THE HERALD.

Board of Works

VOL. II., NO. 17. FREDERICTON, N. B., MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1891. $1.00 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

The Table is always supplied with every delicacy available. The Cooking is highly commended, and the Staff of Attendants are ever ready to oblige.

There are two of the largest and most conveniently fitted up SAMPLE ROOMS in Canada, having street entrances and also connecting with Hotel Office.

HORSES and CARRIAGES of every style are to be had at the LIVERY STABLE of the Proprietor, immediately adjacent to the Hotel.

The "QUEEN" is centrally located, directly opposite to the Steamboat and Gibson Ferry Landings, and within a minute's walk of the Parliament Buildings, County Registrar's Office and Cathedral.

☞ A FIRST-CLASS BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION.

Wm. WILSON,

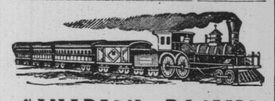
Barrister, Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Secretary-Treasurer York.
Registrar University of New Brunswick.
Agent Glasgow and London Insurance Co's.

Office: CARLETON STREET.

RAILROADS.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

New Brunswick Division.

ALL RAIL LINE { TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect October 12th, 1890.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.20 A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; 10.30 a. m. for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction and St. John.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6 30, 7.35 a. m.; 4.40, p. m. Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a.m.; 12.10., 6.25, p. m. McAdam Junction, 10 47, a. m.; 2.15, p.m. Vanceboro, 10.25, a. m., 12.45 p. m. St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.15 a. m. St. Andrews, 6.55, a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.20 a. m., 1.20, 7.20 p.m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6 20 A. M. — Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

5.10 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent. H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen'l Supt.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1889 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 889

ON and after **Monday, June 10th, 1889,** the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton **7.00**
Accommodation for Point du Chene **11.10**
Fast Express for Halifax **14.30**
Express for Sussex **16.35**
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal **16.35**

A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 8.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex **8.30**
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec **10.50**
Fast Express from Halifax **14.50**
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton **20.10**
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave **23.30**

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.

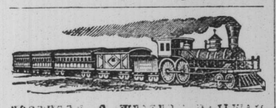
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 8th, 1889.

For Tickets and other information, apply at the office of

JOHN RICHARDS, Agent, Fredericton



NORTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

In Effect Nov. 25th, 1889.

TRAINS RUN ON EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

A PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Fredericton daily (Sunday excepted) for Chatham.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

2:40 p. m; Gibson, 2:45; Marysville, 2:55; Manzer's Siding, 3:30; Durham, 3:39; Cross Creek, 4:10; Boiestown, 5:20; Doaktown, 6:10; Upper Blackville, 7:00, Blackville, 7:25; Upper Nelson Boom, 8:00; Chatham Junction, 8:25; arrive at Chatham, 9:00.

RETURNING, LEAVE CHATHAM

6:30, a. m; Chatham Junction, 7:00; Upper Nelson Boom, 7:15; Blackville, 8:05; Upper Blackville, 8:35; Doaktown, 9:25; Boiestown, 10:20; Cross Creek, 11:35; Durham, 12:10, p.m.; Marysville, 12:45; Gibson, 12:55; arriving at Fredericton, 1:00.

Connections are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. Railway for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the N. B. Railway for St. John and all points West and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and with the Union S. S. Co, for St. John and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

All Trains will Leave and Arrive at Fredericton Station, West End of Bridge, instead of Gibson as heretofore.

All Freight to and from Fredericton will be received at Fredericton Station. Freight to and from Gibson will be received at Gibson Station.

☞ Tickets can be procured at F. B. Edgecombe's dry goods store.

THOMAS HOBEN, Superintendent.

Gibson, N. B., May 18th, 1889.

COOKED CODFISH.

Ask your Grocer for

COOKED SHREDDED CODFISH,

And Try It.

HEALTH FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases, it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

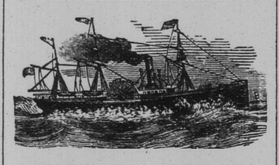
78, NEW OXFORD STREET, (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON

and are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot and may be had of all Medicine Venders throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

14-10-83

STEAMSHIPS.



ALLAN LINE.

Under Contract with the Government of Canada and Newfoundland for the conveyance of Canadian and United States Mails.

1891. Winter Arrangement. 1891.

This Company's Lines are composed of double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength, speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made the fastest time on record

The Steamers of the

MAIL LINE TO LIVERPOOL

Sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched as follows:

LIVERPOOL AND HALIFAX.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
12th Feb	MONGOLIAN	7th Mch
26th "	POLYNESIAN	21st "
12th Mch	CARTHAGINIAN	4th Apr
26th "	PARISIAN	18th "
9th Apr	POLYNESIAN	2nd May

These steamers sail from Halifax about 1 p. m. Saturdays, or as soon as possible after the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train, due at Halifax at noon.

Rates of Passage to Liverpool.

SALOON (According to accommodation) $40 to $65
RETURN ..... $80 to $120
EXTRA CLASS CABINS on Parisian.....$70 to $80
Children, in saloon, between 2 and 12 years, half fare; under 2 years, free.

Clergymen and their families are allowed a reduction of ten per cent. from these rates.

INTERMEDIATE — Outward, $25; Inward, prepaid, $30.
STEERAGE, $20.

Liverpool Queenstown St. Johns and Halifax Mail Service.

From Liverpool.		From Halifax.
14 April	NOVA SCOTIAN	11 May
26 "	CARTHAGINIAN	25 "
12 May	CASPIAN	8 June

And fortnightly thereafter.

Rates of Passage to St. John's, N.F.

Saloon, $20; Intermediate, $15; Steerage, $6.

GLASGOW LINE.

Direct sailings from Glasgow to Halifax.

MANITOBAN ..... 5 March
HIBERNIAN ..... 19 do

No cattle of any description carried on Mail Steamers. except S. S. Mongolian.

Steerage Tickets issued to and from the principal points in Great Britain and the Continent at cheap rates.

For Staterooms, Tickets, or further information apply to

WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents,
ST. JOHN N. B.
No. 2.

NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.

THE REGULAR LINE.

THE IRON STEAMSHIP,

VALENCIA,

1600 tons, (Capt. F. C. MILLER), will leave

COMPANY'S WHARF, Rear of Custom House,

ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK

via Eastport, Me, Rockland, Me., and Cottage City, Mass., every

FRIDAY AT 3 P. M.

(Standard Time.) Returning, steamer will leave

Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, New York, EVERY TUESDAY at 5 p. m.,

For Cottage City, Mass., Rockland, Me., Eastport, Me, and St. John, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.

CHEAPEST FARES AND LOWEST RATES.

Shippers and importers save time and money by ordering goods forwarded by the New York Steamship Company.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the Intercolonial Railway.

For further information address

N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York
Or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
N.Y.S.S. Co's wharf, rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Three Trips a Week.

FOR BOSTN

ON and after MONDAY, May. 5th, the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John, for Eastport, Portland, and Boston, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7.25 Standard.

Wednesday's Steamer will not touch at Portland.

Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., standard, and Portland at 5.00 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer ROSE STANDISH, for Saint Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.

Special Notice—On and after Aug. 16th, and up to and including Sept. 13th, a Steamer will leave St. John for Boston direct, every SATURDAY EVENING, at 6.25 Standard time.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf, St John, N. B.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

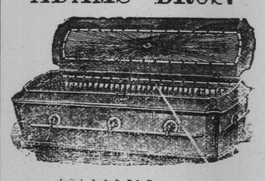
UNLIKE ANY OTHER. As much For INTERNAL as EXTERNAL use. In 1810

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. Should have Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the house for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, 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, 35 cts. post-paid; 6 bottles, $2. Express paid, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

ADAMS BROS.



FUNERAL

—AND—

FURNISHING - UNDERTAKERS,

OPP. QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON.

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Mountings, &c.

and everything required in the Undertaking Business kept in stock.

☞ *Special Prices for Country Orders.*

Orders in the City or Country attended to with promptness.
Residence over Warerooms.

ADAMS BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

IT IS ONLY A SHORT WHILE SINCE

LUCY & CO.

started their present undertaking, and they can now with pride boast of having one of the best

Boot, Shoe,

—AND—

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

Business in the City. This has been accomplished in the short space of eighteen months, and it shows what pluck and perseverance will do when backed by fair dealing and close attention to the wants of the people. Their goods are bought and sold for CASH, and this is the real secret of their success.

They wish to call the attention of Christmas buyers to the fact that Presents bought at their Store are not only ornamental, but also useful to those who receive them. Respectfully,

LUCY & CO.

Their stock is now complete and they are receiving NEW GOODS every week.

R. C. MACREDIE,

Plumber, Gas Fitter,

AND

TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL

BELL HANGING,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

THE

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

ASSETS, 1ST JANUARY, 1889, - $39,722,809.59
ASSETS IN CANADA, " - 870,525.67

Fire Insurance of Every Description at LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

WM. WILSON, Agent.

BIG WINNINGS AT THE TABLE

A Million of Francs Taken from the Bank by a Determined Player.

"My boy," said friend Sam Lewis, as I took leave of him and Mrs. Lewis in the *train de luxe*, one morning, *en route* for London, "it is the first time I am going home a winner in the ten years I have been here, after having been done in five weeks out of £25,000 without ever seeing the color of their money since. This day fortnight, however, the luck turned in my favor, and I have taken from them straight off the reel over a million of francs.

"But I don't like them any better for it. They are a mean, shabby lot, for when they are raking in your money—that is, when you are losing—they are cringingly polite, and give you any amount of attention and civility, no matter what your stake is, but when they see you've got the needle they never raise the slightest objection.

PLAYING THE MAXIMUM.

"For instance, when I am in 'prison' I always plump down another maximum, making the *coup*. 24,000f., or, in other words, laying two to one on myself. But when I am winning. Oh, dear no! They push off the second maximum in the rudest manner, the croupiers making insolent remarks to each other. Why, at the finish, when I was continually winning,' I was surrounded by a crowd of employes and followed about the rooms like a pickpocket. What it meant I never could conceive. Any one might have supposed that I had been dealing the cards. I am not a croupier!

"What riled them most of all was that I would never sit down at the table from the time my luck turned; for while I was losing I would sit down and take the needle and do in all I had with me. One night they got over ten thousand pounds out of me in this way. You have a considerable pull over them when you are standing, as after one or two losses one gets disgusted and walks away to another table.

A SHABBY ACTION.

"Oh! by the way, could anything be stronger proof of their shabbiness than their not paying on a misdeal? I had about a maximum on the black, which made the point thirty-one, and there was about a tenner on the red. I called on the manager, M. Thersillas, to be paid the money I considered I had fairly won, when he told me that it was only *gracieuseté* on their part to allow me to withdraw my stake. I let him at once know that I wanted no favors from the gambling rooms of Monaco, and promptly offered him my check for £240, being the amount I should have lost on the *refait* had there been no misdeal. This he did not choose to accept, sarcastically remarking that he would give it to the poor if I wished it.

"Anyhow," continued Lewis, "I got back my £25,000 of losses and some £15,000 or more of their money at the end, and I mean to stick to it.

"I always play in maximums, and believe in even chances and even stakes. Systems are humbugs, and are invented for old women. Every year you hear of some wonderful systems being played, but after a few days or weeks of imaginary success they all go broke. There is a new one being played now. Let me hear how it gets on. Goodby, my boy, *au revoir!*"

A GOOD GAMBLING STORY.

Apropos of gambling, the following incident occurred at one of the most fashionable clubs on the littoral:—For some time past one of the members was suspected of cheating at cards, so an expert was brought from Paris to *filer* him and after a few days the committee met to render its report. The expert, however, was very reticent, and at last the chairman, losing patience, burst out with—"*Mais, voyons! Est-ce qu'il a triche—oui ou non?*" After a moment's hesitation, the expert's eyes wandering vacantly around the room, he asked, timidly, "*Lequel, Monsieur?*" Tableau!

A GREAT FIGHT.

The first I heard of it was when Fred came rushing into the house after breakfast. "The enemy!" he cried. "The enemy upon us!"

"Where?" cried the others of us jumping up.

"In the battle-field, of course!" he said; and he seized his flag and rushed out again. We all followed as quickly as we could. I put on the helmet, and Max took the drum, and we let Toddles have the bugle this time because he'd just tumbled down, and he had the hearth-broom, too, so he was all right. We ran into the field and found that the enemy had taken up a strong position behind the old cannon. (Ours is a real battle-field you know, and has been there ever since the war.) So we formed in line, and Fred made a flank movement, meaning to take the enemy in the rear; but when he heard Fred coming, he charged on our line, and Toddles ran away, but Max and I retreated in good order, and formed again behind a rock, and began to shell him with green apples. He stopped to eat the apples, and meanwhile Fred completed his flank movement, and falling upon the enemy's rear, whacked it violently with a stick, waving his flag all the time, and shouting "Yield, caitiff! Yield, craven hound!" (I tell him that nowadays people *don't say* those things in war, but he always says that Roland and Bayard did, and that what suited them will suit him.)

Well, the enemy turned suddenly on Fred, and drove him back against the cannon; but by that time we had advanced again, and Toddles was blowing the bugle as hard as he could, which seemed to disconcert the enemy. Fred took a flying leap from the cannon right over his back, and putting himself at our head rallied us for a grand charge. We rushed forward, driving the enemy before us. A panic seized him, and he fled in disorder; we pursued him as far as the fence, and he got through a hole and escaped, but not before we each had a good whack at him. It was a glorious victory. Fred made us a speech afterwards from the cannon, and we all waved our—well, whatever we had to wave, and vowed to slay the invader if he ever dared to show his nose on our side of the fence again. Ah, yes! it was a splendid fight. "Who was the enemy?" Why did n't I say? Farmer Thurston's pig, of course!

IMPERIAL

Cream Tartar Baking Powder is made from Pure Crystal Cream Tartar and English Soda. It has no equal. Sold by all grocers. Insist on having the Imperial.

E. W. GILLETT, M'f'r Toronto, Ont.

To live means to be, to do, to accomplish; not simply to exist, to rest inert, useless.

Accidents will happen in all families. Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; it acts promptly.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT FLOWERS.

Of course all who cut plants, learn after a little not to invest too greedily in "Novelties" for the word means "failure" or "humbug" with the laity. And yet it does not always turn out badly. One can afford to be sold a good many times if in the end, he gets such a novelty as Manettia Ricolour. No plant produces as many flowers, during the cold, dreary winter for us, as the Manettia vine. The descriptions in the catalogues are true, as every one must admit, on seeing the plant. It is as easily propagated as Geraniums or Fuchsias. Many are not aware that great improvement has also been made in the "Indian Shot" of our mothers memories.

The new large flowering Cinnas (Indian Shot) are truly magnificent. They are not overrated novelties. It is gratifying to see that Gladioli, even the finest sorts are within the reach of all. Every family, however poor they may be, can now afford a collection of a score of varieties of this exquisitely beautiful flower, but recollect, Isaac Buchanan, John Bull, Eugene Scribe, Brenchleyensis and many of the old, well known sorts are quite as desirable as many sorts priced much higher.

It is amusing to see how cacti are creeping into the hearts of the people, notwithstanding their warlike livery. The family is a large one and an army of them are coming, in all shapes and guises, and every member is armed with bayonets. Some are giants, others pigmies; some are monstrosities, but many are comely, and oh, such flowers! Don,t understand them until you procure a small guide to the treatment of cacti, costing a few cents only, but saving many a fine plant.

Thousands will spend much money for them, ignorantly treat them as they do such plants as are usually found in almost every home and destroy them. Ours, some 30 sorts, with water only once or twice this winter, are blooming, a few at a time. Is your home small, with only one room where plants will not freeze, and that small, too hot and dry and dusty from frequent sweeping, for plants to do well? You have not a friend on earth, uncles, aunties or parents who will come in and take off their hats, and sit down and make themselves at home more contentedly than cacti. A few sorts, however, are better, for bell grass, tumbler or other grass protection over them as "Old Man" Cactus, Mamillaria Lasiacantha, etc., but these are expensive sorts, which you will wisely avoid, until you "get your hand in" — but when you get it out, it will take the rest of the family half a day to pick the stingers" out.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

He had soldiered for some three or four months on 3 pence a week, although the minimum of pay allowed by the government was 7 pence. For a while he struggled to hold his footing. He would groom his horse magnificently, and cheerfully do all his own allotted duty; then he would volunteer for a penny or two-pence to work for any man in the barracks. Finally he invented a method of saving his beer money.

He constituted himself slave of the library reading-room, and fetched beer for anyone who would allow him first sip. So moderately did he avail himself of this privilege that he found universal acceptance; yet the pay was too little, and article after article of his kit disappeared for ready money. For a while he managed to avoid all general parades, but at last one Sunday he was ordered to turn out on church parade.

A more absurd figure was never seen; plume, chin chain, gloves, spurs, all missing and nothing left but the foundation of a soldier. The sergeant-major stood before him with a look of thunder.

"F., what are you here for?"

"Church parade, sergeant-major!"

"Where is your plume?"

"Lost, sergeant-major!"

"Where is your chin strap?"

"Lost, sergeant-major!"

"Where are your gloves, your spurs, your sword knot, your lines?" cried the indignant sergeant-major, growing warmer as he proceeded.

"Lost, sergeant major!"

Poor Jacob! he was crimed — i. e., charged before the colonel — with "filthy, dirtiness and disorderliness on parade." But it was not Jacob F. who was to blame but the short pay, which, at last, had made life simply impossible. May be the original debt was his own fault, but in any case short pay, short rations, and hard work had driven him from pillar to post till the end was insured — cells and cropped hair.

I met only the other day a young soldier who had received no more than one penny a day for fifteen months. I have heard of men who received no pay at all for some weeks together.

Monotonous poverty is a sad comrade, and though I sometimes smile as I remember being called aside by the mess sergeant's wife to receive a penny as a tip after a hard day's fatigue, I have never forgotten the kindness. Pennies are scarce in barracks.

SHE WON'T LET HIM DRINK AND SMOKE.

Many months ago Mary Vascar, a comely young Bohemian woman of 20 years, began suit against her young husband, Frank M. Vascar, for divorce. After several ineffectual attempts Vascar was induced to come to court, and he appeared before Judge Stone Saturday morning. The young couple began their married life under the most happy auspices, but the honeymoon was hardly in its last quarter before they found that their tastes were far from congenial. The husband wanted to be "one of the boys," and the wife who was a minister's daughter and of a religious turn of mind, often rebuked him for his worldly ways.

"Why don't you live with your wife?" asked Judge Stone of the defendant.

"There are some things about her that I don't like," replied Vascar evasively.

"Well, what are they?"

"She won't let me drink and smoke and is entirely too religious."

After a consulation between his honor and the attorneys the case was postponed until the next term.

DO NOT BELIEVE IT.

Do not believe that Nerviline will cure neuralgia almost instantly. If your teeth ache console yourself with the reflection that pain can't last for ever. Don't use Nerviline; it might stop the pain. Rheumatism is often difficult to cure. Keep on rubbing the old fashioned liniments as a matter of respect to your grandfather's aunt. Nerviline is a new discovery that in itself ought to condemn it. Therefore cling to the old; suffer pain; avoid the use of Nerviline, the most powerful, penetrating and certain pain remedy in the world.

MAKING OIL CLOTH.

The Interesting Process of Manufacture Described.

The body of oilcloth is what is called purlaps, made of jute and imported from Scotland. This coarsely woven fabric is limp, and is stiffened by being passed through a mixture of starch and glue and over hot rollers, coming out, it might be said, laundried. It is then ready for the paint machine, where it is given the body. There are four qualities of oilcloth, depending on the number of body coats of paint. That which is to be the best quality receives five or six coats; the poorer grades, a less number. The cloth, in pieces twenty-five yards long by two yards wide, is dried in racks which are constructed in tiers of twenty. The factory has a rack capacity of 11,000 square yards. The thickness of each coat of paint is governed by a steel knife, in manipulating which a workman becomes so proficient that he can tell nearly to the pound what a piece of cloth will weigh when the coating process is completed. Three men at a paint machine can turn out in a day one hundred pieces containing fifty square yards each. The

OPERATION OF COATING

the first quality cloth occupies a week, as each coat requires twenty-four hours in which to dry. It is then sent to the rubbing machine, where surfaces coated with glue and sand pass rapidly over the side which is to be printed, ridding it of all irregularities. The better qualities are afterward given another coat of paint, when they are ready for the printers. This is the most interesting part of the operation. For every color in the pattern to be transferred to the oilcloth there must be a block. These blocks come from Maine. They are about two inches thick, two feet square, and are composed of several layers of wood. The surface to be used is of maple, crossed and recrossed by narrow grooves, which form a surface of small squares, 144 of them to the square inch. Those squares look like, and are in reality, so many pages. Where the pattern is desired to show, the

PEGS ARE LEFT STANDING,

those on the portion of the surface which is not to be printed from being cut away. The style in the pattern change twice a year. Some are designed in Utica, and others come from Philadelphia and New York. Some patterns containing many colors require from twenty-five to thirty blocks, and consequently that number of impression to reproduce the design. Rug patterns are the most difficult to make, as it requires different blocks for the corners, sides, and the centre. The printing is done on the top floor, so that the oilcloth can hang for a distance of fifty feet to dry. Each printer has a table with eight pads, on which he smears his colors. Pressing a block to the pad containing the required color, he transfers it to the surface of the cloth, using hand pressure only. Having done this with every block, as each transfers but one color, and consequently but a small

PORTION OF THE COMPLETE DESIGN

he has finished about four feet square of printing, and goes about repeating the operation on another portion of cloth and so on. Two men generally work at a table, and can turn out from 100 to 150 square yards of oilcloth a day, when printing seven or eight color patterns. The paint used is similar to the ordinary house paint. When the printing is completed, another block is pressed on, which gives the embossed surface, of which there are two kinds, pin and line finish. The wet cloth then hangs from the loft for a week, when by an ingenious mechanism it is transferred to the drying room, where for another week it remains in a temperature of 130 degrees. The door to this dry room is fifty feet high, allowing that length of oilcloth to be passed through without rolling or bending. Coming out, it is varnished by three men, with the aid of a machine, varnishing 6000 yards a day. Next it is trimmed and the cloth is ready to be shipped.

A BREAD MERCHANT.

Here comes the bread-seller. He is one of a large class, and the flat pancake-like loaves that he has in his basket show how the Beyrout people make bread. The same flat cake, of varying size and thinness, is everywhere the form of bread in Palestine and Syria. When fresh it is very sweet and palatable; but when old, much like shavings.

At some towns in Mount Lebanon the loaves are baked in circular form, about two feet across, and almost as thin as paper. It is related that once a foreigner, on eating his first meal in the mountains, took one of these loaves and spread it on his lap, thinking it was some new style of a napkin. Strange as this seemed to his Syrian host, we can hardly be surprised at the mistake, for to our Western eyes this thin, pliable sheet looks far more like cloth than bread. Now, this kind of bread has one great advantage, in that it does away with the necessity of using spoons. Those sitting at dinner tear off a piece from the loaf, fold it as a cup, and then dip a portion of food from the general dish in the centre of the table; devouring thus with each mouthful both spoon and contents. The housewives of Beyrout enjoy a touch of that convenient co-operation that is proposed by certain reformers of to-day; not that they take their meals in palatial public dining rooms, but they do have public ovens, thus doing away with some of the household's "private gear." The dough is flattened out into disks of the proper size, and the boys or girls of the family put these on trays and carry them to the nearest oven, where they are soon baked on the smooth hot slabs. We cannot stop here to describe the various and interesting processes of bread making as they are practiced in the villages of Lebanon, or in the Bedouin camp. Other things close at hand crowd upon our attention.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Your face is like a drooping flower,
Sweetheart!
I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts strength to the falling system, cures organic troubles, and for debilitated and feeble women generally, is unequaled. It dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

There is no tarrying in the swift current of life; it sweeps all floating particles relentlessly on; and to be stranded on the mountain side means only to wither uselessly away.

A QUEBEC ELOPEMENT.

A sensational elopement which took place at Quebec on Monday last caused a good deal of talk. A widower, aged 47 years, and father of three grown-up daughters, who resides at Lake St. Joseph, on the Lake St. John railway, has been for a long while paying addresses, unknown to her parents, to a young English girl aged nineteen years, who resides in Palace street in this city, where her mother keeps a boarding house. Some time ago the father of the young girl discovered the cause of the widower's frequent visits to his house, and indignantly forbade him ever again to do so, but unknown to the parents the widower still persisted in his suit with the young girl. Yesterday morning the parents went to church, leaving their daughter behind to keep house. When they returned from service their daughter was not to be found, and the old people became uneasy. The mystery was explained when a telegram arrived at the house addressed to the old lady, announcing that the girl was in Montreal with the widower. The father of the girl became furious when the truth commenced to draw on him, and he immediately sought the advice of the chief of police, who telegraphed to the chief of police at Montreal asking him to apprehend the couple. The irate father on being told that it was evident the widower intended acting honorably with his daughter expressed the deepest disgust at the idea of a widower 47 years of age and the father of three children running away with a young girl of only nineteen years. "But," said he, "he told my girl that he had $1,500 per year salary, and besides that he had $14,000 in the bank, and would insure his life in her interest." The hero of the runaway is well known in lumber circles. Up to noon there were no tidings of the runaway couple, but it is supposed that they are married and that they will return home in a few days.

THE WISCONSIN MOUNDS.

Scarcely anything in the range of American antiquities, according to a paper by Dr. Frederick Starr in the Proceedings of the New York Academy of Sciences, has caused more wonder and led to more discussion than the animal mounds of Wisconsin. Unlike many mounds in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, these were not sepulchral. They may have been village guardians; perhaps tribal totems marking territorial limits; some may have been of use as game drives; some may have even served as fetich helpers in the hunt, like the prey gods of Zuni. They are nearly confined to a belt of moderate width stretching through Wisconsin and overlapping into Minnesota and Iowa. Within this area they occur by hundreds. Dr. Lapham published a great work on the effigy mounds in 1855, since which time no one has paid so much attention to them as Stephen D. Peet, whose articles have lately been issued in book form. Mr. Peet has studied the kinds of animals represented—the most satisfactorily identified among many species seeming to be the buffalo, moose, and dear, or elk; the panther, bear, fox, wolf and squirrel; the lizard and turtle, the eagle, hawk, owl, goose and crane; and fishes. One or two men mounds are known, although most of those so called are bird mounds. Sometimes, too, "composite mounds" are found, and the same forms are found cut into the ground instead of built above it. These strange earth works are very skilfully done, more or less in harmony with their surroundings, and not only numerous but of large size—including a man 214 feet long, a beast 160 feet long with a tail measuring 320 feet, and a hawk with wings expanded 240 feet.

HOW A SOLDIER FEELS IN BATTLE.

Gen. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit does not often illustrate his conversation with a humorous story. Now and then he does, and the following is one of his favorites:

"Four ministers stopped at my house in Detroit once during a conference meeting. Did not the glory of great deeds celebrated in song have a powerful influence in stimulating soldiers to emulate heroes of history? I said, not at all. Then they wanted to know what was the sentiment that took possession of the soldier as he went into battle. I answered that just three words were often uttered by soldiers in fighting, and they embraced all the sentiment and poetry of a warrior's nature. For example, in my division there was a certain Colonel known for his religious views and orthodox ways. He would not do anything to violate the Sabbath and never was known to utter an oath or anyword on the "cuss" order. I thought he was a Miss Nancy kind of a soldier, and was afraid he would not be any use in battle, except to assist in a quick and successful retreat. One day, in a big battle, I saw a regiment in the thickest of the fight, and the Colonel, with his sword in hand, on foot, his horse having been shot, in front, cheering his men and urging them on. I rode up rapidly, and the words that good, orthodox Colonel was using made me smile:

"Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell, boys!" he would yell at each volley.

"Why, Colonel," I said, "I am surprised at your language; you, our best Christian!"

Waving his sword, he replied:

"Well, that is just what I mean, and just what I feel — give 'em hell."

These are the three words of sentiment that a soldier feels like uttering in battle.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS.

It helps him. — "Doctor, I want to thank you for your splendid medicine." "It helped you did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle and I am his sole heir."

A conceited young country parson, walking home from church with one of the ladies of the congregation said, in allusion to his rustic audience. "This morning I preached to a congregation of asses." "I thought of that," observed the young lady, "when you called them your beloved brethren!"

"Did you notice my advertisement?" he politely said to a produce dealer on Michigan avenue!

"No sir."

"It is to the effect that the house which sold me six pounds of oleo, for real butter had better settle at once and save cost."

"Ah! Did you see my ad?"

"No, sir."

"It is to the effect that a certain dead beat had better pay me for eggs bought two years ago, or the account will be placed in the hands of a lawyer."

"Hem!"

"Hem!"

"Johnson's Anodyne Liniment takes the lead; there is none better," says a Boston druggist.

MR. EATON'S EQUINE WONDER.

The Massachusetts Stockman's Hobby is his Phenomenal Horse.

Every horse breeder and fancier in this country, or any other country for that matter, who has great wealth has at some time or other been possessed of a hobby. Pierre Lorillard, Robert Bonner, and in fact many others might be mentioned who have at some time in their lives desired to possess the finest horse in the world. Some of these gentlemen have achieved reputations for owning the fastest trotter or the speediest runner or a horse of particularly fine strain. It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Charles H. Eaton of Lexington Stock Farms, Lexington Mass., to become possessed of the finest horse in the world. This animal, which has been a delight to the eyes of horsemen throughout nearly all the States in the Union, is the most beautiful specimen of the equine race ever known. He is a speedy roadster, a thorough saddle horse and is bred from the finest stock.

Linus, otherwise known as the Oregon Wonder, was foaled in Marion, Ore., in June, 1884. His mother, known as Oregon Beauty, was the property of the Rutherford brothers of that place. She was a dark sorrel color and her mane and tail were of phenomenal growth. She was exhibited in a museum on Coney Island three years ago, but five days after her arrival there from the West, lightning struck her and she was instantly killed. Her skin beautifully stuffed and mounted, is now in St. Louis, having been sold for $6,000 to a museum manager there. Linus is her only son. He is now almost 7 years of age and is as perfect a horse as it is possible to conceive. A dark chestnut-colored coat as glossy as velvet and with a creamy white mane and tail, he is a strikingly pretty animal to view. But it is in