



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

last week in St. John.

Dr. Price of Montreal, has been on the Island, but leaves for his home today.

Mrs. Penton, Mrs. Bury and Master George Bury left by Saturday's boat for St. Andrews, en route to Montreal. Mrs. Jack accompanied them to St. Andrews, where she will visit relatives.

Miss Annie Gordon of Boston has been a guest of Miss Grace Newton.

Mrs. Covert leaves by today's boat for St. John, where she will remain for some weeks. Mr. A. M. Covert was a passenger by the same boat for Montreal.

SEAWEEK.

## CAUGHT IN A BIGHT.

An Unpleasant Experience in Which a Shark Took Part.

A bight in a fish-line may not be a knot, but it can hold like one, and a veteran handler of the rod furnishes Forest and Stream with ample proof of its tenacity. The incident which he describes occurred during a shark-fishing trip off Nantucket.

I had hooked a large "man-eater," and with two of my companions was drawing him to the surface; the line used was, of course, a stout one, for the strength and weight of the shark was very great.

Slowly we hauled him up; slowly he yielded, foot by foot, until his huge, ugly form appeared near the side of the yacht. I think I never saw anything more hideous and wicked than that shark; and his cruel eyes, his enormous mouth, armed with rows of the sharpest teeth, and the rage with which he snipped at the boat and lashed the water into foam, I shall never shall forget.

Our skipper was just at the point of dispatching the brute when turning downward with a sudden dart, the shark dived, and the line, slipping through our hands, permitted him to descend to the bottom again. As the line was running out at almost lightning speed, I was caught by the leg in a bight, into which I had incautiously stepped, and in an instant I was over the side and following the shark.

It is utterly impossible for me to describe my sensations as I was drawn deeper and deeper under water. I could feel the pain from the rope about my leg, a pain that was increased by my companions holding the line and drawing upon it; but the pain was as nothing when compared with the terrible pressure upon my lungs and brain.

Singularly enough I did not entirely lose my presence of mind; I knew that nothing but a turn in the rope held me and I thought that if I could in any way twist my leg around I should be released. But in vain; my struggles were useless, and everything began to grow dark.

I must say that my sensations at this juncture were not unpleasant; the ringing in my ears and the pressure on my lungs were forgotten, and I seemed to be floating in a sort of dream. Of course the length of time I remained in this condition was probably less than a minute, but it seemed almost eternity.

Fortunately for me, before it was too late, the hook became detached from the shark and I was drawn to the surface by my friends and lifted into the yacht. I was not entirely unconscious, for I felt the

# Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

## MADAME MARIE HARRISON.

Mme. Marie Harrison who sang here with so much acceptance before leaving for Paris to study, is to reappear in this city, Friday, October 1st. She has met with great success in her studies and a Paris critique says:

She has been studying with M. Fidele Koenig of the Opera, and under his wise direction her voice has developed wonderfully, not only in management and emission, but in the medium and in the high notes. She has now a compass of four octaves' all clear, distinct and even. She has command of Traviata, Lucia, Zerline in Don Juan, Lakme, Thais, Noces de Jeanette, Mireille, and several concert arias and songs in French and Italian.



shock of being laid on the deck of the boat, but it was a pretty close call. My friends soon resuscitated me, and I was able to hobble ashore when I reached the dock, but I was obliged to use crutches for a week afterward.

## AN ISLAND OF DEATH.

Fernando Po Is Fast Becoming Studded With Graves.

Of all the diabolical places on earth there is perhaps none that can compare with the Island of Fernando Po, off the western coast of Africa. This island, which is in the Bight of Bispra, and is forty-five miles from the coast, is, like most of the islands of that region, of volcanic origin. It was discovered by the Portuguese in 1471 and ceded to Spain in 1778. It was not peopled by a European settlement, however, until 1827. In that year the English, unaware of the Spanish having the right of possession, established a coaling station there for the benefit of the warships which were in the Gulf of Guinea, engaged in preventing the slave trade in the Bight of Bispra. In addition to using the place as a coaling station, the island was also made a place of refuge for the liberated slaves who had been captured from the slavers. These to the number of about 1,000 were scattered upon the island. They suffered much from illness and many died, but the settlers managed to plant lemon, orange and banana trees and these together with other tropical fruits soon became the source of their existence. The fruit was sold to the warships and some was exported to other islands. In short the negroes were fairly prosperous. Protestant missionaries came and Christianity was introduced. The only drawback to the colony was the deadly climate.

In 1859 the Spanish took possession of the island, proposing to use it as convict station. From that time the worst of Spain's criminals have been deposited here. The climate of this island is said to be almost unbearable. They have much rain which with a burning sun produces such diseases as malaria, typhoid and dysentery. Spain has within her jurisdiction many offenders whose crimes will not admit of the death sentence, so she deports them to Fernando Po, knowing that they will die inot so swiftly, quite as surely, from the dreadful remote climate as by the garrote.

So rapid have been the deaths of the miserable convicts of late that coffins cannot be found in which to bury the unfortunates. Recently a new method has been adopted by which the coffins are constructed with hinges on the bottom. The coffin is lowered into the grave when by the manipulation of certain ropes, the corpse is dropped through the bottom of the coffin which is then hauled to the surface and is thus used again and again in the burial of corpses.

## HIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

One in 1896 was to get out and one in 1897 was to stay out.

They were huddled around the stove in a mountain station on the Union Pacific road—seven or eight of them—waiting for a delayed train when the talk turned on New Year's resolves. One after another related his various 'resolves' for several years back, and finally it came to the man with the Van Dyke beard and gold-rimmed spectacles, whom everybody had put down as a professor.

'Well, gentlemen,' he began, 'I don't know as any of my resolves will interest you, unless it is the one I made in 1896. I was lying on my bed when the old year died and the new year was born. As the last stroke of the bells died away I determined to begin operations at once, and five minutes later saw me at work on my tunnel.'

'Excuse me,' said the man with the sandy whiskers as the professor paused, but were you in the mining business.

'No, sir. As I said, I began work on my tunnel, and though I had only a broken knife to dig with I had made an excellent start before daylight came, and I had to

abandon the work. That resolve seemed to put new life into me, and I was impatient for night to come and start in on the work again.'

'Couldn't you work on the tunnel, in the daytime?' asked the same man as before.

'No, sir,' was the reply. 'No; my only chance was from 10 o'clock at night till about four in the morning, and as fast as I dug the dirt and cement out I had to conceal the stuff from all prying eyes. It was terribly hard work, but I was determined to let nothing daunt me.'

'That was a queer tunnel. Were you digging to strike some other claim, and were the other fellows suspicious of you?'

'Oh no. As near as I could judge the distance by my eye I had a matter of forty feet to go. I must however, sink my shaft a depth of six feet first, and I determined to work only four hours per night. I got hold of an old chisel to dig with, but it was a matter of three months before I had finished the shaft. A score of times I was on the point of abandoning the work, but that New Year's resolve always came up to strengthen me.'

'Look here, Professor,' said the man with the sandy whiskers, 'you couldn't have entombed in a mine?'

'No sir.'

'And you were not running a shaft into a mountain?'

'No sir. When I finally got my shaft sunk to the required depth it was easier digging, and I made better progress, but it was heart-breaking work after all. I think it was six months before I reached the wall, and there was not an hour in all that time when my work was not liable to discovery. I had to go down three feet extra to get under the wall, and then the foul air—'

'Say, now!' exclaimed he of the sandy whiskers as he rose up in his excitement, 'I want to know where you were.'

'In State Prison!' quietly answered the professor.

'And you were tunnelling your way out?'

'Of course.'

'And you—you escaped?'

'As you see. Yes, I finished my tunnel and got out only two weeks ago, and my New Year's resolve for 1897 was to stay out.'

They all looked at the professor, but he stroked his whiskers and bent over the stove and remarked that it seemed to be growing colder. The passenger who had asked all the questions wanted to ask one more—what crime the professor committed—but the ethics of the far West forbade him to do so, and he went out for a walk up and down the platform.

## A BLIGHTED HOPE.

The Sure Cure Turned out to Be a Patent Medicine.

Those who have suffered from any of the obstinate cutaneous affections whose name is legion will appreciate the following narration of one man's experience with a so-called 'infallible cure.'

He had been troubled for years with 'Salt rheum' in his hand, and tried so many remedies to no purpose that he had utterly lost faith in the power of medicines, external or internal to affect a cure.

One day, however, an advertisement of a new specific 'Doctor Blank's Sure Cure,' accompanied by testimonials from prominent men of his acquaintance, met his eye and he decided to give it a trial.

He sent for a box. It proved to be a kind of salve or ointment, to be applied externally. He used it faithfully and industriously, in compliance with the directions, and when it was gone sent for another box. According to the testimonials two boxes had never failed to effect a cure. They failed in his case, and he tried a third. There was no improvement, and he reluctantly gave it up.

Meeting a friend shortly afterward, he casually mentioned his experience with Doctor Blank's salve and his hopelessness of any relief from his torturing malady, when his friend exclaimed:

'I am glad you have spoken of this. I have a cousin who was afflicted for seventeen years exactly as you have been. He tried everything under the sun, without any

benefit, until a few weeks ago, when he found a simple remedy that acted like magic. It cured him, absolutely and completely, in less than a week, and the poor fellow was so overjoyed that he told me if I ever met a case like his to let him know, and he would go out of his way to tell the sufferer what to do to find certain relief. Here is his address. Write to him.'

The man wrote, and waited impatiently for an answer. It came in two days, and was as follows:

'Mr. J. Smith: Dear Sir—I am glad indeed to be the means of contributing to the alleviation of human misery in any form and especially that form known as 'salt rheum.' The remedy that cured me of that distressing complaint, after years of untold suffering, is Doctor Blank's Sure Cure.

Yours sincerely, J. Thompson.'

## Oh I Don't Know.

We're not so slow, we have the only mangle that will not destroy your linen—send to the up-to-date laundry—UNGARS LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Phone 58.

## LEADING THE BLIND.

How Anima's Sometimes Display Human Intelligence.

A gentleman in the State of Washington lately saw an occurrence, which he puts on record in the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, that illustrates kindness of animals to one another. Similar cases are perhaps not uncommon, but few of them ever find their way into print.

Several horses were grazing in a pasture. One of them, as the gentleman saw was totally blind. The blind horse exercised great caution in getting around stumps and much ingenuity in ascertaining the character of the ground in front of him. The other horses did not seem to pay any attention to him but he managed to keep near them.

The gentleman went on about his business, and in about an hour chanced to come back past the same spot. In the meantime the blind horse had strayed out to a road, while the rest of the band had gone on to a certain distance. The blind horse had evidently lost his way.

He stood for a moment as if puzzled, and then raised his head and whinnied. The sound had not died away when there came an answering whinny from the herd and a young horse came galloping into view from behind a clump of trees. He ran up to the blind horse, touched him with his nose, as if to say, 'Come on, old fellow, I'll lead you,' and the two walked off together in the direction taken by the other horses.

The grizzly, discolored, and uncouth beard can be made to appear inviting by Buckingham's Dye which colors an even brown or black; may be applied at home.

## A Tornado Preventive.

A Frenchman named Turpin has devised what he claims to be preventive of tornadoes in towns. As tornadoes invariably come from the Southwest, he would build on that side of a city a number of metal towers about 135 feet high, and place on their tops cylinders filled with some extremely explosive material, such as melinite. To the cylinders are attached arms with disks. The tornado strikes the arms and explodes the melinite, producing an enormous displacement of gas and breaking up the rotary motion of the storm.

## Another Side to It.

Change of accent will do a great deal. A certain egotistical man who, as the old mot puts it, is 'self made and adores his maker,' recently left town for a visit.

'Well,' said his next door neighbor, who found his absence more or less restful, 'I hope Blank is enjoying himself.'

'I think,' said his wife, with a delicate shifting of emphasis, 'I think we may always be sure he is enjoying himself.'

**Coleman's SALT**  
CELEBRATED  
DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD  
AND FARM  
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED  
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION  
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## WOULD YOU LIKE

'BICYCLE' OR A GOLD WATCH?

12 STEARNS' BICYCLES and 27 GOLD Watches

Are Given Away Every Month.

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Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to LEVER BROS., Limited, Toronto.

## GRAND CONCERT

OPERA HOUSE  
FRIDAY, OCT. 1st.

The following well known talent will take part.....

Madame Harrison, Soprano.  
Miss Lillian Butcher, Elocutionist.  
Miss Emma Goddard, Accompanist.  
Mr. Morton L. Harrison, Violinist.  
Mr. W. G. Stokes, Piccolo.  
Mr. G. S. Mayes, Bass.  
Mr. Alex. Lindsay, Tenor.  
The Orpheus Quartette.

PRICES; 25, 50 and 75 CENTS.

## GOVERNMENT .. SALE ..

the following PURE-BRED STOCK

Imported by the Government of New Brunswick, as follows:

- 36 Ayrshire Bulls.
- 25 Ayrshire Heifers.
- 15 Short Horn Bulls.
- 6 Short-Horn Heifers.
- 13 Jersey Bulls.
- 4 Guernsey Bulls.
- 3 Guernsey Heifers.
- 8 Holstein Bulls.
- 10 Holstein Heifers.
- 3 Hereford Bulls.
- 3 Hereford Heifers.

160 SHEEP, consisting of Cotswold, Leicesters, Shropshires, Dorsethorns and Lincolns,

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION AT FREDERICTON

On THURSDAY, the 30th Day of September, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Pedigrees will be furnished. Terms will be made known at the sale.

CHAS. H. LABILLOIS, Commissioner for Agriculture.

Fredericton, 18th Sept., 1897.

## International S. S. Co.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON

COMMENCING SEPT. 20th the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock (standard) Returning leave Boston same days.

On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAEHLER, Agent.