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GIRL LIFE IN INDIA.

WHAT THERE IS OF IT ENDS AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN, SAYS A WOMAN MISSIONARY.

NEW YORK, May 3.—At the Y. M. C. A. assembly hall and at the Central Presbyterian church last night Mrs. Abbie Snell Burnell, for several years a missionary in India, impersonated "Mebarchee," a high-caste Hindu woman. When Mrs. Burnell appeared on the rostrum she was wrapped in a gold-embroidered purple robe, under which a yellow silk vest with sleeves reaching to the elbow showed. Heavy bracelets of coral and metal and amulets binding her hair were her ornaments. Between her eyebrows was a round black patch to simulate the mark of the red-hot iron which the women of India are branded to show their allegiance to the god Siva.

"The children of India are clothed with brass jewelry rather than with garments of cloth," Mrs. Burnell said. "They run wild, with little or no attention. At the age of 11 a Hindu girl becomes a woman and then her liberty ceases. They can neither read, write nor sew, being taught only to cook a little, and they spend their time blacking their eyebrows, dyeing their finger nails red and decorating themselves with jewelry. In India the wealth of a man is gauged by the amount of jewelry he lavishes upon the women of his family.

"When a girl is born," said Mrs. Burnell, "the first question asked is whom shall she marry. Every high-caste girl must be wedded at 12 and to a man of her caste and her horoscope. He may be comparatively young, middle-aged or old, immoral, diseased or brutal; it makes no difference if his caste and horoscope agree with hers. A woman in India is perfectly helpless.

"She is generally married at 7 or 8 but does not become a member of her husband's family until she is 12. If it should chance that her husband die before that time she becomes a child-widow, the most despised of creatures. A curse is believed to be upon her; if she goes the ordinary course she commits suicide in desperation. There are 72,000 child-widows under 9 years of age in India.

"There is no wooing or being won in India," she said. "Every girl over 12 is wife or widow. There the mother-in-law reigns supreme. She rules with a high hand and a rod of iron.

"The Hindu who dies without a son believes he loses eternal life and frequently mothers give their daughters to be natch girls in the temples—the vilest life in all the world—in the belief that they may appease the anger of the gods and have sons born to them.

"The religion of India is nakedness without whitewash, yet they are bringing it to your American women the queens of the earth."

Mrs. Burnell talked of the work of the Christian missionaries and the opposition to them.

"American dolls, given as prizes in the Christian schools and American fine-tooth combs, the importance of which you must visit India to realize are doing more to Christianize India than anything else," she said.

LITERARY NOTICE.

Maxfield Parrish's fine decorative design on the cover of *The Ladies' Home Journal* for June forms a fitting introduction to a remarkably attractive issue. Among the most interesting features of this number are a double page of pictures, entitled "Where Golf is Played," showing some of the handsomest country club houses in America; a series of curious "Love Stories of the Zoo," by Clifford Howard; the first installment of a fascinating new serial, "Aileen," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins; a touching full-page picture of "The Passing of the Farm," by W. L. Taylor; the queer experiences with "Some People I Have Married," by the Rev. D. M. Steele, and a vigorous article on "Women as 'Poor Pay,'" by Edward Bok. Numerous other articles of general and domestic interest fill out the rest of the number. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

The Golf Disease.

With the opening of the golf season comes the discovery of a new complaint with which amateur golfers are threatened. This complaint is known as the "golf tendon" and results from the overexertion occasioned by amateur golfers' efforts to excel in the sport imported from Scotland.

Several cases in which amateur golfers have been temporarily crippled owing to the prevalence of "golf tendon" have already been discovered, although the season has already opened.

The crippling of the golfers is the result of unskillful players placing too large a portion of their weight on the plantaris tendon in their legs.

Physicians have become acquainted with many cases in which the plantaris tendon has been snapped and a leg rendered useless owing to excessive exertion by players. Nearly all the golfers who have suffered as the result of injuries to this tendon have been either amateurs or skillful players who have lost their equipoise while delivering difficult strokes. Many of the golfers have been confined to their beds for several weeks as a result of their exertions. Although the majority of the golfers have not broken the tendon to which the term "golf tendon" has been applied several cases in which the tendon has been snapped have been reported.

As yet the doctors have not succeeded in finding the exact cause for the new complaint. This is owing to the fact that the golfers seldom mention that they received their injuries while engaged in their favorite game, owing to the fact that they fear an edict against future amusement on the links. Those who admit that they have strained or broken the plantaris tendon while delivering strokes are not able to tell exactly in what position they were when the injury occurred. It is believed, however, that the strain upon the tendon is caused by the sudden transferring of nearly the entire weight of the body to the heel. This shift of weight is only made through accident or over eagerness to propel the ball a long distance. Experienced players rarely complain of strained or broken tendons.

When striking the ball the golf players generally stand squarely upon their feet until the final stroke is delivered. Then the weight of the body is transferred to the sole of the foot. If the players maintain their balance there is no necessity of suddenly standing on the heel. An incautious stroke or a fizzle may result in a destruction of the golfer's equipoise, however, and then the plantaris tendon, is likely to be strained or snapped.

Enthusiastic golfers are not seriously alarmed over the discovery of the possibility of their being crippled while on the links. Their equanimity is owing to the statements that are made in regard to the possibility of straining the tendon by physicians. The doctors assert that as long as the proper position is maintained there is no possibility of a golf player being injured.

A Boy's Awful Death.

New York, June 3.—George Chandler, of Irvington, a boy of adventurous spirit, knew enough about electricity to know that when linemen work in midair and are insulated from the ground they can grasp a trolley wire without injury, providing they touch no other wires.

So the boy often ascended the pole and grasped wires without harm, much to the surprise of his companions below. Last night George had a wire in his hand and with this he told his boy friends he would produce an electric light by connecting a trolley and a telegraph wire. He mounted the telegraph pole, which stood almost in front of his house. He had a wire in his hand, and this he threw over the trolley wire. Then, reaching out on the cross arm of the pole, George swung the other end of this short wire over the heavy barred wire that supplies electric light for the town. Instantly there was light.

George was between the ends of the wires connecting the electric and trolley wires and the light came from his bare hands. The boys below shouted approval. The body of the boy aloft loosened from its place on the cross arm of the pole and swung out with the light coming from his hand. Then the boy fell headlong, burned and smoking, with his hands fairly burned to carbon. A doctor said the boy had been killed instantly by the shock and what his companions mistook for a daring swing in midair was only the convulsive movements of a body twisted and contorted by a powerful electric current.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers of EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto, and Dr. Chase's Ointment.

An Insult To Canadians.

The proposition of the Massachusetts branch of the Sons of the American Revolution to erect a public memorial in the City of Quebec, Canada, to the memory of General Richard Montgomery, an American officer, who was killed in the assault on Quebec during the revolutionary war, is meeting with fierce opposition from the Canadian loyalists, notwithstanding the fact that the city authorities of Quebec voted a site for the monument when the proposal of the gift was made by the Massachusetts society.

These opponents of the memorial tried to have the government interfere to prevent the giving of a public site for it, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied that the city of Quebec had the sole right of disposition of its own property. And now these Canadian descendants of those who remained true to the British flag have appealed to the Massachusetts society not to erect the memorial.

The fact is the proposition should never have been made. It is an insult to British Canadians, who would be deserving of contempt did they not resent it. We say this in all calmness and in the pride of American citizenship, which should ever be willing in such matters to observe the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Are we erecting or welcoming the erection of memorials in our cities to the British generals who fought our evolutionary sires? Not much! Then why should we expect loyal Canadian to welcome such an invasion as that proposed?

THE LATE "GAT" HOWARD.

Interesting Description of How He Met His Death.

The following statement of how gallant "Gat" Howard came to his death is taken from a letter written by Sergt.-Major Glenister, now serving with "Gat" Howard's Scouts in South Africa, to Chas. Fennell, late of D Battery, R. C. A., and published in the *Graphic Mercury*:

"We left Pretoria on Jan. 23 marched to Erste Fabricken, halted there for one day, then started out again, when we came in contact with the enemy at Diamond Hill, having a heavy fight. This is where we lost our Colt gun, had Gordon wounded, Sergt.-Major McGregor and Hammond killed. Then we had sniping all the way until we came to the Crocodile River. Here we were heavily engaged again, firing our pom-pom for the first time; fired four hundred rounds on Feb. 14. It was here Sergt.-Major Patterson of the Scouts was killed, Munsey, Craddock and Breardon wounded. Then again we came in contact with them on Feb. 16 at Grass Flats. Here Sergt. Douglas was killed, Vine wounded. Then on Feb. 17 we lost our dear old leader, Major Howard, and Northway, and had a native scout wounded. This happened in Swaziland. We captured five of their wagons, and our major was inside one of them, turning over the things, when down one of the Boers came and shot at him, wounding him. Then he told him to throw up his hands; then he shot him through the mouth, the bullet coming out at the back of his head. He also told Northway to do the same—he was shot in the major at the time—he was shot in two different places, through the back and through the head."

VON WALTERSEE DEPARTS.

Pekin June 3.—The departure of Field Marshal Count Von Waldersee from Pekin to-day was marked by a great military display by the allied troops, the booming of artillery and the playing of bands. The entire diplomatic body escorted the field marshal to the depot.

Von Ranch, the aide-de-camp and nephew of Count von Waldersee, will remain here to escort Prince Chun, the Emperor's brother, to Berlin, where he will formally apologize in behalf of China for the murder of Baron von Ketteler.

AN AFFRAY AT TIENTSIN.

Tientsin, June 3.—There was a serious affray yesterday between international troops. Some British Fusiliers who were acting as police here and preventing French soldiers from house-breaking, were attacked with bayonets and bricks. The Fusiliers responded by firing into the air. This brought a number of Germans to the aid of the Frenchmen. They numbered together 200 men. Five Fusiliers fired again, this time killing a Frenchman and wounding three others. In subsequent fighting four Fusiliers, five Germans and one Japanese were wounded. The arrival of a German officer and a strong guard ended the fray.

When the time arrived for the funeral at Avoca, Pa., last week, of the three men killed in a recent dynamite explosion, two of the men reported dead, Conrad Barore and John Karmonak, were on hand and very much alive. After an hour the three bodies were identified as those of Peter Antone, Michael Fishette and Carmine Funari.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

GREAT HARDSHIP AND EXPOSURE ENDURED.

CAPT. ADNAH BURNS, OF DAYSPRING, N. S., TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY FROM HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.

From the Progress, Lunenburg, Ont.

Capt. Adnah Burns, of Dayspring, Lunenburg Co., N. S., is a prominent representative of a large class of men in Nova Scotia, who, during much of the year, follow the dangerous occupation of deep sea fishing. When not at sea Capt. Burns' avocation is that of ship-carpenter. He is 43 years of age, and is to-day a healthy, vigorous representative of his class. Capt. Burns, however, has not always enjoyed this vigorous health, and while chatting recently with a representative of the Lunenburg Press, he said he believed that but for the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he would have been a chronic invalid. "From 1895 to 1898," said Capt. Burns, "I was the victim of a complication of troubles. I suppose they had their origin in the hardship and exposure I so frequently had to undergo. My illness took the form of dyspepsia and kidney trouble. The foods which I ate did not agree with me, and frequently gave me a feeling of nausea and at other times distressful pains in the stomach. Then I was much troubled with pains in the back due to the kidney trouble. Finally I took a severe cold which not only seemed to aggravate these troubles but which seemed to effect my spine as well, and I became partially rigid in the arms and legs. I was forced to quit work, and doctored for a time with little or no benefit. Then I dropped the doctor and began taking other medicines, but with no better result. By this time I was run down very much, had no appetite, and was depressed both in mind and body. While in this condition I chanced to read in a newspaper the testimonial of a cure made by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which in some respects presented symptoms like my own. The straightforward manner in which the story was told gave me new hope and I determined to try these pills. I sent for three boxes. Of course I did not expect that this quantity would cure me, but I thought it would probably decide whether they were suited to my case. I must say they seemed to act like magic, and before the pills were gone there was a decided improvement in my condition. I then got a half dozen boxes more and before they were gone I was back again at work in the shipyard, and enjoying once more the blessing of vigorous health. This was in the spring of 1898, and since that time up to the present I have not been laid up with illness. Occasionally when suffering from the effects of exposure or over work I take a box or two of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they always put me right. Since my own marvelous rescue from premature uselessness and suffering I have recommended these pills to many persons variously afflicted and have yet to hear of the first instance where they have failed to give good results where they were fairly tried."

It is such endorsements as these that give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their great popularity throughout the world. Neighbors tell each other of the benefits they have derived from the use of these pills and where a fair trial is given the results are rarely disappointing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go directly to the root of the trouble, they create new, rich, red blood, stimulate the nerves to healthy action, thus bringing health and strength to all who use them. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.20, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Robbed of \$17,000.

Seattle, Wash., June 1.—Geo. Mulligan, of Liberal, Kansas, who says he is president of the Eagle City Mining and Exploration Company, while in this city awaiting the sailing of a vessel for the Yukon, was last night robbed of \$17,000. He was drawn into a dark alley by two men as he was passing down a brightly lighted street, in a busy section of the Tenderloin, sandbagged and despoiled of the money by the ripping open of his shirt, underneath which the money was concealed. He reported his loss to the police, but no clue has as yet been obtained to the perpetrators.

E. W. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Sam Jones, who started out as a circuit rider at a salary of \$300 a year, now makes not less than \$1,000 a week, it is said, from his evangelical labors. His wealth is rated at \$500,000, invested in plantations, stocks and bonds. He recently built and furnished a handsome residence at a cost of over \$50,000.

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BUG IN HIS SIDE.

Three Years' Annoyance to a Frenchman.

Norwich, Conn., June 1.—A Frenchman named Peter Cloutier, living at Danielson, has made the extraordinary announcement of the finding of a large bug in his body.

Mr. Cloutier had been troubled with his side for three years, but a week ago it became more painful, and grew continually worse.

Remedies which were applied failed to afford relief, and he was great-

ly frightened when, after rubbing his side for a few minutes he broke the skin and a large gray bug, resembling a potato bug, although about three times as large, and having many legs, issued from the opening.

Dr. W. H. Judson was called in, but it baffled the physician, and he has sent the bug to Harvard university for classification.

After the deliverance of the bug the pain in Mr. Cloutier's side at once abated, and he will probably be free from his trouble hereafter.