

OUR CURLERS IN SCOTLAND.

A Correspondent Well Posted in the Game Writes of the Tour.

(Bertram Smith in Scottish American.)

The visit of the Canadian curlers is doing much to bring the game into the prominence that it so well deserves. Curling has languished in Scotland through a long succession of disappointing winters from sheer lack of ice. Clubs have had to content themselves with a miserable record of unfinished competitions and a vast literature of draws, ballots and "special railway arrangements," which existed only on paper. And even the enthusiasm of the Scottish curler has grown cold through repeated disappointment. But a new life has been infused into the game in the last few weeks. Crossmyloof has put us beyond the reach of the heartless caprices of our climate, and has brought us an invading force of the champions of the west.

Surely the curler's enthusiasm commands a respectful amazement. There is one member of the Canadian team who left home on Dec. 2nd (returning one may suppose, about the beginning of April) in order to spend four weeks on Scottish ice. His pilgrimage comprises some hundreds of miles by sleigh. I forget how many thousands by rail, a further thousand by boat, and even then a long railway journey and the broad Atlantic lay before him. One likes to picture him crossing the trackless wastes behind the jingling sleigh bells, his bosom over his shoulder and his hands round his neck.

And now they have come from Manitoba, and Winnipeg, Nova Scotia and the Far West, and are adding every day to the prestige of the Dominion as the greatest curling country in the world. One is anxious to say all that can be said to extenuate the long—and growing—list of Scottish defeats. And although it is true that we are being handsomely rounded upon our own ice, and at our own game, much may with justice be said. The ice at Crossmyloof is not in reality our own ice, in the sense that it is not the ice that nine out of ten Scottish players are accustomed to. Some of the modern "Tarmac" ponds provide a similar surface, and those of us who have had some experience of Switzerland feel quite at home upon it. But the great majority of Scottish matches are played on the "floating" ice of the open loch, which is of an entirely different character. The Canadians, on the other hand, admit that the Crossmyloof ice is very like their own, and as they always play under cover the conditions generally may be said to suit them as well as they could wish. Again, they are playing day after day on the same "board," while their opponents must face them without preliminary practice or knowledge of the peculiarities of the rink. So I think that one may justly claim that had the season permitted open air play Scotland would have made a far stronger bid for victory.

But when all is said, one cannot attempt to explain away the Canadian superiority. These are the real wizards of the game. The Canadian curler is the product of the Canadian climate, and cannot be produced north of the Tweed.

It is most interesting to try to analyze the points in which they excel, and to study the differences in style and method which have grown up with the game on the far side of the Atlantic. And it may be said at once that there is no great difference after all. Generally speaking, it appeared to me that the Canadian players' methods are very closely akin to our own, so long as he is playing with ordinary stones. When he is armed with his beloved "irons" (for a Canadian always speaks of his "irons" with affection) I fancy there are important differences. For the iron stone is a smaller and a more delicate instrument, and admits, as they say, of "finer work." The game becomes closer about the tee-head. Guards lie touching the guarded stone, and shots are coaxed about inch by inch into position. And the iron stone admits of a "follow through," which our stones do not. But in the game that they are playing now at Crossmyloof it appears to me that the Canadian player, and the Canadian skip, set before them very much the same objects and attain them by very much the same methods as we do ourselves. Both sides are trying to do the same things in the same way, but they do them better—that is all.

Of course there are minor differences. The Canadian for the most part treats the cramped with profound contempt. He must stand upon free ice when he plays his stone and it is most curious to observe that many of the best men never lift the stone off the ice at all in delivering it. "It's a fair shove," as an astonished old Scot ejaculated yesterday. There is at least one successful skip among them who delivers not only his stone but himself in this method, sliding four or five feet down the rink before the stone leaves his hand. Again, they are generally

more silent than we are, and appear to be masters of many mystic signs. I saw one who was able to convey all manner of refinements in direction by a series of magnificent gesticulations for the most part quite incomprehensible to me.

And, finally there is of course the vexed question of sweeping. Here the Canadians are supreme. It is beautiful to observe the rhythmic activity of their brooms, and almost more than anything in their play do I admire the way in which they will sweep a stone into a crowded house, moving lightly on their feet and working with tremendous energy, without any risk of slipping or fouling a lying stone. Often the player will himself catch up the running stone, and three brooms will be at work before it reaches the hog.

Their style gives a curious impression of strength held in reserve. It is made up of beautifully modulated draws and guards, and not once in a dozen heads will you see a "roarin'" shot, and yet they are all tremendously hard at work; one is much struck with their air of activity, vigor and athleticism.

But the finest thing about the great tournament at Crossmyloof is one spirit of sportsmanship that pervades it. It is always so with curling—the most generous of games. We fight to the last ditch, and are routed. And although we do not like to return to our fellow curlers in the home club with a record of defeat, we are genuinely delighted that our visitors should win. And the Canadians on their part when the game is mastery. One might almost say that over seem in a measure to regret defeat had become with them a sort of distinction. After the second test match, in which two Scottish rinks out of six were successful, the Canadians whom I spoke with were in no triumphant frame of mind. Indeed they appeared to be slightly depressed and uneasy. But at last I came upon one who wore a cheerful countenance.

"And now did you get on?" I inquired. He beamed upon me as one who had good news to impart. "We had a glorious game, sir," he said. "I never enjoyed a game so much in my life. We were six down."

BERTRAM SMITH.

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RAILROAD STORIES.

The Man Who Paid the Conductor and the Name on the Ticket.

An old time traveling man was talking of experiences of former days on the road. "Frequently," said this traveler, "I journeyed to Cincinnati. The fare from my city to that place was then about \$3.25. I saved something by handing the conductor \$2 in cash. One day there was an excursion, and I bought a round trip ticket for \$1.25 or \$1.50—I've forgotten the exact amount, but that circumstance need not triplicate this story. When I handed this ticket to the conductor as he tore off the return coupon he looked at me and in a voice betraying how deeply he was hurt he remarked, 'My young friend, don't you know that I can afford to haul you much cheaper than this company can?'"

"On another occasion, when in Chicago, a colored man met me at the entrance of the station, asked me where I was going and offered to sell me a ticket for \$1. The ticket was to Louisville, but I was only going to Indianapolis. Cheap enough."

"When the conductor came along to take up my ticket he asked me my name. It was usual to write one's name on the ticket in the presence of the conductor. I told him my name was on the ticket. He grinned as he handed it back and asked me to look at it and say if that was my name. I looked. The name on the ticket was 'Mary Flaherty.' He grinned again, somewhat sarcastically, but he took the ticket."

PREVENT TAKING COLD.

Often you come home, cold and shivering—feet are wet, throat is raw, head a little sore. A bad cold is just beginning. Put a Nerviline Porous Plaster on your chest, rub your throat with Nerviline, and take a stiff dose of Nerviline in hot water. This prevents a chill and checks the cold instantly. No remedies so useful in the home, so sure to prevent serious illness as Nerviline and Nerviline Plasters. Bold by all dealers, 25c. each, but be sure you get the genuine, and refuse any substitute.

TIRING OUT THE STAG

A "Deer Take" in England's Oldest Deer Park.

HOUNDED UNTIL HE GASPS.

The Game Animal Is Mercilessly Driven Hither and Yon, Through Lake and Wood, Until He Falls Exhausted, Though Undaunted.

Parts of certain great parks in England, such as Eridge park, the oldest deer park in the kingdom, are kept practically wild in their original forest state, while near to the castle is the cultivated home park. Eridge park contains 3,000 acres and is the only estate in England, with one exception, where deer taking with hounds is still carried on. Eridge park once formed part of the royal chase. It still retains the wild beauty it then had, although there are more than seventy miles of lovely drives in it, not counting those of the home park.

Deer taking is entirely different from deer hunting. The object is to take the animals alive so that they may be transferred to the home park to be fattened and eventually turned into venison.

The sport is by no means as tame as it sounds. A seven to nine year old red deer is an awkward customer to tackle. He is powerful, agile and well armed with antlers and hoofs.

When there is to be a deer taking at Eridge park the meet is planned for 11 o'clock at the park keeper's house. The underkeepers, with fresh hounds, are scattered through the park to head off the stag should he come their way.

The underkeepers having spread themselves over the park, the park keeper, with the "field" (those following mounted and on foot) set off to find a deer which looks ready for fattening purposes. Having selected one, it is the work of the keeper to get him separated from the rest and then to slip his hound and set after him as hard as we can gallop. The pace, of course, is tremendous, and as rabbit holes abound the risk of a fall is even betting or, rather, a trifle of odds on the certainty of our "taking a toss."

As our deer bounds away with his wonderfully easy, elastic movements he makes for the wildest part of the park, expecting to escape his pursuers. In one place after another he is met with hidden keepers and fresh hounds, till with the instinct of his species he turns to what he thinks is his sanctuary—the lakes. With open mouth and tongue outstretched he plunges a good fifteen feet into the water and swims for the opposite bank. Gasping and tiring, he lands on what he hopes is freedom from his pursuers. But, alas, no! Yet another fresh hound is after him. What can he do? He is too pumped with his already hard burst to face the hill before him.

He turns around and tears down through the bracken with a hound on each side of him, ready to pull him down if he get but half a chance. It is a dingdong race, under trees, through bogs and bracken, up and down dells and breaks, smashing headlong through everything, anything, to reach the shelter of the friendly water once again. With a mighty spring he is in again. For a moment there is breathing space, for now the keepers and hounds, yet some way off, are making for the poor beast, which is in the middle of the lake. Away he swims with graceful movement of his noble head, glancing all around at his pursuers, but with his mind fixed on his line of retreat. He reaches the shore, and, with dripping sides, he is out upon the bank.

Again he makes an effort to baffle and leave behind those clinging hounds that would bear him down. And now two great hounds are stretching themselves out to their utmost pace. Side by side they race after their tiring quarry; in another minute they will have him. The stag, however, manages to make a spurt, though he is now stiffening rapidly, and just reaches some park palings surrounding the big lake.

In an instant he has turned on his pursuers, and with head down and upraised fore leg he is prepared to fight to the death. A hound rushes in, but in a twinkling he is on his back, buried away like a piece of wood. This checks the other hound, which dodges and bays around the stag. Seeing that things are now getting a bit too warm for him, the stag suddenly turns round and, smashing the palings like match wood, finds himself again in the icy water of the big lake. Away and away he swims, up this long stretch, the water seeming to revive him, for he swims the eastern length, three-quarters of a mile, and then lands at the far end while we follow on the shore. He swims till his feet touch the ground and stands facing us.

All we can do now is to end the situation as speedily as possible. A keeper deftly throws a rope with a loose knot over the stag's antlers. In a moment four burly keepers are hauling him out by the ropes. It is now a slow march to his feeding ground in the home park. Slowly the procession moves, never a slackening of the rope or the hold on the antlers. Through the gate dividing the parks he is brought, an unwilling prisoner, though undaunted. This ends the deer taking. —Town and Country.

Never think that intellect is nobler than the heart, that knowledge is greater than love. Not so! A thousand times no.—Frances Power Cobbe.

WONDERS OF THE HUMAN BODY

Why Many People Never Need a Doctor.

You have a natural laxative in your body. Why, then, should you use a false purgative to move the bowels? Bile is nature's laxative. It is bile—and bile alone—which moves the bowels as they should be moved. The liver is the store-house for the bile. The liver pours forth the bile into the bowels, which stimulates them to move, and thus causes the waste matter to pass from the body.

Constipation is a disease, OF THE bowels, but CAUSED BY THE liver. When the bowels do not move regularly and naturally, it is because the liver is not giving up enough bile. And the only possible way to cure Constipation, is to cure the liver.

Calomel, cascara, salts, senna, common pills and sweet lozengers and all the other purgatives do not act on the liver at all. They merely irritate and inflame the bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures Constipation because they act on the liver. The fruit principles stimulate the liver to secrete and give up enough bile to move the bowels, while the tonics and antispasmodics tone up and invigorate the muscles. "Fruit-a-tives" are the only medicine ever discovered that will cure Constipation, Biliousness and all other troubles due to a Torpid or Disordered Liver. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Just Suited Him.

"Miss Pansy, yo' suitingly has got well developed ahms, ef yo'll pardon ma sayin' so."

"Ah developed dem ahms workin' ovah de washtub, Mistah Rufus."

"Um—um—er—Miss Pansy, will yo' be ma wife?"

The Entomologist's Boon.

Professor (to his aged cook)—You have now been twenty-five years in my service, Regina. As a reward for your fidelity I have determined to name the bug I recently discovered after you.

Speak with contempt of no man. Every one hath a tender sense of reputation.—Burton.

You're discouraged and played out—scarcely enough energy to think, and less to work on. The reason? You are run down, blood is thin, nerves are like Indian rubber, not like steel as they ought to be. Use Ferrozone and the tired feeling will go—can't stay because rich nutritious food and the bodily vigor Ferrozone makes, crowds out weakness of every kind. Use Ferrozone and you'll feel like a fighting king—full of energy—laid up with ambition—ever ready to work. No strengthening tonic so potent. Neglect not a day longer. 12 dealers sell Ferrozone in 50 ct. boxes.

Skin Diseases.

A diseased or disfigured skin will always leave its stamp on the mind of the individual. Many people suffering from disfiguring skin diseases avoid society and lose all pride in their personal appearance. When the skin breaks out in eruptions and sores it is due entirely to an impure condition of the blood.

In all such cases Burdock Blood Bitters will quickly purify the blood and drive all the impurities out of the system.

ITCHING RASH CURED.

Mrs. J. J. Magee, Jr., Kinnmount, Ont., writes: "In the spring of 1906 I was troubled with a Rash that broke out all over me. It was the worst on my face and head, had a dry, scaly top, and when I would get warm it would become very itchy. I tried the doctor's medicine but it did me no good, so I then got one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and before it was all used the Rash was entirely gone."

SORES ON FACE.

Mrs. Harvey Barkhouse, Gold River, N.S., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Sores on my face and finally became so bad I had to go to the doctor about it, but he could do nothing to help me."

"I thought about Burdock Blood Bitters and decided to try a bottle. I cannot recommend B.B.B. enough, as I had not taken all the bottle before my face was cured."

For sale by all druggists and dealers.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 26th March, 1909, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between MAUGERVILLE AND UPPER MAUGERVILLE, from the opening of Navigation, 1909.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Maugeville, Upper Maugeville and Centre Maugeville, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at St. John.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 4th February, 1909.

30 M.C.B.—400-8-5-08.

Feb. 9, d lawk 3 wks.

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