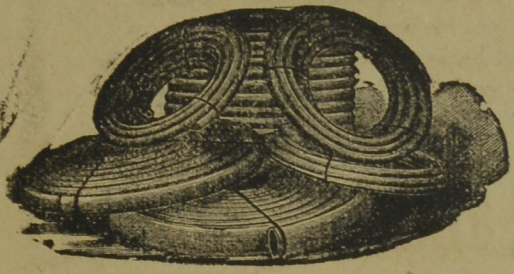


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Arriving every day and in stock, one of the most complete stocks of Mill Supplies carried by any jobbing and retail house in the Maritime Provinces.

I am in a position to quote Prices on same, as low for both Wholesale and Retail as any house in Canada. Inquiries Solicited.



Circular, Canx and Band Saws, Babbit Metal, Hoes, & Diss-ton's Saw Teeth, Jen-kins' and other makes of Valves, Steam Pipe, Hose, Pulleys, Mill Oil



and Grease, Scotch Fire Brick and Clay, Cement, Lime and Red Brick.

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Fredericton's Big Hardware Store

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Now in Stock. A large quantity of American Corn and Manitoba Oats for sale at lowest prices. Also Ontario Middlings, Bran, Corn and Oats, Etc.

Old Mines Sydney Coal, Scotch Anthracite.

F. H. Everett,

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is now showing a large and select assortment of Imported and Domestic Suits and Trousers for Spring and Summer.

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**Itself Upon You** If you contemplate installing a system of Plumbing or Heating, or both, in your house or store; If you want absolute satisfaction guaranteed you cannot do better than come to us. We make a specialty of these branches, Best of Workmanship; Best of Material; Best of Prices. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

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## Hewson Tweeds

Make a fine business suit and are sure to give every satisfaction. I have a fine line of these Tweeds in stock and am always pleased to show goods. Prices are as right.

J. R. HOWIE 150 Queen St

## PICTORIAL POSTCARDS

100 Assorted English, Scotch, and Irish View for 1 shilling 6 pence.

1000 Assorted Scotch, English and Irish View, Actresses, Songs, Animal, Lover and Comic Cards for shillings.

English and Continental Actresses, cards tinted and Glossy Photographs, 15 hillings per gross. Christmas and New Year Cards, well Assorted areal. 100 Cards for 5 shillings. Value 1 d, 2d, 3d, 4d each, 500 Cards for 20 shillings.

BRITANIA POST CARD CO.

45 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

### THE OLD SAIL DRILL

Perils of the Modern Warship Men Do Not Have to Face.

One of the dangers and one of the hardest tasks of the man-of-war's man vanished out of his life when, with the supplanting of the frigate by the steam cruiser, the old time sail drill became a thing of the past. Fleets in the old days were continually exercised in making and shortening sail, shifting spars and all similar maneuvers aloft, says Captain J. W. Gambier of the British navy in his "Links in My Life." As the greatest rivalry existed among the crews as to which ship should carry out the evolution first accidents were frequent. Hardly a drill day passed without men being seriously injured.

Once during a drill in Kiel harbor, where the rivalry in the fleet was increased by the eagerness of foreign ships to compete with the English, an unfortunate French midshipman went head first from the mizzen cross-trees of the French flagship to the deck.

That numbers of accidents should take place in sail drill was not astonishing when one remembers that spars measuring perhaps seventy or eighty feet long and weighing two or three tons were whisked about with bewildering speed with nothing but men's hands and brains to guide them; hundreds of men crammed into a space of a few hundred square feet, where nothing but the most marvelous organization and discipline could avert death on deck or aloft.

To the landsman, who understood nothing of the difficulty involved in rapidly shifting these great masts and yards or in reeling and furling thousands of square feet of stiff canvas—perhaps wet or half frozen—the rapidity with which it was done was perhaps the chief wonder.

Ropes, running like lightning through blocks that were instantly too hot from friction to be touched, had to be checked to within a few inches, requiring the utmost coolness and presence of mind, while the officer in command had to superintend what to the uninitiated looked like a tangled mass of cordage, but which was in reality no more in confusion than the threads in a loom.

In an instant this officer might see something going wrong. To delay a single second meant a terrible catastrophe. Every one, aloft and aloft, was relying on his judgment.

"Belay! Ease away!"

The order came in an instant. The boatswain's mates repeated it in a particular call which this life and death necessity soon taught every one to understand, the shrill whistles rising above the din of tramping feet and running ropes or the thunderous crash of the great sails in the wind. Death had been averted—or not. If not you looked up and saw some unfortunate man turning head over heels in the air. Your heart stood still. Would he catch hold of something, even if only to break his fall, or would he come battering on the deck? It was a mere toss up. If he was killed outright it generally stopped the drill for the day; if he was only seriously injured the drill went on, for this was part of the lesson that must be learned—that in peace, as in war, one must take his chances.

A little to the east, Bernacchi remembered, was a cave in the body of the iceberg. Once in that, they would not at least be precipitated into the sea, even if they were carried away, iceberg and all. It was so dark that the wall of the berg could not be seen even when the hands touched it. The two explorers groped as best they could along the slippery walls, both hands on the ice and their bodies pressed against it. Halfway around they left the lee side and met the gale. It came like a solid thing, bearing them back and down. Not one inch could they move against it, and further exposure meant death. They groped back, blinded, deafened and almost paralyzed with cold, to shelter. Then they commenced a toilsome hunt for a foothold on the lee side somewhere. Toward morning they found a low spur or projection, upon which they scrambled and lay down perfectly exhausted in the snowdrifts, which grew each moment. To this they owed their lives, for the snow soon covered them and kept in the warmth of their bodies.

They dared not sleep for fear of never waking, so they roused each other alternately. At last day broke, and the gale abated. Crawling over the snow, their garments frozen stiff as boards, their beards solid lumps of ice, they managed to reach their tent. The ice had not broken, though it was cracked here and there. They took food, slept, fed their dogs, who were deep in the drifts, but alive, and then courageously went ahead, "not caring to be beaten," as Bernacchi expressed it. It was 8 o'clock at night before they reached camp, but the next day they were exploring and taking photographs and observations just as usual. Man may seem puny against nature, but he conquers her from the arctic to the antarctic by his unconquerable soul.—William Rittenhouse in Forward.

A Clever Barber.

"By heck, Cynthia," drawled old Farmer Hardapple after his visit to Chicago, "them thar city barbers are mind readers."

"That so, Hiram?" said his wife.

"Why, I should say so. The one I met knew that you cut my hair last, and, by gum, he never saw you in his life."

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## AN ANTARCTIC STORM

Braving the Perils of a South Polar Winter's Night.

### FIERCE FURY OF THE GALE.

Adventures of a Party of Explorers in a Journey Over the Broken Pack Ice—The Solid Wall of Wind That Flanked a Friendly Iceberg.

The arctic explorer has always had hardship and danger enough, but the antarctic discoverer has far more terrible conditions to meet. Luckily he meets them with all the equipment and method that arctic exploration has taught mankind. Yet they are most dangerous, as the story of those who have lived through the south polar winter night can testify. One of the experiences of Bernacchi on the cruise of the Southern Cross some years ago shows what an antarctic gale means.

He and a comrade, Ellifsen, started out on a short sledge journey to carry provisions from one camp to another. It was in September, and the broken ice pack over which they must travel was but a foot and a half thick and likely to break in pieces afresh or pile up in deadly masses at the mercy of the sea and wind. The two men had three sledges and eighteen dogs. They had hardly started before the wind rose and a gale threatened. Halfway to their destination there was an iceberg imbedded in the pack ice, and they hastened to reach this before the storm should break.

For five hours they toiled over the ice, the wind gradually rising. The gale broke in fury just as they reached the iceberg, under whose lee they pitched a tiny silk tent, into which they crawled after having fed their dogs as best they could. Hour after hour the wind raged, and the thermometer went to 9 degrees below zero. The snow drifted over and into the tent. Sleep was impossible.

The explorers, who had met typhoons in the China seas and cyclones in the tropics, found by the aneroid as well as by their own sensations that this gale surpassed them all. Worst of all, it seemed as if the ice was beginning to crack. They knew well that the iceberg which protected them from the full force of the storm was the most dangerous place possible in other ways, as the ice was sure to separate first immediately round the berg, throwing tent, men and dogs into the sea. The cracking of ice was now to be heard above the roar of the wind. They dared not stay in their shelter.

A little to the east, Bernacchi remembered, was a cave in the body of the iceberg. Once in that, they would not at least be precipitated into the sea, even if they were carried away, iceberg and all. It was so dark that the wall of the berg could not be seen even when the hands touched it. The two explorers groped as best they could along the slippery walls, both hands on the ice and their bodies pressed against it. Halfway around they left the lee side and met the gale. It came like a solid thing, bearing them back and down. Not one inch could they move against it, and further exposure meant death. They groped back, blinded, deafened and almost paralyzed with cold, to shelter. Then they commenced a toilsome hunt for a foothold on the lee side somewhere. Toward morning they found a low spur or projection, upon which they scrambled and lay down perfectly exhausted in the snowdrifts, which grew each moment. To this they owed their lives, for the snow soon covered them and kept in the warmth of their bodies.

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## ROOSEVELT'S FIRST EDITORIAL:

### Ex-President Flays the Yellow Journals and Their Owners.

NEW YORK, March 5.—The first editorial article from the pen of ex-President Roosevelt, which appears in a March issue of the Outlook, deals with the subject of "Journalism." It says in part:

"Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientious newspaper is an asset of real value to the community. We have many newspapers, big and little of this kind. But we also have many that are emphatically not of this kind.

"During the last few years it has become evident that certain newspapers are controlled by men who have gained wealth in evil fashion, who desire to stifle honest public opinion and who find an instrument in the purchased mendacity of those who edit and write for such papers."

Mr. Roosevelt then pays his respects to "The Apostles of that hideous yellow journalism which defies the cult of the mendacious, the sensational and the inane."

In conclusion he refers to "Another type of temptation which has much fascination for men of cultivation, and which is quite as fatal to their usefulness as yellow journalism." He says of these:

"A newspaper which avoids vulgar

Putting food into a diseased stomach is like putting money into a pocket with holes. The money is lost. All its value goes for nothing when the stomach is diseased with the allied organs of digestion and nutrition, the food which is put into it is largely lost. The nutritive is not extracted from it. The body is weak and the blood impoverished.

The pocket can be mended. The stomach can be cured. That sterling medicine for the stomach and blood, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acts with peculiar promptness and power on the organs of digestion and nutrition. It is a positive cure for almost all disorders of these organs, and cures also such diseases of the heart, blood, liver and other organs, as have their cause in a weak or diseased condition of the stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation—only a gentle laxative, two or three for a cathartic.

### A FABLE OF NIGERIA.

The Crafty Spider and the Way He Paid His Debts.

The following fable of the spider is one of the folk tales of northern Nigeria:

A spider, it seems, had occasion to borrow a sum of money. A journey round to the generously disposed brought him 2,000 cowries each from the cat, the dog, the hyena, the leopard and the lion. When pay day came round, the spider remained at home to receive the visits of his creditors in a certain prearranged order. First came the cat to claim repayment of his loan. "Hush!" said the spider. "I hear a noise outside. It is a dog come to see me. You must hide under this calabash for safety." The cat was scarcely hidden when the dog, coming in, made a similar request for his money. Says Master Spider, "There is a cat under that calabash. Take him and consider the debt paid." No sooner said than done. Just then a snuffling and scraping were heard at the door. The third creditor, the hyena, had arrived. "Don't be alarmed, my dear dog, but hide here till he has left." And the spider hustled him under the calabash. "I smell a dog," said the hyena, routing about. "Under that calabash," the spider replied. "Eat him up, and your debt is paid." The dog paid the penalty of his simplicity, and all was quiet once more. The hyena was preparing to leave, when he heard an ominous sound that sent him crouching against the wall. It was the pattering of the leopard's feet at the door. "Quick! Under this calabash!" cries his host, and the hyena curls up in the fatal cache, only to meet a like fate from his more courageous enemy. "My debt is repaid," said the leopard, and ran against the lion-coming in. A terrible fight ensued, for the leopard and the lion are equal in strength, so the natives say. When blood and dust make havoc in the house and both animals are exhausting their strength the spider is busy at the fire. Seizing a pot of boiling grease, he pours it over the clawing mass. Leopard and lion roll apart in their death agony, and the spider has only to straighten and clean up before resuming once more the humdrum life of fly catching. No wonder he is known as "Mal-wargo," the crafty one.

Snuff-Boxes Worth \$175,000.

The Earl of Rosebery owns the costliest collection of snuff-boxes in the world. Many of them are solid gold, and some are set with brilliants. A curiously-inlaid enamel snuff-box was at one time the property of Napoleon Bonaparte. A small black box studded with three diamonds belonged to the eminent statesman Pitt; while another, plainly inlaid with fine gold, was used by Fox. Although the collection only comprises twenty-two boxes altogether, its estimated value is \$175,000.

Banks' First Strong Room.

In the Bank of England's museum may be seen the old oak chest which was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street's first strong room. It is a little larger than a common seaman's chest, and in this the bank stored its cash, notes, and valuable papers. To-day the strong-room is a formidable-looking object, built of armor-plate, boasting of huge doors that weigh many tons, and represents the latest skill and science of the engineer and locksmith.

His Denomination.

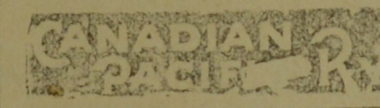
A man who had been playing golf with a clergyman heard him swear two or three times under his breath. Suspecting the lapse, he could not be sure of it until one unmistakable came after with unmistakable clearness. After he had finished the match a friend of his said: "I saw you playing just now with the Rev. Mr. Dash. Of what denomination is he?" "Some people say he is a Congregationalist," replied his late opponent, "but I should call him a Profanitarian."—Argonaut.

An Air Loving World Wanted.

Once get a nation into inviting fresh air instead of barring it out, and not only is that nation going to reap consumption, but it is going to better itself physically in such a measure as to be practically immune from other diseases. An air loving world is what the scientists are aiming at.

DO YOUR BOOTS PINCH?

If so, look out for a tiny corn. Cure it before it grows big. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Try it. Putnam's, and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers.



Ocean to Ocean

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