THE HERALD.

Board of Works

VOL. II., NO. 10. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 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,

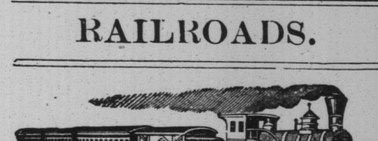
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

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.

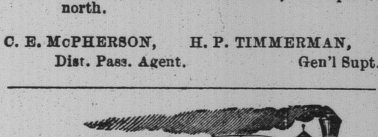
LEAVE GIBSON.

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.



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 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.

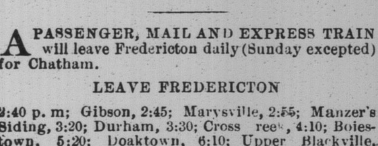
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

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



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.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

One box sent post-paid for 25 cts., or five boxes for $1 in stamps. 80 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.

The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

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

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,

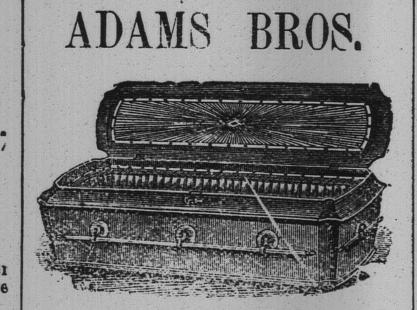
where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

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.

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.
15th Jan	POLYNESIAN	7th Feb
29th "	CIRCASSIAN	21st Feb
12th Feb	SARDINIAN	7th Mch
26th "	POLYNESIAN	21st "
12th Mch	MONGOLIAN	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.

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

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

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

HIBERNIAN	5 Feb
MANITOBAN	19 do
NORWEGIAN	5 March
HIBERNIAN	19 do
MANITOBAN	2 April

No cattle of any description carried on Mail Steamers.

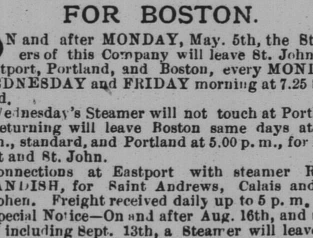
Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents.

ST. JOHN N. B.

No. 10.



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

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.

C. C. GILL,

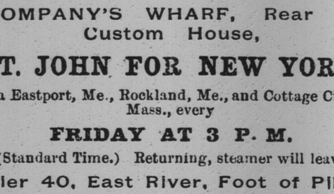
PAINTER,

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.



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.

THE LEARNED DOG.

The Tale of the Improvisatore.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

As in other lands there are street singers, in Italy there are Improvisatores who tell stories in the twilight to little crowds who gather about them. One of these men told this story:

Long ago a girl, as beautiful as a dream, came to Naples from no one knew where. She earned her bread by selling fruit in the streets. Men fell in love with her, but she did not seem to notice it; but no one dared to touch so much as her small brown hand. She came and went, admired and respected by everybody.

At last one day it chanced that Prince Luigi Vanvitelli saw her, and lost his heart. He loved her very tenderly. It made no matter to him that she was poor and perhaps ignorant, since she was virtuous and beautiful, and he desired to woo and marry her; but the girl had no faith in the honorable attentions of princes to those below them. She refused to listen to his fine speeches; and she threatened him with some strange punishment if he persecuted her, saying:

"My grandfather was a great magician, and knew how to do wonderful things. When he died he gave me a little phial.

"'You will be alone, Bella,' he said 'Keep this sacred. If ever you find yourself in danger, throw its contents in the face of your enemy. He will instantly become a dog, and so remain."'

On hearing this, the Prince could not restrain his laughter.

"You had much better trust to the protection of a good husband," he said. 'Child, do you think I believe that story?"

"I believe it," said the girl, solemnly. "But you are warned. Beware!"

The Prince departed; but when next he met Bella, it was at early dawn. She was spreading her oranges, grapes and melons on the great board with the little pink awning over it. As she turned to hang some fruit in a conspicuous place, Prince Luigi crept softly behind her, stole his arm about her waist and kissed her. In another moment she had drawn a blue phial from her pocket, and thrown the contents full in his face.

The Prince felt that something strange had happened to him, lifted his voice in a cry of horror, and only uttered a howl. He had become a dog.

Bella stared at him in horror of her act. What had she done? Overwhelmed with remorse, she burst into tears. The dog understood her. He came close to her, and licked her hands.

The Prince could no longer speak, but he had a heart.

But now the streets began to fill, and customers to arrive. The dog still lay at Bella's feet. "What a splendid animal!" every one would cry. Indeed, he was a very fine dog, though it can never be so fine to be a dog as to be a Prince. It took him some time to get used to it.

That night he went to his palace and stretched upon the steps, and a servant fed him. He heard them marvelling at the prince's absence, and tried to explain, but all he gained by this was a command to be quiet; and in the morning when he awoke, he went back to the fruit stand. Bella looked alarmed when she first saw him, but he licked her hands, and presently began to help her, carrying away the empty baskets, and evan hanging bunches of grapes to their little pegs.

"What a wonderful dog!" cried a man who had stopped to look at him.

Bella, who had never look so sad before, replied, very softly:

"Yes, sir; indeed he is."

"He looks as though he could sell me a melon," said the man. I say, doggie, what are melons a piece?"

The dog look up at Bella. She gave the price. He repeated it, counting the sum in as many little barks and striking his fore paw on the ground each time. Then he rolled a great melon toward the purchaser.

"It's a wonderful dog!" said the man.

He paid for the melon, and carried it away, and told his story. A throng gathered about Bella's table. She took the custom from all the other fruit sellers. She began to make her fortune. To see the dog who could make change, and who understood every word that was uttered to him, became the fashion in Naples.

Bella left her board and took a fruit-shop.

The dog now slept under the counter. He could do the most wonderful things We who know he was an enchanted prince are not surprised, but those who were not aware of the fact came to see if those who told them what they saw spoke the truth.

"A dog with a man's mind. Perhaps he can read and write," some one said.

They tried him with letter blocks. He could spell any word they desired him to spell. Then great folks invited him to their palace.

He was sent for to his own. They hoped at least for a few moments to amuse his mother, who wept incessantly because of his disappearance.

His brother, whose face was also worn with care, and several more distant relatives, were there.

Luigi looked about him.

"Ah, they loved me; they mourn for me," he said to himself.

He went to his mother, lifted her hand to his mouth, and respectfully touched it.

"What a graceful dog," she said. "My dear, have you taught him these tricks yourself?"

"No, madame," said Bella, courtesying low.

"I hear wonderful things of your dog," said the princess. "But nothing interests me much at present. They sent for you to divert me. Alas! my heart is breaking. I have a dear son—or had, I know not which. He has disappeared. Perhaps he has been murdered. How can I be diverted under these circumstances? Ask what you will. My son will pay you But my heart is too full to be amused by dog tricks."

But at this instant, Luigi, who carried about his neck the bag with the alphabets in it, emptied the blocks on the ground, and quickly set apart some letters.

"Great heavens! See what he has done!" cried Luigi's brother.

For these words could be read across the floor:

"Your son Luigi lives, and still loves you."

"Is it a magic?" cried the old princess. "The dog knows my grief. Tell me, then, where is my boy, my son, my darling?"

The dog spelt out the words:

"Not far away. No one has murdered him. Hope for his return."

Then the old princess knelt beside the dog and kissed him. She loaded the girl with presents.

"It may be some trick," she said, "but it comforts me."

Meanwhile the servants fled, shrieking and saying that satan, in a dog's form, had entered the palace.

Bella, her face hidden, and weeping bitterly, went homeward. The enchanted dog followed her. Alone in the little fruit-shop, she knelt down before the dog with folded hands.

"Take me to the cardinal," she said. "Tell your story. Have me burnt for a witch. I deserve it. I will tell them it is true. I have taken you from your family who adore you. What a fiend I am!"

"Luigi" licked her face. Suddenly she cried out:

"Wait but a moment! If God has mercy on a sinner, there may be some means to undo this deed." She rushed to an old desk and drew forth a black book. "My grandfather bade me study this well," she said. "I have not opened it."

She ran her eye down the long columns of black letters. Suddenly she gave a scream of delight, and read aloud these words:

"Having cast enchantment upon any man by means of the contents of the blue phial, if you desire to restore him to his proper form again, you have only to take a sharp knife and cut his head off. Instantly he will become a man again. Have no fear it will surely be as I say. But remember you can never enchant that same person again."

The enchanted prince heard all this rushed away and returned with the sharp knife with which pineapples were sliced.

Bella took it in her hand.

"I will do the deed," she said, "but if it fails I will plunge the blade into my own breast, for I love you—I love you, and if you were to woo me again I could not be cruel. I changed you from a prince to a dog, and you did not tear me to pieces, as you might very well have done. You have befriended me, and made my fortune."

The dog laid its head on her knee. She plunged the knife into its throat, but no blood was seen to flow. Instead, the prince stood before her, dressed as he had been when she threw the contents of the phial into his face, but very pale.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Bella.

Then she waited for the offer she expected him to make on the spot; but he looked at her in a way that made her tremble.

"I have fawned on you all this while," he said, "because I knew that you only could break my enchantment; but how I have hated you! Ah! I loved you very honestly, and my proud mother would not have disdained a good and beautiful girl, whom I loved tenderly, if I had made her my wife; but a sorcerer's grandaughter, who makes use of his arts—Thank you, Signora—no. I bid you adieu. I hasten to relieve the anxiety of those who love me. Adieu."

"I, also, love you," cried Bella; but he was gone.

The next morning the fruit-shop was closed, and its mistress was found with a great knife driven to its hilt in her heart. Of course, no one never saw the wonderful dog again, but there was great rejoicing over the return of the lost Prince Luigi.

And here the improvisatore bowed, picked up his hat full of small coins, and departed.

LOOKING DOWN THE CHIMNEY OF HELL.

C. H. Webb of St. John has just returned from a four month's outing in the wilds of Mexico and the Central American States. He visited the city of the Montezumas, and pointed for the lofty peak above.

"The train drops one at the station of Popocatapetl," said he, "where you get a guide and burros, blankets, and provisions. Then you trail to the base of the volcano and on up its steep Zigzags, where the timber and vegetation is thick and cool, bubbling springs numerous until the timber line is passed. You travel miles to advance one. When we reached that line the snow came down to meet the stunted trees. Then we camped and the guide shot a mountain goat and we heard the Mexican horns in the dark. Next morning the burros were left behind, and with blankets and provisions we packed on. A blinding snow storm obliged another camp, and the next morning we pointed for the great crater.

"At midday the yawning bowl was reached. It is probably 250 feet across and 500 feet deep, with a bottom pierced with tunnels like a gigantic sponge. Outside was all snow and ice. Ten steps inside and all frost vanishes; the thermometer leaps seventy degrees. At the ragged lips of this 'chimney of hell' the guide is on his knees imploring the protection of Santa Maria.

"Across the crater and 500 above rises the lone spur. It is covered with snow and ice. It took us an hour and a half to make the perilous ascent, but we made the trip and stood on the highest icy spur.

"Then for the descent, which we found more hazardous than the ascent. Darkness and a fearful snow storm caught us 1,500 feet below. We had to camp in the snow, but the next morning made a quick trip to timber line, where we found our burros, and soon reached the base, where we could look back and see that icy peak reaching into a naked sky."

NO PHOTOGRAPHS WITH THIS STORY.

Here is a railroad story which is related by an Atlanta man, who, however, deprecatingly waives aside the immortality which would attach to the publication of his name.

"I was handling the throttle on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe in 1885," he said. "I had a fast express, and was nearing the town of Fort Worth one day in May of that year. We were behind our schedule, and were pushing the old steam hoss for all we were worth. So fast were we traveling that the telegraph poles looked like the prongs of a fine tooth comb. We were just rounding a long curve, when suddenly I spied a little child playing on the track not over 500 feet ahead. We always carried a stout leathern lass made fast to the tender. Without more ado I grabbed that lasso, and with a single throw circled it around a telegraph pole. My act threw the engine and seven cars from the track and saved the little one—but killed 300 passengers."

AN INPORTANT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Nerviline, the latest discovered pain remedy, may safely challenge the world for a substitute that will as speedily and promptly check inflammatory action. The highly penetrating properties of Nerviline make it never failing in all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, pains in the back and side, headache, lumbago, etc. It possesses marked stimulating and counter irritant properties, and at once subdues all inflammatory action. Ormand & Walsh, druggists, Peterboro', write: "Our customers speak well of Nerviline." Large bottles 25 cents. Try Nerviline, the great internal and external pain cure. Sold by all druggists and country dealers.

HONEYMOON EPISODE.

Bride Imprisoned in an Elevator and Groom Struggling with the Green Eyed Monster.

The Los Angeles Herald says: A bridal couple, well known young people of this city, returned a day or two ago from their honeymoon trip to San Francisco, where their new found happiness was nearly wrecked. The day after their arrival they started out together, the bride wishing to do some shopping. They were not too happy, for an old lover of the girl had, by merely a coincidence, gone up on the same train, and by another coincidence had stopped at the same hotel. The bride, perhaps feeling a little bit sorry for him had foolishly exerted herself to be pleasant, and the result was that the husband, who is naturally very jealous, allowed unworthy suspicion to enter his mind. As they walked along Market street the exrival passed them, and the husband was irritated by the gracious salutation his wife gave. However, he endeavored to cheer up, and when they reached a large dry goods store, where his wife of two days intended to purchase some stuff to adorn herself with, he pulled out his pocketbook and handed it to her, and told her to go ahead and purchase whatever she wished.

"I'll finish my cigar and come right in and see whatever you buy," he added, and she flushed with pleasure at his goodness, gave his hand a squeeze as she took the purse, and

WALKED INTO THE STORE.

He smoked for a short time, and then sought his wife in the store. She was not to be found. He started to go up to the upper floor on the elevator, but was met by a boy stationed there, who explained that something had just broken about the machinery, and the car was stuck fast up against the roof, so he walked up stairs and hunted thoroughly but fruitlessly. As he came down he thought he saw his former rival ahead of him, but the crowd was so great he could not be sure. It made him feel uneasy, and he began enquiring of the clerks. At last he found one who remembered selling a lot of goods to a lady who answered his wife's description, and she had ordered them delivered at the hotel he was staying at, so there was no doubt about her identity. The clerk knew nothing else about her. Another search of the establishment resulted in nothing. Perhaps she had missed him in the crowd and gone back to the hotel. He jumped into a cab and drove there post haste, to find that she had not returned. By this time he began to get wild with worry and suspicion. The presence of that hated ex-lover at the store, his

WIFE'S SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE,

all suggested horrible ideas to him. Two hours had passed and no trace of her. He hurried to the police headquarters and told his story. A big detective, to whom he talked, smiled pityingly at him and at once accepted the elopement theory. Officers were sent out to find the detestable wretch suspected of having wrecked the budding happiness of two souls.

The husband wandered frantically about the streets until he found that, unwittingly, he had walked back to the hotel. He was weary, and mechanically took the elevator up to his room. He opened the door, and there on the sofa lay his wife, who, as he entered, exclaimed: "Oh my dear, I've been shut up in an elevator for hours in that horrid store. Something broke and the car went to the roof and bumped so hard I fell down, and I couldn't get out and they could not get the car down, and oh! it was dreadful. I fainted at first, and it was a long time before any one knew I was in it. Then I came to, and had to sit here hour after hour while the men were working. Oh, I'm so glad to get back to my own lovey!" and two round arms were around his neck in a minute and a kissing match was in progress, when it was interrupted by a bell boy, who ushered in a big policeman, accompanied by the hated ex-rival.

This detestable man was smiling in a most exasperating manner.

"This officer wanted to arrest me," he said to the husband, "for eloping with your wife—" There was no necessity to finish the sentence. The husband swore a little to himself, gave the officer a $10 gold piece, and made a mumbling apology to the young man, who was the only one of the trio who seemed to enjoy the situation.

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

The following curious advertisement appeared not long since in several Parisian papers:—

ALL PERSONS OF THE FEMALE SEX—between the ages of sixteen and forty—who will bring a long hair from their head to the Baron Arnold de Fortville will receive five francs on condition that the said hair be from the head of the person who brings it.

The advertisement was genuine, and emanated from a well-known and eccentric nobleman who wished to make himself a pillow composed of women's hair. He had already amassed a considerable amount, when, on account of being greatly ridiculed, he was obliged to leave Paris. The Baron went from Paris to London, Rome, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Stockholm gathering up Italian, Russian, German and English hair, to keep company with the French hair. After travelling some time the Baron returned to Paris with his precious pillow filled with spoils of many lovely women—in fact he would often boast that more than 100,000 women had contributed to satisfy this strange whim—and at present the Baron sleeps and dreams every night with his famous pillow.

It was Mr. Emerson who said "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system like the clock, runs down. It need winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the million of bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a *positive guarantee* of its doing good in all cases.

Perhaps it's the medicine for you. Your's wouldn't be the first case of scrofula or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. The trial's worth making, and costs nothing. Money refunded if it don't do you good.

STRONG MEN OF THE PAST.

On March 28, 1841, Thomas Thompson lifted three barrels of water, weighing together 1,836 pounds. He also put an iron bar on his back, seized hold of its two ends, and bent it until the latter met. On another occasion he raised with his teeth a table six feet long, supporting at its furthest end a weight of 100 pounds. He also tore without serious effort a rope of a diameter of two inches, and lifted a horse over a bar.

Some years ago a negro appeared in London who, with one hand and his arm out straight, lifted from the ground a chair on which was seated a full grown man having on his lap a child.

It is on record that a German called Buchholz lifted with his teeth a canon weighing about 200 pounds, and fired it off in that position. While performing at Epernay, in France, the same feat, the barrel of the gun burst. Miraculously he was not killed although several of the fragments were thrown over fifty yards away.

There are stories of other strong men who did not appear in public. A butcher lived in South Holland who killed calves by strangling them. A Dutch Count, in a private entertainment, bent an iron bar by beating it with his right hand against his left arm, protected by a leather bandage, bending it afterward straight again by beating it the other way.

Charles Louvier, a carpenter of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin basin between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry box, depositing both on a low churchyard wall close by. An equally amusing story is told of a Dane, Knut Kundson, a locksmith, who, while standing in a window on the ground floor, lifted with one hand half a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was toiling past with his load.

INLAND CHINA MISSION.

The first annual meeting of the North American branch of the Inland China Mission was held Thursday afternoon in Toronto. Mr. Elias Rodgers occupied the chair, and on the platform with him were Revs. Elmore Harris, John Alexander, R. P. McKay and F. A. Steven.

Rev. F. A. Steven, who now occupies the position of secretary of the North American branch, and who has spent eight years as a missionary in China, gave some interesting information in regard to missionary work in that country. He said the population of China was estimated at 382,000,000, and that only one in every 1000 had ever heard of the Christian gospel. One-third of the heathen world lived in China. The China Inland Mission was non-sectarian. It was founded by Rev. J. H. Taylor in 1862, when two missionaries were sent out; in 1864 four more followed, and two years later 15 were added to the number. There were now 440, counting men and women. Two years ago during Mr. Taylor's visit to America 173 people volunteered as missionaries and of these 45 have been accepted, 26 now being in the field. The average receipts per annum for the first ten years of the life of the mission were $10,000, and last year this had run up to the large sum of $250,000. There are now four societies in connection with the mission, one each in England, Germany, Sweden and Norway.

Mrs. Steven, who has spent four and a half years in China, gave a few facts showing what women were doing as evangelists there. With foreigners and natives there are now 707 women spreading the glad tidings, but there is need of thousands. Mr. W. E. Blackstone, of Chicago, also made a few remarks.

BURIED TARSUS.

The complete obliteration from the face of the earth of this once famous city is one of the most striking instances of the evanescence of human grandeur. In modern Tarsus (says a writer in Blackwood) you see what you think are workmen engaged in drawing water from a well: there is a windlass and a rope, but instead of a bucket of water up comes a fine hewn stone; you approach the edge of the supposed well, and you look down to a depth of forty feet, and see that it is no well at all, but a quarry from which the men are bringing up the hewn stones of the former city to construct their own miserable tenements. Blocks of marble, sarcophagi, broken statuary, and many valuable relics of the past come up out of these walls; and the fact soon becomes apparent that the Tarsus of St. Paul is as completely a buried city as Pompeii, and now reposes under a mass of earth—earth which has been washed down by floods from the mountains, and earth which has increased in bulk by a process of self-generation which only those can realise who have to do with ancient ruins, and the unaccountable way in which nature buries them when they are left to a process of decay. This obliteration is, of course, most marked in cities, like Tarsus, situated on a plain; but even then we find few which have suffered so complete and widespread an annihilation.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

A solid, sensible-looking woman, who was bound east, entered the baggage rooms of the Third street depot leading a dog, and asked:

"Can this dog go in the car with me?"

"No, ma'am."

"Has he got to go in the baggage car?"

"Yes'm."

"Is it extra?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well, it's a shame!"

"Yes'm, but it's the rule."

She walked about for five minutes, the dog smelling at her heels, and then returned to say:

"There are three of us—myself, the dog and my husband."

"Yes."

"If my husband went in the baggage car couldn't the dog ride in the seat with me?"

She managed to choke down her indignation when told that no such change could be effected, but later on, in the waiting-room, she was giving her husband fits, and it was probably because he was satisfied with the rule of the road.

WELL QUALIFIED.

Mrs. Clews—"I don't know what I will do with that boy of ours. He puts up his sister to steal cake from the pantry, and then comes to me with a story about it."

Mr. Clews—"H'm! We'd better make a detective of him."

OVERBOARD.

Throw all the unwholesome Baking Powders overboard and use only the Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder.

CAPTURED BY A WOMAN.

A well Known Hunter Tells of an Adventure his Wife had with a Bear.

Chas. T. Powers, one of the veteran hunters of Maine, whose home is at Fowler's Carry between Malnocket stream and the West Bangor waters, was in Bangor the other day. Owning a fine camp on the shores of South Twin lake, many Bangor sportsmen have visited the place, and "Charlie," as he is commonly called, has hosts of friends in Bangor who were glad to welcome him during his stay.

In talking with a representative of the Bangor News he said he wished he was back home instead of in the city. Upon being asked the cause of this remark, he replied: "Well, there's something about these 'ere streets, big stores and crowds that make me feel home sick. I'd mighty rather be off in the woods alone with nothing but the pines for company and pathless forests to these streets. It's no use, I can't get used to 'em and it makes me nervous to see all these people and not know one of 'em."

"Charlie" and his wife live on a neat little farm, and although 12 miles from any neighbors, they say they never get lonesome. Often Charlie will be away from home a month or six weeks and during that time his wife, a bright-eyed smart little woman looks after "the place," seldom seeing a neighbor or asking aid from anyone.

Two years ago, in the winter, while her husband was off on one of his hunting trips, leaving her alone as usual, she heard while at her work late in the afternoon a loud squealing in the pig pen near the barn. Without stopping for a moment's thought she rushed out and passed through the barn, snatching up a pitchfork on her way. Reaching the pig pen she found a large bear just in the act of carrying off a pig. Rushing at bruin with no other weapon than the fork she fought with such vim that he finally relinquished his hold on the squealing pig and made off for the woods. The next morning the little woman took down the rifle from its hangings on the kitchen wall, and putting on a pair of snow-shoes started off, following the bear's tracks. In less than one hour she came up with him, and a well-directed bullet from her rifle ended further troubles from his bearship. The skin has been tanned and serves as a door-mat in the front of the house. Every visitor there is shown the relic with pride by Charlie, who is never tired telling the story of how his wife killed the animal.

REPORTED GENUINE.

Remarkable Cure by Faith in New York.

There is joy among the members of the congregation of Dr. Simpson's gospel tabernacle. The cause of the joy is a faith cure which is as genuine as it is remarkable. The believer, who has been healed, is Miss Jennie Laycox, recently at No. 57 West Forty-second street. She is now aboard the steamer Chattahoochie, on her way to Florida. Miss Laycox has endured more agony than most people of her age. For seven years she has lain in bed suffering from acute paralysis of the limbs.

Mrs. Martha Sweet, Philanthropist, became deeply interested in the poor girl's case and sought the aid of prayer in effecting a cure which medical science had failed to accomplish. With that view Mrs. Sweet consulted Rev. Dr. Simpson of the gospel tabernacle. Dr. Simpson is a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer to heal the sick.

He gathered his congregation together and told it all about the poor paralytic. The congregation promised to pray for Miss Laycox's recovery at certain hours and Miss Laycox was instructed to do likewise at the same time. Prayers were offered every day for a month.

Miss Laycox astonished everyone in the hospital by getting out of bed without assistance for the first time in two years. She dressed herself to the consternation of doctors and nurses and left the hospital with her good foster mother, Mrs. Sweet. For a week the girl remained at the house of Mrs. Sweet as her guest and now she is on her way to Florida, where Mrs. Sweet has sent her until she grows strong enough for the climate of New York.

STORY OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

The commune was also sublime. A prisoner, a man, had been taken with arms in his hands, imprisoned and condemned to death. His wife made heroic efforts to save him, and succeeded in securing the sympathy of a man who had influence in these times. Her husband was saved from capital punishment, and was condemned to transportation. Left alone and abandoned, without resources, she had formed an intimacy with the man who had saved her husband. After living for years with this lover, to whom she was deeply attached, she besought him to apply for a pardon for her husband. Although he felt he was destroying her happiness and his own he did so. The husband returned full of happiness for the wife who had saved him from execution and procured his liberation. On the way home, however, he learned the truth. He changed his name, disappeared, and lived in hiding for many years. Then, when divorce became possible in France, he wrote to his wife: "Apply for a divorce against me; I will do all I can to secure one for you. Marry him and be happy." Sublime.

BROUGHT BACK.

A most amusing little scene took place in the very narrowest and muddiest part of Lockman street just before the warships left for the West Indies. Two girls, very plainly but neatly dressed, were standing talking, when one of them said, "Well, I have to cross in that mud, but I do wish someone would carry me.' A "jolly Jack Tar" was passing and instantly he seized the astonished girl in his arms, quickly landed her safely on the other side. By the time he had deposited her on her feet she had recovered her tongue, and maybe that man did not "get it." The girl finished up with "How dare you? I did not want to be hawked about like a bundle of potatoes." Jack listened quietly, and then deliberately lifted the struggling and now frightened woman and carried her back to the starting point, after which he touched his cap, saying: "Beg pardon, Miss, but you can't say anything now, because I have brought you back again." Wasn't it fine? And it is true, too. Sailors are always polite and gallant to ladies, though sometimes their way of showing it does not quite please us.

"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.