

FEUILLETON.

Les Causeries
D'UNE VIEILLE MARMITE.

11

PREMIERE CAUSERIE

Glou glou ! glou glou ! fit la marmite en s'agitant sur les cendres et en se remuant de droite à gauche, comme jamais marmite ne l'avait fait elle, à moins d'être secouée par les mains d'une ménagère, impatientée de voir l'heure du diner s'avancer à grands pas.

—Glou glou, glou glou ! Pierre avait les yeux fixés sur elle, et était un peu engourdi par le sommeil qui le gagnait. Pourtant ces mouvements inusités le surprenaient moins qu'ils ne l'eussent fait quelques heures auparavant. L'homme est ainsi fait, jeune ou vieux, lorsqu'il s'attache aux objets inanimés, il en fait ses confidentes, et leur donne, pour ainsi dire, une partie de ce souffle qui le fait vivre ; il leur communique un peu de son ame, il leur parle comme à des amis vivants. Aussi, le demi-sommeil aidant, Pierre ne fut-il qu'à moitié surpris, et il y avait à ce moment de quoi l'être tout à fait. Jugez-en plutôt vous-même.

Tout en glouglouissant de plus belle, la marmite s'était développée agrandie, grossie, élevée. Son couvercle soulevé, avait laissé passer une tête sur laquelle il reposait en ce moment, affectant la forme d'un grand chapeau : les pieds avaient grossi, s'étaient allongés en forme de jambes ; un d'eux était effilé et formait un baton, sur ce baton s'appuyait un être, qui avait, avec la marmite, un tel air de famille, qu'on ne pouvait s'y tromper.

Ce singulier personnage était gros et court ; il avait, comme la confidente de Jacques, le ventre rebondi ; vêtu d'un large habit noir, ses jambes courtes et rondes, enfermées dans une culotte de même couleur et dans des bas chinés, la tête coiffée de son couvercle, je veux dire ce son chapeau rond, il conservait cet air hollandais qu'avait la marmite, et il semblait être un de ces bons bourgeois d'Amsterdam, dont les peintres de Hollande nous ont laissé de vivantes images.

Sa bouche souriait, ses petits yeux, à demi-cachés par la graisse, pétillaient de malice ; il se redressa, puis, reculant de quelques pas s'assit sur le banc placé au fond de l'âtre, et tirant de sa poche un grand foulard, il épousseta soigneusement la cendre qui couvrait ses souliers à boucles.

—Ouf fit-il.
—Hein ? fit Pierre à son tour.

Cette fois, il était véritablement surpris. Le sommeil l'avait gagné peu à peu et l'exclamation du petit homme venait de l'éveiller.

—Hein ? fit-il, qui êtes-vous ? d'où venez-vous ?

—Qui je suis ? tu vas le savoir ; d'où je viens ? de là, répondit le petit homme, en montrant du bout de sa canne le tas de cendres ou étaient encore marqués ses trois pieds, les trois pieds de la marmite.

Pierre regarda.
—Et la marmite, s'écria-il, la vieille amie de Jacques ?

—Voilà, fit le nouveau venu, en se frappant le ventre ; et au lieu de produire par le choc le bruit sourd qu'eut produit en pareil cas tout bon bourgeois d'Amsterdam ou de La Haye le ventre du bonhomme rendit un son métallique comme l'eut fait la marmite elle-même.

—Quoi ! c'est vous ! dit Pierre, avec étonnement, vous, c'est impossible !

—Ne m'as-tu pas appelé ? Ne m'as-tu pas demandé ? Moi, l'ami, le confident de Jacques, ai-je du refuser de venir voir son fils adoptif, comme je venais le voir lui-même. O petit Pierre, mon garçon, en avons-nous eu de ces causeries le petit Jacques et moi !

—C'était donc à vous qu'il parlait sans cesse, à vous qu'il confiait ses pensées ?

—Oui, Pierre, c'était à moi, et j'ai pu, Dieu aidant, lui donner de bons conseils. Hé ! hé ! je ne vis pas comme une bonne et vieille marmite, depuis trois cents ans, parmi les hommes, sans les fréquenter un peu, et à force de voir force faire le mal, j'ai appris à aimer le bien ; aussi est-ce avec joie que je vais à ceux qui m'appellent, car le père Pfanne possède la paix et il la donne à ceux qui la cherchent avec lui.

—Ainsi vous vous nommez Pfanne, et c'est vous qui aviez fait du petit Jacques ce bon et charitable vieillard, que tous chérissaient ? c'est vous qui lui disiez : il y a là du bien à faire, vas-y.

—C'est moi.
...Ainsi, quand en rentrant il se frottait les mains en disant : le vieux avait raison, c'était de vous qu'il parlait ?

—C'était de moi.
—Mais alors, le jour où il est venu au presbytère, le jour où il m'a fait lui-même un lit dans ce petit cabinet ; quand il a dit : le vieux sera content.....

—Il parlait de moi, ami Pierre, de moi qui lui avais dit la nuit précédente : Jacques, la Michu est morte et petit Pierre est orphelin, hé ! hé ! un enfant c'est un oiseau ne trouves-tu pas que le chant d'un oiseau égalerait ta vieille cabane, il me semble que j'en bouillerais mieux en l'entendant ? Et le matin Jacques t'alla chercher.

—Alors c'est à vous, à vous, que je dois toutes les belles années qui viennent de s'écouler, à vous, que je dois de n'avoir pas vécu seul, d'avoir, pendant quinze ans, dit mon père, et de m'être entendu dire : mon fils : je vous aime, M. Pfanne, et je voudrais vous embrasser.

Embrasse, embrasse, dit le vieux bonhomme tout ému, embrasse ; car des aujourd'hui, je suis ton ami, comme j'étais celui du petit Jacques, et maintenant, causons.

Causons, répondit Pierre.
Et d'abord, Pierre, que comptez-tu faire ? Tu as vingt et un ans, si je ne me trompe, et à cet âge, on n'est plus un enfant, il s'en faut. Le petit Jacques, était vieux, tu le soignais, bien ; il ne pouvait plus marcher, tu le soutenais, fort bien ; ses yeux étaient usés, tu lui faisais la lecture parfait ; mais aujourd'hui tu es seul, tes bras, tes jambes, tes yeux n'ont plus rien à faire : ils sont heureusement en fort bon état, il faut travailler ; il faut te rendre utile.

Je le veux bien, mais que faire ?
Je vais te le dire, tu sais lire, écrire, et bien d'autres choses encore, que pas un ne sait ici. Le petit Jacques a fait de toi un homme instruit, il avait son idée, et son idée la voici : je la connais d'autant mieux que nous l'avons murie ensemble ;

Jacques, lui dis-je un soir, qu'il était rentré tous triste au logis, Jacques, qu'as-tu donc ?
à 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 price. EGGS paid the highest market price.

A. J. Bernard,

Tignish, June 22, 1911

HAYING & HARVESTING machinery.

All in need of Haying and Harvesting machinery will save money by buying the Massey-Harris goods. The quality of these goods are beyond question. We are bound not to be undersold.

Warehouses at TIGNISH & ALBERTON

Our popular agent M. M. Christopher has charge of the Tignish warehouse, and will promptly attend to the wants of the Public.

Binder Twine at cheapest rates. BUGGIES & ROAD CARTS always on hand.

Best Goods and Best Bargains to be had from

New Williams sewing machines always on hand.

James P. Cunningham.
113 St. J. St.

AVIS AVIS.

Je me suis décidé de faire un changement dans mon commerce. A l'avenir, je ne vends plus à crédit ; mais je vendrai beaucoup à meilleur marché. Je prends en échange tout ce qui peut s'offrir sur les marchés. J'invite aussi toutes les personnes qui me doivent de venir régler leur compte d'ici au premier de novembre. Tout compte non réglé à cette date portera intérêt.

A. J. BERNARD.

FRANK GALLANT

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Stationeries, Books, Religious objects, etc. All the popular patent medicines of the day. Country produce bought and sold. BLOOMFIELD, P. E. I.

WHERE WOMEN REIGN.

AN ADAMLESS EDEN NEAR THE GATES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Amber Pays a Flying Visit to the Woman's Dormitory and Finds it Pleasantly Different From Hotels Frequented by the Masculine Gender—No Profanity—No Cuspidores.

It was nearly sun down when I "drew up," so to speak, at the story-and-a-half barracks, over the doorway of which was inscribed in good Saxon text the two words that had proved the mirage of a long afternoon's search. The building covers an entire block and furnishes accommodations for 1000 women. Not a man is allowed to flirt his coat-tails within the doorways, unless under convoy of female relatives, who spurn him from the place at the witching hour of bedtime. What the enchanted kingdom of Temyson's Princess was, without a man to cast a blight upon its beauty, is the dormitory as it stands. Entering the place by way of a little porch, where some women in rocking chairs were enjoying the sweet evening air, I found myself in a hotel office where women porters and women clerks ruled the day. An indescribable chatter filled the air. It was unlike the bustle of any other hotel lobby in the world. There was a rustle rather than a roar and a chirp rather than a confusion. If you can imagine Niagara Falls keyed to the carol of a canary you can have an idea of the noise made by over a hundred women all talking together.

I sat down for a moment and took it all in before I announced myself as on a still-hunt for facts. There was one lack that filled me with a wild desire to arise and beat a drum or sound a tom-tom—nay, I will say that there were three lacks that filled my very soul with joy. The first was the lack of cuspidores or any occasion for them. To stand inside the lobby of a clean-smelling and prosperous American hotel and see neither an expectorator nor a cuspidor made the soul within me caper like a spring lamb. Next, I rejoiced at the absence of profanity. The atmosphere is rare to find, indeed, where the sulphuric fumes of useless blasphemy cast no blight, in these days of reckless speech and action. And lastly, I rejoiced in the lack of looting. I was pleased with the brisk management of things at the desk. There was no magnificently haughty clerk to bewilder the would-be guest with autocratic ways and diamonds. The young ladies who lead out the rooms and attended to business were modestly dressed and courteous. They talked a great deal and seemed interested, but that is a delightful change from the custom of the fresh young man in the majority of our hotels, who bestows your key as a condescension and makes you feel as though what little right you had held heretofore to lumber the earth was withdrawn like an outlawed license or a last month's railroad ticket.

Everything in sight was clean and fragrant with fresh air and soap. The floors were in a spotless condition and the windows bright and well curtained. A fireplace offered a means of warmth should the weather be cool, and easy chairs drawn up to tables that were covered with newspapers invited the guests to rest and recreation.

After a while I stepped up to the desk and announced my business to a pretty woman in a becoming brown silk dress, whose snapping black eyes denoted the ability to wield, as she does, the management of the concern.

"I am so glad that you have come," said she. "Just wait a half minute until I smooth out a little difficulty that has arisen and I will join you for a nice, good, cosy talk."

So I stepped out on the porch and watched the fading of the great red rose that sunset had set growing in the west. Against it the dense foliage of the trees tipped in a thousand emerald waves, and above it hung a silver star, like a lessening sail, bound for the viewless shores of dawn. The air was cool and fragrant, and I said to myself, "Why go to the restless hurly-burly of a conglomerate hotel, O, woman visitor to the fair, when such a cloister as this awaits you?"

"Well, how do you like it?" was the first question I asked. "Does your estimate of the average women rise or fall under close contact with them?"

"There is a pretty steady tendency toward the up side," she answered, but I will confess to you that sometimes I get so tired of women that I never want to see another. I love my sex, and should be ashamed if I didn't, but they can be pretty trying."

"Are your rooms full?" I asked. "Oh, no; we have only about seven hundred with us at present; and we can accommodate a thousand, easily."

"What class of women are drawn to you mostly? Teachers and working-women, I suppose, for whom the low rates prove a great attraction."

"You would be surprised," replied Mrs. Harrington, "to know how few of the women for whom the enterprise was designed come to us. Our roomers are largely made up of those who are in comfortable circumstances, while we have several who could easily afford to put up at expensive hotels."

"What are your rates?" I asked. "The primal design of the dormitory was to make it a stock concern, pure and simple," answered Mrs. H., "but we have many applications for transients, who pay 50 cents a day for a room, and take their meals at the restaurant attached to the building."

"Do you take in any woman that comes along, at whatever hour she makes application?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, "and we have never been deceived yet."

"Good!" cried I, "that is the way it should be. The restriction that have been hurled at woman so long have made a coward of her. I would no more dare to go to a Chicago hotel at 11 o'clock at night and ask for a room,

without an alibi in one hand and a prayer book in the other than I would step up to a cage and toy with a Royal Bengalese."

"Would you like to look about a little?" asked Mrs. Harrington. So we strolled through the long corridor and looked into many of the neatly kept rooms. We found an abundance of fresh linen, comfortable beds and hygienic appliances. Everywhere there was a sweet, healthful smell to the air, which compared favourably with far more pretentious resorts. The only drawback that presented itself to my searching eye, was the absence of screens to the windows, but then, I thought, any clever woman could buy a yard of mosquito netting and whip it into the sash herself in half a minute.—Amber.

Heck—I guess I'm square with Dix. I gave his boy a month organ last night. Mrs. Heck—But you're not square with me. Mrs. Dix sent him over here to spend the day.

PLAIN WORDS WELL HANDLED.

The Secret of the Greatest Successes in Literature.

Nothing is more astonishing in literature than the meager variety of words to be found in the production of great writers. The same words recur time and again in Shakespeare. His noblest flights of fancy and his finest outbreaks of passion are expressed in simple terms that are daily in use in every intelligent American household. Addison, a prince of writers of graceful prose English, employs few words that the average school child does not understand and cannot define. The simplicity of the language in the "Pilgrim's Progress" is proverbial, yet it is sufficient to portray emotions ranging from the agonies of remorse to the raptures of the redeemed. The phraseology of Swift and Goldsmith, except when technical subjects are under discussion, is almost as limited. The Bible is largely a repetition of a few simple words.

Mastery of language consists in the proper arrangement of words rather than in a multiplicity of words. The use of simple terms is evidence of the highest art. It is the sole way, in fact, as a rule, in which the firmest and widest impressions can be made. To attain such a command of speech depends in large measure upon the possession of imaginative faculties. Metaphor is frequently a substitute, not only for large words, but for many words. It suggests rather than depicts, and from its peculiar measure makes necessary the employment of terms that are readily understood. It should not be forgotten, also, that there are few pursuits that demand a varied vocabulary. Many of the technical terms used by a lawyer are of little practical worth to a physician, or a merchant and vice versa. It is questionable also if the English language is not worse for the multitude of unnecessary adjectives that have crept into it from one source and another. "Junius" looked upon adjectives as if they were personal enemies. Macaulay used them under protest. There is a peculiar force in the familiar observation of T. Thomas Hobbes:—"Words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools."

PARADOX OF THE NORTH POLE.

At the North Pole it is impossible to Move in Any Direction but South.

At the North Pole there is only one direction—south. One could go south in as many ways as there are points on the compass card, but every one of these ways is south, east and west have vanished. The hour of the day is a paradoxical conception, for that point is the meeting place of every meridian, and the time of all holds good, so that it is always any hour one cares to mention. Unpunctuality is hence impossible—but the question grows complex, and its practical solution concerns few.

No one needs to go to the pole to discover all that makes that point different from any other point of the surface. But the whole polar regions are full of unknown things, which every Arctic explorer of the right stamp looks forward to finding. And the reward he looks forward to most is the approval of the few who understand and love knowledge for its own sake, rather than the noisy applause of the crowd who would cheer him, after all, much as they cheer a winning prizefighter, or racehorse, or political candidate.

The difficulties that make the quest of the pole so arduous have been discovered by slow degrees. It is marvellous how soon nearly the full limits of northward attainment were reached. In 1596 Barents discovered Spitzbergen in about 78° north; in 1770 Hudson reached 80°; in 1827 Parry, by sledging on the ice when his ship became fast, succeeded in touching 82° 45'. Since then all the enormous resources of modern science—steam, electricity, preserved foods and the experience of centuries—have only enabled forty miles of additional poleward advance to be made.—McClure's Magazine.

People Who Fall Safely.

A fall, as a rule, injures a drunken man much less than a sober one, because, the controlling power of the mind being rendered nil through intoxication, the body falls as an inert mass, and thus the chances of injury are lessened, for, strange though it may appear, it is no less a fact that the most numerous cases of injury arising from a fall are caused by the effort, voluntary or otherwise, to avert the consequences, thus straining the muscles and tendons. Very rarely are injurious effects from a fall known in a lunatic asylum, for the same simple reason—the mind has no influence over the action of the body. And it is a remarkable and well-known fact to those who have to deal with such cases, adds the Boston Herald, that whatever injuries are so caused heal much more rapidly than in the case of sane people, the mind having more to do with retarding or assisting nature's efforts than is generally known or realized.