

## HOW A BRAVE GIRL DIED.

She Shielded the Powder From Falling Embers Until Others Were Saved.

She lived in Placer county, not far from where the pretty town of Auburn now stands, for it happened many years ago, in the early '60's, and I expect that but few now residing there have any recollections of the affair. The family, consisting of father, a miner, her mother and little brother, dwelt in a small shanty erected under cover of a convenient ledge. The shanty was a miserable structure of two rooms, but it held what many a grander dwelling failed to contain, a loving household. The mother lay sick with the fever, and Carmen, then a girl of 12, performed the drudgery of the house. Her little brother, a curly-headed romp of 5, was Carmen's great responsibility. The father was away from early morning until late at night at his work, and so the little hands of 12 found plenty to do. In common with the custom of miners, the father kept a store of giant powder in the house, which in the present case was contained in a sack placed in an old wooden box that stood at the foot of the bed where lay the sick mother. The upper part of the shanty, under the sloping board roof, was utilized as a storage place for old dunnage.

One night the father was absent in the mine. By some means the shanty took fire, probably from the cracked and defective adobe chimney. Carmen awoke to find that the roof was afire and sparks dropping down. Springing up she loudly cried to awaken her mother and Tommy, but the little boy became frightened and hid his head beneath the covers of his bed. Carmen sprang to lift him from the bed, when she saw the shower of sparks falling upon the powder box. Recognizing the awful danger, she attempted to leave the child for the moment and carry out the powder, but in her excitement she caught her foot in the overhanging bedclothes and fell to the floor, breaking her thigh bone. Unable to arise, the brave girl crawled to the box of powder and, drawing herself up, covered the box with her body. The mother had by this time succeeded in getting out of bed and getting outside the now furiously burning shanty, and managed to take with her her little boy.

The cries of Carmen: "Oh, take Tommy out, won't you?" turned for a time the mother's thought from her daughter's danger. The fire had aroused some of the neighbours, who speedily ran to the burning shanty and lent what aid they could. Carmen was discovered and removed. Her rescuers found her almost buried beneath a mass of burning cinders. Her back frightfully burned. Tender hands bore her to a neighbouring shanty, where all that could be done to alleviate her sufferings was eagerly bestowed. But human aid came too late. The brave little spirit lingered until the following day and then departed for a brighter land. It was not known until after she had recovered consciousness, a short time before she died, that she had broken her leg. Her last words were: "Kiss me, Tommy, dear; I've saved you and I'm so happy."—N. Y. Dispatch.

## THE CLOTHES MOTH.

To be Able to Fight Them It is Well to Know Their Habits.

This destructive little creature is, perhaps, the most insidious enemy our wardrobes and textile fabrics have to contend with, and careful housewives are always on the alert to thwart its destructive attempts at spoliation. To meet our adversaries, however, it is well to know something of their habits and nature.

It is not the moth that is the actual cause of mischief, but the caterpillar of the moth, which, as soon as it quits the egg deposited by the mother moth in some appropriate fabric, begins to collect materials to form its nest. For this purpose, having first spun a thin coating of silk provided by itself, it cuts filaments of wool or fur, close to the thread of the cloth, and applies the pieces to the outside of its case, to which envelope it tenaciously confines itself unless greatly disturbed.

When feeding, it thrusts its head out at either end of the case, in which it can turn, but, when inclined to change its position on the cloth, it protrudes its head and about half its body, and, by fixing its hinder legs firmly in the case, drags the latter after it. When the case, becomes too small, it collects the material from around it, and makes an addition at each end. This fact has been ascertained by observant naturalists removing the creature from cloth of one color to another, when the hues of the addition are plainly observable.

After changing into a chrysalis it remains quiescent for about three weeks, when a small moth of a silvery-gray colour comes forth. We deem these particulars very essential, as it will be seen in the first place the moth has to find a fitting receptacle for its eggs; then that the eggs have to lie for a certain time they are developed into the maggot form, and afterwards into that of the chrysalis, when it finally becomes a moth altogether, taking a considerable time, comparatively, before the creature commences its destructive mission.

There are very many remedies given. We have found that cuttings of Russian leather have proved protective, and a distinguished fly-fisher, who once suffered greatly from this moth getting among his stores of feathered lures, has found, by the introduction of a small piece of tallow candle into his cases, that these ravages have been entirely overcome.



The papers are full of deaths from

## Heart Failure

Of course

the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

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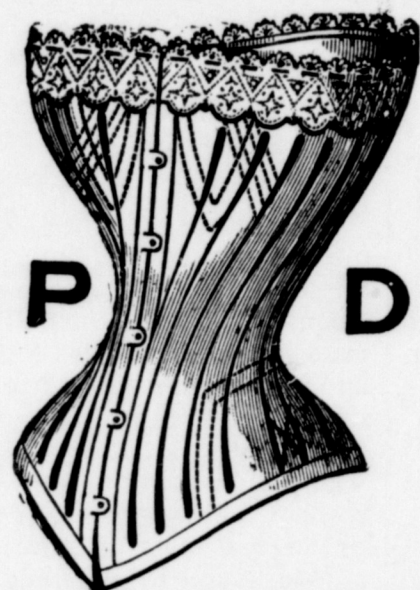
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## NATURE AS AN ARTIST.

Formations on Which Were Found Wonderful Pictures.

Pliny, a well known writer of about the time of Christ, mentions having seen an agate the lines and markings of which formed a perfect picture of Apollo and the nine muses. Pliny says that the little children recognized it on sight. In this wonderful natural picture, as well as the artificial drawings, Apollo was represented seated in the midst of the muses, harp in hand.

Majolus, another writer of high standing saw an agate in the collection of a jeweler at Venice, which, when polished showed a perfect picture of a shepherd with a crook in hand and cloak thrown loosely over his shoulders.

In the church of St. John, at Pisa, Italy, there is a piece of stone heavily marked with red, blue and yellow spar, the lines representing an old man with heavy white beard with a bell in his hand, seated beside a small stream. To the worshipers at St. John's it is known as the St. Anthony stone, the picture upon it being a perfect likeness of that saint even to the minor details of tunic and bell.

In 1605 some quarrymen in Italy burst open a slab of marble, both sides of which contained an image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel. Everything was true to nature—a single exception, the saint had only been provided with one leg and foot. How, when, or upon what pretext the Turks were allowed to gain possession of the wonderful relic the writer's authority fails to state. It only adds that the miraculous production is now in the temple of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

Directly after the great Johnstown flood, D. S. Wingrove, superintendent of the marble yard at the penitentiary at Baltimore, found a slab of marble with lines and vines which made a perfect picture of the fated city of Johnstone and the surrounding country. The sky is plainly marked, as are also the hills and mountains surrounding the town. Piles upon piles of ruins are marked, with an occasional steeple or topping wall overhanging the scene of awful destruction. Taken all in all, the scientists consider it one of the most wonderful natural formations ever found in America.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## HE HAD DONE HIS SHARE.

But She Thought He Ought to Be Content With His Achievements.

The only people who are positive they are fitted to bring up children in a way they should go are very old gentlemen and maiden ladies.

An amusing little scene, in which the "helpful old gentleman" figured, occurred the other day at the Grand Central Station. Quite a family party were assembled, of the class that believes in making the most of a free country, to await the arrival of an expected guest. Children were there galore, playing tag all around the old gentleman's feet, falling periodically over his canvas bag, squealing wildly as they ran into passengers, and retreating in heaps as a "cop" approached.

The "helpful old man," stood it as long as he could conscientiously, then, looking over his spectacles, said severely, "Stop that racket—you children!"

"Well, I like that!" answered one of the mothers, in a loud, angry tone.

But, it she did, the old gentleman didn't, and faced the woman as he continued:

"Now, look here, madam, I've raised three families of children, and not a single child was ever allowed to annoy my neighbors."

"Well," replied the irate lady, "if you've raised three families you've done your duty, and I'll thank you to allow me to raise mine."—N. S. Sun.

## HEALTHY STOMACH.

Happy Man!—Nothing Experimental About Using the Great South American Nerve—What it has Done for Thousands it can do for you.

Here are Strong Words From a Reliable Business Man—Read Them.

I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but obtained very little relief. I saw South America Nerve advertised, and concluded to give it a trial, and I must say I consider it the very best medicine I have ever used. I obtained great relief from the first few doses. I have only used two bottles, and am happy to say it has made a new man of me. I strongly recommend it to fellow-sufferers. C. PEARCE, Dry Goods Merchant, Forest, Ont.

## He Didn't see London.

The story is told of a young man from a small town in Essex who came up to London the other day, not because he wanted to see the great city, or because he had business there, but because he had a railway pass given him, and didn't mean to let a thing like that escape him.

When he came back everybody asked him what he had seen in town. He hadn't seen anything.

"Well, didn't you go anywhere?" asked somebody, finally.

"That I didn't!" said the shrewd youth. "I'd think I was going to pay five shillings a day for a room and not use it all the time!"



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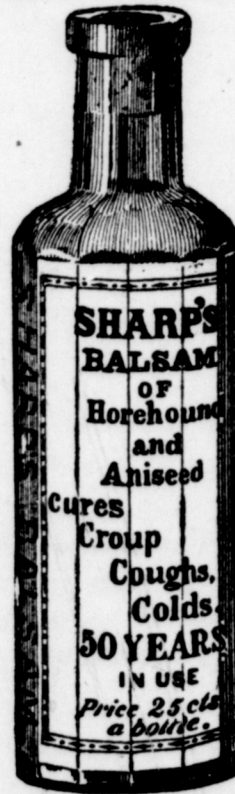
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It seldom fails to cure, and is sure to give relief.

Ask your Druggist for it. K. CAMPBELL & Co., Mfrs., Montreal.



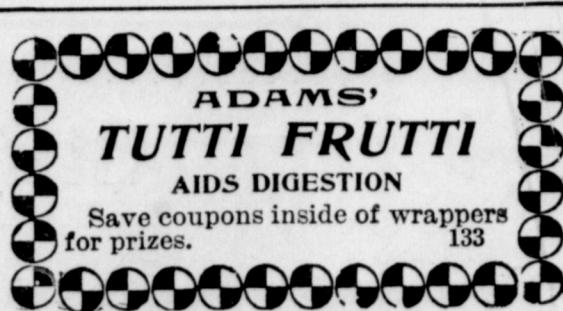
## When Your Wife Has Callers

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as

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## HAB-EN-HAN.

A Game Played by Egyptians in Joseph's Time Adapted to Modern Ideas.

Among the paintings upon one of the Egyptian tombs is a representation of the hab-eni-han, or game of the vase. However it was originally played, for all that is known of it is the picture and its name, it can be played in a way to delight nineteenth century children fully as much as it ever could have done the ancient Egyptians.

To play the game it is necessary first to make the target. To do this take a sheet of paper about three feet square or less—wrapping paper will do very well, or even an old newspaper—and draw upon it with common writing ink twelve concentric circles at equal distance apart. This can be done by driving a tack or large pin in the centre of the paper, tying a string to the tack and a soft lead pencil to the other end of the string.

When you have thus drawn the twelve circles, you can go over the pencil lines with ink and number the spaces between the lines, tack your paper to a drawing board, bread board, or any flat wooden surface, and your target is complete.

Let each player furnish himself with a dozen pins thrust through bits of cardboard or paper, upon each of which is written a number or initial different from those of the other players, and also with a catanuit, blow gun, small boy, and arrow or a dart.

Standing off at whatever distance is agreed upon from the target, each player in turn discharges whatever missile is used in the game at the target, and he sets one of his pins in the circle he strikes.

If he hits one of the black lines he loses his turn, but if he does not strike the target at all he is out of the game.

After the first shot a player can either remove a pin already placed into the circle he has last struck, or set another of his pins in it, or, counting from where any one of his pins are stuck, can move that pin as many circles toward the centre as is indicated by the number of the circle he has struck.

If this brings him to the centre and leaves something over, he can use the remainder to place a new pin or carry another for ward.

If while one player has one pin in a circle another player can place two pins in the same circle, the latter captures the pin already there and removes it.

If, however, a player strikes a circle already occupied by two pins, he does not lose his unless a third pin other than his own can be stuck in the same circle.

The circles are numbered from the outside to the centre. The game consists in a specified number of points, generally from 25 to 50 if two are playing, or more according to the additional number of those engaged in the game. When one of the players has no more pins on the target the game is ended.

Each player counts the number of his pins which have reached the centre and the number of pins he has captured, and he who has most adds to his the number of pins left in the target.

It is an exciting game when two players have each a pin in the same ring and each pin is getting nearer the centre; the apprehension and interest increase with the danger that having so many pins behind, one of the other pins may by a lucky shot capture his.

The aim of the player is threefold—to protect his pins by getting more than one in the same circle, to gradually win his way toward the centre and to be constantly on the alert to take his opponent's pins.

As the taking of one of the pins counts for as much as getting one of his own home it is advisable to use every endeavor to capture the enemy's pieces, and this is done by keeping his pins behind them, so as to be able to take any advantage that may offer.

The game can be played on a table by using dice or a teetotum instead of arrows, darts, or anything of the sort, but played in this way the element of chances takes the place largely of that of skill, and makes it less interesting—at least to young folks. It is possible, however, that this was the manner in which the game was originally played thousands of years ago, when Joseph was prime Minister in the land of Egypt.—Boston Herald.

## A Sliding Village.

The village of Saint-Pierre-Livron, near Caylus, France, which is built on rocks overhanging the Bonnette River, has begun to slide slowly but steadily toward the foot of the valley. So far almost the entire village has advanced three hundred feet. Four houses have entirely collapsed and the church of the village is now threatened. Military authorities at Montauban have been called upon for assistance, and have ordered the evacuation of the village since the sliding movement continues. Several hundred people are homeless, and great suffering is entailed upon the inhabitants of the district.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily?

The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST, and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.