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This hotel is situated in a most central position and has all the modern improvements

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I am in a position to give estimates on all classes of plumbing and Gas-Fitting and to perform the work satisfactory and promptly

I make a specialty of fitting up Bath Rooms, Hot-Air Furnaces, &c.

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Cod Liver Oil

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NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

Just received at

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COD LIVER OIL,

Just received at

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

We are selling an excellent Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, either by the bottle or bulk, containing one-half Oil, combined with Hypophosphites, which we consider equal to any preparation in the market at about half the price. As we make it FRESH every week or two it is readily taken by children or patients requiring an article of this kind.

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**TEN POUNDS
IN
TWO WEEKS
THINK OF IT!**

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,
SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, AND
COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DIS-
EASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon
Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

MEN'S GLOVES

FANCY KNIT GLOVES,
BUCK GLOVES,
NAPA BUCK GLOVES,
ANTELOPE GLOVES,
IMITATION LAMB GLOVES,
CLOTH GLOVES,
KID FACED BUCK MITTS,
NAPPA BUCK MITTS.

A Full assortment of these Goods, lined and unlined.

J. H. FLEMING,

DOING WITHOUT MEN.

MEMBERS OF THE STERNER SEX NOT
INDISPENSABLE TO WOMEN.

Hard, Cold Cash and Plenty of It About
the Only Absolute Requisite to Modern
Female Happiness—Changed
Business Conditions Responsible.

Are men indispensable to the fair sex? Can they be spared? Is it possible to do without these towers of strength? asks Nell Nelson in the New York World. Until within a few years they were regarded as absolutely indispensable and are still by a certain class of timid, untutored, lovable women, but it would seem from the actions and utterances of the bright, smart sisterhood who constitute the rank and file of the progressive and advanced movements that the muscular creatures have been pushed aside with scorn and disdain.

Women are living their own lives. They are walking alone. They have aims and ambitions. They have wires laid, and they are excavating by their own little selves wholly and entirely independent of the hitherto indispensable race of men.

Every bank up-town has a ladies' department, with special service for the convenience of the fair creatures who keep accounts. Here the gentle financiers transact their business as quietly and unconcernedly as though the whole world were feminine. In the cafes, restaurants, and hotels, dining rooms, sections, or tables are reserved for the fair patrons who are so easy and untrammelled in their movements that it would be useless to raise the question of masculine indispensability.

Not only does the lone lady boss the waiter, but she calls for her favorite newspaper and reads cable reports and editorials with her arms akimbo, the sheet opened at full width, her heel on the foot-rest, and often a toothpick between her teeth.

Indispensable men? Bah! Nothing is indispensable to her but cold cash.

Go to church, the lecture, the theater, the concert, or the opera in season, and you will find by the predominance of the fair sex how very easily it dispenses with masculine attendance. These brave ladies generally go in couples, often in groups, and frequently in single harness. It is nonsense to talk about conventionalities. If a progressive woman wants to hear a preacher, a singer, a speaker, or an orchestra, and she has \$1 she will snap her fingers in the face of "form" and go! The advanced woman will go, too, but in a little different manner. She may have a maid borrowed for the occasion, at her side; if the occasion is a grand one and seats are at a premium the attendant will wait for her in the dressing-room or in the little four-wheeler on the street.

One of the most approved plans among the advanced girls of New York is the messenger service. She starts out early in the evening, perhaps alone, or attended by the kitchen maid, who takes her to the car. The art reception, the conversational, the lecture, or the concert over, Miss Fearless has a call rung for a messenger and with his escort and an expense of 25 cents or 50 cents gets home safely and speedily. Some of the best paid choir soloists in New York adopt this plan, thereby saving a huge livery bill of expense and gaining a lot of personal freedom.

"I make it a rule," she says, "never to depend on the tender or bass to see me home. There is a call-box in the church basement and I get a boy escort for a dime. At receptions and companies where I go as a guest or a soloist, I resort to the same medium. My ear is quick and the moment the bell rings I am ready to go. I never accept the escort of a gentleman. It is such bad form, don't you know?"

The proof of masculine indispensability is more emphatic in ultra-fashionable circles. Take the Casino balls at Newport or the Sherry dances in town, and if an unmarried lady is not accompanied by her brother, or a relative, or a chaperon, she has her maid, who assists her from a carriage or a cab and waits for her through the dance. Women travel over the country alone, they cross the ocean in every steamer by their own sweet selves, they check their own baggage, get through the customs offices with as much speed and as little friction as their brothers. They are their own agents and managers in business transactions and a law unto themselves in politics, philosophy, science, and religion. And still it is a question if the indispensability of man does not have a tendency to keep woman just a little sweeter, a little more gentle and pliable, and a trifle more charming.

The girl with the dimples and the matron with the dancing curls, who dare not venture into a crowd or out in the dark without a man, may be called dolls, but there is something ineffably sweet about the timidity and the faith that pins itself to the honor of indispensable man.

Women are very lovable and men are indispensable, because they keep them lovable by telling them so.

The Latest Cheese Story.

The stories which are told of the effect of the odor of strong cheese upon nostrils unaccustomed to it are pretty numerous, but to the list perhaps one more may be added, since it is genuine.

In the suburbs of Toronto lives a merchant who is something of an epicure, and not infrequently he brings home with him from the city, on his return from business, some choice tid-bit or other. Not long since he found some particularly choice Roquefort cheese, and the day being Saturday he took a piece home with him for his Sunday dinner.

Arrived at the station he was met by his man with the buggy, and in driving home he put the bundle in the bottom of the carriage where it lay forgotten till the next day. At dinner he remembered the delicacy and sending for Patrick he asked what had been done with the package of cheese which he had left in the bottom of the buggy.

"Was that cheese, sir?" responded Patrick in evident surprise.

"Yes, of course it was cheese. What did you do with it?"

"Well, upon my soul, sir, it never interred me comprehension that it was cheese. It smelled that powerful, sir, that I thought sure it were dead, sir, and I wint and buried it, manin' no harm."

Table covers of velours covered with heraldic embroidery in silk and gilt.

Brown cloth costumes combined with turquoise blue, spring green, old rose, or pinkish tan.

DRIFTING ON THE ICE.

A THRILLING STORY NARRATED BY
EXPLORER SCHWATKA.

An Adventure in Hudson's Bay—The
Constant Dangers the Eskimos Face
—Adrift on a Floating Ice Floe For
Twenty Long Miles.

A great many ships are sent every Spring to the coast of Labrador to kill seals, and as these animals are found clustered on the floes and packs, upon which the seal killers must go, in the heavy fogs of that dreary coast and the drifting before the fierce gales many a weary mariner is lost from his vessel, but there are so many of the ships that usually all he has to do is to wait for clear weather, and with fair luck he will get back to some one of them at least.

But of all the thrilling adventures of this kind none can exceed in interest those endured by the Eskimo, who are almost the sole occupants of our Arctic continent, but of whose doings we are apt to hear very little, so reticent are these modest people, and so very far away and almost buried out of sight is their lone land. They spend much of their time looking for seals and walrus along the seaward face of the shore ice, and if a strong "off-shore" wind is blowing, at any time, a great ice field of many acres may go sailing out to sea without stopping to notify passengers of the expected start. If it be in the dead of Winter it is more fortunate for them, as then the great ice-field is not so liable to break up as when the sun is daily pouring its rays upon the ribs of this glacial ship, slowly rotting them, and melting them until the least storm will shiver it into a thousand pieces, so small that they will go rolling and tumbling over each other and make any chances of living thereon as dangerous as it would be on an iceberg breaking up.

It was in February, 1879, that a small party of Eskimo that had promised to furnish me with a certain amount of seal and walrus oil by the time I expected to start on my sledge journey in April, went out on the shore ice of Northern Hudson Bay to seek the animals that would give them the desired product. The shore ice is often four or five miles wide around this part of the great bay, for there are reefs, inlets, and islands strung along that far out from shore, and these act as anchors to hold it there, while that formed beyond is constantly breaking off and floating out to sea.

But the ice is seldom over eight or ten feet in thickness, while the rise and fall of the Hudson Bay tides are over twice that distance, so, as far as the reefs are concerned, the seaward face of the shore ice floats above them at high tide, and they are then no obstruction to its floating away if an "off-shore" gale should break it off. It was near one of these places that the little party of three, Nannook (the polar bear), Ikkeesik (the elbow), and his little brother, Ahwanak, were busily engaged in cutting up a big fat walrus they had just captured, and which absorbed their attention so completely that they did not notice the decided increase in the gale of wind that had been raging all day; for the Eskimo, as far as discomfort is concerned, notice these storms very little, so constantly are they exposed to them, and so hardened are they to all the discomforts of the cold. An unusually furious blast of wind came tearing over their heads that fairly staggered Nannook, who had just arisen from his work, and in his stumbling a step or two he fell over a huge piece of the walrus, and while they were all laughing at his mishap—for they are a most jolly, rollicking race of people, that the simplest things will set into bursts of laughter—they heard a ripping roar behind them that sounded like a regiment of rifles giving a discharge; and they did not laugh at it, either.

Suddenly the floe parted from the main shore ice, and they were adrift on the waters of the great bay. Abandoning the dogs, sledge, harpoons, and walrus, they ran rapidly to the nearest point of the recent rupture only to find a lane of water eighteen or twenty feet across, and just too far to essay jumping, at least for the boy. The great frozen field seemed to be swinging around a little islet as a pivot, and here the three fled as fast as their feet could carry them, but by the time they reached this place the ship of ice had cast loose its moorings from it, too, and they are now surely afloat. They stood and looked at each other in a dejected way for a few minutes, and then returned slowly and melancholy to the sledge, around which the five dogs were yet asleep, just as if nothing had ever happened, especially that which might cause their being used for food if the drift be too long continued. Of course they had enough food for both themselves and their animals for quite a while in the meat furnished by the carcass of the walrus, a huge Arctic animal that weighs about a ton, and their floating island of ice was just about as likely to be invaded by these animals as the main shore ice from which it had been detached, but after all, "there is no place like home," whether it be amid pleasures and ice palaces or the humble hyperborean hut of snow and ice, and these simple people longed for theirs as much as any more civilized persons rudely torn from their homes.

But if they could not get back to their own homes they could at least build as

good ones, though not as cheerful as those they had left behind, for the material for their construction—snow—was abundant everywhere, great drifts of it being piled up in the roughest or hummocky parts of the ice raft. These hummocky places, or where the ice in massive blocks had been piled up, indicate where reefs had been before the floe had broken away, and they are caused by the rise and fall of the tide heaping the ice blocks over each other

as the shore ice oscillates up and down over the shallow places. Near one of these places the three Eskimo built their cheerless snow house: cheerless indeed, for there were no reindeer skins for bedding, no stove lamps to give them light or warmth or cook their food, and no housewives to mend their torn reindeer clothing, prepare their meals, and lend that comfort and cheerfulness with which even a house of snow can become a home and princely palace can not. But they could sleep in their reindeer clothes, as they usually do when overtaken by the night if caught far from home, when hunting some game that has led them a long chase in a bad direction; while as for light, they made a small lamp out of the tough walrus hide, and this was ample to give them the little illumination they wanted, for they were not called upon to strain their eyes in reading the fine print of the evening paper, or in the delicate work of making point lace. The eating of uncooked meat didn't trouble them much, as many of the Eskimo eat their meats raw, especially in the Winter time, when it is frozen, even when they have all the facilities for cooking it. So taking it altogether, they did not have such a very bad time of it, and if their unmanageable ship would not carry them off to some distant land from which they could not return, or crack in two right through their snow-house and drop them into the sea, they could otherwise be comparatively comfortable—for Eskimo.

Out they went drifting into the raging gale, but just how fast and whitherward they could not tell. After a weary, anxious night of it the morning broke with a better sky and brighter prospects, and by noon the gale had died down and the wind changed to the opposite quarter in the south. The long sledge was placed upright against the side of the snow-house and from its topmost slats Ahwanak, the boy, gazed earnestly for the lost land. There were two days of watching before the boy joyfully called out to his comrades that distant land was in sight, and it was another day before it was reached, and I can assure you they were not slow in getting upon its safe shore ice, and making their homes, some twenty miles away, they having reached that far to the eastward in drifting back to the land.—Frederick Schwatka.

A Lymph Patient Tells How it Feels.

A patient who has received three injections of Koch's lymph related his sensations when under treatment to a representative of the Record yesterday. The patient, a middle-aged man, came under the care of Dr. William M. Angney, at the Home for Consumptives, a few days ago.

"Not the least interesting part of my experience," he said, "has been the taking of the injections. Apprehensions not unlike those of one on the way to the dentist were mingled with the hopes of recovery that I felt before receiving the first dose of lymph. But I had no reason for fear; the operation was nothing to speak of. A slight pricking sensation, a feeling of fullness beneath the skin at the site of the puncture, and I was put to bed to await the action of the remedy. A drowsiness came over me, but I did not sleep, and a hot flush spread over me. I seemed for the time to be removed from surrounding objects and to live apart from the people about me. Still I was conscious of my whereabouts. The feeling was similar to the delirium of fever, and the attendants said my temperature was elevated. After these sensations had lasted for a time I became slightly chilly and fell asleep. When I awoke I was in a natural frame of mind.

"The same experience followed the second injection, but after the third dose of the remedy my temperature, to the surprise of Dr. Angney, fell from 98.6 to 96.1, instead of rising, as is said to be usual."—Philadelphia Record.

Entirely too Observant.

A gentleman from Virginia related to a friend in a Gay street car the other day how he hired a negro and put him in a field to work. After a while the planter came along and accosted the new hand.

"Did you see a coach go down the road a while ago?"

"Indeed I did, boss. One of the horses was a gray horse and the other was a roan and lame in the off leg."

"I thought that I heard some hunters there on the edge of the woods."

"Yes, boss. One ob dem was Col. Jones. He was the tall one. De second one was Major Peters, and the third one was Tom McKee. Col. Jones had one ob dem new-fangled breech-loadin' guns dat break in two."

"Did you see those pigeons fly over just now?"

"See 'em! Guess I did! Dar was nineteen on 'em. Dey lit in that corn field down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on I'll send for you."—Baltimore Herald.

L. C. SHARP, M. D., C. M.

(Late Resident Surgeon Montreal
General Hospital.)

Marystown, - N. B.

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
DENTIST

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Cheap Wall Paper.

This is an excellent chance for families to obtain a good article of Room Paper at a fair price, and to select from a large variety of patterns. We have no borders half-a-mile wide, but can show our friends some very stylish NARROW BORDERS that will match most any color.

Call and examine for yourselves! At the old stand, known as

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WE respectfully beg to call the attention of the Public to the fact that, having bought Mr. Andrew LaForest's Establishment, we are prepared to do all manner of work pertaining to the general business of

Plumbing and Tinsmithing.

PLUMBING in all its different branches and the fitting up of HOT AIR FURNACES, are specialties in which we guarantee satisfaction. Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper and Galvanized Iron Work of the best Quality and Workmanship only, are turned out by us.

TO THE FARMERS.

We have a choice lot of Creamers for sale at Rock Bottom Prices. Repairing in all branches done at short notice. All orders will receive personal and prompt attention.

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