

FEUILLETON.

Les Causeries D'UNE VIEILLE MARMITE.

I INTRODUCTION

J'entends encore sonner la cloche de notre vieille église, le glas tinte à mes oreilles, Hélas ! Hélas !

Ma pauvre cabane, comme tu me sembles vide et grande ! Il n'est plus là le pauvre vieux le pauvre bon vieil ami que j'ai perdu.

Le petit Jacques, comme ils l'appelaient tous.

Le bon Jacques, le charitable Jacques auraient-ils du dire.

Voilà son lit, sa table boiteuse, et ses livres gras et écornés, voilà sa lampe qui a tant de fois éclairé, le soir, ses longues veillées, ses méditations, ses souvenirs de vieillard Hélas ! Hélas ! Tout me parle de lui, l'escabeau qui soutenait ses pieds, et le fauteuil de cuir, son siège favori ; là, contre la pierre, cette marque noire c'est la place où il appuyait son front nu et lisse comme l'ivoire jauni.

Oh ! les bonnes et bienfait-santes pensées qui remplis-saient ta tête, mon pauvre amis Jacques.

Tu venais de passer la nuit appuyé sur cette pierre quand tu vins un matin me prendre au presbytère, où l'on m'avait gardé. Ce matin-là, la cloche avait sonné comme aujourd'hui, l'agonie et puis l'enterrement, et ma mère était sortie du logis, portée par quatre voisins. Moi j'avais six ans, et je pleurais bien fort. Tu vins trouver le curé, un vieux comme toi. Jacques, un bon vieux, et tu lui dis :

—Voilà un petit orphelin, M. le curé, tous ceux qui étaient venus au monde avant lui, s'en sont allés, c'est l'ordre moi, j'ai vu partir tous ceux que j'aimais : nous sommes seuls tous deux, petits tous deux, enfants tous deux, chacun par un bout. Petit Jacques et petit Pierre vivront bons amis, le voulez-vous ? j'em-mène l'enfant.

—Prenez-le Jacques, dit le curé, aussi bien personne mieux que vous ici, n'en saura faire un homme honnête et craignant Dieu.

—Veux-tu venir avec moi ? me dis-tu.

Je me souvins qu'un jour tu m'avais donné un beau sif-flet de plomb, et je te dis : Je veux bien, petit Jacques.

Il y a quinze ans de cela, mon pauvre ami, quinze ans sans se quitter. Mais hier la mort est venue, il a fallu par-tir. Hélas ! Hélas !

Ton héritage est à moi ta cabane, oh ! j'en aurai bien soin va : jamais le vent n'en-trera par les fentes du mur ; jamais la pluie ne pénétrera sous ce toit béni. Tu l'aimais ta cabane-je veux aussi la chérir ; et ton mobilier vieux comme toi, ton grand lit, tes rideaux de serge ? Ai-je pas-sé tout, petit de longues heures à regarder leurs des-sins auxquels mon imagina-tion d'enfant prêtait un charme indicible ; tu me les expliquais longuement, c'é-taient des histoires intermin-ables d'enchantements et de bonnes fées

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JOB PRINTING Department

We have nice Job Types, an A1 Job Press and first-class job paper. We are in a position to print all class of work—from a card to the largest poster.

L'Impartial Printing Office.

Tignish, Sept. 2nd, '93.

Je garderai tout cela religieusement ; ton crucifix d'ivoire et le buis de l'an passé. Pauvre Jacques : tu n'iras plus, quand viendront les rameaux, faire bénir la petite branche que tu cueillais toi-même, tes livres, tes gravures noircies par la fumée, tout cela ne me dit-il pas : il nous aimait comme toi, petit Pierre reste avec nous, garde-nous près des toi.

Mais oublieux que je suis, j'allais ne pas penser à toi, à toi sa vieille amie, sa confidente, à toi qu'il soignait lui-même, dont il connaissait les pensées. Que de fois, assis sur le banc de l'âtre, je vous regardai tous deux, lui les coudes sur les genoux, la tête dans ses mains, le front penché vers toi, il murmurait des paroles mystérieuses, puis il écoutait, il tendait l'oreille ; que lui disais-tu que je ne distinguais pas ? Quels mots renfermaient tes glous glous, qui me semblaient vides de sens ? Il le savait, lui, et te comprenait bien. Aussi comme il t'aimait, je t'aimerais, et tu seras toujours lu-sante et propre, toujours bien posé d'aplomb sur tes trois pieds, vieille amie du petit Jacques, sa confidente.

A cet endroit de son monologue, Pierre s'arrêta, et posant la tête dans ses mains, il se mit à regarder fixement celle qu'il venait d'appeler l'amie la confidente du petit Jacques. C'était une grande et belle marmite de fonte, vieille et usée, mais propre comme un paysan e hollandaise.

Elle avait, sur ses trois pieds, un air de bonne humeur, une tournure inspirant la confiance.

Son ventre rebondi, ses anses recourbées et posées sur ses hanches comme les bras d'une commère de Gérard Dow, son couvercle un peu de côté elle ronflait en ce moment à intervalles réguliers lançant à chaque fois un petit jet de fumée, comme un fumeur paisible.

Pierre se prit à la considérer longuement. Il cherchait à deviner le lien mystérieux qui avait uni si longtemps petit Jacques et sa marmite.

Il écoutait ses glous glous cadencés et cherchait à comprendre les sens de cette langue inconnue.

—N'as-tu donc rien à me dire ? s'écria-t-il, après quelques instants de silence ; ne sais-tu rien pour me consoler ? Je suis seul, tu le vois, Jacques est parti. Ne m'aimeras-tu pas comme il t'aimait ?

Glou glou ! fit la marmite en soulevant son couvercle et en laissant retomber bruyamment, glou glou.

—M'as-tu compris ? dit Pierre, avec un mouvement de joie, m'as-tu répondu.

Glou glou ! fit-elle. —Tu seras mon amie comme tu étais la sienne, tu écouteras mes con-

férences, tu me répondras dans ce langage qu'il comprenait, dis, dis-moi ?

Glou glou ! fit encore la marmite. Alors Pierre releva la tête et sentit son cœur se dilater et battre plus vivement.

Qui ne comprend-à cela ? Ceux qui n'ont jamais été seuls au logis. Mais ceux qui ont connu l'isolement, l'abandon ; ceux qui ont été obligés de laisser retomber dans leur cœur les confidences qui leur montaient aux lèvres ; ceux qui ont appris à écouter au lieu de la solitude, le bruit du vent et le défillement du bois, les murmures de l'eau qui coule et le tic-tac de l'horloge ; ceux là comprendront la joie de petit Pierre, car il n'était pas seul, il avait une amie.

Aussi, quand vint le soir, au lieu de jeter sur la brai-e une brassée de menues branches et les pieds sur les chenets, se mit à causer avec la vieille marmite. Son front machinément s'appuyait sur la pierre, à la place où le front de Jacques s'était appuyé si longtemps, et lui aussi se mit à raconter ses confidences et ses secrètes pensées.

Le feu brûlait toujours, petit Pierre ne parlait plus depuis quelques instants, quand minuit vint à sonner. (a continuer)

To The Farmers.

I have all you desire in the shape of Farming Implements. PLOWS HARROWS, SCUFFLERS etc,

My prices are right.

Nice clean Tinware make the kitchen look bright. Call and see my stock, consisting of Plain and japanned tinware Granite ware, etc.



My pedler carries a general assortment of the above goods also GROCERIES. Give him a good reception. EGGS paid the highest market price,

A. J. Bernard,

Tignish, June 22, '93 tf

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice

Railroad Across the Sahara.

If the United States could cross our continent with railroads, or if Russia can span Asia with a line of rails, why cannot France cross the Sahara desert with a railroad? Possibly it can. A beginning has been made in that mammoth undertaking. But the difficulties are incalculable. As soon as those that are now known shall be overcome others will arise. Consider for an instant the enormous obstacles to making a railroad 1,500 miles long through a territory without wood or ties, without water, without everything required to sustain life. Railroads have been constructed through countries to which all the materials required have had to be carried. But here is a country which does not even supply water for the men who do the work. The sand storms that have hurried a thousand caravans are liable to arise and wipe out all traces of man and his work. Yet this stupendous work is now seriously contemplated by the French government. When it is undertaken the rails will be laid from oases to oases, which lie like islands in the great ocean of the desert. As it approaches the south the trunk line may be divided, one arm to run to Lake Tchad, and the other to strike the Niger above Timbuctoo, from which point steamers could descend to Senegambia. The work may cost hundreds or even thousands of millions of dollars.

About Looking Glasses.

The annual manufacture in Europe at the present time, according to the latest statistics, is something like 1,850,000 square yards of looking glass.

In the mirrors of to-day the light is reflected by a layer of silver or an amalgam of tin, but a proportion of light is lost in the process of reflection, and the image is less luminous than the original.

The value of a looking glass is usually estimated by the thickness of the glass, because the thicker they are the stronger they must be; but, speaking scientifically, thick glasses are defective, because the outlines of the image reflected are less clearly defined.

There are really three reflections, and, consequently, three images in every glass mirror, one from the upper surface of the glass, the second from the lower surface, and the third from the metallic layer at the back.

An ideal mirror is one with a perfectly flat surface, but it is only possible to obtain this result in comparatively small glasses. The larger glasses do not reflect a true image, because it is not possible to make them quite flat.

All This Oyster One Mouthful.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curiously devised little intestines, and other organs, necessary organs such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature. The mouth is at the end of the shell, near the hinge, and adjoining the toothed portion of the oyster's pearly covering.

Farm Notes.

Timothy hay and oats are expensive feeds. It does not follow because a farmer raises these crops that he should feed them, when other products, equally useful, may be purchased at a less cost per pound of actual nutriment.

The feeding value of plants differ. Oats, corn and hay possess different food values. Some kinds of food produce fat, some muscle and some wool, hair and milk. Nature cannot be fooled in the matter of feeding. The successful stock feeder must study the different food values.

With an ordinary grass crop, the loss of water while curing hay in the field may be from 2 to 5 tons per acre; the loss is larger in the clovers than in the grasses (Illinois Bulletin 5). The loss in weight by drying after storing may be from 200 to 400 lbs. per ton.

Eugenie's Faithful Friendship.

The ex-Empress Eugenie exhibited some amibility of character in Paris the other day by climbing five flights of stairs in an apartment house to call on Victor Duruy, the Academician, who was ill in bed. Duruy was one of Napoleon III's ministers and the devoted friend of his family.

No More Native Costumes.

It seems to be the mission of England to make the world monotonous. Wherever in Asia or Europe her influence is at all strong it operates to divest the natives of their customary raiment and fit them out with English shirts, elastic braces and tail-coats. You no longer see the gondolier of the Grand Canal in the picturesque garb memorialized in old paintings; he has learned from the English how trousers may be held up with one suspender; how a nail may serve for the missing button and how effective it is to go about "in shirt sleeves." In the Alps, in the Tyrol, and along the Nile, no native wears the old native costume any more than sailors wear rolling collars and flapping trousers. Some of the hotels make the "national dress" the livery of servants, which is the only sight a stranger gets of it on main traveled roads.—Providence Journal.

Its Origin.

The origin of "a feather in his cap" is thus explained: In Hungary, in 1599, it was decreed that only he who had killed a Turk should wear a feather, and he was permitted to add a fresh feather to his cap for each Turk whom he had slain.

The major, on learning the truth, said no more about it, thinking it very smart on the part of the soldier and never again tried it.—Square Moments.

A Work of Time.

Mr. McSwat—Have you packed your trunk yet, Lobelia?

Mrs. McSwat—Not yet.

Mr. McSwat (looking at his watch)—Then you haven't any time to lose. The train leaves in exactly thirty-six hours.

A WONDERFUL SEARCH-LIGHT.

On the Summit of Mount Washington—Visible Over a Hundred Miles.

The use of the electric arc in search-lights is familiar to residents of New York and adjacent towns. At time-election returns, racing and sporting returns and other announcements awaited with curiosity by the public have been shown by a preconcerted system of flashes from the search-light in the dome of the Pulitzer Building. The revolving search-light on the apex of the Madison Square Garden tower is also a familiar sight. But these are only minor examples of the arc in search-lighting. One of the great triumphs on this line is on the summit of Mount Washington, 6344 feet above sea level.

Mount Washington is the highest mountain of the White Mountain range and many difficulties had to be conquered in the setting up of the plant, the highest ever erected except in mining operations in the far west. A tower was first put on the very highest point of the mountain. It is 50 feet high and tapers to 14 feet at the top. It was built of eight 9-inch spruce timbers, reaching from the foundation to the top, and the whole tied together by iron straps and bolts, and the frame work chained down to the rocks on the mountain. With all the precautions which have been taken, so severe are the rain and wind storms, the moisture penetrates the building, and makes the condition of operating the dynamo excessively severe. The dynamo is of the Thomson-Houston spherical armature type, and in spite of the severe conditions owing to the dampness gives complete satisfaction. The search-light is one of the attractive features of the summer season in the White Mountains, besides this, poised at this extreme elevation, it is of great scientific interest and many new problems in signalling and the study of the scientific use of searchers may be solved by its aid.

It is difficult to gather accurate figures as to the distance from which the Mount Washington light has been seen. At Portland, eighty-five miles away, telegraphic conversations have been held, the search-light flashing out a message and the operator repeating it by ordinary telegraph back to the mountain. Many towns 100 miles away have reported seeing it, and on one occasion it was seen at Pigeon Cave, Cape Ann, on the coast of Massachusetts, 116 miles distant. At twenty miles the light is so bright that type can be clearly read and the time on a watch easily told. At this distance the light is almost too bright to be looked at comfortably.—N. Y. World.

Photographing in Colors.

Photographing in colors has been successfully accomplished in Berlin. The method is based upon the fact that all effects of light proceed from three primary colors—yellow, red and blue. By means of colored screens or by dyeing the photographic plates three negatives are obtained of the same object, each being sensitive to light only of one of the primary colors. It seems wonderful that, with all the range of hues and tints perceived by the eye, a printing of three simple colors is all that is required to give the necessary effect. The reason why three impressions are sufficient to produce the natural colors of an object in all their delicacy of tint and shading proceeds from the fact that every portion of each primary color that in any impression upon its corresponding negative, and thus with the three colors reproduced we have the effect of the original, faithfully reproduced in all its infinite variations of tint.

Light and Disease.

Dr. Thomas Geisler has recently made some interesting observations of the effect of light upon bacilli. His experiments were conducted with both sunlight and the electric light, and, while he has established the general effect of both kinds to be the same, he has been unable to compare them. He found the germ of typhoid fever to be greatly affected and retarded in growth by light, and he determined in addition the relative effect of light of different colors. The advisability of having sunlight about and within our houses has thus received confirmation from a new standpoint, while the use of the electric light in the sick-room may prove to be a valuable sanitary adjunct.

Wood Outlasts Metal.

One of the most curious things about wood is the fact that in some instances it will outlast metal. In others the metal will stand three or four fittings of wood. A good hickory handle will outlast a spade or a hoe, while a wagon tire will outlast two or three supplies of spokes. It might be supposed that the wagon spoke goes sooner because of the constant jarring, but no use is harder than that of a hoe, which is in constant danger of being shivered by an unusually hard blow. Some farmers attribute the vital force infused into the hoe-handle from the human arm, while others laugh at this notion, but whatever the cause, the fact is well known.

Telephoning on Telegraph Wires.

An apparatus has been constructed for telegraphing simultaneously over telegraph wires. The system has been in operation for some time on the telephone line from Budapest to Szegedin, a distance of 124 miles. The results were satisfactory. The apparatus can easily be inserted in a telegraph circuit and used at once. It is said that simultaneous telegraphy along the wire does not in the least interfere with telephoning, and that the effects of induction and all disturbing noises are completely removed.

Habit.

"Colonel Bloodyfield's old war traits still cling to him."

"How so?" "I dined with him last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter."