A PEEP INTO AFRICA.

Marco Polo's Account of the Natives and the Animals.

The eastern coast of Africa was an unknown region in Marco Polo's day, and when he had traveled so far to the southern end of Asia that he began to get glimpses of Africa he could not believe that he heard reports from the eastern side of that continent—of which he already knew something, as it formed the southern border of the Mediterranean sea. So he speaks of Madagascar, which he calls Madeigascar, and Zanzibar, which he calls Zanghibar, as though they were parts of India. If we remember that Marco was the first writer, European or Asiatic, to mention Madagascar by that name, and almost the first to give the world any information concerning that unknown land, we may excuse the fact that his geography is sometimes mixed. But his descriptions of the people and the animals of eastern Africa are pretty accurate, as may be seen:

They are all black, their hair is as black as pepper and so frizzly that even with water you can scarcely straighten it. And their mouths are so large, their noses so turned up, their lips so thick, their eyes so big and bloodshot, that they look like very devils. They are, in fact, so hideously ugly that the world has nothing to show more horrible.

There are also lions that are black and quite different from ours. And their sheep are all exactly alike in color—the body all white and the head black. No other kind of sheep is found there, you may rest assured. They have also many giraffes. This is a beautiful creature, and I must give you a description of it. Its body is short and somewhat sloped to the rear, for its hind legs are short while the fore legs and the neck are both very long, and thus its head stands about three paces from the ground. The head is small, and the animal is not at all mischievous. Its color is all red and white in round spots, and it is really a beautiful object.

The women of this island are the ugliest in the world, with their great mouths and big eyes and thick noses. The people live on rice and flesh and milk and dates, and they make wine of dates and of rice and of good spices and sugar. There is a great deal of trade, and many merchants and vessels go thither.—"The True Story of Marco Polo," by Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

GRANT TO BUCKNER.

He Wrote a Message While He Was Dying to His Former Adversary.

Mr. John R. Proctor contributes to The Century "A Blue and Gray Friendship," describing the relations between Grant and Buckner. The latter visited Grant at Mount McGregor, and as General Grant could not then speak, he wrote a message to his friend and former adversary. This is reproduced in facsimile for the first time. The message was as follows:

"I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. I have always contended that if there had been nobody left but the soldiers we would have had peace in a year. Jubal Early and Hill are the only two that I know of who do not seem to be satisfied on the southern side. We have some on ours who failed to accomplish as much as they wished, or who did not get warmed up to the fight until it was all over, who have not had quite full satisfaction. The great majority, too, of those who did not go into the war have long since grown tired of the long controversy. We may now well look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength that will secure us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the east. I know, as I did not before, the value of our inheritance."

Nervous

People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this:

"I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart and nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own housework. I have taken

Cured

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." MRS. M. M. MESSENGER, Freehold, Penn.

This and many other cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

Get the Best

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

THE LITTLE OLD SHOE.

It is only a tiny shoe
That she touches with tender care,
A cunning little bit of a thing
That a baby used to wear.
And she gently raises it to her lips
And lovingly holds it there.

It is worn and faded and old,
But it brings up the happy past.
She sadly sighs as she thinks of the joys
That were too sweet to last.

In fancy she sees a little child
As it gambols upon the floor.
An elflike creature with golden hair
Is cooing a baby song once more,
And a tear drops down on the tiny shoe
That the beautiful dream child wore.

"Ah, well," she sighs to herself,
"'Tis, alas, the will of the fates!
I used to be able to wear this shoe,
But now I take number eights."

—Pearson's Weekly.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

A Strange Experiment Made In a Zoological Garden.

A violinist was playing various airs before the cages of the animals. The bow, which had been passing backward and forward half drowsily, took up a gait that would have distanced one of the deer in the pen by the buffaloes' yard. Then there was a transformation scene in the home of the lioness as rapid and as complete as that of the tune. The cubs went into ecstacies. They rolled about, jumped, fell over one another, raced over their mother's recumbent body, and danced unrebuked on her head. They ceased their tantrums only with the ceasing of the music.

Then they gathered at the front bars of the cage again and silently and pathetically pleaded for more. Their plea was successful, and in response to the delicate flattery conveyed by their manner the player gave the lullaby once more. They simply sat and listened to it as silently as they had at the first. The transition to the jig music was once more made speedily. The first note of the lively air had barely left the violin before its riotous contagion had once more caught the cubs. They rollicked and rolled about and stopped only when the professor, fearing to tire their little limbs, took his bow from his fiddle and told them they had danced enough for debutantes.

The hyena is an uncanny brute. His very appearance goes a great way toward bearing out charges of graveyard robbery brought against him. He has no music in his soul nor room for any. Sweet sounds are to him so antipodal to everything in his nature that they inspire him with nothing but fear, and the most abject fear at that. When Professor Baker tried to interest the two skulking hyenas in his performance on the violin, they began trembling visibly at the first note's utterance, and then as the music swelled they sought the farthermost side of their prison and tried their best to squeeze their ungainly bodies through the bars to escape the melody.—Philadelphia Times.

Heroic Treatment of Patients.

The hospital physician should be a man of the most thorough methods and the most extreme conservatism. He should be chosen as much for his practical good sense as for his skill in diagnosing disease. He should be a man with intuitions and ought to be able to decide almost at a glance whether a patient is suffering from brain trouble or alcoholism.

There have been of late a great many instances where this mistake has been made, and it is by no means creditable to the hospital authorities when such blunders are made.

One of the latest exploits of a hospital doctor was to order a cold bath for a consumptive patient who showed some symptoms of hysteria. Shortly after the bath the woman died. Just why a doctor should order such treatment common sense as well as the medical profession would like very much to know.

Hospitals are in the main supported by the people, and the people have a right to good treatment and courtesy at the hands of those who are put in charge of such institutions. Failing to receive this, the public has also the right to demand an investigation of the situation and to demand the punishment of those who are guilty of such unprofessional and inhuman conduct and that their places be filled by those who are more intelligent and better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of such a place.—New York Ledger.

Chances For Success In Large Cities.

In solving "Problems of Young Men" Edward W. Bok, in The Ladies' Home Journal, replying to an inquirer, contends that opportunities for promotion (in business) are more numerous in large cities than in smaller communities, but they are not better. "There are more chances in the larger cities, but likewise there are more applicants for the chances. Salaries may be higher in the centers, but so, too, is the cost of living. Things always equalize themselves. To my way of thinking, a moderate business success in a small community means more to a man in point of living and absolute satisfaction than a greater success in a larger city."

Catch Fish With Wheels.

A curious plan for catching fish is used on the Columbia river. A number of wheels are set up in the middle of the stream, which, as they turn round, catch up the fish and cast them into troughs by the river banks. The salmon are then tinned and sent all over the world. As much as five tons' weight of fish a day has thus been taken.—Kansas City Star.

DIAZ THE MAN.

A Pen Picture of the Idol of the Mexican People.

A man of 5 feet 8, erect as the Indian he is disproportionately confounded with, quick as the Iberian he far more nearly is, a fine agreement of unusual physical strength and still more unusual grace, with the true Indian trunk and the muscular European limbs, Diaz is physically one man in 20,000. The single infusion of aboriginal blood (and that at the beginning of this century) is an inheritance much more visible in his figure than in his face.

There are young old men everywhere, but this is the freshest veteran in my knowledge. By the lithe step, the fine ruddy skin whose capillaries have not yet learned to clog or knot, by the keen, full eye, or the round, flexible voice, it seems a palpable absurdity to pretend that this man has counted not only 67 years, but years of supreme stress. If in 40 of them he ever knew a comforting certainty, it must have been by faith and not by sight, for from boyhood to middle life his face was always against overwhelming odds.

It might be rash to lug into any comparison the Iron Chancellor, but of actual rulers, republican or dynastic, there certainly is not another—if there may have been one—so "posted" as the man of Mexico. Offhand, without hesitation and with accuracy, as I have often been at pains to verify, he gives whatsoever detail is desired of whatsoever branch of government. He is more ready than the contractors themselves as to the men and money using in some great work. The commanders of the military zones can tell you in twice the words as much each of his own scope as Diaz can tell you of the entire field. The superintendent of education in a district may be as informative, if you give him time, about the schools in his charge as the creator of the Mexican public school system is about the districts en masse. It is an open secret in the capital that the president frequently worsts his ministers in their own fields. And—a genuine test of breadth—he is not afraid to say, "I do not know." He ventures no opinion in things he has not measured.—Charles F. Lummis in Harper's Magazine.

YUKON INDIANS.

The Barbaric Manner In Which They Used to Treat Female Infants.

There were formerly many curious traits of character and queer customs that prevailed among the tribes inhabiting the upper Yukon country. Perhaps the most barbaric of all was in the treatment of the female infants. Just after the child is born she is intrusted to some of the opposite sex of advanced age, who has selected her for his future wife. During the time before arriving at that age when she becomes a wife her male guardian, for such he now is, has to contribute a certain portion of his spoils of the chase to her support. If before she arrives at that age she displeases her lord, or he tires of supporting her, she is given no more food and is starved to death. Should a female be born and no man wants to provide for her and claim her as his future wife, then she is not allowed to live. All the male infants are, however, brought up, as they will make good hunters. Consequently it is estimated that for every female there are 100 males.

Curious as it may seem, the two sexes live separate a greater portion of the time. Both men and women dress alike, and one unaccustomed to them is unable to distinguish one from the other unless very close. During the winter these people travel together with dogs and sleds and in the summer by birch bark canoes. They also convert their dogs, and even their squaws, into pack animals, and it is a curious sight to see a long pack train of dogs loaded with 20 or 30 pounds each, and the line broken here and there with a human being laboring under her pack of 100 pounds. Their canoes are very diminutive in size and of inferior construction, and it is an impossibility for one not accustomed to their use to sit in them without upsetting. They are built to hold but one person, and then sitting flat on the bottom with knees curled under so as to occupy the least space possible.

These Indians are very moral in their habits and strictly honest. If one is hungry and finds a cache of provisions, he seldom molests it, but when he does he always leaves full value in skins for what food he appropriates to his own use.—Alaska News.

An American Luxury.

"The thing I especially enjoyed after a somewhat lengthy sojourn on the other side was a real, genuine American grate fire," commented the traveler. "In London I felt as if I was burning something very precious with the landlady charging sixpence a scuttle for coal. I remember sitting around a stove in an English hotel. The weather was cold, and the coal in the stove bunched together. I took a poker and stirred it up.

"'That makes it burn faster,' commented the landlord gravely.

"'That's just what I want,' I replied.

"A red faced, hearty Englishman broke in, 'You Americans are deucedly thin blooded, don't you know?'

"Then in Italy you shiver about all winter, and in Germany those big, high crockery stoves never seem to thaw you out. So when I arrived in America in midwinter I had a jolly big fire in the room at my hotel and I piled on the coal, knowing that it would not break my bank, in spite of the prices of the big, abominable coal trust. But after one has paid sixpence a scuttle for a mighty little scuttle of coal he does not feel disposed to criticise the trust. I felt like a lord, 'thin blooded American' though I might be, and was just in the mood to read and appreciate that agreeable little volume, 'The Reveries of a Bachelor.' Those reveries would not seem half so pleasing when read before the smudge of a peat fire in Germany or before the little skimpy grate fire of a few pine cones in Italy—not the Italy of sunshine, but the Italy of the cold, disagreeable, wet days."—New York Herald.

CART FOR SALE

A second hand Cart, in good order will be sold cheap. Apply to Wm. Sellar, Butcher, Hillsborough St.

What His Good Intentions Cost.

There was just one vacant seat in the Wabash avenue cable car when a woman carrying a large basket and leading a small boy by the hand came in and took the seat. She placed the basket carefully in her lap and let her boy stand leaning against her—an arrangement that suited everybody except the boy.

"I 'ant to sit there," he bawled, trying to push his mother aside.

"Look out, Johnny; you'll break them eggs," remonstrated the woman.

"Don't care if I do!" sobbed Master Johnny.

"I'll make you care!" answered his mother sharply. "Five dozen eggs an every last one of 'em fresh!"

His answer was a kick aimed at the basket. A man sitting opposite here interposed.

"Come, my little man and sit on my knee."

"Ain't a-goin to sit on your knee." And the youngster kicked the eggs again.

"I just wish I had you home. Wouldn't I lay it on!" said his mother. "I'd trounce you right here if I knew what to do with this 'ere basket."

"I'll hold the basket, ma'am," said the man opposite.

He reached over and took it. Everybody hoped to see Johnny get his deserts, and a hush of expectancy fell on that car. But what that scheming woman did was to pick up the boy, cuddle him in her arms and give him a comfortable seat in her lap. And the little wretch smiled at the general discomfiture, while the man opposite let the basket of eggs jounce as they would and glared with murderous ferocity at Johnny and his mother.—Chicago Tribune.

House Plumbing.

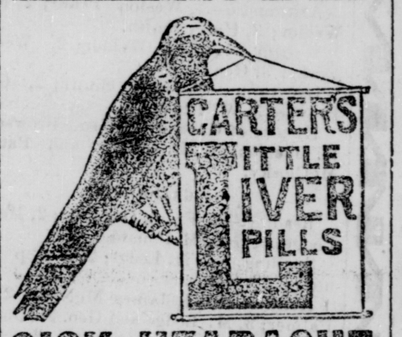
"There is nothing about a residence plumbing system," says an authority, "that a child may not understand and there is every reason why a housewife should be able to make her own periodical inspection of all the fixtures of her home." The kitchen sink should be frequently inspected. It is often connected directly with washtubs, its pipes receiving double waste. Traps under sinks and closets should have a thumbscrew at their lowest turn, so that they can be readily examined and cleaned out. A test for the presence of sewer gas is sugar of lead sprinkled on blotting paper. If this is held near pipes of closets and washrooms it will quickly discolor if sewer gas is present.

Struck by Lightning.

A German statistician says that of every 10,000 chimneys three are struck by lightning, while of the same number of towers and windmills 60 and 80 respectively are struck.

Nineteen years after the patent office was established in Washington the first patent was issued to a woman, Mary Kiles, who secured it for a method of weaving silk or thread with straw. This was in 1809.

Paris has a factory which annually turns out 20,000,000 quill toothpicks.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Dividend Notice

Merchant's Bank of P. E. Island

Ch'town, May 31st, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of this Bank, has been declared, payable at its Banking House on and after July 2nd, next.

The transfer books will be closed from 18th June to 2nd July, next, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

J. M. DAVISON,
Cashier

May 31st—'97
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A dwelling house and stable at Alexandria, Lot 49. Beautifully situated for a summer residence; four miles from Southport. For particulars apply to

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127—

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THE SOOTHING HEALING ANODYNE.

It is the original.
It is the best in use.
It is unlike any other.
It is the oldest on earth.
It is superior to all others.
It is the great vital and muscle nervine.
It is for internal as much as external use.
It is used and endorsed by all athletes.
It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne.
It is what every mother should have in the house.
It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere.
It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age.
It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation.
It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician.
It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

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grows slowly; when secured, it is a treasure without price, to be carefully guarded and judiciously fostered; therefore we keep constant guard on goods and prices, and see to it that our ads are always in accordance with facts.

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our high back cane seat and brace armhaire for 75c.

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GOOD MORNING

Have you purchased your new spring shoes yet? If not, you can't do without them much longer, light Summer Shoes will soon be an absolute necessity. See our Oxfords at 68, 75, 100, and upwards.

W. H. STEWART & CO.,

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Are You Going To Build a House?

Or put up a structure of any kind. If you are considering such a thing, you had better see the undersigned before completing all your arrangements.

Would Like to Quote you Prices, and, if you Wish, Furnish you With Plans and Specifications.

Have the latest and best facilities for turning out first-class work. Factory is equipped with steam power, and all jobbing work is done promptly.

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WM. W. HARPER, Contractor and Builder

Factory on Fitzroy St. east, between Weymouth and Cumberland Sts. P. O. Box 218

SPECTACLES.

Over twenty-five years I have been in the Spectacle business and during that time have fitted hundreds and hundreds of persons. Some had put off getting glasses so long that they could not see a large 4 inch letter A without going within 2 or 3 feet of it, and might have gone blind if they had put off getting glasses much longer. Others have been fitted or rather misfitted, with wrong glasses by travellers, and charged a great deal more than they ought to have been. This year our traveller, Mr. C. H. White, intends calling on parties at their homes in the country, to test eyes and show samples of our goods. Should he call on you I bespeak for him your favorable consideration, and any order you may give him will be filled as soon as possible and guaranteed by me. Glasses can also be exchanged at the store, CAMERON BLOCK, City, if after a trial they do not prove as satisfactory as you wish.

E. W. TAYLOR, City