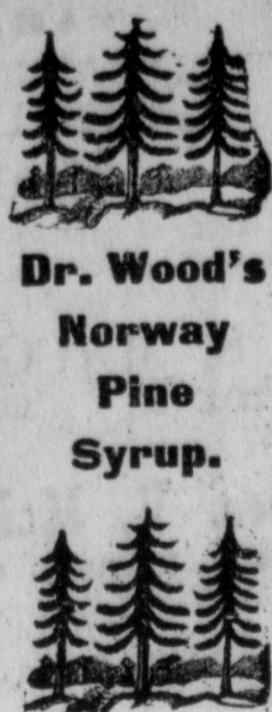


Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail.



Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

LAXATIVE PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. *asc. at all druggists.*

THE SAILOR OF TO-DAY.

(Harper's Young People.)
The modern sailor is a jack-of-all trades. He must be a good deal of a soldier; and to make a soldier of the old-fashioned tar was an impossibility; he would have resented the very attempt.

But now he must march and drill on shore, and know the "manual of arms" and the bayonet drill like a member of a regiment for "shore duty." He may be called upon to perform at any time. The officers may even be called upon to ride; and you know there is an old adage that used to run, "As awkward as a sailor on horseback."

He must be an artilleryman, and know how to handle the howitzer and the rapid fire guns and the "rattling Gatlings." Even then he has to be his own horse and pull the heavy pieces that way that do fire engines in the country—by hand.

He must be a machinist and know the ponderous and yet delicate machinery of the breech-loading guns in the same way that an engine driver knows his engine. He must be able to use his monkey wrench and oil can, and keep the great guns bright and clean by constant polishing.

He must know something of electricity, and how to manage the big sharklike torpedoes that are discharged under water from tubes in the ship's sides, and the search light that that turns night into day.

He must be a coal heaver, and turn to and help "coal ship." And besides all this, he must learn what every sailor has to know—how to tie knots, splice ropes, use a paint brush, wash his own clothes, drill with cutlass and pistol, row a boat, and know how to signal, like a telegraph operator, with the "wigwag" flags.

So you see a sailor is a pretty busy man, and on many ships he never has to furl a sail or go aloft at all. In fact, nearly a third of the crew is employed about the engines. Every man has his ship's number; it is on his clothes, and his locker where he keeps them, on his hammock, and stamped on his magazine rifle and his accoutrements.

He has his station in case of fire, and when going into action or manning the pumps. Everything must be like clock-work, no matter what turns up. A sense of duty and obedience to discipline he must always have before him.

CROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by PERRY-PECTORAL. It loosens the cough almost instantly, and cures really the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

A South Parish, Me., performed a unique surgical operation last week. He cut open the crops of a neighbor's hen, took out a wad of grass and hay which he and the owner of the hen aver was as large as a good-sized "pint-bowl," and sewed up the crop again. The hen seemed at the point of death when he began operating, but in 10 minutes she ate and drank and the next day was as lively as ever.

It takes a good horse to run down a giraffe, and if the least advantage is permitted the wild creature the race is lost.

Handicap your Cough!

Don't wait a few days to see if it will "wear off"; it is much more likely to become dangerous and it will undoubtedly be much more difficult to cure. The longer you permit it to prey upon the delicate membranes of your throat, bronchial tubes and chest, the more you render yourself susceptible to other attacks and to chronic pneumonia or consumption.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam

is an infallible remedy: for more than 30 years it has been curing the worst cases and it will surely cure you. 25 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

RECKLESS GAMBLING

OUR MISSION INDIANS ARE THE FIERCEST OF PLUNGERS.

They Will Play Sing Gamble, a Guessing Game. Till They Have Lost Everything They Own, Even the Clothing on Their Backs.

Temecula is one of the 11 mission Indian pueblos in southern California. It is situated among the Sierra Madre mountains. All the mission Indians in California are famous gamblers, but the Temeculas are the most reckless plungers among any redskins in the west. The Sahobas, Temescalas and Pachangas are also proficient gamblers. Every April or May these little remnants of former great tribes meet for a season of gambling.

The mission Indians seem to have been born for gambling. No white gamblers will risk their all so completely as the red people do, and no professional white plunger ever staid so persistently at gambling. All bucks and squaws gamble. The Indian agents and the whites who have lived among the redskins to teach them habits of sobriety and industry have almost abandoned hope of reclaiming Lo and his family from gambling ways. They can curtail the drink habit, but the love of games of chance never. There have been many times when a tribe has parted with everything by which it may live and provide some sort of a livelihood to the winners of a long gambling game. But for the help of charitable people and the Indian agents the losers would be almost starved.

The one gambling game of the Indians of the Pacific coast is known as sing gamble. It is a simple game of guessing, but a red man will wager all his household possessions, even to his clothing, on the game. Early in March the four tribes that join in the gambling festivity beset themselves, facing each other, and are ready for business. The tribal adherents of the rival players range themselves in the rear and watch the game with intense interest and bet recklessly. A paleface cannot imagine the excitement they suppress as their black eyes follow the game. One of the players takes ten chips, one of them distinguished from the others by a white ring, and divides them into two equal piles and carefully mixes them with the betting shavings. He then grabs one pile, shavings and all, in each hand and moves his hands in a circle rapidly from right to left, while one of the opposite side guesses in which hand he holds the white ringed chip, or "queen," as it is called. If the guess is right, one of the tally sticks is taken from the player's pile and given to the guesser, but if wrong the guesser's pile suffers.

The guessing is done with deep study and after the most earnest possible watching of the passes of the chips and the shavings from one hand to the other. Each side starts with 60 sticks, and when one side has won them all the game will come to an end. The Indians tremble with excitement, and the squaws chatter excitedly among themselves concerning the conduct of the gaming operations and the respective winnings and losses. Bets are constantly being made, not on the separate plays, but on the outcome of the game, and all will be settled at the same time. The bets consist of money, blankets, horses, guns, cows, harness and everything the bettors possess, even to the clothing on their backs.

Occasionally the gaming will become very noisy, and the tribes will endeavor to cheer their respective tribal players and therefore help their own bets toward winning by shouts and yells and deep guttural songs. Fancy what a noise would be made by a lot of excited Indians yelling the following:
Hey-yo, ho-ho!
Hey-yo, ho-ho, ho-ho!
Ayee, ho-ho, ayee, ayee!
Ming-wing, Pachangol
Ah, oh, a-a-a
Ho-yah-wah-who
Pa-changol!

The whole assemblage of redskins take up this yell and continue it over and over, keeping time with their clapping hands and swaying bodies. The dealers, who are meanwhile silently playing the game of sing gamble for their respective tribal bettors, also keep time with their movements with the wooden chips. A dealer will seize a double handful of shavings and then ostentatiously count out eight wooden chips and one black one, nine in all. Then he will flick them several times and magically cover them with shavings. Then he will separate the chips and shavings and show two piles of white chips. In a twinkling he will make passes with his hands, holding the two piles of chips about his head, under his blouse and about his anatomy so fast that a three card monte sharp would wonder at his dexterity.

The chatting suddenly ceases, and every eye is turned to some one of the dealers who are performing all manner of rapid passes to deceive the eyes of the bettors of the opposite tribe. When the bets have been made, the dealers suddenly cease their passes and gyrate the chips and shavings from one hand upon the next. If the black chip is there, one point has been scored by the tribe that bet it was there. If it is in the other hand, the tribe has lost a point to its opponents.

As the game progresses the backers of the players, who are all intensely, almost insanely, interested in the outcome, because of having staked their worldly wealth upon it, encourage them and assist them in every way possible. The squaws are as interested as their lords. They arrange themselves in lines on either side of the players and occasionally break into monotonous chants or indulge in the peculiar movements that pass for dancing among the American aborigines. All night long this is kept up without intermission, the Indians apparently being incapable of fatigue.

To the spectator the game is most monotonous, but never so to those who have so deep an interest in the outcome of the play. In former days, when tribes came together to the number of hundreds and even thousands on each side, when such forms of wealth as have been introduced by the whites were unknown to them, and they had only their native articles to wager, when they were dressed in their native costumes, the scene must have been far more wild and picturesque. Now the men wear woolen shirts and overalls, and the women are arrayed in slovenly calico dresses, with shawls over their shoulders.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Too Fast.
The Maid—He and your husband are fast friends.
The Matron—That's what I'm afraid of.—Kansas City Independent.

RISE OF THE AWKWARD BOY.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

He longed to be great and he longed to rise.
And they laughed at him.
He studied books till he strained his eyes,
And they laughed at him!
His tongue was thick, but his will was strong.
His ears were big and his legs were long.
In a hundred ways his plans went wrong,
And they laughed at him.

He held his course day after day,
And they laughed at him;
He packed his satchel and went away,
And they laughed at him!
They heard of the blunders he made in town
In his awkward efforts to win renown,
To them he was merely a foolish clown,
And they laughed at him.

The papers began to mention his name,
They were proud of him;
He was getting up, he was winning fame,
They were proud of him!
Go down among them there to-day,
And you'll hear his wise old neighbors say
They "always" knowed he'd make his way,
And they're proud of him!

CECIL RHODES.

The greatest figure in South African affairs at present is Cecil Rhodes. Perhaps Oom Paul knows and perhaps he does not, just how much his personal hatred for Cecil Rhodes influenced him, when he flung his impossible ultimatum in England's face and practically declared for war, when all things seemed hopeful for peace. When a man as strong as Oom Paul hates, he does it with an intensity which even more than he suspects, may blind away the usual even, true lines of his judgment, and lead him to acts his natural cold wisdom would not endorse.

"That murderer," is Oom Paul's gentlest words in speaking of Rhodes, when indeed he can so far overcome his loathing for the man to refer to him at all. Next to religious fervour the predominating sentiment in Oom Paul's mind is hatred for this grand Englishman who towers as colossus among his countrymen in South Africa, just as Oom Paul himself towers as a master spirit among the Boers there.

When in 1871 Cecil Rhode's health gave way, and he was obliged to leave college, he consulted a physician, who told him he must go to a milder climate. He was a methodical old doctor and in his private memorandum of the case he wrote a footnote: "Cannot live six months." He was a thin-faced lanky lad then, with dull eyes. His countenance did not suggest intelligence, and indicated nothing of force. This was only 28 years ago. Now he is the diamond kid, the gold king, the railroad builder, that multi-millionaire, among multi millionaires, in his public hum-drum capacity. In his private capacity he is the founder of a great Empire, a statesman who, in Gladstone's time, was counted second only to the Grand Old Man himself; since Gladstone's death counted second to none in all the vast British Dominions for relentless force, and sheer weight of personal power.

Referring to Rhodes as a railroad builder, one of the greatest achievements of modern times, the Cape Cario railway is due to his genius and perseverance. In ten year's time, it is calculated, the line will be completed and ready to carry the mails from Cairo to the Cape. The cost of the whole line is estimated at \$125,000,000. But as over 300 miles are at present constructed, the total required for the central section will not exceed \$75,000,000. His estimate was that 3,229 miles yet needed to be built, and that they could be built at a cost of \$15,000 per mile.

THE WIDE WORLD.

W. S. Reid, a Winnipeg contractor, was killed at Cranbrook, B. C., by a falling tree.

The affairs of the Catholic Register, Toronto, were finally disposed of Tuesday when the plant was sold to W. J. Boland for \$570.

Commencing on December 1 the tariff on Beans from Ontario points to West St. John for export will be advanced to 19 1/2 per 100 pounds on the C. P. R.

The cost of the Dominion government telegraph line from Benoit, to Dawson is placed by Mr. Charleson at \$15,000.

A shipment of wool valued at \$35,000, was consigned by a Toronto firm to Boston Tuesday over the Grand Trunk.

All the incoming vessels at St. John's Nfld., report terrible weather on the Atlantic.

Robt. McCrory, of Montreal, was killed on Friday by coming in contact with an electric wire.

Alfred Fairbairn, paymaster of the Montreal street railway, has been appointed comptroller at Kingston, Jamaica.

N. Tourley, C. P. R. storekeeper at Moose Jaw, was struck by a coach in the yards there and killed.

A strong feeling has been aroused among the citizens against closing the London, Ont., Military School.

A murder mystery is reported from Canmore, Alberta. Corporal O Kelly, of the Mounted Police, found the body of Joseph Dafoe, whose death is undoubtedly due to foul play.

Dreaded Diphteria.

ITS AFTER EFFECTS FREQUENTLY SHATTER STRONG NERVES.

Mr. S. McDougall suffered for Years and His Doctor Told Him Recovery Was Impossible—Again Strong and Healthy.

Farmer and "jack of all trades" is what Mr. Salter McDougall styled himself when interviewed by the news recently. Mr. McDougall resides at Alton, about ten miles from Truro, N. S., and according to his own statement has been made a new man by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When interviewed by the News man, Mr. McDougall said:—"I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1888," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphteria, the after effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back, or side. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January, 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me, and he doubted if I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, tough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case and I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mis taken, for the effect was marvellous. By March I was able to go out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health."

HAY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

OTTAWA, Dec. 5.—The Dominion government has succeeded in getting all the hay it requires for the steamer which is now waiting at Boston to leave for Cape Town with hay for the imperial army. The steamer leaves next Tuesday. Canadians have supplied the hay. There will be 2,800 tons in all.

St. Paul's cathedral is the most heavily insured building in Great Britain. It is insured for \$475,000 in 10 offices.

Several of the members of the Central Methodist choir went to St. John this afternoon to attend the organ recital in the Centenary Methodist church at that place to-night. Prof. Perry was one of the number.

The trial of Ferdinand Lemieux, accountant, for furnishing a false return of the standing of a La Banque Ville Marie to the government, has been fixed for a week from Monday next at Montreal.

It is understood that W. B. Scarth, deputy minister of agriculture, will accompany the consignment of Canadian hay to Capetown and see it transferred to the imperial authorities.

There has been a heavy rainfall throughout eastern Manitoba. The mild weather has continued now for over a month, and no signs of winter are observed except the leafless trees.

BACKACHE

Weak, Lame, Aching Backs, the Result of Sluggish, Inactive Kidneys.

Backache is in reality kidney ache. The kidneys become clogged, and falter in their work of filtering the blood. Backache is nature's warning that the kidneys are on strike, and that the blood is going through the system laden with foul poisons, which will cause Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, rheumatism or other equally painful and fatal complications.

Prudence tells everyone suffering with backache to set their kidneys right. The experience of tens of thousands of people tells them that to accomplish this there is no means so successful as the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—the world's greatest kidney cure.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure permanently by making the kidneys healthy, active and vigorous. They are purely vegetable, act naturally and directly on the kidneys, and are wonderfully efficacious. As a prompt and positive cure for kidney disease, liver complaint and all the complications of these filtering organs, they are unapproached by any remedy ever discovered.

One pill a dose; 25c. a box at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

UNDER THE MAPLES.

Under the maples with Molly,
Down where the wind sweeps free,
Down where it strays in the bending Maize,
Salt with the breath of the sea,
The white clouds lie in the arms of the sky.

The hollyhock cradles the bee,
And shrill is the hail of the mating quail,
But Molly's the mate for me.
Here is the scent of the meadows,
Kissed by the lover like rain,
To the waiting trees comes the rover breeze
To woo and to flee again;
Here is the song of the robin throng
From the willow along the lea,
And the wild gulls ride on the gliding tide,
And this is the place for me.

For blithe is the laughter of Molly
As the flute of the twilight thrush,
Blue are her eyes, and soft her sighs,
And wistful her winsome blush;
And sweet is the word that my heart has heard
At our tryst beneath the tree,
She has whispered it twice, she has
Whispered it thrice,
And "Yes!" is her word for me.
J. W. P.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

Boffee—Lay the stained portion of the cloth over a bowl and pour boiling water through it.

Tea—Soak in cold water, then treat as coffee stains.

Claret and wine—Boiling water as above; if possible cover when first stained with dry salt, then dip in the boiling water.

Grease—Moisten with strong ammonia water lay blotting paper over and iron dry; if silk, use chloroform to restore color, or cover with powdered French chalk and iron.

Iron rust—Lemon juice and salt then through rinsing, or wet with a little water, sprinkle and rub muriatic acid, rubbing until stains disappear, then rinse thoroughly, using a little ammonia in first water to counteract acid.

Ink—Drop in boiling water, rub with salts of sorrel and rinse well.

Copying and marking inks—Use strong solution of bleaching powder; rinse with a little clear water; rub with oxalic acid solution and rinse again.

Scorch—Dip in soap suds and lay in sun; if fibres are not much injured dip repeatedly in saturated solution of borax and rinse.

Egg—Soak well in cold water and rinse until stain disappears.

Grass—If fresh, use alcohol and rinse, or use Javell water and rinse thoroughly.

Paint—Turpentine for coarse goods, benzine or naphtha for fine.

Mildew—Wet with soap suds, lay in sun; spread with a paste of soft soap and powdered chalk and sun it; soak in buttermilk and sun.

Blood—Soak in cold water. For ticking and thick goods make a thick paste of starch and water, leave until dry, and brush off.

Tar—Soak in buttermilk and rinse in soapy water, saturate and rub with turpentine.

The whole of the dry land on this planet scarcely exceeds 52,000,000 square miles. Forty millions are under Caucasian sway, leaving as Prof. Keane says, not more than 12,000,000 for the now reduced domain of the other divisions.

NOTICE OF SALE.
To be sold at public auction on MONDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent for payment of the debts of the late John Chrystal of the Parish of Weldford, in the County of Kent, deceased, in consequence of a deficiency of the personal estate of the deceased for that purpose pursuant to a license obtained from the Probate Court of the County of Kent the lands and premises following that is to say: A certain tract or lot of land with buildings thereon situate in the Parish of Weldford in the County of Kent bounded and described as follows, namely: bounded on the north by lands occupied by William Black and John Black, on the east by the Alexander Curran lot so called, on the south by lands owned by Phillip Murphy and Pierce Murphy and on the west by the Bally-philip road so called, leading up the South Branch of the Saint Nicholas River to the Parish of St. Mary, the said lot or tract of land being on the Southeast side of the said South Branch and containing three hundred acres more or less, the said lot being at present occupied by Mrs. Johanna Chrystal, widow of deceased John Chrystal.

Dated the 15th day of November, A. D. 1899.

FRANK McNERNEY,
Solicitor for the Vendor.

EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Auctioneers.

ADAMS HOUSE,

CHATHAM, N. B.

Sample Rooms and Livery Stable in connection.
THOS. FLANAGAN, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL

King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, PROPRIETOR.

KENT HOTEL

Richibucto, N. B.

GEO. A. IRVING, Proprietor
CENTRALLY SITUATED.
Good Sample Rooms, Newly Furnished
Free hack attends all trains.

Waverly Hotel!

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

The Subscriber has thoroughly fitted up and newly furnished the rooms of the well known McKeen house, Newcastle, and is prepared to receive and accommodate transient guests. A good table and pleasant rooms provided. Sample rooms if required.
R. H. Gremley's teams will attend all trains and boats in connection with this house.
JOHN McKEEN.

UNION HOTEL.

R. P. DUPRAY, Proprietor,
RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

This well known Hotel has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished for the accommodation of transient and permanent guests. Good Sample Room and Livery Stable in connection.
BARBER SHOP ON THE PREMISES.

NEW KENT HOTEL,

QUEEN ST., RICHIBUCTO, N.B.

FURNISHED SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL MEN.
Livery Stable in Connection
S. O'DONNELL, Proprietor

TERRACE HOTEL.

AMHERST, N. S.

Large and well Lighted Sample Rooms in centre of Town formerly occupied by Lamy Hotel.
FREE COACH TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS
W. and W. CALHOUN, Proprietors.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

First-class Livery Stables in connection.
J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor

WESTMORLAND Marble Works,

T. F. SHERARD & SON,

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.
Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.
MONCTON, N. B. (at 31st)

HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want a number of families to do work for us at home, whole or spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Good money made at home. For particulars ready to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY Co., Dept B., LONDON, ONT.

PARIS GREEN, HAYING TOOLS, PRESERVE BOTTLES, DISHES.

Everything in my stock is cheap and good.
ARTHUR SMITH,
Buctouche.

M. O'BRIEN,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Horses, Harness, Wagons,
Sleighs, Sleigh Robes, etc.

ROGERSVILLE, N. B.