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An Incident of The First Riel Rebellion.

(From the Canadian Courier.)

The following reminiscence of the late Lord Wolseley was given the writer by Captain L—, a grizzled, tough old woodsman, capable of turning his hand to anything, and who, in spite of his nearly seventy years, runs a summer steamer on the Georgian Bay, and so is "Captain" to the whole countryside.

"So Sir Garnet Wolseley's gone," he said. "Lord Wolseley did you say? Well, he was Sir Garnet in 1870, when I met him. It was the time of the Red River Rebellion, when Thomas Scott, was murdered by the rebels at Fort Garry—that's Winnipeg city now—Sir Garnet Wolseley went with twelve hundred men to restore order, and as the C. P. R. wasn't built then, beyond Fort William, they had four hundred miles of wilderness to get themselves and their stores through. They took a hundred and fifty men from round here, lumbermen and trappers, to find roads or make them, and I was one of them.

"I tell you, you people who go round in steamboats and Pullman cars don't know what traveling means. We went by way of Rainy Lake and River, which meant we had to carry the big, heavy boats, as well as everything else, over everlasting portages, most of them miles long, and as steep and rough as you could make them, for we were away off all the regular trails.

"No, I can't give you any poetry descriptions of that trip. You can buy lots of books that have got the thing down fine. It was my work, I was paid to do it, and of course I did do it. But I was going to tell you the thing I remember best of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

"There were eight of us boys looking to see if we couldn't get across some country without carrying everything up some rocks that looked as high as a skyscraper, and steep as a house, and then we came on a lane of land, most a mile long, cleared of bush, and leading right to the river we were trying to get at. But it was all cultivated like a garden, and out of a log cabin it came an old man and two young ones, all great, tall fellows, with fair hair and blue

eyes. We spoke to them in English which they did not understand, so one of our crowd, who was from Quebec, tried him in French. He answered that all right, though his French was some European kind, that rather stuck our man sometimes.

"It seemed the old man hadn't got on with his government in Europe, and he had come out in the woods to be away from all kings and warring. I was real sorry that we had to bring an army on to him when he was fixed up so nice and peaceful for his farm was a picture, and he was friendly—asked us to dinner, saying his boys would like to hear some news of the world. Just fancy, they were two fine young fellows, Canadian born, yet they didn't know the first thing about their own country, and not much about the European ones—only what the old man had told them, and what they had read—he had a whole shelf of books.

"Of course, before we went in for dinner, we had to explain, and you should have seen the old man's face change. He and the boys were in the house like a flash, the door and windows were made fast. They all three had their rifles through shot-holes, and the old man was swearing that he'd shoot the entire detachment before they should make a road of his place.

"Well, we didn't feel called on to die just then, so we went back and told the English officers the kind of proposition they were up against. And Sir Garnet went with some of them to talk the old man round. They knew his European French, so could make him understand better, but it took half an hour to make him see it was a fool thing to try and fight a country like Canada. No, I can't tell you what they said, for I didn't understand the language. You'll have to get a regular story writer to write it out, they can always tell you what anybody said, whether they were there or not. Our Quebec man just told me the old man's language was real picturesque and plentiful, and Sir Garnet's officer was very patient and had lots of what you call diplomacy. So after we had sat around for half an hour, grinning to think of an English army being held up by an old farmer and two boys with guns, the boys came round, and they coaxed the old man to undo the door and come out' and let us pass.

"There wasn't anything of that farm left when we had marched through, dragging the boats and stuff. Of course they had compensation for it all, but it seemed a shame all the same to have to do it. The two boys didn't mind, they went on with us quite a piece, talking about the expedition and everything. But the old man looked broken-hearted as he stood there afterwards, looking at the ruin we had left."

Pope Continues To Grow Stronger.

ROME, April 22—The Pope was less troubled by his cough today and he was also without fever. As this was the sixth successive day on which his temperature had not risen above normal, the physicians decided that they would be shortly able to shorten their visits to one daily.

Climatic conditions evidently influence the Pope's health to a great extent. Today was heavy and cloudy and a sirocco or dry wind blew from Africa, all tending to depress the Pope greatly. In spite of this, he was very anxious to resume work. This desire for activity is still the greatest difficulty with which the doctors and the attendants have to contend, as they fear that if he is allowed to work as he had been in the habit of doing before his illness, a fresh relapse will occur.

Shortly after noon, when the weather became brighter, the Pope declared that he felt much better and he appeared to be in cheerful spirits.

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"Did You Think We Wad Risk Norman?"

Ian McLaren, in "Books and Bookman," recalled a very good but very old story of Dr. Norman McLeod, who was the idol of his Scotch parishioners. One day the minister of the next parish to that of Dr. McLeod was sent for to see a working man who was dangerously ill. After he had visited him in his bedroom he came into the kitchen to have some conversation with the man's wife.

"Do you attend St. Luke's Church?" he asked.

"Na, na," she replied; "we gang to Norman's."

"Well, that's all right; you couldn't go to better. But why did you send for me?"

"Lush bless ye, sir! Did ye think we wad risk Norman w' typhus fever?"

When Axel Whistled The Fire Drill March

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"Mr. Black left that matter to me, and I don't want it confused with anything else," said Miss Hedges. "It has given the children a greater interest in the drill than they ever had before. When the alarm sounds their minds are instantly centered on the march."

"Their minds ought to be on the fire, if their should be one," asserted Miss Kelly.

"Quite the contrary," retorted Miss Hedges. "The nearer they come to identifying the drill with something aside from a fire the better it is. Let them listen for the march."

On another occasion Miss Hedges heard the familiar strains coming up from the playground and from a window she saw Axel Stromm marching at the head of a dozen boys. Axel had an ear for music, and he could whistle as only one boy in a thousand can. In this respect he was the envy of every other boy in school and out of it. His notes were clear and penetrating, and he whistled the march from beginning to end without a mistake. Evidently he had practised it with some one who had the music. Later, Miss Hedges learned the secret, for she caught Nellie Booth playing it softly for him during the noon hour. As there were no other children in the building she did not interfere; but she was not quite sure that the fire drill march was not becoming too common. Still, as long as it was reserved exclusively for the drill in school hours her main object would be accomplished.

The drills continued at uncertain intervals; but always preceded by a warning. When the children were told that a drill was coming it was not uncommon to hear one of them say: "Now we'll get the march!" or at the first stroke of

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the gong: "Listen! It will start now." A possible fire was farthest from their thoughts, which seemed to Miss Hedges to be just the end sought.

But the day finally came when the alarm sounded without previous warning. There was a fire in the basement which the engineer had tried vainly to smother, and having sounded the school gong, the requisite number of times he had rushed to a fire alarm box.

Principal Black could hear the shuffling feet on all floors as he rushed from his office. He could not believe that there was a fire; some one must have dared to test the fire drill.

"Who did that?" he cried. There was no answer; for the teachers were busy holding their excitable charges in line. Already the foremost were beginning to emerge from the room.

"Go back!" he cried. "There's no fire."

Principal Black, hearing the alarm for the first time without a warning, had lost his head; for clearly he should have let the drill go on, whatever might be the occasion for it. Then, a second unwise thing, he darted down the stairs. His purpose was to see what was wrong; but it seemed like flight, and the children and some of the teachers so interpreted it. One of the boys bolted after the principal. A second tried to follow; but Miss Raymond caught him and gave him such a box on the ear that he whimpered. That steadied the line for a minute, but for only a minute.

"Where's the music?" asked Miss Raymond, anxiously. On the floor below the same question was being asked Miss Hedges. The lines were moving now; but the children needed a steadying influence. The first of them had seen Principal Black run, and they were so frightened that it required the utmost efforts of the coolest of the teachers to prevent a wild rush. One foolish one, deathly pale and trembling, was advising her charges to hurry.

"The music! The music!" cried Miss Hedges.

It was Nellie Booth's day to play; but she was unexpectedly absent that day, and in the excitement no one seemed to remember it. Few, indeed, knew it.

"Tommy Closs! Where is Tommy Closs?" cried Miss Hedges.

Tommy was hurrying down from the floor above.

Tommy swerved forward it; but at that moment a puff of smoke came up the stairway, accompanied by frightened cries from the first floor, and Tommy continued along. Miss Kelly seeing the smoke, began to scream; two or three of the boys broke away; and the pupils above the first floor were on the verge of a panic. Fortunately, most of the teachers kept their wits; but the length of time during which they could prevail was measured by seconds.

At that critical instant the notes of the fire drill march came to the nearly frantic pupils—not from the piano, but from the lips of Axel Stromm. He stood between the two stairways, his collar firmly gripped by Miss Hedges. Thus she had caught him as he passed her, and she dared not let go.

"Louder!" she commanded. "It's all right! I'll stay here with you!"

There was something in her tone and manner that gave him confidence. She spoke with determination, but without the least evidence of fear. She was entirely self-possessed.

"Keep step, children!" she commanded.

Under the influence of the fire drill march discipline reasserted itself. The pupils did certain things instinctively whenever they heard it, and they did those things now. It was the trifle needed to enable the cool-headed teachers to regain the control they had almost lost; it steadied them as well as the children. They spoke more calmly after the first strenuous efforts to keep the lines from breaking.

Loud and clear sounded the march. Alex Stromm, under the inspiration of the moment and unconsciously thrilled by this evidence of his power, had almost forgotten the danger. He was doing this! He, Axel Stromm, was doing what no other could do.

Gusts of smoke came up the stairways, and some of the children coughed and choked as they went though the lower hallway; but they marched stead-

ily, steadily down and out, there being a break only now and then as they got in sight of the outer door.

"You can get them out, Axel," whispered Miss Hedges, confidently, "and then you can whistle us out together."

He only nodded. She still had hold of his collar, but that was no longer necessary. If left to himself he would have continued whistling there until the smoke choked him. He had forgotten his panic a moment before, when she had given him his first imperative order. "Whistle! Whistle! Fire drill march!" and also had given him the confidence that enabled him to do it. And she had forgotten that she still held him by the collar. She had acted on impulse when she caught him rushing for the stairs, after he had eluded his teacher. The recollection of his wonderful whistling ability had come to her like an inspiration; and she still held him fast.

"Splendid, Axel!" she whispered again. "See how it quiets them!"

Rhythmical, regular, tramp, tramp, tramp! Some of the boys were bringing their feet down hard and the loud notes as they did in drill.

"Get in step, Harry," cautioned Miss Hedges; and one boy's mind was temporarily diverted from the possible danger.

Two teachers had deserted their posts, and one of them was already having hysterics outside; but the rest kept their heads, although they looked anxiously at the increasing clouds of smoke that came up the stairways and into which the children were steadily marching. Even had they been so minded, these could not desert while the boy and woman stood calmly between the two stairways, the one whistling and the other keeping time with her foot.

"Come Axel!" said Miss Hedges, at last.

The rear guard of teachers had passed them, showing that the rooms were clear, and the two turned to follow them into the smoke. Axel still whistled; but he choked on the stairs. There was no need to whistle now; but somehow neither of them seemed to realize it. Miss Hedges waved her free hand before his face to drive the smoke away and the march was heard again.

Thus they emerged, the last two out of the building, just as the firemen were going in. There was something ridiculous about it—these two solemnly keeping time to the fire drill march—if any one had been looking for ridiculous features, but no one was.

Instead, there was such an outburst of cheers as probably never greeted modest heroes before. The children had been excitedly telling how Axel had whistled them out of the building and saved them from the flames.

The boy was the first to recover his voice under the shower of congratulations and questions that assailed them as they came from the entrance.

"Please let go of my collar," he said, and Miss Hedges laughed somewhat hysterically as she departed from the scene.

The enthusiastic crowd made rush for Axel, hoisted him to their shoulders and triumphantly bore him down the street to his home, keeping time as they marched to the well-remembered strains of the fire drill march; then they proudly set him down on his own porch and dispersed.

TALENTED.

Young Raymond had talent for drawing, of which he was undeniably proud. One evening he sat at the table, busy with his pencil.

"What are you drawing, Raymond?" his mother inquired.

"I'm drawing a picture of God."

"But, Raymond, you mustn't do that. Nobody knows how He looks."

"Well, they will when I get this finished."

—May Lippincott's.

Punch: Zeuxis, the celebrated artist of ancient Greece, had painted the cherries so true to life that the birds came and pecked at them. Of course, the rich pork-packer, who had paid five hundred thousand dollars for the canvas couldn't stand for that—"Paint a scarecrow," he commanded, with the air of one accustomed to meet emergencies.