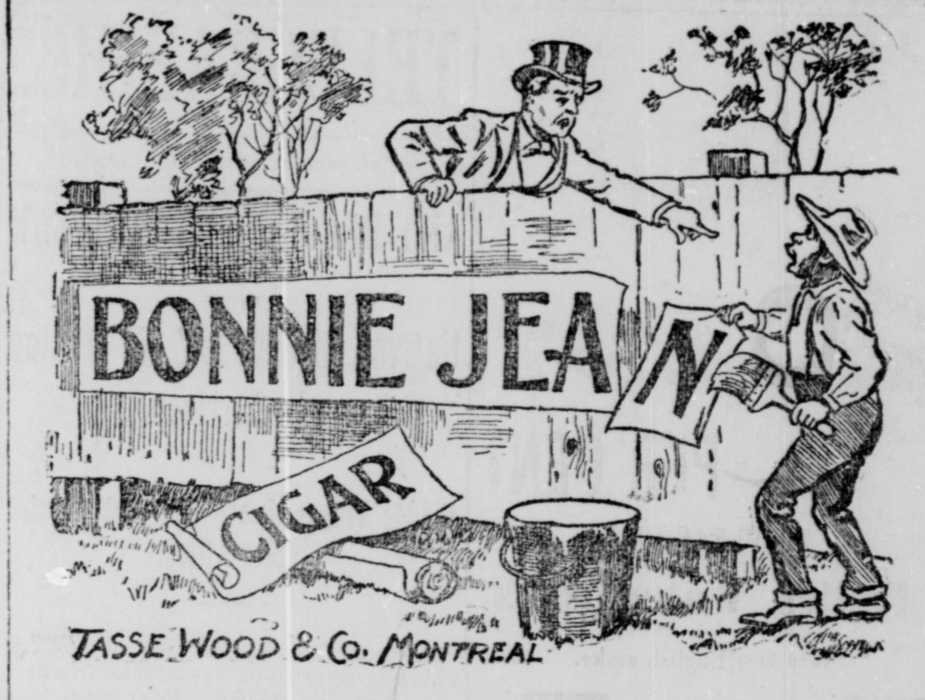
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