

PROVING METTLE.

Robert Wilton, the young owner of the Sycamore ranch, had passed a busy day in preparation for the spring rodeo which would begin the following morning. Frank Howard, accompanied by one of his men, appeared, and the men set out for the rodeo ground, which was located five miles from the ranch house and about the center of the range. Howard had worked in the country for several years as farmhand, but recently accepted the position of superintendent of cattle, or 'mayor domo,' as the Mexicans call the important personage, and the lordly vaqueros were inclined to resent the idea of a farmhand as 'cattle boss' and intimidated that he knew more about plows than he did about cattle.

As Howard rode up to the camp, where about a dozen men had assembled, he was the object of many curious glances, but the vaqueros were forced to admit that he did not look much like a greenhorn. He wore the usual free and easy cowboy garb, and the men who expected to see him wearing a straw hat and a 'jumper' were not a little disappointed at his appearance. He greeted them with easy cordiality and proceeded to make himself at home in true cowboy fashion.

'Remember how you lost the branding iron, Bill?' said one of the men, with a chuckle at the recollection.

'Guess I do,' replied Bill mournfully; 'went back five miles over the roughest sort of country looking for the blamed thing and then found it rolled up in my coat behind the saddle.'

'Do you carry an iron when you are out on the range?' asked Howard, with some surprise.

'Bob does,' replied Bill promptly, 'and whenever he sees a likely orejano he claps the iron on it. He's got so expert that he can brand a yearling on the run.'

'But how does he keep the iron hot?' said Howard incredulously.

He was interrupted by a burst of laughter from the men.

'You're altogether too easily fooled,' said Robert, endeavoring to suppress a smile. 'Bill has been giving you a fill. You mustn't believe anything that fellow says.'

After swallowing a hasty breakfast of bread and coffee before daybreak the men brought the horses, which had been grazing in a field near by, and Robert at once saddled his own and rode to the rodeo corral to ascertain if it was in condition to receive the cattle. Jack Williams showed Howard the horse which had been assigned to him and then turned to throw the saddle on his own horse.

'Look out for him; he's dangerous,' he remarked as Howard's mount drew back with a snort at his too sudden approach.

'Why, what does he do?' asked Howard.

'Bucks like the devil; nearly killed a man last week,' answered Jack laconically.

'He doesn't look like a broncho,' said Howard, surveying the horse with some disfavor.

'No; he's a meek looking cuss, but these old stagers are the worst. They buck for pure meanness. You'd better blind him, or he'll never let you get into the saddle. You can have my blinder. I won't need it today,' said Jack, with such friendly concern that Howard could not suspect him of guile and accepted the proffered bandage.

The men nudged each other and exchanged expressive winks as Howard drew the blind carefully over Borego's eyes, mounted in haste, settled himself firmly in the saddle, then cautiously raised the blind. Borego stared about him for an instant and when touched with the spurs walked quietly away.

'He won't buck this time, but you can't trust him,' observed Jack gravely.

By this time all the men were in their saddles, and the party turned toward the scene of the days search. They were soon joined by Robert, who reigned up beside Howard and at once observed Borego's unusual headgear.

'Why did you put a blinder on that horse?' he asked, suspecting that some one had perpetrated a joke in his absence. 'Why Jack said he's a bucker,' began Howard, but stopped when he saw that Robert was smiling and the other men were chuckling silently.

'Didn't I tell you not to believe these fellows? Borego hasn't bucked in ten years, and I believe he's forgotten how you ought to have known that I wouldn't put you on a broncho,' said Robert, trying to speak gravely, but much amused at the sight of the blind on Borego's placed brow.

'Sold again!' said Howard resignedly. 'I wouldn't have believed Bill Lane, but Jack looked so innocent that I couldn't doubt his word. Never mind, boys I'll get even with you yet.'

When they came to where the creek branched, Robert sent the men in twos and threes to search the country thoroughly, and all the cattle they found were driven to the rodeo ground. By 10 o'clock all the detachments had arrived, and, leaving a few men to guard the cattle, the hungry vaqueros proceeded to satisfy their ravenous appetites with the products of Ramon's skill.

A brief rest followed, and then came the work of separating the cows and the calves, parting the strays and marking and branding the calves. This being accomplished, Robert and his men slept soundly after the day's exertion, but the first faint gleams of dawn found them again in saddle and riding with renewed energy into the hills.

'We have some lively work before us today,' remarked Robert to Howard as they approached the point of separation. 'Somewhere around the headwaters of this creek is a bunch of cattle that we haven't been

able to get out for two years. They are as wild as deer and take to the brush when ever a man appears. We must get them today if it can be done. Bill you come with us, and I think the four of us can do the business.'

With his three aids, Robert proceeded to the place where he expected to find the wild cattle. 'Now, Bill,' he said, 'you and Howard go a little way up on the hill, so as to be out of sight. Jack and I will get above the cattle and start them down the canyon. When they come along, you fellows take in after them and run them like blazes and be very careful they don't turn up any of these side canyons or we'll never see them again.'

Bill and Howard stationed themselves behind a clump of bushes and watched and waited, with ears straining to catch every sound. Suddenly a shout from the opposite side of the canyon turned their eyes in that direction. A bunch of cattle in mad flight were crossing the canyon and heading for a narrow ravine which opened below and to the left of where the men stood. Robert was dashing down the hill behind them, yelling: 'Stop 'em, boys! Head 'em off!' 'No use; it can't be done,' said Bill, seeing at a glance that the cattle would be in the ravine long before he could reach it. Hold on! You can't go that way,' as his companion turned and galloped up the hill. Howard made no reply, but disappeared over the crest of the hill, which Bill knew descended almost perpendicularly to the ravine. Bill spurred his horse to the top and stood in petrified amazement watching Howard's flying figure. 'He'll break his neck, sure as shooting, but I guess he's nobody's coward,' was his inward comment. However, Howard made the descent in safety, turned the cattle and drove them at a breakneck pace down the canyon, closely followed by the other men.

'Howard, you're a bricker,' said Robert as soon as conversation was possible. 'You turned those cattle just in the nick of time. But you're the most reckless fellow I ever saw. I wouldn't ride down that hill as you did for all the cattle on this ranch.'

'Why, you said to stop them, and that was the only way to do it,' said Howard, evidently surprised that he had created a sensation. He would have been more surprised had he known how much he had risen in Bill's estimation. That worthy had found a man more daring than himself and his respect for him was boundless. 'Boys, you ought to have seen him!' he said afterward to an interested circle to whom he was relating the adventure. 'Maybe he doesn't know much about the cattle business, but a fellow with that much grit is bound to learn.'

On the third day of the rodeo Robert took with him, as usual, Howard and the faithful Jack, while the other men scattered in various directions. Howard and Jack were searching one side of a canyon when they heard Robert shouting to them from a hill on the other side. They rode over at once and found him sitting on his horse and watching a patch of brush from which mysterious crackling sounds issued. 'That old long horned Arizona cow is in there,' he said to Jack. 'I tried to drive her, but she made a run at me and then went into the bush, and I can't get her out. Tie your horse and see if you can't make her move. She's fighting mad, though, so look out for yourself.'

Jack crawled warily into the thicket, while Robert and Howard stood by, riata in hand. A shout from Jack warned them: 'Look out! She's coming, and she's mad as fury. I can see her eyes blaze.'

The brush snapped and parted, and out plunged the cow, took one glance at the situation and plunged straight for Robert, who was the nearest. The attack was so sudden that before he could throw the riata or move the cow struck his horse and with a vicious twist of her horns, tore a gaping wound in the poor brute's side. The shock sent horse and rider over in a heap, and the cow faced about ready for new foes. Robert was up in an instant, with the elasticity of a man used to hard falls, and ran for the nearest tree. The cow heard him, wheeled like a flash and charged after him with a snort of rage. She was almost on him when Howard's riata settled around her horns and stopped her with a jerk that threw her to the ground, while Robert made quick time to a point of safety.

In a moment the cow was again on her feet, bellowing and pawing the ground. Then, with lowered horns, she dashed furiously at Howard, whose keen eyes were watching her every movement and who still had one end of the riata twisted around the horn of his saddle. He spurred his horse in the opposite direction, a maneuver which stood the astonished cow on her head at the imminent risk of fracturing her neck. Before she could rise Jack was sitting on her head, and, with riata, they bound her legs till she was helpless.

'You're a trump, Howard!' said Robert warmly as soon as the excitement was over. 'I'd have been badly hurt only for you. I thought I was done for when I heard that old cow snort behind me, but I believe I'd just as soon be killed outright as scared to death.'

'Well, I'm glad that you're only scared,' replied Howard. 'It was a pretty close call, though, and it's lucky I didn't miss.'

This incident settled Howard's standing as a vaquero. The man who rode with brilliant daring and threw his riata with unerring aim in the face of danger was worthy to take his place among the shining lights of the land.—Celia Lynn in Argonaut.

The secret a woman is compelled to keep is untold agony.

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The vivid fact about cancer is that it eats away the flesh. Knife and plaster have failed to cure—our natural Home Treatment does cure. Full particulars 6c. Stott & Jory, Birmingham, Ont. (stamps.)



THE CZAR'S EAR.

The Remarkable Credulity of Some of the Russian Peasants.

In the western districts of the Cherson province of Russia there recently occurred a strike of peasants, who resolutely declined to do any more work for the local landowner. The police investigated the matter, and, according to our St. Petersburg correspondent, adds the London Mail, give the following extraordinary reasons for the outbreak:

A picture of the present Czar was recently sent to all communal councils in Russia, including, of course, those in Cherson. As the picture only presented a side view of the Czar, only one ear was visible. This led the peasants to believe that the Czar really possessed only one ear, and the loss of the other they thus account for:

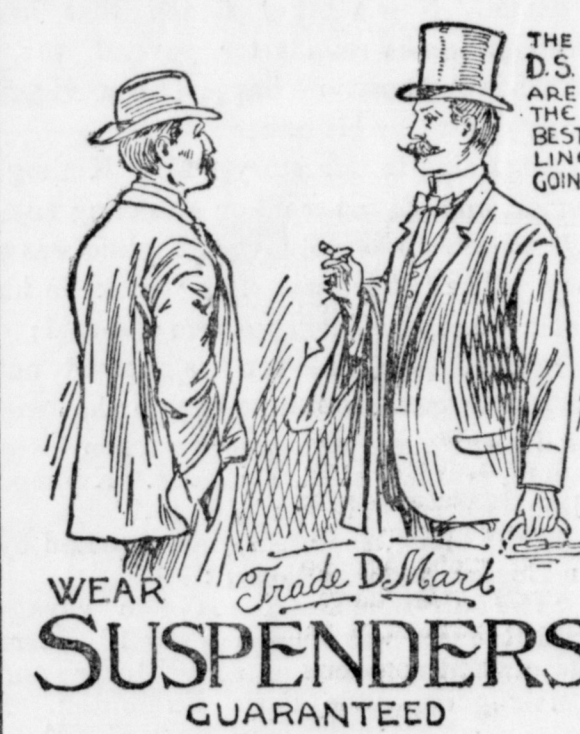
When Alexander III. died, say these peasants, his widow and old advisers began to confer together, afterward inviting Nicholas II. to join them. As soon as Czar Nicholas entered the room he declared that all land in Russia must be equally divided among the peasants. One of his councillors replied: 'As sure as you cannot see your own ear you won't divide the land.' The Czar thereupon cut off one ear, and remarked: 'As surely as I now see my ear, I will divide the land.'

The peasants in Cherson were so convinced of the truth of this legend that they believed a strike against the landowners would be followed by intervention of the Czar and the division of the land among themselves.

Catarrah and Cold in the Head are Quickly Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—It's Painless—It's a Cure.

Says Alex. Edmison, of Rosemeath, Ont. 'I have been troubled with catarrh for several years and suffered very much. No end of remedies were used, but I can honestly say that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the only remedy I have used that has given permanent relief. It has in my case cured the disease.'

'How did the surprise party at the Cawkers' turn out? Was it a genuine surprise?' 'Indeed it was. Somebody had given the Cawkers a hint, and when we got there the house was dark and there wasn't a soul at home.'



Truro, April 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyd, a son.
Dartmouth, April 29, to the wife of E. H. Elmon, a son.
St. John, May 2, to the wife of Johnston Wilkins, a son.
Fredericton, May 7, to the wife of Frank Everett, a son.
Campbellton, May 2, to the wife of Jacob F. Trites, a son.
Campbellton, May 3, to the wife of Joseph Clair, a daughter.
St. John, May 4, to the wife of Jas. P. Magee, a daughter.
Campbellton, April 15, to the wife of Jas. Toms, a son.
Springhill, April 27, to the wife of Douglas Carrigan, a son.
Truro, April 27, to the wife of Mr. Stewart Fraser, a daughter.
Campbellton, April 30, to the wife of Wm. McKee, a daughter.
Yarmouth, May 4, to the wife of Harry McKinley, a daughter.
Campbellton, April 18, to the wife of James Sargeant, a son.
Buckley's Corner, Kings, to the wife of Mr. David Wood, a son.
Campbellton, April 29, to the wife of Walter Richards, a son.
Central Onslow, April 17, to the wife of Mr. Charles Hill, a daughter.
Worcester, Mass., April 7, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hill, a daughter.
Bible Hill, April 7, to the wife of Mr. James Williamson, a son.
Denmark, Colchester, April 25, to the wife of Mr. W. McLeod, a son.
Petit Roche, Gloucester, April 25, to the wife of A. L. Comeau, a son.
Victoria Road, May 1, to Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crowell, a daughter.
Port Maitland, May 3, to the wife of Mr. L. C. Goudey, a daughter.
Northfield, Minnesota, April 14, to the wife of Mr. Charles Muckee, a son.
St. George's Bermuda, April 23, to the wife of Rev. A. T. Tucker, a daughter.
Waterborough, Queens Co., April 1, to the wife of Thomas M. Wiggins, a son.

A Painted Floor

makes housekeeping easier. A dusty carpet keeps the whole house dusty. A rug can be easily shaken and the dust left outdoor.

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MARRIED.

Dorchester, Mass., April 20, Harry Terry to Sarah B. Bickers.
Amherst, April 28, by Rev. Father Miha, Wm. Glenn to Mary Terry.
Riverside, Cal., April 9, by Rev. Mr. Burr, J. W. Musgrove to Sadie E. Bambrick.
Yarmouth, April 30, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Chas. H. Baker to Tessie Ellen Brown.
Joggins Mines, April 20, by Rev. Father Curry, Lorong Burke to Angelina Brian.
Hillsboro, N. B., May 5, by Rev. W. Camp, Fred Woodworth to Miss Mary Taylor.
Portland, Me., April 20, by Rev. Mr. Ayre, Alex. H. Hatfield to Georgina D. Sutecliffe.
Fairville, N. B., May 2, by Rev. G. R. White, Geo. S. Brown to Mrs. Aenabella Haines.
Norton Station, May 2, by Rev. G. F. Currie, James M. Paterson to Miss Ida Doney.
Upper Rawdon, April 27, by Rev. R. M. Jost, John Withrow to Isabella Weatherhead.
Amherst, May 4, by the Rev. D. McGregor, Mr. Hugh D. McLeod to Mrs. Bethiah Tupping.
Lawrencetown, April 27, by Rev. Lewis F. Wallace, George T. Smith to Mrs. A. Dukeshire.
Lockport, April 4, by Rev. Geo. I. Foster, M. A., Cetheyn L. Major and Ellsworth MacMillan.
Kentville, April 28, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Mr. Fred Mitchell and Miss Hattie A. Harrington.
St. John, May 4, by Rev. J. Shenton assisted by Rev. Wm. Keimie, William A. Finley to Miss G. Isabella Richardson.

DIED.

Pictou, April 19, John Ross, 78.
Tupperville, May 5, Sadie Bent.
St. John, May 8, Sarah J. Staples.
St. John, May 8, James D. Clarke.
Sussex, May 4, Rev. Jas. Gray, 80.
Arcadia, April 29, Eliza Lambert.
St. John, May 6, John Mahoney, 73.
Arcadia, May 3, Miss Odessa Purdy.
St. John, May 1, Hugh Saunders, 78.
St. John, May 3, Alexander Caird, 73.
Acadiaville, May 1, Maggie Fidel, 21.
St. John, May 5, Harry J. Gleeson, 1.
Fredericton, May 2, Charlotte Medley.
Sandford, April 30, Fanny Rodney, 14.
Kemptville, April 25, Hilda Mood, 15.
Shag Harbour, April 27, Amy Seand, 5.
Nelson, April 30, Matthew Gorman, 78.
Springhill, May 1, Philip H. Gullins, 21.
Lewisville, May 3, Bertha Cummins, 42.
North Esk, April 29, Catherine Ryan, 27.
Truro, May 3, Mrs. Sarah Creelman, 68.
Blitton, April 18, Marshall Kinsman, 61.
Hebron, May 4, Mrs. Sarah Saunders, 95.
Long Settlement, May 2, David Brown, 25.
Truro, April 30, Mrs. Alice M. Nelson, 31.
North Esk, April 26, Jasper Maddocks, 81.
Maitland, April 29, Capt. Jas. Campbell, 88.
Berkville, April 28, Mrs. George Foster, 60.
River John, April 4, Mrs. John McLean, 63.
Kingsport, April 30, Mr. D. R. Huntley, 70.
Sussex, May 1, Margaret Hubbard, 5 weeks.
St. John, May 3, Flora McVeigh Sadler, 1.
Waterville, N. S., May 4, Francis Crispo, 78.
Woodville, May 1, Mrs. George McLean, 33.
Newburg, May 2, Samuel L. Clarke, 60.
Brookline, Mass., May 2, Mrs. Eben Reed, 64.
New Zealand, Feb. 28, James Meik John, 62.
Fort Maitland, May 2, Mr. George Sollows, 86.
Boston, Mass., April 30, Wm. R. McKenzie, 27.
Shag Harbour, April 27, Mr. Geo. Nickerson, 67.
Summersville, April 7, Mrs. Rachael Henry, 79.
Hebron, Albert Co., May 6, Andrew Alcorn, 98.
Westport, F. S., May 5, Mrs. Mary Ann Peters, 79.
Chatham, April 22, Mary Jane McIntyre, 11 months.
Boston, Mass., May 4, Mrs. Mary Jane Mcmullin.
Grafton, Kings, April 27, Mrs. Chas. Prentiss, 21.
Musquodoboit Harbor, May 1, Clara Rosborough, 25.
Shelborne, N. S., April 28, Rev. T. Holand White, 92.
Parramatta Passage, April 30, Mrs. Nancy Thomas, 77.
West Summersville, Mass., April 20, J. Lewis Hill, 24.
Homesville, Car., Co. April 19, Vanderbilt S. Vandine, 16.
Worcester, Mass., April 12, Infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hill, 5 days.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

To The Klondike

VIA
ST. MICHAELS, ALASKA.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer "Danube" will sail from Vancouver, B. C. about June 14th, for St. Michaels, connecting there with River Steamer for Dawson City.
Fare for each passenger, with outfit not to exceed one ton, Vancouver to Dawson City \$500. Present rates St. John to Vancouver \$35. First class, \$25. Second class good only for continuous passage.
For rates via other routes, maps, descriptive pamphlets and other information furnished on application to
A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. General Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. B.

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

Fredericton AND Woodstock.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers, "David Weston" and "Olivette" leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. Steamer "Aberdeen" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 5.30 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday the 18th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Tues. and Fri.
Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.45 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 4.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.
Lve. Yarmouth 5.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.09 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.
Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluebonnet between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express trains and "Flying Bluebonnet" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unqualified cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom times-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.

P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....16.35
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....18.3
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.