rise

so easily child's play. ningin Soap othes and gives esults. To wash

on the wrapper. urprise in any ry way.

of one cent be nd power is sold in as \$15 per horse his bill, which gives Ottawa Electric acquire the other, etric Company, was s inserted emascuit was withdrawn. ted for the bill as the robbery of the ve voted solidly nately for Ottawa, independent enough But this year the are confident that. y's vigorous opposigo through by a

e of the people v. ried before a court ole to inducements on that election day in the future, can-

ERER HANGED.

Killed His Divorced

Feb. 10.-Augustus anged in the United t 12.07 o'clock today his wife in August, warrant was read to before noon. The without unusual spiritual adviser ancondemned man had for the past four which Shaffer exthe killing of his Katherine Ivey, the okkeeper in a bank. roat with a razor on st 22, 1903. The murated and unaggravatusy. The woman had rce from him three ffer was 39 years old, ed in the government Despite their separaving at her father's wo children, Shaffer ous of her. He met early in the evening a few words he exit's my time and my grasping her by the throat with a razor, gular and cartoid ar almost instantly. The essed by several peo-

ROVINCIALISTS

d Receetly in the States

followed immediate-

appeals for commu-

ence had been made

. 10.-The following provincialists are an-Roxbury, Feb. 8 Mrs. lane, wife of Thomas years, formerly of St. y, Capt. Jas. B. Hamars, formerly of Hopeburn, Feb. 6, Geo. years, native of Fredburn, Feb. 5, Donald of Prince Edward Isly of St. John: in Roxse S. Perkins, aged 90 of St. John; in Cam-Mrs. Eleanor Wilson Vilson, aged 78 years, Boston, Feb. 5, by Wilson of steamer t of St. John, aged 32 ty, by drowning. Thos. Moncton; in this A. Marr of Sydney. rs; in Plymouth. Feb. non, aged 54 years, h Sydney, C. B.; in Geo. J. McSweeney. 25 years (killed

Nova Scotia.

N. F-Crew Badly

rozen.

ands. "Mamma and the sisters do be crew reached shore d it is feared that one "I'm afraid o' the grandfather." the crew of the schoone girl said timidly, glancing towards the nore, has been rescued freezing night in the istant farm-house, as if she feared that Shaun's sharp face might appear ooner Energy is still at the window which looked out upon rifted 200 yards nearer glen. "He's very quare these is feared will go to times, and spinds most o' the day shut The railway, steam ip in the room with his ould papers, h systems have only d I've an amount o' work to do since d operations. granny died." and Eagle are still un But why should you be killing your-

GREED



| self, whin the ould man can well af- | business?" he said loudly.

(Weekly Irish Times.) It was a bleak wintry day; heavy ford to pay for help?" clouds hung low on the herizon, and a "Sure he says he's very poor," Kathbitter wind swept over the small farm leen said doubtfully; "I don't know lying in a rugged valley, shut in by what to say to him! 'Tis impossible ofty mountains, on whose crests the to get a farthing from him, and we snow lay thickly, while swollen streams | have hardly enough to ate these timeshurried down from their steep sides, the last two boys he hired to work on coaming through the dark ravine till the farm ran away, and said they were they are lost in the gloomy lough to starved, and he's always moaning and the south of Glenamona. groaning, and saying he's lost all his

he soon came to be called in the neigh-

borhood - appeared in Glenamona,

whence nobody exactly knew, nor what

curiosity of her kindly talkative neigh-

on her mind," when she had rejected

all their well-meant advances, and ne-

with some untold sorrow.

of her grand-parents.

pressed upon them.

Till Kathleen was nineteen, however,

Her grandmother was devoted to her.

and did all in her power to make things

endurable for the girl, often permitting

her to visit the neighbors, inventing

scattered cottages or farm-houses

around, when Shaun was at home, and

even sending her to dances and "pat-

terns" when the old man was safely

out of the way on one of his periodical

journeys connected with some mysteri-

ous business. She never objected when

Terence Maher, whose mother owned

a large farm at the end of the glen,

came down to Gortnamona about the

hour when Kathleen drove down the

cows and goats from the hilly pas-

tures, and strolled by her side to the

very door of the house. If Shaun were away, Mrs. M'Guire would ask the

young man in, and the love affair was

progressing very smoothly when, one

day, nearly two years before my story

and from that time Shaun made Kath-

Kathleen went no more to fair or

market, dance or pattern. She never

had a penny of her own, or a new dress,

or even a fresh ribbon to tie in her

dusky curls from the day her grand-

mother died till this cold afternoon

glen with a heavy pail of milk, which

she was carrying to the village a mile

Suddenly a quick step echoed upon

eyes to see you!" and Terence Maher

ppeared, a fine looking young fellow,

with a fair complexion and merry blue

milk pail from her cold and trembling

when she toiled wearily through the

opens, the old woman died suddenly,

leen's life a burden to her!

beyond the Lough.

rrands which would take her to the

On the north the glen suddenly op-ened out into a great bog, which bore in it!" evil reputation in the district, for not "Sorra the truth girl! Isn't he linding only was it supposed to be haunted by money to the whole country side! I'm thankful to say me poor father kept such malignant beings as pookas and will-o'-the-wisps, who lured travellers out of his clutches, or maybe 'tis sold to destruction in its deep pools and out o' the land we'd be now! As it is, I'm comfortably off, and I'll shortly quagmires, but twice already a portion it had moved through the valley, have only the mother to support, for which at one time had been thickly both the girls will be married this inhabited, sweeping away houses, in- Shrove. Kathleen, dear, I'm in want habitants, flocks, and crops, and never of a wife—will you marry me, asthore? stopping till it plunged into the lough Sure you know I have a fancy for you

this long time!" According to tradition, the bog would "Oh, but Terence, dear! grandfather move once more through Glenamona, bringing death and destruction as of such a thing to him!" Kathleen said yore, and the farmhouse in the glen- nervously, twisting the fringe of her the one dwelling that had escaped the worn and faded plaid shawl in her last bog-slide — was supposed to be thin brown hands. "He'd be mad with doomed. Everyone shunned it, and it me and he won't give me a pinny o'

had been unlet for many years, when shaum M'Guire — "the miser," — as "I don't want t "I don't want the fortune if I get yourself," said Terence coolly. "Oh! I'm not saying a few pounds wouldn't come in handy, but if ould Shaun won't brought him from that mysterious ou- give thim why we can do without his "But Terence, dear he'll never allow

ter world "beyant the mountains." Findthat the farm of Gortnamona was me to marry you," faltered Kathleen. to be had for a song, the new-comer "Arrah, thin, we'll only have to do took it, laughing at the prophesies conwithout it," laughed the young man, ed. /She had rarely heard him say cerning the moving bog, and the tales "But maybe he will. Sure he'd have of evil spirits and ghosts who were one less to feed!" said to haunt it, and, repairing the "But-but I do the work. He'd have tumble-down house and farm build-

to keep a servant and pay her wages the natural result of such a daring ings after a fashion, he began to culbesides her food-and-begging your avowal of disbelief in their existence, tivate the land assisted by his wife—a pardon, Terence, he hates you all, I accompanied by this statement that he gaunt, silent woman, who baffled the don't know why. bors, who declared at last that "The

him," answered Terence shrewdly. "See pear at the window now, and sumcraythur was apt to have something here, Kathleen, it'll kill you to go on mon the inmates of the lonely farm like this-doing the work of a horse to meet some awful doom! Was that with no pay, and starved into the bar- a white form tapping at the pane? No, ver stopped in to have a cup of tea gain. Make up your mind and lave it was only the driving snow, whirling and a gossip, or stopped to "pass the him. I promise you'll never regret it, ever faster from the dark sky. Was time o' day" at cottage or farmhouse and don't mind what the ould man as she stalked by, a thin grim figure, says.'

in a worn cloak, that had once been blue, but was now patched and stain-"Oh, how can I do that?" 'the girl said, tears filling her dark eyes. "But and down the wide chimney of the aned, and faded, till it resembled the dull maybe I'll say a word to him some of cient house, and Kathleen cowered browns and greens of the hills and these days when he isn't very cross. bogs. A smile never curved her thin I must go on, Terence. I have to hurlips, she rarely spoke, and her black ry to the village with the milk, and I blaze. eyes gazed out mournfully from her wouldn't say but we'd have the snow haggard face as if they were heavy before night. I'd like to be home be-

She was inoffensive and hard-work-"That reminds me. Kathleen, they ing; when she was not toiling in the say the bog is going to move agin, and his shuffling steps crossing the floor of fields, or carrying heavy baskets of if it does it's sure to come down this country produce across the hills to the glen-there's no way else for it to go. nearest town, the whirr of her spin-ning-wheel might be heard continually. They tell me it's boiling and bubbling The neighbors met her occasionally at up just the way it did before the last hass or market, but she made no slide, and this northerly wind will be friends, and the curiosity concerning apt to give it a start. You should warn her died out, to revive a few years lat-her died out, to revive a few years lat-the grandfather, Kathleen, and make er, when she disappeared from the glen him move out of Gortnamona, or mayfor a month, returning with a pretty, be the bog will be in on yez before you

dark child of eight, whose accent and know where you are!" totally unlike those of "Ah, Terence, you might as well be the inhabitants of the district, or those talking to the wall. He doesn't believe in the moving bog at all at all. By this time Shaun Maguire was do- Anyway he's that headstrong he ing a thriving business as a money- wouldn't stir from Gortnamona if he lender, and, sooner or later, most of was to see all the bogs in Ireland run-

his neighbors found their way to Gort- ning down the glen." namona, for difficulties continually "But, girl alive, you'll be smothered in the mud!" expostulated the young

A few of his clients ventured to ques- man. "Well, if we are, sure we can only tion him about the child, and the old man vouchsafed the information that die once, I suppose," Kathleen said her name was Kathleen, that she was wearily. "It would be an aise for me his grand-daughter, and that both her to be dead whatever! I'm jaded from parents were dead, but where she came the world!"

from was more than they could discov- "Sure 'tis your own fault that you er. Though she attended the school in won't marry me. Say you will, jewel, the nearest village, even her young or I declare but I'll run away with you, companions failed to learn where she so now for you." "Don't be raving that way," the girl

had lived before she appeared at "She had come a long said. "We're just at the village; give way," she said, and then closed her me the milk can, Terence, and thank rosy lips, having evidently been for- you kindly."

bidden to give any further informa-"It's mighty heavy; I'll carry it round for you." 'Tis no heavier than usual," she replied, sighing. "I'm obliged to you, inher life was not altogether unhappy.

deed, but if you were to carry it round all the village would be talking, and if the news was carried up to grandfather he'd kill me dead" "Didn't you tell me you could only

die once, and maybe he'd give you an aisier death than being drowned in the bog," said Terence rather hufflly. "However, plase yourself. Goodbye, and remember what I tould you. I will be expecting to marry you at Shrove! So saying, he turned away, and Kathleen entered the village, where she received further warnings about the mov-

ing bog. Sad at heart. Kathleen turned home wards. Already the wind was rising bring them down from the hill fieldshigher, and wailed like a lost spirit through the gloomy glen. Large flakes of snow began to fall, slowly at first, then with blinding swiftness from the lowering sky, and long before Kathleen reached Gortnamona, her thin dress and shawl were soaked through and she was shivering with cold and

Raising the latch she entered the dark kitchen, where a scanty handful of furze branches smouldered on the open hearth. Throwing a few sods of turf on the open fire and stirring them to a fitful blaze, she put down some yellow meal stir-about, which was the only fare Shaun allowed for supper. her grandfather, and warn him about the bog. He would probably be very the rocky ground, a voice exclaimed argry, and more than probably would take not the least notice of her remonstrance, but at least she would have done her best, and then she must only, hope that the neighbors were wrong

eyes. "Why do you never step up to and that the bog would not move us now?" he asked, taking the hig again. In response to Kathleen's timid knock a harsh voice called, "Come in," and wondhering why you don't come nigh pushing open the door, she saw the old | Kathleen!" he said cheerily. man seated in the fireless room, which was lighted only by a dip-candle, set in an empty porter bottle by whose feeble the sheep-I'm thinking the poor bastes glimmer Shaun was pouring over a are all buried in the snow - but anyheap of papers which lay before him

on the table. duaghter appeared, and his claw-like hands clutched an iron box which stood | the village with the milk."

beside him on the table. often told you I can't be disturbed at hears of it?"

per is just ready-and-" long since ye ate the dinner! You are aiqual to a cormorant, so you are! house and home."

"Oh, but-that isn't all," faltered sale in either case!" Kathleen. "I-I hurried the supper o' purpose, because I wanted to spake to you, 'They're saying in the village that the bog is goining to move again, and that we ought to get out o' this while

"Get out o' this, is it, and lave me

property behind for some o' those it! That's why they have med up their stories about the moving bog, and 'tis only a fool like yourself that would be tuk in be thim! Get out o' years here, and fools have been talk- to the village. ing about the moving bog and the quare things in the glen all that time, but sorra the glimpse of anything worse than meself did I ever see! I don't believe the bog ever moved, any more trudged of to the village. than I think there's a pooka, or a ghost, no, nor a divil for that matsaw the girl's horror-stricken face, as she crossed herself, and ran back to the kitchen, where she threw herself

The interview with grandfather had been even worse than she had expectsuch dreadful things, and to her superstitious mind, a visit from a ghost or some other uncanny being, would be believed in nothing. What if the Because we never borrowed from pooka, or a sheeted ghost were to ap-

that the rumble of the death-coach through the glen? No, it was only the roar of the wind round the old walls close to the fire, while ever and anon a flake of snow fell hissing into the

She was just wondering whether she would ever dare to venture to suggest to her grandfather that she wished to marry the young man, when she heard "the room." He flung open the door, and hobbled into the kitchen, muttering angrily.

money undher the rocks in the glen- her. you careless wretch!"

He finished his speech with a volley of curses and bad names, which made the poor girl tremble, as she hastened to set the stir-about and a jug of buttermilk on the table: seating herself grudged her.

Shane gobbled up his own share which was a large one, needless to say -growling and muttering all the time. while Kathleen found it hard to swallow even a few mouthful of the coarse porridge. The moment the old man had hardly have been more surprised than finished, he rose, took the sods of turf he was at his granddaughter's sudden off the fire, and threw the embers far revolt. Cout it be true that he was and wide over the hearth, and bade really going to lose her, that she was Kathleen go to bed, saying that she goining to marry Terence Maher of all would want to keep the fire burning if

she stayed up. . The girl wearily climbed the ladder to the chilly loft, willing enough to go to bed, for she was very tired and anything was better than her grandfather's company in his present mood. She hurried into bed, and, cowering under her scanty coverings, she listened to the howling of the storm, and wondered if the bog had already start-

ed on its grim progress. Tired out with her long day's toil she dozed off at last, and was sleeping soundly when she was aroused by her grandfather's harsh voice calling to

her from the kitchen: "Get up, lazy-bones! See, the bog hasn't come to us afther all, but the snow is over the doorshtep! down and shovel it away and get me some brekquist-I must go get someone to help me find the sheep, and you'd be no use for that-sure 'tis little good women are for anything but talk-so I'll lave you here, and you can take round the milk, and get about your other work, so look sharp, I tell

Kathleen was soon in the kitchen where as yet all was darkness, for although a stormy red dawn was breaking, the snow lay thick against the small uneven window panes, shutting out its glimmer. She soon lit the fire and prepared the breakfast, and then shovelled the heavy snow from the doorstep before the miser, clad in an ancient skin of oilskins, set off for the village in search of assistance to save Then she resolved to go in search of his sheep which he had obstinately refused to bring in from the fields when the neighbors warned him that the snow was coming.

Kathleen fed the poultry and milked the cows and was just wondering how she was to get through the snowy glen with her milk cans, when she heard the sound of wheels in the vard. and looked out to find Terence at the door with a jennet and cart.

"The top o' the morning to you "I saw the grandfather below in the village, looking for some one to help him with how, he'll be some time looking for them, so, as I knew you could never He looked up angrily as his grand- walk through the glen this morning, I drove down the jennet to carry you to

"It was very kind of you, Terence "What do you want here? Haven't I but what'll I do if the grandfather

"Why should he hear it? I'll drive house, which rocked and creaked with "Oh, but, grandadda, the -the sup- you to the end o' the glen, and you can each furious blast. The dusk gather-"Ready at this hour? Why, 'tisn't milk around the village, and I'll wait flickering fire-light, not daring to light How dare you get the supper till I wouldn't like it if you fell in the snow told you to do so! I'll be ate out of and spilt the milk, or couldn't get down think of getting to the village this to the village at all—sure he'd lose the

climbed into the cart with her big cans. A drive was a great novelty to her, and notwithstanding her dread lest then a brief lull—more alarming than Shaun should suddenly appear, she the storm. Kathleen sprang up and ence's company, as the sure-footed jennet scrambled on through the snow scoundrels below to come in and stale drifts, and the young man laughed and joked as merrily as if there were no "Shaun, the Miser" in the world.

"I'm afther telling the mother you'll marry me o' Shrove Tuesday, and she's me sight, Kathleen, and never dar' to proud to hear it," Terence said, as he say such a thing agin! I'm twenty helped Kathleen out of the cart, close

"It's a dale more likely I'll marry you o' Tibbs' Eve-naither before nor When she had finished her rounds she -it seems ricketty like!"

found her lover waiting for her-near they got back to Gortnamona without meeting Shaun. Kathleen went about down on the hearth, and burst into the pigs when the door was flung open violently, and her grandfather rushed running in. in, and brandishing a heavy blackthorn stick.

"So this is the way you spind your time, you brazen crathur, driving over the country, with that blagard of a Torence Haher! Cocked up in a thrap no less, as bould as brass, and I slavould feet thrying to find me little handful o' sheep, that were buried in the when your good-for-nothing mothergo sojering and thin to marry a shtrap littered table and floor. without a pinny, because she had a

great dark eyes flashing flercely. "Where was the harm of getting his fist wildly at her. know all these years offered to convey ful money!" wringing his hands. me? Was I to lave the customers

for another housekeeper. If the brown hen, that perched sleepily on settle, had suddenly attacked him with beak and claws. Shaun could people. How unlucky that the young man had happened to fix his heart on Kathleen! He was startled too by the girl's suggestion that he had money of hers, which was quite true, for his soldier son had been thrifty, and after his death in India, the young widow had earned a comfortable living as a dressmaker, and had a nice little sum for her only child. Indeed it was this that had made Shaun send back his wife to claim the little girl not daring to venture again into his native place, which he had made too hot to hold him. They had frightened the child by telling her that her father had been a bad man. and that she would be put in prison if she told where she came from, and as the girl had never asked any questions he had fancied she had forgotten her parents, but apparently she remembered them well! How awkward it would be if she demanded her money! must conciliate her and prevent the match in some way-how he did not exactly know, unless he could Terence into trouble! If everything else failed perhaps he could get rid of

the girl! If she were found drowned in the swollen stream one of these winter nights, who was to say how she had come there! Still, that would be a last resource, he would first try to conciliate her, and retain her valuable unpaid services. So he

said craftily: "Aisy now, girl! Sure I meant no a big fortune! Troth and twas worse Gold had brought no happiness to Gortfor meself than anyone to have a foolish, son, but we'll say no more about the ill-gotten gains of Shaun the Miser that only put that stick out o' your nand-'tis an unshuitable thing for a voman to be handling."

Kathleen threw down the blackthorn ind left the kitchen, resolving that she would marry Terence at Shrove as he wished. She did not believe that here was any truth in the story about Polly Canty, but she felt sure that she would have an utterly wretched existence during the rest of the time sh was under her grandfather's roof, and she wondered if nay of the neighbors would take her in till Terence was ready to marry her-the idea of ask ing him to hurry the marriage would never have occurred to her.

Directly his potatoes were finished the miser went into "the room," banging the door violently, and Kathleen sat down to spin by the litchen fire. The snow was falling swiftly once more. and the wind howled round the old

get out there, if you like, and carry the ed, and still the girl spun on in the on the road and take you back. If he a candle lest she should be scolded for does hear it same, what harm? He her extravagance. The storm grew worse every moment-it was useless to evening. Suddenly there was a still more violent gust, which burst open Thus urged, the girl consented and the shaky door, sending a shower of snow over the floor. Immediately

after there was a deafening crash, and then a brief lull-more alarming than thoroughly enjoyed her outing and Ter- ran to the door in terror, wondering what had happened. Was that a loud day, stopped, after they had traveled peal of thunder that echoed through a hundred yards from camp, with the the glen? It was strange that she had seen no lightning, and strange too that thunder could accompany the snow! As she gazed out into the darkness there was another crash, as if the very earth was rent, and the hills were falling. Then the miser rushed into the

kitchen, screaming hoarsely: "Shut the door, you fool! The roof will be whipped off. Then you can come afther Christmas!" the girl said with along and help me to pack up some o' a sigh, as she lifted her cans and me papers and things, in case the house would come down about our ears

So saying he hurried back to his ther!" chuckling with delight as he the place where she had left him, and treasures, and the frightened girl was vainly struggling to shut the door, which was burst open again after each her work, and was just boiling food for attempt, for the storm had returned as well accompany him, for they will with renewed fury, when Terence came

"Kathleen! For heaven's sake, don't ing of a cousin of one of the guides. lose a minute! Save yourself! Didn't He had been taking sportsmen to a you hear the noise? There has been a good place for ducks. land-slip, and tons o' rock and clay have fallen into the bog and set it moving in airnest this time! The turn would be guided by anything. any case, but now 'tis racing like mad one morning, and before noon he had ing and killing meself to support you down the glen. Call your grandfather, nearly killed the man he was working and come at once. Where is the ould man?

"In there," gasped Kathleen, pointing snow! How dar you, an impident to "the rooom," and Terence hastily lump that I tuk out o' the gutther flung open the door and saw the miser sitting by the table, his lean fingers that me fool of a son had the ill-luck clutching feverishly at a mass of gold to marry - died on ye! It was like which lay scattered before him, while Tim M'Guire the omadhaun, first to bags, boxes, and a number of papers

"Come, Mr. M'Guire, get out o' this purty face, if you plase! Sure 'tis kind as fast as you can." cried Terence. parents for you to be quare! Whatev- "The bog is moving, and 'twill be in er med me take you in at all, at all? on ye before you can turn round. For Wasn't I the misguided man to listen pity sake, hurry, sir. Catch up as ed retreat. to me ould fool of a wife!" and he much as you can o' your money and He had aimed a blow at the girl with his stick. run for your life. I hear the bog com-

blackthorn from his hand, her tall fig- The miser started up, his eyes blazure drawn up to its full height, her ing, his grizzled locks standing almost on end

me poor father and mother, and your and sinned, and robbed, ah! and murstick at Kathleen, who jumped up advanced age! Maybe you have money leen, save this," pushing a heavy box the clcan, white wood. hastily. "Is the shtirabout biling all of mine all the time," she added, look-towards the girl, who had stolen time. On one excuse or an this time? Sure it must be gone to nothing. One would think I found the commodities of th a lift to the village whin the glen was other box meself, and I'll come back full o' snow, and a decent boy that I for more! I won't lave it—the beauti-

"Come on, sir!' exclaimed Terence, without a dhrop o' milk to color their seizing him forcibly in his strong arms, tay? You'd sing another tune if you while the old man clutched fiercely at bouillon burns or the tea is em eyes!" and he dragged the struggling miser from the room, and out through the kitchen into the darkness of the stormy night, turning his steps towards the boreen leading up-hill from the farm, in the hope of reaching safety on the higher ground before the bog overwhelmed Gortnamona. Kathleen followed them, and they had just reached the boreen, when a louder noise in the valley below showed that the rushing torrent of mud was almost upon them. With a yell of rage, the miser twisted himself from Terences' grasp, flinging the box he carried on the ground, and rushed back to the doomed house. Kathleen tried to follow him, but was

held back by Terence, who said gently: "Sure, 'tis no use, girl! You can't save him! He'll not get to the house, I'm thinking! The bog is close to us now," and he drew her up to the top a poor gift to make a party of travelof the high hedge which bounded the

boreen. A moment later there was a rush, a roar, then sflence, and the young peo-

ple fell on their knees. poor man! May the Lord have mercy taking off his hat, while Kathleen burst into tears. "Maybe 'tis well the most

of it is gone with him," he added. "It would hardly bring luck!" He led the frightened girl home by the hill paths to his own home, where his mother soothed her to the best of her ability, and tried to persuade her that perhaps the old man had escaped after all, but when morning dawned the farm of Gortnomona lay deep beneath the bog, and Shaun M'Guire and his money with it. No one ever knew the secret of his life, nor what crimes he had committed in his greed for gold. The boxes that were saved contained merely papers and a few bank notes. but neither Terence nor Kathleen reharm, but I didn't like to think Ter- gretted the treasure that lay deep beence would be fooling you, and sure neath the tons of mud, peat, and gravhe's after foxy Polly Canty, that has el that almost filled the hollow glen! namona, and they had enough without

> LEIXOES. Feb 4-Ard, schs Ethel from St John's, Nfld, for Oporto; Jessie L Smith, from do, for do,

Where Men Get Hurt There you find POND'S EXTRACT—the old family doctor—relieving the pain, ouring the burt. For outs, burns, sprains, bruises—whatever happens, Pond's Extract is a certain cure, a reliable "first aid," Go years of relief work prove its worth. Imitations are weak, watery, worthless: Pond's Extract is pure, powerful, priceless.

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SUPERSTITIONS

OF THE GUIDES.

Bad Luck if Chickadee Sings In Front of You.

Declaration of Woodman-Gall of the Wood Pidgeon or the Wood Dove is Supposed to Bring Them Good Luck.

Many and curious are the superstitions of the guides and hunters of the a word or two of badinage with Pete northern woods of Quebec province. An | before killing him. old half-breed woodsman who was in the lead of a shooting party the other declaration that his companion would direct the party that day, as he was obliged to return.

"Maybe he heard something," was the only explanation the younger man would give for his action.

At night when the sportsmen came back empty handed the gray beard gave his reason for his failure and also cessful than in any previous year of its for their non-success.

in front of us, and that always means sidence. The senior class numbers 21. bad luck, you know," he said. The man who hears the bird's song

first must always go back or some accident may happen. The others might get no game. News came in of the accidental shoot-

good place for ducks. "He always was a mad-headed fellow," his relative explained. "He never o' your hand would have shtarted it in laughed about hearing a chickadee sing

> On the other hand, the call of the wood pigeon or wood dove is good medicine; as the Indians say. Many creatures will die that day if the fortun-Burlon and Liszt. He also studied ate hunter hears its cooing early in the morning.

The worst of it is that death may possibly strike some member of the party as well. The guides remember the fact that when a well known Nimrod was found dead in his shack years ago his attendants noticed a dove's nest right above his embower

He had wonderful success that sea son, and in one month had killed more To his amazement, however, she ing now!" as a dull rushing sound was game than in his whole life-time. Every day the pigeon called him to renewed success.

The hoarse squawk of the raven ofter "Don't lay a finger on me! she cried "Run away,' he screamed. "Lave the passionately. "How dar' you miscall money that I toiled and shtarved—yes, most shooting districts, poplar is never tering angrily.

"Is that the way I find you, you good-for-nothing lump, sthretched be the fire as if you hadn't a sthroke o' It's well I know you would never have the fire as if you hadn't a sthroke o' It's well I know you would never have the fire as if you hadn't a sthroke o' It's well I know you would never have the black myd! Kath.

"Is that the way I find you, you good store, and sinned, and robbed, ah! and murtured to get! Never! I'll die with it! have young fellows on their first expedition undertaken to lend a hand in setting up the tent at night, and to that Murchie and Samuel C. Darling, vicehe shouted, shaking his taken me in if it wasn't for your own swallowed up in the black mud! Kathe end have brought in forked stakes of On one excuse or another they are

tent poles obtained from another tree. "I'll carry an- Or a green hand will set up poplar sticks on which to swing the pot. The cook always has a reason ready for If by any chance he should not no-

discarding this wood. tice it, and the pot tilts over, the to the very uninviting food, which he lost the price of it, tell you, and, be a handful of gold. "Bring your box if there will be a hasty malediction upon the same token, I'm goining to marry you like, but you'll not shtay here! I the unlucky poplar sticks. The men Terence at Shrove, so you can look out won't lave you to be dhrowned before are by no means ready with an explanation of these superstitions, and when questioned will content them-

selves with a laughing rejoinder. "Didn't you know that? I thought everybody knew that poplar always brings bad luck to the men who use

it about a camp fire." But the probability is that the red man noticed the continual restless movements of the leaves of the aspen and feeling his sense irritable by the incessant motion set it down as bad medicine. The poplar is a brittle, quickly rotted wood, which furnishes a further reason for disliking it

Tent poles are never drawn from th ground when camp is struck. The old idea of helping the next man to a home makes it almost a crime. Poplar stakes, pretty sure to decay at the bottom within a month or two, would be ers setting up their canvas lodging some dark night.

Some guides go as far as to discour age firing at birds roosting on a poplar tree. Often when bad shooting is made "Sure his money was the ruin o' the at treed birds the guide will laugh in his peculiar way.

"Couldn't expect anything better firing at a poplar tree." It would be rash, however, to assume with some observers that there is here any connection between this superstiton of woodsmen and a tradition that the leaves of the poplar tree have quivered ever since the crucifixion because from its wood the cross was made.

Among the Indian guides the idea prevails that the moose exerts a malevolent influence in the woods. If, as sometimes happens early in the season, a big bull moose charges with a wild rush through the camp, scattering firebrands and pots with its feet, the Indian guides cower in terror be fore it. As likely as not they will refuse to go further with their employers and will beg to be released from their contract. If possible the Indian hunter will not

shoot at the moose from the front or from where he can be seen. That this this afternoon Stephen B. Andres, contingency may be avoided one of the monument manufacturer, Amherst, exguides will attract the attention of the moose by rubbing his hands against a tinued on its way until met by several tree or by breaking a tiny twig. A diminutive dog is sometimes taken

along. The lordly moose disdains to flee from such a puny foe, but strikes at the dog with his murderous forefeet. the hunter meanwhile getting aim at

a vital spot. At the moment of firing an invocation is often shouted out, imploring the forgiveness of the moose, and giving some good reason—such as the lack of meat -for the intended killing. It is to be remembered that the Indian bogy, the Windigo, is in form a moose, which probably accounts for the superstitions still found in the woods regarding the

The black bear is generally considered in the light of the clown of the forest menagerie. His appearance is

animal.

Worn thin? No! Washed thin! That's so when common soap is used.

REDUCES EXPENSE Ask for the Octagon Bar.

hailed with a chuckle, and though respected for his strength and tenacity of life, he may always be attacked and

Good luck is pretty certain to come to camp where the carcase of a black bear is strung up. But if it is possible the Indian guide will invariably have

ACADIA SEMINARY.

Present Year Most Prosperous in its History.

WOLFVILLE . Feb. 10 .- Under the wise and efficient management of Principal DeWolfe, Acadia Seminary is at present more prosperous and suchistory. The registration for this year "I heard the chickadee singing right is 210. Of this number 113 are in re-To accommodate all the pupils in piano Miss Portia Starr of Wolfville has been appointed to the staff. Prof. Maxim has already five assistants, and the addition of Miss Starr will add materially to the strength of the school. She was graduated from the seminary in 1901, receiving the Payzant prize for efficiency in music and the governor general's medal for excellency in English essay work. Since her graduation she has spent two years in Germany, where she had the advantage of study with Madame Teresa Correno, called the queen of planists. and her artistic standing is on an equality with D'Albert and Godousky. She was also a pupil of Prof. Jedlicyka, who died last August. This great musician was a pupil of Von

> of enthusiasm will without doubt make a success of her work. A new department has been added which gives a course in tooled leather under the charge of Miss Janet Pride.

and toured with Rubenstein. Miss

Starr thus musically equipped and full

ASSOCIATIONS MEET.

Clubs of Former Canadians Elect Officers.

BOSTON, Feb. 10 .- The St. Croix presidents; Howard D. Moore, Arthur M. Seaman, Isaac H. Edgett, Daniel V. McIsaac, W. Stanley Gallagher, son, directors; George W. Dickerman, secretary: Frederick C. Estabrook.

treasurer, and Rev. Frank W. Padelford, chaplain The ladies' auxiliary of the Maritime Provincial club of Boston gave a dance here this week George Scott of the Caledonian Club, Charles McLean of the Prince Edward Island Club and J. H. Campbell of the Intercolonial Club

were guests. Miss Kate Macdonald was in charge. The Prince Edward Island Club also held a ball recently. About 700 persons were present. Dr. William Johnson was director, assisted by John E.

THE NEW CAPITAL.

Cameron and Peter Swanson.

Edmonton and Calgary Both Looking For the Honor

OTTAWA, Feb. 10 .-- A deputation from Calgary, introduced by Mr. Mc-Carthy, the member for that constituency, interviewed the government this morning and asked that a temporary capital other than Edmonton or Calgary be selected for the new western province while its government is being formed. Both Calgary and Edmonton seek the honor, and the former is anxious that the latter place should not obtain any advantage, such as might accrue from its temporary selection. They suggest an interim capital such as Banff, and then desire it to be left to the new legislature to make a permanent choice rather than having it done by the federal parliament. Sir Wilfrid in reply to the delegation said that a deputation from Edmonton was on its way here, and he would hear their side of the case and afterwards give the matter very carefu! consideration.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Amherst Man Expired in His Sleigh

SACKVILLE, Feb. 10.-While driving from Baie Verto towards Amherst pired in his pung. The horse conpersons, who made the ghastly discovery that the driver was dead. The remains were taken to the home of Millidge Elms. Mr. Andres was about sixty-five years old, and leaves a wife and grown up sons. He was well known in Westmorland and Cumberrand countres.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Batt Thite

DRIVEN ASHORE

N. F., Feb. 10. - The ce Smith has been Boxey Point and is a