

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 mainland.

They are so constructed 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 the fields.

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 quantity 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 boisterous. Owing to this the steambot 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 you're bound to go, but we don't ensure no passenger that he'll get there, and in case of trouble all passengers have got to turn in and work their passage."

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

"Well, ordinarily we don't have any, but we might chance on a snow-storm when we get about half-way across, and lose our way, and drift round on the strait till we were all froze or starved to death. Two boat-loads were most wiped out that way twice 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 chances are reasonable good, but once we're off, every man's got to look out."

These conditions did not shake my resolve to get away by the only route open to me, and on the spot I paid my passage money.

The next morning I found three other travellers ready to brave the dangers of a 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 quarter—for ice-boats carry a sail, and a fair wind is of great importance. Without one, the crew have to push their ice-boat over the ice with great exertion.

At the breakfast-table of the inn at Summerside, near our embarking place, Captain Hawkins informed us that the chances were "reasonable good," and that 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 sausages, "eat hearty. It's hungry work a-crossin' the strait. There's some beef and hardtack aboard in case of accidents, but ye won't get a good square meal again until we're at the cape. So ye'd best eat hearty, gents."

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

by one of the boat's crew, and pannikins of it with sandwiches of beef and hardtack were distributed. Once more Captain Hawkins adjured us to "eat hearty."

"I don't conceal from ye, gents," he added, "that we're a-goin' to have a rough time. The lighthouse on Jourmain Island lies thereaway," he continued, thrusting out his arm. "It can't be many miles off and soon as we hear the gong we're all right, but if the wind keeps like this it'll be a steady pull until we fetch it, and every one on ye'll have to take his spell. I'm sorry for ye, gents, but ye was told, ye know."

Yes, we knew we "was told," but we were beginning to be sorry for ourselves, for it was very plain to the least weather-wise 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 gulf.

We drank our coffee and ate our rations hastily, and then started in on as stout a struggle for life as ever eight men engaged in.

These boats are the merest cockle-shells, but even so their weight is not a trifle, and ours was loaded heavily with the mail matter that had been delayed by the recent storms.

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 imminent.

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 beginning to tell on all of us, the mail matter had to be taken out and left in the snow.

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 feet with snow, and we were all beginning 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 for the first time that Jim's teeth had ceased chattering. The poor fellow was dead.

We lifted him out, and laid him in the snow. It seemed heartless, and the captain muttered something about "not being able to face his folks," but we could do 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 the boat, as the struggle had narrowed right down to a fight for dear life, and we had only stuck to it so far in order to have the means of carrying those who gave out. It wrung our hearts to desert the poor fellow in it, but he had already sunk into the fatal stupor that precedes death by freezing.

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 captain had been steering us by a pocket compass, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could now and then keep 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.

plied herself with a number of tracts, having a vague idea that the benighted residents there were in need of spiritual instruction. Boarding a Seventh street car she got off at Bainbridge and to the first man she saw, who was leaning idly against a lamppost, she very politely handed one of the tracts. He took it good-naturedly, and after glancing at it returned it with the smiling remark that he was a married man. Greatly mystified by this expression, she looked at the tract and saw 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 Kursk, 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 for the same purpose. The thieves anoint it with an unguent, light it, and the fingers flame. Yet the fetid odor fails; the threatened householder is aroused in spite of the charms and proceeds to defend his property.

Isn't it almost impossible to conceive 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 shallow, 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 became thin and weak and was no good for work."

"I thought at first it was the change of life that caused all this—as I was in my fortieth year when I was taken bad. I had a doctor and took medicines, but nothing did me any real good, and I continued 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 farmyard."

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 and failed."

What can be said in the way of comment on a thing like this? But for the medical man with his "farmyard" 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 is a better day coming, and Commonsense, Science, and Mother Seigel are hurrying it along.

for England's future consort. Nobody dared whimper. When grandmamma says certain things are to be, no one of the family presumes even faintly to murmur. Clarence knew quite well that Helene and he could never marry. May did not dare refuse the offer of the future king of England. 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 re-joicings in honor of Clarence's marriage.

"Suddenly fate took a hand in the affair, however, and fate is even less to be gained than royal grandmamma. The Duke of Clarence, who had seemed moody and distant all through the gift-making and speech-making, 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 gossip 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 Alix of Hesse, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, is said to be desperately reluctant to wed the czarowitz, although he is the most brilliant royal parti in the world. Her reluctance is probably the fruit of her sister—the Grand Duchess Sergius—experience. She, before the development of Alix into womanhood, was easily the most beautiful woman in Europe, and it was considered a great match for this poor, pretty princess from the little, obscure principality of Hesse, to marry into the royal family of Russia—a match which she owed solely to her great beauty. "But she has paid a heavy price for it," says the gossip narrator. "Sergius is the typical 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 cotillon 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 rigidly-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 spouted 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 Alix 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 Alix 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.

Now that little Alix 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 Alix 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.

Now that little Alix 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 Alix 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.

Now that little Alix 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 Alix 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.

Now that little Alix 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 Alix 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.

Now that little Alix 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 Alix 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.

Now that little Alix 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 Alix 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.

SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper. The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., - St. Stephen, N. B.

HAMILTON'S DELICIOUS Caramels DELIGHT ALL CANDY (AND OTHER) LOVERS.

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS. No More Misery. ITCHING PILLS is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of Itching Pills or Irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Gives Instant Relief. PIN WORMS is an ailment entirely different as to cause than Itching Pills. Yet its effects and symptoms are exactly the same. The same intolerable itching; the same crawling, crawling, crawling sensation characterizes both diseases. Chase's Ointment acts likewise. It will at once afford relief from this torment.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. THREE TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. STEAMER CLIFTON will leave her wharf at Indiantown MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 3 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Moss Glen, Clifton, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.30 a. m. for St. John and intervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRANNEY, Master, having recently been thoroughly overhauled, her hull entirely rebuilt, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between the above-named places, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY, 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 Range.....\$1.25 Or return tickets good for 30 days, continuous passage.....\$3.00 Fare to intermediate points as low as, by any other steamer. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents.

STAR LINE STEAMERS. For Fredericton and Woodstock. 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. m., while navigation permits. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.



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 find it struggling, 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 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 hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure