

Chinese Smugglers Busy in Canada.

Quebec and Montreal have been visited of late by a large number of United States Secret Service agents inquiring into the smuggling of Chinese over the Canadian border into the United States. The smuggling has been particularly active of late and it is believed that the visits of the detectives mean a fresh effort to check it, though it seems almost impossible to stop the practice without sanctioning a small army of special agents along the New York and Vermont borders. The fact is that though hundreds of Chinamen get illegally into the United States from Canada every year no arrest of smugglers have been made since Peters and Eaton were captured leading a party of Chinamen into the United States some three years ago. That was the first arrest that had been made for years, and the effect of it was nullified by the escape of the prisoners from Plattsburg jail and their safe return to Canada.

Quebec, Montreal and Sherbrooke remain the headquarters in Canada of the Chinese smuggling trade. The companies engaged in the work get a good round sum for each Chinaman smuggled, payable in weekly installments when he has succeeded in establishing himself in some American town. One of these companies is known as the Border Smuggling Trust, and is said to consist of a number of United States border lawyers and Chinese interpreters. These people agree, for a certain stipulated sum, to see all the Chinamen consigned to them safely into the United States, with the proviso, however, that the Chinamen are to suffer a short term of imprisonment. The consignors send one or more photographs of the men shipped, and with the aid of these, spurious relatives are procured who, at the proper time, are brought forward to swear that the man who was arrested when he entered the United States has lived there for years, and has only been on a trip to China. Their testimony is backed up by a certificate belonging to a Chinaman who has actually gone back to China and sent back his certificate. The fact that to the American nearly all Chinamen look alike, facilitates this fraud.

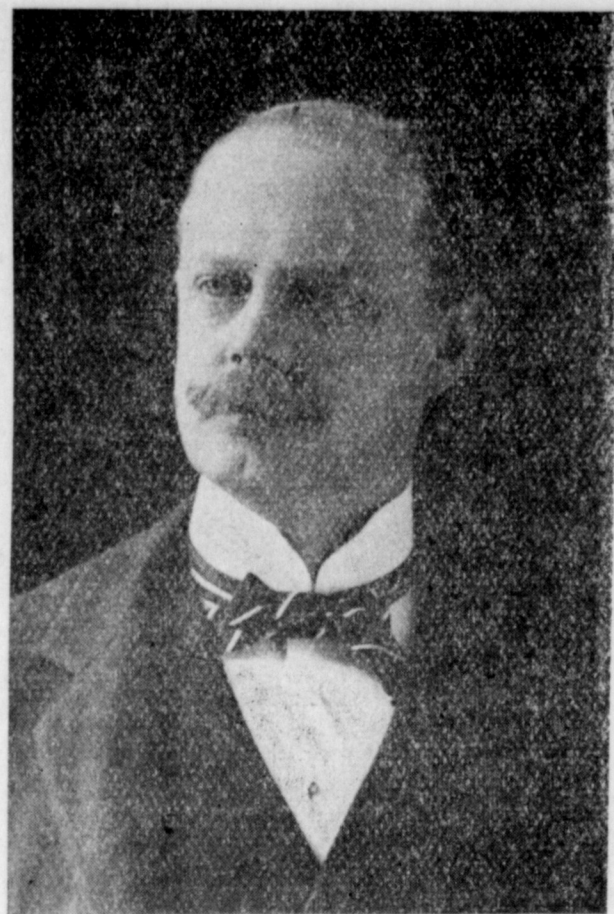
It is a well known fact that out of their profits in this business, some of the border lawyers have become wealthy during the last few years. The great drawback to this system is that the supply of certificates does not keep up to the demand, and it is stated that for that reason a plan is now on foot, of which the United States Government detectives have received a hint, to forge certificates, or rather to counterfeit them.

This scarcity of certificates compels even the more advanced representatives of the big Chinese companies to turn to the men who still carry on the smuggling business in the old romantic way with all the dangers attending the work. On the other hand there are several merchants who prefer to have their shipments go out that way, and many newly arrived Chinamen would rather take their chances of failure and arrest, than deliberately follow the other method, by which they are certain to be imprisoned for at least some days, until the fraudulent proof that they are old residents can be submitted. There are several men engaged in this smuggling business, and the snow fall which has enabled them to use sleighs has caused them to be very busy just now.

The most skillful men at the business were Peters and Eaton, who went out of it after their arrest and escape. They were afraid of nothing, and the stories of their hairbreadth escapes, their fights with officers, and their struggles at times with the Chinamen in their charge, would fill a volume. With them some very clever women left the business, women who invented, perfected and carried out the plans for their escape from Plattsburg jail, and brought them the necessary tools. They are still women to be found sharing in the business of smuggling Chinamen, and they usually do very good work, for as messengers or advance agents in the United States they cannot be beaten. Sometimes they accompany the party, and one woman prides herself on the fact that she made several trips by sleigh with a male smuggler, each time driving two Chinamen, disguised as women over the border into the promised land. Female dress is a favorite disguise. When wearing it Chinamen are usually dressed as widows, so as more effectually to hide their faces, and by this means they have often eluded the vigilance of the officers who boarded the

railway trains upon which they had taken passage.

There are several so-called underground roads, from this province into neighboring states, which are not only used for Chinamen but for coal oil and other things as well. One of these is Beach Ridge, which runs from Clarenceville, Quebec, to Albany and Asburg Springs, Vermont. Then there is the Rouse's Point, by which



H. A. McKEOWN, M. P. P.

For St. John, who has lately been taken into the inner circle of the local government and may possibly be made the solicitor-general of the province. Everything points that way at present.

Chinamen are usually driven from St. John's, Quebec, straight into the United States. The route by way of Dundee and Fort Covington, N. Y., is also a favorite one, and so is that via Sherbrooke, which is the one generally taken from Quebec.

Falling by the Wayside.

One of the pathetic sights which haunt the memory of the traveller returned from the heart of Africa is the suffering of the native porters on long and difficult journeys. Africans are a lazy race, it is true, but the hard work of 'packing' for hundreds of miles over rough routes is often too much for strong and willing men. We knew, says an English missionary, recounting an experience of this kind, that in every part of the thick forest through which our way led were enemies waiting for the stragglers, whom they would at once spear and then steal their loads. The porters knew this perfectly well, but they did not seem to mind it, and for the sake of a little rest

them, death had become common. Some had died from want of food; others, from other causes. I was walking with a companion at one time when we came upon a poor fellow sitting, or rather reclining, by the roadside. We tried to urge him on, but he shook his head. We raised him to his feet, but he could not stand. What were we to do? There were no villages for miles and miles around. I felt his pulse. It seemed to have stopped. His heart scarcely beat, and we knew it would all be over soon. All we could do was to carry him to a more comfortable spot, give him all the food we had with us, and the bottle of coca that I carried on my back. Then with sad hearts and driven by necessity, we left him there to die.

Queer Names For Children.

Thousands of people go through life cherishing a "grudge" against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. The London Chronicle has collected several instances where there seems to be legitimate grievance. It is little wonder that a demure and pretty girl in a north London suburb feels resentful when she has to answer to the name of Busybody, given to her in honor of the winner of a race, fifteen years ago; and among the names registered at Somerset House in 1898 are Ains and Graces and Nun Nicer, which are innocently borne by two little girls who may find them embarrassing fifteen years hence. The appalling name of Wellington Wolseley Roberts is borne by a young man who, in disposition and appearance, is anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors, Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox and Napoleon the Great Esagar. Even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna Domini Davies and Boadicea Basher. To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprices of parents has imposed on innocent children.

Eels as Water Purifiers.

Few people would be gratified if they should find an eel in their rain-water cistern, and probably the last conclusion come to would be that the water was thereby improved. Yet, according to Professor Sobrero of Turin, this would be the case. The professor has recently suggested that eels should be used as purifiers of water. All one has to do in order to keep the water in the cistern pure is to put two or three eels, not very big, but lively, into it. With marvellous rapidity they will devour everything objectionable that may drop into the water or generate there. All that the water may chance to contain in the way of animalcules, infusoria, vegetable matter

same journal suggests that a useful field of action for eels may be found in reservoirs as well as in cisterns.

An Old Obituary.

Passed to his rest on Sunday, the most wonderful character of the town of Windsor—a man in years and a child in wisdom. The silver cord is snapped, and the streets will no longer hear the echo of the music of the Dead March in Saul as only William could whistle it, and he who tolled the bell so often for others has had the last sad rites performed for him. The commercial traveller and the merchant often allowed a half hour to pass as they listened to the sharp repartee and amusing compilation of wit and humorous stories of William, when he knew he had an appreciative audience. He had an eye for beauty, and the good



PROF. HESSE,

Of Providence, Rhode Island, who last week came to a settlement with the St. John Railway Company in his famous suit for damages sustained in the runaway car accident of a couple of summers ago, receiving \$18,000 of the \$25,000 the courts originally awarded him. Another trial was thus avoided.

looking girls of the town received many compliments at his hands, and a few favorites will, with the writer, mourn for the absence of one who was always on hand to help in every good cause. He was a truly loyal subject of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and was always on hand to hear the latest news from the war. The capacity lacking in him was of the rougher make, and his nature and disposition were kindness itself.

So many landmarks have been removed from the town by fire, and so many of the older inhabitants by death, that it would be indeed strange if one did not consider the passing away of all the conspicuous people who once controlled and looked after the interests of the town as indeed sad to the other ones now living.

"Daily the tide of life goes ebbing and flowing, But he is at rest from his labors."

The Windsor Bands, 68th and 78th, will miss one who was always foremost in parade, and generally led the procession. And the engine drivers and conductors will no more notice one who could imitate all the movements of the train hands, and with his mouth produce the train whistle. We,

however, believe in a brighter sphere where he will be able to gain full growth to his musical abilities, and listen to sweeter music from Angelic bands.—Hants Journal.

Room for All.

The Western 'boomer' has his own method of doing things. It is effective and he knows it; and he sees no particular reason for borrowing hints from the first Easterner who comes along. The New York Tribune has this story to tell: A bland and patronizing New Yorker was passing through a raw and new hamlet in the west, with its proud founders had dubbed B. City, and were sure would soon become a thriving hive of human beings. Addressing a lank youth who was lounging at the door of one of the rude shanties that passed for a 'shoe emporium,' the New Yorker inquired sarcastically:

'Who is that important-looking gentleman in the red flannel shirt?'

'That's Sam Peters,' was the proud reply. 'He's just opened the new post-office.'

'And the tall person with no collar?'

'He's long Mike. Just opened a grocery store.'

'And the plump individual with the bald head?'

'Handy Jim. Owns the new hotel.'

'Indeed?' said the New Yorker. 'Your city seems to be pretty well started. I should suppose there was nothing left for a stranger like myself to open.'

'Oh, I dunno!' drawled the lanky one. 'We ain't got no loonatic asylum yet. You may start that.'

In Kentucky.

A certain youth of Louisville while calling on a Blue Grass belle was so emboldened by her gracious manner to him that he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

'If you ever do that again,' exclaimed the touselled girl hotly, 'I shall tell papa.'

The young man took this for a mere feminine bluff, and promptly repeated the dose.

The outraged girl flung out of the room and into her father's study. She found him oiling his gun. Somehow the sight sobered her, so she merely said: 'There is someone in the parlor who wishes to see you.' Then she went up to her room to have a good cry.

The father briskly stepped into the other room, still holding his half-oiled gun in his hands.

At the sight of the old man with the gun the young man lost no time, but jumped clear through one of the parlor windows and vanished over the garden wall before the hospitable colonel could even ask him what he would take.

After the startling episode in Kentucky high life many months waned before the participants in it could be brought together again.

Couldn't Ruffle him.

Jeweller: 'I have shown you all the rings that I have suitable for a daughter twelve years old.'

Lady Customer: 'Well, I have changed my mind now. I think I'll wait until she's fifteen.'

Jeweller: 'All right, madam. Take a chair.'

Skin-Tortured Babies

And Worn-out Worried Mothers Find
Comfort in CUTICURA.

SOME MONTHS AGO OUR BABY'S HEAD GOT SORE. We took him to the doctor, who pronounced it poison and gave us some medicine which did no good. His head got so bad he would cry all night, and my wife could sleep none, and began to look ghostly.

His head got so sore that we put a night cap on him, and folded a white cloth four thicknesses inside of it, and just through the night a kind of matter would ooze out from his head, soaked through the cloth and cap and on to the pillow. The top and back of his head was almost a solid sore, and looked so badly that words would not describe it. Almost in despair I told my wife I had seen CUTICURA REMEDIES advertised and recommended very highly and I was going to try them. I bought the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA Ointment. We gave him half of the Resolvent, used part of the cake of Soap, and before we had used the second box of CUTICURA Ointment he commenced to get better, and is now as well and hearty as anybody's boy. He is as merry as a lark, sleeps soundly all night, and his hair looks glossy, thick, and soft. While my wife looks like a different woman, I look at him and think I owe it to you and to suffering mankind to write and tell you of this almost wonderful cure.

W. W. & J. E. MYERS, Box 90, Munroe City, Ind.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour.
Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Cure Baby Humours," free.



J. DOUGLAS HAZEN, M. P. P.

For Sunbury, but resident in this city, as leader of the Opposition party at Fredericton, is seeking to have the solicitor-generalship abolished. A bill to this end is under consideration.

were willing to risk their lives. In one part of our journey, the way led through thick forest. Hour after hour we toiled on through the terrible heat. There seemed no air to breathe. Then there was the sickening want of water and proper nourishment, not to mention the weary work of urging on the porters. If it was hard for us, what must it have been for the poor creatures who carried our loads! Among

or animal matter, is acceptable to them. Their mission ended they may in turn be eaten, or may be saved as scavengers in other departments of the water supply. The British Medical Journal inclines to the belief that after using the eels as scavengers few people would care to eat them, but remarks that eels eat worse things in their ordinary haunts than they are likely to find in the most neglected cistern. The