

A Voice From the Past.

For the flowers that strewed our pathway
In the sunny days of youth;
For the golden dreams of morning,
Full of sunshine, love and truth,
For the hopes that cheered our journey
And the friends we can't forget,
There lingers in our bosom
A deep and vain regret.—Martin Butler.

OLD DOGS OF WAR FROM PERU.

Quaint Guns Cast in 1673-93 Ornament the Parade Ground.

Within the area of Fort Mason, a military reservation in San Francisco, and distributed as mere ornaments over its grass plats, there are at present eight cannon whose singular pattern, foreign origin, and great age make them the most remarkable relics within the State of California, as they are believed to be the oldest guns in the United States.

Of these guns, six are large fortification pieces and two are small, for field uses. The years of the casting of the larger ones are in raised letters upon the breeches, and these show that their manufacture belongs to the seventeenth century, the oldest gun having been cast in 1673, the youngest in 1693.

Tradition about the fort has it that these pieces of ordnance were made in old Spain. They were certainly brought to California to fortify the Presidio of San Francisco in behalf of the Spanish King years before the despised Yankee invaded the region and began to shape affairs in a fashion which led to the merging of the political power into that of his great nation east of the Rockies. That they are Spangliard productions no better evidence of such identity need be desired than the names and words upon their surfaces, while the diletante in heraldry might find lasting entertainment in locating the houses to whom belong the armorial bearings which form so conspicuous a feature of the elaborate ornamentation with which each of the weapons is adorned.

It is unfortunate that the authentic history of the guns lies enveloped in darkness. The officers longest at the fort know nothing of them. They say only "that they were here when we came," and that is all. Records, data of their past, there appears to be none; and a movement to send them to the Government museum in Washington has been given a setback because the department refuses to admit them until some historical information concerning them has been secured.

"How this is to be attained there is no telling. To identify the arms upon the guns, to effect translation of seemingly mystical words in old Spanish, to read through dusty archives telling of the arrival of this gun or that, to follow them perhaps into Mexico or Peru, would require an appropriation larger than a Congress pledged to economy would be willing to make. The likelihood is that the guns will continue clouded by the obscurity concerning their past, which, however dense, we know to be as strange as the curious relief which is embossed upon their exteriors.

The six large guns are of bronze; they average 1,500 pounds in weight, have a 6-inch bore, and throw a 24 pound ball. They were smooth bore, for the rotatory or rifle bore was not introduced until after 1833, and they could send a ball with certainty of aim about 1,000 yards, or four times as far as could a smooth-bore musket. They are from ten to twelve feet long, their great elongation of muzzle being due to the erroneous idea then prevalent among gun founders that the throwing power of the piece was increased by the length of the bore.

That these cannon were regarded as objects of importance and distinction amounting almost to veneration may be told not alone from the ornate embellishment which spreads from vent to mouth nor to the coats of arms mentioned, but from the fact that they each bear the name of some city or eminent person or some saint. We can fancy the casting of these guns under the offices of the church, their mounting beneath the blessings of the priest. They were consecrated as instruments tremendous in the defence of his most catholic majesty and of the holy church. Among these names the Sans predominate. There is the San Francisco, which now is mounted upon an old naval

carriage, looking from a distance as ominous as a Krupp gun, its mouth open toward the bay which bears its name. There is the San Pedro, the San Domingo, the San Martin, while only two are given the presumably non-ecclesiastical names of Labirgend Barbaned and poder.

There are two coats of arms upon each of the guns. The one on the breech is believed to be that of the reigning family of Spain in the year the gun was cast, to wit: Philip III. or Philip IV., the other those of the maker of the gun. Both the breeches and the barrels are rimmed with numerous raised bands, constituting a marked variation from the perfectly smooth surfaces of the ordnance of modern makes. Circling the end of the muzzles are letters believed to spell the names of the manufacturers to whom belong the adjacent arms. These letters are often as remarkable as the names, being intertwined in different fashion; nor in the spelling of the same word, or even name, uniform on all the guns. The maker of the San Francisco has his name spelled around that gun Cabas me fecit; upon the Labirgend Barbaneda it is spelled Cubas me fecit. The maker of the San Domingo, the longest of the guns, was Texeda, Alexod, and it was cast in 1678. Cid Dioscheybasmet is the lettering which spells the name of the maker of the San Martin, whose production belongs to 1684, while the Labirgend was made in 1693. The metal used in these guns is an unknown composition.

As to when these guns reached California only conjecture is possible. There were four presidios under the old Spanish regime—those of San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Diego. These were the headquarters of the military when California was, under that rule.

It is known that when the adobe-faced fort called San Joaquin, of the San Francisco fortifications was repaired in 1794 it had three 24-pound guns, and it is likely that all of these old affairs was then in what is now the State. It is known that until Gen. McDowell gathered them together in 1882 they were scattered hither and yon up and down the coast, and one was not known from the other. Since, however, this collection of them has been made they have been mounted in Fort Mason.

QUARTERMASTER IGO.

An Officer From Michigan who Became Famous During the war.

"Service in the army," remarked the veteran, "certainly tended to develop characteristics, and it a soldier possessed peculiarities they were bound to come out. Every regiment had among its members one or more who became known to everybody, who were distinguished by a nickname, and, to a certain extent, were privileged characters. Some of these even achieved fame, and their doings and sayings were repeated throughout the army. Among the most noted of these in Buell's command was a regimental quartermaster from Michigan. On reporting at Louisville I was ordered to take charge of a steamboat loading with stores and ammunition for Nashville. Nearly all the captains and pilots on the Southwestern rivers were believed to sympathize with the secessionists, and it was presumed that these gentlemen would not give way to grief if the boats they were running, loaded with Government supplies, should be captured at some convenient landing by rebels. Hence the precaution of running the boats under the direction of a Union officer with a guard on their decks.

"On going aboard the boat to which I had been assigned I was halted at the gangway stairs by an undersized man whose hair was several degrees beyond auburn and whose accent savored of Tipperary, with the salutation:

"Who in thunder are you?" "I produced the document from head quarters, which he read over carefully, and with a profound bow handed back, remarking:

"You're all right, and can go where ye like. I've been takin' charge of this craft, because she needed a head, but I resign. There's a devil of a lot of our fellows aboard, and I'm Quartermaster Igo."

"This was my introduction to the Quartermaster. On the arrival of his regiment at Louisville he had, or imagined he had, business with the Quartermaster of the department and at once proceeded to the large building occupied by that officer. Brushing aside an interposing orderly and pushing open a gate, he marched on through the sacred inclosure until stopped by a dignified and indignant gentleman, who curtly informed him that he must remain outside the railing.

"Who in thunder are you?" demanded Igo.

"I am Col. Swords, Department Quartermaster."

"Igo coolly glanced over him from head to heel and then asked:

"Don't the government pay you?"

"Why, certainly, of course, answered the surprised West Pointer.

"Then, why in thunder don't you wear brass buttons and things on your shoulders so a fellow would know you are the high-cock-a-lorum? How am I tell whether

you are Col. Swords, Tom, Dick or the devil?" With this he turned and indignantly marched out.

"Soon after he encountered the Colonel in a public place and at once accosted him about business. He was immediately checked with the remark:

"Sir when you have any business with me you will please call at my office."

"Later, when everything was being hurried for an immediate departure of the army, Col. Swords, who was riding out to the camp, met Igo riding into the city.

"One moment, Quartermaster," said the Colonel, bringing his horse to a stand.

"Sir, said Igo, 'when you have business with me you will please call at my office.'

"In the autumn of 62 our regiment relieved a detachment of troops posted at a cross-roads several miles from headquarters at Murfreesboro, Tenn. One evening we received orders to return immediately to town, and while packing up, a soldier found a box of papers and reported the find. Investigation showed to be Quartermaster Igo's regimental accounts, and instructions were given to take them along and deliver them to him the first opportunity. This occurred at Murfreesboro, and the box of papers was returned. On receiving them Igo broke out:

"Well, this beats thunder! I've been losing these papers all over the State of Tennessee, and some blamed fool invariably finds them and brings them back. How are my accounts with the Government ever to be settled if I can't certify that the papers are lost!"

"It was reported afterward that the Government had imperatively called upon Igo to settle up, and in answer he had boxed up all his papers and forwarded them to Washington with a letter stating that these were all the documents, and, as the department had plenty of clerks, they could settle the accounts at their leisure to suit themselves."

ARGONAUTS.

Some Facts About the Klondike by one who has been There.

"Right here where I am camped there is about eight inches of moss, and then solid ice. The thermometer is at about ninety-five or a hundred degrees; there is no shade, as the sun is vertical, and our water-bucket is alongside the tent in a hole in the solid ice. The whole country is up-sided-down. There is no night. Last night the sun set at about half-past eleven and came up smiling again in about fifteen minutes, and by four in the morning it was scorching hot."

These are the words from a letter written home in midsummer by a young man who had gone to the Klondike mining regions to seek gold. He was at "Dawson City"—a place which, he said, consisted of several hundred tents stretched along for a mile and a half in the mud.

"In the midst of mud, swamp, refuse, roots, bushes, moss and excitement," he continues, "there is a sweating mass of humanity. Twenty thousand gallons of whiskey are being brought up. Men who pay fifty cents a pound for a bit of bacon pay fifty cents for a drink of this stuff."

The hundreds of men swarming there could do no work till winter set in, when they could burn out the frost from their claims, putting the mud on a dump to freeze again, and standing a small chance of finding some gold in the mud of this dump when it should thaw the next summer. There are no surface identifications of gold, and nine out of ten must fail to find any. Hundreds of disappointed and disgusted men are seeking the first opportunity to get home. Before many of them there is a prospect of nothing but starvation.

The conditions of travel and life are vastly harder for the Alaskan gold-seekers than they were for the California argonauts of 1849. And what those were may be realized from a sketch from life of the scenes there, made by a resident Californian:

"I shall never forget the sight presented by the tired, starved, sick and discouraged travelers, with their bony and footsore

In advanced stages of Consumption, Scott's Emulsion soothes the cough, checks the night sweats and prevents extreme emaciation. In this way it prolongs life and makes more comfortable the last days. In every case of consumption—from its first appearance to its most advanced stages—no remedy promises a greater hope for recovery or brings comfort and relief equal to Scott's Emulsion. Book on the subject free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

cattle and teams. Men, women and children and animals were in every state of distress and emaciation. Some had left everything along the way, abandoning wagons and worn-out cattle to the wolves, leaving even supplies of clothing, flour and food, and in utter desperation had packed their own backs with flour and bacon. A few of the emigrants had thus made the last six hundred miles on foot, exhausted, footsore and starving.

A once stalwart man, reduced almost to a skeleton, on reaching the place where digging and washing out the gold, threw himself on the ground and said:

"And now I've reacted where you dig out the gold. For this I have sacrificed everything. I had a comfortable home, but I got the 'fever.' Everything is gone, my comrades are dead, and this is all that is left of me. I thought I should be glad to get here, but I am not. I don't feel the least desire to dig gold now. All I ask is to rest. I want to find home—and there is no home here."

Such will undoubtedly be the feeling of the majority of the men who succeed in reaching the far northern gold-fields. But the men who reached California were in a beautiful land, with a genial climate, and chances for men to live in many ways. The Alaskan argonauts, on the other hand, are in an Arctic desert—a land of perpetual frost and desolation and death.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Sandy's Salvation.

"An' hoo's the guid wife, Sandy!" said one farmer to another, as they met in the market place and exchanged snuff boxes.

"Did ye no hear that she's dead and buried?" said Sandy solemnly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his friend sympathetically. "Surely it must have been very sudden?"

"Aye, it was sudden," returned Sandy. "Ye see, when she turned ill we hadna time to send for the doctor, sae I gied her a bit pouther that I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa, an' that I got frae the doctor mysel' but hadna ta'en. What the pouther was I dinna verra weel ken, but she died soon after. It's a sair loss to me, I can assure ye, but it's something to be thankful for I didna tak' the pouther mysel'."

THINGS OF VALUE.

"Ladies' smoking cars" are now being run on some of the Russian railways. No wonder the good sensible wife or mother is satisfied to be referred to merely as a woman.—Cleveland Leader.

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—results, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Fountain shaving brushes, having a reserve for liquid soap or water are just out.

One of the latest patents in rein holders for the dashboard and the other reins, thus making it easily removable.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A real clever woman can fix her hair to look as if she had taken the top of her head off while she did it.—Aitchison Globe.

He Has Tried It.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

A dustpan which will not spill the dust after it is placed in the pan is composed of a half cylinder with sliding cover, which closes down on the edge of the pan.

They never fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with inward piles, but by using Parlee's Pills I was completely cured and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parlee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter."

A recently designed spring bottle stepper has the operating lever extending over the end of the cork when closed, to assist in holding the cork in place.

How to cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally from a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parlee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wak, Lyander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parlee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

The combination of a screen and storm door is accomplished by having removable panels made of wire screen, glass or wood, as may be desired.

The Proprietors of Parlee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parlee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parlee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

A new surgeon's knife is formed in three parts held together by screws, so it can be easily taken apart for the purpose of cleaning and drying.

REMARKABLE CASES.

Chronie Invalids Raised From Their Sick Beds After Giving up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nichols, 176 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.

Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Truro, N. S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveller, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Allen, eczema for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robano Bartard, dreadful itching piles, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Meysburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills. 25c.

Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's Pills. 25c.

Toronto Miss Hattie Delany, 174 Crawford street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's remedies are sold by all dealers. Edmondson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

HOTELS.

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