

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

HOW THEY ARE TREATED

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE DOGS BOUND FOR THE YUKON.

How They are Looked After by the Moncton Agent of the S. P. C. A.—The Efforts made to Make Them More Comfortable on Their Long Journey.

MONCTON, Feb. 9.—The purchase or capture as the case may be of dogs still continues to be a leading industry of the maritime provinces, while in Newfoundland it has almost entirely superseded the cod-fishing trade, and we hear none of the heartrending accounts of destitution amongst the fishing population on the coast on account of the failure of the catch, which usually harrow our feelings during the winter season. Apparently so long as the catch of dogs continues good the welfare of both the fisherman and the farmer is assured, no matter how poor the crops that earth or ocean yield. Of course it is hard on the dogs, but then it was also hard on the codfish, and nature never was a respecter of persons, she shows great solicitude for the well-being of the race, but none at all for the individual, and if the latter is so ill advised as to offer any opposition to the existing state of affairs he merely gets ground to powder beneath the inexorable wheels of destiny. Probably the dog would express it differently but the result is the same as far as he is concerned, and he suffers accordingly by it.

In fact he is now almost as important an article of commerce in Newfoundland as he has always been in Flanders, and the rate of which he is being exported from the land of barren cliffs and codfish, would almost lead to the fear that unless it contains more dogs to the square yard than most countries Newfoundland is threatened with a dog famine in the near future. The thrifty native seems to have become intoxicated by the delicious joy of discovering that he has anything of marketable value besides his regular staples of seal oil and codfish, and he is hastening to dispose of it as soon as possible utterly regardless of the future. By and by the dog crop will be exhausted and the Newfoundlanders will find themselves in a dogless condition until the puppies who have escaped the general conscription on account of their extreme youth, have grown to dog's estate.

So great is the greed displayed by those having dogs to sell that they seem to lose their heads and see double, promising more merchandise than they can possibly supply. One dealer who had returned from a buying trip to Newfoundland, that out of some sixteen hundred dogs promised him there were but six hundred and fifty actually delivered, so the catch must be diminishing. These dogs ranged in price from three fifty, to five dollars.

Some nine hundred of these poor wayfarers have passed through Moncton, and at first beyond a brief paragraph in the local papers mentioning the rare fact of their arrival, there was little notice taken of them, and had not an article appeared in PROGRESS describing their wretched plight, and directing the attention of the S. P. C. A. to it, their sufferings might still have remained unmitigated. As it was the second consignment was met on its arrival at Moncton, by Mr. George B. Willett president of the society's local branch, and prompt measures taken for the comfort of the poor creatures. They had been bedded in sawdust which was of course damp and frozen, but owing to the exertions of the society five hundred pounds of good dry straw was ordered, and substituted for the sawdust. The condition of the wretched animals was such that some of the men who went to look at them were unable to endure the sight, after the first glance, but turned away hastily with their curiosity more than gratified, and a decidedly unpleasant feeling in the region of their waists. And small wonder it was, because there were dogs with their noses partly chewed off, dogs with their paws disabled, dogs with their ears mangled, and worst of all, dogs with one or both eyes out. These wounds had been caused by the fights which were a regular feature of feeding time, and it will be readily imagined that between the frost, and the constant renewal of hostilities they presented a most revolting appearance. Numbers of these dogs which were to prove of such invaluable service as draught animals in the Klondyke were obviously so old that they deserved a more merciful death, while others supposed to be able to do their full share of work, were so small that their weight

would not have exceeded thirty pounds at most, the average weight of a cocker spaniel in good condition. Of course it was impossible to rescue even the old and feeble dogs from the fate in store for them, but prompt measures were taken to improve their condition as much as possible. The S. P. C. A. is a power in the land, and Mr. Willett obtaining an order from the general manager of the I. C. R. who was most kind and courteous in rendering all the assistance possible, restraining those in charge of the dogs from proceeding on their journey until the society's demands had been complied with. The result was that the dogs were all muzzled, the fact that their owners were provided with a sufficient number of muzzles for them all, proving that they anticipated trouble of some kind, and were prepared to meet it.

Since the attention of the society has been called to the matter, Mr. Willett has spared no pains in looking after the interests of the dogs and though the last consignment passed through the city at midnight, he was on hand to inspect them, and found them in much better condition than any of the previous shipments. The dogs were accompanied by their owner, a man of the name of Cross, and travelled in a box car, one end of which was occupied by Cross himself, who seemed to be training for life in the Klondyke by sleeping in temperature of zero. The dogs seemed to be in fairly good condition, one section of the car was reserved for meat, and other food for them, and in each compartment there was a tub of water—frozen, of course—but still it was there. The dogs numbered a hundred and ninety, and as Cross assured Mr. Willett that he intended utilizing them himself on reaching the gold fields, he doubtless intends starting a dog ranch, and being independent of the imported article in future. He expects that each dog will cost him fifty-three dollars by the time he lands them at Klondyke, and if he can sell them at prices which will enable him to make a profit on so large an outlay, there must be more money in dogs than the most sanguine speculators have hitherto supposed.

SHERIDAN'S POKER GAME.

Senator Conkling and the Hero of Winchester Furnished the Fun.

'I was in the game one night during the winter of '79 when both Conkling and Sheridan were players, says a writer in the Washington Star. It was a four-handed game, and John Chamberlin was the other player. This game at Chamberlin's was always for a \$5 limit at first, with the understanding that along toward morning, after a couple of hours of warming up, anyone could suggest the removal of the limit if he wanted to. The way Conkling and Sheridan bluffed each other that night was a caution. Both men seemed to strike out luck altogether as an element in their good-natured play against each other, and as both of them caught fine hands occasionally, when engaged in this tug-of-war of bluffing neither of them could get an exact line on the other, and it was better than a play to study their faces at the show-downs. Conkling was having all the success during the latter part of the night, and it was fun to hear 'Little Phil' softly utter dark and woolly things under his breath when, time after time, Conkling would show a hand consisting of nothing at all after having scared Sheridan out, or produce a gorgeous set of fours or a full hand at such times as Sheridan, deciding that the Senator was bluffing, would call him.

'Bite him, Sheridan,' Chamberlin would say, amusedly, on these occasions, and Sheridan would tell Chamberlin to go to the dickens, and call for another deck of cards.

'We started the last round of jackpots with a new deck. Sheridan dealt the first mess himself, and after it had gone around and none of the three of us could open it, Sheridan opened it himself. Neither Chamberlin nor I had any right to stay on our hands, and so it was left between Sheridan and Conkling, who stayed. Conkling took three cards, and turned his little pair into threes. Sheridan dished himself out three cards, and bit his cigar hard when he saw his hand. He made a \$5 bet to draw Conkling out, and the Senator raised him \$25. It passed between them with these \$25 bets until there was nearly \$300 in the pot, both men scrutinizing each other pretty carefully at each bet.

'I don't know so much about you this time, said Conkling finally, 'and I think I'll just call you for safety.'

'Both laid their hands down at the same time. Conkling had three nines, and he looked at Sheridan strangely when he saw the color of Sheridan's three aces. Both Chamberlin and myself also saw what was wrong at the same instant, but we only smiled and let the two men have it out. Sheridan had a broad grin on his face and was just about to rake in the pot. Conkling was gazing at the little man of iron with a puzzled look in his eyes.

'Oh, I say, there, Phil, just wait a minute,' said he. 'Do you really think that pot belongs to you?'

'Belongs to me?' said Sheridan. 'Well, it does if the nose on my face belongs to me—' and again he reached over to hoe in the pot.

Conkling ran his hand through his hair and again stopped Sheridan with a gesture. 'I don't remember ever having seen that sort of thing before,' he said. 'Did you, Phil?'

'See what sort of thing before?' said Sheridan. 'What are you talking about, Conkling?'

For reply, Conkling put one finger upon one of Sheridan's aces, and then pointed to another one of the aces.

'I never saw a jackpot won with three aces, two of which happened to be aces of diamonds,' said Conkling smiling.

'Sheridan looked at his hand, lying face up on the table before him, and his face became fiery red. The consternation on his countenance was really funny.

'Why, said he, after a minute, 'blamed if I don't believe I'm nothing better than an involuntary swindler. That other ace, you see, is a club. I opened the pot on a pair of red aces, and they were of course, these aces of diamonds. Chamberlin, turning to the amused boniface, 'turn me out of doors as a fraud and a short card player will you?'

'And have the army fire a volley over the ruins of my house?' replied Chamberlin. 'Hardly. Anyhow, I'd rather see you and Conkling engage in a rough and tumble fight over the thing. Go ahead, the pair of you. We'll see fair play, turning to me.

'Of course, the extra ace of diamonds had slipped into the deck accidentally before it left the manufacturer's hands, but Sheridan, when he had in a measure recovered from the surprise of the revelation made a humorous pretension that he had known the whole thing all along, and convulsed the three of us by feelingly appealing to Conkling to refrain from exposing him to the world, for the sake of his family and all that sort of thing. The hand being foul the pot was, of course, divided.'

BRUIN'S REVENGE.

How a Grizzly Bear Punished a Man Who Persisted in Stirring Him up.

The town of Medicine Hat, in Assiniboia on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, had in 1894 an attraction in the shape of a captive grizzly bear. He was a hungry-looking brute, about the size of an ordinary cow, and was chained to a post in the centre of a strong log pen. The pen stood beside the tracks, about 200 feet from the station, and a recent rainstorm had made a veritable mudhole of it.

The bear was an object of lively interest and curiosity to the townspeople, but more particularly to passengers of trains which stopped at Medicine Hat to change engines.

One day early in August the east-bound overland pulled in, and in a few minutes the occupants of several coaches were viewing the grizzly, who was shuffling around his quarters, looking very innocent and unconcerned. His paws and shaggy gray coat were covered with mud, and bruin was not a thing of beauty, still he appeared contented, and seemed to enjoy being on exhibition.

Now, a miscellaneous crowd of men has, as a rule, at least one individual in it belonging to the class known as 'smart Alecks.' This gathering was no exception and the afore-mentioned person soon manifested himself. He began by grunting at the bear, and followed that by throwing sticks and small stones at him. Failing to excite him by these means he resorted to others. Fixing a handkerchief on a stick he daunted it in bruin's face and tickled him on the nose with it, then poked him in the ribs; but, save an occasional growl, the bear did not seem to mind his tormentor. One or two gentlemen now advised the funny man to desist, suggesting that his bearship's patience probably had limits. Ignoring the friendly warning, the fellow waved bolder, and, coming close up to the pen, thrust an arm in between the logs. Then the long suffering bear saw his opportunity and improved it. Suddenly and with startling swiftness he reared on his hind legs until he loomed high above the astonished man, and then,

with a deep growl of anger, he struck fiercely at his persecutor. For a breathless second the man stood be-
rest of the power of motion; then, with a scream of fright, he tried to draw back, but too late. The enormous bear caught his arm in a glancing fashion, shredding his coat and shirt sleeves, and scoring several ugly scratches in the flesh, while an avalanche of mud and filth descended on his reckless head fairly obliterating his features and thickly covering the whole upper part of his person. The bears revenge was complete. Swift and sudden justice had been meted out, and with shaken nerves and ruined clothes the smart man made his way to the train, while some unfeeling men in the crowd laughed outright, and the grizzly lay down with what resembled a sigh of relief.

THE TARTARIAN LAMB.

A Strange Plant That Closely Resembles an Animal.

Among the strange stories to be found in the narratives of early travelers, few are stranger than that of the vegetable lamb of Tartary. This story, as believed by reading public, and even by the naturalists of two centuries ago, is so marvellous, and so obviously absurd, that we wonder how the most credulous could have believed it to be true.

The story is that, in an elevated and cultivated soil plant of great extent west of the river Volga, there may be found a creature half animal half-plant, to which the natives give the name of barometz, meaning 'little lamb.' To obtain it, the Tartars sow in the ground seed like that of a melon, from which, in due time, rises the strange plant having the figure of a lamb, with the feet, the hoofs, the ears, and the whole head except the horns of that animal distinctly formed. It grows on a stalk about three feet in height, being, according to one version, rooted to the ground by its four feet, while another account raises the whole lamb, feet and all, from the ground on a single stem, on which he is able to turn, and also to bow itself downwards to the herbs on which it feeds. It lives as long as there is grass or herbage around it, but when it has consumed all within its reach, it dies, and withers away. Its skin is covered with a very white down, as fine as silk, and is greatly prized by the Tartars, who pull it off and wear it as a cover for the head. Inside it is comprised of flesh and bones, and when wounded it gives out a liquid resembling blood. Wolves are said to be the only animals that will eat it, and they are very fond of it.

Specimens of some remarkable production were looked upon as the rarest treasures in the collections of the curious in days gone by. Two different specimens have been described in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and a third has its portrait given in an engraving in Darwin's 'Flower Garden,' and his history told in the florid verse of that work.

The 'lamb' is a natural production, greatly helped in the particulars in which it most resembles that creature by the ingenuity of the natives. The body is a portion of the creeping stem of a species of fern which generally grows as erect as a tree. The stem is densely covered with beautiful, jointed silky hairs, of a rich golden color. On the surface next to the ground a few roots are given off, while the leaves—or fronds, as they are called in ferns—spring from the upper surface. The fronds reach a height of 12 or 14 feet,

and have a long bare stalk before the leaf is spread out—The Tartar takes a suitable part of this creeping stem for a body, deprives it of the roots, and of all the leaf stalks except four, which are intended for the legs two short ones for the ears, and a stump for the tail, and then, turning it upside down trims the stem, and so produces this marvel of the early explorers. The fern, known to botanists as the cibotium barometz, is a native of Eastern Asia; it has been introduced into our conservatories where it flourishes, producing after a few years' growth, good specimens of the 'lamb.'

The silky hairs of this fern form a favorite remedy among the Chinese for checking the flow of blood by applying them to a wound, in the same way as felt or cobwebs are used by some people in this country. The more fibrous and elastic hairs of several species of the same group, natives of the Sandwich Islands, are largely exported from these islands to California and Australia for stuffing cushions and for similar purposes.—Philadelphia Times.

KEEPS BOARDERS IN WASHINGTON.

A Woman in That Business Knows How to Take Care of Herself in Court.

The woman was on the stand, and she was a very nice-mannered, respectable woman, who kept a cheap boarding house, and it was the desire of one of her guests to be dishonest that had brought her to the court to make him pay his board.

'How old did you say you were, madam?' inquired the lawyer, with no reason on earth, for an elderly landlady is no more anxious to lose a board bill than a young one.

'I did not say, sir,' she responded, flushing to the roots of her hair.

'Will you be kind enough to say, madam?'

'It's none of your business.'

'Objection sustained,' smiled the Court.

'Um,' said the lawyer, rubbing his chin, 'how much did you say, the amount was the defendant owed you?'

'Twenty-five dollars.'

'And for how long was that?'

'Five weeks.'

'That's five dollars a week, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Five weeks at five dollars a week is twenty-five dollars, I believe you said?'

'Yes, sir.'

The witness was patient, but her temper was not improved under the strain.

'Isn't that an extravagant price to pay for board in that locality, madam?' inquired the attorney, severely.

'He didn't pay it, sir,' answered the woman, beginning to turn.

The lawyer gave a little start of surprise then became indignant at the very thought of a witness talking like that.

'Don't be factious on the witness stand, madam,' he said, assuming a tone of warning.

'This is a serious matter, madam. I have asked if your prices were not exorbitant and you have seen fit to answer lightly madam. Now, madam, I ask you in all earnestness if you mean to tell this court that your prices are moderate, and that if I should come to your house to board you would charge me \$5 a week? Answer directly, madam,' and the attorney sat back in his chair and assumed an imperial manner.

The witness was not at all abashed.

'No, sir,' she said simply. 'I would—'

'I thought not,' interrupted the attorney, rubbing his hands.

'No, sir,' continued the witness, 'I would not charge you at all. I would make you pay in advance.'

Then the Court forgot its dignity and everybody laughed except the attorney.

THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because

'There's nothing succeeds like success.' There is no withstanding the living argument of the man who should be dead, who isn't dead, but who would be dead, but for a preserving medicine. That's about the way it seemed to strike Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have, thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he had not expected to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the editor's cold, on the ground that it had 'helped him wonderfully.' It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving 'almost instant relief.' But read his letter:

'About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. I accordingly bought a couple of bottles, one of which I keep on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possess-

ing the formula for such a very valuable remedy.'—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

To preserve health prepare for sickness. Keep a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral handy, on the desk, in the office, on the shelf or in the closet at home, and you will have at hand a remedy that is capable at any time of saving you suffering, money, and even life. There is no malady so prolific of evil results as a neglected cold. There is no medicine so promptly effective in curing a cold and absolutely eradicating its effects, as Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Every traveller should carry it. Every household should keep it. It cures every variety of cough, and all forms of lung and throat trouble. Asthma, bronchitis, croup, and whooping cough, are promptly cured by it, and it has in many cases overcome pulmonary diseases in aggravated forms, when all other remedies failed to help and physicians gave no hope of cure. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.