

Fort Bob Cat.

Mr. Jacob Owen was tapping sugar-maples in one of the recent settlements of northwestern Ontario, when his feet slipped; he fell; the tapper, a peculiar tool, dropped point up in the snow and punched an ugly gash in his right leg. Veins were torn and he bled terribly.

John, who, with an ox-team, was hauling and setting sap buckets, ran up. Tearing strips from his clothing, he bandaged the wound trying these bandages as tightly as he could draw them above and below the gash.

Mr. Owen rode home upon the ox-sled, and lay upon a couch, weak from loss of blood. Mrs. Owen wished John to go for a doctor, but Jacob objected. It would be a journey of miles; the doctor could not arrive until after many hours. A small roll of adhesive plaster was kept in the house, with strips of which John and Mrs. Owen bound the edges of the wound together, carefully replacing the torn parts, and then washed and bandaged it.

Jacob assisted with querulous advice and railings at his luck. During the operation he lost more blood and turned pallid. Mrs. Owen administered a glass of hot cordial; he revived and talked.

"There, Maria Owen, that's as good as the best doctor could fix it, and saves five dollars' cost! I'll be able to hobble soon as them veins and things sort o' fine and glue together, so's not to bleed when I stir. But this luck is like to upset my whole year's calculations. I was counting on a big sugar-make for a starter, and fair crops following would let us pay off the farm debt this year. Hang it! work's got to go on anyhow if I be laid up. John, yoke up your steers and go to the village and bring home my sap tank. Deacon Wait, the cooper, you know, promised to have my tank done last Saturday. But I don't believe he did it, and you may have to wait. Stand right over him, and don't come home till you get it. Take the light rifle; this long winter has brought no end of wolves and bob-cats down from the north, driving in all sorts of game. You may kill something. Every cent earned by the rifle this year will count as a sort of special providence, as your mother would call it."

Mrs. Owen remonstrated: "I shouldn't like to have John drive past Long Swamp after dark. Can't he wait till tomorrow morning?"

"No, he can't. By my judgement of the weather, sap's going to drip like all possessed to-morrow and John'll have to hustle to gather it. We must have that tank to put it in."

But Peter Oldham and Vert Vannyck and James Olmesthage were followed by wolves and bob-cats right in daylight, persisted Mrs. Owens, "and they might attack John after dark, close by Long Swamp, too."

"Pooh! John isn't any baby! They may gather and snarl, but who ever heard of the cowardly things actually tackling a young man with a team, lantern, rifle and axe? Do all the chores you can before you start, John; I don't want your mother to do extra work. She has more to do in the house than I ever meant she should. The very first minute I can hobble I'll do the farm work myself; but you'll have to hustle in the sugar-bush."

The steers were quick steppers; they were full fed and warm from their stalls, and John drove eight miles to the village by half past two o'clock.

Deacon Wait had not completed the tank but he went to work vigorously under John's urging. He said that he knew he ought to have had it done, but a woman came in and wanted her tub right off, and another customer wanted his barrel, and so things went. A man couldn't do business if he put people off who insisted and wouldn't wait their fair turns.

Several customers came and wanted work done 'right off' while John waited; but seeing John was there, keeping the deacon right down to his job, they had to wait. Perhaps partly for revenge, partly to try John's nerve, they sat round and related lugubrious yarns of the unusual ravages of wolves and bob-cats.

They told how Jake Smith caught a pack of wolves pulling down his pet beaver in broad daylight, and killed two; the others almost turned upon him, but at last reluctantly drew off. Smith had to butcher the beaver. They told how Bob Brown heard his cattle bellowing only last Thursday afternoon, and found one of his young cows still alive and moaning, partly devoured. He shot one of the wolves; the others threatened to attack him—probably would have done so had it been after dark.

Philbrick and Timmins and others had had bob-cats come boldly right up to their houses, and even into their barns, and kill fowls and young calves and small pigs and a colt. And they wouldn't risk one of their boys for any money to drive a pair of young steers past Long Swamp in the night.

If they thought to shake John's nerve, they failed. He rather hoped to get a shot at these fierce marauders, but he didn't believe they would venture near enough to give him the chance. He regretted that the evening would be so dark that one could see only objects close by, and could not shoot with any certainty. If he should have the good luck to have his steers attacked, and if he should kill several wolves or bob-cats in an exciting night affray, it would set him up as a hero among the young fellows all over the county.

After awhile, finding Deacon Wait eager to finish the tank, John went out to see to his steers and explore the village. While strolling, he met Mrs. Farman and Myra. Myra nudged her mother, and smiled at John.

Myra was fifteen, but looked seventeen, with the grace and charm of a young lady. John was careless of girls in general, but—alas, for his heroism—he was actually afraid of Myra Farman, who, although the

gentlest, best-liked girl of the whole town ship, had mercilessly pricked the bubbles of his vanity. When, after many strenuous contests, he had risen to the dignity of champion wrestler of his age in school, and had lamed Bill Archer for a week with a hard back fall, Myra Farman had remarked "If John Owen's brains were as strong as his legs, oh, my!"

Meaner and envious boys nicknamed him 'L. g. s.' when they dared. That was only one instance of the witty disparagements by which she irritated his youthful ambitions. John thought she kept a special watch upon his foibles. A grown man would have been flattered by her notice of his faults, but John's wisdom teeth were not yet grown.

He shook hands cordially with Mrs. Farman and made Myra a bow he intended to be dignified.

"Why, John Owen how you have grown! You're with a team of course. How's your mother? I'm just longing to see her! Did your father come? No? Tell him if he doesn't bring Maria to visit me soon I shall scold. Why, John, you're growing to look a man! I do believe you'll be bigger than your father. Teacher Trouty tells me you're one of his best pupils. Myra says you're class companion in one thing—elementary physics, wasn't it Myra?"

This prattle wearied John. He liked Mrs. Farman, but she did make a fellow so embarrassed. And besides he fancied that Myra looked amused.

Why didn't Mr. Owen come? asked Myra.

John related the days mishap. "Dear me," cried Mrs. Putman, "and no-body to help poor Maria. Myra, you'll have to go. Run home, dear, and get your things ready. Come along, John; we'll give you a warm supper before you start. Myra'll be delighted. How Jacob Owen will fret! Where's your team?"

John tried to demur against taking Myra. His mother would have to do extra work; he was afraid she could not get certain company for some time.

"Company? of course not! She needs help; that's who Myra goes. Myra will do most all her housework—she's a neat house-keeper. Myra has tact; she won't allow company to hinder her work, though I suppose all the neighbors will call to see your father. Such a dreadful hurt, too! Dear! dear!"

John was appalled. A long, lonely ride with Myra! Then Myra for two or three weeks! It was a dreadful prospect! He'd have to be on his best behavior all the time. He'd tried to demur again. He mentioned the alleged danger of passing Long Swamp after dark, and said that Deacon Wait would not be ready to start him before dark.

Mrs. Farman wasn't timid. "Wolves and lynxes! You should hear Eugene Parment talk about 'em up north, where he goes to look up timber lands. I do believe he'd like to bring home a pack to howl and shriek in our garden, so he could sleep sounder nights. I went with him one season, but I couldn't learn to like wolves a bit—they're so dismal! They don't hurt folks, but they're such thieves! There are dozens all around you, you fire a gun, and there isn't one within a mile. Bob-cats I abominate—they make such dreadful screams, and so unexpected! You needn't fear for Myra. If she thought she could really see those night creatures, wild and alive, in the woods, she wouldn't miss it for anything."

Deacon Wait completed the tank at dusk. It was awkward to load—over seven feet in diameter at bottom, six on top and six feet high, with a cover. In the middle of this was a trap through which the sap could be poured, and there was a large wooden faucet near the bottom for drawing off the contents. Although made of cedar, the tank was heavy to handle. John and the deacon fastened it with sled stakes and an old rope. It might shake about some, but the deacon warranted it would not slip off. There was barely room in front for John and Myra to sit, and the lantern hung over their heads.

Myra began to chat pleasantly; but John was glum and shy, and she soon ceased. They entered the woods in silence except for the breathing of the eager steers, whose feet and the sled made almost no sound over the soft snow. The lantern glided like a ghost star through the darkening forest.

About a mile and a half out John grabbed the rifle, ran alongside of the steers, stopped them without speaking, crouched upon one knee and fired. Myra saw merely a large dark shadow beside the road, from which two eyes stared at them. At the flash and report close to their faces, the steers shied violently. John stopped them; he was breathing eagerly and staring.

"What was it, John?"

"Dear! I got him."

He snatched the lantern and ran forward. Myra followed. The deer lay quivering in the road. John bled and opened it with jack-knife and axe, and managed, with much exertion, to load the carcass on top of the tank. The animal was fat for the season; it had fed at outlying haystacks and green winter wheat-fields under the snow.

By this time the moonless night had become pitch-dark. The lantern barely showed their way. But John now talked. His heroism returned sevenfold. It was an excellent shot; he doubted if any fellow could do better in broad daylight. Right through the top of the head. Maybe an inch lower would have been better, but nobody could hit exactly the place after dark. Just in time for sugar-making, too—venison steaks, venison pastry, maple-syrup and griddle-cakes and hot biscuits! He only wanted one more piece of luck this trip—to get a shot at a wolf or bob-cat. He reckoned none of the fellows would crow over him after this.

Thus John talked for two miles, stimulated by Myra's delusive pretence of sympathy. He began to think her one of the nicest girls. True, she liked to torment a fellow sometimes, but that was her frolic;

when a fellow really deserved admiration, she was so sincere!

Approaching Long Swamp, they heard ominous sounds in the forest—melancholy howlings and wild screams, each moment nearer. Presently wolves, attracted by the scent of fresh venison, howled along the road half a mile behind them. Soon there were stealthy rustlings in bushes near by. The steers grew nervous, tried to run and shied uncertainly. John took the lantern and whip and went to their heads. They pushed their muzzles against his clothes, smelling loudly to assure themselves of human protection.

Soon Myra ran forward with the rifle. They've come up close behind! Give me the lantern and whip, and you go back and shoot; maybe you'll hit one."

John stepped aside and let the sled go ahead some yards. Straining his vision and listening, he thought he detected some dark objects crossing the road and fired at them. A surprised yelp followed, then quick rushes through the bushes, then a deep silence. He explored with the lantern, but found nothing. Previous sounds had led him to think a dozen prowlers had been near, but he heard only three or four retreating.

He went to Myra disappointed. "Hang it! I hit one, certain, but he got away. Hide and bounty both lost!"

They sat on the sled again, and the steers plodded quietly, seeming to take it as a reassuring caress when John touched them with the whip.

Wolves howled again far off. Bob-cats screamed nearer, especially along the hollow of a rill which the oxen must presently cross. The thirsty steers ran down the short incline and across some eight rods of level bottom, and stopped to drink beside the rude little log bridge. A severe jolt, just as they started to run, loosened the tank and flung the deer off on the road.

Here was a halt. John would have to unlash the tank, pry it into place, relash it get the steers and sled turned, and go back for the deer. He scolded and worked; Myra held the lantern and laughed; the steers chewed their cud, contented to rest. Meanwhile the woods all about echoed savage screams. Just as John had got the steers ready to start, a chorus of snarls burst from the little hill down which they had come.

"Plagueation!" cried John. "They've got my deer!"

He ran back with the rifle, bidding Myra to start the steers. Fortunately the steers did not care for bob-cats they were afraid of wolves only, and they marched resolutely toward the tumult. Myra, like her mother, dreaded lynxes—they uttered such unearthly shrieks; but she bravely plied the whip and lifted the lantern.

Running into the dark, John could hardly keep in the road. Luckily the sky was clearing. Although there was no moon, a broad space of starlight shone on the roadway, which was cut away wider on the hill; and peering sharply, John saw the outlines of the dark mass of the deer upon the snow. Half a dozen shadowy creatures were tearing at it, snarling and striking armed claws at one another. They did not yield their prey, but faced him with glaring defiance, threatening to spring.

John was certainly scared. His scalp prickled; his knees felt weak, but he would not abandon his deer. Besides, to back out under Myra's eyes was not to be thought of. He braced his nerves, walked cautiously close to the snarling heap, and fired half a dozen shots as rapidly as he could manipulate the repeating rifle. Although he could not see to aim, he could hardly miss. Two lynxes sprawled in the road; one writhed toward him, striving to attack; one leaped but was shot in the air, and rushed screaming into the brush.

He heard others gathering in the brush and tree-tops all about. But the steers were urged by Myra; the lantern began to shine around him; the forest ministers of murder and rapine feared the growing light more than rifle or human strength, and slunk away to their lurking places in the dark.

The deer was mangled, but not spoiled. John soon had it reloaded, with three bob-cats added. All the way home he alternately grumbled and bragged. The deer's hide being torn, it might not sell, but it would be proof of his fight for it. Myra jested and laughed, although bob-cats followed and screamed to the very edge of Smith's clearing, which was next to Owen's.

Mrs. Owen welcomed Myra as a special providence; she would be just the help needed.

At table John narrated large, Myra small, gently checking his boasting. Where he exaggerated she diminished. But when she went to her room with Mrs. Owen, she sat down and cried a little then explained: "O Mrs. Owen, it was terrible! It John had shown the least scare, I felt I should scream. But I know John is brave. I do wish he would not brag—he doesn't need to."

"It's only his boy bumpiness. His father was so at his age. He'll outgrow it."

When M. s. Owen and Myra visited the sugarbush, Myra heated an end of the big iron poker and burnt into the wood of the tank: "Fort Bob-cat, John Owen, Trumpet Major." Nevertheless, John now thinks Myra Farman the nicest and bravest girl in all the Rainy Lake country.

Results Tell.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's Nerviline is in using it. Polson's Nerviline never fails to perform wonders in every case of pain. It cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful pain subduing remedies. It goes right to the bottom, and pain is banished at once. Nerviline cures all kinds of pain, internal or external. Go to any drug store and get a bottle, and be delighted by its promptitude in doing its work.

Brain Workers Long Lived.

Brain workers, according to statistics which have been published recently, are long lived. Five hundred and thirty emi-

nent men and women of the present century were taken, and their duration of life gives an average of about sixty eight years and eight months.

Bixby's French.

"Bixby went into a French restaurant and called for 'cassio or lay.'"

"That's all right. 'Coffee with milk.'"

"What then?"

"Why, he got mad."

"What for?"

"Because they didn't bring him coffee and an egg."

"Yes, we had quite a blowout at our house early this morning."

"Peculiar time for it."

"Yes. The new hired girl blew out the gas in the gas stove, and the gas blew out the side of the kitchen."

BORN.

Halifax, Aug. 4, to the wife of F. S. Fader, a son.

Pugwash, Aug. 2, to the wife of R. F. Black, a son.

Truro, Aug. 3, to the wife of Howard Christie, a son.

Carleton Place, July 31, to the wife of C. Hubbard, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 5, to the wife of Wm. Freeze, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 1, to the wife of Angus McLeod, a son.

Boston, July 20, to the wife of John McKinnon, a son.

Pictou, July 24, to the wife of Chas. E. Hamilton, a son.

Westville, July 30, to the wife of Ronald Carrigan, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 1, to the wife of Harry Miner, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 8, to the wife of W. E. Thompson, a daughter.

Amherst, Aug. 4, to the wife of A. G. Bradshaw, a daughter.

Valley Station, July 24, to the wife of Will Reimann, a son.

Yarmouth, July 31, to the wife of A. Roy Williams, a son.

North Kingston, July 20, to the wife of Hebron Roach, a son.

Middle Street, Aug. 2, to the wife of G. L. Fisher, a son.

Hillburn, July 31, to the wife of Frederick Longmore, a daughter.

Roxbury, Mass., July 28, to the wife of Fred O. Gay, a daughter.

Lunenburg, July 29, to the wife of Dr. R. H. Burrell, a daughter.

Dedham, Mass., July 17, to the wife of Frances Louden, a daughter.

Black Rock, July 15, to the wife of Capt. James Merriam, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, to the wife of Thomas N. Nickerson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Williamsdale, Aug. 1, Noble M. Wood, to Bertie Taylor.

Sussex, Aug. 8, by Rev B. H. Nobles, John A. Gaily Horton Bunting.

Truro, Aug. 2, by Rev E. J. Bates, Geo. A. Robertson, to Jessie Ross.

St. Andrews, July 18, by Rev A. W. Mahon, F. C. Pike to Adèle Tourville.

Liverpool, July 25, by Rev Geo. W. Ball, I. E. Payson to Edna Winters.

Springhill, Aug. 1, by Rev J. W. Bancroft, Azel W. Boe, to Edna Brown.

Digby, Aug. 4, by Rev Byron H. Thomas, Dennis R. Power to Sadie Williams.

Alberta, July 18, by Rev G. A. Hamilton, Vernon Shaw, to Margaret Frank.

Springhill, July 30, by Rev J. W. Bancroft, John Harroun, to Minnie Gould.

Milltown, Me. July 28, by Rev S. Belyes, Samuel B. Hall, to Jennie G. Swan.

Bridgetown, Aug. 1, by Rev E. B. Moore, Guy C. Luts to Lizzie Gilmartin.

Guyro, July 18, by Rev T. C. Mellor, George Carter, to Charity Williams.

Liverpool, July 25, by Rev Geo. W. Ball, William Peach, to Maud Westwater.

North Sydney, July 27, by Rev J. A. Gillis, R. D. Burke, to Katie Nugent.

Milltown, N. B. Aug. 1, by Rev F. W. Murray, R. S. Sawyer, to Jennie C. Quinn.

East Pubnico, Aug. 2, by Rev G. M. Wilson, Forman Markon, to Sophia Blades.

Waterville, Kings Co., July 25, by Rev E. O. Read, John Ruffee, to Ella M. Clarke.

Mill Village, July 29, by Rev James Lumsden, Eldred Dauphney, to May Leslie.

Georgetown, Aug. 8, by Hon. D. Gordon, Wm. D. Jamieson, to Malinda Blackett.

Cain, Aug. 1, by Rev S. A. Bender, Thomas B. Todd, to Sarah Elizabeth Berry.

West Branch, Pictou, Aug. 1, by Rev John Gee, Boyd Calhoun, to Priscilla Perry.

Stony Island, Aug. 4, by Rev John Merrill, Avery L. Powell, to Cissie Cunningham.

Black Rock, July 29, by Rev E. O. Read, Starratt W. Sanford, to Jennie R. Vaughan.

Kind, Aug. 1, by Rev H. Montgomery, Hon. Robt. Marshall, to Sarah Bernard.

Yarmouth, July 21, by Rev E. E. Braithwaite, Adelbert Wyman, to Jessie C. Allan.

Pugwash, July 31, by Rev C. H. Haverstock, Mrs. Emma J. Rose, to Samuel Colbourn.

Hill Grove, Digby, July 26, by Rev W. L. Parker, Howard Seely, to Bertha Van Rassel.

Yarmouth, Aug. 8, by Rev D. W. Johnson, Willard Markon, to Ethel Jane Lovitt.

Chipman, N. B. Aug. 8, by Rev W. E. McIntyre, Barbara E. Bishop, to Carrie A. Chase.

St. Stephen, July 20, by Rev W. C. Goucher, Arthur J. Spinney, to Mrs. Emma E. FitzHenry.

Clark's Harbor, Aug. 1, by Rev A. M. McNinch, H. Clifford McKinnon, to Selvis Nickerson.

Clark's Harbor, Cape Island, Aug. 1, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Herbert McKinnon, to Zilpha J. Nickerson.

DIED.

Halifax, John F. Miller, 27.

Weston, July 31, John Power, 69.

West Virginia, William McGrath.

Boston, July 28, Jas. E. Budd, 26.

Riverside, A. Co., James Edgett, 61.

Bay Road, July 24, Grace Barry, 18.

Milltown, July 22, Grace Barry, 18.

Calais, July 24, Albert C. Hill, 87.

Whycomagh, July 2, Mrs. Grant.

Central Ossau, July 29, Mrs. Friggins.

Malbone Bay, July 29, Mrs. Friggins.

Shelburne, July 31, Andrew Wall, 92.

Debert, Aug. 1, Capt. Thos. Carroll, 78.

Westville, July 30, Thomas Baker, 34.

Selma, July 30, Robert Woodworth, 82.

Amherst, Aug. 1, Miss Justine Stiles, 26.

Harvey Bank, A. Co., John Wilbur, 95.

Yarmouth, July 25, Chas. B. Porter, 67.

Bay Road, July 24, Thomas Simpson, 69.

St. John, Aug. 1, Lou Jack Bancroft, 8.

Little Harbor, July 27, Bessie Decker, 17.

Debert River, July 29, Thomas Steen, 74.

Pleasant Ridge, July 29, Charles Johnson, 75.

Lower Ossau, July 29, Augustus Redding, 68.

Calais, July 27, Henry Augustus Redding, 61.

Fraser's Grant, July 28, Duncan Campbell, 21.

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 8, James W. Olive, 65.

Lower Economy, Aug. 1, Charles McLellan, 60.

New Ireland, Albert Co., Aug. 5, John Kent, 54.
St. Stephen, July 27, Mrs. Roselena Johnson, 78.
Pugwash, July 30, Mary, wife of Supt. Robt. Smith.
Halifax, Aug. 7, Annie, wife of Clement Hand, 45.
Caledonia Mills, July 20, Ronald McGilvary, 17.
East Santa Cruz, Cal., July 5, M. C. Whidden, 80.
Wolfville, Aug. 9, Marie W., wife of J. F. Tufts, 50.
Durham, Aug. 10, Janet, wife of Wm. Leithhead, 72.
Wolfville, Aug. 2, Nancy, wife of John P. Godfrey, 67.
Old Ridge, Aug. 3, Mary, wife of Alexander Duncan, 87.
St. Stephen, Aug. 6, Ivy Neoma Williams, 3 months.
Pictou, July 30, Isabella Fraser, wife of John Cameron, 72.
Milltown, July 26, Martha, widow of the late James Brown, 82.
Lower Sackville, Aug. 9, Daniel Tholeman McKenzie, 74.
Yarmouth, July 30, Elizabeth, wife of John L. Goudy, 34.
Leonardville, Aug. 5, Cynthia M., wife of Rev. E. Sheldon, 30.
Taylor's Head, Laura, daughter of Alexander McArthur, 3.
Lower North River, July 25, Mary, wife of Ronald Cameron, 33.
Sackville, Aug. 12, Elizabeth, widow of the late T. E. Oulton, 85.
Nictaux Falls, July 26, Rachel, widow of the late Alex. Monroe, 84.
Cheverie, July 25, Percy, child of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Rabbun, 7 months.
Dartmouth, Aug. 10, Blanche Ruth, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank James, 2 months.
Chelsea, Mass., July 29, Gladys Pearl, child of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Boyd, 11 months.

RAILROADS.

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