

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
Mrs. Davidson accompanied Miss Brown to Sussex and was also the guest of Mrs. Smith for a day or so.

Mr. Thos. J. Dillon of Charlottetown spent Friday last in town.

Mr. Edgar Davidson of St. John arrived in town on Wednesday and has been admitted as a student to the I. C. R. depot to study telegraphy.

Mrs. Byard McLeod and children returned home on Saturday from a very pleasant visit with friends in Apohaqui.

Mr. Stanley Hopkins of St. John was visiting at Jas. H. Brown's last week.

Mr. Lester Stockton spent Tuesday in Petticoat.

BUCTOUCHE.

Mar. 26.—Miss Maggie Hannigan left for Moncton yesterday where she expects to remain a few months.

Mr. James Johnson has gone to Winnipeg to spend the summer.

Mr. Neil J. Ross is visiting friends in St. John. Messrs. Robinson of Toronto, Isaac Trenholm of Amherst and R. Barker of St. John are in town.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gorman of the Bayview; it is a boy.

THE YUKON MOSQUITO.

Drives Moose, Deer and Caribou to the Snow Line, Sticks Bears Blinded.

Not only do the Yukon mosquitoes attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer, and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear, that is often miscalled a grizzly, has succumbed to them. Bears come down to the river from the hillside in the early fall to get some of the salmon that are often thrown upon the banks when the "run" is heavy.

It bruin runs foul of a swarm of mosquitoes and has not his wits about him his day has come. The insects will alight all over him. His fur protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will be swollen up and bleeding, and unless he gets into a river or a strong wind he will be driven mad and blind, to wander about hopelessly until he starves to death.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the storm is over; then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness, and the miner has a harder time than ever after his respite.

Mosquitoes and snowflakes are not contemporaries in the States, but in Alaska it is different. Snow does not bother them so much as rain, and an early snow may fall while they are still on the wing. Fog does not choke them, either. They appear to like it. They float about in it as in ambush and take the unwary prospector by surprise.

The Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has just been finished by the Erie Cattle Company along the Mexican border. It is 75 miles in length, and separates exactly from its entire distance the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money it is

Sleep

Induced by the use of coca, opiate or narcotic compounds is bad, decidedly bad. They undermine health and shatter the constitution and the patient is steadily growing into a worse condition—often resulting in the terrible slavery and misery of the cocaine and opium habit. Sleep induced by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla does not perhaps come as quickly, but it comes more surely and more permanently through nature's great restoring and rejuvenating channel—purified, vitalized and enriched blood. This feeds the nerves with life-giving energy and builds up the system and constitution from the very foundation of all health and life—the blood—pure, rich, red blood.

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estimated that enough cattle will be saved in one year to more than pay for it. It is a barbed wire fence, with mesquite and cottonwood poles and for the entire length runs as straight as the crow flies.

THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

Interesting Observations in the Ruins of an Ancient City of Mexico.

Prof. Saville, connected with the American Museum of Natural History, has returned from an interesting journey of exploration in the State of Chiapas, where he visited the ruins of Palenque, and his report confirms the previous reports of the vast extent of that ancient city and the elaborate character of the ornamentation of the houses which are now concealed within the dense forest growth. Before Prof. Saville could begin his investigations it required a force of men working three days to clear out the growth before he could get anywhere near the ruins. Inside of the ruins magnificent stucco and terra cotta figures are covered with incrustations and from the walls hang hundreds of stalactites. Prof. Saville said this was wonderful and is one of the few places in the world where such could be found. He said that the Government should do something toward keeping the ruins in a better condition.

The Professor says: 'I made investigations among the types of Indians which are very scarce. I spent some time with the Tuntalocans, Bachajons, and the almost unknown Lacandonos. I got a complete set of their musical instruments, garments, and household utensils, and from the latter tribe I got their bows and arrows. They use these weapons with remarkable skill. One of them can send an arrow so high into the air that it is hardly perceptible, and when it returns it will fall almost at his feet. They use four styles of arrows for shooting different kinds of game. I had good luck to see them make these arrows, something that they rarely do in the presence of white men. The heads are made of obsidian, a form of volcanic glass. These are chipped with remarkable skill. The different specimens and photographs I made were sent directly to New York, and on my return will be placed in the National Museum. These natives speak a dialect of pure Maya, and a very few understand Spanish.'

Prof. Saville now goes to Oaxaca to study the ruins at Mitla.

Guessing at the Song.

Two sailors, returned from a long voyage, strolled into a public house near the docks. Above the rumble of the traffic on the street could be heard at intervals the loud, unusual voice of a huckster. After listening intently for a minute one of the sailors turned to his companion and said:

'Eh, Jack, lad; it's a long time since we heard that song.'

'What song?'

'The one that fellow's singing in the street—'The Light of Other Days.'

'Stow it,' ejaculated the other gruffly. 'That fellow ain't singing 'The Light of Other Days' at all, man. I've been listening to him. He's a-piping 'The Banks of Allan Water.'

Each sailor was certain he was right, and with characteristic contempt for money a wager was made—a month's wages depending on the result.

'Here, Tommy!' called out one of the men to the little son of the landlord, 'run out and get to know what that fellow's singing.'

'Well,' demanded Jack, when the youngster returned, 'which of us is right?'

'Nayther of ye,' replied Tommy grinning. 'The feller's not singing. He's hawking fly papers!'—Answers.

ESCAPADES OF A DESPERADO.

Rode Over the Country and Dared the Officers to shoot.

'Doc' Middleton was the most daring desperado that ever terrorized the Elkhorn Valley, and ruled the Black Hills country with a high hand,' said John C. Barclay.

'Middleton always bore the sobriquet of Doc,' but nobody seems to know how he was dubbed. Before the railroads were built into Deadwood, S. D., I used to make one trip a year by stage to that country, and I saw 'Doc' Middleton several times. He was a powerful fellow, with quick elastic step, and wore a dark sombrero, an overcoat of wildcat skin and a bright handkerchief and his cowboy makeup gave him the appearance of a typical Western frontiersman. Leading a band of rangers he waged war on the Sioux Indians and protected the settlers of the Elkhorn Valley, Neb. Government officials in those days feared him, and for years he was the chief of desperadoes in those parts. But he settled down to a respectable life in Nebraska over fifteen years ago, and was engaged in the cattle business.

'When I first knew 'Doc' he was freighted from Sidney, Neb., to the Black Hills. One night, in a Sidney dance house, a half dozen soldiers engaged in a quarrel with 'Doc,' and there was a shooting scrape. Middleton escaped and hid in the hill sands on the platte River. While living in the hills he picked up a bunch of horses and started out with them. He was captured and thrown into jail in Sidney. The second night there he got the jailer drunk and walked away. He next appeared at a road ranch up the Elkhorn, having been without food for five days. Soon after that he was hurrying down the Elkhorn Valley with a bunch of horses that belonged to the Indians. 'Doc' and his party were pursued by a company of United States soldiers, about fifty settlers, and a band of Indians. The white men gave up the chase in a few days, but the Indians kept on the trail. One night the thieves were overtaken by the Indians. The red men dared not shoot Middleton, so they took the horses and returned home. Middleton's front teeth were filled with gold, and he was known to all the redskins as 'Gold Chief.' The Indians believed that 'Doc' must have been favored by the Great Spirit in order to have gold teeth, and they would not kill him.

'One of Middleton's escapades was known over all the country. He was at North Platte, and a Sheriff tried to take him. 'Doc' mounted his horse, pulled a couple of revolvers, and rode over all the town daring any man to shoot at him. The Government finally made a determined effort to capture 'Doc' and sent out four secret service men. They met 'Doc' at a Fourth of July celebration at Atchison, Neb. He took their pistols away, and made them run foot races and join in the merry festivities of the day. Once Judge Moody of Deadwood demanded Middleton's surrender. He made the Judge throw up his hands, and then took all the valuables he had.

'Middleton was finally captured by Deputy Lewellen and Hazen, who were sent out by Gov. Thayer of Nebraska. 'Doc' was taken to Omaha, where he received a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. He was shown leniency because he always protected the white settlers and only stole the stock belonging to the Indians. At the expiration of his term 'Doc' returned to Atchison, Neb., and became a law-abiding citizen.'—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bad Country for Jugglers.

Most of the current stories about conjurers are at the expense of the public, some one of whom is commonly made ridiculous by the juggler. A story of Bellachini, a famous conjurer of an earlier time, goes the other way. Bellachini, who had travelled almost all over the world, found himself at last in Morocco, where he gave a performance before the sultan. By way of climax, he took a snow-white and a gray pigeon, cut off the head of each, and then placed the white head on the gray pigeon and the gray head on the white pigeon, after which the two birds, each with the other's head on, flew away alive as if nothing had happened—or appeared to do so, since of course it is a necessary inference that Bellachini in some way managed a substitution of live pigeons for dead ones. The sultan liked this performance very much, and having ordered two of his men, a negro and a light Berber, to be brought forward, he commanded Bellachini to cut off their heads, and to exchange them as he had done with the pigeons. Bellachini was much taken aback by this proposition. He was unable to perform any such 'trick,' of course, but he did not like to confess it. He said to the sultan through the interpreter:

'Pardon, your most gracious majesty, my

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apparatus today is arranged only for pigeons, not for men. I require at least fourteen days to prepare for the performance you desire. Will your majesty grant me an extension of that time?

'Yes,' the sultan answered, 'the extension is granted.'

Bellachini left the palace, and immediately took flight from the country.

FACTS ABOUT LAKE SUPERIOR.

Peculiarities of the Largest Body of Good Drinking Water in the World.

Lake Superior is, to begin with, the largest body of fresh water in the world. It is water of wonderful purity, which it holds too; and some time, and in the not very distant future, either, the people who live in the large cities to the west and south will come to this lake to get the water for their homes. It will not be so remarkable an engineering feat to pipe the water of this lake, pure and sparkling and fresh from its cold depths, to these cities which are now struggling with the question of their waste supply and meeting all sorts of difficulties in their efforts to get water fit to drink.

All down through this thousand feet of blue there is a peculiar coldness. At the very most the temperature varies through winter and summer not more than 6°. Winter and summer this great lake never changes to any appreciable extent, so that if you dip your finger tips in the blue surface on a day in July, or if you test it some day in the early winter when you have been out on some belated, ice-mailed fishing smack, or when you have gone out to watch the fishermen spearing their supplies through the thick ice in mid-January, you will find but a trifling difference in the temperature. Away down at the bottom, too, there is but little variation in the temperature, for it stands at nearly 40° Fahrenheit at the bottom, and varies from 40° to 46°, winter and summer, at the surface. The other lakes, though cold, are not in this respect like Superior.

The whole bottom of the lake is believed to be a strong rock basin, though it would seem that there must be great springs at the bottom to help keep up the enormous volume of water. From the north there is a large amount of water pouring into the lake year in and year out, the swift-rushing, narrow-banked Nipigon and other streams furnishing no small part of the supply. These streams in a large measure make up for the loss from the surface. One of the old lake Captains, a bronzed, kindly faced man, who had been for thirty five years on the lakes and had faced death many a time in the frightful storms which sometimes sweep across these beautiful bodies of water, told me, as we were passing along one day near the north coast of Superior, with the headlands and inlets and glossy green bays of that most picturesque shore in full view that the theory that the lake was slowly going down in size was true. He maintained that he could tell from certain landmarks along the shores, with which he is as familiar as he would be with the streets of his old Scottish birthplace, that the lake was slowly—very slowly—but surely receding. However, it will be some centuries yet before there will be

any appreciable lessening of the great lakes, so that we need not be concerned. Strange as it may seem the lake has tides, too, well defined tides, discovered in 1860. It is what is called a self-registering tide, with a regular flux and reflux wave, caused, so the scientific men say, by the sun and moon. The average rise and fall every twenty four hours is 1 14-100 of a foot; the maximum tide at new and full moon is 128-100 of a foot.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

AT THE SOLICITATION OF A LARGE number of the electors of this city I shall be a candidate for Alderman for Lorne ward, at the coming election. If elected I shall give the business of the city my most earnest attention. I cannot place myself in the hands of any particular party or faction. I want to be elected by the citizens to represent all the citizens. If the electors will place me in this position I shall be able to do honest straight forward business at the council board.

Yours faithfully,
J. W. KEAST,
50 Bridge street.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

THE VERY LARGE VOTE I POLLED LAST year, has prompted me again to offer myself as a candidate for Alderman, of Dufferin ward, at the coming election. Should I be honored with an increase of your confidence this year, and elected, my every act will be for the very best interests of the city generally.

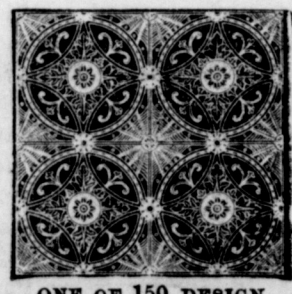
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