CALENDAR FOR MARCH, 1894.

New Moon, 7th day, 10h 6.0m., a. m. n b h
First Quar 14th day, 2h 15.6 m, p.m, S E
Full Moon, 21st day, 8h 58.7 a.m., NW b h
Last Quar 27th day, 4h 15.1m. a. m, S.

	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water
		h m	h m	after'n
1	Thursday	6 43	5 42	6 21
2	Friday	41	43	7 34
3	Saturday	39	44	8 28
4	Sunday	38	46	9 22
5	Monday	36	47	9 53
6	Tuesday	34	49	10 27
7	Wednesday	32	50	11 0
8	Thursday	30	52	11 31
9	Friday	28	53	morn
10	Saturday	26	54	0 3
11	Sunday	24	56	0 37
12	Monday	22	57	1 16
13	Tuesday	20	59	2 1
14	Wednesday	18	6 0	3 3
15	Thursday	16	1	4 19
16	Friday	14	3	5 57
17	Saturday	13	4	7 26
18	Sunday	11	5	8 31
19	Monday	9	6	9 20
20	Tuesday	8	7	10 2
21	Wednesday	5	9	10 37
22	Thursday	3	11	11 11
23	Friday	1	12	11 45
24	Saturday	5 59	13	afn 18
25	Sunday	57	15	0 53
26	Monday	55	16	1 33
27	Tuesday	53	17	2 29
28	Wednesday	51	19	2 12
29	Thursday	49	20	4 22
30	Friday	47	21	5 41
31	Saturday	5 45	6 22	6 51

THE DAILY EXAMINER

THE LEADING DAILY NEWSPAPER OF P. E. ISLAND,

Is issued every afternoon, from the office of THE EXAMINER PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the ondon House Building, Queen Street.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE)

ONE YEAR	$4.00
SIX MONTHS	2.00
THREE MONTHS	1.00
ONE MONTH	0.35

Sent post paid to any part of Canada or the United States

ADVERTISING RATES

For small advertisements which are ordered for only one or two weeks the charge is 50 cents per inch for the first insertion, and 20 cents for each continuation. Rate cards are furnished on application at the office. Special contract prices at a reduced rate are quoted for advertisements four inches in size or larger, which are to run for three months or longer.

No special notices inserted unless paid for at the rate of 10 cents per line, and under no circumstances will such paid notices appear in the local column.

Special discounts made on all advertisements connected with Church Fairs, Bazaars, Picnics, etc. No notices will be inserted with the same unless the regular rate of 10 cents per line is paid.

That THE EXAMINER is considered by ano Merchants and Manufacturers to be the leading newspaper in P. E. Island, and consequently the most valuable advertising medium through which to make their announcements public, is abundantly proved by the fact that in order to accommodate our advertisers we have been compelled to enlarge the paper to its present size.

THE DAILY EXAMINER is for sale by the following agents :—

R. H. Mason, Post Office, Charlottetown
J. McIntyre Malpeque Road, "
C. Paul, Lower Spring Park Road, "
W. M. Coffin, Grafton Street, "
S. Grey, cor. Water and Prince St. "
D. Chappell, Prince Street, "
Bazaar store, Queen Street, "
Geo. Carter & Co., Queen Street, "
S. Gray, News Stall, P. E. I. Railway and on the trains.
M. & T. J. Walsh, Eclectic Bookstore, Summerside.
Harry McFarlane, Souris.
Hon. D. Gordon, Georgetown.
D. A. Egan, Mt. Stewart.
G. M. Clarke, Alberton.
A. J. McNeil Stanley Bridge.

The Weekly Examiner

Is issued every Friday morning from the publishers' office. It is made up of matter which has appeared in the Daily editions, and is a first-class weekly newspaper—interesting and full of the latest news.

The subscription for THE WEEKLY EXAMINER, post paid to any part of Canada or the United States, is one dollar per year.

Advertising rates on the same scale as given bove for THE DAILY EXAMINER.

DOCTOR DORSEY,

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of the Medical Department of the University of the City of New York, late Member of the Resident Staff of Bellevue Hospital and the New York Lying-in Hospital, New York City.

OFFICE. North Side Queen Square
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

Residence—Near Corner of King and Queen Streets, Charlottetown.

ROBERT BEAIRSTO

COMMISSION MERCHANT AND AUCTIONEER.

GOOD REFERENCES.

Salesroom: Queen Street, Charlottetown

Robt. Balloch & Co.,

TEA MERCHANTS,

MINCING LANE----------LONDON

REPRESENTED IN CANADA BY

J. A. MORRISON, HALIFAX

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS : Four Dollars a Year

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

Single Copies Two Cents

NEW SERIES — CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894. — VOL 33.—NO. 205

Square Read Room

THE MAGIC CITY

See Coupon on Page 3.

INSURANCE---FIRE, MARINE, LIFE.

The undersigned represents the following first-class British Companies :—

FIRE.

North British and Mercantile Insurance Company.
Union Assurance Society (1714).
Manchester Fire Assurance Company.

MARINE.

British and Foreign Marine Insurance Company.
Reliance Marine Insurance Company.

LIFE.

London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company.

Fire and Marine Policies all written here. Sterling Certificates, payable in any part of the world, issued on shipments.

ALSO—The Nova Scotia Marine Insurance Company and the Dominion Burglary Guarantee Company of Canada.

OFFICE—Stamper's Block, Charlottetown. Agencies in all Towns and Villages.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN.

feb13—1 yr law (sat)

I. X. L. Grain Crusher

—AND—

TURNIP SLICER.

Having a large stock of the above Farm Implements on hand, and wishing to close them out this season, for the next two months I will sell them for 12 bushels of good White Russian Wheat, delivered at Charlottetown. Parties sending Wheat by train will have Bags returned with Crusher.

Extra Rings for the above always on hand.

D. W. FINLAYSON,

Ch'town, Dec. 27, 1893—eod & wy — LEPAGE'S OLD STAND.

FIVE LARGE CASES OF

Steel Enamelled Ware,

ordered direct from the manufacturer in Germany, that should have arrived in October last, only arrived this week. In order to reduce the stock we will sell for a few days at a Discount of TWENTY PER CENT.

These gooes are of the best quality, bought low and marked low, but we must clear out a lot of it. Now the time to buy. Discount for Cash only.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

Charlottetown, February 2, 1894—tn fri

It's Pretty Early

in the season to advertise WALL PAPER, but it's a pretty good thing to get paper worth 50c. a roll for 15c. You can do it, though, NOW at the BAZAAR STORE. These are our last year's patterns, and WILL BE SOLD regardless of cost. Perhaps some may doubt this statement, but we only want a chance to prove it. Our 15c. papers are reduced to from 6c. to 10c. If you require Parlor Papers we have them, but if you want THE VERY LATEST SPRING STYLES, wait about two weeks and we will show you a few eye-openers. For Dining Room, Sitting Room or Bedroom Papers NOW is the time to buy. You get our last season's Embossed Gilt Papers for from 15c. to 25c. a roll. We notice there are some wide-awake people among the Guardian readers, from the number who took adtantage of our Reduction Sale of Window Blinds. If you have not noticed it in the Guardian look it up, or better still, read it here:—"Our whole stock of Dadoed Blinds at 50c. complete.

BAZAAR COMPANY.

Charlottetown, Feb. 23, 1894—m w f

COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Has come not a little knowledge as to cookery—what to do, as well as what *not* to do. Thus we have learned to use

COTTOLENE,

the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

PROGRESSIVE COOKING

is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us *not to use* lard, but rather the new shortening,

COTTOLENE,

which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be.

The success of Cottolene has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Arn Sts.,
MONTREAL.

COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE COTTOLENE

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

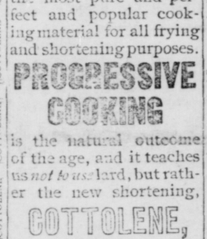
BreakfastCocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



"You'll Feel Better"
Everybody does, after taking a few bottles of

MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER.

It builds up the run-down system,—is strengthening and appetizing. It is readily borne by weak stomachs, regulates the bowels, and is invaluable to those afflicted with Indigestion and Flatulency.

THE MALTO PEPTONIZED PORTER CO. LTD.
TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA.
Highly Recommended by Physicians.

Information Wanted

of the relatives of

JAMES WALLACE,

a carpenter and seaman, who came to Boston about 20 years ago. Address

GEO. WALLACE,
South Abington Station, Mass.

jan29—dy & wy

PERFECT MANHOOD!

How attained—how restored—how preserved. Ordinary works on Physiology will not tell you: the doctors can't or won't; but all the same you wish to know. Your

SEXUAL POWERS

are the Key to Life and its reproduction. Our book lays bare the truth. Every man who would regain sexual vigor lost through folly, or develop members weak by nature or wasted by disease, should write for our sealed book, "Perfect Manhood." No charge. Address (in confidence),

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

DYEING COMPANY.

Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners,
MONTREAL.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DYE all class of goods and garments equal to any House in Europe.

FRENCH CLEANING a specialty.

All information regarding shades, prices, etc., furnished by

CHAS. IVES MORRISON,
Agent, Queen Street.

sept25—eod

Christy Knives

BREAD—CARVING—PARING.

FOR SALE BY

R. B. Norton & Co.,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

aug 16.

ADOWN WHITE RAPIDS.

A BRIGHT CANADIAN SKETCH OF THE ONLY TIME IT WAS DONE.

An Old Man's Story of the Early Days of the Century—A Thrilling Capsize and Subsequent Rescue by a Brave Canadian Girl.

Everyone in the sister countries, whether or no he has made a tour of the Great Lakes—those circled seas—is familiar with the name, Sault Ste. Marie. Ordinary newspaper readers, in glancing over the current dailies, will, time and again be attracted by some news item regarding the great ship canal now rapidly nearing completion, summer tourists—each year innumerable—who have enjoyed the delights of a trip to Mackinac remember the appearance of the beautiful river St. Mary, pass lazily gliding along past the picturesque Indian Reserve at Garden River in our own fair Canada on one side and the high hills of the United States settlement at Sugar Island on the other.

Last midsummer I formed one of a gay party of tourists, who, for the first time, were feasting upon the exquisite scenery, so delightful to the hearts of nature's lovers, extending from a Georgian Bay port to the Island of Mackinac. About noon of an ideal day the two "Soos" were sighted, built directly opposite. All were anxious to watch the working of that wonderful piece of mechanism known as the locks, and that which necessitated the construction of an artificial river claimed more than passing notice. The White Rapids, which years ago caused the French word Sault to be prefixed to these two settlements, religiously dedicated to the Mother of God, still "Gambol and leap on their tortuous way." Those of the tourists who were venturesome and fond of excitement were not satisfied with viewing them from the shore, but under the guidance of some dark-browed child of the forest they shot the rapids to their own infinite delight, but to the terror of their older and more timid companions, as from a good point of view they watched their apparently perilous descent. As yet no accidents have happened, no gay party has mingled their lives with the treacherous spray, for the Indian skilfully guides his loved canoe, and is careful to keep far enough distant from the centre to escape the force of the foaming water which here he deems too strong for human hand.

As I stood on a knoll on the Canadian shore anxiously watching the descent of the gayest of our party, whose laughter and shouts echoed and re-echoed along the shore, I was joined by a man whose appearance indicated that he had long since passed the allotted three-score years and ten. His was a striking face, one that you instinctively loved to gaze upon after the first glance. The bright eyes, not dimmed with age, led one to imagine from their calm, peaceful look that they were indeed the windows of the soul. His long, silvery hair hung upon his shoulders, and as his soft accents fell upon my ears in his few, short words of greeting, I thought of Benedict Bellefontaine, immortalized by Longfellow. Following with his eyes the course of the canoe, he said:

"The youths and maidens are happy! Ah, me, when I see their love for excitement and hear their joyful noise I forget that the course of my life is run and fancy myself once more a boy. My youth comes back to me with its long, long thoughts. Well do I remember, as if but yesterday, the first and only boat that I ever saw really go down the rapids; this is only child's play compared with that other descent."

A far away look was in his eyes as the reminiscences of the past flooded his memory. I anxiously waited for him to reopen the conversation, but he seemed to have forgotten my existence. After some seconds so eager was I to hear the story of that descent from the lips of this interesting and venerable old man that I ventured to disturb his reflections by a timid request for the tale. Motioning me to follow him to a rude but picturesque seat on the shore, commanding a fair view of the memorable rapids, he began:

"Eighty-five years ago what is now our thriving Sault Ste. Marie was one vast wilderness, scarce marked by man's invasion. All is different now except the blue waters of the river and the white foam of the rapids. A small band of settlers eager for adventure had reached these shores, and, either from desire or inability to proceed farther, had fashioned their rude camps commanding a view of the water. My father was one of the number, and much against my mother's counsel, he decided to remain. At this time, I was but a toddling baby. My mother, never a strong woman, and unused to hardships such as the pioneers had to endure, soon entirely lost her health and before the close of a year had said her last good-bye.

"The years went by until I was a sturdy lad of seventeen and my father's inseparable companion in hunting and fishing. In the meantime my father had become connected with the old Hudson Bay Company, the remains of whose old Fort you see yonder. We didn't work in those days—all was pleasure. Everything that we required to eat was at our very door. We lived—and right royally too—on fish, game and the flesh of the wild animals. For years and years a few families were the only white settlers. Our neighbors were the sons of the forest but they never molested us. At long intervals some whites visited the shores and traded with the settlers and thus we, occasionally, were provided with, what we deemed, some of the luxuries of life.

"My father, shortly after mother's death, feeling the need of a housekeeper and a mother for me, chose a wife from among the young squaws—the Princess of her tribe. One child only came to them; a little girl who in appearance resembled her father, though in her nature were blended the best characteristics of the two races. She had dark eyes and wavy chestnut hair. How we loved our Ray, as we called her! Not less was she revered by the natives of the settlement who had admiringly styled her in their own language, 'The Evening Star.'

"Father possessed an excellent education which, had he so willed, might have been put to better use than pioneering. However that may be, though in other ways he was heedless of conventionality, every evening he taught Ray and myself the mysteries contained in the books, the luxuries which he brought to his new home. Father's second wife, whom, from the first, I had looked upon as mother, really, in her own inimitable way, gave me as well as Ray, a mother's love and care. But she, too, was destined to leave us. When sister Ray had reached her twelfth year, mother, one day roaming in the woods, received a shot from the rifle of an Indian who was hunting, and from the effects of the wound she never recovered. How father, Ray and I missed her loving care! It was many weary months before we could persuade ourselves that mother was lost to us for all time.

"One summer day in the neighborhood of seventy years ago, a boat, much larger than those to which we were accustomed, sailed up the river and anchored near our dwelling. My father, who was at the shore, became engaged in conversation with the occupants, and, as they purposed remaining in the vicinity some few days, offered them the hospitality of our house. The party consisted of a captain and a crew of five, one of whom was a handsome boy of eighteen years, whose fine features, pale face, blue eyes and curling golden hair led the simple natives to suppose him an inhabitant of some other sphere. Ray, sweet, kind girl, busied herself in preparing the evening meal for the strangers, while we all sat around the fire chatting. The handsome boy, whom the others called Murray, followed her every motion while his eyes betrayed undisguised admiration. Ray was now fifteen but womanly beyond her years.

"After the sailors had eaten heartily of our humble repast the captain, in conversation, informed my father that he had come hither with the intention of investigating whether the rapids could really be safely descended. He thought there was nothing to prevent a boat coming down, if skilfully piloted; and if he found such to be the case, he intended running a steamer up and down. Could such an arrangement be perfected there was money—heaps of it—in it. Could he get some trusty Indian to make the venture? Did my father know of one who would be willing for the undertaking? He would pay liberally. My father shook his head doubtfully but mentioned Keen Eye—a noted boatman. I was despatched to bring him to the house, though my father gave the captain little encouragement. Keen Eye, after having the captain's wishes interpreted, stoutly refused to act in the matter. It meant death—nothing more or less. Even the application of the term coward to Keen Eye failed to move him from his stern resolve. Though unquestionably disappointed and also annoyed at his failure, the captain openly avowed his intention of descending the rapids himself if his crew would accompany him.

"The men, who loved their captain dearly, expressed their willingness to be guided by him whether for weal or woe. He seemed overcome with joy—then a look of sadness overspread his face as his eyes fell upon Murray. He crossed over to him, ran his fingers care singly through his silky hair and then said:

"'My boy, I cannot suffer you to accompany us. Did I do so I would not be fulfilling the promise I made your mother, my first and only love, on her deathbed—to be a father to her child.'

"A look of love, mingled with pride, came into the lad's eyes as he replied:

"'You have always been a good father to me, and now I want to prove myself, a true, brave son of yours.'

"At daylight next morning each man expressed his willingness to make the descent. Though we, with the Indians who had been made acquainted with their intention, felt sadly certain that inevitable death would be their reward, not one of the crew professed to be at all alarmed about the result.

"Before long the boat was in readiness; it was one such as the fishermen now-a-days use. The people of the settlement gathered along the shore (except the more timid ones who went inside the houses and closed the doors to keep out the terrifying sight). Poor sister Ray seemed saddened beyond her years. A silent hand pressure had been her only farewell to Murray, and yet I felt that in the short time since his arrival they had, almost unconsciously, became more than friends. I stood with her as her eyes unwaveringly followed the course of the boat which, leaving the shore, rowed steadily and easily in the calm water, gradually approaching the rapids. They started from yonder point; you see where the stream begins to descend the water forms an inclined plain; presently it breaks into curling rolls which end off in miniature white foaming abysses, where the water has broken on the rocks below. On the brink of the plane the boat seemed to pause for an instant; a push of the oars and then straight and swift as an arrow it shot right down into the treacherous foam. A cross wave twisted her broadside, and then, horrible to gaze upon, the boat, so fragile to contend with the mad forces, steered straight for a rock.

"All the watchers were breathless in the excitement that knows no word. A rapid turn of the captain's oar at the right time, however, and she rushed past the black mass but in the rushing, overturned. From our point of view one man was seen on the top of a mad wave, and, engulfed for a moment in the raging whirlpool, was seen to descend with the stream. The others, almost incredibly, clung to the boat, and righted it. They might reach land, but one has gone to meet his God, thought I. In my eager watching I had forgotten Ray and now turning to speak to her I found that she had left my side. I saw her snatch an enormous fishing hook that lay on the shore and, jumping into a boat, row toward the basin of the Rapids. Thinking her mind unhinged with the prolonged excitement (as the men had already put out to the rescue) I shouted to her to wait if only till I could accompany her, but heedless of my cries, she steered ahead, and taking the hook whose weight at another time would have been beyond her strength, thrust it into the water. By this time I had seized another boat and was by her side just as she, to my terror and surprise, with an almost superhuman effort, raised the hook and displayed a black mass clinging to it. I hauled it into the boat, seeing as I did so, that it was really the body of a man.

"All this happened in less time than it takes to relate it. Instantly almost we were at the shore with our sad burden, the apparently lifeless body of Murray. Ray watched eagerly but despairingly as an old Indian doctor, with our assistance, began, what I thought the useless task of resuscitation. In the meantime the almost exhausted men, who had tenaciously clung to the remnant of the boat, had been brought to land and attended to by those on the shore. After some minutes, to our joy, but not less to our surprise, the old Indian pronounced the man alive. After many hours of suspense he opened his eyes, which fell upon Ray.

"Weary weeks of suffering somewhat brightened by little sister's presence and ministering care, went by, and Murray, though still very weak, was allowed to quit his bed. Ray had seen what not one of us had noticed—that he who had been dashed in the maddening flood was Murray and that there still might be a chance of saving his life—so she had steered for the point where the body was likely to be driven by the force of the waters and spying the hook had quick-wittedly thought of its usefulness. I shall not dwell on his gratitude to Ray, too deep for words, or the captain's joy that his boy had been so miraculously saved. The captain, thankful for his wonderful escape, vowed never again to endanger his life, and gave up the idea of the steamer.

"After some weeks employed in reconstructing a new boat, the party left for home; but one was to return. At the close of the year Murray would come for our Ray. I will pass hurriedly over that time in which father and I prepared us solace for the parting with our treasure, Murray, who had other influential friends besides the captain, obtained a lucrative position in the captain's native town on the banks of one of the St. Lawrence, and built a beautiful home there by the water, in memory of Ray's birth place, into she with no thoughts but those of love. Murray Glendenning and his wife lived the life of a truly noble couple whose union was actuated solely by principles of the truest and purest love.

"Father, at his own request, remained in his old home until his death, some few years later, after which I spent my time between my sister's happy abode and the mines in our Dominion in which I was interested. Four years ago Murray and Ray after a long, loving, useful life to others died within a month of each other. One could not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come. I have returned to the blue waters and the White Rapids to live over again in memory the scenes of my happy, free from care youth, awaiting patiently the day when God shall say 'Time hath come.'"

NAOMI.

RAILROAD MEN ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.

When They Escape from Any Great Danger They Regard It Merely as Luck.

If there is one thing that a railroad employee believes in more than another it is luck. No matter how clearly a practical man may analyze a certain disagreeable result, they will dubiously shake their heads and contend that it was a case of luck, good or bad, pure and simple. For instance, if one of their number had been ordered off on a certain train and through sickness should fail to report and the man taking his place had been killed, they will, one and all, emphatically declare it was a case of lucky sickness for the man that was compelled to remain at home. They fail to see the fact that the substitute proved negligent in his duty, and had the regular man been in his place it was a 100 to 1 chance that the accident would not have occurred.

It is, however, an undeniable fact that there are more strange and weird occurrences taking place daily in the railroad service than in any other branch of employment. The ponderous rolling stock, the swift flight through the country, over spider-like bridges, under the earth in long dismal tunnels and in weather varying from the pleasant to the most trying, all tend in the direction of beliefs almost supernatural. Then, again, train service is not the kind that calls so much for brain as physical equipment. The element of chance does, to a certain extent, enter into the every day services of a train man, and that they should be superstitious is only following natural lines.

"Fake" Freaks.

"Fake" freaks often draw better that genuine ones, but they do not last so long. A recent instance of this kind was an "electric girl." It was asserted that she was charged with electricity that one received a shock upon shaking hands with her. This delusion was really produced by the girl standing on a wet mat charged with electricity from a hidden battery and large enough for the visitor to stand on also. Another fake of the same class, which I came across not long ago, was a "wild man of the woods," who was crouching in a dark corner of what appeared to be a heavy barred cage, clanking the heavy chains that were attached to his limbs. A strong railing was placed in front so as not to allow visitors to approach too close to the man. The lecturer told the audience how this remarkable creature had been found running wild by a party of hunters on the west coast of Africa, and that he had been in captivity only a few months, and was very dangerous—so much so that his meat, which he would eat only in a raw state, had to be placed in the cage with a long iron fork. After the museum closed every night this wild man doffed his chains and suit of hair and took the car to his home, where he was accounted one of the mildest and most henpecked of men.

Division of Sects.

Not counting the 150 separate and independent congregations having no denominational creed or connection, there are 143 distinct bodies of Christians in the United States. These all stand aloof from one another for various reasons, real or imaginary. As some one has rather humorously expressed it, a person who wants to join the Church may "be six kinds of an Adventist, seven kinds of a Catholic, twelve kinds of a Mennonite, twelve kinds of a Presbyterian, thirteen kinds of a Babtist, sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, seventeen kinds of a Methodist, two or more kinds of an Episcopalian.—New York World.

Not Easy to Levy on a Lions' Cage.

It is rather difficult to distrain upon a man's goods when his only earthly possessions consist of a cage full of lions. This fact has been forcibly brought home to M. Leclaire, a Paris engineer, who made a perambulating cage for a lion-tamer named Marck. M. Leclaire could not obtain the 4,500 francs due, whereupon he put the law in motion. A broker went down to seize the wild beasts, who, possibly at the secret instigation of their owner, roared at him so threateningly directly he appeared that he did not care to have anything to do with their removal. M. Leclaire is casting about for a way out of the difficulty.—London Answers.

Evolution in Tailoring.

The words breeches, trousers and pantaloons are now used interchangeably, but originally the significations were quite different. Pantaloons are said to have been at the first nothing but long stockings worn in Italy as a sort of religious habit by the devotees of St. Pantaloon. Breeches originally reached from the waist half way to the knee, and finally to the knee, where they were fastened with a buckle. Trousers are the present style of leg gear, a combination of the former two.

The Pickle Negro.

In Georgia the negroes out-marry the whites, some of them marrying two or three times a year. A negro will quit his wife in Atlanta and go up to Marietta and get another one and call for his license and get married and stick until she quits him or he gets tired of her, and then he skips over to Rome or somewhere and tries it again.

That Tell-Tale Beard.

For forty years the principal of a young lady's school in Copenhagen has been respected as a lady. Lately "she" became very rude to one of her pupils and was arrested. After two days incarceration it was noticed that "she" needed shaving. Then it became manifest that the principal was really a man.

Toothache, Faceache, Inflamed and Sore Eyes are certainly cured by Pond's Extract: sold in one bottles only. .....

MIDDLETON, Conn., Feb. 27.—The prisoners in the Middlesex county jail in Haddam rebelled to-day because their demand for better clothing was not satisfied. The officials, however, prevented a general outbreak. Fifty prisoners complain that they are not given proper treatment. Trouble was threatened by the prisoners a few weeks ago, but they were at that time subdued.

The Modern Invalid.

Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely vegetable in composition, truely beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If really ill he consults physician; if constipated uses the gentle amily laxative, Syrup of Figs .....

For Sudden Colds, take Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Calsam. It cures .....

Mr. J. W. Dykeman
St George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

afflictions caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them."

J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

Rev. F. J. H. Axford, RECTOR ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Cornwallis, N.S. says:

Mr. Borden is a neighbor of mine and I know that his statement is true.

Rheumatism & Paralysis

CAN BE CURED.

Mr. Borden says: Have had Rheumatism for 15 years. In the autumn of 1890 I had a severe attack. I could not sleep, my feet and legs swelled and life was almost unbearable. Physicians, patent medicines and electric batteries gave me no relief.

Skoda's Cures.

I was treated four months in the Hospital, but after being at home one week was as bad as ever. Have taken 6 bottles of Skoda's Discovery and feel like a new man.

Skoda's Little Tablets cure constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia. 35 cts.

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

SKODA DISCOVERY CO., LTD., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

For sale by all druggists. Trade supplied by W. R. Watson; Charlottetown P. E. I.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER.
As much
FOR INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use.
In 1810

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think Of It. In use for more than Eighty Years, and still leads. *Generation after Generation* have used and blessed it. Every Traveler should have a bottle in his satchel.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure.

Every Mother Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colds, Cuts, Bruises, Cramps and Pains liable to occur in any family without notice. Delays may cost a life. Relieves all Summer Complaints like magic. Price, 25 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $1. Express paid. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Baby Wants It.

Martin's Cardinal Food

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

The most palatable food prepared, and is unequalled by any other preparation of its kind. The best food and the best value, put up in one pound Tins, price 25 cts. per Tin.

Sold Retail by all Druggists and Grocers and Wholesale by

KERRY WATSON & CO. PROPRIETORS
MONTREAL.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

MILLER'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN

WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

Palatable as cream. No oily taste like others. In big bottles 50c. and $1.00.

When we assert that

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Cure Backache, Dropsy, Lumbago, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism and all other forms of Kidney Troubles, we are backed by the testimony of all who have used them.

THEY CURE TO STAY CURED.

By druggists or mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. Dr. L. A. Smith & Co., Toronto