

CHASED BY A GREY LYNX.

THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH ONE OF CANADA'S ANIMALS.

The Forest at Night—Followed by the Cat—Rush for the Barn—Frenzied Efforts of the Animal to Get Away—The Rescue—Strong and Fearless Creature.

The species of wildcat known as the "Canadian Lynx" is one of the most dangerous of the feline tribe, and, in the pioneer days of Western Ontario, was the most dreaded of all the denizens of the Canadian forest.

In the fall of 1890 when all the glories of a beautiful Indian summer were beautifying the earth, and the crimson and gold leaves of the maples spread a variegated carpet upon the floor, I had a memorable encounter with a lynx, which at that time were sufficiently numerous and aggressive to render it dangerous to be abroad after night fall.

I had been sent to the nearest neighbor's, some two miles distant over a corduroy road, upon some trifling errand, and, in playing with the neighbor's boys, had not noticed the approach of night until the sun was beneath the horizon.

When a few yards from the clearing I heard an ominous cracking of branches above me just a few feet in advance. I knew only too well what that meant and sprang forward in wild terror.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" he asked, prepared to resent the action. "I want some dinner," replied the man. "But we have had dinner," struck in the ladies.

"I cannot help that, I must have some," returned the stranger, and we noticed that he wore a leathern belt that held half a dozen pistols. Again my cousin said that we had finished the meal, and that she had nothing to give the visitor.

"But, madam, I must have some, I tell you. It is a matter of necessity with me." "Who are you?" asked the owner of the place. The man turned and faced us very deliberately.

"Sir, I am Jesse James. And I tell you that I have had nothing to eat for 24 hours. Please get me something at once."

"The women rose promptly—very—and repaired to the kitchen, while we sat struck as dumb as if we had been informed that his satanic majesty himself had honored us with a call.

"I am very much fatigued, having ridden 50 miles since dawn, and I must have some sleep before dinner is ready. Now you two men sit there until I get up again. Don't move if you value your lives. I should very much hate to make a disturbance here, but I must be certain that you keep your seats till I give you leave to rise."

"He actually seemed to snore, but we were not to be taken in that way. A fly settled on M's nose, but he let it roost. He was not even raising a hand to induce it to extend its travels. I wanted to sneeze, but I choked and gagged it down and didn't, though I nearly swallowed my own throat.

"Nor, madam, can I accept the meal nor your service without paying for it." "And with the air of a prince the robber laid the bill on the table, and bowing to us all, left the room and the house. He was joined at the gate by two men dressed in his style, and whom we rightly concluded were of his band. They rode off, the two men in front of Jesse, obeying his invariable rule to allow no man, not even his most trusted, to ride behind him or at his side. He had been gone for something over an hour when the sheriff and a posse of fifty men rode up to the house and inquired if we had seen a man answering the description of James, though no name was mentioned.

"The officer looked incredulous and said: 'I think you must mistake, Mrs. M.—James would not for his life have slept off guard like this.' "But he told me his name was James," persisted the lady, and he most certainly slept here three-quarters of an hour right in the presence of the gentlemen.

whistle came floating over the still air, and I knew that he must be going to the neighbor's to see if I had remained there all night, as I sometimes did. Nearer and nearer it came, and then I began to call him and yell as loudly as I could. This alarmed my companion the lynx, and it began to yell and howl and snarl, until between us we raised a perfect bedlam in the quiet night.

Such a racket coming from the old barn at that hour of the night would have caused many a man to take to his heels, but my father was a sensible man and not superstitious, and, moreover, he recognised my voice, and, I may venture, the animal's also. He had a lantern and gun with him, as a matter of protection, and as he came into the barn a glance and my voice told him how matters stood.

And considering what might have happened, I have reason to remember my boyish adventure with a Canadian lynx.—Saturday night.

JESSE JAMES WANTED DINNER. And Took a Nap While it was Being Prepared.

"I once passed a half-hour in Jesse James's company," said a gentleman from St. Louis recently, "when I could have killed him as easily as drawing a breath, but somehow I was not looking for such tame as would have accrued from the deed."

"I was in Missouri about three years before the noted desperado met his death at Bob Ford's hand, and I was visiting a relative who had a farm in the southern part of the State. We had had dinner, and were seated around the fire, my men smoking and my cousin and her daughters sewing or reading, when they rode up to the gate a large well built man of a grim, determined sort of appearance, with a low black felt hat drawn rather down on his brow. His eyes were as keen and as quick as an animal's, seeming to take in the smallest item about the house and its occupants. He walked up on the porch, and without stopping to knock, or to indulge in any ceremony whatever, came directly into the room. We rose at once, and my cousin's husband looked in surprise at the intruder.

"I wish you could tell me something about your case, Mrs. Blondin," said the reporter, "though I should hardly think from your looks you had been an invalid."

"Well sir," said Mrs. Blondin, "I was for several years a very sick woman. I had a constant racking headache, no appetite, my skin was dry and peeling off, and I had pains in my back, neck and shoulders, and was constantly tired and indeed very miserable."

"Yes," interjected Mr. Blondin, "I began to give up all hope of ever seeing her well again. I had spent a good deal of money in doctoring and she seemed to be getting worse instead of better, in fact I had made up my mind she was going to die, and most people were of the same opinion."

"Well," said Mr. Blondin, "I was talking to a neighbour one day, and he said why don't you try those Pink Pills that are so much talked about? I had not paid much attention to them, but thought they might be worth trying."

"I didn't want to take any more medicine," said Mrs. Blondin, "but after some persuasion I sent for a box of the Pink Pills and I must say I had not finished the first box before I began to feel better. The first benefit I experienced was that my headaches were not so severe; then they disappeared altogether and with them the pains I had been complaining of. I began to take more interest in the affairs of the house, and was able to send the children to school again. My neighbors noticed the difference, and by the time I had taken five boxes I was as well as ever in my life. I had been very thin but gradually regained flesh and strength again, and felt altogether like a new woman. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends and neighbors and know of several cases where they have done much good. There are many women suffering as I did and I earnestly recommend them to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a thorough trial."

"Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases from mental worry, over-work or excesses."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

"The officer and his men gazed at us for a few moments, then taking in the fact that we had spoken only the truth, the former said: "Good God, gentlemen, how could you have missed such a chance? Had either of you killed him as he slept a reward of \$20,000 would have been yours."

"I looked at M—and he looked back at me, and each read in letters a foot high on the other's countenance: "I wouldn't have made a move toward Jesse James, even asleep, for 10,000 times \$20,000. No, sirree, Bob!"

A WOMAN'S TRIALS.

A HAPPY RELEASE FROM YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Mrs. Blondin Relates a Story of Deep Interest to All Women, Thousands of Whom Suffer as She Did—Life Was Almost Unbearable.

[From the Cornwall Freeholder.]

Since the publication in these columns some months ago of the particulars of the marvellous cure wrought on Mr. William Moore by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, there has been a largely increased demand in this section for this sovereign remedy for the many ills that weak human flesh is heir to, and the druggists report an immense sale. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess genuine merit does not admit of a shadow of doubt. Not a week passes that cures of long standing illness are not reported through the agency of this marvellous remedy, and columns might be filled with the experiences of persons who have been restored to vigorous health by reason of their life-giving properties. A very noticeable case has been brought to the attention of the Freeholder, and that the facts might be given for the benefit of other suffering mortals we have taken the trouble to verify them.

Everybody in Cornwall knows John B. Blondin, who has for several years been employed by Almon B. Warner as an agent for the sale of sewing machines, furniture, etc., especially among the French section of the town, where he is thoroughly acquainted and highly respected. Those who were intimate with Mr. Blondin sympathized deeply with him in the heavy affliction he suffered for many years in the continued illness of his wife, who from a complication of diseases was unable to render any but the slightest assistance in household matters, which were perforce left to himself and his small children. Mr. Blondin at that time lived in the northwest part of the town, which for lack of drainage is rather unhealthy, and to the bad sanitary condition of his house, among the other causes, Mr. Blondin attributes his wife's breakdown. Mr. Blondin now resides over the old post office, and when the reporter called there he was introduced to Mrs. Blondin, who appeared well and hearty and certainly very far removed from the wreck of humanity such as she must have been from all accounts, a few months ago.

"I wish you could tell me something about your case, Mrs. Blondin," said the reporter, "though I should hardly think from your looks you had been an invalid."

"Well sir," said Mrs. Blondin, "I was for several years a very sick woman. I had a constant racking headache, no appetite, my skin was dry and peeling off, and I had pains in my back, neck and shoulders, and was constantly tired and indeed very miserable."

"Yes," interjected Mr. Blondin, "I began to give up all hope of ever seeing her well again. I had spent a good deal of money in doctoring and she seemed to be getting worse instead of better, in fact I had made up my mind she was going to die, and most people were of the same opinion."

"Well," said Mr. Blondin, "I was talking to a neighbour one day, and he said why don't you try those Pink Pills that are so much talked about? I had not paid much attention to them, but thought they might be worth trying."

A few moments, then taking in the fact that we had spoken only the truth, the former said: "Good God, gentlemen, how could you have missed such a chance? Had either of you killed him as he slept a reward of \$20,000 would have been yours."

"I looked at M—and he looked back at me, and each read in letters a foot high on the other's countenance: "I wouldn't have made a move toward Jesse James, even asleep, for 10,000 times \$20,000. No, sirree, Bob!"

A KIND HEARTED LAWYER. But He Did Not Furnish the Text for a Charity Sermon.

"Yes," said the insurance agent to the preacher, who was waiting to take the train, "talking about kind-hearted men, there's none of 'em beats Lawyer Jenkins."

"Good man, is he?" "You're right he is. I can tell you a little story which'll show what a heart he has in him."

"Should like to hear it," said the preacher, looking at his watch. "Well," said the agent, "you see, it was this way: Bill Noggs was a poor man, and the railway cut off his leg."

"Well?" "Well, he got Lawyer Jenkins to sue the company, and they compensated him with £175." "Yes?" "Well, sir, what do you think Lawyer Jenkins did?" "Have no idea."

"Why, his charges in the case were £175, but as Noggs only got £150, blessed if he didn't let him off the odd £25, taking £150 only for himself."

"The train's coming," said the preacher, and he was glad of it. All the way he travelled he mused on Lawyer Jenkins' kind-heartedness, but he did not see how to get matter for a charity sermon out of it.

A LUCKY LOG.

Snoqualmie Falls, in this State, has developed an attraction not down on the guide books. The story is vouched for by reputable men working on that stream.

A big piece of quartz boulder, rich in the precious metal, has been secured from an unknown depth directly beneath the huge fall of water, and the most wonderful part of the story is the manner in which this sparkling and precious stone was secured from a place almost unapproachable.

Running logs over the 265-foot fall has been a custom for many years past, and there is no prettier sight in the world than to see the giant strikers shoot out into space and then drop, head on, into the roaring water below.

During the shooting of the logs one particular log went over recently and shot straight downward and was soon lost in the pool below. After it had risen to the surface and floated down the stream it was seen to have a rock embedded in one end, which, upon examination, was found to be quartz rich in gold.

The only explanation is that the log in the mad plunge into the pool and the falls came in contact with some ledge of gold with force enough to imbed the piece found in the firm wood.—Seattle Telegraph.

BETTER THAN A CLOCK.

One of the most wonderful machines in these days of miraculous mechanism is the chronoscope. It took form under the skilful hands of Wheatstone, the mathematician, who needed an instrument to measure smaller intervals of time than his clock or watch could indicate. Many improvements have been made in the chronoscope since Wheatstone patented it in 1840, and now the machine is employed to measure the flight of projectiles from a gun. So accurate is it that it will detect and record a difference of time amounting to a millionth part of a second, and electricity being used in recording the passage of a projectile, it is possible to determine to a very small fraction the rate of speed with which a shot flies from a gun.

"Papa says every State has a political ring, and I guess it's so, because the geography shows it." "In what way?" "The towns are all represented by dots, but the state capital is always a dot with a ring around it."

HEROIC SERVICES.

Great Professor's Work at Dartmouth.

His Chair One That Famed Men Have Made Famous.

WORK FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD ACCOMPLISHED.

Life May Better Be Worth The Living Now.

The Old Medical School at Hanover in the Hills.

Boston, Dec. 1.—The most important professorship in the country, in many respects, is at Dartmouth College.

It is the chair that has been occupied by Prof. Robby and afterwards by the great professor, Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., the discoverer of probably the most famous prescription in the world.

Dr. Phelps ranks not only as a leading scientist, but his name is at the very head of the list of eminent practitioners that the country has produced.

Even as a young man his ability was conspicuous. He had mastered the teach-

ings of the latest German science. He had made an exhaustive study of the German hospitals. He was recognized as an authority on materia medica long before the faculty at Hanover called him to instruct the young students, whose successful practice has kept the standing of the Dartmouth medical school always higher than its rivals.

It was Dr. Phelps who so clearly foresaw the dangers of the American way of living. With the best methods and most advanced knowledge of the times at his command, he went to work to find a scientific, common sense remedy to cure the too common evils that, under one name and another, result from an unhealthful state of the nervous system, and within a score of years have seemed to be sweeping over the country like an epidemic.

He succeeded.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

ALWAYS INSURE your property in the PHOENIX Insurance Company of HARTFORD, CONN. WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st, 1891. Cash Capital \$2,000,000 00 Reserve for Unadjusted Losses 293,831 17 Reserve for Re-Insurance 1,873,903 88 NET SURPLUS 1,617,079 68 TOTAL ASSETS \$5,624,814 73

D. W. C. SKILTON, President. J. H. MITCHELL, Vice-President. GEO. H. BURDICK, Secretary. CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President.

CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL. ERALD E. HART, General Manager. Full Deposit with the Dominion Government. 132 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

PRINTING

PROGRESS can do it for you well, reasonably and quickly.

A GREAT LITERARY BARGAIN.

In the past two or three years "PROGRESS" has been able to make some tempting offers for new subscribers with such satisfactory results that the very best bargain in literature is none too good to offer. The very latest arrangement that has been made enables the publisher of "PROGRESS" to send the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, of New York, to anyone who will send him one new subscription to "PROGRESS" for 85 cents. In other words for \$2.85 he will send "PROGRESS" to a new subscriber for one year and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE to the person who forwards the subscription.

Please fill out the blank below and send it with a Money Order for \$2.85 to Edward S. Carter and take advantage of the most attractive offer "PROGRESS" has ever made.

Mr. Edward S. Carter, Publisher PROGRESS:

Enclosed you will find Express or Post Office Order, for two dollars and eighty-five cents, (\$2.85) for which please send PROGRESS for one year to:

and the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE for one year to

The regular subscription price of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is \$1.50, and for "PROGRESS" \$2.00. This offer is only open to new subscribers.

He gave to the medical profession that celebrated prescription which has since come to be known the world over as Paine's celery compound. It is Dr. Phelps' prescription which ever since has been freely used and prescribed by the most eminent of the profession. The formula was furnished to all reputable physicians. They found the wonderful remedy to be exactly what was claimed for it, a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer.

It was demonstrated beyond doubt that Paine's celery compound would cure nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and all blood diseases. It was as harmless as it was good.

It was the universal advice of the medical profession that the compound be placed where the general public could secure it, and thousands of people have proven the wisdom of this good advice.

The oft-quoted sentence of a well-known Boston physician and writer is worthy of repetition: "Paine's celery compound is not a patent medicine; it is not a sarsaparilla; it is not a mere tonic; it is not an ordinary nerve—it is as far beyond them all as the diamond is superior to cheap glass."

Patients who are weak and weary, when sleepless, dyspeptic or despondent, have been advised so often to use Paine's celery compound to ward off disease and despondency, and it has been used in so many thousands of cases with the result desired that it has come to be known everywhere by the public, as well as the medical profession and the druggists, as a specific in such cases.

There is an extraordinary demand for it upon the druggists. One of the leading wholesale druggists—a gentleman of extended experience—writes as follows:—"Paine's celery compound has come to be a standard remedy for diseases resulting from weakened nerves and impure blood. When I tell you that within a year its sales have increased three or four times, and that the demand has been and is to-day a steadily increasing one, you will understand the favor

with which it is held by those who have used it."

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.

Paine's celery compound is having this great sale because it is good. Because it never fails to give relief. Because by its use so many have been restored to health.

Because it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is exactly what is claimed for it, that it is a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer, that it cures nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and all blood diseases. Because it makes people well.

To Dartmouth's great professor thousands of grateful people of all classes and creeds owe more than they can acknowledge, and hold him in as high esteem as did ever a class of students who sat before him.