

ABOUT DECOYING BUTTERFLIES.

Why a Naturalist Preferred Moths When Looking After Them.

The collection of butterflies and moths is carried on so industriously and systematically in all parts of the world that it may almost be called a trade. As a rule, each butterfly or moth has its regular catalogue price, varying, of course, with its rarity or the difficulty of its capture. As much as a thousand dollars has sometimes been offered for a single specimen. A butterfly that is worth twenty-five dollars to-day may be worth less than half as much to-morrow, if a collector in the Himalayas, or where not, happens to find the species swarming. Some idea of the difficulties which entomological collectors meet with may be gathered from an experience of Mr. S. W. Denton during his trip to Australia, as narrated in the New York Sun.

'I had heard of a very big butterfly,' he says, 'of brilliant coloring, which was said to inhabit the tops of trees in partly cleared places in the forest, and I made up my mind that I would get some specimens of it before I left Australia, for from the description given of it by the natives, I supposed the insect to be one of the ornithoptera, and one which I very much wanted. My informants also stated that these butterflies were the freed souls of dead children, and that he who killed them would have bad luck forever. As they added that nobody had ever succeeded in catching one, this last statement seems lacking in proof. Accompanied by two natives and equipped with a shotgun in addition to my long-handled net, I set out for one of the semi-clearings, which I reached after a long journey. Several of the ornithoptera, magnificent big fellows, were flitting about the tops of the trees.

When I had put my net together the two natives grinned cheerfully. They decided without hesitation that no bad luck would accrue to me on account of any slain souls of infants; and it certainly did look so, for if I had been on a roof, my net would still have come several rods short of penetrating the region which the butterflies inhabited. For an hour I sat and waited for a visit from them, but they appeared to be perfectly contented where they were.

Finally I hit upon a plan. Selecting a shell loaded with very fine shot, I fired at one of the insects and brought it down, too badly riddled, of course, to be of much use for mounting, but still good enough for my purpose. I spread it carefully out upon the leaves of a big shrub, and waited.

Presently the others caught sight of their late companion, apparently resting quietly far below his proper region, and after fluttering about for a time, came down to see about it. This curiosity proved fatal, as I captured four of them, one after another. That night a great storm came up, and in the morning the two natives came around to my place, and were much amazed to find that I had not been struck by lightning. They thought that storm had been sent to destroy me for capturing the butterflies. Since then I have used decoys in other cases.

MORE THAN HE COULD STAND.

The Sudden Ending of a Mountain Girl's Breach of Promise Suit.

While some of the members of the local bar were entertaining an attorney from North Carolina, he told this among a good many other professional experiences:

'Though our mountain people are not educated, no Yankee can beat them in a dicker or go after a dollar with greater avidity. A rich young fellow from our place went up among them for a time to take on some health, and while there paid more attention than he really meant to one of the few beauties that live there. She was a creature of magnificent proportions, naturally brilliant, and as relentless of purpose as any moonshiner that ever went after a revenue officer. She sought to recover \$10,000 damages for breach of promise, and I had the young man's case.

'On the trial the girl made a star witness. When I asked her pointblank if he had ever proposed to her, she replied that he had not, in so many words, but his every action, look, even his tones, was a proposal. She admitted that she had not gone into a decline because of his inconstancy, but graphically pictured months of agony, unrequited longing, and wounded pride. It looked bad for us.

'At this stage of the case a lank six-footer from the mountains came to me and whispered that he wanted to be called as my first witness. He sternly declined to answer questions till on the stand, but reckoned that his word was good, that he would pull the young fellow through.

'All I ever asked him was his name, and you couldn't have stopped him with a gun. He was the girl's husband. He had married her a week after the young man left the mountains. He had consented to her bringing the suit in her maiden name and saying nothing about her being a wife. 'But if it's so,' he roared, 'that she's been a mournin' and a pinin' an' a dyin' afteh this beah dude critter, I ask th' cowl fuh a divorce.'

'The girl rushed to his arms. She sobbed that she never loved another. The case was won for me, but the young man never goes to the mountains or makes any miscellaneous bestowal of his affections.'—Detroit Free Press.

Men and Women Agree.

That crams are painful, not easily cured, and quite useless. Men and women who have used Putnam's Corn Extractor testify that it is the best, acts without pain, and cures. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.



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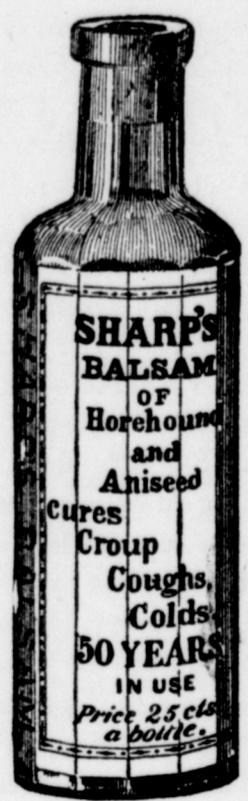
If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.



puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence. Be self-convinced through personal proof.



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CUNNING WILD TURKEYS.

Their Ways With the More Cunning Wildcat and the Less Cunning Hawk.

'It is curious how a wildcat gets the best of young wild turkeys,' said a native of the Juniata Valley, in the mountains overlooking which the wild turkey still finds secure covert and congenial environment. 'The wild turkey is about as wary a thing as lives, whether it is young or old, and the wildcat knows it. As soon as a brood of young turkeys are big enough and strong enough to be turned adrift by their mother to earn their own living, the wildcat's mouth begins to water for them, and he brings his cunning in play to capture them. He needs his cunning, too, for the young turkeys, although they cannot fly yet, can run faster than a deer, and their habit of hiding at the faintest suspicion of danger—and they are always on the sharp lookout for danger—is as invulnerable as that of the young grouse and quail. A wildcat stands but little chance of catching a young wild turkey by crouching on a limb and pouncing down upon it, as the suspicious fowl surveys its surroundings on every side and above and below, with every step it takes and every mouthful it eats. It has to be a more than wary beast that takes it by surprise.

'But the wildcat has tactics. Discovering a brood of young turkeys, he knows that there is no use trying to keep his proximity a secret, so he takes pains to let the turkeys see him stealing along in their rear. That hurries the flock onward, but the birds presently stop and look back to see if the enemy is still in pursuit. The wildcat keeps himself in sight, but always comes into view of the turkeys as sneaking out of a hiding place. He does this three or four times, and then disappears in the forest. He has satisfied himself as to the exact direction the flock will keep, and has left on their suspicious natures the impression that he is on their trail. Believing that the foe is creeping in the rear, the turkeys are on the alert in that direction particularly. The wildcat knows his business, and, making a circuit of the woods, he comes out far ahead of the turkeys right in the path they are feeding along and hides himself behind a log, a rock, or any obstacle near which the turkeys will pass, still guarding cautiously their rear. The flock feed on their way. They reach the spot where their unsuspected foe is lying in wait. Suddenly there is a spring, a scuffle, a faint gobble and a scattering of the brood, and away bounds the wildcat with one of the number for his dinner.

'During the fallow period of the turkey hen's brood the mother turkey constantly watches for and instantly warns the chicks against another ruthless foe. This is the chicken hawk. It is wonderful how quickly the hen turkey detects the coming of the hawk. She discovers it nearly as soon as the hawk, in his soaring place among the clouds, has got his eye on her and her brood. While the hawk is dropping down upon them the old turkey utters a sharp and peculiar cry, and instantly every chick either scampers to a hiding place or falls over on the ground and simulates death as perfectly as the possum ever did. The preying chicken hawk will dine on nothing but what he captures alive and kills. How the young turkeys know that is more than any one can say, but it is evident that they do know it. If they are true to their instinct, and remain as they fall until the mother gives them the signal that all is well, the hawk, seeing nothing but dead game, as he supposes, will sail away again. The mother will not give the signal to her brood that all is well until the hawk is out of sight, and then at the click up will jump every chick. It sometimes happens that a chick is impatient, and attempts to run things itself, coming to life before it gets the word from its mother. The chick that does so is lost, for the hovering hawk will have its talons on it almost instantly, although the chick has quickly obeyed a second order from its mother in the bushes.

An Unappreciated Partner.

Bilkins—'How is business, Wilkins?'

Wilkins—'Can't make it go. At this rate I'll be bankrupt in another month. I don't seem to have any head for business.'

Bilkins—'No, you haven't; but you have a good stand, and if you'll promise to keep hands off and let me run things, I'll go in with you as partner.'

Wilkins—'Done. A friend in need is a friend indeed.'

Guest of Mr. Wilkins (ten years after)—'What a magnificent place you have! Everything that wealth could buy or heart wish! You have been wonderfully prosperous, Mr. Wilkins.'

Wilkins (sadly)—'True, but after all I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I just tell you, my old friend the mistake of my life was in taking a partner.'—N. Y. Press.

STRAITFORD, Aug., 4th, 1893.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

GENTLEMEN—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old fell into a tub of boiling water, and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkably cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or gave such universal satisfaction.

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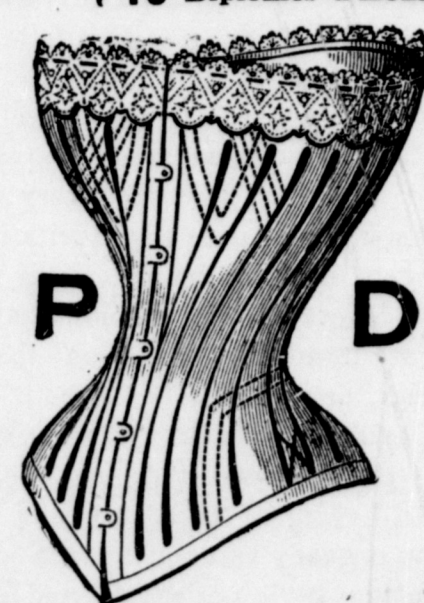
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AN ARABIAN WEDDING.

Picturesque Ceremony Described by an American Girl.

The following extract from the letter of an American girl in Cairo describes an Arabian wedding which the writer was permitted to witness as one of a small party of favored guests.

At 8 o'clock in the morning our Arabian, who, by the way, is a fascinating and picturesque fellow, well supplied with letters of recommendation from many famous people, met us at the door of our hotel with three enormous bouquets. Arriving at a very narrow street, we proceeded a short distance on foot under red rags, striped awnings and lanterns which were stretched over our heads the length of the street. The ground was sprinkled with sand, and along the sides of the houses were seats provided for the men, as none of the sterner sex were allowed in the room or house of bride. We, the women, mounted three flights of stairs, and found ourselves in a large room filled with Arabian women of various classes, also some Grecian and Turkish women. They were arrayed in many-colored garments, pink silk scarfs, gold embroidered jackets, blue plush and wool stuffs, combinations I cannot begin to describe. The women gathered around us and led us to the divan arranged for the bride, seating the oldest in the party in the middle, while the rest of us were given places on either side. We remonstrated, but they assured us that the bride could sit upon a chair. We were great curiosities to them, apparently, and we certainly enjoyed the novelty of our positions. In their simple way they showed us great hospitality. The approach of the bride was heralded by a most conglomerate lot of howling women and children, playing tom-toms, tambourines and native instruments anything but musical. We arose to resign our seats of honor in favor of the bride and her attendants, but she insisted that we two remain on either side of her, while she occupied the middle seat just vacated by one of the party, and so we sat through all the howling and banging, and pushing and jostling of these half-civilized creatures. After every one had seen the bride an enormous woman laden with jewelry and golden chains, began to howl and hammer on a tambourine, then the guests threw coin into the bride's cap while the women howled and made other hideous noises. After this the guests began to mingle with one another, and we found some who spoke a little English, some French and some Italian. Finally a very intelligent Greek woman took us in charge; she was quite a linguist, and we were enabled to appreciate what we had seen after her explanations. Then came the refreshments, and we had to eat little cakes and big cakes, all shapes and flavors, and last one awful affair soaked in wine. This was the end of the bride's part of the entertainment. We went down stairs to join the men of our party, and there met a very jolly priest, who had been to London and Paris, spoke good French, and who interested us very much. He it was who was to perform the ceremony. The man we had not yet seen, but we were soon presented to him, with his attendants who were parading up and down this inclosed street preceded by an Egyptian band. We presented him with our two remaining bouquets, having left one with his 16-year-old bride. Again we all went upstairs, and saw the groom lift the veil of the bride, supposed to be the first sight of her fair countenance. This was the ninth and last day of this wedding performance, and the most important one for they were at last duly tied by the old priest, and went home by morning light. It was a weird performance. Through it all they showed us, the only Europeans present, great respect, and in good English said they hoped we had had a pleasant time and were glad that we came.

On the following day (Friday) we were taken to see the famous Whirling Dervishes. Friday, one must bear in mind, is the Mohammedan Sunday, and an eventful day. The court surrounding the arena in which this weird and uncanny performance takes place holds about 500 persons, and it was filled with all sorts and conditions of people, Americans and English the predominating element. Soon after we entered the court the whirlers made their appearance, dressed in short white skirts and on their heads the funniest looking chimney pot hats. After marching around and around for fifteen minutes to the hideous noise of a band composed of tom-toms, tambourines and some wind instrument they began to whirl and whirled until it seemed to us to whom the sight was new, that we must cry out to them to cease. The sight was positively maddening. After fifteen minutes of constant whirling they dropped to the ground from sheer exhaustion, apparently. It appears, however, that this part of the programme, is for effect entirely.

From this place we drove to hear the 'Howlers,' quite as famous as the 'Whirlers,' who were a horrid lot of healthy, lusty men, simply howling and making as much noise as possible in a most unpleasant manner, which gave one the 'creeps.' One old fellow kept it up until he had by sterics and frothed at the mouth.—Detroit Free Press.

Cured of Chronic Catarrh.

A remarkable cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gifford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all the other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.