Board of Works

THE HERALD.

VOL. II., NO. 35. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

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.

Wm. WILSON,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Registrar University of New Brunswick.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

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

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect June 1st, 1891.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

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

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

4.20 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, no connection for St. John Mondays.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6 25, 8.30 a. m.; 4.30, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.15, a.m.; 12.10, 5.55., p. m. McAdam Junction, 7.00, 10.50, a. m.; *3.30, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., *2.40 p. m. St. Stephen, 5.45 7.45, a. m. St. Andrews, *7.20, a. m.

*Monday and Wednesday at 5.15 a. m.

*Sundays and Mondays excepted.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., 1.20, 6.40 p.m.

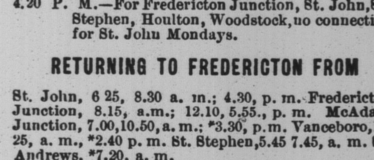
LEAVE GIBSON.

6.55 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 889

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**
E press for Sussex	**16.35**
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal	**16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express rains 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 leeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Edxress 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, Picton 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.

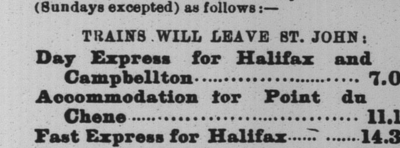
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

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

For Tickets and other nformation, apply at the ffice 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

3:00 p. m; Gibson, 3:05; Marysville, 3:13; Durham, 3:44; Cross Creek, 4:17; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:15; Upper Blackville, 6:52, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:06; 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. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of al 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.**

13-10-89

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

1891. Summer 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.
9 July	PARISIAN	25 July	26 July
16 "	CIRCASSIAN	1 Aug.	2 Aug.
23 "	POLYNESIAN	8 "	9 "
30 "	SARDINIAN	15 "	16 "
6 Aug.	*MONGOLIAN	26 "	
13 "	PARISIAN	29 "	30 Aug.
20 "	*NUMIDIAN	9 Sept.	
27 "	CIRCASSIAN	12 "	13 Sept.
3 Sept.	SARDINIAN	19 "	20 "
10 "	*MONGOLIAN	30 "	
17 "	PARISIAN	3 Oct.	4 Oct.

*S. S. Mongolian and Numidian will carry cattle and only Cabin Passengers to Liverpool, and do not cal 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, 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.
7 July	NOVA SCOTIAN	3 Aug.
21 "	*CARTHAGINIAN	17 "
4 Aug	CASPIAN	31 "
18 "	NOVA SCOTIAN	14th Sep
1st Sep	*CARTHAGINIAN	28th "

And fortnightly thereafter.

*The Carthaginian will carry only Cabin passengers from Halifax.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $50 to $80
" RETURN $95 to $150

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.

HIBERNIAN 6th Aug
CANADIAN 20 "
MANITOBAN 3rd Sept.

And fortnightly thereafter.

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

(Late State Line Steamers.)

From Glasgow.		From New York.
17 July	STATE OF NEVADA	6 Aug., 10 a.m
31 "	STATE OF NEBRASKA. 20 "	9.30 a.m
14th Aug	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	3 Sep., 9.30a.m
28 "	STATE OF NEVADA	17 " 2 p.m
11th Sep	STATE OF NEBRASKA.	1 Oct., 8.30a.m

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.

Aug. 4th.

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.

Pine Oil.

JUST RECEIVED:

5 BARRELS Pine Oil,
2 Cases Caster Oil,
10 Barrels Southern Pitch,
1 Case Air Guns,

From New York by Steamer.

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.

In 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leads. *Generation after Generation* have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 35 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $2. Express paid. I. S. Johnson & Co., 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.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTON

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,

Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

C. C. GILL,

PAINTER,

House and Sign Decorator.

Tinting in OIL or WATER COLOR.
PAPERING and GRAINING.
EXPRESSES and WAGONS Painted at Short Notice.

SHOP AND RESIDENCE:

59 Brunswick Street.

WANTED

RELIABLE PUSHING MEN to sell choice Nursery Stock. Complete assortment. Splendid opportunity offered for Spring work. My Salesmen have good success, many selling from $100 to $200 per week. Send for Proof and Testimonials. A good pushing man wanted here at once. Liberal Terms, and the best goods in the market. Write, R. G. CLYNE, Nurseryman, Perth, Ont.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

The Ottawa Scandals—The Revelations Growing Blacker Daily.

"Tommy make room for your uncle" was the reason Sir Adolphe Caron's nephew was "papped." "Uncle Thomas" and his gang wanted a chance at the greater treasury.

20 Years in Power—No Boodlers.

Hamilton Times.

Mr. Mowatt has been in power nearly twenty years now; who ever heard of boodlers or scandals under his administration?

The Greater Rascals Escape.

London Advertiser.

The government at Ottawa has tried suspending subordinate civil servants who have broken the laws of the land. It dare not begin to discharge the greater rascals in its own ranks who have set the bad example, and made peculation of public funds fashionable. This last class know too much.

Picking and Boodling.

Kingston Whig.

Larkin, Connolly & Co. kept the boodling account with the government inspectors under the heading "P." B, for boodle, would have been much more appropriate.—Brantfort Expositor.

No, "P" stood for pickings and was correct. The government inspectors did the picking, the contractors and the cabinet ministers the boodling.

Eye Blinded by a Gift.

Toronto Mail.

"A gift blindeth the eye" is a scriptural quotation. Sir Hector, the government engineers and inspectors now know the truthfulness of the statement.

A Formidable Trio.

Montreal Star.

There is food for reflection in the fact, brought out during the investigations at Ottawa, that about $1,000,000 was needlessly and corruptly spent on the Larkin, Connolly & Co. contracts at a time when money was badly needed for necessary harbor works at Montreal. The extreme difficulty experienced by those who endeavored to get the minister of public works to move in regard to Montreal harbor, appears in singular contrast to the facility with which the same minister agreed to everything required of him by "Nick, Mick and Murphy."

Dead to all Feeling of Shame.

Quebec Chronicle.

J. P. Arnoldi, mechanical engineer of the public works department, has very properly been suspended by the minister of public works. The manner in which this man gave his evidence disgusted everybody who heard it, and more than once, we hear, Sir John Thompson was on the point of publicly rebuking him. To the members of the committee he appeared as a man dead to all feeling of shame. His standard of morality is decidedly low, and expulsion would have been better than suspension in his case. Canada cannot afford to have more than one Arnoldi in her service.

There are too Many.

London Advertiser.

What greater confession of the necessity for a change of government at Ottawa could there be than the announcement of the Ottawa correspondents that the dismissal of clerks who have broken the law, by illegally pocketing public money, is now stopped because the departments could not go on if all who have followed the example of their superiors were turned out. It is a revelation which speaks volumes for the incapacity and the gross corruption that have characterised the high tax regime.

A Father Better than an Uncle.

Ottawa Free Press.

And so Laforce Langevin was able to draw $150 a month as engineer on the Quebec harbor improvements, and $5,000 for alleged services on the Levis graving dock last year. It is a fine thing to have a father in the dominion cabinet. Laforce was in a better position than the contractors. The latter had only "uncles" to look after their interests.

Arnoldi and His Gifts.

Ottawa Free Press.

Why should not Mr. Arnoldi accept yachts, horses, brass dogs, watches and other valuable gifts from the parties from whom he purchased supplies for the government, when his chief, the minister of public works, accepted cash "testimonials" from contractors? If we are to condemn Mr. Arnoldi how can we excuse Sir Hector?

Smuggled Bronzed Dogs.

Quebec Chronicle.

Mr. Arnoldi, we hear, has been compelled to enter his bronze dogs at the Ottawa custom house, and pay the duty thereon. It will be interesting to know the valuation which he has put on them. He said they were worth about $200. A member of the committee valued them at $500. If they are large and fine bronzes, a thousand dollars would probably be nearer the mark. If any other man than Arnoldi had been caught with these smuggled dogs in his possession, he would have been fined, and the dogs confiscated to the state. We do not see that the owner of these mysterious dogs has been fined, and certainly the "present" has not been seized. There seems to be one law for Arnoldi and another law for another fellow.

Blacker and Blacker.

London Advertiser.

And so the revelations become blacker and blacker, and as their extent is made known the stronger becomes the assurance of Sir Hector's apologists that he knew nothing about the condition of his department—that the members of the government have all these years been in ignorance of the relationship of the boodling contractors to Sir Hector and Thomas McGreevy, M. P., the treasurer of their election fund. Is not such an explanation incredible, in view of the fact that years ago, during a spat between Sir Hector and Mr. Chapleau, a full outline of the whole matter was given in a Quebec conservative paper, while last year Mr. Tarte, as a friend of the government, secretly approached Sir John Macdonald and his associates and asked them to take action? He was rebuffed, and practically told to mind his own business. The result is the present exposure. Still they tell us that Sir Hector is guiltless! That the ministers were helpless to protect the interests of the people! Does any sane man credit the explanation?

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.

LITTLE BEAR AND POLE STAR.

A Myth Current Among Indians Concerning the Constellation.

The constellation of the Little Bear and the pole star must have puzzled the observant Indian; for while the rest of the stars were continually shifting their position, this one star remained immovable. As the constellation of the Great Bear represented hunters in pursuit of a bear, so the constellation of the Little Bear suggested another party of hunters guided by the pole star. Long, long ago a large party of Indians, while in search of new hunting grounds, wandered on for many moons, finding but little game. At last they arrived at the banks of a great river entirely unknown to them, where they had to stop, not having material for building boats. Lost and nearly famished with hunger, the head chief decided to hold a council and devise means for returning to their homes.

During the dance preceding the council, and while the tobacco (whose fumes are supposed to ascend as prayers to the gods) was burning, a little being like a child came to them and said that she was sent to be their guide, says a writer of Indian legends in the St. Louis Republic. Accordingly they broke up their camp and started with her that night. Preceding them with only a gi-wah, or small war club, she led them on until daylight, and then commanded them to rest until she prepared their food. They slept, and found on awakening a great banquet in readiness for them. Then the little being bade them farewell, with the assurance that she would return in the evening. True to her word, she reappeared at evening, bringing with her a skin jug, from which she poured out some liquid into a horn cup, and bade each of the hunters drink. At first they refused to do so, but, yielding at last, they drank and began to feel very strong. She then told them they had a long journey before them, and, following her, they arrived at a great plain in the early morning. There she bade them rest during the day, promising to return again at nightfall, saying her own chief would soon follow and explain to them how they could reach their homes in safety.

Soon he arrived with a great number of his race and they all held council together and told the Indians that they were now in the territory of the pigmies. The latter would teach them a sign already in the sky which would be a sure guide when they had lost their way. The pigmies pointed out the pole-star and told the hunters that in the north where the sun never goes, while other stars moved about this particular star would stand still as a guide to the Indians in their wanderings. They were to follow its light and they would soon return to their tribe, where they would find plenty of game and other good things.

The hunters thanked the good pigmies, and, following their directions, soon reached their homes in safety. When they told the story of their adventures the head chief held a meeting of all the tribes and they resolved to give the star a name. They called it the star which never moves, by which name it is known to this day. Now, in the constellation of the Little Bear there are four stars apart and three leading directly to the pole star. The four stars apart were probably the hunters, and the three leading to the pole star were the two hunters and the little child. The pigmies are introduced into the myth because their mission is to help hunters who have lost their way or are in any trouble.

HOW RUBBERS ARE MADE.

They Are Not Cast in Moulds, as Many People Suppose.

Many people suppose that rubber shoes are made by melting the material and running it into moulds. Such is not the case.

The manufacture of rubber shoes is not very much different from the manufacture of leather shoes. They are made on lasts just the same, but instead of being sewed they are cemented.

"We get most of the raw material from South America," said a drummer. "It is about the color of molasses and is of a spongy nature. First it goes through a crushing or rolling process and comes out in rough sheets and looks very much like a cow's hide. Then it is taken into a compounding-room, where it is mixed with a compound and vulcanized. After that it is cut up into small pieces, according to the parts of shoes which we wish to get, and is afterward fitted into lasts by the workmen in the same manner that leather is.

"How much pure rubber is contained in the manufactured article? About 70 per cent. The best Para gum costs 95 cents a pound, so you see rubber boots and shoes cannot be made for nothing. In the smallest rubber shoe made there are about four ounces of pure rubber, and from that to probably four pounds in a pair of rubber boots. Old rubbers are ground up, lining and all, into what we call rag carpet and is used for insoles. The work is nearly all done by hand and in the factories are employed young children, men and women. A bootmaker gets 20 cents a pair for making them and a good man can turn out from ten to twelve pairs a day.

"There are between fifteen and twenty rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, with a total capacity of over 160,000 pairs of boots and shoes a day. There are four factories having a capacity of over 25,000 pairs each, and one which has a capacity of 40,000 pairs. It is a mystery where they all go to."—Denver News.

ATKINSON'S CASE.

He is Advised to Abide by Speaker Peel's Decision.

LONDON, Aug. 3.—The sentence of suspension imposed upon Henry J. Atkinson, member of the house of commons for Boston, for charging the speaker with abuse of power in placing on the records of the house that Mr. Atkinson had frivolously challenged the accuracy of divisions, expired to-day. Mr. Atkinson was present at to-day's session and asked leave to make a motion to expunge from the journal of the house the resolutions ordering his expulsion. He spoke earnestly in support of his request, and declared he would rather die than suffer the disgrace that attached to his name by reason of the resolution being spread upon the pages of the journal. The right hon. Geo. J. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, advised Mr. Atkinson to let the matter pass. Mr. Atkinson said that he could not let it pass. If the house confirmed the disgrace that had been put upon him he would resign his seat.

Jamaici Ginger is nowhere, besides Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for all summer troubles.

HOW SWEEDS MOURN.

No Complaint, No Sign of Grief on the Part of Bereaved Ones.

It is remarkable how foreigners domiciled in this country still cling to their native costumes. This is especially true when they are congregated in large numbers. The single German, Frenchman or Norwegian who has made his home in some portion of this land of liberty may still adhere to his oddities and habits of old, but he does not meet with the necessary encouragement from his fellows, and probably finds that often ridicule takes the place of the expected approbation.

Last summer a field hand on one of the farms in North Dakota was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The proprietor of the farm notified the parents of the unfortunate Sweed of their son's fate. They were an old couple who own and farmed one of those quarter-section tracts that Uncle Sam gives away so lavishly. They had been in this country for many years, their son was born here, and yet when it came to the solemnity of burial, they reverted at once to the memories of their native land and its customs.

The parents did not even go to view the body nor attend to its preparation for the grave, says the Illustrated American. Friends brought it home in an ordinary farm wagon, and then, instead of carrying it into the house, placed the remains upon a wide plank resting on two upturned barrels in the stable. Horses grew restive as they always will when placed near a corpse. The cattle forgot to munch their hay, and cowered back in the stalls, showing their realization that something unusual was happening. All this while the dead boy's parents were busy within doors donning their best apparel; the aged mother even hunted up an old hair trunk, from the depth of which an odd and peculiar sort of miter was taken, decorated with ribbons of all possible colors. This she solemnly placed upon her head, as she had seen it done in the faraway home, so long ago, near the North Cape.

They then took chairs, side by side, in their living-room and waited.

After awhile friends arrived, many of them wearing odds and ends of costume brought from over the ocean scores of years ago.

Then all, excepting the parents, adjourned to the stable, collecting around the body of the dead man, where refreshments were served, and an occasional low, wailing song was chanted. After this they proceeded to the burial ground ten miles away, and the last sad rites were performed after the same simple manner.

Strangest of all, the two beings most interested still sat within doors, in solemn silence, decorated with their quaint relics of dress. They declined to accompany the funeral cortege, and hours afterward, when the mourners and friends had returned, were sitting immovable as though spellbound. Supper for the entire assemblage concluded this rather ghostly performance, but the old people who had lost their boy still sat silently as before, without an expression of complaint or plea for sympathy. Was this a lack of feeling or stoicism?

VICTORIOUS MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

Admiration of a Montana Gambler for a Parson Who Could Fight.

"Dick Anderson was the toughest man in Butte City, and in those days Butte was the toughest town in the west."

"Do you remember how he plugged the marshal, who was trying to arrest him, under the table and made his escape."

"I was there at the time. Yet despite the fact that he was a desperado, Dick built the first church in Butte."

"Where is he now."

"Last I heard he was a missionary out in Idaho. The building of that church changed his whole character."

The speakers were enjoying their after dinner cigars in the lobby of the auditorium. All had tinges of gray in their hair and deep lines around their eyes marked the encroachment of age. They were from Montana, but their attire was as faultless as if they had just stepped from the big doorway of the Union League club.

"It was this way," continued the last speaker. "Just when things were at their worst in Butte and no attempt was being made to suppress vice, a young preacher came out there from the east. He was a strapping big fellow named Worthing. He hired a small building and began to hold services every Sunday. Most of the people in town hadn't been in a church for years, and many went to hear him just for the novelty of the thing. Worthing was a man of considerable common sense and talked to the men so that they could understand what he was driving at."

"He didn't tell 'em that they were all going to be damned, and make the worst of 'em at least think about leading a better life. Finally one day the preacher was walking along the street when a big bully insulted him. He believed in muscular Christianity, and shooting out his left square from the shoulder sent the bully sprawling to the ground. Then he stooped down and took away the fellow's gun before he had a chance to draw it. Dick Anderson saw the affair, and swore that Worthing wouldn't be interfered with again without somebody getting filled full of lead.

"Boys, we must have a rake of for the parson," that night when he opened his gambling house, the Golden Deer. "He's shown that he's a man, and we must show that we appreciate the fact."

"The boys all assented, and when midnight came the parson's pile amounted to $100. Dick counted the money, and then thought for a moment or two."

"Boys, said he at length, I'm going to try to make this pile build the parson a church. I'm going across the street and see if I can't win out a stake. A play made for such a purpose ought to bring good luck."

"Dick went across the street and gambled with varying success till daylight, just as Mr. Worthing was eating breakfast Dick appeared and dumped $1,700 on the table."

"There, parson, that's to build a church."

"Mr. Worthing at first refused to take the money, but finally consented, and the church was built. Dick took an interest in the edifice and become converted. As I said before, he is now a missionary."

The saltest piece of water on earth is the Lake of Urumia in Persia, situated more than 4000 feet above the sea level. It is much salter than the Dead sea, the water having been found to contain, on analysis nearly 22 per cent. of salts.

ITS LOCUSTS IN INDIA.

A Graphic Description of a Battle With the Pests.

I see by the foreign telegrams that north Africa is threatened by a swarm of locusts, which reminds me, says an India correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that I saw devastating attacks of those terrible insects in southern and northern India. The first was in the Tinnevally district, Madras presidency, in the great famine year. I was finishing my "big breakfast" when the tehsildar came to my tent and said: "We are going to be again troubled." "What with?" "Locusts." I had heard of their visits and I pulled a long face. The famine was practically over. The crops were just beginning to show their greenery, and everything was propitious. The government was merely carrying the natives over till such a time as the grain ripened and harvest commenced. I followed the tehsildar to the door of my tent and saw a huge black cloud in the east.

It came nearer and nearer, and soon the sky grew darkened, the sun was completely obscured and a whirr and click like many millions of sewing machines were in the air. The noise was terrific. Suddenly that great black animated cloud settled on a path about a mile distant and gave us breathing time against their assault. The tehsildar hurried back to the village. My servants stripped the huge tents of their verandas and placed the awning carefully over a row of green peas. Vegetables were similarly covered. In the village all was turmoil. The women were wailing and the men and boys rushing aimlessly about with tom-toms, guns and other noise-producing instruments. Tne tehsildar had given orders to charge full of gunpowder an ancient fieldpiece, a relic of the days of Dutch supremacy. The flat stone roofs were covered with men carrying arms and whistles and the great parapets of the huge temple were alive with human beings.

On came the locusts. The guns barked, the cannon thundered, the whistles blew, the tom-tom clashed, women screamed and men shouted, dogs snarled, but it was of no avail. The insects settled down on the fields adjoining the village, and on the trees, and in a few hours the place was clean of vegetation. I never saw such destruction, so complete, so thorough. Thousands of the pests were slain, but the click of their jaws ceased not, and when every blade was devoured, on they swept. The next time I made the acquaintance of the hungry locust was in Agra. I was staying with a gentleman well known throughout the northwest, whose house on the Jumma road is much admired by the beauty of the gardens. In it there are magnificent tamarind trees, a noble avenue of mulberry trees, mango, and other lovely trees belonging to India.

The locusts attacked the place about ten a. m., and after they had satisfied themselves you would have imagined that a great fort had opened fire on the devoted place. Enormous branches had been broken down by the winged pests, and in several instances only the parent stem of the trees was standing. An outhouse, which was covered with a gorgeous creeper, was literally crushed in on account of the numbers that settled thereon. Agara was bare. Not a garden was left, not a blade of grass, and the expenditure of gunpowder was fearful. The locusts are said to be edible, but I never yet found a person who had imitated John the Baptist.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything.*

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you get your money back.

TRUE TO THE LAST.

A Vow of Celibracy Religiously Kept for Thirty-one Years.

A funeral cortege drew up in Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati, a few days ago, and the final act in a life romance was enacted. It was the interment of the remains of Miss Virginia Webb, of Mason, Ohio. She was a daughter of John Webb and lived formerly with her parents at New Richmond, Ohio. When but 15 years of age she plighted her troth to William Wilde, a neighbor lad. Young Wilde was of a well-to-do parents, but the parents of his girl sweet-heart objected to a marriage on account of his being of German parentage. When Miss Jessie, as she was familiarly called, arrived at the age of maturity, Wilde pressed his suit more earnestly, but the young lady's parents forbade the union. Both of them promised solemnly that if not permitted to wed they keep none other's company until parental interference was waived. That was 31 years ago.

There were three daughters in the Webb family. The oldest married and moved away. Shortly afterward the mother of the young lady died, and thereupon the father was more loth than ever to part with his favorite daughter. Closely following these events the Webb family moved to Mason, and young Wilde, thinking this was to seperate him from his affiance, sickened and died, his remains, according to her wishes, being interred in the beautiful city of the dead alongside those of her lover, who was so dear to her in life. For 31 years she had remained steadfast in her devotion and in death joined him.

NOTHING HUNTS OUT CORNS

Like tight boots. Corns are very small affairs, but apply to them a pair of tight boots and all other concerns of life sink into insignificance. Tight boots and Putnam's Corn Extractor (the great and only sure cure for corns) may go together, and comfort will be their partner: but don't fail to use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Frauds, cheap, poisonous and dangerous substitutes, are in the market. Beware of them. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Masculine dwarfs should travel by the "limited mail."

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Life in the Arctic Where Daylight Continues for Six Weeks.

Just beyond Cape Lisburne, on the Arctic cost of Alaska, some five hundred miles above Behring Straits, are extensive coal mines. The coal is easily mined, and the Arctic whaleships make these mines a rendezvous.

In midsummer there is a period of a few weeks when little or no whaling can be done on account of the ice. During this period a "tender" arrives from San Francisco with supplies of fresh provisions, the mail, etc., and carries back whatever whalebone and oil the whalers may have secured.

The arrival of the tender is the most important and most looked forward to of any event of the season, as she is the only link that connects the whalemen with the outside world during a period of eight or nine months.

This midsummer period is during the time of the midnight sun, and there is continuous daylight for about six weeks.

In 1887, twenty-three whale-ships lay at anchor off these mines. Shifts of men were working during the twenty-four hours of continuous daylight, laying in coal for the coming cold days and nights of autumn. Every one of the eight hundred and fifty, or more, men frequently scanned the horizon, eager for the appearance of the tender; for it was the middle of july, and not a word had been heard from home since the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the horizon, but not dipped below it. One vessel after another laid in its supply of coal, and was anxious to be off, but still no tender came. She was due the first week in July, but the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of the month came, and yet no news from her.

Regular watches were kept on board the vessels as if the sun rose at five o'clock in the morning and set at six at night. Even our rooster clung to his old habits and slept through the night of daylight, not deigning to crow until between four and five o'clock in the morning. The various masters, anxious to be off met, first on this vessel, then on that, to discuss the delay in the arrival of the tender and to decide upon a united course of action in case she did not appear soon.

Toward noon on the 16th, a faint mirage was seen off the Cape. Very little air was stirring, and the mirage grew more and more distinct until the tender was seen in every spar and sail, as clearly outlined in the smooth sea as if drawn on glass. But she was keel up.

Three hours later, the vessel's hull was in full view above the horizon. She was under full sail with flags and colors at the mastheads, bearing the joyous signal of news from home.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before she reached her anchorage. Not to waste any time, the captain had a boat lowered, and before the tender's anchor was let go, we were alongside.

No words can describe the situation or our feelings as we reached the deck. Hands were shaken, a few anxious inquires hurriedly made, and then each man betook himself to some quiet corner with his letters, to read the messages from the loved ones at home.

As I sat on the rail, looking astern of the vessel, dreamily picturing scenes at home, I looked out over the vast expanse of ocean. Here and there floated a cake of ice. All was so still, so solemn, yet in tune with my thoughts. The short, choppy sea kept the rudder creaking. The sun, far above the horizon, cast a clear, yellow light—so clear that the distant hills on shore were distinct in every contour—and the rigging of every vessel riding at anchor on the short, rolling sea was sharp in outline.

With my camera resting on my knee, I took an instantaneous photograph as the sun came out from behind a vail of clouds and cast its long sheen over the sea from the horizon almost to the very stern of the vessel.

Entirely wrapped in my reverie, I sat watching the ceaseless sea, and the glow of the sunlight, thinking only of the world so many thousands of miles away. Four months of hardship and danger was yet ahead of us. This little craft would carry our messages home, but with her would go all communication with the world until we ourselves entered port. What changes might these months bring forth.

"Man the Lucretia's boat," was the rude intrusion upon my reverie, and five strong oars were soon carrying us to our own vessel.

As the captain and I came over the rail, the man at the wheel struck eight bells.

"Just midnight," said the captain.

"And here is the midnight sun," I added. Suiting my action to my words, I took another picture looking off toward the vessels that lay straining gently at their anchor-cables.

Yellow as the light was, both pictures came out well. Fine detail may be lacking, but the pictures bring back a flood of recollections as they recall the dangers of that season in the Arctic, and our entire isolation from home, civilization, and the world.

A MONTREAL SWINDLE.

That Seeks its Victims Across the Border.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The post office department has succeeded, it is believed, in rendering abortive the attempts of the Home Fascinator company of Montreal, Canada, to victimize many credulous Americans. This concern it is stated publishes a monthly journal called the Home Fascinator. The company advertized four prizes to be awarded to persons sending in the largest correct list of words constructed from the letters contained in the words "The world's fair," prizes were said to be awarded June 25th, 1891, the first prize consisting of $1,000 in gold, the second prize a grand piano, valued at $400, and the third prize a silver tea set, gold lined, valued at $120, and the fourth a sewing machine worth $65. The concern adopted the scheme of notifying by letter thousands of persons in the United States, that they had won the third prize, in the contest and requested that they should remit $4.90 to pay for packing and shipping the prize, and also return the letter of notification. Many money orders with required amounts have been forwarded to the Fascinator company. The return of the circular letter destroyed all written evidence against the concern. The postal authorities, however, have issued instructions that all American offices designated as exchange offices with Canada shall be treated as offices of destination and the postmasters thereat have been notified to refuse money orders or forward registered letters payable to the Home Fascinator Co., Montreal, Canada, and to return the same to the offices of orgin. It is expected that many thousands of letters containing money will thus be restored to the writers.