

HUNTING A GIANT FROG.

Down East French Canians Engaged in a Scientific Quest.

East Orrington, Me., May 19.—It Dr. France L. Harvey, professor of zoology at the University of Maine, will admit there are frogs in Brewer's Pond that weigh from twenty to forty pounds, the French Canadians of Old Town and Onono will agree to send four boys to the university and have them educated as civil engineers, otherwise the school will lose the French Canadian support, and any statements which Prof. Harvey shall make about history, particularly the natural history and lives and habits of batrachians, will be discredited. The trouble arose two years ago, when Jimmy St. Peters asked Dr. Harvey if he had ever seen a frog that weighed forty pounds.

'No,' said the doctor, 'and nobody else ever saw such a frog.'

'Ai bin seen heen. Beeg—so beeg'—said Jimmy, measuring off three feet between his hands—'ez beeg ez en un garcon three year ol.' Heen weigh forty, may be t'nty pounds.

'Where is this monstrous frog?' asked the professor. 'Bring him to me dead or alive and I'll give you \$100 for him.'

Everybody who lives in Southeastern Penobscot County has heard about Joe, the gigantic bullfrog that has lived in Brewer's Pond for more than fifty years, although nobody but a few Frenchman have been able to set eyes on him. After Dr. Harvey had made his \$100 offer the hunt began in earnest. As soon as the ice was out of the pond St. Peters and his two boys took spears and baited hooks and searched the pond for days. Tom Beaupre, whose dog had been swallowed by the frog in 1892, came out and offered advice. Tim Thibideau, whose creel of pickeral had lately gone down the frog's throat, appeared a day later, and afterward came a swarm of idlers and newsmongers to help in the good cause. A week after the party had assembled David King found the tracks of a giant frog in the soft mud on the north shore. He told of his discovery, whereunto the whole party took rules and tapes to get the exact measurements. The tracks were 4½ inches long by 3½ inches wide. As the track of an average bullfrog is not more than 1 inch long by ¾ of an inch wide, and the volumes of solid bodies are to one another as the cubes of their diameters, a little figuring convinced these Frenchman that the frog which made these particular tracks were fully a hundred times bigger than the ordinary bullfrog. They conveyed the information to Dr. Harvey, who admitted the accuracy of the figures and added:

'Very well; the tracks are all right! Now bring me the frog.'

Two days later, while Alphonse King was warily following some of the big tracks along the muddy shore, he turned a point of bushes and came upon a wild gander waddling along in the mud. He shot the bird, and when he found that its webbed feet fitted the tracks he had been chasing up he called a council of war, which decided that there was no need of telling Dr. Harvey anything about this discovery.

The hunters were badly disappointed because the frog which they sought refused to croak. The shores of the pond were alive with great and little frogs that sang and screeched and gargled their throats in muddy water all night, but the big fellow, whose bellowings in former years had led many to seek shelter in the belief that a thundershower was coming up, was silent save for a few dismal croaks that came from different parts of the pond at intervals. His vocal organs were evidently out of order. After two weeks of almost continuous silence he was heard again away at the south side of the pond. His voice had changed greatly with age. In former years he had let out a series of explosive gutturals that sound like the firing of mortars. Now the notes were longer, showing greater lung power, and were full of quavers and cracks. After paddling up the pond for two miles in silence they stopped to listen. It came again in a short time, short, heavy, and rasping.

'Moise!' cried Eli King in real anguish. 'Heem no crapaud. Heem steamboat.'

Eli was right. The sounds which they had taken for the voice of the great frog were made by an oil tank steamer feeling its way into Bucksport harbor in a dense fog. The frog eluded them for days and nights. Tales of salmon caught in drift nets, and of shad and smelts caught along the river, came to them from the towns below. The men left one by one until St. Peters and his two boys were alone. A dapper French lad came out from Brewer one night and said, 'Poissons—Stearn's mill,' to the two St. Peters boys. They looked at their father and winked at the new boy.

'Oai, crapaud,' they replied. 'Avez vousle crapaud?'

'Oai,' said the new boy and smiled again. The three took the flat-bottomed punt and rowed, out of sight. They didn't come

back that night or the next night or the next day after the next night. Jim walked ten miles to the river and found his two boys and the strange boy catching smelts and pouring them into the punt they had carried away.

'What for you do avec le crapaud you bin heif?' asked Jim of the new boy.

'Ai spear heem,' said the boy.

'What place you bin spear heem?'

'In heen back,' replied the youth.

'Ai bin do eet an' hole on for the heem out. Heen swim an' swim, an' Ai bin hole out. ten-fit hours, maybe. Bimeby Ai come out an' ze frog heen pull ze spear out an' go back heen home. Ai stay here an' catch feeb. Bimeby Ai bim came and catch heem some more.'

St. Peters looked at the boy in silent admiration for fully five minutes. Then he said:

'Ef you bin be my garcon Ai send you home for tell heem lie. Now Ai leek you lak Ai want to fer steel heem boat.'

The boy slept on his face that night, because the mattress hurt the sore places on his back. Meantime Jimmy St. Peters and his two boys are back at the pond, working day and night to win the \$100 reward.

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The old motto of Paine's Celery Compound 'Makes sick people well,' is as true to-day as it was years ago.

Took the Hint.

A bishop once rose to address the House of Lords, and began by saying that he intended to divide his speech into twelve heads. Lord Durham thereupon got up and begged leave to interpose for a few minutes to tell the House a little anecdote:

'He was returning home,' he said, 'a few nights before, and passed St. Paul's just before midnight. As he did so there was a drunken man trying to see the time. Just then the clock began to strike the hour, and slowly tolled out twelve. The drunk man listened, looking hard at the clock, and said: "Curse you, why couldn't you have said that all at once?"'

After this the bishop condensed his remarks.

Pleasure's Penalty.

When the doctor gives one up, most people lose heart, but it was not this way with the young society woman in a western Ontario city who had contracted kidney trouble through lack of care in "wrapping up" after an evening's round of pleasure. She heard of South American Kidney Cure and pinned her faith to it to cure her and in an incredibly short time felt her health returning. Her suffering abated, and three months from the day her physician hinted her case was hopeless she presented herself to him a cured woman. For sale by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

From a Small Beginning.

In 1842 a farmer in Russia conceived the idea of extracting oil from the seed of the sunflower. His neighbours told him it was a visionary idea, and that he would have his labor for his pains. He persevered, however, and from that humble be-

ginning the industry has extended to enormous proportions. To-day more than 7,000,000 acres of land in Russia are devoted to the cultivation of the sunflower. Two kinds are grown—one with small seeds, which are crushed for oil, and the other with large seeds, that are consumed by the poorer people in enormous quantities.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

A gentle tonic that increases the gastric juices, regulates the bowels, assists Nature in digesting the food, which gives the nutrient that makes good rich blood and nerve force, builds up the broken walls that disease has bombarded, forces the enemies of health to capitulate and sue for a truce. 35 cents.

To Restore Reason.

As the result of a number of experiments with X rays in a certain institution for the insane, it is asserted that the rays are to become a medium through which reason may be restored to insane persons. It has been found that by the rays brain tumors, responsible for many cases of alienation of mind, can be located. Preparations are being made by several eminent physicians for a test operation in what has been considered an incurable case. The patient will be a wealthy young man who for several years has been confined in the asylum. He has already been examined by the X ray process, and those who conducted the experiment say that the skiagraphs show a tumour pressing on the brain. The physicians claim that the removal of the tumour will not be dangerous, and they expect the young man's mind will be fully restored.

'Hopin' He Will'

A certain farmer owns a field which is much sought after by youthful cricketers. Not long ago he was approached by the secretaries of two different clubs at the same time, each of whom wanted to secure the field for the coming season. He got rid of his visitors with a promise to think it over. Ultimately he let the field to the club with the best local record, and received a grateful letter from the secretary of the successful one. He also received another letter, of which this is a copy—the names only being altered:—

'Mr. Farmer,

'Dere Sir,—Your a idyut to let that feeld o' yours to the Puddlehole Albion Cricket Club, an' not to let us have it. Us is gentilmien, an' the Albion ain't gentilmien. Billy Brown, their captain, as got a huncle in the 'Sylum, an' he's he's got a catipult an' all. Beside he's a deemmin bowler, is Brown an' he's sure an' sartin to kill some of your cows afore the seeson's up. Hopin' he will, I remain, not a bit yours,

SAMUEL SMILER,

'Seek. of the Kangars C. C.'

Where Geese are Shod.

It is not generally known that in Prague there exists a goose 'bourse,' where yearly some 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts generally from about six to eight weeks, from the middle of September to the first days of November. As the geese are driven in from long distances they are 'shod,' that is to say walked repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with fine sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and thus 'shod' they are able to cover immense distances without fatigue.

Remember.

We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nerve-line—nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute; it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

At a football match in Glasgow, an old lady and her son were among the spectators, when the following conversation took place between them:

Old Lady: 'I canna un'derstan' that fit'ba ava.'

Her son explained about the opposing teams trying to kick the ball through the goals.

Old Lady: 'Well, the stupid gowks, that wadna be ill to dae if they wad haud out o' ane anither's road.'

Stranger: 'Well, boys, and how did the game go to-day?'

Boys: 'We lost.'

Stranger: 'What have you got in that bundle?'

Boys: 'The umpire.'

If your dealer has ever tried them himself he will certainly recommend Magnetic Dyes for home use.

'I declare Mrs. Squillidig is as pretty as a picture,' remarked Mr. M'Squilligen.

'No wonder,' replied his wife, 'she's hand-painted.'

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FLASHES OF FUN.

Colonel: 'Ah, my boy, that faithful old horse there was the means of saving my life.'

The New Cook: 'Ah, this is a splendid kitchen; why, there's room here for a whole regiment!'

Tutor: 'Just look, Henry, at those magnificent ruin.'

Henry: 'I wonder why, in olden times, they built ruins instead of castles!'

Customer: 'Haven't you made those trousers too short?'

Tailor: 'The trousers are all right; but—excuse me, sir—your legs are too long!'

In the visitor's book at a Swiss hotel we find the following entering under the heading 'Protesion': 'Young lady in search of a husband.'

Anna: 'They say I have my mother's mouth and nose.'

Hannah: 'Well, your mother was lucky to get rid of 'em.'

A short man was asked if he had fallen in love with a certain tall woman.

'Do you call it falling in love?' replied he; 'it's more like climbing to it.'

First Ingenious Maiden: 'How do you like my engagement ring?'

Second Ingenious Maiden: 'Oh, it is the prettiest one you have had!'

'Few people,' said the wife, as she proceeded to investigate her husband's pockets after he had gone to sleep, 'few people are aware of what a wife has to go through.'

'General, an overpowering force of the enemy on bikes has attacked our left!'

General: 'Sound the retreat, and order the tack brigade to protect our rear.'

Boarder: 'Really, madam, I cannot wipe myself dry with such a small towel.'

Landlady: 'Very well; I'll tell the chambermaid to bring you less water.'

'How to raise a boy' is the leading article in a magazine for family reading. The best way known is to show the boy a telegraph-pole that overlooks a circus.

Helen: 'Maud has caught the bicycle fever.'

Molly: 'How d'ye know?'

Helen: 'She's put a cyclometer on her baby, to see how far it crawls.'

Mrs. Youngish: 'Oh, Bob, what shall I do? Baby is crying because I won't let him pull all the fur off my new muff.'

Mr. Youngish: 'Well, that's all right. Give him the cat.'

Dolly: 'I told Mr. Nicefellow that I bet Reggie twenty kisses that our club would win the race at Brighton.'

Daisy: 'Well, wasn't he shocked?'

'No; I let him hold the stakes.'

'It's a very happy little family, isn't it?'

'Oh, dear no! Her husband is jealous of her poodle, and her poodle is jealous of her baby, and the baby cries for its father all the time.'

'I'm a plain blunt man, Margaret, and can frame no honeyed speeches. Will you marry me?'

'I'm a little on the, plain blunt order myself. No!'

Hostess: 'Dear me, the conversation is flagging. What can we do to amuse our guests?'

Host: 'I don't know, unless we leave the drawing-room for a few minutes and give them a chance to talk about us.'

Husband: 'Oh! there's that confounded rheumatism again!'

Wife: 'I'm so sorry. I wanted to go shopping to-morrow, and your rheumatism is always a sign of rain. Isn't it provoking?'

Bilkins: 'How do you do? Had the influenza yet?'

Wilkins: 'No.'

Bilkins: 'I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about when you meet people?'

Chappie: 'Averted tewibble twagedy just now.'

Chollie: 'No! How?'

Chappie: 'Man said he would pound me to mince meat if I did not give him half a crown, and I gave him half a crown.'

Greedy grocer to farmer's wife, who is supplying him with butter: 'This pun o' butter is over light, gudewife.'

Gudewife blame yerself! then; I weighed it w' the pun o' sugar I gat frae ye yesterday.'

A raw Scotch lad had joined the local Volunteers, and on the first parade his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jock was out of step. 'Look, mither,' said his sister, 'they're a' o' 'em oot o' step but oor Jock.'

Young Mr. Bliss (just married): 'I'm going to start housekeeping, and you can give me a hint or two, can't you? I suppose the biggest item of expense will be the house rent, eh?'

Mr. Childers: 'For the first few years, yes.'

Bliss: 'And then?'

Childers: 'Boots and shoes.'

'They say Greatbrane's new tragedy received an ovation on its first presentation. Is it a fact?'

'Yes. Couldn't very well have been otherwise.'

'How's that?'

'He gave free tickets to every undertaker in town, and they were all there. As they sat and saw men, women and children killed by the score in each act, their professional instinct caused their enthusiasm to become boundless, and their applause almost lifted the roof off. Greatbrane is all right if his tragedy isn't.'

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Perhaps you've suffered with constipation for years, tried all the pills and purgatives you ever heard or read of, without getting any more relief than the one dose of the medicine afforded.

Then you were left worse than before, bowels bound harder than ever, the constipation aggravated instead of cured. All the miseries of constipation—Headache, Sick Stomach, Bilioussness, Pimples, Eruptions, Blood Humors, Blotches, Piles, and a thousand and one other ills crowded back on you again with redoubled severity.

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Miss Arabella Jolie, living at 99 Carrière Street, Montreal, Que., bears out all we say in regard to the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation permanently. This is her statement:

'For over a year I suffered a great deal from persistent constipation and could only get temporary relief from the various remedies I tried until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I am thankful to say that this remedy has completely and permanently cured me and I have had no return of the constipation.'

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