BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,
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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Trixie Davenport's Wooing

"Did you notice how well and happy Mrs. Major looked?"

That question rose to the lips of many of the people of the village of Saxton as they wended their way homeward from the church after the morning service.

"Mrs. Major?" queried a relative from another part of the country, turning to his sister-in-law, who had made the remark. "Do you mean that lady who has just passed us in the carriage? The girl — I mean the young woman — who sat in the pew by the side of that elderly, military looking gentleman with the gray hair? Why do you call her that? She isn't—"

"Yes, she is!" interrupted the other. "She is his wife, and a happier couple you couldn't find all over the eastern counties, or anywhere else. That's as true as the gospel you've heard preached this very morning. They say it's curious how they came to be married and I'll tell you what they say when we're having dinner."

The good woman's brother was not the only person who was surprised, interested and moved by the story of the marriage of Beatrice Davenport and Major Hatley, the distinguished officer, now on the retired list.

Major Hartley and Mr. and Mrs. Davenport had been friends together before the marriage of the Davenports, so the major was a welcome visitor to their house whenever he chanced to be in England. During the first two years of their married life they saw very little of him, as the young lieutenant was away on active service, but he came to see them immediately on his return. Little Trixie was then about a year old, and surprised every one by holding out her baby arms to the officer after a short scrutiny. From that time they were good friends, and as she grew older her liking for the officer appeared to increase. So confidential did they become that Trixie, at the age of three, informed him that she would marry him when she was old enough, which sent the young officer into a fit of laughter.

Trixie looked a little hurt, so Lieutenant Hatley smoothed his face and said gravely: "Very well, little woman! I'll marry you. Make haste and grow up!"

The years went by. Lieutenant Hatley became captain and major, and returned with his regiment to the old country. He had not heard much of the Davenports during his stay in the East, and he was unable to trace them at first, but he at length met Mr. and Mrs. Davenport by accident on a Rhine steamer during a tour on the continent.

The meeting was a pleasant one for both sides, and when cordial greetings had been exchanged the major asked:

"And what about my little friend, Trixie? She is getting to be quite a woman, now, and has forgotten me, I expect."

"She is studying at a German high school for girls, and she will go to a Parisian school to finish," replied her mother, with a touch of pride. "She is turned 15 now, you know, major."

They spent a day or two together, seeing some of the sights of the Rhine district, and then the major returned to England. A week later he was off to Egypt, to remain there for four years.

Those four years made a great change in Trixie. She was 19, and a charming specimen of budding womanhood. She had been presented and was "out," and her father and mother were anticipating with the pleasant fear peculiar to such circumstances that their lovely daughter would be demanded of them by some eligible member of the highest society.

"I shall not leave father and you, dear mamma!" declared Trixie, softly. "I shall not marry at all, I believe."

"Ah!" exclaimed her father, who had entered in time to overhear the last remark. "Wait till Mr. Right comes, and then we shall see! I say, what do you think?" he continued, addressing both ladies. "I've had a letter from Hatley. He is giving up his appointment and is coming back to take up his residence at Hatley manor.

So Major Hatley came home, the manor having been set in order for him and servants engaged. His first visit was to the Davenports, where he saw his former small friend and companion in the form of a beautiful young woman, tall, graceful, charming.

"You ought to marry, Dick," said Mr. Davenport one day, while discussing a cigar. "That's a fine old place of yours, and it wants a mistress to complete it. I consider that you are not keeping up the reputation of the manor, and are depriving some woman of a good husband by remaining single. Why don't you look about for one?"

Major Hatley was silent for a while. When he spoke his voice had just a trifle of sadness in its tone.

"I daresay you are right," he said, "but the difficulty would be to find a woman who would take me and whom I liked."

"Well, well," laughed Mr. Davenport, "there is a wide field for selection, and you have time enough to look about."

The Davenports and the major went to London for the winter, but the Davenports returned to the country before the major went back to the manor. It was during this extra sojourn in London that an incident happened which had the effect of changing the course of two lives. The major met old Colonel Wallis, who had been his superior officer at one time in India, and the latter asked a favor.

"It's like this, old fellow," said the colonel, familiarly. "My boy, Arthur, is quite in love with Miss Beatrice Davenport. He's a good lad, and he will have a fair amount of money when his uncle dies — his great-uncle, I should say. You know all about that affair, Hatley; it ought to come to me, but I rather offended the old boy, and he's going to give it to Arthur. It's all the same. Well, Arthur wouldn't be a bad match for Miss Davenport. But he wants a good opportunity; he couldn't get a real fair chance among all the fellows who crowded about her. That is why I come to you.

"So," he continued. "I thought I would ask you if you would invite him to stay with you for a fortnight. I know that the manor is not far from the Davenport country house, and that you are always seeing them. That would throw Arthur into her society, and he would have the field almost to himself. At the same time, the fact of his being with you would add as a recommendation with Miss Davenport."

"I don't think I have much influence over Miss Davenport," protested Major Hatley.

"Oh, haven't you!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, Arthur says that she thinks an awful lot of you. Those were his very words. She is always mentioning you in some connection or other, and you could influence her more than her own father. 'The major,' she calls you, and it's always something about the major, so Arthur says."

"Let him come to me and stay as long as he likes!" he cried heartily. "I am always ready to do a good turn to your son or to you for the sake of old times, Wallis. I cannot guarantee the results, of course."

As Major Hatley went home he mused on this request.

"It will be best, after all, to see her settled. He's a good lad, I know, so I hope he will make her happy. I wonder what made me say I was going back immediately? Still, it will be as well as stopping here. I can put a word in for young Wallis before he comes. Ah, me! He hasn't gray hair and mustache!"

The Davenports were surprised and pleased to see him back earlier than intended. Trixie welcomed him warmly, and the major thought of his promise. How should he introduce the subject of young Wallis? He wondered if he could begin the conversation by reminding her of her childish remark — "I'll marry you when I'm growed up!" — and then lead on to Arthur.

"I have wondered of late," he said, going boldly to the subject as they walked side by side, "why you have not accepted some young fellow for a husband. I am sure that you had a good selection."

"I don't want some young fellow for a husband, major," she replied, quoting his own words.

"It would be better than some old man — some man with gray hair — would it not?"

"I — I really," she began, hesitating. Then, observing that his eyes were fixed on hers, she blushed prettily. "Major," she said, simply, "I suppose it would be regarded as very unwomanly, but I am going to do it. I told you as a child that I would marry you when I was big enough, and I am still of that opinion!" She held out her hand. "Do you think I am big enough yet?"

Major Hatley asked himself if he could believe the evidence of his ears and eyes. He realized what he had felt, but had tried to hide from himself, namely, that he loved this girl as passionately as man could love. Yet, was it fair to her?

"I am gray haired, Trixie," he said gravely, but taking her hand as if he feared she would agree with him and draw away, "and—"

"I like it," responded Trixie. "I have not changed my mind since I was a little girl. If you think I am now 'growed up,' then I am ready."

The major felt rather ashamed of his promise to Arthur Wallis not having been kept, but he wrote Frankly to Colonel Wallis, and his explanation was accepted just as frankly.

Thus it came about that Trixie became "Mrs. Major," and the union has been blessed with the greatest happiness.

Little Jack — "What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?" Ma — "Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is the head of the house." Little Jack —"Then if pa is the captain, what are you?" Ma — "Well, I suppose I am the pilot." Little Jack — "Oh, yes; and then I must be the compass?" Ma — "The compass! Why the compass?" Little Jack —"Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know."

Only three war vessels apiece are allowed by treaty between the United States and Canada to be kept by each country on the great lakes.

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A TIGER DRIVE IN INDIA

EXCITING EXPERIENCE IN QUEST OF MAN-EATER.

Brute Hemmed in With Nets — Many Attempts to Rush Obstacles.

The following description of the exciting capture of a tiger by means of nets, in a Mysore jungle, is given by an engineer just returned from India:

"The rush and screech of a rocket fired into the thicket was the first assault intended to provoke the animal into the open. At the same time an awful row was started with shouts and yells and beaten tomtoms, and the huge cholera horns. But all remained quiet within. Other rockets were fired in quick succession into different quarters of the brush, but there was no result, and it was evident that again we would return empty-handed, if, indeed, the tiger did not exist only in the minds of the natives. But it was decided to return next day, and, if necessary, to enter the enclosure and to fight the tiger on foot at close range if he could not be brought out in any other way.

"All that night the fires were kept going, again with the same result as before. The tiger tried to rush the nets and several times might have been despatched readily by the spears of the natives were it not that strict orders had been given on no account to meddle with the brute. During the night the shooting platforms were also much improved and provided with green boughs and branches to hide the sight of the threatening sportsmen and their guns. As a preliminary to the hunt we walked around the nets trying to get sight of our quarry, but could not gain even a glimpse of him. We were just about to ascend the platforms and send the trackers out to stir up the brute when a wild screaming from one end of the nets announced that it had been sighted. Then for an instant we all got sight of the tiger who had made another attempt to regain his freedom, but before a gun could be raised to shoulder he had sprung back into his thicket and out of sight.

MEN CAUGHT IN THE NETS.

"It was decided then to send men within the enclosure to cut down some of the cover, but many of the natives refused the job, for by this time the tiger was in an ugly mood, not only owing to the annoyances thrust at him, but because he must have been hungry. About thirty of the natives were induced to try the feat nevertheless, and they entered armed with billhooks and cutlasses with which to level the brush while wives and daughters and sweethearts lined up on the outside of the nets and cried encouragement to the timid or caution to the daring at work on the perilous undertaking. Once a panic broke out among the crowd within, for the cry of 'Tiger!' was raised, and all came running out furiously, tumbling over one another, and thinking that the brute was after them. In their fright the men quite forgot that the nets were pegged and weighed down at the ground, and they tried to wriggle under them, getting caught in the meshes. Here and there a man seemed hopelessly caught in the net, while to those standing without the sight was so comical a one that fright was added to the panicky crowd by the native spectators, who pushed back the frightened ones from the nets until more than half of the beaters lay with arms and legs and heads protruding through the big meshes like so many fishes caught in a similar position. The panic being over finally, the men having been induced to continue the work within the circle, the net was made smaller, and then began the same tactics of the day before with the rockets and tomtoms and cholera horns. There was every prospect that the tiger would soon be dislodged, and we on the platforms began to make ready to give a warm reception the instant the big brute would

SHOW HIS COLORS.

"It seemed now as if the tiger was indeed making up his mind to break forth in earnest, for he uttered short, sharp, screeches and roars, and was seen to disturb the underbrush violently here and there. The big fellow was grumbling to himself in this wise when suddenly it seemed as if our time had come for the attack. Just inside the net where the opening had been left for the chase for life there was a 20-foot space of cleared ground, and into the center of this the splendid specimen ventured, lashing his tail and studying with his ears laid back, whether or not to advance. Evidently he mistrusted the inviting opening, for with a single graceful bound he cleared all of 25 feet of ground and disappeared into the thicket, only to reappear an instant later with a furious bound against the netting directly under one of the shooting stands. It was the third time that a shot might have been ventured with ease at the game, but we had agreed not to shoot under any except extraordinary circumstances unless the animal took to fight in the open. A few pricks with a spear and a firebrand dashed in the great cat's face soon caused it to change its mind. But she did not remain inactive more than a few minutes, when the attack came at the opposite end of the enclosure, and before any one could interfere the tiger had grasped the saree of a woman who had been sitting quietly with her back to the net awaiting the result of the hunt. The frail material of which the garment was made parted, fortunately, and the next instant it was within the grasp of the tremendous paws, where it was torn to shreds in an angry fury. Spears and firebrands were jabbed at the angered brute, but it took no notice of the petty annoyances until the garment had been torn to ribbons, when, as before, the tiger bounded into the thicket to hatch more devilry.

CATCHES A HUNTER.

"Then came an incident which would have come under the 'extraordinary circumstance clause' had the maharajah been able to fire without endangering the life of a human creature. Unexpectedly the tiger bounded toward the netting directly under the maharajah's platform, where it seized in her teeth through the meshes of the net the long cloth which the male natives wear about their shoulders. Howling with fright, the man quickly seized a young sapling, and clung fast like grim death, but the garment refused to part, and for a time it seemed as if the man must be drawn toward the infuriated tiger. But the presence of a score of excited natives flitting about near the beast made a safe shot almost impossible, and only the timely discharge of a rocket within a few feet of the tiger's head caused a release of the danger. Into the thicket plunged the goaded creature, where she tossed and roared, evidently injured in the eyes by the flying sparks of the rocket, and in another instant she had made up her mind to try her luck in flight. Without an instant's warning, she appeared in the opening, and, like a yellow streak, bounded into the open and straight for the pond ahead. There was a rattle of guns and rifles as the tiger passed each platform, but, apparently, unnarmed, she dashed on and into deeper water, making for a thicket of Spanish cane. Naturally, we feared we had lost her, and at once set out in the direction of the cane to track and finish her—for by this time we had seen that our prey was not a tiger, but a tigress. One of the men in wading through the pond came unexpectedly across the dead body. It was lying stone still in the mud at the bottom of the pond.

When stretched out, the tigress measured more than ten feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. Naturally, everybody claimed to have fired the fatal shot, but upon dissection, it was found that the bullet that had killed the animal came from a 12-bore gun—only one of which was in the party. And that is the method of 'netting' tigers in one sense an unsportsmanlike method, but, still, the only practicable one available in the very heart of the jungle of India."

MODERN GUN-MAKING.

The Most Powerful Weapons in the World.

During the past two years the British navy has been strengthened by the addition of a new type of gun, which will undoubtedly go a long way towards ensuring the supremacy of Great Britain over the seas for many years to come. This gun is known as the 12 inch steel and wire gun, and is not only the best weapon which the Royal Navy has ever had, but is far superior to any gun possessed by any foreign Power. Although it only weighs fifty tons the new gun will be the heaviest in the service, seeing that it is taking the place of the 110, 100, 80-ton guns, of which no more are to be made. What the new weapon lacks in weight, however, it makes up in power, being capable of throwing shells a distance of no less than twenty miles. No accuracy of aim could, of course, be obtained or maintained at this long distance, the effective range being 16,000 yards, or between nine and ten miles. Altogether the gun is 41 feet in length and has the amazing muzzle velocity of 2,367 feet per second, the projectile weighing 850 pounds. Each man-o'-war will carry four of these formidable weapons, and when the navy is supplied they will be issued to the forts on the sea fronts. A remarkable feature regarding this gun is that the breech mechanism is of a very simple design, easily taken to pieces and put together again, and can be

WORKED BY ONE MAN.

What is undoubtedly the biggest and heaviest gun in the world has lately been built by Uncle Sam at the United States arsenal, Watervliet, New York. Its range is claimed to be one mile more than the 12 inch steel and wire gun with which the British navy is being supplied, but it is nearly three times the weight. Altogether the new American gun weighs 134 tons, is nearly 50 feet long, and fires a projectile weighing no less than 2,370 pounds.

Machinery to the value of £100,000 had to be specially built in order to make this gigantic weapon, the actual making of which has taken about four years. In spite of its enormous bulk and weight, however, the gun is as easily handled as the lightest field piece. The breech-block weighs one ton, but is so contrived that a child could operate the machinery which opens it and swings it clear. In fact, every part of the gun is built as accurately as the works of a watch.

In addition to the fact that this gun is said to possess the longest range of any weapon in the world, it is claimed that a shot fired from it into the air would reach an elevation of nearly six miles. The greatest height reached by a Krupp shell in its flight was a little over four miles. The muzzle velocity of the American gun is 2,300 feet per second, and the projectile, backed by 576 pounds of smokeless powder, will penetrate nearly 43 inches of steel at the muzzle. As a matter of fact, nothing in the line of defensive armor has yet been invented that will stop one of the gun's projectiles at a distance of five miles.

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QUITE HOMELIKE.

A little boy was taken by his parents to the theatre to witness the performance of a domestic comedy, during one of the acts in which an altercation takes place between the supposed man and wife.

Having arrived home, his mother asked him to tell the guest how he liked the play.

"I liked it very well," lisped the child, looking up at his mother; "but why did that lady and gentleman quarrel in the presence of so many people? When you and papa quarrels you always shut all the doors and windows so as no one can hear you."

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

FEWER FENCES.

The fence problem is one that every farmer has to face. One way of solving it is to have fewer fences on the farm. Outside of the line of boundary fence there is no need for more than four cross fences on the average hundred-acre farm. At the Ontario Agricultural College a four years' rotation is followed and consequently the college farm of several hundred acres is divided into four fields. This saves much labor and worry in keeping up the fences and in addition there is less waste of land and fewer fence corners to keep clean.

In the old days when fence timber was plentiful and land was cheaper the number of fences on a farm did not cut much of a figure though they were often the harbingers of weeds that have left their imprints on many a farm till this day. But in these days of keen competition, when it is incumbent upon the farmer to make the very most of every foot of land he possesses, fewer and better fences have become a necessity. We venture to say that on the average farm to-day fully one-half of the inside fences could be dispensed with without any inconvenience whatsoever. If farmers would decide upon the kind of rotation of crops best suited to their soil and conditions and fence their farms accordingly, they will find the fence problem very much simplified and fewer fences to maintain.

There are many who have the impression that it is necessary to have a field fenced for each kind of grain sown. Not so. One field for the grain crop, one for the hay crop and one for pasture are all that are necessary on the average farm. Of course, the orchard and garden should be fenced off separately from the rest. Such a division would admit of the hay and grain fields being pastured after the crops were off without interfering with each other or with the root or corn crop. By thus cutting down the number of fences, farmers would be able to build better and more substantial fences that would add greatly to the beauty and appearance of the farm. Is not this matter worth looking into? Even if no fewer fences are maintained it will pay to change the fences about every few years so as to have the old fence lands cleaned and renovated.

CHOOSING DAIRY COWS.

In an informal talk on this subject at a recent field meeting of the Connecticut Dairymen's Association, J. B. Walker, who has had many years' successful experience as a dairyman, said that there were some points of a cow to look at regardless of her personal appearance. The milk veins were well indicated poor milkers, while large, tortuous veins and a large, well indicate a good flow of milk. The hide should be thin and mellow, but some good cows have rather a thick hide. The escutcheon is not of so much importance. Some good cows have poor escutcheons and vice versa.

She should have a long, thin tail and a thin shoulder. She should have a "cowy" head, eyes wide apart, head long and thin with a thin neck. A good fore udder is the sign of a good cow. Many cows, particularly of the Jersey breed, have poor udders. The appearance of it should indicate a good stream and easy milkers. The latter is important, for hired men will soon dry off hard milkers. He likes a straight back, rather than a crooked one; does not lay much stress on the pelvic arch, and doesn't like a sway back.

The ribs should be well spaced. A large, prominent eye is a good sign, and indicates whether she will stand up to her feed. It is also desirable to have her wedge shaped, but the wedge should start from the right end. The cow should broaden out from the shoulders backwards and not from the head. She should also broaden out from the rear forehead, and in this way will have a large, capacious barrel.

CHOPPED CLOVER.

Clover provides the hens with a substance that goes to make eggs, as it provides a cow with a substance that goes to make milk. At least so say those who seek to know the constituents of food, and that which it is best intended to produce. It is rich in nitrogen and mineral matter, and on account of this last provides the lime which other grain products do not. Nitrogen enters largely into egg composition also.

The clover must be chopped very fine. It can be chopped up with a sharp knife, but a clover cutter is best. The clover cutter can be used in the chopping of vegetables, etc., for the fowls. Many poultrymen use chopped timothy in place of clover for the fowls, but timothy is a poor makeshift beside clover. Many cut the clover into small shreds, and scatter it broadcast to the chickens as they do grain, but clover is better relished and assimilated if slightly cooked. The night before feeding, or a few hours at least before, pour scalding water over the chopped clover, put a lid on it and let it steam soft. Give it as one of the daily meals, or miss one day of feeding it and the next feed no grain at all, letting clover take the place of grain.

There is one kind of a cheap food for winter which few know or think of—cracklings. They can be bought at any beef shop at from one cent to a cent and a half a pound. This is fine for the laying hen in winter. One of my neighbors bought a box of cracklings for his bird dog, but his wife, not finding the chicken feed as plentiful as it should be, helped her hens to the contents of that box. The result in eggs and the chirked up appearance of the hens was immediately noticed, and since that the box goes back for cracklings for the chickens, not the dog.

BUTTERMILK FOR PIGS.

Is buttermilk healthy to use with shorts and bran as slop for pigs? Would it be injurious to a pregnant sow or one suckling pigs?

Buttermilk, if handled properly, is one of the very best feeds for swine. The mild lactic acid at churning time, or shortly after, probably improves buttermilk as a feed for pigs, for only a little of the sugar is broken up to form the acid. The lactic acid in the milk renders it palatable and seems to have a favorable action on the digestive tract. Since buttermilk is rich in protein corn is complementary food and probably the most economical substance to feed with it. Shorts or middlings are likewise satisfactory, but hardly as economical. Since these are rich in protein, the feeder is supplying rather too much of that costly element for the most economical returns. Bran is bulky, chaff-like food that is not satisfactory for young pigs, but which may be used with older animals, especially where the feed is not heavy and it is desirable to give volume to the feed. In some cases buttermilk is held in filthy vessels at the creameries and in those still worse at the farm. When this product undergoes a putrefactive fermentation, it should not be used even for pig feeding.

STORIES OF DUMB ANIMALS.

Relating How They Unwittingly Injured Their Owners.

A Belfast woman named Watkins was suspected of having stolen and hidden in her house a quantity of jewelry valued at £200. Detectives called and made a thorough search, but failed to find the missing property, says London Answers.

Just as they were leaving the last room, having given up their task in despair, a cat which had been sitting with her kittens in a basket in the corner got up, stretched herself and mewed. One of the officers turned back, looked into the basket and there discovered the jewelry hidden in the hay which formed the cat's bed. The cat's owner is now expiating her crime in jail.

Another curious case of an animal unwittingly delivering its master up to justice comes from Wednesbury. An ironworker of that town was cruel enough to throw his dog down a disused coal pit 50 feet deep. The poor creature's moans were heard by passers-by, and one of them named William Jeavons pluckily went down and rescued the unfortunate beast, which was badly injured. It was taken to the police station and well looked after and shortly recovered. But, as it was not known to whom it belonged, no steps could be taken to punish the person responsible for the outrage.

A week or two later the dog was accompanying one of the policemen through the streets, when it suddenly ran into a house and began to play with the children. The officer entered, and the master of the house confessed that the dog belonged to him, and that he had thrown it down the pit. He was at once arrested and very heavily fined for

HIS BRUTAL CONDUCT.

A hawker was recently before the Magistrate at Nottingham on a charge of poaching. The keepers had suspected him for a long time but invariably failed to catch him. On this occasion, however, they had secured his dog, which was brought into court. The moment the poor faithful beast saw its master it sprang out of the arms of the policeman and rushed toward him. The evidence was held to be complete and the man was fined.

A most curious case of involuntary damage done by an animal comes from Worcestershire. During a heavy thunderstorm last August a valuable horse got terribly frightened and, galloping up from the field toward the farm, got wedged in its blind panic between a wire fence and a barn containing a quantity of hay and valuable agricultural implements. Lightning struck the fence and, passing through the body of the horse, killed it, afterward setting fire to the barn, which burned until it was completely gutted and all its contents destroyed beyond the possibility of recognition.

Perhaps the most utter ruin ever inflicted upon human beings by domestic animals was in Patagonia four or five years ago. A number of Scotch crofters emigrated to north Patagonia and began sheep farming, at which they were very successful. They brought out with them several valuable collies, and these for a time did good work.

But one winter one of these farmers died suddenly. His dogs, left without food, began to devour the sheep. They ran away, took to the hills, and became the progenitors of a race of wild dogs which come down in packs and kill the sheep by hundreds.

So serious have matters become that a bounty of £2 a head is offered for these wild collies. If they are not soon exterminated, it is said that the settlement must be given up, owing to the ravages of these animals.

Six planets of our system have between them 20 moons.

THE RESULTS OF KISSING

INSTANCES WHERE SERIOUS TROUBLE FOLLOWED.

A Small Town in Cuba and One in Queensland Practically Depopulated.

Red ruin ran like fire water over the little town of Curara, in Cuba, as the result of a kiss, and depopulated the place within a few hours. A Spanish trading vessel chanced to anchor in the small natural harbor adjacent to Curara to kill time before proceeding to Havana, at which port she was not to arrive until a certain date. Leave was given to the crew to land and they went off in a body to Curara.

It was a rough crew, picked up from the very scum of Spain's refuse population, and included two or three Asiatics who had been taken on to fill gaps. Naturally the first thing these men did was to push their way into a wine saloon, where they drank until they could pay for no more.

There was a young Cuban girl in the saloon and her pretty face attracted the attention of more than one member of the crew, and conversation soon circled around her. Finally one of the sailors rushed up to her and embraced her before she was aware of his intention. The next instant he had paid the price, for the girl's lover, who chanced to be present, without a moment's hesitation struck him dead with a knife.

BLOODTHIRSTY SAILORS.

The death of their brutal companion kindled all the fierce passions in the sailors, who were already made with liquor, and they dashed forward to kill the lover. Other men in the saloon, however, who had witnessed the tragedy, drew knives to defend the murderer against the sailors, and a pitched battle ensued. The sailors were victorious and put to flight those men they did not kill or maim. Then they rushed out, attacking every one they met, men, women and children.

The news spread and the townspeople fled in terror before the bloodthirsty sailors, away to the neighboring plantations, without stopping to think what they did. Not caring to follow the fugitives for fear of meeting police or soldiers, the crew kept to the town and hunted high and low for any one upon whom they could pour out their hatred. They found but few, and those they killed. From first to last fourteen men and two children fell their victims; their own losses were but three.

Not content with their revenge, they set fire to every house, which, being lightly built of wood, burned right merrily. Within a few hours of their landing Curara was in ashes, deserted but for its dead. And to this day the name of the ship and the crew are unknown.

It was a kiss which practically depopulated Eden, a town of some 1,400 inhabitants, in Queensland. A stranger tramped into town one day, and, after refreshing himself at a little eating house, insisted on kissing the wife of the proprietor. The latter was present and laughed heartily at what he considered a fine joke for his spouse was past her prime and far from attractive. The stranger passed on along his way inland.

Next day the woman was taken ill; within 48 hours she was dead and her husband and two children were dying. When the news went around that a violent disease had broken out in the town most of those people who could leave hurried away at once. Some struck toward the coast, others went inland. A few of the latter passed on their way the body of the stranger who had come into Eden and kissed

THE INNKEEPER'S WIFE.

Of those Edenites who chose or were forced to remain more than one hundred lost their lives through the stranger's death-dealing kiss. It was many months ere the epidemic passed away altogether, and numbers of people will still travel miles out of their way to avoid the town, which is even now practically deserted.

A similarly terrible kiss was once given some years ago by a sailor to his sweetheart, who lived in Candalo, a small port in Florida. Plague broke out on the sailor's vessel a few days before it reached Florida, and, as it was flying the yellow flag when it ran into Candalo, it was put in quarantine and all leave was forbidden. But it happened that one of the crew, who believed himself to be in the best possible health, had a sweetheart in the town, and he determined to resist orders to go and see her.

He managed to steal one of the ship's boats and got ashore. But it seemed as if he had risked all for nothing, for he had not found her when it became time for him to return to his ship, if he wished to escape detection by his officers. Fate was playing a hand in his game, however, for on his way to the spot where he had moored his boat he ran across his sweetheart. He kissed her and told her what he had dared to have one word with her; and when she heard he had come from the ship in quarantine she fled from him in terror. But she fled too late; for in the single kiss her lover had conveyed the fell disease to her, even though he was unaware he had it.

The girl died, and the disease spread on the four winds over the town. Within a terribly brief period more than two hundred persons in Candalo had died of the disease. Fear seized upon the townspeople and hundreds of them fled away from the stricken town, which at the time of the plague's height was little better than a city of deserted dying.

"Be mine," he cried, in a voice surcharged with anguish. "If you refuse me I shall die!" That was forty years ago, and the heartless girl refused him. Yesterday he died. Girls, beware!

"Have you followed the course you marked out for yourself when a boy?" "No; I intended to be a great financier, but I have never yet been able to get enough money to practise with."

Tickling in the Throat.

Throat Irritation, Hoarseness and Sore Throat as well as the Most Severe Chest Colds are Promptly Relieved and Cured by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

"Tickling in the throat," may not of itself seem serious, but this is the critical point at which a cold in the head works its way into the bronchial tubes and develops into bronchitis, pneumonia or consumption.

This is the point where a few doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will prove sufficient to bring about a thorough and prompt cure. While this great medicine is undoubtedly the most effective treatment for severe chest colds, bronchitis and even asthma, wisdom suggests the use of it when the trouble is just beginning.

Singers and speakers commend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, because they can rely on it absolutely to relieve and cure the hoarseness and throat irritation, which proves so embarrassing to persons appearing on the public platform.

Mr. Donald Graham, 45 Callendar street, Toronto, says: "My boy, who is six years of age, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It very quickly checked the advance of disease, and in a few days he was as well as ever, and is now going to school regularly. I have now great faith in this valuable remedy, and shall recommend it to my friends."

On account of imitations and substitutions, it is necessary for you to insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the box you buy. No imitations are as good, or why should they not be sold on their own merits? 25 cents a box, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.