THE HERALD.

VOL. II., NO. 16. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1891. $1.00 PER 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.

WM. WILSON,

Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

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 October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 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.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.30, 7.35 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.10., 6.25, p. m. McAdam Junction, 10.47, a. m.; 2.15, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., 12.45 p. m. St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.55, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 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.

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

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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**
Express 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 information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton

NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

2:40 p. m; Gibson, 2:45; Marysville, 2:55; Manzer's Siding, 3:20; Durham, 3:30; Cross Creek, 4:10; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:10; Upper Blackville, 7:00, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:00; Chatham Junction, 8:25; arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

6:30, a. m; Chatham Junction, 7:00; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:15; Blackville, 8:05; Upper Blackville, 8:35; Doaktown, 9:25; Boiestown, 10:20; Cross Creek, 11:30; Durham, 12:10, p.m.; Marysville, 12:45; Gibson, 12:55, arriving at Fredericton, 1:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co, for St. John and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

All Trains will Leave and Arrive at Fredericton Station, West End of Bridge, instead of Gibson as heretofore.

All Freight to and from Fredericton will be received at Fredericton Station. Freight to and from Gibson will be received at Gibson Station.

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

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

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 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.**

13-10-83

STEAMSHIPS.

ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1891. Winter Arrangement. 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON 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 the fastest time on record

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

Sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched as follows:

LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
12th Feb	MONGOLIAN	7th Mch
26th "	POLYNESIAN	21st "
12th Mch	CARTHAGINIAN	4th Apr
26th "	PARISIAN	18th "
9th Apr	POLYNESIAN	2nd May

These steamers sail from Halifax about 1 p. m. Saturdays, or as soon as possible after the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train, due at Halifax at noon.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $40 to $65
RETURN $80 to $120
EXTRA CLASS CABINS on Parisian $70 to $80

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 — Outward, $25; Inward, prepaid, $30.
STEERAGE, $20.

Liverpool Queenstown St. Johns and Halifax Mail Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
14 April	NOVA SCOTIAN	11 May
26 "	CARTHAGINIAN	25 "
12 May	CASPIAN	8 June

And fortnightly thereafter.

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

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

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

MANITOBAN	5 March
HIBERNIAN	19 do

No cattle of any description carried on Mail Steamers, except S. S. Mongolian.

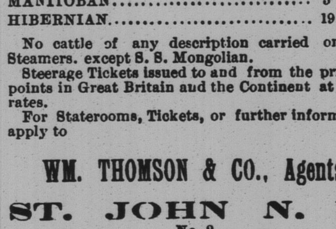
Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,

ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 2.



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.

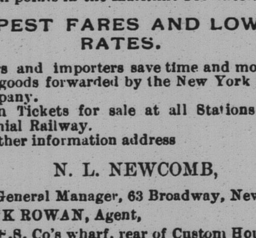
CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

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.



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.

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.

WILLIAM ROSSBOROUGH,

MASON,

Plasterer, - and - Bricklayer,

SHORE ST., NEAR GAS WORKS,

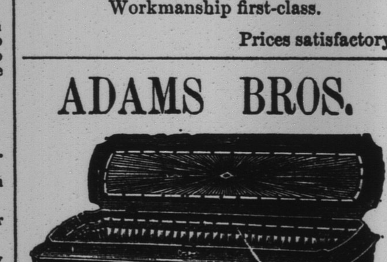
FREDERICTON, N. B.

☞ JOBBING a specialty.

Workmanship first-class.

Prices satisfactory

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.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE SINCE

LUCY & CO.

started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best

Boot, Shoe,

—AND—

READY-MADE CLOTHING

Business in the City. This has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen months, and it shows what pluck and perseverance will do when backed by fair dealing and close attention to the wants of the people. Their goods are bought and sold for CASH, and this is the real secret of their success.

They wish to call the attention of Christmas buyers to the fact that Presents bought at their Store are not only ornamental, but also useful to those who receive them. Respectfully,

LUCY & CO.

Their stock is now complete and they are receiving NEW GOODS every week.

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.

THE

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem, "The Light of the World," is worthy of a high place in the literature of our language. It is in six books, entitled respectively: "Mary Magdalene," "The Magus," "The Alabaster Box," "The Parables at Tyre," the "Love of God and Man," and the "Great Consummation." We give a few quotations which will show the style in which the great subject is treated. Apostrophysing Bethlehem, the poet says:

"So many hills arising, green and gay
On Earth's large mound, and that one hill to say
'I was His bearing place!' On Earth's wide breast
So many maids! and she — of all most blest —
Heavily mounting Bethlehem to be
His Mother! Holy Maid of Galilee!
Hill with the olives and the little town!
If rivers from their crystal founts flow down,
If 'twas the dawn which did day's gold unbar,
Ye were beginnings of the best we are —
The most we see, the highest that we know,
The lifting Heavenward of man's life below."

Here is "the mild burden of the Minstrelsy" which the watching Shepherds heard:

Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity;
Hearts of men upon earth,
From the first to the second birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of Heaven in their breast.

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hatred are dead
And Sorrow and Death shall cease;
"Peace on Earth and Good-will!"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far off, infinite Bliss!

He pictures the sea of Galilee in these beautiful lines:

Clear silver water in a cup of gold,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara,
It shines — His Lake — the Sea of Chinnereth —
The waves He Loved, the waves that kissed His feet
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves!
Oh, little, silver, happy sea, far-famed,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara!

Fair is the scene still, tho' the grace is gone
Of those great times when nine white cities dipped
Their walls into its brink, and steel-shod keels
Of Roman galleys ground its sparkling sands;
And Herod's painted pinnaces, ablaze
With lamps, and brazen shields and spangled slaves,
Came and went lordly at Tiberias;
And merchant ships of Ghoe, and fisher boats,
From green Bethsaida and Chorazzin drove
Pearl furrows in the sapphire of its sleep;
And, by its beach — where the cranes wade midleg,
And long reeds lisp; and milky ripples roll
The purple-banded shells; and wind fall'n flowers
Of date and oleander dye the rim
Of blown foam rosy — wended by, league long,
The caravans of Egypt, treasure stuffed,
To proud Damascus, or thronged Sepphoris,
Or Accho's quays.

* * * * *

Now all is changed — all save the changeless things —
The mountains and the waters and the sky.
These, as He saw them, have their glory yet
At sunrise and at sunset, and when noon
Burns the blue vault into a cope of gold.
And ofttimes, in the Syrian Spring, steals back
Well nigh the ancient beauty to those coasts
Where Christ's feet trod. That lily which he loved
And praised for splendor passing Solomon's —
The scarlet martagon — decks herself still,
Mindful of His high words, in red and gold,
To meet the step of Summer. Cyclamens
Lift their pale heads to see if He will pass,
And amaryllis and white hyacinths
Pour from their pearly vases spikenard forth
Lest he should come unhonored. In His paths
Still, as of old, the lowly crocus spreads
A golden carpet for Him — and the birds —
Small almoners of Heaven — as once He said —
Who fall not unregarded — thrill their hymns
Of lively love and thanks in every thorn.

There is nothing finer in our language than the words which the poet puts into Mary's mouth, as she describes her meeting with Christ after the Resurrection. She is represented as telling the narrative to a Buddhist. She tells how she thought she saw the gardener approaching, and asked him the well-known question. The Buddhist asks what the answer was:

And she —
Her white arms wide out-raught — as if she saw
His feet again to clasp; her true knee bent
As He were there to worship; her great eyes
Shining with glow of fearless, faithful love,
As if, once more, they looked Him in the face,
And drank divinest peace — replied, elate:
"Ah, Friend! such answer that my sadness turned
Gladness, as suddenly as grey is gold
When the Sun springs in glory! such a word
As made my mourning laugh itself to naught
Like a cloud melting to the Blue! Such word
As, with more music than Earth ever heard,
Set my swift-dancing veins full well aware
Why so the Day dawned, and the city stirred,
And the vast idle world went busy on,
And the birds carolled, and, in palm tree tops
The wise doves cooed of love! Oh, a dear word
Spoke first to me, and, after me, to all,
That all may always know he is the Lord,
And Death is dead, and new times come for men;
And Heaven's ways justified, and Christ alive,
Whom we saw die, nailed on the cruel Cross!
For, while I lay there, sobbing at His feet,
The word He spake — My Lord! my King! my Christ!
Was my name:
"'MARY!'
"If I say the Dead
Catch tone of some such melting tenderness
When first their lovers in the new Life flock
And greet and kiss them, telling them sweet things
Of bliss beyond, and Love crowned Conqueror;
If I should speak of children, dreaming ill,
And then grown 'ware it is the dear safe breast
Of their fond Mother which they fret upon!
If I should liken hopeless mariners
Snatched sudden from black gulfs; or men condemned,
Randsomed from chains, and led to marriage feasts;
With the swift comfort of that instant change,
All must fall short! No language had I then,
No language have I now! only I turned
My quick glance upward; saw Him; knew Him! sprang
Crying: 'Rabboni! — Lord! my Lord! dear Lord!'"

THE LIVING CHARITY.

The Rare Sort Described by the Woman About Town.

We meet a case of pitiful distress upon the street, or one comes to our door, or we read of one in the paper, and we put our hands down in our pockets and out comes a coin, and then we go off, you and I, with the consciousness of a worthy act of charity that keeps our hearts warmed all day with a fine glow of self-gratification. We call that charity, don't we? Pshaw! there isn't a touch of charity about it. Money is the easiest thing in the world to give. If the petitioner had asked some of that precious time of yours, which you can spend so readily for your own good pleasure, or if his comfort were to be secured only at the expense of yours, how greatly inclined would you be toward the self-sacrifice? Money is such a cheap thing to give for those who have it. It is the only the way very poor who can get the deepest blessedness of giving out of a gift of money—when the pennies are so scanty that the sharing of them means a sharing of the bread the givers put at their lips. A few days ago the Sun told the story of the sad fortunes of Patrick Shields, whose wife died suddenly on New Year's night, and left him with two year-old babies. The Shieldses had reached the last penny of their savings, and now here were death and two hungry half-clad babies. In the next room to the Shieldies lived an English woman with four children of her own to care for and no husband to help. She was poor, too, desperately poor, and she had known the Shieldses only two weeks. But when death came to them, in she stepped and carried the two sickly, crying babies to her own little room. For four nights they slept in her bed, and she slept on a bed on the floor, what time she was not pacing the floor with the children in her arms. Her last pennies went for milk to put into their mouths, and then her one good dress went to the pawnbroker's for money to put shoes and stockings on the little bare feet. She housed them and washed them and dressed them and mothered them as their own mother would have done, and for the four days that they were given her, she gave up all her outside work that she might belong to them alone. When their father finally found a place where they could be cared for, she said, with tears rolling down her face. "Take them away, at once. If they stay a day longer I'll never let them go, and I can't work for so many." And yet there was nothing especially attractive about these children—they were sick and thin and plain, and they had never stopped being hungry long enough to smile.

It's easy to give a dollar to a starved looking wretch, and it's pleasant to give a moment's caress to a rosy, laughing, well-fed baby. But when it comes to sharing your last bit of bread, and taking your clothes from your own body and putting sleep from your own eyelids to bring life back to the sickly bodies of two babies who do not even know what you are doing—do we know anything about such charity as that, you and I.

She was rosy and stout, this woman, she had a commonplace English face like that of Mrs. Fezziwig without her good clothes and imposing headpiece. And yet, as the woman sat and watched her, croon one of those fretful babies to sleep in her arms, she found the real Madonna face that she had looked for so long. For the woman has never seen a Madonna, in all the long list of large-eyed, oval-faced creatures, that satisfied her for one instant. Some of them are simpering and sentimental, and their faces no more reflect mother love than the placid face of the child. Others look as if they might love the one child in their arms. But not one has the look of universal Motherhood, not one looks as if she could give of her bosom to the whole suffering child race. In not one sad, or sentimental, or spiritual face is the look that shone from this round, plain face as she lifted the baby's head gently in her hard palm to her ample bosom — the look of the mother of the race of men. This is the real Madonna-look, and here was the true Madonna-heart, found, not in the dim recesses of cathedrals, not in the galleries of the masters, but down in the dingiest depths of a wicked city, battling with want and care and suffering, and knowing sin and misery.—New York Sun.

THE CANADIAN DELEGATION.

Although the Dominion representatives have not yet made a move towards Washington, but Sir Charles Tupper, minister of Finance Foster and Sir John Thompson, minister of Justiee, are ready to start at any moment to have an informal talk over the question of reciprocity with secretary Blaine and the British minister. It will be remembered that the dominion government until now refuses to enter into any informal consideration of the case, assigning as a reason that it would prejudice their case by showing their hand as to what line of action they would take when negotiations were seriously entered upon. It now appears that secretary Blaine has given it to be understood that he will not recommend the appointment of a commissioner on behalf of the United States until he has been furnished with some substantial proof that the Canadian and British delegates are not going to Washington with some impracticable scheme, some faked-up offer trumped up to carry out the pledges made to the electors of Canada during the late campaign without any serious belief that the negotiations would come to anything. From what can be gathered to-night, secretary Blaine has intimated to Sir John Macdonald through the British minister that he will not enter into a formal conference until the Canadian representatives have informally discussed the question with him. Practically, secretary Blaine tells Sir John that if he made a play toy of reciprocity during the campaign he must stop at that, and not attempt to play the same game at Washington.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little outdoor exercise. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health. Watkins was poor. "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about — Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home in his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president, rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' saved my life, at a critical time," he often says. "Oh if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stages, it is an unequaled remedy.

A VORTEX OF DEATH.

A Steamer's Side Rent by an Ironclad's Ram—The Maddened Emigrants Fight for Their Lives.

GIBRALTAR, March 18.— It has not been possible till now to give an authentic account of the "Utopia" disaster, the failing light making it difficult to see from the shore what was going on at the scene of the disaster, and the terrible gale making it almost impossible to communicate with the vessels until a late hour to-day.

Early last evening the "Utopia" was seen steaming into the bay in the direction of the anchorage.

When abreast of the British ironclad Ansoa the Utopia staggered, as though unable to make headway against the terrible current. Suddenly the strong gale, combined with the current, swept the ill-fated vessel across the bows of Anson, and in a moment her hull was pierced and cut by the ram of the ironclad.

The Utopia, after pulling clear of the ironclad, drifted about before wind and sea. The

RAPID RUSH OF WATER

through the rent in her side caused her to settle down in five minutes from the time of the first ampact.

The Anson's boats were lowered immediately. as were also boats from the vessels of the British channel squadron, the Swedish man-of-war Freya, and the cable ship Amber, and the ironclads turned their powerful electric search lights on the scene of the disaster to assist the rescuers.

On shore an enormous crowd soon gathered on the parade and great excitement prevailed.

Little could be seen, however, save the looming hulls of the men-of-war and the white rays of the search lights falling upon the foam-flecked crests of the waves and illumined the driving spindrift.

The shrieks of the Utopia's passengers and crew could be plainly heard above the roaring of the gale. The sea was so heavy that the boats of the rescuers could not with safety approach the wreck, so they were compelled to lie to leeward, where they picked up the people as they were swept from the decks.

As the Utopia's bows settled, a terrible scene was witnessed from the boats.

Those still on board the sinking steamer made a sudden rush en masse to the forerigging.

STRUGGLING FOR THEIR LIVES

and vainly seeking places of refuge. Twenty minutes later the forecastle was submerged and a large number of persons gathered there, who had not dared to leap overboard, with the hope of being rescued by their boat, and who had failed in their efforts to ascend the rigging, were carried away by the waves.

The rescuers, blinded by the wind and rain, saw nothing but a confused, struggling mass of human beings entangled with wreckage.

A steam pinnace rescued all those who had taken refuge in the main rigging, but the last ones were not taken off until 11 o'clock at night. They were so exhausted that they could do nothing for themselves, so the brave blue jackets climbed into the rigging and passed their helpless people to the rescuers in the boat.

Petersen, a Swedish quartermaster, who had been steering the Utopia a short time before the collision, says that while on board the Utopia after the collision, he was surrounded by a terrible mass of human beings fighting their way desperately and savagely, regardless of sex or age, toward the boats.

Men, women and children tumbled and climbed over each other in that terrible fight for a chance of escape from drowning. One poor woman, who was rescued by the Anson's blue jackets, went raving mad when she was convinced that her children were drowned.

There were similarly distressing incidents by the score, the most awful of all occurring when the Utopia, with a final desperate lurch

SANK WITH HER HUMAN FREIGHT

clinging about her and drew hundreds of living persons down with her in the vortex caused by her last plunge.

Many of those who had sprung into the sea as they saw that the steamship could not float many moments longer, were then sucked under by the Utopia's disappearance.

Some came to the surface again for a few moments before finally sinking into their watery tomb. Others, more lucky, were able to cling to pieces of wreckage, spars, oars, gratings, hatchways, boats, lifebelts etc., and thus kept themselves above water until rescued by the warship's boats.

The weaker succumbed more rapidly. Shrieking, praying women sank to rise no more with their terrified offspring clasped to their breasts. Children clung to their parents so desperately as to, in several cases caused the death of both.

Husbands and wives sank while grasping each other afloat, and many a good swimmer went down with some horrified, fear-maddened person clinging to him with the tenacity of the desperation of death.

THE GIRL THAT EVERYBODY LIKES.

You have undoubtedly met disagreeable girls, who, without doing anything especially spiteful or mean, have impressed you as girls to avoid. But have you ever met the girl that you as well as everybody else likes? You are unfortunate if you have not met her.

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive, and does not find joy in inciting aggresive people.

She is the girl who never causes pain with a thoughtless tongue.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by the by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

SOLD LIKE SLAVES.

Cruelty to Poor Foreigners Who Went to West Virginia.

Seven Bohemians who were sent from an employment agency in Greenwich street to labor on the railroad near the Pocahontas coal mines in West Virginia, have written a letter to a Bohemian newspaper that is like a chapter from the blackest records of slavery. They arrived with emigrants of several other nationalities, at Elkhorn, W. Va., in the latter part of November, under the impression that they were to receive $1.20 a day, and an allowance of $9 a month for board. They signed a paper, which was not read to them, but which bound them, they afterwards found out, to servitude.

"We were put on a train at Norfolk after our arrival from New York," the letter reads, "and taken to Pocahontas. After leaving the train we were told that we would have to travel one day on foot, and that we would have to leave our trunks behind. Instead of travelling one day we travelled three. The cold was severe and most of our shoes gave away, so we were almost barefooted. At Pocahontas we were joined by two young men who rode on mules and were heavily armed. The agent carried a pistol in his hand. They compelled us at the point of their weapons to wade through icy water. Those who objected were hit on the head. What happened to us after we reached our destination is so dreadful that it may seem incredible to you. We are helpless here, as we are watched and guarded like prisoners. We did not get our trunks until a month after we got here, and our bodies were covered with vermin. The food is always the same — bitter black coffee and bacon three times a day. Whether a man is ill or not, it makes no difference to our masters. He must go to work, and when he is not able to work he is flogged until he is black and blue, and told he has signed the contract and must abide by it. We have received no money, and when we ask for it we are told that we owe $15 for railroad fare and $11 for board. At the store we are charged double for what we get, so that some of us have debts amounting to $35. Our labor is in vain, hard as it is; we are hungry, and our nights are sleepless because of the cold and dirt. We eat breakfast at five in the morning and go immediately to our work, which goes far into the night.

"Two men tried to escape on January 18. One was a Russian Jew and the other a Pole. They were caught and brought back. For punishment they were compelled to wade in water up to their waists and draw large boats after them. After this their coats were taken off, and they were whipped until they begged on their knees for mercy. At night they were chained together so they could not escape. When we asked about our trunks and received an unsatisfactory answer, we refused to work. We were confronted with pistols, and told that we would be shot down like dogs unless we resumed work.

"We have been sold like slaves. Is there no help? Oh, if we could flee from here and save others from a similar fate. Perhaps this letter may be published and through Providence, we may yet be saved."

AN INNOCENT-LOOKING GIRL WHO LIVED BY HER WITS WITH THE HELP OF A WHITE RAT.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

"There have been many extraordinary stories told of the ingenuity of thieves in the pursuit of their nefarious calling, but a case which occurred while I was at Chatham recently beats anything I ever heard," remarked a newly-arrived Englishman.

"A girl was brought before the police court on the charge of robbing milliners' shops. She was only fourteen years of age and of very innocent appearance. What puzzled the magistrate was that none of the witnesses ever saw her take anything, or at least they would not swear to it, although after she had left a shop where she had been articles of value were missed.

"When arrested nothing was found upon her. The magistrate said he could not convict the girl on mere suspicion, and then began to cross-examine her himself in a kind, fatherly way, which touched her heart, and she broke down and confessed that she was guilty, and explained her methods to the astonishment and amazement of the court and spectators.

"It seems that she had a tame white rat which she carried about with her in a muff. She would enter a shop full of girls and women and ask the price of some article, and while looking at it drop the rodent on the floor.

"Anyone can imagine the result. Those near the door dashed into the street, while the employes jumped on the counters and chairs, wrapping their petticoats tight round their ankles, and 'screamed like mad' as the prisoner expressed it, amid the laughter of the court, in spite of the assurance that the rat was quite tame.

"In the scrimmage she would help herself to what she wanted, catch the rat in her muff, apologize, and walk off. The magistrate said that on account of her youth, and as she had voluntarily confessed to the thefts, he would give her one more chance, and bound her over in the sum of £50 to come up for judgment when called for.

"Of course her friends soon entered the required bonds, and Mary Barton will have to find some other place to practice on the weakness of her sex. The tame rat dodge won't work in Chatham any longer."

A QUESTION.

How can we raise more corn to the acher? Why, of course by using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

How fair she was! 'Tis years ago—
But I behold her yet.
She sat within the firelight glow
The night that first we met.
How fair she was! Her very dress
Was all of snowy fur.
It is no wonder. I confess,
I fell in love with her.

How beautiful she seemed to me!
Her voice—I hear it still—
Flowed softer than the melody
Of any summer rill;
I saw her eyes all golden shine,
As in the glow we sat.
She was—ah, would she now were mine—
A perfect Persian cat!

—Temple Bar.

Diphtheria has often been cured with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, when doctors gave it up.

NO INDEMNITY.

Blaine Will Hold That the United States is not Responsible for the Massacre of the New Orleans Italians.

NEW YORK, March 20.— The World's Washington correspondent says: Secretary Blaine is waiting with lively expectancy for governor Nicholls' reply to his letter of March 15, deploring the New Orleans massacre. It is believed at the department that governor Nicholls' will pledge the government of the state of Louisiana to a thorough investigation of the affair, although he cannot guarantee that any jury summoned in the state will convict the men who killed the Italians. Upon receipt of the expected letter a reply to the Italian government will be formulated. In the meantime secretary Blaine is busy gathering precedents in support of the position which he has already determined to assume, namely, that the government of the United States is in no way liable for indemnity in consequence of the killing of the Italian subjects. Among the closely or remotely analagous cases already noted by Mr. Blaine is the Chinese trouble at Rock Springs, Wyo., in 1885, and the assault made upon the Consultate at New Orleans in 1850, have already been discussed. The action of the government in the case of the pillaging of the Chinese quarter in Denver in 1880 emphatically enforced

THE INTERNATIONAL PRINCIPLE

that the general government is not responsible for the acts of private tresspassers. In his letter to the Chinese minister, in reply to the demand for indemnity, secretary Evarts said: "As to the arrest and punishment of the guilty persons who composed the mob at Denver, I need only remind you that the powers of direct intervention on the part of this government are limited by the constitution of the United States. Under the limitations of that instrument, the government of the federal union cannot interfere in regard to the administration or to execution of the municipal laws of a state of the union, except under circumstances expressly provided for in the constitution. Such instances are confined to the case of a state whose power is found inadequate to the enforcement of its municipal laws, and the maintenance of its sovereign authority. Even then the federal authority can only be brought into operation in the particular state in response to a formal request from the political authority of the State."

In the same case secretary Blaine finds himself on record. Succeeding secretary Evarts in March, 1881, he addressed a note the very same month to the Chinese minister in which he

QUOTED AND ENDORSED

the following paragraph taken from a letter prepared by Mr. Evarts: "Under circumstances of this nature, when the government has put forth every legitimate effort to suppress a mob that threatens or attacks alike the safety and security of of its own citizens and the foreign residents within its borders. I know of no principle of national obligation, and there certainly is none arising from treaty stipulation, which rendered it incumbent upon the government of the Unites States to make indemnity to the Chinese residents of Denver, who, in common with the citizens of the United States, at that time resident in that city, suffered losses from the operations of the mob."

While Mr. Blaine does not regard the massacre of the Chinese in Wyoming in 1885 as an exact parelel to the New Orleans affair, yet he finds in it significance enough to make it worth quoting several passages from the official correspondence on the subject. The fact that Wyoming was then a territory, and not a state, should be born in mind. For Wyoming did not, as a territory, afford to those within her borders the protection that she would have afforded as a state. This point was emphasized in president Cleveland's message to congress in behalf of generous aid to the sufferers.

Secretary Blaine has found a case in which the Neapolitan government repudiated a claim of the United States for damages to the property of its citizens in the ports of Sicily in 1809-12. Several American vessels were seized by the order of Murat, who had usurped the government of Sicily. The ships and cargoes were sold and the proceeds covered into the Neapolitan treasury.

The Neapolitan king refused to pay an indemnity, alleging that Murat was a usurper, and that the money paid by him into the treasury was afterwards taken out again and spent by him.

ORCHID HUNTING.

Orchid hunting appears to be a fine adventurous sport—not so exciting, perhaps, as Waterton's snaring of the caymans with baited hooks in the great rivers of Brazil, but getting on that way. Unfortunately the most prized of our orchids are reported to be rapidly disappearing from their native places. According to the Journal des Orchidees, in the environs of Pacho (Ecuador), where hundreds of thousands of specimens of the Odontoglossum Alexandriæ have been collected, only a few plants are now left. In other places where it once flourished, it has entirely vanished. Though not in the true sense of the word a parasite, this beautiful plant prefers to grow upon the trunks of trees, which the natives dread to climb on account of the scorpions and stinging ants. Hence the practice is to fell the huge tree, with the frequent result that no orchid is found. The hunters, it is stated, separate into parties of five or ten, and disappear for a fortnight in the dense South American forest, relying for food in great part upon their guns and sleeping at night in hammocks. When sufficient specimens have been collected they are cleaned, wiped dry, placed carefully in crates on the backs of mules, and thus carried to the point of embarkation —Honda—on the river Magdalena. The journey occupies at least five days, even if the party are lucky enough to escape the frequent tropical rains which convert peaceful brooks into raging torrents. Sometimes it is found necessary to throw temporary bridges over these suddenly swollen water courses and to carry the crates across by hand, while the mules, relieved of their burdens, swim across as they best can. The withering torrid heat is the greatest difficulty. Once aboard the transatlantic liners at Savanilla the precious orchids, though they have still a two months' voyage before them, have already encountered more than half the perils of their long journey.

FATAL ACCIDENTS AND LARGE FIRES

so often occur that should be avoided by using more caution. The same with your health; it can be preserved by using Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder. Sold by all grocers, Manufactured by

E. W. GILLETT. Toronto, Ont.