

A Trip to the Nashwaak

Oct. 21 found us on the Nashwaak. Three miles below the Lake is an old driving camp. Our party of four, Samuel Grey, the noted guide, Charlie and Othniel Grey and myself left Foreston. Going by way of Golden Ridge Portage under a pack of forty pounds was difficult, and progress slow. By 12 o'clock we were at the Lake on Clearwater, but perhaps better known as the Little Deadwater. Here we found a snug little shack built in a rude fashion of balsam logs, and by its appearance not long deserted, as there was some left-over moose meat lying about, and a bottle of something syrupy and black, which probably was medicine. We soon had a crackling fire and the kettle hung to boil, and enjoying our dinner in the beautiful October day. After a much-needed rest we again shouldered our heavy packs manfully and struck the trail for Nashwaak, which we reached shortly before dark. We found the camp an old broken down structure from its long years of service, but to our great delight it contained a stove. Being tired and weary we concluded it would afford us necessary shelter and save further trouble of pitching our tents. We were soon busily engaged cutting wood, which Charlie thought I was stingy with, but it took strength to split it and I had been taught prudence. We soon had a smart fire burning in the stove which I found had several pieces missing, perhaps from its long neglect had forgotten how to perform its duty. We rested, reviewing our hardships and speculating as to the return of dawn. After our inventory we prepared a banquet in honor of our salvation by opening our packs out in the camp yard and ate our supper in the frosty twilight, as the camp afforded us no light. Within, during the night we constantly fed wood to the fire, our only bed being doors laid on benches. We did not sleep much but doubtless rested and when daylight appeared we were much startled to find we slept only a few feet away from the dead remains of a porcupine. I remembered hearing Sam complaining of a rapid odor that did not belong to a camp, but I comforted him by saying "It was only natural for a camp to throw off its odors in its bygone days." We were up at dawn and went down to the stream and made our toilet in its frosty water. While Sam was busily engaged showing his ability cooking some partridge we had shot the preceding day, I was eagerly waiting for the frying pan to do justice to some trout, but we found I had made a complete failure. They must have been out of season or I was out of sort, they were only to be left with the corps of the porcupine, which I hope will remain there as a trophy to my worthy successor as again trying to cook trout without salt. We lightened our pack and proceeded on our way up to the Lake, following the portage that keeps in close touch with the outlet. Nearly all the way while several times nearing the Deadwater, we saw cow moose, always being on the alert thinking his lordship might be lurking nearby. We found the lake very beautiful in the calm October morning with its black glassy waters and the high ridges on the opposite side showing down in the depth of the Lake. We drank in this beautiful scenery to our hearts content. In the outlet we found a huge driving dam with two wide gates side by side and judging by the high water marks when its under full head, it must send an awful deluge of water to carry the lumber through the rapids and gorges to Fredericton. We returned to camp and once more had a fire crackling in the rickety old stove and always keeping our backs turned to the end of the camp we had no special use for. We brewed our tea and ate our dinner out in the warm balmy air and talked over the events of our trip to the lake and planned of moving further down the river to a camp that is situated at the Barker dam a distance of five miles, part of the way the portage leading through low barren ground. Walking was very difficult. We passed many old camping grounds that had been built long ago, while since learning that some of them had been built by A. K. Bell, who used to lumber on the Nashwaak for the Alex. Gibson Co. It was the greatest pleasure to listen to Mr. Bell relating his lumbering stories in those pioneer days, while in one winter he cut three million. By the looks of his old camping ground and the remains of the huge camps and numerous hovels there leaves no room for doubt of his wonderful career. It was interesting to hear him recall his wonderful feats on the portage. On one occasion leaving his camp at dawn with a team that did not exceed twenty hundred and arrive in Fredericton for supper, a distance of some sixty miles down the Nashwaak

getting to the nearest settlement in time to give the children a ride home from school. Shortly after crossing the West Branch of Nashwaak we arrived at the Barker dam but found the camp already occupied by three hunters whom we found were from Rockland and were successful in capturing a fine moose. They kindly gave us a piece of its juicy steak for supper.

Steamer Sinks at Halifax Wharf

Halifax, Dec. 17.—A rather unusual occurrence happened on the waterfront of Halifax early this morning, when the coasting steamer Avon, belonging to the Peninsular Steamship Company, sank at her pier, the cook, who was asleep below, having time only to spring to the wharf wearing nothing but his night clothing.

The Avon came to her wharf on Saturday evening, having coaled at a pier lower down the harbor preparatory to sailing on Monday. The mate rose about daylight and saw the steamer was going down. He called to the others and the cook, who was the last to respond, had not more than jumped ashore when the steamer went down.

The theory is that the sea cock had been turned on, how no one knows, thus allowing the steamer to fill.

Telegraph

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

On Taking a Holiday

A great many people lead just as strenuous a life while on their holidays as they are accustomed to do during the working year with the result, of course, that they are very little better for the fortnight's change. They overlook their need for rest in the desire to participate in all the amusements and distractions offered to them. The young people are so anxious not to lose a moment of the time so wholly their own that they count themselves unfortunate to have a vacant hour in the day's programme. But for the middle-aged the holiday should not be of this strenuous order if it is to do any lasting good. Excess must be avoided none the less when the ordinary life is rather sedentary than otherwise. It is a big mistake for a man or woman to think that because he or she generally spends the best part of the day in a chair at a desk, the one precious fortnight ought to find them perpetually on their feet, or even indulging in the most violent exercise. Under the belief that they are getting their muscles into good order, they are putting a severe strain on the heart that has been long accustomed to very gentle movement only. The best thing for these people is to take a couple of days' entire rest, and then to begin gradually with walking exercise or the like. This moderation will enable the holiday-maker to enjoy every hour, and to undertake in the end considerable exertion with real benefit to his whole system.

He Wasn't Encouraging

"Concede nothing," was the advice of a well-known politician concerning a certain famous disputed election. His policy was followed to the letter by the man of whom the following is told:—

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter. The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were blackened and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him. "I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other. "How did this wreck happen?" "I haven't heard of any wreck." "You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?" "I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

GERMANY AGAIN AFTER TERRITORY

PARIS. — It is learned from an authoritative source that Germany is negotiating with Spain for the acquisition of territory in Rio Munt, or Spanish Guinea, where it is proposed to establish warehouses and factories. Rio Munt is in Western Equatorial Africa, between Kamerun and the Muni river. A German commission will be sent to Rio Munt shortly to engage in topographical work.

MADRID. — Prime Minister Canalejas denies the statement that Spain was about to sell her Guinea colony to Germany or any other power. He added that Spain was willing to use great moderation in her negotiations with France about Spanish vested rights and interests in Morocco.

CANADA FOR MANUFACTURERS

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. — Hon. J. G. Henderson, commissioner of industries of Hamilton, Ont., declared "Annexation sentiment in Canada is absolutely nil," while addressing the American Hardware Manufacturers' Association convention on the subject, "Canada, the manufacturers' opportunity."

"As a budding nation our loyalty is intense and practical, and our position as one of the leaders of the Empire compels us to maintain our tariff wall," he asserted.

The speaker stated that Canada is a firm believer in the home market, and that there was no possibility in the very near future of any reduction in duties levied on articles manufactured this side of the line.

LAND OF REVOLUTIONS

More Rebellions Have Taken Place in China than in any other Country on Record.

There are probably more revolts rebellions and revolutions recorded in the annals of China than can be resurrected from the histories of all the nations of the west. This is partly because Chinese annals of an authentic character go back much further than western annals and partly because the Chinese, inoffensive and docile though they seem, are predisposed to insurrection.

The tendency has persisted since the first of the eighteen emperors of the Hia dynasty mounted his throne away back in the dim mists of antiquity when the early Pharaohs were building their temples by the Nile and erecting their pyramids in the desert.

The Hia dynasty issued from 2205 to 1766 B.C., when it was overturned by the Shang, or Yin, dynasty, an equally active race, which ruled until 1122 years before the Christian era. Disaster overtook the Shang Emperors at last, from a rising of the people under the banners of Chou, although Rome had not been built and the Greeks were still scattered tribes when they gave way to the princes of the Chou line. A protracted period of unrest followed.

In many respects the greatest of all the Chinese Emperors, Kubla Khan began his reign in 1257, and held the throne until his death in 1294. In these years the nation was more illustrious and powerful than ever before. A succession of Mongol emperors followed Kubla Khan, principally remembered for their sanction of the introduction of Christianity. In 1368 the Ming dynasty was proclaimed upon the ashes of the political structure built up by the warlike Mongols, and it ruled successfully until the Manchus of the North, the fierce, wall-built hill Chinese, swept down upon Peking and installed their own princes in 1651.

The Manchus have never been numerous, and although they have managed to keep their saddles by dint of cowering the peoples under them, they have been unable to preserve absolute order and tranquillity. One of the first steps they took to impress their sovereignty upon the country was the publication of an edict compelling the people to adopt the pig-tail. The Manchus were horsemen, and the pig-tail was prescribed as a national institution because, the Manchus contemptuously said, the Chinese were of the same status as their horses.

Rebellion after rebellion marked the troubled reigns of the Manchu Emperors, and in most cases the germ of revolt was first in evidence in one or other of the three provinces that are causing trouble to-day. Sze Chuen, Hu-peh, and Hu-nan have always been centres of discord.

Most Remarkable Piano.

An artist, Jan van Beers, designed a piano of a magnificent nature. The body is of natural wood, the legs and ornaments being of bronze, chiselled and gilded by the most expert artists in bronze work that could be found in Paris. Set into the front and sides are five Van Beers paintings, depicting the four seasons and a minut scene in the time of Louis Quinze. Small ivory plaques line the cover. But the most remarkable instrument in the world is that known as the "Napoleon piano." It was built in 1808 by the famous house of Erard to the order of the Emperor. Its keys are of mother-o-pearl and tortoiseshell, the case is of rosewood, and there are five pedals, working drum, cymbal and triangle attach-

ments. It was a present given by Napoleon to Josephine, and many years later the Empress Eugenie took great delight in playing upon it. When the Tuileries were sacked the piano was stolen; it was eventually recovered and put up to auction, when it was bought by a representative of the firm who originally built the instrument.

Nervousness in Children

Nervousness takes many forms, and parents should be on the look-out for any signs of it in a growing boy or girl. For it usually indicates that something is wrong — the child's work or play, or companions, or food, or general health. To trace it to its real source sometimes needs both great tact and much firmness on the mother's part, but no trouble must be spared to remove the cause, as excessive nervousness in childhood may, later on, reappear in a very serious form.

Scolding is, of course, the worst possible treatment for nervousness of any kind, though excessive sympathy is almost as bad. The child should be made to understand that his fears and shyness are the results of ill-health, and must be conquered by will-power duly accomplished by nourishing diet, plenty of sleep, and plenty of enjoyed exercise out-of-doors.

Playing His Cards

It was the custom of Mr. Cameron to fall into an easy attitude wherever he might be. This habit led to an occasional dialogue of a spicy nature, and the dialogues led to a small square package which Mr. Cameron presented to his wife one night.

"What in the world are these?" inquired Mrs. Cameron, as the unwrapping of the package revealed a few cards neatly marked, "For Use," and two or three dozen marked, "For Show."

"Those, my dear," said Mr. Cameron, "are for you to attach, by the small pin on the under side, to the various sofa cushions, chair-backs, and unoccupied wall spaces in this house. Then neither my head nor that of any chance visitor will rest in or on any object designed for ornament: and once more, even with Christmas coming every year, and your friends as loving and generous as ever, we shall have a happy home."

ONLY A VAGABOND

By Jean Sigaud

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The court-crier rose, with seeming regret in his demeanour, and called in a mild tone of voice — "Antoine Jean, come forward!"

At that name a big fellow, wrapped from head to feet — in spite of the hot weather — in a trailing cloak of indefinite colour, a garment which must have been worn for many a year, pulled himself together and quietly obeyed.

"Your name?" said the presiding judge, in a weary voice.

"Antoine Jean."

"Your profession?"

"Independent gentleman."

Well now, Antoine Jean, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Nothing whatever to you, as a judge, but to thee, my old chum, Boucahrd, I'll tell everything."

Those few words uttered by the vagabond suddenly brought back a new life to the whole court-room. The two associate judges sat bolt upright with indignant flashes in their eyes yet heavy from sleep.

"Boucahrd, Boucahrd, don't you remember my nickname, Rabelais?"

"Two months' imprisonment."

The jailor was smoking his pipe, as he enjoyed the fresh air in front of the prison door.

"Perrin," said M. Boucahrd, "I wish to examine this man at my own house. Please bring him yourself at five o'clock."

Perrin bowed, somewhat surprised at this complete derogation from all the ordinary usages of the prison.

At five o'clock the jailor brought the prisoner as desired.

"So you recognised me at last!" said the prisoner in his gentle voice, and without lowering his eyes before the sorrowful gaze of the judge, who brought a chair and made the vagabond sit close beside him, while he tried to read in that mysterious face the secret of so complete a downfall, and tried to find underneath that wretched mask the features of his old friend. "Yes; it's I myself, sure enough!" the vagabond answered.

"And to think," exclaimed M. Boucahrd, "that I was obliged to sentence you — you, my poor Chabert, whom I always knew as such a good fellow, so gentle, so sensitive — ah, too much so, no doubt," the Judge added, with a penetrating look. "What a continued, cruel irony is life! Boucahrd judging Chabert! Rabelais! Ah, my poor fellow."

The magistrate, looking searchingly into Chabert's eyes, asked him sadly, and in a very low tone:—"Was it a woman?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the vagabond. "When a man falls as I have done, it is because he has leaned upon a woman's arm, and that arm has been suddenly withdrawn from him. A love-match," he continued, "without money is bound to come to grief. I adored my wife, but I could not support her decently, and she was unfaithful to me. When this happens, some men kill themselves. Others take to drink. Still other bury themselves in some kind of work. As for me, I suffered far less than these, for I became insane. Taking nothing with me, and without looking back, I tramped over the highways and over

the footpaths in rain and sunshine thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, and only stopping at night when my swollen and bleeding feet would carry me no further. How far I tramped over those highways! My hat was full of holes, and my clothes could not have been at all creditable to me, for two policemen who saw me sitting on the opposite side of a ditch motioned me to come to them. The next morning Antoine Jean — for a remnant of sanity had made me conceal my true name — was committed for two months.

"What shall I say? Those two months must have been the beginning of a complete change in my whole physical and moral being. In the solitude of the prison my reason came back to me, and I meditated. And about what, do you suppose? About my wife's unfaithfulness and crime? No, about the happiness which she had brought me, my three years of earthly paradise while I lived with her! Her perfidy and my despair had disappeared; my thought did not rest upon them for a moment. That is the happiness which I owe to my prison life. When my two months were over, I took my staff and wallet like any self-respecting tramp — and I continued my tour of France. It has taken me ten years to find you. After two months I shall continue my journey."

The judge, looking him full in the face and grasping both hands, exclaimed passionately — "My dear Chabert, I want to save you!"

"To save me? From what?"

"From yourself, and in spite of yourself, I fit must be so," said the judge, firmly. "As to the imprisonment for two months, I shall not permit you to endure it. I can arrange the matter. And, little by little, I want to see Jean Antoine disappear, and Chabert come to the front."

"Begin my life over again! Oh, no!" exclaimed the vagabond, as he rose from his seat. Then, taking the judge's hands in his own, he said—"My poor Boucahrd, you are kind and good, and you love me; yet my cruellest enemy could not propose anything worse than you have done. I am speaking to you now with all my former cold sense, and I tell you that no place but the prison is gentle and pitiful to me. There only I can really live again, without thought of the present, without care for the future. And you would snatch this dream from me, and would kill me forever! Why, can't you see that my body is a mere rag, a thing which does not count at all, and which I no longer regard? What does it matter that this worn-out body should appear before sentenced, despised, branded! My dear old friend, call in the jailor who brought me here and let me go!"

"So be it!" said M. Boucahrd in a sad tone. And the judge and the vagabond embraced each other fraternally. Then Chabert said, freeing himself and turning away—"Now, judge, do your duty."

Most of the articles on how to choose a husband are written by women who never had a chance.

IN COMMERCIAL LIFE

The Exaltation of the Trust at the Expense of the Individual is the Principle Today.

In commercial life, perhaps as nowhere else, in these rushing, strenuous times, when all sorts of get-rich-quick schemes are swallowed with avidity in all circles where wealth is worshipped, do we see the abatement and elimination of the individual and the exaltation of the firm, the combine, the trust, the union, the league, the association. Small dealers are unmercifully frozen out by the trust, without any consideration of personal rights; and the same principles are followed in the labor organizations toward the individual worker who may choose to retain his manhood and his God-given independence. The history of the Standard Oil Company, and others in other fields, in heaping up riches, is a constant march over the wrecks of humbler fortunes, the subversion of personal rights, and the ruin of human lives. "To live and to let live" has yielded to "to get by any means, fair or foul," only so it is within the pale of a possible perversion of the law.

Old Folks' Coughs

Because Resisting Power is Weak Pneumonia Often Follows.

Tells of a Suro Cure and a Never-Failing Comfort for Colds, Coughs, Catarrh.

Just think of it—a direct breathable medicine, full of soothing antiseptic fine essences that reach every sore, congested membrane in two seconds. To drugs to take—nothing to harm the aged or the infant, because Catarrhazone is the purest, safest cough, croup, and cold remedy ever devised. Mrs. M. E. Walford, wife of a well-known grocer in East Sheffield, writes: For three years I suffered with a hard, racking cough and bronchial irritation which annoyed me so much at night that I couldn't sleep. I tried many remedies, catarrh tablets, sprays, syrups, etc., but they only helped for a short time. Catarrhazone brought me wonderful comfort from the first. I inhaled its balsamic fumes every four or two, and am now free from any trace of cold, bronchitis, and catarrh. I can go out in all kinds of weather and don't take cold.

There is no remedy so certain and safe as Catarrhazone, but being a good remedy, it is imitated. Beware of the substitute. Large Catarrhazone last two months, price \$1.00; smaller sizes 25c and 50c. All reliable dealers or the Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.