The Charlottetown Herald.

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☞ Correspondence should be addressed to the proprietors as above or to the HERALD.

R. E. MORAN, J. M. SULLIVAN.

Calendar for February, 1894.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 5th day, 5h. 2 8m. p m, W.
First Quarter, 13th day, 6h 30.5m a m,
Full Moon, 19th day, 10h 3.8m. p m, S E.
Last Quarter, 27th day, 9h 15 7m. a m, W

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon. Rises	The Moon. Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m h m		morn	after n	after'n
1	Thur	7 29	4 59	4 56	0 42	8 2
2	Fri	28	5	5 50	1 33	8 53
3	Sat	26	2	6 34	2 20	9 42
4	Sun	25	3	7 7	3 20	10 39
5	Mon	24	5	7 35	4 47	10 33
6	Tues	22	6	7 55	5 56	11 26
7	Wed	21	8	8 13	7 5	11 58
8	Thur	20	9	8 29	8 15	morn
9	Fri	18	10	8 44	9 20	0 23
10	Sat	17	12	9 0	10 37	1 1
11	Sun	16	14	9 18	11 51	1 38
12	Mon	14	15	9 38	morn	2 19
13	Tues	12	17	10 7	1 20	3 12
14	Wed	11	19	10 46	2 32	4 26
15	Thur	9	20	11 44	3 53	6 1
16	Fri	7	22	Noon	5 3	7 20
17	Sat	6	23	2 20	6 1	8 40
18	Sun	4	24	3 47	6 42	9 36
19	Mon	2	26	5 12	7 13	10 28
20	Tues	1	27	6 38	7 35	11 3
21	Wed	6 58	29	7 50	7 49	11 39
22	Thur	57	30	9 4	8 11	aft 13
23	Fri	56	32	10 17	8 27	0 57
24	Sat	54	33	11 28	9 45	1 23
25	Sun	52	34	morn	9 5	2 2
26	Mon	50	36	0 38	9 20	2 48
27	Tues	48	38	1 47	9 58	3 46
28	Wed	46	39	2 49	10 26	4 53

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barrel, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.

mar 15, 1893—1yr.

North British and Mercantile FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
—OF—
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1809.

Total Assets, 1891, - - $60,032,727.

TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the last thirty years.

FRED. W. HYNDMAN, Agent
Stamper's Block, Upstairs, Victoria Row, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Jan. 21, 1 893.—1y

Dr. T. C. Robins,
SURGEON DENTIST.

OFFICE:—Prince Street, Opposite St. Paul's Church Charlottetown, P. E. Island. mar 1st 93

LET THE
HERALD PROCLAIM
we have just had made up a large assortment of
HEAVY,
SOLID
PLAIN GOLD
WEDDING RINGS.
E. W. TAYLOR,
Cameron Block

"CHRIRSTMAS BOX"
FULL OF WONDERFUL THINGS.
15 PORTRAITS of Actresses and Pretty Girls, the Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Physique, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, magic square, 200 selections for Autograph Albums, 79 Money Making Secrets, 30 Popular Songs, 91 Tricks in Magic, 64 Conundrums, The deaf and dumb Alphabet, Horse Telegraph Alphabet, Calendar for the current year, and our new catalogue of Xmas and New Year Toys, Books and Novelties. ALL sent to you by mail, POSTPAID, for only 8 cents, silver, for postage.
A. W. KINNEY, C. H., Yarmouth, N. S.
Nov. 29, 1893.—3m

REDDIN BROS

FALL GOODS.

Our Stock all complete, open and ready for sale.

THE BEST GOODS. THE LOWEST PRICES.

All Fancy Goods for Xmas will be sold regardless of cost.

REDDIN BROS

WEEKS' For all Kinds of Goods.

WE BUY FOR CASH,
WE SELL FOR CASH,
BUY ALL YOUR DRY GOODS FROM US.

Buy your Mantles from Weeks,
Buy you Jackets from Weeks.
Buy your Furs from Weeks.

Dress Goods at 10 cents per yard, worth 15 cents.
Dress Goods at 15 cents per yard, worth 22 cents.
Dress Goods at 20 cents per yard, worth 33 cents.
This sale of Dress Goods till all is done.

ASTRAKAN JACKETS.

The sale for Astrakan Jackets has commenced. Sales daily.
Our Astrakan Jackets are the best.
Our Astrakan Jackets are the cheapest.
in Charlottetown.

Try us for Collars, Muffs, Tippets, etc.

W. A. WEEKS & CO.

Blood
should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anæmia; diseased blood means Scrofula.

Scott's Emulsion
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anæmia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

Acquaintance Before Marriage.

THE WORKING WOMAN HAS MORE CHANCES OF MAKING A HAPPY UNION.

It is an actual fact that the working woman has nine chances out of ten of being happy in her married life, where the girl who lives at home has one, says a writer in Donahoe's Magazine. Think a minute. The latter sees men at dances, theatres and social gatherings generally, where they are on their best behavior, in their best clothes and in their best tempers. All thoughts of business and worry are put aside, and pleasure is the one thing aimed for. Men see that a girl is popular, and wish to add to their own consequence by being seen on friendly terms with her. They put into a half-hour's conversation all the brightness and wit of which they are capable and show themselves delightful companions. They visit the girl in her own home; they find her prettily dressed, anxious to entertain them. It is not natural that only one side, and that the brightest of their nature, should be shown? The girl is charmed with what she sees, and naturally enough fancies it is all like this. She thinks Jack so much more gentle and clever than her own brothers, and marries him without any more real knowledge of his character than has the French girl, who never sits in a room alone with a man till after marriage.

The girl who works, say in an office where men are employed, sees a totally different phase of her Jack's character. She sees him on Monday mornings when he comes back to work after a day off. She sees how he acts when he is tired and things go wrong. She sees his manner to superiors and subordinates, to wealthy visitors and the man who peddles pencils. She notes that he finds time, amid all the hurry of business, to pay her some of those little attentions women love, and that he heads off the man who swears and tells broad stories. She sees more of the real man in a week than does her sister up-town in a whole season of parties, and when she marries Jack, there will be fewer hard discoveries to make as a wife.

The rule works both ways. The girl clerk shows her real nature every day of her life. The routine of office or store work brings out every phase of her character, as the light in which she works shows off her complexion. She shows involuntarily if she is quick, neat, conscientious and amiable, or the reverse. Jack sees how she bears troubles great and small, and above all how she guards her womanliness under the tests of the semi-public life she lives.

The girl who is seen only in her parlor of an evening or at an entertainment is not the girl a man lives with after marriage. She is only a small part of her. She is the one who will head his table at a dinner party, but it is a question whether she will be there when the servant leaves or the baby cries all night.

We often hear that the first year of married life is the hardest. That is because the young people are only getting acquainted with each other, and, after vowing to spend their lives together, are finding out whether it will be possible to do so with any comfort. Society would think any more intimate acquaintance than that of the ballroom and parlor both unnecessary and unseemly. So the wedded strangers in nine cases out of ten have a bad time of it, while the office companions, who have metaphorically summered and wintered each other into perfect knowledge, have only to discover how much nicer each one is in his home life.

Even if the girl does not marry the clerk at the next desk, her knowledge of the ins and outs, ups and downs, of his character helps her with the man she finally accepts. Men are pretty much alike all the world over, just as women are—only the girl whose courtship takes place under the gaslight and on the tennis court does not find it out till after marriage.

We produce and eat every year about 240,000 tons of beetroot sugar.

Catholic Notes.

Five Catholic missionaries recently left Hamburg for the Cameroons to further assist in the spread of the faith, which is now making rapid headway among the natives.

The following are the latest statistics of the Jesuit missions in India: Diocese of Bombay, 15,868 Catholics; Calcutta, 61,000; Mangalore, 72,637; Poona, 9,329; Trichinopoly, 133,900. This gives a total of 243,234 Catholics in the five dioceses, or nearly a quarter of a million in all.

Catholicism is spreading rapidly in the three Scandinavian kingdoms which have been regarded ever since the days of King Gustavus of Sweden as the stronghold of Protestantism. So great is the number of proselytes that the vatican has just placed Denmark, Sweden and Norway under the pastoral care of three bishops.

Rev. Gabriel Corcoman, a Syro-Maronite priest, has arrived in Boston for the purpose of engaging in missionary work among his people. He has received faculties from Most Rev. Archbishop Williams and also from Archbishop Corrigan, of New York. He will hold services in St. James' Church, Harrison Avenue, on week days at 7 a. m., and on Sundays and Holidays at 8.

Catholicity is evidently in no danger in Mexico, despite the efforts that are being made by some sectarian propagandists to pervert the people from their ancestral faith. At the recent celebration, at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, of the national religious festival, no less than 800,000 Mexicans attended the ceremonies which covered the period of a full week.

There are at present in the four classes of the United States Military Academy, at West Point, some thirty Catholic cadets. Every Sunday they march to the post chapel, or to the little church at Highland Falls, to hear mass, and make a very interesting sight as they sit all together in the front pews. On Christmas morning one of them, in full dress uniform, served the mass at the post chapel.

Amongst recent conversions, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, the most remarkable are those of three Anglican clergymen. The three converts are the Rev. Sutherland Macklem, *M.* A., late of St. Cuthbert's, Earl's Court, London, W., the Rev. Hugh C Briggs, M. A., late of St. Stephen's, Devonport and All Saints', Plymouth, and the Rev. Richard Somerville Wood, M. A., who resigned a government chaplaincy in India, and came home to England to be received into the church. All three converts were Ritualists and members of the English Church Union.

Speaking at Manchester lately on Catholicity in Scotland, the Rev. P. Lynch, M. R., stated that at the beginning of this century there were only forty priests in the country, whereas at present there are six archbishops and bishops, and three hundred and seventy priests. Everything, he said, tended to justify the opinion that Scotland would become Catholic even sooner than England. It is interesting to note, as indicating the trend of religious thought today in the land of John Knox, that there are in the very heart of the Established Kirk men who hold and promulgate views on prayer for the dead and the Holy Eucharist, which would have cost them their lives in the not very remote past.

A Prelate's Presence of Mind.

HOW THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES SAVED HIS LIFE.

At a luncheon to Governor McKinley at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, recently, Rev. Dr. H. A. Brann, the well-known Catholic clergyman of that city, related a good anecdote of the late Archbishop Hughes. Dr. Hughes was once visited by a crank in his Mulberry street residence. It was at night and the crank entered the bedroom and waking Dr. Hughes from a sound sleep, drew a dagger and threatened to kill him.

With wonderful presence of mind the prelate called out:

"Are you an Irishman?"

"I am," replied the crank.

"Then go out," said Dr. Hughes, "and get a blackthorn stick and kill me with that. No Irishman ever yet killed a man with a dagger; only Italians use that weapon."

"The crank put up his knife and went out for the blackthorn," said Dr. Brann, "and the prelate's life was saved."

The annual value of the world's cocoanuts is estimated at $60,00 ,000.

What They Would Do.

A reporter of the Chicago Tribune has been asking a number of rich business men of that city what they would do if they found themselves suddenly stranded without a cent and with no work. Phil Armour replied that he did not care to be interviewed. It is rather surprising how many of the others speak up instantly and affirm that first of all they would get out of Chicago. Others remark with the same emphasis that they would not come to Chicago. On the whole, the Windy City seems a poor place for a man to wrestle with poverty.

Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National bank, said in reply to the question: "The Lord only knows! I would try to get work. If that failed, I would beg. But I don't know. I think, though, I would get out of town. When a man begins to beg, it breaks his spirit." A "big wholesale concern's head man" said:

I would ask for work from door to door and tell the people I didn't want anything unless I could get it by work. I would make that plain. If I tried all day and was still hungry, I would apply to any minister in the city, tell him who I was and what I had tried to do, and then put his religion to a test. I think I could get out of town by that at least. I wouldn't be like three men who came in here this morning one after another asking for money. I told them if they would shovel the snow from the sidewalk I would pay them. They refused, and they all met in front of my window, and you should have seen how they leered at me. The idea of their working was an insult.

Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, said:

That is the way I came to Chicago, stranded. I began to hustle. I didn't beg for money, but I kept moving. I know, however, that a combination of circumstances will often confront an honest and capable man and render him penniless. For such, I think there should be a home provided by the state or city until they could get work. We should make such people the wards of the state. The others should be offered some opportunity of showing their sincerity. I do not take much stock in that beautiful sentiment, "Thou shalt go hungry, but thou shalt not steal." But, understand me, hunger is no excuse for crime. I think the majority of unemployed men in this city are so on their own account. The others should be taken care of.

Charles T. Yerkes declared he would get work at any cost. 'What if you couldn't?' asked the reporter, to which Yerkes answered: "There should be no such word in any man's dictionary, especially a poor man's, as couldn't." A banker, however, has hit upon the true plan for a man of grit to adopt when he says he would make his case known to the public through the newspapers. The newspaper can do more than almost any other agency to help everybody. The banker says:

If I came to Chicago "broke," I would try the charitable organizations for work. If they could't give it to me, I would go from preacher to preacher and present my case. Failing in that I would go to the mayor. If he couldn't do anything, I would go to a newspaper and tell my story in detail, giving the names of those on whom I called and what they said. A man with that sort of pride and grit won't go without work very long. With a majority of the unemployed their condition is their own fault.

The answer of C. B. Farwell, the millionaire, to the question will be read with as much interest as any, because he himself struck Chicago in almost the condition pictured by the reporter. It will be news to most people that Mr. Farwell began his career as poor as the poorest. His answer was as follows:

I came here virtually in that condition in January, 1844. I came in here from Ogle county on a load of wheat. I had $10 and nothing in sight. I gave it to a woman who gave me a room and board until I could get work. I walked the streets of the city until June 1 in search of work. There were not many business houses here then. I went to all of them. I walked miles to the factories. Nowhere could I get a promise. I stuck to it, however, and finally got a job in the county clerk's office at a salary of $8 a month and board. But I realize there are thousands here who are not as fortunate as I was. I had $10. They haven't a cent. If I were in that condition, I would go to the county agent, and I would tell him, which is a fact, that the people of Chicago and Cook county are taxed to keep people from starving. I would demand work in the poor-house or on the poor farm, and that would keep me from begging until I could do better. If the poorhouse and farm were filled, I would demand of the agent bread and a place to sleep, and he would have to see to it that I got both as long as I showed by my acts I was deserving and trying to get work.

A Midwinter Magazine.

The methods of an actress are always interesting, and they are particularly so when an actress of such renown as Adelaide Ristori consents to tell them as she does in the February Ladies' Home Journal. The "Aberdeen Waltzes," by Mrs. Frances J. Moore, to which was awarded the first prize in "The Journal's Musical Series" of last year for the best waltzes, are given in the full piano score and are as melodious as they are danceable. A most interesting article on "My Tabooed Playmate, Adeline Patti," is contributed by her one-time child playmate, Katherine B. Foot. The concluding paper of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's series of "How Fauntleroy Really Occurred" will be read with mingled pleasure and regret. A more beautiful story of a story cannot be imagined than the author of "Fauntleroy" has given here. The quaint "Pomona" continues her European travels and writes in her characteristic manner with Frank Stockton's assistance. William Dean Howells continues his literary biography under the title of "My Literary passions." The better appreciation by the husband of the wife's devotion is advocated by Edward Bok, and the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is eloquent on the subject of aged women who are sometimes overlooked in the home. This valentine month is celebrated by a description of "A Dainty Valentine Dinner," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland, and the "Social Side of Life" is represented by suggestions for feasts and modest home entertainments. Palmer Cox gives a page of his inimitable "Brownies" as they shoot the Lachine rapids and otherwise enjoy themselves in Canada. Sketches, with portraits, are given of the daughter of Sir Garnet Wolsley, General Grant's eldest granddaughter, the daughter of "Mrs. Alexander" and Dr. Talmage's eldest daughter. Mrs. Mallon's pages, "Black Costumes of to-day" and the art of dressing for business," are charmingly illustrated. A particularly valuable article is that by Elizabeth Robinson Scovil on "Care in Infectious Diseases." Mrs. Lyman Abbott discusses many questions in 'Just Among Ourselves." Altogether this midwinter number, with its daintily illustrated cover by Henry Sandham, and its attractive table of contents, is worth many times its price of ten cents, and no woman can afford to be without it. Published by the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia for ten cents per number and one dollar a year.

A Banker's Mistake.

A very absent-minded literary gentleman was reading a newspaper in a public reading room in a fashionable watering place. He was absorbed by his reading, and with his left hand he unconsciously pushed the files of newspapers on the table. Each moment he sent them further from him. Beyond the papers was an inkstand, which at last the moving papers pushed over the side of the table. It fell on the trousers of a wealthy banker, who was furious at the accident. The absent minded man offered his best excuses without appeasing the banker's wrath, who shrieked that his new trousers were ruined.

"But, sir, I will cheerfully pay for them. Be good enough to give me your card, and I will send the money to your hotel."

"To my hotel, sir! I don't know you. I must instantly have the thirty shillings those trousers cost.

The literary gentleman drew forth the thirty shillings and handed them to the banker. Then he said: "Now that you have been paid, I hope you have too much the delicacy of a gentleman to remain in my trousers. You know they are mine, and I insist upon their immediate delivery to me. You have no confidence in me; I have none in you. My trousers.

In vain the banker protested against such haste. The crowd that had gathered about the disputants said the man of letters was right, and the banker, after sending for another pair of nether garments surrendered the ink-stained ones, amid the laughter of the bystanders. —*Sacred Heart Review.*

The Scotch Thistle.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, on the eve of St. Giles's day, and within the old council chamber of Edinburgh, a number of Scotch nobles and Highland gentlemen met in "solemn conclave to deliberate on the desirableness of placing the thistle upon their banners instead of the figure of St. Giles, which they had hitherto used." They are described as "brawny," big-bearded men, dressed in Highland costume, and, as was the fashion of the day, with swords and dirks.

Long before this the thistle had been the recognized badge of the house of Stewart; and this fact in connection with an older one that warning was once given of a night attack in progress by the Danes on a Scotch camp by one of the enemy accidently putting his foot on a thistle, which made him cry out, was probably the chief reason of its choice instead of the heather. At any rate, it was chosen at that council as Scotland's floral emblem.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Gentleman.

[Catholic Citizen.]

Show me a man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful conversation with one whom years has deprived of all charms; show us the man who is willing to help as if the blush of Helen mantled on his cheek; show us the man who would not sooner look rudely at the poor girl than at the well-dressed lady in the strata of fashionable life; show us the man who treats unprotected womanhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family; show us that he abhors the artful libertine's insinuate blandishments or power of stealing the affections of innocence and purity to ruin the possessor of them—who shuns him as the blasphemer and traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns as he would the coward, the ridiculer of a woman's reputation; show us the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect that is due to a woman in any condition or class, and you show us a true gentleman.

A Famous Belfast Bakery.

Bernard Hughes (Limited) is the title of a company floated at Belfast recently, to take over the largest bakery business in Ulster. This successful concern has grown up entirely under Catholic management, and with the capital of the catholics in Belfast. Its origin is worth recording. In the days of O'Connell's Repeal agitation there was a man named Bernard Hughes, a Catholic, employed in a large bakery in Belfast. He joined the Repeal Association, and was at once told by his employers that he must choose between his place and his politics. Unless he left the association he must leave his situation. He laid the facts before the committee. "Well," they said, "it is hard if the Catholics and repealers of Belfast can't support one baker's shop. Leave your place and set up for yourself." Hughes took their advice. The opening of the Repealers shop was the occasion of a popular demonstration. The street was blocked for hours before it opened with a crowd of sympathisers. The taking down of the shutters was hailed with cheers, and five minutes after the door was opened every loaf, cake and biscuit in the place had been bought and carried off. Out of that shop has grown the great establishment which the son of the founder has now turned over to a limited company, at what good judges consider a very moderate estimate of its value. All the enterprise and success in business in Belfast does not belong to Orangemen.

Battlefield Sensations.

"How does it feel to be shot in battle?" said an old pensione , in reply to a question. "Well, you see, it's hard to describe. I was badly hit at Inkerman, and it was something like this: When we first went into the battle there was a scattering fire—a man falling out here and there. The crack of the rifles and the whizz of the bullets increased in rapidity. 'Charge!' came the long-expected order and and with a cheer we rushed across the field toward the enemy. Bullets fairly rained upon us. A man fell in the front rank. 'Close up,' yelled the captain.

"I took his place. Another moment and I felt a dizzy numbness creeping over me, almost like a man helplessly drunk; I sank gradually to the ground. The roar still rang in my ears, but sounded as though miles off. It became dark slowly, then all was a blank. When I regained consciousness I heard moans and groans all about me. It seemed like a month before any one came to me. I felt as though I was burning up. How I craved a drink of water. At last some chaps came, pulled a dead man from off my legs, and carried me to the hospital. I lay there a month. When I left there, this arm was gone," and the old veteran shook his head as he pointed to his empty sleeve, and pulled violently at his briar-wood.

There are a good many women practicing as physicians in Canada, some in Montreal, some in Toronto, one in Kingston and formerly one in Ottawa. In the United Kingdom there are altogether twenty-one women practicing as doctors and eleven of these have their places of business in and about London.

Donahoe's for February.

None of the popular magazines appeals to a wider constituency than Donahoe's. In a recent number the purpose of the magazine was said to be to make people think. That's a big job; but if the February number of Donahoe's doesn't accomplish at least part of the task, then it might as well be given up. First, there is a discussion of President Cleveland's political character and acts, by James Jeffrey Roche and John Ford Both are ardent Democrats, but the latter hauls the President most unmercifully over the coals, while the former defends his official acts. A strong and lively article by James W. Clark, on the ethics of boxing, shows how the golden rule is observed even in the prize ring, and how boxing promotes true manliness. Abbe Hogan tells a marvellous story about Parisian society woman who serve as nurses in a cancer hospital. Jennie Rice Ware gives the results of the latest investigations in the subject of child labor in factories. Mary Elizabeth Blake contributes a delightful fairy tale for grown folk, and there is the usual amount of excellent fiction. From the beginning to the end of the February number of Donahoe's there is not a line indicative of bigotry or narrowness or intolerance. As usual the magazine is profusely illustrated.

From all Quarters.

The famous Jesuit College in Mons, Belgium, has been destroyed by fire. All the students escaped, but the splendid libraries and halls were burned.

The latest statistics, compiled by M. Fournier de Faix, a French statistician, give the number of Roman Catholics in the world as 230,866,633; Protestants, 148,287,625; Greek Catholics, 98,014,000.

In the little King of Spain's new summer palace at San Sebastian there are two rooms occupied by a young lady who is Irish and Catholic. She is his infant majesty's governess, so that Hibernia is not yet, nor likely soon to be, forgotton in Ibiera.

Montenegro was one of the few countries where, until recently, clergymen wore the national costume and bore weapons. Prince Nicholas, however, has decided that this custom shall be discontinued and has ordered the priests to adopt a clerical costume similar to that worn in other Greek Catholic countries.

At an entertainment in Japan a boy threw the stump of a cigarette among some straw under a staircase. The fire which ensued caused a panic in which between two hundred and three hundred persons were trampled to death. The power of the cigarette for evil does not rest alone upon this occurrence.

John A. Gillis, of Sydney, C. B., gives notice of a novel application to parliament. It is for incorporation of the "Boynton Bicycle Electric Railway Co., of Canada, to construct, equip and operate a bicycle electric railway from Winnipeg to Louisburg, Cape Breton, with power to acquire, take and use water powers and to make contracts for the supply of electrical power for the operation of railways, etc." Nobody at Ottawa knows what it means.

Mrs. A. A. Williams
Lynn, Mass.

For the Good of Others

Rev. Mr. Williams Heartily Endorses Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We are pleased to present this from Rev. A. A. Williams, of the Silsbee street Christian Church, Lynn, Mass.:

"I see no reason why a clergyman, more than a layman, who knows whereof he speaks, should hesitate to approve an

Article of Merit

and worth, from which he or his family have been signally benefited, and whose commendation may serve to extend those benefits to others by increasing their confidence. My wife has for many years been a sufferer from severe

Nervous Headache

for which she found little help. She has tried many things that promised well but performed little. Last fall a friend gave her a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems surprising what a single one bottle could and did do for her. The attacks of headache decreased in number and were less violent in their intensity, while her general health has been improved. Her appetite has also been better. From our experience with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I have no hesitation in endorsing its merits."
A. A. WILLIAMS.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. Price 25c.