A PERILOUS PASSAGE.

Prince Edward Island is peculiarly inaccessible in winter on account of the formation of ice around its coast. In very cold and stormy weather ice boats are its only means of communication with the

They are so construted that they can either skim over the ice or sail through the water. This is necessary because the ice, constantly subject to the tides and currents, may break up suddenly and leave large spaces of open water between

Prince Edward Island is well known for its fine draught-horses, so superior in size and strength that buyers go there from the

New England States. In the fall of 1885 I went to the island to buy some Clydesdales for a firm in Boston. Being barely eighteen years old, I was very young to be sent on such an errand, but I had earned the confidence which the mission implied.

While making my purchases I stumbled over an opportunity to buy a large quanity of oats cheap, and decided to do a little speculating on my own account.

The buying and shipping of the horses and the attention my own venture required detained me much longer than I expected, and by the time all was completed the weather had become very cold and boistercus. Owing to this the steamboat service from Shediac and Pictou suddenly ceased, and I found that I would have to stay weeks on the island, or get over to the mainland on the ice boat which carried the mail in such contingencies.

Passengers are taken by the mail-carriers, but are always informed of the danger they are likely to encounter, and warned that no responsibility for any mishaps or delays will be assumed by the owners of the boats. Many lives have been lost on these trips, and many limbs frozen.

"We'll take you all right, sir," the captain of the hybrid craft assured me, "if of trouble all passengers has got to turn in and work their passage."

"What trouble do you usually have?"] asked.

"Well, ordinarily we don't have any, but we might chance on a snow-storm when we got about half-way acrost, and lose our boat-loads were 'most wiped out that way 'twixt here and Cape Tormentine inside the recollections of some of the old folks round here, so we always 'low it might happen again. We don't start unless the we're off, every man's got to look out."

These conditions did not shake my re- dead. solve to get away by the only route open to me, and on the spot I paid my passage

The next morning I found three other passage across the strait. They were all Canadian "drummers," who, like myself had been shut up by Jack Frost in "P. E. I." They were stout, athletic fellows, and proved to be most agreeable companions.

The morning was very cold, but the sky was cloudless and the wind in the right over the ice with great exertion.

Captain Hawkins informed us that the chances were "reasonable good," and that | freezing. as soon as we had provisioned ourselves for the trip we must go on board.

"Eat hearty, gents," he advised between huge bites of buckwheat-cakes and and hardtack aboard in case of accidents, until we're at the cape. So ye'd best eat

We "ate hearty" accordingly, and provided to the best of our ability against a

resort to the beef and hardtack. When we got under way about eleven o'clock, the sky was perfectly clear and the wind fair, and there was every prospect that in about three or four hours we travel with great velocity when the wind is with them, and the distance from the point of departure to Cape Tormentine, our objective point on the New Brunswick side, is only about twenty miles.

With a clear sky, a fair wind and plenty of wraps, commend me to an ice-boat as the most agreeable method of progress in the whole wide world. No pen could do justice to the delight of being the only living thing on a great wide expanse of clear, glassy ice, and of skimming over it at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The bracing wind that blew in our faces made every nerve tingle, and gave such vigour and tenseness to every muscle that when we were half an hour on our way we were all declaring that we felt as if we could "whip our weight in wildcats," or something to that effect. Before we reached the snowbanks on the opposite shore we had ample opportunity to show what we could do.

When we were something less than halfway across. The steering-gear broke loose. In order to repair the damage the Wolverine had to be unloaded, and her

bov slightly raised. We all took hold and worked, as we had been told we must if anything went amiss; but there was much to do, and we were only amateur carpenters. So much time was lost by our inexperience that when the repairs were at last completed the short winter day was nearly done. Now, too, the snow had begun to fall in great thick flakes, and we could not see the shore on either side. Our situation, which was so pleasing a few hours before, had grown decidedly dangerous.

brave navigator, and the cheerfulness with neighbouring hamlets. We, who had so So in course of time those about them bewhich he faced this emergency kept us in good spirits.

"We'll sample the Wolverine's stores, boys," he said, when she was in sailing trim once more. "and then we'll put up her nose to the cape and keep it there till she

drives it ashore." But even while he was speaking he discovered that the wind was veering round, and the prospects were that in a few moments it would be blowing through the

instead of having our boat carry us.

it with sandwiches of beef and hardtack were distributed. Once more Captain Hawkins adjured us to "eat hearty."

added, "that we're a-goin' to have a rongh his arm. "It can't be many miles off and steady pull until we fetch it, and every one

for ye, gents, but ye wus told, ye know."
Yes, we knew we "wus told," but we were beginning to be sorry for ourselves, for it was very plain to the least weatherwise amongst us that a big storm originally brewed on the Atlantic Ocean was rushing through the strait toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and that if there was not muscle enough amongst us to pull the Wolverine against the wind until the shore could be reached we should be swept out into the

struggle for life as ever eight men engaged

These boats are the merest cockle-shells, but even so their weight is not a trifle, and ours was loaded heavily with the mail mat-

Two pushed at the back. Two got into a sort of harness rigged at the bow and pulled. So we "spelled" it as the captain warned us we should have to do.

Icy blasts drove down against us, and swirled the snow around so that we were literally enveloped in clouds of it. It chilled us to the very heart, and in spite of our severe exertions frost-bite became im-

The first man to give out was "Jim," one of the crew. He fell face downwards in the snow, and was unable to raise himself, so benumbed were his legs and feet. We were obliged to place him in the boat, and as the terrible haul was you're bound to go, but we don't ensure no beginning to tell on all of us, the mail passenger that he'll get there, and in case matter had to be taken out and left in the

We covered Jim up carefully with everything that we could spare from our own necessities, but we could hear his teeth chattering like castanets all the time. Every few moments we had to stop for some one to rub his frost-bitten hands or way, and drift round on the strait till we feet with snow, and we were all beginning were all troze or starved to death. Two to feel more or less numbness in our feet and legs.

Another of the crew succumbed. They were not so warmly clothed as we who were passengers. He, too, had to be placed in the boat, and then we noticed changes are reasonable good, but once for the first time that Jim's teeth had my fortieth year when I was taken bad. owed solely to her great beauty. "But ceased chattering. The poor fellow was I had a doctor and took medicines, but she has paid a heavy price for it," says the

snow. It seemed heartless, and the captain muttered something about "not being able to face his folks," but we could do travellers ready to brave the dangers of a nothing more for him, and our own chances would have been materially lessened by not leaving him behind.

> Next one of my drummer friends gave out. He stumbled and fell at every step. and two of us had to drag him along by the arms.

The captain now decided to abandon quarter-for ice-boats carry a sail, and a | the boat, as the struggle had narrowed fair wind is of great importance. Without | right down to a fight for dear life, and we one, the crew have to push their ice-boat | had only stuck to it so far in order to have the means of carrying those who gave out. At the breakfast-table of the inn at It wrung our hearts to desert the poor Summerside, near our embarking place, tellow in it, but he had already sunk into the fatal stupor that precedes death by

We filled our pockets with beef and biscuit, and started once more to plough wearily through the driving snow.

Now we were completely lost. The capsausages, "eat hearty. It's hungry work tain had been steering us by a pocket coma-crossin' the strait. There's some beef pass, and it was only with the greatest pass, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could now and then keep but ye won't get a good square meal again a match lighted long enough for him to tell in which direction it pointed. At last there was not a match left, and nothing to do

but blunder around until daylight broke. Everything depended on our power of endurance. That the poor fellow whom we were assisting along by turns could not hold out until daylight was only too evident. We were all utterly benumbed and exhausted, and but for the captain's frequent should reach our destination. Ice boats assurances that we might stumble up against the base of Jourmain Island lighthouse any moment, would have sunk into the snow and given up the struggle.

"It's hereaway, gents-it's hereaway." he declared every few moments. "I've lived around here, boy and man, for twenty years, and fetched it hundreds o' times and can't have made no mistake"-but it struck me now and then that he talked like one

who was trying to convince himself. At last he stopped—stopped so suddenly that the sole survivor of his crew who were plodding along right behind him was sent head over heels into the snow. We could not see the captain's face, but the moment he spoke we knew we were saved.

"Do you hear it?" he asked. At first we could hear nothing above the wild howling of the gale. Then a sound like the tolling of a bell came across the snowy wastes.

"It's the lighthouse gong," he briefly may not rule, but merely reigns, but in the observed, and turning started on again. We tollowed in his wake with feelings that can only be entered into fully by those who have come suddenly out of a great in details, the Duchess of Edinburghand prolonged peril.

In less than a hour we were in safety and at a comfortable little inn, not a stone's throw from the lighthouse, and were receivbenumbed condition required.

As soon as day broke, a party was organized to go in search of the boat and the bodies of those whom we were obliged to abandon. They were the sons of farmers who lived in the neighborhood.

A melancholy procession it was that ranks, watched it out of sight with bared heads and thankful hearts.

This is a true story. It was told to me last summer by the horse-buyer who escaped.

by one of the boat's crew, and pannikins of plied herself with a number of tracts, for England's future consort. Nobody dents there were in need of spiritual instruction. Boarding a Seventh street car "I don't conceal from ye, gents," he she got off at Bainbridge and to the first Clarence knew quite well that Helene and man she saw, who was leaning idly against time. The lighthouse on Journain Island | a lamppost, she very politely handed one of lies thereaway," he continued, thrusting out | the tracts. He took it good-naturedly, and, after glancing at it returned it with soon as we hear the gong we're all right, but if the wind keeps like this it'll be a man. Greatly mystified by this exman. Greatly mystified by this expression, she looked at the tract and saw on ye'll have to take his spell. I'm sorry | that it was entitled "Abide With Me." She took the next car home, vowing vengeance against tracts and slumming.

CANDLES MADE FROM CORPSES.

Not long ago four men in the Government of Kursh, in Russia, murdered a girl in order to make candles of her body, the notion being that the light from such a horrible source not only renders the perpetrators of robberies invisible but prevents

the people of the house from awakening.
A dead man's hand is sometimes used We drank our coffee and ate our rations for the same purpose. The thieves hastily, and then started in on as stout a anoint it with an unguent, light it, and the fingers flame. Yet the fetish often fails; the threatened householder is aroused in spite of the charms and proceeds to defend his property.

Isn't it almost impossible to conceive ter that had been delayed by the recent that such abominable and absurd superstitions can exist in these days? Yet they do-right there in England; and not by any means among the criminal classes only. The learned physicians, we grieve to say, reluctantly abandon theories of disease which science proves untenable. "The medical profession," says one of its brightest members, "is but slowly emerging from the darkness of barbarism.

Take an illustration. Under date of September 22nd, 1892, Mrs. Eliza Matthews, of 1, North Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware, near London, writes:

"I first became ill just about one year ago. The attack was marked by loss of appetite, a foul taste in the mouth, vomiting my food, pain in the chest and sides after eating, and a sinking, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach. My eyes were yellow, skin dark and sallow, and constant pain between my shoulders. I was also badly constipated, and the least exertion set my heart thumping so I could hardly get my breath. I had frequent attacks of sick headache which confined me to my room for days together. At such times I could not touch a morsel of food. I got little or no sleep at night, and would toss on the bed for hours. I for work.

nothing did me any real good, and I con- gossipy narrator. "Sergius is the typical tinued to suffer year after year.'

Now will the reader please note what Mrs. Matthews' doctor told her was the cause of her illness? We quote her own words: " The doctor said that my ailments were brought about by the smell of the farm-

On this he ordered a change of air-a logical deduction from his diagnosis.

The lady obeyed. Her husband gave up his situation on his wife's account, and they moved from Bentley Priory, Stanmore, to Burnt Oak. With what result? She tells it: I got no better for the change," as she would have done if the farmyard smells had been at the bottom of her troubles.

Finally, Mr. Mathews says, her aunt at Chelmsford recommended Mothers Seigel's Curative Syrup. The first few doses gave relief, and in two months she was strong and well as ever. She says, "Mother Seigel saved me after all others had tried

What can be said in the way of comment on a thing like this? But for the medical man with his "tarmyard" idea of disease the lady might have known what really ailed and got hold of the remedy long ago. She suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia. The farmyard didn't cause it, and moving about couldn't cure it. But what a shame that suffering people should be so played upon and misguided.

Indeed, it does appear to be true that about all the light some men enjoy comes from the remote past-from the anointed hands of dead men.

Still, there's a better day coming, and Commonsense, Science, and Mother Seigel are hurrying it along.

ROMANCES OF ROYALTY.

Love Doesn't Always Run Smooth Even in Palaces.

"More strange and romantic episodes occur in the palaces of Europe than can be found in all the novels of a circulating library," said a man who had passed his life in confidential relations with royalty. "Apropos of the Prince of Wales' formal denial of the Duke of York's secret mar-

riage at Malta," continued this gossip, "here is the true story of Prince George's love and courtship of his present wife. "No one here in America can imagine how completely Queen Victoria rules in her own family. Over her kingdom she

circle of her own kinship she reigns paramount, and rules with a rod of iron. "To show you how exacting she is, even sister of the present czar-once took the liberty of presenting herself before the queen one morning in a neglige, and so offended the punctilious old sovereign that ing every attention that our exhausted and | this descendant of the emperors of all the

Russias received no more invitations to visit any one of the royal residences for three entire years. "Prince George is easily the handsom-

est, cleverest and best young prince in Europe, and Princess May has tew superiors anywhere, royal or non-royal, in all came off the ice that afternoon, and wound the sweet qualities befitting a woman. over and around the great snow-drifts in The two were near of an age, and were Captain Hawkins proved himself to be a which the storm had almost buried the playmates and comrades from childhood. barely escaped a place in its sorrowful gan to bracket their names, and all their confidants knew how it was between them. But after the fashion of sensible, practical old people, the queen was not occupying herself much with thoughts of love-making or young folks' fancies. She considered May a healthy, amiable young person well Her Slumming Experience.

An amusing story is told of a West Walnut street young woman who having, read it high time Clarence settled down and strait insead of across it, which would strange tales of slumming in London, de-oblige us to turn out and haul our boat, termined to visit Philadelphia's own very Princess Helene of Orleans, who as a tough slums district and see what life there | French catholic princess in exile would Coffee was made over an alcohol lamp | was like. As a sort of preliminary she sup | certainly never be accepted by parliament

having a vague idea that the benighted resi- dared whimper. When grandmamma says certain things are to be, no one of the family presumes even faintly to murmur. he could never marry. May did not dare refuse the offer of the tuture king of Engiand. While as for George, he made no comments at all, but asked for distant sea duty, and remained persistently with his ship during all the gaieties and rejoicings in honor of Clarence's marriage.

> however, and fate is even less to be gainsaid than royal grandmammas. The Duke of Clarence, who had seemed moody and distrait all through the giftmaking and speechmaking, the balls and dinners of the betrothal period, suddenly succumbed to a slight cold, and then his family learned for the first time, through the ravings of his delirium, how deeply his affections were engaged by the French exile and how far matters had gone between them before the dictum went forth for his marriage with May. After a swift and fatal decline the two lovers and playmates found the obstacle to their happiness removed beyond the reach of all earthly disappointments and hopes, and they, who had resigned themselves to life-long sorrow and separation, reunited again.

"Of all the romantic happenings among the royalties, none has been more romantic than this love story of the Duke and Duchess of York; and those who tell this foolish tale about the secret marriage in Malta have small conception of what happiness the two young people who are some day to govern England have found in their longed-for union. So devoted are they that Prince George cannot bear to let his wife be separated from him for even a day. If duty compels him to travel, Princess May leaves even the dearly-loved new baby behind and follows the sailor-prince where ever he goes-remembering how nearly their separation was for life.'

This same gossipy traveller, speaking of the meek submission shown by members of the royal families of Europe when the question of marriage is decided for them by their elders, said the Princess Alixe of Hesse, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, is said to be desperately reluctant to wed the czarovitch, although he is the most brilliant royal parti in the world. Her reluctance is probably the fruit of her sister's-the Grand Duchess Sergius'-experience. She, before the development of Alixe into womanhood, was easily the most beautiful woman in Europe, and it was became thin and weak and was no good considered a great match for this poor, or work.

"I thought at first it was the change of principality of Hesse, to marry into the life that caused all this-as I was in royal family of Russia -a match which she Russian, who requires very little scratching indeed to show the Tartar. He has all the savage instincts of Peter the Great. Some years ago, before Prince George

was married, he was visiting in Athens. The Grand Duchess Sergius was there, and very pleased to see again her kind, pleasant English cousin. At a ball at the palace one night they danced the cotillion together, and anything more enchantingly beautiful than she looked, it would be hard to imagine. One would have supposed that any husband would have been adoringly proud of such a lovely wife, but the ugly-tempered Sergius chose only to be furiously jealous of her evident happiness, and coming behind her chair where she sat beside Prince George waiting for her turn in the figures then being danced, he pinched her bare arm until the blood nearly spurted from the skin. Everyone knows how terrible is the suffering caused by nipping the muscles and flesh at the back of the arm, and the Grand Duke Sergius, like all of the Czar's family, has fingers of iron. The poor girl gave a gasp and fell back in her chair almost fainting with pain. George made a motion as if to catch the malicious brute by the collar, but a glance from his cousin restrained him. Sergius passed on, and the dance was finished somehow; Prince George, flushed and angry, and bitterly distressed for his pretty cousin; she white-lipped and desperate, looking as one almost at the end of her patience. When she left the ballroom as soon as the dance was concluded, her arm all down the back had already turned green as if from some horrible bruise.

Now that little Alixe has grown up to be even more lovely than her beautiful sister, her fairness has opened to her a wonderfully brilliant future, if one considers it from a worldly point of view only, for to be empress of Russia is a great rise in the world for a princess of Hesse, but it is common talk in Germany, that Alixe knowing what her sister's private life has been, is very distrustful of all Russians and enters upon her married life with many and great misgivings.



Saved Her Life. Mrs. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham,

Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not besitate to say that A read Charry, Pecnot hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pec-toral saved her life."

AYER'S **Cherry Pectoral** Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

"Suddenly fate took a hand in the affair. Best for Wash Day.

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The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggless. Price 60 Cents.

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STEAMERS.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK Until further notice the steam-



ers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY mornings at 7.25 (standard). Returning at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch Connexions made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, CRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER.

And all intermediate stopping places
"HE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEN, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, ner hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNES, DAY and SATURDAY morning at 8.30 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Gagetown

Wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River or days, continuous passage....\$2.00
Fare to intermediate points as low as, by any

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This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be char tered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

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L. E. BAKER, Managing Director.

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MAIL STEAMERS, David Weston and Olivette, leave St. John, every day, (except Sunday) at 9 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 6 a. m., for Woodstock and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a.

and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 8 a. m., while navigation permits. CEO. F. BAIRD,