

DOUBLE DYED RASCALS.

HINDOO POISONERS AND THEIR
WAYS OF WORKING.

Prophets Who Know How to Make Their Predictions Come True—Methods Employed by Them—Some Notable Instances of Detected Crimes.

The worst of magicians and prophets is that they can hardly ever resist the temptation to make their prophecies come true. Some man once predicted that on a particular day one of our cathedrals would be in flames, and so it would have been if the man had not been caught as he was setting the building on fire.

Again, Catlin tells a story of a Red Indian chief, whose reputation as a prophet increased by leaps and bounds after he had purchased a quantity of arsenic from a white trader. "Poor Wet Blanket," he used to say, "has not long to live," and, sure enough, in a few days—thanks to a dose of the arsenic—Wet Blanket would die.

Dr. Barry, the chemical analyst to the Government of Bombay, makes us acquainted with another of these trustworthy prophets. He says, in his latest report, that in the Kaladgi district of Hindostan a woman obtained a "charm" from a native seer "to stop the quarrelling of her husband." The magic philtre, a white powder, had to be mixed with his food. Following instructions the woman had the satisfaction of knowing, three hours later, that her husband would never quarrel more. He was dead—poisoned by arsenic.

Dr. Barry's report, and other official documents of a like nature, show that poisoning is still fairly common in India. Casts which practice infanticide are accustomed to place a little calotropis juice, a native product, in the mouth of newly born babies, and thus get rid of them. Another caste—the Cobblers—are noted for poisoning cattle. By ancient native custom these men have an unquestioned right to the skins of beasts which die in the villages, and they accordingly take care to kill as many cattle as possible.

The usual method of the Cobbler is to drop a leaf covered with arsenic in front of a cow, and then hide until the victim is taken to a place set apart in every village for dead animals, when he comes forth and secures the skin. In some districts, however, these rascals are partly foiled; for when a man loses a beast in a suspicious manner, he cuts the hide, so as to make it of little value. It is probable, too, that by-and-bye the Cobblers' right to the skins of dead animals will be disputed, because customs of this kind are rapidly disappearing.

The Thug caste pays no attention to men, whom it firsts drugs and then plunders. Datura, a native vegetable poison, is used for this purpose, and nothing could possibly be better. The seed of the powder, cannot be recognized by taste or by the microscope, and besides its effects are just those which a scientific robber might wish to produce in his victim. Anybody who swallows a dose of datura rapidly becomes intoxicated, in which state he throws off his clothes and picks up dust and straw from the road. On recovering somewhat, the man is in a state of idiocy, and remains thus sometimes, for several days. It generally happens, indeed, that when anybody robbed is able to give information, the thugs may be very many miles away.

As to the methods of these double-dyed rascals, some two or three of them meet a party of road travellers and offer to accompany them on their journey. At a convenient halting-place one of the thugs, in preparing the food, drops into it a quantity of datura seeds—a very simple matter. Sometimes the man, while pounding the masaleh—spices always used in Indian cookery—reverses his pestle, a cavity in which contains the seeds, and thus introduces the poison without exciting the least suspicion. After eating the food the travellers become stupid, and prove an easy prey to the thugs. In many cases they die, for datura is a fatal poison. It is also incorporated with sugar and made into sweetmeats, and it has been mixed with tobacco and given to victims to smoke.

For general criminal purposes arsenic and strychnine are the poisons most commonly used in India. Pounded glass, once a great favorite, is getting out of date. A few cases in which one or other of these drugs was employed is noteworthy. Two people, after eating some food, became delirious. A magician was sent for to discover what such symptoms meant. He at once looked at the food and—tasted it. Oh wise judge! Of course, he, too, was soon affected in the same way. Nine persons in all partook of that poisonous dish, but only one died, and he unfortunately, was not the professional wise man.

The magician, if he can profit by experience, will in future be as careful in his dealings with poison as was a woman of Bijapore. This methodical murderer resolved that "something should happen" to an obnoxious male neighbour. She accordingly placed arsenic in sweetmeat balls, and to try their effect, gave samples of them to children. Another woman, being forced to marry a man whom she did not like, put arsenic in his food on the wedding eve, and so snuffed him out altogether.

"Quite another different sort of person" was one Buchoo. The son of a wealthy man, he fell into debt, and as the "old man" showed no disposition to become "friendly," and to "part" after the approved style of the kind and dotting fathers of fiction, he resolved to sweep away all the relatives who stood between him and his inheritance. Such was the prologue of this domestic drama. The remainder went in this way: Act I.—The purchase of strychnine; Act II.—Whispered conference with the family cook; Act III.—Death of five of Buchoo's relations; Act IV.—Execution of the paricide, the cook having believed Queen's evidence.

To turn from details to statistics, it appears that in 1891, 151 cases of suspected poisoning were referred to the chemical analyst of Bombay, and that in nearly one-half of these—49 per cent.—the suspicion was justified.

By Order of the Empress.

In the diary of George M. Dallas, formerly United States Minister to Russia, occurs a story, which as the writer remarks, illustrates the extent to which, in that country, the most important matters are subject to imperial whims. The incident, it should be said, occurred more than fifty years ago.

The empress, having written a letter to her father, gave it to a servant to put into

the hands of a courier, then waiting to start. The servant, misunderstanding the order, deposited the letter in the post office, and the mistake was not discovered until five or six hours had elapsed. In the meanwhile the regular mail for Russia, and, indeed, all western Europe, was made up and dispatched.

As soon as the empress was told what had been done, she sent an express to command the whole mail, bag and baggage, back to St. Petersburg. About fifteen hours were lost. Everything was reopened, the imperial missive recovered and placed in the courier's care, and then, but not till then, the mail was allowed to resume its journey!

SAVED FROM THE SHARKS.

A Thrilling Battle in Which a Child's Life Was at Stake.

The prettiest battle I ever witnessed, says a recent writer, was between a Cuban and a couple of sharks.

We had reached Havana from New York, and were lying half a mile from the docks, waiting for the signal to go in. Several fruit peddlers had boarded us, among them a swarthy young fellow who looked like a pirate. The pursuer was standing by the rail, with his five-year-old son in his arms, watching a couple of monster sharks that were hanging about the vessel, when the child slipped from his grasp and fell into the water.

The father plunged overboard and seized him, and the big sharks made at once for the pair. The young buccaneer dropped the fruit basket and went over the rail like a flash.

As the first shark turned on his back the invariable prelude to biting, the Cuban rose, and with a long keen knife fairly disembowelled it. The other was not to be disposed of so easily. He seemed to realise that in the Cuban he had a dangerous foe, and, in the language of the ring, sparred for an opening.

Several of us began to blaze away at him with our revolvers, but the Cuban appeared to fear our bad marksmanship more than the shark, and begged us to desist. The pursuer and his little child had been pulled on deck, and the combatants had a fair field. The Cuban dived, but the shark did not wait for him to come up and changed his position.

Finally the latter advanced straight upon his antagonist, his ugly fin cutting through the water like a knife, turned quickly upon his back, and the huge jaws came together with a vicious snap; but the Cuban was not between them. He had sunk just in time to avoid the shark, and as the latter passed shot the steel into it. The old sea wolf made the water boil, and strove desperately to strike his antagonist with his tail, but the latter kept well amidstships and literally cut him to pieces.

We made up a purse for him, and the next day the brave ragamuffin could have given Solomon points in the matter of gorgeous apparel.

THE TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.

The Simple Methods Adopted as Preventives in India.

A missionary from India, in a recent address made before one of our home societies, stated that the cholera in that country is constantly present. It appears to be one of the regular diseases, just as much so as rheumatism and Bright's disease are here; and while it is regarded as a dangerous disease, and people look upon it as we look upon diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, and the like, no one ever thinks of a panic in connection with it, and it is no more dreaded to those accustomed to it than our diseases are to us. This missionary has lived in Allahabad, Calcutta, and in the neighborhood of Bombay.

The greatest care is taken in regard to all sanitary arrangements. Absolute cleanliness is regarded as essential to health, but, if properly observed, sickness does not come. No decaying things, either vegetable or animal, are permitted anywhere about the household premises. Flannel bands about the body and over the bowels are worn day and night, changes being made at night the same as the change from day clothing to night clothes. Camphor, Rubini's preparation of it, is the constant companion of every Caucasian, and it is taken, not constantly as a preventive, but immediately upon the appearance of any bowel disturbance, and is regarded as a sure safeguard.

The weather is, of course, excessively hot, the thermometer running in the summer time from 106 to 118 even inside the houses. The missionaries rise at five in the morning and take coffee, and proceed with their work early, getting through about ten and returning, when they go out no more until the later hours of the day. It is their plan to close their houses as tightly as they can at sunrise, and to keep heavy mats, sprinkled with water, at the doors and windows. Their treatment of the cholera, as will be seen from the above, is very simple, and they say it is entirely efficacious. We see no reason why it should not be and give the above facts, as they have been given us, for whatever they may be worth to our readers.—Insurance Monitor.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Old friends never forget us when they are in hard luck.

People who are always looking for work are really searching for soft snaps that they do not deserve.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for a number of years for various cases of sickness, and more particularly in a severe attack of the grippe which I contracted last winter, and I firmly believe that it was the means of saving my life.

C. I. LAGUE.

Sydney, C. B.

People who hunt for faults belonging to others never lose any of their own.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—Fuller.

The Early Spring tries Weak Lungs, which should then be fortified by a liberal use of Putner's Emulsion—only 50 cents a bottle, at all druggists.

A great statesman is a politician who can persuade the people that the thing he wants is just the thing that they want.

ANOTHER LONDON MIRACLE

AN ODDFELLOW LODGE PASSES A RESOLUTION OF THANKS.

The Extraordinary Case of Mr. E. F. Carrothers—Utterly helpless for Three Years—Pronounced Permanently Disabled by His Lodge Doctor—Restored to Health and Strength and Again Working at His Trade—A Story Fraught With Hope for Others.

Canadian Order of Oddfellows.

Manchester Unity.

Loyal Perseverance Lodge, No. 118.

London, Nov. 22, 1892.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company: GENTLEMEN—I have much pleasure in forwarding you a vote of thanks passed by a resolution of the above lodge, thanking you for the good your valuable medicine, Pink Pills, has done for my brother, E. F. Carrothers, who for three years and a half was almost helpless from locomotor ataxia and given up by our doctor as incurable, and who is now we are happy to say, by the use of your Pink Pills, able to follow his employment.

Trusting that your valuable medicine may be the means of curing many sufferers and be a blessing to them as it was to our brother, I am yours truly, on behalf of the lodge,

ED. GILLET, secretary.

521 Phillip Street, London, Ont.
This is to certify that the above facts are a true statement.

E. F. CARROTHERS.

The above is self-explanatory, but in order to lay the facts of this extraordinary case more fully before the public an Advertiser reporter proceeded to investigate it. It was his pleasure and duty some time since to record the remarkable cure of Mr. E. J. Powell, of South London, wrought by the medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was a striking story of release from life-long affliction, but it was even surpassed by the miraculous experience of Mr. E. F. Carrothers of 103 William Street. Mr. Carrothers is an uncle of Alderman R. A. Carrothers, and by virtue of long residence and personal qualities is well and favorably known throughout the city. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade, and a good workman. His friends and acquaintances are aware that a healthier and more robust man never walked the streets of London until a few years ago, when he was suddenly stricken with what is generally supposed to be paralysis. They heard with regret that he had been pronounced incurable, and as he was unable to leave the house, only occasional callers saw him again during his long spell of total disability. Within the last few months they have been agreeably surprised to see him around again plying his vocation and apparently as vigorous as of yore. Inquiry and explanation naturally followed, and it is now widely known in the city to what agency Mr. Carrothers owes his magical restoration to health and strength.

A TALK WITH MR. CARROTHERS.
The other evening the reporter called upon Mr. Carrothers and found him seated by the fireside in the bosom of his family, looking hale, hearty and happy. Upon learning his visitor's errand he said he was only too happy out of the depths of his gratitude to relate the circumstances of his affliction and his wonderful cure.

"I had always been a strong, healthy man," he said, "until this stroke laid me low. I hardly knew what sickness meant. It was three years ago last April when the attack came. I went to my bed apparently in my usual health one night and awoke about 5 o'clock in the morning as my watch at the head of the bed told me. I dozed off again, and on waking the second time attempted to rise. I could not move. Every nerve and muscle of my body seemed to be paralyzed. I lay like a log. At first I was speechless but managed after a time to articulate feebly, and not very audibly, my wish that a physician be sent for. Dr. Moorehouse came and placed a mustard plaster across my bowels, telling me to lie quiet for a few days. I did so because I could not do any thing else.

"As I was entitled to the services of the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, I sent for him. He gave me some medicine that relieved the excruciating pain in my head. He brought another doctor with him (I don't know his name) and they subjected me to a regular course of treatment, by which I was suspended from a support around my neck. I asked the doctor what the matter was, but as he evidently wished to spare my feelings he did not tell me directly, nor did Mr. Gillett, the secretary of the lodge, whom I also asked. I inferred that there was something they did not wish me to know."

"I had now been about a year in the same condition. Sometimes I was able to get out of bed, but never out of doors. At other times I was unable to feed myself. I had absolutely no control over my muscles. If I attempted to touch or pick up anything, my arm would usually stray, apparently of its own volition, in an entirely different direction. I was more helpless than an infant, and I suffered a great deal. The doctor commenced the injection of some compound into my arm and leg, but a kind of abscess gathered in each, and it had to be lanced. This was very painful. A quart of matter of a greenish color came out. I seemed to get stronger in general health, but my paralysis remained the same. In December, 1881, after two years and eight months of this helplessness, I was given up by the doctors as hopeless. The grand master of the order, who had come to London to look into my case, and the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, called to see me and informed me of this. I had given up all hope myself, so the blow fell lighter. The lodge had all this time been paying my weekly sick dues, and I understood that after the doctor's certificate of my helplessness had been handed in they made arrangements to continue giving me permanent aid.

"And now as to the remedy which proved my earthly salvation: A next door neighbor one day sent me in a label of a Dr. Williams' Pink Pills box. I read it, and acting on a whim, and not with any real expectation of benefit, gave my little girl 50 cents to buy a box. The very first box made me more cheerful; it seemed to brace me up, and I began to feel a glimmer of hope. With the second and third box the improvement continued, and I felt more than delighted to find that I was commencing to recover the use of my limbs. Through a friend I got a dozen boxes and

the lodge added half a dozen more. I kept on taking the Pink Pills, and I gained steadily; so that I am now what you see me to-day. Yes, I am capable of earning my living as before. I am working at my trade in London West at present and walk over there (a distance of nearly two miles from the house) and return every day."

"You are naturally thankful for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills then?" interpolated the reporter.
"Thankful!" echoed Mr. Carrothers. "I can find no words to express my gratitude. You can imagine a man in my position, always strong and healthy before stricken down that way, with a family dependent upon him; and after giving up all hope of being anything but a useless burden, to be restored this way to strength and happiness—haven't I reason to be thankful, and my family too?" And there was no mistaking the sincerity of the utterance. "I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can cure anything that any medicine on earth can," he continued. "I know of other cases in this city where they have succeeded when doctors have failed. Well, good night." And the reporter left to call on Mr. Ed. Gillett, the secretary of Perseverance Lodge, who lives a couple of blocks further south at 521 Phillip Street.

MR. GILLET'S STATEMENT.

"There is nothing that can give me greater pleasure," said Bro. Gillett, "than to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I tell you they saved the lodge a good deal of money in Bro. Carrothers' case, and there is not a member of Perseverance who won't say the same thing. We had paid out over \$400 to our sick brother, and of course it was a big drain on our finances. We asked the lodge physician, Dr. Pingel, to examine him so that we would know whether he was going to get better or not. The doctor informed us that he was incurable, and gave us a certificate to that effect."

Mr. Gillett open his secretaire and extracted the document referred to from the lodge records. It read as follows:
Dr. Pingel, Office, 345 Dundas Street, London, Dec. 2, 1891.

Bro. Gillett:
DEAR SIR,—At your request I carefully examined Bro. Carrothers, of Perseverance C. O. O. F. M. U., who has been unable to perform any labor for several years, and find him suffering from the results of cerebral hemorrhage (extravasation of blood into brain). As no improvements had taken place for some eighteen months, I have no hesitation in pronouncing him permanently disabled.

Yours fraternally,

A. R. PINGEL.

"After that," said Mr. Gillett, "we sent for Grand Master Collins, to consider what we should do. We then learned that Bro. Carrothers had commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they were doing him good. So we decided to furnish him with a supply and await developments. You know the result. He's better now and at work again. The lodge unanimously moved a vote of thanks to the proprietors of Pink Pills, and it was forwarded to them."

"I have known Bro. Carrothers for years. He was always until his last illness a strong, healthy man, and it seemed strange that he should be stricken down so. He had a terrible siege of it. You see the knife (pointing to one on the table); well, if he tried to pick it up he couldn't do it to save his life. He was completely paralyzed."

Turning to the lodge records again, Mr. Gillett produced a book and showed the reporter the entries made week after week for three years and over, of the payments made to Bro. Carrothers of sick benefits. The worthy secretary intimated that any other information desired, he would cheerfully furnish, but the reporter had had enough to convince him and left.

DR. PINGEL.

Dr. Pingel was next visited at his office. He remembered the case of Mr. Carrothers well, and heard that he was better.

"You considered him beyond help, doctor?"
"Yes; any physician, under the circumstances, would have pronounced the same opinion. His recovery is certainly remarkable."

"Do you attribute it to the Pink Pills?"
"I do not doubt that they were the means of his cure, since Mr. Carrothers says it was by using them he became well again. Yes; there seems to be virtue in the medicine, judging by this case."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Pink Pills for Pale people, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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That's the usual story on wash day.

It's hard on the clothes but still harder on the washer.

Surprise Soap changes this, It does away with hard rubs. Rub lightly with **Surprise Soap**: the dirt will drop out, not be rubbed in.

Thousands use Surprise the "Surprise" way, on wash day, to save wearing out the clothes by that hard rubbing. It saves hard work too.

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T N W
H E N A
Y;--

Send to Ungar's Laundry where they are simply put into a cylinder partly filled with water nearly at boiling point. The cylinder is then revolved—the hot water expanding the goods and setting the dirt free, as the articles are tumbled over and over and dropped from the sides of the cylinder.

No rubbing! No friction in this process; TRY IT!

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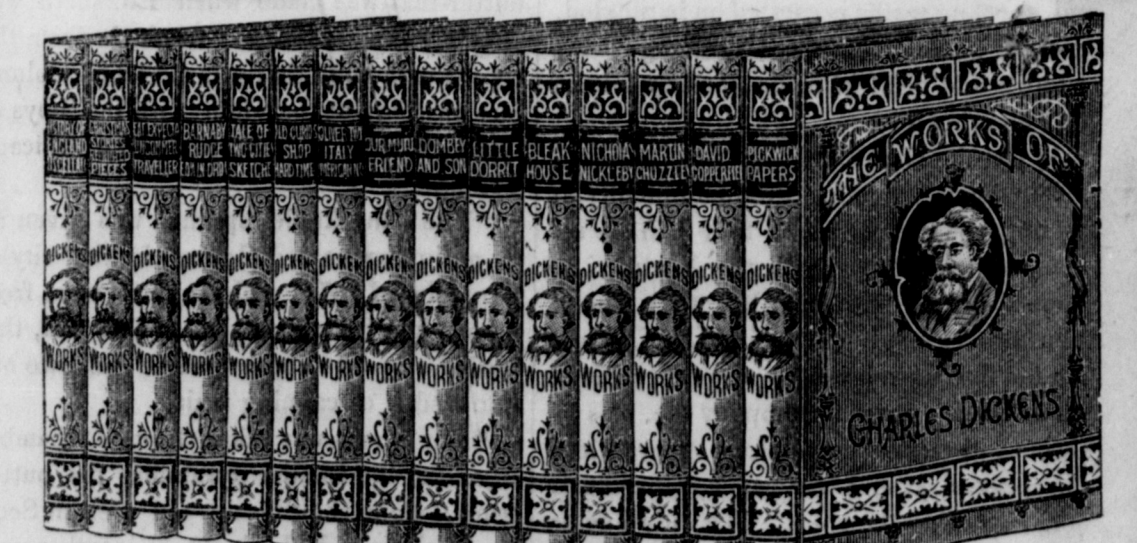
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