

**BIGGEST GLOBE IN THE WORLD**

Work of a German University Student at the Paris Exposition.

George C. Schreiber of Lincoln, Ill., is now completing what he says is the largest geographical globe in the world.

Graduated from German universities, Mr. Schreiber is not only an expert map-maker, but is an authority on geography. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, Schreiber prepared his plans for the monster sphere with care, and has systematically put them into operation. The first step was to build the frame of the globe. This consisted of a skeleton of cast iron rods radiating from a steel pipe, which forms the axis; the pipe was perforated and the rods were received into it, being carefully graduated in length. Then common telegraph wire was used, a network being woven over the ends of the rods. A rigid and fairly smooth surface having been thus formed, he covered the wire network with several layers of stout building paper, gluing each sheet smoothly to the surface.

Not much time was required to lay on the integument of the great mass. The preparation used is of Mr. Schreiber's devising. He has used wood pulp and papier-mache, but neither was satisfactory. After years of experimenting he invented a composition which serves the purpose better than anything yet discovered. Sawdust sifted in through cheese cloth until it is as fine as flour is mixed with the cheapest grade of varnish known to the trade, and the outer covering is ready. Schreiber covered the big sphere with a layer a quarter of an inch deep of this material.

Two or three weeks time was required to dry the surface thoroughly, and then the real work commenced. First he marked off the degrees of latitude and longitude with mathematical accuracy, then laid off the entire surface of the globe in half-inch squares, half an inch on the globe being equivalent to a degree of latitude. His work then proceeded systematically, and for the past three years he has spent eight hours daily preparing the map of the world.

The maps are in relief, every ocean, lake, and river being carved out of the surface. All lines or names are engraved on the surface, with sharp-pointed tools and then filled with paint, which imparts a pleasing effect and also slows more delicate minuteness of detail than if the names were put on with pen and ink. The route of every railroad and canal in the world is accurately represented, as well as the various steamship routes.

Not content with making his globe the largest of its kind in existence, Mr. Schreiber claims he has prepared the most accurate maps extant. His collection of maps is immense, and not a map of any importance is published that he does not procure immediately. This one item of expense has cost him hundreds of dollars.

His map of the United States is said to be absolutely accurate and more complete than any yet published. Of foreign countries his representations are far in advance of any maps. In India alone his globe gives 400 more towns than the latest publication. By careful study of his immense collection of maps and with the aid of industrious correspondence he has made his globe nearly perfect.

Some of the names of towns and rivers cannot be read with the naked eye, such is the minuteness of the work, but examination with a magnifying glass shows every letter to be formed with the most delicate care. The drawing and lettering throughout is that of a skilled engraver. From the mechanical point of view the globe is a work of art. All distances are measured with mathematical nicety, and are said to be absolutely accurate.

One feature of the big globe is in the designation of the gradually lessening widths of the degrees of latitude from the equator to the poles. On Mr. Schreiber's globe these widths are carefully marked, while they are thus given on no other map. He intends to exhibit the globe at the Paris Exposition.

**Delusive Figures.**

Figures won't lie of themselves, but they can be made to do it; and what looks like sound reasoning may be nothing but a delusion.

An old man went into an insurance office, says Cassell's Saturday Journal, and wanted to take out a policy on his life.

He was greeted courteously, but the first question he was asked was enough to spoil his chances.

'How old are you?' 'Ninety-four,' was the astonishing reply. 'Why, my good man,' said the manager with a laugh, 'we cannot insure any one of your age.'

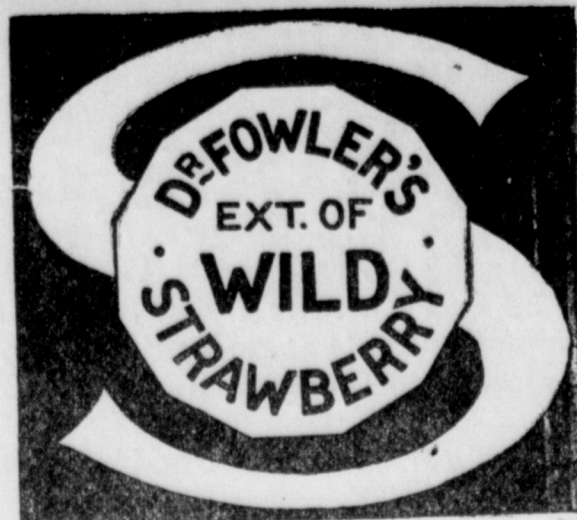
'Suppose I had been fifty?' asked the applicant.

'Why, of course, in that case—' 'Well, sir,' returned the old man triumphantly, 'I have been reading the table of vital statistics issued by your office, and I find that twice as many people die at the age of fifty years as at the age of ninety. So, sir, you must admit that I am a good risk.'

But strange as it may seem, the manager would not admit anything of the kind.

**How to Cure Corns.**

Easy? Yes, if you go about it in the right way. Get the best always. Putman's Painless Corn Extractor never fails to cure. Acts in twenty-four hours and causes neither pain or discomfort. Putman's Corn Extractor extracts corns; it is the best.

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DEAR SIRS.—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.

MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

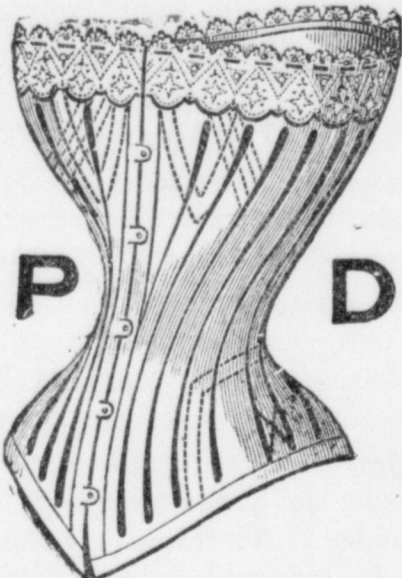
**THE HEAD MASTER**

GENTLEMEN.—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.

R. B. MASTERTON, Principal, High School, River Charles, N.B.

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The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

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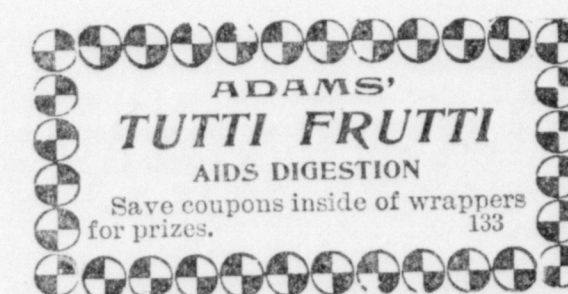
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A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by

THOMAS A. CROCKETT,  
162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

**Buctouche Oysters.**

RECEIVED THIS WEEK:

20 Bb's. Buctouche Bar Oysters  
At 19 and 23 King Square.  
J. D. TURNER.

**NOT A GOOD SHOT.**

He was Somewhat Flustered by the Improvement in Rifles.

Forest and Stream contains an account, full of sly humor, of a father and son and their experience with an American rifle of the best and newest make. Target-shooters nowadays have, perhaps, little faith in the marksmanship of the old frontiersmen, and the elder gentleman in question did much, during his visit to his son, to confirm to the impression of his own inadequacy.

'Well, well!' he said, examining the target rifle at the first opportunity. 'What improvements they have made since I was a boy. Dear me! our rifles were very crude affairs in those days!'

He continued in this strain all the way to the woods, and his son began to feel very sorry for him. It seemed a shame to be enjoying such modern improvements which the older generation had been denied. He tried to be encouraging.

'Yes,' he said, 'the finish of our rifles may be finer, but I suppose the old muzzle-loaders would shoot just as straight.' 'I don't know! I don't know!' replied his father, sadly.

'Well, you didn't miss often with them?' 'No, not often. But we didn't dare to miss. Powder was too scarce.'

'Dead, too, I suppose?'

'Well, not so scarce as powder, for we could use it over again. When we had powder enough to shoot at a mark, which was seldom, we would always put the mark on a tree, and then chop the bullet out. I guess you youngsters shoot much better than we did, for you have plenty of ammunition to waste in target shooting. And then you have seen fine sights; I shouldn't even know how to use them.'

'Oh, yes, you would! Here, I'll tack this target on a tree, and we'll try a few shots.'

'No! no! you do the shooting. I can't shoot. Why, boy, I haven't fired a rifle since the war. And I never was anything of a shot. Brother Zeke and Abe could beat me anytime, and neither of them could shoot like father.'

But when the target had been set up, and the son had hit the bull's-eye, the father consented to 'try those sights, just to see how they would work.' He had construed his son's persuasion as a challenge, and he would not refuse it, even in the face of certain defeat.

He took the rifle threw his arm well out, and raised the piece, but complained that he could not see. The younger man grew a little nervous.

'Be careful father,' said he, 'that's a set trigger.'

'Boy,' was the stern reply, 'I never used any other kind.'

A suspicion began to creep over the son that he might have been unnecessarily solicitous.

'Crack!' The old gentleman had shot into a line three inches below the bull's-eye. At his second trial, he did the same. 'That's funny,' said he. 'My sight was touching the mark.'

He had been holding the aperture as if it were a pin-head, and it was explained to him that the bull's-eye should be centred in that little hole. From that moment he hit the centre and kept on hitting it. His work was amazing, but he kept apologizing for it, and his humility was perfectly sincere.

No, he never was counted a good shot—Zeke could beat him—so could Abe—his father was better than any of them—and Uncle George was a real marksman.

'But my! what improvements you have made!'

**A Mystery in Camp.**

A New Brunswick contributor to Forest and Stream relates an odd experience that befell a Mr. Hunter while on a hunting trip. He was at Forty-nine Mile camp, and went out to look after his horses, leaving a candle burning on the table.

In a few minutes he returned to find the room dark. The candle had gone out it appeared; but when he went to relight it he found that it was missing. Mr. Hunter was startled, not to say frightened. Perhaps he remembered some of the legends which attach to those wild forests.

However, he lighted another candle, and by and by had occasion to go out again to look after his team. When he came back the room was dark again and the candle gone.

This time, having lighted a third candle, he made a search of the premises. Nothing was to be seen. He put the candle on the table again, set his axe where it would be handy, and stepped into a corner.

In a few minutes a flying squirrel came through the door, mounted the table, knocked over the candle, which went out as it fell, seized it in his mouth and started with it for the door.

**I CAN'T SLEEP**

Is the Daily Wall of Thousands of Humanity Who Have Suffered as Wm. Proudfoot of Huntsville Has—Read What the Great South American Nervine Did For Him.

I was greatly troubled with general nervous debility, indigestion and sleeplessness. I tried a number of cures and consulted best physicians without any benefit. I was finally induced to give South American Nervine a trial. I had heard of some great cures by it. I took it, got relief from my sufferings, and after using one bottle sweet sleep came to me. I slept like a child. Six bottles have completely cured me.



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of 12 ounce Soap in the market at a similar price.

**Oak Leaf**

You won't know how good a wrapped soap you can sell at 4 cents and make a profit until you try a box of this.

All jobbers sell it

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

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**NERVOUS INVALIDS**

Find great benefit from using

Puttner's Emulsion which contains the most effective Nerve Tonic and nutritives, combined in the most palatable form.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season.

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**Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish.**

THOMAS DEAN,  
City Market.

**INVISIBLE MONKEYS.**

A New Family Discovered in Africa Which Can Scarcely be Seen.

Dr. J. W. Gregory, of the Natural History Museum, of London, reports the discovery of a family of African monkeys that add another curiosity to the wonders of the zoos, provided they are fortunate enough to obtain specimens. These monkeys are found in certain districts of East Africa, and pass most of their time in the dense forests clothing Mount Kilima Njaro and other districts of that sections.

The black stemmed trees in which they make their homes are thickly draped with gray beard moss or lichen, which reaches for several feet below the boughs. As the monkeys hang from the branches Dr. Gregory says that they so closely resemble the lichen that he found it impossible to recognize them even when only a short distance away.

These monkeys are known to the natives of certain districts of East Africa by the name of guereza. They belong to the group of thumbless apes which are restricted to the African continent, where they take the place of the langurs, or sacred apes, of India and other Oriental countries. From the other thumbless apes the guerezas, or the species to which that name properly applies, are distinguished by their long, silky, black and white coats, which are much sought after by the natives of Africa as articles of their scanty costume and for purposes of decoration.

In the typical Abyssinian guereza the greater part of the fur of the body and limbs is of a deep, shining black, but from the shoulders there depends a mantle of long, white, silky hair, extending down each side and meeting on the lower part of the back, so as to hang down over the sides of the body as well as over the hips and thighs. The terminal third of the tail is also clothed with long white hairs. Strikingly handsome as is this species it is excelled in this respect by the East African guereza—the one met with by Dr. Gregory—in which the base of the tail alone is black, the whole of the remainder of that appendage being developed into a magnificent white brush, which may be compared to an Indian chowri or fly whisk.

Black and white is a type of coloration so conspicuous and at the same time so rare among the larger mammals, that whenever it occurs we may be sure it is developed for some special purpose, although, unless we have an opportunity of seeing the animals in their native haunts it is almost impossible to divine what that purpose may be.

It is met with elsewhere in the zebras and also in the remarkable parti-colored bear of Thibet. Although the former animals are conspicuous enough in a stall at the Zoo, or when stuffed in a museum, travellers tell us that when seen in the base of an African desert their black and white stripes fade at a very short distance to an almost invisible gray. This may even be observed in a hot summer when the grass is burned brown in some of the private English parks where several of these beautiful animals are allowed to roam at will during the summer months.

Dr. Gregory's observations have fully solved the problem of the use of the remarkable coloration of the guerezas, which has so long puzzled the brains of naturalists. Decisive evidence is apparent that the black and white coloration of these animals protect them by a close resemblance to their inanimate surroundings. There are, however, certain smaller animals with a similar type of coloration in which the startling contrast of black and white seems to be for the purpose of rendering them conspicuous, and as some at least of these creatures are endowed with a most disgusting odor, their conspicuousness has been regarded as warning other animals from attacking them.—New York Herald.

**Old Fogey and Short-Sighted Merchants.**

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes receive letter orders every day from country places for Diamond Dyes. Ladies say their village store-keeper has been talked into buying one of the very inferior makes put up to outwardly imitate the world-famed Diamond Dyes. They have tried these dyes, and the result was failure and loss of goods.

These country storekeepers (many of them) will not put in a stock of Diamond Dyes until they get rid of their poor goods. This means loss of trade to the short-sighted dealer. Diamond Dyes are certainly the favorites in country, town and city, and all live merchants sell them.

Any lady in the country who cannot obtain Diamond Dyes from her dealer can write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, for the color required, stating whether it is to dye wool, cotton or silk, and the dyes will be sent by mail.

**The Misleading Placard.**

A restaurant-keeper, who had little sympathy with the 'plain speech' of the Quaker City, placed in his show window a placard inscribed thus:

MOLLUSCOUS BIVALVES IN EVERY STYLE.

A couple of young fellows, manifestly from 'up country,' were observed standing before the window, engaged in spelling out the sign.

'What's them, Bill?' one asked the other.

'I dunno,' said Bill.

'Let's go up street a bit and see if we kin find a eyster's loon. I feel like eatin' some eysters.' —Philadelphia Record.