THE HERALD.

VOL. II., NO. 48. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891. $1.00 [illegible] YEAR.

Board of Works

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

WILSON & WILSON,

Attorneys-at-Law,

SOLICITORS and CONVEYANCERS

Offices: Carleton St., East Side.

Directly opp. Dr. Coulthard's office.

Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.

WILLIAM WILSON, M. P. P.
GEO. L. WILSON.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

ATLANTIC DIVI ION.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 5th, 1891.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.15. A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.

10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6 25, 7.15 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.15, 6.25., p. m. McAdam Junction, 10.50, a. m.; 2.30, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., St. Stephen, 7.45, a. m. 9.50 p. m. St. Andrews, 7.00, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.25, 7.20 p m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6 20 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

D. McNICOLL, *Gen. Pass. Agent,* MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON, *Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent,* ST. JOHN, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th. 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton	**7.00**
Accommodation for Point du Chene	**11.10**
Fast Express for Halifax	**14.30**
Express for Sussex	**16.35**
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	**16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	**8.30**
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec	**10.50**
Fast Express from Halifax	**14.50**
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton	**20.10**
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave	**23.30**

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

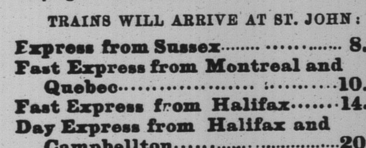
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS,
Agent, Fredericton



CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect June 22nd, 1891.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

[illegible] p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:13; Durham, 3:46; Cross Creek, 4:17; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:15; Upper Blackville, 6:52, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:05; Chatham Junction, 8;35, arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

7:00, a. m; Chatham Junction, 7:35; Upper Nelson Boom, 7.50; Blackville, 8:35; Upper Blackville, 9:00; Doaktown, 9:42; Boiestown, 10:25; Cross Creek, 11:35; Durham, 12:10; Marysville, 12:47; Gibson 12:57; arriving at Fredericton, 1:00 p. m.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction for all points on the I. C. Railway and Upper Provinces; at Fredericton with Canadian Pacific Railway for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, and all Western points, and River Steamers for St. John and points on St. John River; at Gibson, with Canadian Pacific Railway for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN,
Superintendent.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the **Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.** They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. [illegible] d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ **Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.**

13-10-88

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

1891, Autumn Arrangement. 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made some of the fastest trips on record.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Quebec and Montreal Service.

From Liverpool.		From Montreal.	From Quebec.
24 Sept.	*NUMIDIAN	14 Oct.	
1 Oct.	CIRCASSIAN	17 "	18 Oct.
8 "	SARDINIAN	24 "	25 "
15 "	*MONGOLIAN	4 Nov.	
22 "	PARISIAN	7 "	8 Nov.
29 "	*NUMIDIAN	18 "	

Last Sailing of the Season.

*S. S. Mongolian and Numidian will carry cattle and only Cabin Passengers to Liverpool, and do not call at Quebec on the homeward voyage, but from Liverpool they carry all classes of passengers and call at Quebec.

Mail steamers are despatched from Montreal at daylight on day of sailing. Cabin, Intermediate, and Steerage passengers desiring to embark at Montreal can do so (without extra charge) after 8 o'clock the preceding evening. Steamers sail from Quebec at 9 a. m.

Liverpool and Portland Direct Service.

The first sailing from Portland will be the S. S. "Circassian," 26th, November. Steamers in the Portland Service will not call at Halifax on either the outward or homeward voyages.

Liverpool, Queenstown, St. John's, Halifax and Baltimore Mail Service.

Liverpool to Baltimore via St. Johns and Halifax.		Halifax via St. Johns, N.F. to Liverpool.
15 Sept.	CASPIAN	12 Oct.
29 "	NOVA SCOTIAN	26 "
13 Oct.	*CARTHAGINIAN	9 Nov.
27 "	CASPIAN	23 "
10 Nov.	NOVA SCOTIAN	7 Dec.
24 "	*CARTHAGINIAN	21 "

And fortnightly thereafter.

*The Carthaginian will carry only Cabin passengers from Halifax.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON .... $40, $50, and $60.
" RETURN .... $80, $90, and $110.

Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.

Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.

INTERMEDIATE $30
STEERAGE $20

NEW S. S. MONGOLIAN and NUMIDIAN.

REDUCED CABIN RATES.

As these steamers carry cattle on voyage to Liverpool, it has been decided to fix the rates at the following low figures:

CABIN .... $40 and $45 Single
" .... $90 and $95 Return

The cabin accommodations are first-class in every respect, and the steamer is lighted throughout by electricity.

The arrangements for carrying cattle are so complete on these steamers, that the usual objections made by passengers to sailing on Cattle boats cannot be applied.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N.F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

Reduced rates on railroads are allowed Allan Line passengers.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

GLASGOW AND HALIFAX LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

*MANITOBAN	15 Oct.
*HIBERNIAN	29 "
*NESTORIAN	13 Nov.
*MANITOBAN	27 "
*HIBERNIAN	11 Dec.

And fortnightly thereafter.

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

(Late State Line Steamers.)

From Glasgow.			From New York.
25 Sept.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	15 Oct.	1 p. m
9 Oct.	STATE OF NEVADA	29 "	1 p. m.
23 "	STATE OF NEBRASKA	12 "	Noon.
6 Nov.	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	26 "	Noon.

Rates of Passage New York to Glasgow.

Saloon .... $35 to $65
" Return .... $65 to $120

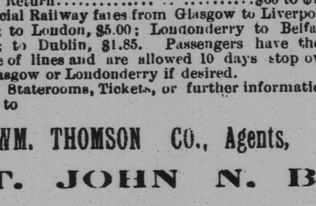
Special Railway fares from Glasgow to Liverpool, $2.50; to London, $5.00; Londonderry to Belfast, $1.30; to Dublin, $1.85. Passengers have their choice of lines and are allowed 10 days stop over at Glasgow or Londonderry if desired.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

Oct. 10.



NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave

COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p. m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York
Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
N.Y.S.S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

PARSONS' PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. ONE PILL A DOSE. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps; five boxes $1.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

ADAMS BROS.

FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins,

Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

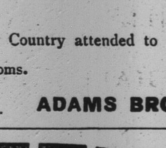
☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.

Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worse cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

H. C. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

BE A MAN

All men can't be Apollos of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds. Our treatment makes such men. The methods are our own exclusively, and where anything is left to build upon, the **VIGOR OF MEN** is easily, quickly, permanently restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the result of over-work, sickness, worry, etc., forever cured. Full strength development, and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address,

ERIE MEDICAL CO.,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

3

PATENT AUTOMATIC POCKET KNIFE.

NOTHING better made. Easily opened without looking for nick in blade. Opens by simply pushing a button.

Made from the best of steel. Call and see them.

For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

BURDOCK PILLS

SUGAR COATED

A SURE CURE

FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES

Dr LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

THE HORRORS IN RUSSIA.

Jews and Nihilists Not the Only Victims — Terrors and Inquisition — Patriotism and Truth.

There is, perhaps, no country in the world more than Russia which could give us a better illustration of this terribly magnificent exclamation of Shakespeare:

"Famine is in my cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in my eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

While famine now lays waste and now ravages the land of the Czar, the whirlwind of abject oppression continues roaring there with the utmost ferocity. I gave lately in these columns a summary picture of Russian ignorance regarding Canadian matters. I could draw a parallel picture of the ignorance of the American press relative to the despotism of Alexander III. But the publicists of the new continent are excusable for their misrepresentation of Muscovite horrors, as they have no source wherefrom to draw exact information, the Russian press being severely muzzled by the censor, and the local papers are silent as the grave on all horrifying events going on carelessly in their unfortunate country. In reading the cable reports about the savage persecution of the Jews, which, according to the definition of Lord Tennyson in a recent letter, "has disgraced Russia's church and nationality," people think that the Hebrews are the only victims of this disgrace. But the fact is that official ignominy knows no mercy, and the Gentiles have to undergo nearly the same fate. Siberia, the terrestial hell, is becoming every day more and more peopled with the flower of intelligence, youth and integrity whose only crime is not to say "Amen" to the brutality of the Czar's inquisitors.

It is, therefore, through private sources, especially through letters coming from this desolated empire that we can learn something about the exact situation. Being in active correspondence with some of my poor countrymen residing there, I will make use, for the benefit of your readers, of my friends' letters, which are a reliable source of information.

A lady of Kieff, an accomplished musician and author of a beautiful poem, finished her long letter to me with the following pessimistic lines. "Heavens! What will be the end of this terrible train of martyrology? No one in our city is sure of his life, for the black cloud hangs on every head; every one, under the suspicion of being a nihilist, may be torn away from the bosom of their dear family and friends, cast into the "black cab" (reserved for political criminals) and led to the prison. When these black cabs hurry through our streets, old men, women and children make the sign of the cross and whisper Hospodi pomilui (have mercy, O Lord!) the Jew turns away his head with terror and utters silently a sobbing Rebono-shel-Olam, holilah (preserve, O Universal Architect)! It is utterly impossible to estimate the number of those unfortunate victims who are arrested daily, imprisoned and sent to Siberia without any other formality."

A student of law writes from St. Petersburg that even officers are arrested nearly every day, as well as other people belonging to the aristocracy and high rank. "Strange to say," remarks the correspondent, "the spirit of nihilism has now invaded even our Dvorianstvo (nobility) who cannot restrain any longer their indignation at our crowned ruffian!"

On September 6th, writes an old man, organist of a church in Warsaw, the police of our city invaded the house of a young scholar, Peter Antonowsky, who was enjoying peacefully his honeymoon, as he was married only three days before this occurrence. They came to arrest Antonowsky under suspicion of having written an article in the nihilist newspaper Zemlia i Volia (Land and Freedom) published in Switzerland. As the young wife opposed naturally the arrest of her husband, the Kossacks made such a brutal use of their nagaika (whipcord) that the poor woman will remain for ever horribly disfigured. Husband and wife are now both sighing in a dark cell at the prison Petropaulovskaia of St. Petersburg."

In the city of Elizabethgrad, where there took place lately a bloody riot against the Jews, occurred such a heartbreaking sight that horrible is no name for it. Since then it has been corroborated by scores of people of Elizabethgrad, now in New York. Not only was the anti-semitic riot in Elizabethgrad planned by the people of that locality and executed with their pious assistance, but the officials distinguished themselves with refined cruelty. Hark! what is this? While the rioters have set fire to the house of old Solomon Korwitz, the old man himself was dying near the burning ruins of his house from the severe blows the rioters inflicted upon his head with knives. Before he closed his eyes in eternity, he could see distinctly, by the glare of his burning house, how a Kossack ill-treated with the most revolting infamy his only daughter Esther, aged 15. The old Jew expired with an agonizing Shema Ishrael on his pale and trembling lips.

The tempest of outrages does not rage on nihilists and Jews only, but the same untold terror prevails wherever a sigh of dissatisfaction is heard, and as a general dissatisfaction from the downtrodden people now fills the air, the martyrdom of the brave ones increases daily. He who entertains some doubt about the integrity of a rascally governor, or contests the holiness of the High-Inquisitor Pobiesonozeff, is punished with the same severity as nihilists and Jews are. Too much thinking is considered by the Czar as a crime sufficient to justify the privation of a man's liberty. And this trampling upon the people's right, these continual cruelties, are perpetrated in the name of religion, in the name of the sublime teachings of the Nazarene who preached to the world, humanity, kindness, love and toleration! What is to be done? Here, I appeal to the reader. What? Christianity ought to protest energetically against such a sacrilegious interpretation of the holy text, and the subject, I think, is one which might quite properly have been taken up at the great Methodist ecumenical council which lately sat at Washington.

What a sad mission for a man who is compelled to denounce his own fatherland and exhibit in a foreign press the sores of that country where his cradle stood. But in doing this it is because I have the firm conviction that citizenship can never overshadow humanity and vague patriotism can never overthrow the holy truth.

How is your cold? Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment or it may last all winter; certain fact!

JAPANESE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

When the Spirits of the Dead are Supposed to Revisit the Earth.

Perhaps the most interesting of Japanese festivals is that called the "Feast of Lanterns," which is celebrated about September 1st of each year. It is actually nothing more nor less than a formal reception given to all the spirits of the dead, and for this reason thousands of people flock into Nagasaki from the neighboring country to take part in the ceremony dressed in their best attire.

Upon the first day of the feast the ghosts of the departed are supposed to leave the spirit land in order to revisit their homes upon earth. On this day the head of each family, in his best apparel, sits in the reception-room of his house, the entrances to which are all thrown open. At frequent intervals he bows ceremoniously and utters words of welcome, in order that the spirits as they enter may not feel themselves to be neglected. This procedure is carried on far into the night, especially by such conscientious Buddhists as have numerous spirits to receive.

On the second day all the spirits are supposed to have arrived, and the household temple (a small cabinet appartment which is to be found in the house of every believer in Buddha, set apart for the use of the dead) is gayly decorated with flowers and filled with choice stores of fruit, rice, tea, wine, and other delicacies. The family of the house, sitting in the room to which the spirit-chamber is attached, hold high festival, eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves after the Japanese fashion. This feasting of the living with the spirits of the dead continues throughout the whole of the second day and the greater part of the third day, but the night of the third is the time appointed when the ghosts must return to their places in the spirit land, and as the evening draws on the people, young and old, in vast numbers betake themselves to the burial-places and deck out the graves with bright paper banners and many colored lanterns, which are lighted as the sun goes down and darkness comes on. This decoration and illumination are made as beautiful and brilliant as possible, so that the last view of the earth taken by the departing spirits may be pleasing and happy.

Toward midnight, as the time for departure draws nigh, the male portion of the people form themselves into processions, every individual of which bears aloft a lighted lantern suspended to a bamboo pole about ten feet long, and like so many torrents of fire pouring down the hillside proceed to carry to the sea the boats in which the spirits are to return to the land whence they came.

These boats are made of plaited straw and are more or less elaborate models of the ordinary native craft. Each is decorated with flags and streamers and has a stock of provisions and money on board—the money for the ferriage of the Styx. The size of these straw boats varies from two to ten or thirty feet in length, and are all provided with one or more lantern to enable the spirit crew to steer their course.

The processions have reached the shores of the bay, and the lanterns on board the straw boats having been trimmed and lighted, the fragile barks are launched upon the waters and sail away into the western sea, carrying the spirits of that far-off land where the sun and stars go to rest, and where is situate that glorious Nirvana where the spirits of all good Buddhists pass the time in happy oblivion.

The myriad lights of the boats scattered far and wide, dancing upon the slightly ruffled water, make a scene, viewed from a distance, of almost fairy enchantment. The cries of the people, the chanting of the priests, the sound of gongs, the music of shamisens, the people flying hither and thither in wild excitement, form altogether a picture impossible to describe, and which leaves upon the memory an impression as of some wild, weird phantasmagoria.—Washington Post.

DESCRIPTION OF SANGUINITE.

The name of sanguinite has been given to a new mineral described in the Mineralogical Magazine. According to this it was observed on specimens of argentine from Chanarcillo, and is considered to be a haxagonal sulphaisentite of silver allied to proustite. To the naked eye the mineral appeared to be gothite, its different character, however, being revealed on examination with the microscope. It has lustre, like earthly hematite; color, bronze-red by reflected light and blood-red by transmitted light, with streak of dark purplish brown. No quantitative examination has been made, on account of the small quantity of the material, but a qualitative analysis exhibits the presence of silver, arsenic, and sulphur. The specfic gravity and hardness of this singular substance have not been determined.

Those who believe that Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y. They are known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act regularly. If they do not, use a key.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

AGE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Salvation army has been in existence just thirteen years. It had its origin in a sensational way in the English town of Whitby, in the rough, coal-mining district of Yorkshire, where gen. Booth, at that time, rev. William Booth, was doing humble mission work. England was then in arms, expecting to jump into the Russo-Turkish war. It occurred to Booth that he might attract a crowd by issuing a declaration of war himself, so he prepared one forthwith, sprinkled it plentifully with hallelujahs and posted two thousand copies of it about town. The device tickled the British sense of humor, there was a "red-hot, rousing meeting," to quote gen. Booth, "the penitents fell down in heaps" and the Salvation army sprang into life full-grown.

WELL RECOMMENDED.

DEAR SIRS,—I am happy to say I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for burns, sprains and cuts and find that there is nothing better. I recommend it to all my friends around here.

ALAN G. McLEOD, Souris, Man.

HERE WAS A GENIUS.

Carved on the Cliffs of his Native Town A Remarkable Representation of the Prisoner of Chillon.

John Patterson had genius and a big family. And he was poor. It was a bad mixture. He couldn't nourish both genius and the big family and being a humane man and irresponsible for the presence of the latter he cheerfully and manfully faced his parental obligations and told genius to take a back seat. Pity 'tis, 'twas so; although we have less reason to complain than we should have had the humble John passed away without leaving an evidence of his wonderful natural abilities. And Dysart—dear old Dysart—would have been poorer by far.

The Auld Burgh Toon.

I suppose you know of Dysart. What! Not know of Dysart? Never heard of the carles of Dysart, those wise men of "Ye Kingdom?"

Clambering along the rugged slope of the eastern Fifeshire coast, near what may properly be termed the waist line of Scotland, is the little, irregular, old-fashioned town of Dysart. Books do not record its wonderful story, its history is writ in stones.

The waters of the German sea dash into the Firth of Forth, sweep round the little bay on the shore of which nestles the old burgh town, kiss its feet and roll back into the ocean. Towering near the water edge is the greatest object of interest in the town—the ruin of the once famous cathedral of St. Serfs. It is a monument to the architectural glory of a far-away past. The great blocks of masonry, worn by the ceaseless grind of time, the massive walls and the remarkable arches tell of an age by no means devoid of architectural triumphs. Hoar, slanting tombstones lie between the ruins and the sea. The place is neglected, the once magnificent structure is now a pigeon-roost where the feathered possessions of Lord Rosslyn bill and coo, the table stones are overgrown with thick, long grass, and the visitors to this "God's acre" are the town boys who play "hide and seek," "I spy" and other games among the tombs and gather the blackberries that grow where.

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Like the tree of its seal, Dysart seems to be flourishing. Paving, drainage and new buildings have greatly altered the face of the town. Gone are the old-time industries; gone, too, most of the old-fashioned dwellings. Where are the one-storey houses, with their clean, white-washed rough-moulded walls and red tile roofs; the shiny window panes obscured by snowy white curtains or "blinds," as the "natives" call them; the sanded entries on either side of which lay those dear old-world gardens of groset bushes, apple trees, gardener's garters, bachelor's buttons, sweet peas, wall-flower and sweet william with their cluster of purple and crimson color?

The change in this respect is no greater than the industrial revolution. The hand loom and the salt pans were the centres of trade; half a dozen linen factories and spinning mills and as many coal mines have taken their place. Well do we remember the rickety, tickety, tick, tick, tick of the weaver's shuttles, which on a warm summer day gave the slumberous old place an air of deeper lethargy.

Here Lived John Patterson.

It was to such a place that "the star that rules our luckless lot" sent John Patterson to preside at a handloom and weave bed ticking and table linen. It must have been an accident that brought him into possession of a copy of Byron's poems, for times were hard, and it was only by long and trying labor that he kept the porridge pot well filled. While waiting one day for a new web he turned to the "Prisoner of Chillion," and here is what he read:—

And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness.
More slowly drawn, grew less and less,
I listen'd, but I could not hear,
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound;
I burst my chain with one strong bound;
I rushed to him, I found him not;
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my falling race
Was broken in this fatal place.

John Patterson couldn't sleep that night. He walked the floor like a man demented. Early next morning he left the house with a hammer and chisel in his pocket and a mile east of the town he attacked the red sandstone cliff. But the section on which he worked gave way and he had to jump for dear life. Nothing daunted, he set to work on another portion of the red rock. Night after night when the day's labor was finished he was at his favorite resort cutting, carving, boring and scraping, surrounded by gaping crowds of his fellow townsmen. At last after long and patient labor the finishing touches were given and the work was complete. There was no unveiling, no speech making, no banquet. John Patterson cast a loving glance at his pet work, lit his cutty pipe, stowed away hammer and chisel and went home to weave bed ticking and table linen that the hungry stomachs of his weans might be filled. But the work remains and will endure long after Byron's famous poem is forgotten.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have Tightness of the Chest —Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

COST OF GARTERS.

A class of women with whom expensive and beautiful garters are a fad are the wives and daughters of some rich and showy folk, and even of those not very showy. Counting these thousands, a large garter dealer tells me that $30,000 is a low estimate to put to their account. In other words, to sum the total cost of garters for New York for one year the amount would not be far short of $250,000. Tie them all together, the cotton and the flannel ones, the plain elastic with the gorgeous bands, and we have a string about 400 miles long, worth a quarter of a million dollars! Why, it would support 500 families of 2,500 souls for a year.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A DOUBLE EFFECT.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for bronchitis and bad cough, with the best results, and can highly recommend it to all sufferers.

ROSCOE PUGSLEY,
250 Deleware Av., Toronto.

THE "THIRTEEN" SUPERSTITION.

Said to Have Had Its Origin in the Last Supper of Jesus.

Of all the minor superstitions, perhaps the most prevalent is the one which is the subject of discussion in this article—that of sitting thirteen at table. An idea of its prevalence among all nations may be obtained by adverting to the well-known facts that the Turks have almost expunged the number (13) from their vocabulary; that the Italians never use it in making up the numbers for their lotteries, and that the thirteenth card in any of the games bears the figure of death; that no house in Paris bears the No. 13, and that in that city the Quartorziemes are recognized persons in society who hold themselves in readiness to be invited to any dinner which otherwise would have the fatal thirteen at the festal board. The thirteen superstition, briefly stated, is, that if thirteen persons, either by accident or design, dine together at the same table, one will die within a year. Its origin has been traced back to the old Norse mythology, in which occurs the story of the gods sitting down to a feast with Loke in the Valhalla. Baldur was the thirteenth at the table and had to die. It is hardly likely, though, that so obscure a tradition connected with an ancient faith limited to a comparatively small locale would be able to spread its pernicious influence so broadcast over the earth. The popularly accepted origin may be taken as the right one. The last supper, which so immediately preceded the crucifixion of the Saviour, must always have excited a sentiment of awe in the breasts of the faithful, which in an unenlightened age easily degenerated into a feeling of superstitious terror. Leonardo da Vinci, in his famous painting on the wall in the refectory of the Dominican convent of Santa-Maria-della Gracie, in Milan, unwittingly, perhaps, gave the first impulse to the superstition in the minds of the ignorant masses who beheld the twelve apostles and the Master at table. To see before their eyes the fatal feast itself must have affected them far more profoundly than could the most eloquent sermon on the subject. In this picture, too, we see Judas in the act of spilling the salt; thus it is fair to presume that both superstitions have practically the same origin.—J. R. Abaranell, in Belford's Magazine.

NOVA SCOTIA WICKEDNESS.

Some Facts Concerning Two Revolting Crimes in the Sister Province.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 1.—Two revolting stories of crime will be published tomorrow. Some time ago a young girl named Ettinger ran away from her home near Windsor. She was accompanied by a girl companion and they were bound for Dartmouth. Before they got far they were arrested upon the telegraphic advice of William Ettinger, the stepfather of the girl, upon a charge of stealing five dollars and for the alleged offence, both girls were sent to jail for six months. After serving out a portion of her sentence a doctor was summoned by the jail officials and under pressing enquiries the girl told a horrible story implicating her stepfather. After the alleged crime the girl told her mother and the mother became righteously indignant, and a big family row followed. Ettinger threatened to kill the girl if she told the story to anyone else. Her life became unbearable at home and the girl, aided by her mother, decided to pay a visit to her aunt in Dartmouth, and to pay her passage the Ettinger girl took the five dollars from her stepfather. The other girl, knowing how she obtained the money, accepted part of it to pay her own passage and thus became an accessory. Ettinger became so enraged at the girl's departure and fearing the story would be repeated that he had both girls arrested. The case was quietly tried and the girls were jailed. The revelations of Miss Ettinger to the doctor were communicated to the Halifax S. P. C. and upon their complaint Ettinger was arrested, and yesterday upon the evidence of his wife and stepdaughter was committed to the supreme court for trial on a charge of rape. The girl is only 14 years of age.

The other case occurred at Hantsport, within a few miles of Windsor, and is even worse. In this case a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Albert Fitzgerald, aged 45. The victim is his own daughter, aged 19. Fitzgerald got wind of the issue of the warrant for his arrest and succeeded in escaping to the woods. A posse of citizens are now scouring the country in search of him.

HE FOUGHT WITH WOLFE.

When three regiments of the English army took possession of Castine, Maine, in the last year of the war of 1812, a large detachment was sent up the river to seize the neighboring towns. As the red coats were leisurely marching through the country, they saw an old, bent, white-haired man, sitting at the door of a small plain house.

The young officer at the head of the troops deigned to lay aside military dignity for a moment, and condescendingly hailed him:

"Old Daddy, did you ever see so many men before?"

"Yes," was the prompt answer.

"And where, then?"

"With Wolfe, under the walls of Quebec."

The officer stopped. Good-natured condescension to the old yankee countryman was changed to respect for the colonial soldier. 1776 and 1812 were forgotten. He ordered the command to halt, and with the other officers shook hands with the humble old man, proud to do honor to one who, under the British flag, had followed a young, brave general to his last victory.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The Czar of Russia probably has his own troubles as well as we commoner mortals. When we have the advantage in such troubles as dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, bad blood and the like is in being able to procure easily a perfect remedy in Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's grand restorative tonic and purifier.

There are women who sometimes think Sunday that they have religion, but when the clothes line breaks down Monday they find out that they haven't.

ADVICE FREE.

Keep the head cool, the feet warm and the bowels regular, and no disease can attack you. This is a celebrated German physician's advice, and can best be accomplished by using Burdock Blood Bitters, the best regulator and purifier known. It cures all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

LONDON BRIDGE.

A Short Sketch of the World's Famous Bridge—Its Destruction.

The original building of the bridge cannot be discovered. As long as we know anything of London the bridge was there. For a long time it was a bridge of timber provided with a fortified gate—one of the gates of the city. In the year 1091, the chronicler relates that on the feast of St. Edmund the archbishop, at the hour of six, a dreadful whirlwind from the southeast, coming from Africa—thus do authors in all ages seize upon the opportunity of parading their knowledge—from Africa! all that way!—blew upon the city and overthrew upwards of six hundred houses and several churches, greatly damaged the tower and tore away the roof and part of the wall of St. Mary le Bow, in Cheapside. During the same storm the water in the Thames rose with such rapidity and increased so violently that London bridge was entirely swept away.

The bridge was rebuilt. Two years afterward it narrowly escaped destruction when a great part of the city was destroyed by fire. Forty years later it did meet this fate in the still greater fire of 1135. It was immediately rebuilt, but I suppose hurriedly, because thirty years later it had to be constructed anew.

Among the clergy of London was then living one Peter, chaplain of a small church in the Poultry—where Thomas A. Becket was baptised—called Colechurch. This man was above all others skilled in the craft and mystery of bridge building. He was perhaps a member of the fraternity called the Ponific (or bridge building) brothers, who about this time built the famous bridges of Avingnon, Pont St. Esprit, Cahors, Saintes and La Rochelle. He proposed to build a stone bridge over the river. In order to raise money for this great enterprise, offerings were asked and contributed by king, citizens and even the country at large. The list of contributors was written out on a table for posterity and preserved in the bridge chapel.

The bridge, which was to last for six hundred and fifty years, took as long to build as King Solomon's temple, namely, three and thirty years.

Before it was finished the architect lay in his grave. When it was completed the bridge was nine hundred and twenty-six feet long and forty feet wide—Stow says thirty feet; it stood sixty feet above high water; it contained a draw bridge and nineteen pointed arches, with massive piers varying from twenty-five to thirty-four feet in solidity raised upon strong elm piles which were covered with planks. The bridge was curiously irregular; there was no uniformity in the breadth of the arches; they vary from ten to thirty-two feet.

Over the tenth and longest pier was erected a chapel dedicated to the youngest saint in the calendar, St. Thomas of Canterbury. The erection of a chapel on a bridge was by no means uncommon. Everybody, for instance, who has been in the south of France remembers the chapel on the broken bridge at Avignon. Again, a chapel was built on a bridge at Droitwich, in Cheshire, and one on the bridge at Wakefield in Yorkshire. Like the chapel at Avignon, that of London bridge contained an upper and a lower chapel; the latter was built in the pier with stairs, making it accessible from the river. The bridge gate at the southern end was fortified by a double tower, and there was also a tower at the northern end. The wall or parapet of the bridge followed the line of the piers, so as to give at every pier additional room. The same arrangement used to be seen on the old bridge at Putney.

The citizens have always regarded London bridge with peculiar pride and affection. There was no other bridge like it in the whole country, nor any which could compare with it; for it was built not only over a broad river, but a tidal river, in which the flood rose and ebbed with great vehemence twice a day. Later on they built houses on either side, but at the first the way was clear. The bridge was endowed with broad lands; certain monks, called Brethren of St. Thomas on the bridge, were charged with the services in the chapel, and administering the revenue for the maintenance of the fabric. The children made songs about it. One of their songs, to which they danced, taking hands, has been preserved. It is modernized, and one knows not how old it is. The author of "Chronicles of London Bridge" gives it at full length, with the music. Here are three verses:

London bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladee.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee?
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladee.

Build up it with stone so strong,
Dance over my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay ladee.

HOW THEY DRESS IN BURMAH.

In Burmah the poorer classes usually wear but one garment, consisting of a single piece of colored cotton cloth about a yard and a half wide, and of such a length that it can be wound around the chest or waist and fall to the feet. The women bind this strip of cloth tightly around the bust, under the arms, leaving the shoulders and neck bare, and the opening folds of the dress are at the front.

The barefooted beauties have from infancy been taught to walk in such a way that they naturally kick the dress inward with the heels as they go along, and thus avoid any exposure of person. The higher class of women have a short silk or cotton sacque, which covers the shoulders and arms, and the better class wear the brightest of silk.

Some of the ladies' dresses, consisting of this single strip of silk, cost hundreds of dollars, aud some of the fine silks of of the world are made in Burmah. The men are as gorgeous in their costumes as the women. The gowns are wound about the waist and tied in a big knot at the front. Most men wear a bright handkerchief tied around the head, and inside of this is put up their long hair. Both classes wear their hair long and earings or earplugs.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 ents. Dr. Swanye & Son, Philadelphia.