

Lions and Lambs Play in Peace.

Not long ago an article appeared in several Chicago newspapers recounting the difficulties experienced by a Western circus man who tried to train a lion and a lamb to occupy the same cage. It was asserted that showmen considered it an impossibility and said that the thing had never been successfully accomplished and never could be.

There is, however, in this city today a den of lions, with two gentle-eyed lambs fearlessly romping about among them. They are the property of Dr. L. M. Knox, a practising physician of Danbury and an old circus man. High up above the sidewalk in the rear of a large tenement building, where the doctor has his office, a huge cage has been constructed, with heavy wooden bars facing the street below. Behind those bars are three partly grown lions and two lambs. The loungers who frequent the street below often have their arguments upon the ratio of silver and gold disturbed by a sullen growl, which is sometimes prolonged into an ominous roar, and they cast apprehensive glances upward and edge a litter nearer the opposite corner, where hospitable doors with swinging screens offer a safe retreat in case of attack.

Very few people have seen the inside of the tall, wooden cage or made the acquaintance of its curious occupants. Not that their owner is not hospitable, but because the lions are afraid of them, and strangers interfere with their tuition.

Associated with Dr. Knox as tutor is William Winner, who is probably the best-known lion-timer in the country. He was with the Barnum circus during a long part of his thirty years in the business of lion-taming and bears many scars as mementoes of his encounters with enraged beasts.

A Sunday World reporter called at the school a few days ago and found a good-sized lion, about half grown, frolicking about the cage with two lambs. The trio are part of the unique "happy family" which Dr. Knox and Mr. Winner will exhibit next season. "You see it can be done," said the doctor. "And I am quite sure that we are the first to accomplish it. The lions have shown very little hostility towards the lambs, and I don't think they will harm them."

To show that they were really a happy family the doctor opened the door of the cage where two more lions were snapping at the flies, and drove the lambs inside. The bigger of the two lions looked lazily around and then put his head down on his paws and went to sleep.

The lambs walked over him and rubbed their noses over his back, but he gave no sign that he noticed the intrusion. The other lion eyed the new-comers suspiciously for a moment and then turned up his nose and walked away.

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, "we are going to put on the road next season the queerest animal show that has been seen in the East. This is the first work towards it. We selected the lions and the lambs first because they are the most difficult to accustom to each other."

"In a few weeks we shall have some goats, and then we will later add a couple of tigers, some panthers and jaguars, two bears and half a dozen other animals. It will be a 'happy family' worth looking at."—N. Y. World.

Completely Knocked Out.

"I was so much run down I had to give up work, and I felt as if life was not worth living," writes Wm. W. Thompson, Zephyr, Ont. "I took Scott's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling as I did years ago." Scott's Sarsaparilla tones up the entire system, purifies the blood, and eradicates rheumatic and scrofulous poisons. Ask for Scott's and get it.

Mrs. Beecher on Clergymen's Wives.

Are the duties of clergymen's wives very dissimilar from those of all married woman? Is not the first and most important work for all wives a faithful discharge of such home duties as should make home next to the very gate of heaven? If this work is kept constantly in mind—as the first duty—then a minister's wife may, with a clear conscience, use the few spare moments of each day in such work in her husband's church, and elsewhere if needed, as may bring all those over whom she has influence into closer union with each other, and promote and encourage active labor in every good work.

But how few realize how much the home life of a minister's wife can "strengthen his hands and encourage his heart." No man needs so much the help his wife can give him at home as a clergyman. Especially is this the case in large cities, where he is liable to be called upon to give much time and labor to outside work not absolutely connected with his own church. People don't reflect that under such circumstances he needs more of his wife's help than other professional men.

If a wife is expected to take an active part or lead in parish work and in all the charitable and benevolent associations that are connected with the church, what time can she have for such home service as can save her husband from constant interruption? Who but the wife can be ever ready to relieve him from the numerous and often important calls, and frequently be able to give such answers to these calls as will be satisfactory without any interruption to her husband? Who but the wife can take charge of the numerous letters brought by the daily mails and answer most of them, without his studies or labors being disturbed by them?

The help and relief that a clergyman's wife can give her husband, in these and many other ways, will enable him to do tenfold more good in his parish than she could possibly do if she presided over every missionary or charitable society connected with the church.

There are always many good capable women in every church even better fitted to take charge of all such society's than their pastor's wife is. But they could not take her place and give him the help and relief she can bring him at home. I don't mean that a minister's wife should not be interested in and appreciative of the work these women are actively engaged in and ready to

assist them, giving every moment she can to work with them lovingly. But I do not believe she could be expected to make such work her first duty.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in New York World.

Some day nothing will "come out right." from the time you rise till you retire. Ten to one, the trouble is in yourself. Your blood is in bad condition, and every organ suffers in consequence. What you need is the cleansing invigorating influence of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

One of the most curious sights at sea is that of an oil bound ship.

Every up to date ship carries oil tanks, the quantity varying with the size of the vessel. For instance, a steamer of 150 tons burden carries on an average 60 gallons of oil. This oil is the refuse discarded by the oil refining factories and often consists of a mixture of whale oil, petroleum and vegetable oil. It costs about two pence a gallon, and a large sized vessel can be well supplied for 20 shillings.

The oil is stowed in spacious zinc tanks, arranged in the hold of the ship to act as ballast. Each tank contains 50 gallons of oil, and an ingenious mechanical tap arrangement connects the tank with the outside of the vessel.

If a dangerous gale arises and the ship becomes unmanageable and likely to founder, the sluices are opened, and 20 gallons or more of oil is allowed to escape into the sea.

The effect is instantaneous. However stormy the sea may be, the vessel lies in a gentle heaving millpond. There is no further danger of foundering, and the oil moves along with the vessel for some time, often half an hour, after which it breaks up and disperses. The ship must slacken speed a little, and more oil is let out from the tanks. Enormous waves may bear down on the ship, but on approaching the magic oiled circle they seem to melt away and pass harmlessly beneath the vessel.

Sailing vessels are not so often furnished with oil tanks as steamers. It is estimated, however, that over 200 vessels have been saved from shipwreck by means of the oil tanks, since they were introduced a few years ago. It is only in cases of absolute peril that the tanks are resorted to.

SHILOH'S CURE, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains 25 drops only 25c. Children love it. Sold by all druggists.

Care of Apples.

It is a paramount duty for every owner of an apple tree, if only one, to gather all the fallen fruit and see that it is consumed safely by the pigs or cows. Every dropped fruit is infested by worms, and these will soon leave their burrows and get a safe place to mature themselves. Next Spring these escaped insects will increase their number a hundredfold. Everyone now destroyed will make the numbers to deal with another year so much less. It is a common thing to permit the last race of insects of all kinds to escape, and as their parents have done all the damage possible it is thought unnecessary to destroy the last generation. But this is quite wrong and a serious injury. For every one of the pests that get safely into winter quarters will probably bring into existence next year may increase a million or several of them, and thus give much trouble and occasion serious losses. Until the destruction of predaceous insects is undertaken systematically and pursued indefatigably there will be no lessening of the present losses and labors of the farmers and fruit growers.

Dr. Nansen An Abstemious.

Speaking last week at Stoke, Miss Florence Balgarnie made an interesting allusion to Dr. Nansen's Polar trip. "Within the last few days," she said, "a great traveller, whose praises are sounding throughout the whole country—Frithiof Nansen—has just returned from an arduous and dangerous expedition, which had carried him to a point nearer the North Pole than any previous explorer had reached. The man who before had gone furthest in the same direction was a Good Templar. Dr. Nansen went out on his little ice-bound ship, the 'Fram,' with a single companion, to make his way over the frozen sea towards the North pole, carrying no alcoholic liquor with him whatever. I have the honor of knowing him personally, and know all about him. I made his acquaintance nine years ago when I went to Bergen, where he was then an assistant curator of the museum. He showed our party over the museum and over Bergen, and afterwards travelled with us over a great part of the country."

He was a clever, promising, young fellow with great ideas in his head. He was then planning his expedition across Greenland on snowshoes, which two years later he accomplished. I sat beside him often at dinner in the hotels, and I noticed that he always abstained from alcohol. When he went out to practice sleeping in the snow in a skin bag, to test whether he was fit for the journey he contemplated, do you think he took a whiskey bottle with him in his pocket to keep his courage up, and, as they say, to warm the cockles of his heart? Not at all. Now, Frithiof Nansen does not, like me, hold strong moral views on the subject of temperance. He is not a teetotal fanatic. I believe really he would rather like a glass, and thinks it very nice. But he is a strong-minded, clear-headed, practical man, and he made himself a total abstainer because, as a sensible man, he knew that if he took alcohol he never would succeed. The testimony of a man of the world like that, who does not belong to the total abstinence platform, is perhaps stronger than any testimony that you or I could offer. When I say that he took no alcohol with him when he left the 'Fram' I should explain that he took none for drinking purposes. They took methylated spirits for the purpose of cooking in a region where no firewood was to be obtained.—Norfolk 'People's Journal,' Aug. 29.

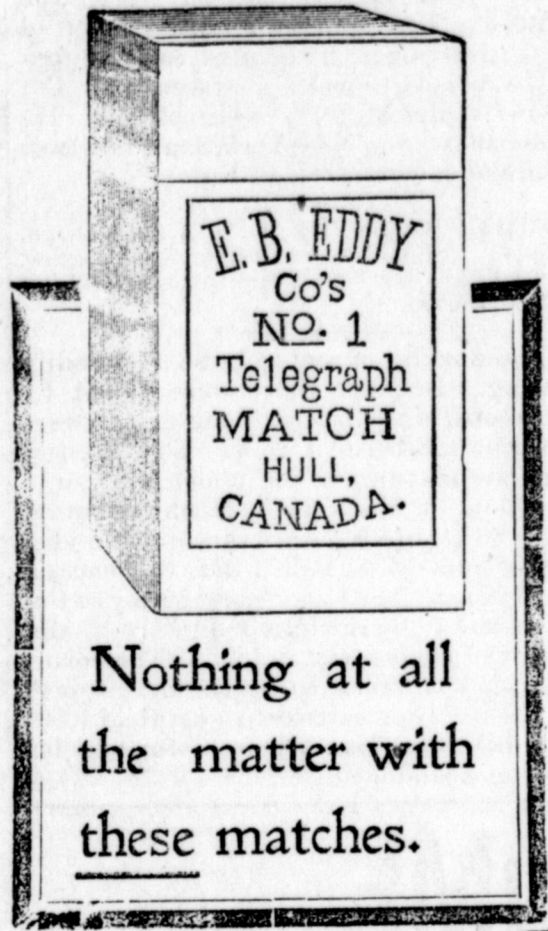
A FAMOUS MAN!

What His Researches Have Done for the World.



DR. CHASE'S scientific researches produced Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Chase's Ointment, the first certain cure for all kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and rheumatic troubles; the latter an absolute specific for chronic and offensive skin diseases. Among his other discoveries were Chase's Catarrh Cure and Chase's Lanced and Turpentine for colds and bronchitis.

During 1895 the Canadian manufacturers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto, gave away free 500,000 samples of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and 100,000 samples of Chase's Ointment. The return they brought proved how much they were appreciated. The same free distribution of samples will be continued during 1896. Those at a distance should enclose a 5-cent stamp and also receive a sheet of the latest music in return.



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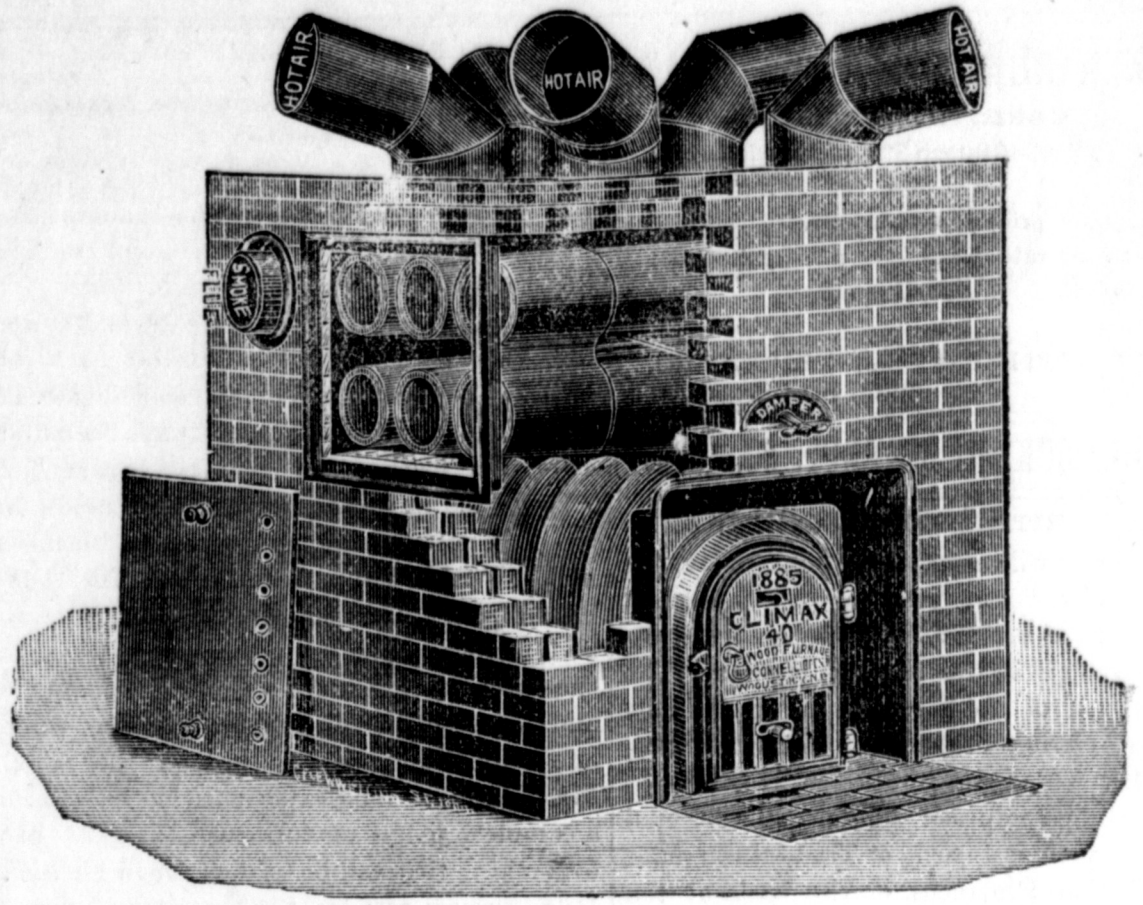
Exchange Hotel, - - Woodstock, N. B.

N. B.—Orders for each left at stable or sent by telephone will receive prompt attention.

A City in a Mirage.

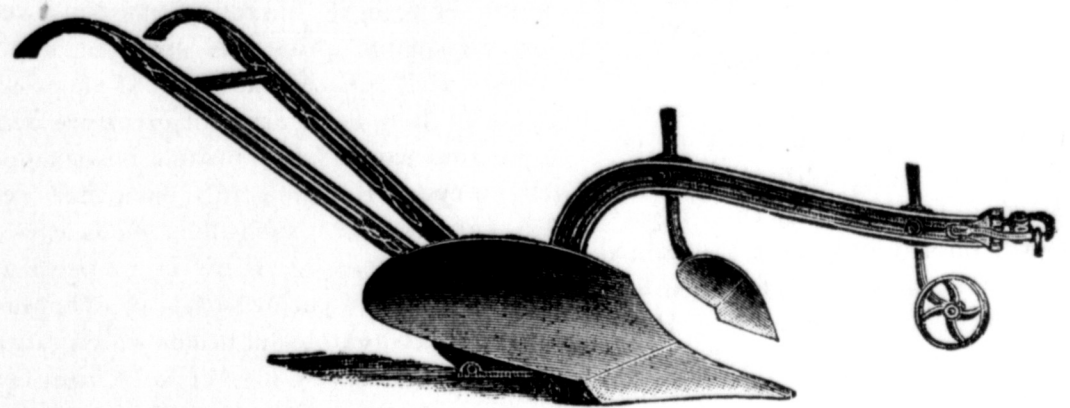
A most extraordinary story is told by a Globe correspondent now in the west. Away up behind and to the west of Muir glacier, he says, and southwest of Mount St. Elias, B. C., lies a large glacier named the Pacific. Beyond that a bay runs up into the interior and at the head of this bay is Mount Fairweather. The peak of this mountain is concave, and is some 14,000 feet above the sea level. Near the middle of June, the sun just passes around behind the topmost peak of the mountain, and, as it comes up, the mists that lie in the hollow begin to boil and shift about. Presently they take shape and first one house will appear for a minute or so, and then disappear again for a short time, but gradually the whole vision settles down into a town, a large town with a stone wall in the foreground, with doors opening through it. There is a square house directly in front, behind that a cathedral church very like York Minster, with scaffolding on the two square towers. Spires of more distant churches are dimly seen, and several trees are plainly to be seen; they look like elms, but are leafless. Not a living thing appears in those silent streets. When Willoughby first saw it he stood spellbound for a short time, then, as he said, he "felt kind of queer and scary and thought he would kind of like to see folks come and look out them windows." So he fired off his gun right into the middle of the town, tore off his coat, waved it around his head and "hollered" as loud as he could. But no responsive movement was seen in those deserted streets, no faces appeared at the blank looking windows, and on turning round to speak to the two Indians with him he just saw their heads disappearing below the bank. They had taken to their heels in fright, thinking he had gone mad and would die then and there. The Indians say the city is "where the dead Russians go."—Ex.

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THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are pronounced the BEST PLOW ever used in the county

We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of

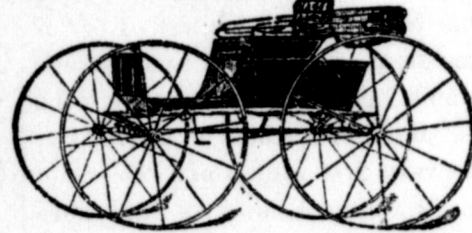
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Yours truly,

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Wm. McKinley says:
"My wife last Spring was a very sick woman; had no appetite, her food distressed her, was falling every day. A friend advised her to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla and three bottles worked wonders. Today she is a new woman."
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The Great English Remedy.
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