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WHEN A HORSE IS SOUND.

POINTERS FOR MANY BUYERS OF
GOOD AND BAD HORSES.

Gleason Gives Some Good Advice Regarding
the Purchase of a Horse and Explains
When He is Sound and When He is Not
Sound.

In meeting with so many unsound horses
in my journeyings about the United States,
I am awakened to the fact that I might en-
lighten many of my readers by my original
methods of detecting all of the unsound
points about the horse. In doing this I do
not intend to make use of any scientific
terms that belong to the veterinary college,
but instead of which it will be my aim to
use plain, matter-of-fact language, and
that which would generally occur in any
and every community where people reside
and endeavor to improve that
noble animal so highly esteemed by man.
In doing this, it is certainly not my object
to induce the reader to entertain the idea
that I belong to the veterinary school. If,
perchance, the reader should entertain the
idea, let me disabuse his mind with regard
to it. The veterinary college is an institu-
tion of a very high order, and one
worthy of the patronage of the rising gen-
eration, and should receive the encourage-
ment of the whole world.

How to examine the horse:—In the first
place use your own judgment and do not
listen to what your neighbors say. If you
are in a locality where you can get a good
veterinary to examine him, I would advise
you to do so, unless you consider yourself
fully qualified; if such is the case with the
reader, I can only say go ahead.

Have the horse led out of the stable, as
all horses should be examined in the open
air. The first of all look to his age. For
ascertaining the correct age of the horse
you will find it laid down elsewhere in this
book. Open the horse's mouth, look at his
grinders and see that they are in a proper
condition. Next examine his eyes, then his
ears, running your fingers carefully in them
to see that there is no unnatural growth of
warts or bunches such as wens, etc., which
could not otherwise be discerned, as there-
by many horses have been rendered deaf
from such causes. Take your right hand,
place it on the top of his head and feel for
the effects of Pollevis, or any sores of any
nature that may be there. Then run your
hand back to his withers and examine for
any marks of the surgeon's knife or fistula,
also while examining the mouth, look care-
fully for any marks or scars that might be
the result of the knife. Now run your
hand on the horse's back to the region of
his kidneys to ascertain if there is any
weakness there. Now stand directly in
front of the animal, and see if he has a full
chest, and that his shoulders are both alike.
Now look at his fore feet and see if they
are both the same size.

Now pick up his feet and see that the
frog is of a yielding and tender character.
See that he does not have "Thrush,"
which you can detect from the offensive
odor arising therefrom. Now look on the
inside of his front leg and see whether he
has splints or any unnatural enlargements
of any character or nature. Now examine
the hind legs for bone spavin or any en-
largement of the hock joint, such as blood
spavins, bog spavins, thorough pin, curb,
etc., etc. Examine the leaders and ten-
dons. Now have the horse trotted at a
slow and also a quick pace; then take a
side view of the same action. Then have
him backed quickly and led up quickly,
keeping your eyes on his hind legs, looking
for spring halt. Now have him turned
around short, looking for any weakness
about his front legs, which he will ex-
hibit by dragging one of his limbs. Also
examine his throat and nostrils, looking for
any disease that might be located there.

The ears of a horse should be small;
broad between his eyes, with a large and full
hazel eye, perfectly level and straight from
the forehead down to the nostril, with a large,
full nostril and thin. Size of the animal
varies according to what you want to use him
for. The bones of the horse's leg should be
flat and with very little flesh upon them,
showing the cords and leaders perfectly.
The foot should be of a flat nature. I have
found those to be more lasting kind.
The foot that contracts easiest is of a high
wall and closed heel.

The reader may be assisted in reviewing
the following list of common terms used in
expressing the unsound points about the
horse:

Contraction of the foot.....Unsound
Thrush in the foot.....Unsound until cured
Toe crack.....Unsound
Quarter crack.....Unsound
Corns.....Unsound
Flat foot, when sole has dropped.....Unsound
Pomace sole, or any nonformation
of the laminae.....Unsound
Callousness upon the knee, caused by a
horse falling down, or otherwise, is an
evidence of unsoundness.
If the knee is swollen, but no wen or pro-
truberance of a callous nature, sound.
As to the eye, any disease, even from the
slightest cold or inflammation, until it be
completely cured or has resulted in total
blindness, stamp the animal as unsound.
In short, a horse with either not actually
perfect is unsound.
Ringbone.....Unsound
Canker in the foot.....Unsound
Windgalls I consider not in the full sense
of the term unsound, but rather as a
blemish brought on by overwork or
strain.
Curb.....Unsound
Spavins of all natures and kinds.....Unsound
Capped hocks.....Unsound
Rheumatism.....Unsound
Thorough pin.....Unsound
Blood spavin.....Unsound
String halt.....Unsound
Low hip or any protruberance of
the hip.....Unsound
Grass heels, until cured.....Unsound
Cracked heels.....Unsound
Enlargement of the hind leg, or
what is technically termed "Ele-
phantine".....Unsound
Weak back.....Unsound
Knuckling of the pastern joint, or
sprung knees.....Unsound

Stumbling, which is caused by the
weakness of the tendons.....Unsound
All enlargements of the sinews or
tendons.....Unsound
Heaves, or broken wind.....Unsound
Cough, until cured.....Unsound
Crib biting.....Unsound
Wind sucking.....Unsound
Heaving, a nervous affection not neces-
sarily injurious but more of a habit.
Surfeit or mange.....Unsound until cured
Glanders.....Unsound
Strangles.....Unsound
Colds and distempers, until cured.....Unsound
Enlarged joints.....Unsound
Soft enlargements on any part of
the limbs.....Unsound
Sore shoulders or galled backs.....Unsound

Horses where the shoulder has shrunk or
perished; it is caused by inflammation of
the tendons, originating in the foot, and
they are unsound.
Stiff locks.....Unsound
Wounds of every nature, until
cured.....Unsound
Scars of all kinds, if properly healed, not
leaving a bone fracture, are sound.
Horses who have cut their quarters when
speeding, or when lying down in the stall
have caused the shoe bell, are unsound un-
til cured.

Roman backed horses are the most dura-
ble animals we have.
Saddle backed, hollow backed and low
backed horses may be considered sound,
but are nevertheless an eyesore to the
owner.
Wall-eyed or moon-eyed horses, if not
sightless, I consider sound.
All humors arising from impurities of
the blood or otherwise, I consider an evi-
dence of unsoundness until cured.

Pigeon toed horses, or horses toeing in,
unsound, being an unnatural development,
liable to cork themselves or interfere.

GOING OVER THE LINE OF TRAPS.

An Old Woodsman Recounts the Events of a
Winter Day in the Great Maine Woods.

"There are times in the life of a Maine
woods trapper," said Capt. Barker, who is
an old-time Maine woods trapper himself,
"when he'd rather catch sight of his old
log camp in the wilderness than run up
against a gold mine, for the camp at all
times can do for him what all the gold
mines on the face of the earth couldn't do
—save his life. If you had ever tried
trapping in the Maine woods in the depths
of winter you would know what I mean.
For the sake of an illustration, just imagine
yourself trapping there, say along in the
month of December. There is a foot of
snow on the ground. It doesn't require
much imagination to see a foot of snow on
the ground in the Maine woods in Decem-
ber. You might multiply it by three and
get nearer the truth. You have two
camps, and it is fifteen miles apart it
will be nothing unusual. Leading from
one of these camps to the other you have
two lines of traps, one to the right, over
the hardwood mountains, where there is
good ground for the sable and fisher-cat
and the other to the left, up a brook and
around a small pond, where the otter and
beaver and muskrat work in their various
ways, and then up another brook valley to
the camp.

"Early in the morning you take your
axe and rifle, your bag of bait and lunch,
and follow the mountain line of traps,
while your partner takes the valley line, or
vice versa, as the case may be, but the
result will be the same. The expectation
and calculation is that you are to meet
each other at the camp before dark. You
go up into the mountains. It begins to snow
about 10 o'clock. Your partner has no diffi-
culty in following the valley line, for the
creek shows the way, and he will get to
camp before dark, cut the wood, fix his
night, get it in, build a fire, and prepare
for getting supper, expecting to hear you
stamping in before long. But things go
different with you on the mountain line.
There is more snow up there than in the
valley. The travelling is hard. The traps
need a good deal of setting over and fixing,
for the wild cats have been busy along the
line, robbing you of a sable here and a
fisher there, which otherwise would have
been your well-earned trophy. Then a
fisher, fast in a trap, has dragged it away
into the woods, and it takes you a good
while to find it. A light wind drives the
fast-falling damp snow against the trunks
of the trees, and it sticks there, so that in
a couple of hours or so you can't see the
blaze marks on them until you have brushed
off the snow.

"By and by you find a blazed tree, and
then look ahead and try to make up your
mind which tree the next blaze is on. You
pick out a tree that you think is the one
and brush off the snow. No blaze there.
Then you go on to another tree, perhaps
off to the right, and brush again. No
blaze there. Some distance ahead, off to
the left, you see a tree. That must be a
blazed tree surely, you think. You scrape
the snow off of that tree. No blaze there.
And then you go on hunting here and there
for the next blazed tree, until at last you
find it, only to have to repeat the proceed-
ing, perhaps, before you locate the next
one after that one on your course. All
this takes much time and annihilates but
little distance, and almost before you are
aware of it darkness begins to fall around
you. You have lost the line altogether,
now. You don't know whether it is to the
right or to the left of you, but you do know
that you are still a long way from camp.
You have a compass, but as you don't know
your course it is of no use to you.

"By this time you have begun to think
that there is a good chance for your having
to lie out on the mountain that night.
You slip your hands into your pocket to
make sure that your match box is all safe,
and feel a little faint when you fail to find
it. The likeliest explanation for its ab-
sence is that it slid out of your pocket
while you were sleeping in your bunk last
night. Never before have you realized
the importance of always being sure that
you have everything that can possibly be
necessary on a tramp when you leave camp.
"Your situation now can't be described as
a pleasant one. The damp snow through the
day, together with the perspiration due to
your hard working, has wet your clothing
through and through. By and by it stops
snowing. The wind has shifted around
into the northwest and is blowing a gale.
The snow comes piling down from the trees
upon you, and it hurts, for it is frozen.
The fast-scudding clouds look white and

fleece, and you occasionally see a cold-
looking star up through them. The mer-
cury is liable to tumble down to 25 or 30
degrees below zero before morning. It is
madness to think of lying out. You must
get to camp or die.

"You are struggling on through the
snow and night, fully conscious of the peril
of your situation, when suddenly you hear
the report of a rifle. No one who
has never been there knows how sweet the
report of a rifle can sound to his ears when
plunging aimlessly about in the darkness,
lost in wintry woods, and what a change it
can make in his feelings on the instant. If
you ever want to hear music that is sweeter
than the swell of the grandest organ, let the
report of a rifle come to your ears under
circumstances such as those. At first you
find yourself rushing in the direction from
which the sound came. Then you stop
suddenly. The awful thought comes over
you that it was not a rifle shot you heard;
that you only imagined it to be one; that
your nerves forsaking you, that you
are losing your senses under the strain.
Then there is what seems an age of torture,
but it is really only a moment. Then you
hear the report again. This time you no
longer doubt your ears or your senses. It
is your partner, uneasy at your tardiness,
and fearing its cause, signalling in hope
that you will hear. You answer with a
shot, and stride on for camp, knowing that
you are saved.

"By and by you come out in sight of the
camp. Bright sparks are shooting up in
showers out of the smoke hole. It is but a
rough, rude log hut, but no dominating
palace of kings could awaken such joy with-
in your breast as that same hut, with its
blazing fire. The finest dinner that was
ever spread could never taste as good as
the meal of flapjacks, venison, and black
coffee that your partner has ready for you
when you knock the snow off your nose
and go in. And no downy couch ever brought
such rest to mortal man as that bed of
spruce boughs on the cabin floor will
bring to you."

THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

The Government Cling to the old System of
Paid Informers.

After all that has been said about the
vileness of the police system under the
Empire, which rendered it almost impossi-
ble for anyone to be safe from espionage,
even in private life, it might well be sup-
posed that the Republic had done away with
this machinery for discovering and weaving
plots, so much more suited to the age of
Louis the XI. than to the nineteenth cen-
tury. It remains, however, very much
what it was thirty years ago. These things
do not change in France. Governments
go, and the form of government, and
these are succeeded by others, but by and
old abuses—they must be thought good by
some people—cling to the ship with bar-
nacle-like tenacity. French official or-
ganization is about the most steadfast
thing in the world, although all French
people to whom you may speak on
the subject agree that it is very bad.
It is almost as difficult now as it was under
the Empire to be certain that a man whom
you may meet, either in society or out of it,
does not belong to the secret police. All
over the country there are mouchards—a
term expressing someone stronger than
spies. I have been inconvenienced by them
in the provinces. On one occasion
I made a rather long stay in a little place
where there were two hotels in fierce rivalry.
One day a brigadier of gendarmes came
over from a neighboring town on purpose
to make enquiries respecting me. He did
not trouble me, but he questioned every
people as to how I passed my time, about
how much I spent a day, what sort of meals
I had, and whether I appeared to have
more money than I knew what to do with.
The fact was I was suspected of being a spy
in the pay of a foreign government.

As I consider a spy to be the best
whenever there is anything of this kind in
the air, I got myself driven over to the
gendarmes, which was about eight miles
off, and there had it out with the brave
brigadier. I soon discovered that an in-
former had been at work, and that the in-
former hotel, who for years had been receiv-
ing pay as a member of the secret police.
Situating where he was, he must have been
absolutely useless in that capacity, but at
one time he had doubtless done a service
to somebody. It is especially in Paris,
however, that the secret police is supposed
to be indispensable. Every extraordinary
wishes to be kept well informed as to all
that goes on in the enemy's camp. Such
information can only be obtained from
those who are willing to play the part of a
traitor, or whose position enables them to ob-
serve what is going forward without exciting
suspicion. They are the technical terms
"indicators," and may belong to either sex.
When the Boulanger movement was con-
sulting France, the government had a great
advantage over its opponents by the hand-
ling of the secret fund and the secret police.
Boulanger's footsteps were dogged every-
where. They are the technical terms
all that he wished to know concerning the
plans and doings of the conspirators.

An important point in this system is to
make the "indicator" feel sure that what-
ever happens he will not be betrayed. The
Minister of the Interior or of Justice never
asks the names of those by means of whose
espionage certain political information has
been gathered. The money given for dark
services is paid from hand to hand in cafes
or other non-official places by commission-
aires and the name of no auxiliary outside
of the ranks of the regular police ever ap-
pears in a book. It is impossible for the
government to do without this abominable
system, so opposed to the ideal of a demo-
cratic state?

Gold Will Be a Drug.

Recent experimental borings in the Wit-
watersrand gold fields in South Africa re-
veal the existence of enough gold in that
region alone to supply all the yellow money
wants of the world for many centuries to
come. The borings were carried down to
the depth of 2,500 feet, and show the exis-
tence of eight blanket beds of gold bearing
ore averaging a foot in thickness each.
The basin for which this holds good has
a circumference of 400 miles and an area of
12,580 square miles. At fifteen feet to a
ton, this is computed to contain ten and a
half millions of tons of ore. At the very
low value of \$7.50 per ton, the yield of
gold would be \$79,000,000,000,000 (seven-
ty-nine trillion dollars), or \$50,000 for
every man, woman and child now living on
the face of the earth when it is all extracted.

An Escape From The Zenana.

From Mrs. Frater, one of the devoted
ladies who is laboring among the women se-
cluded in the zenanas of India, comes the
following account of an escape: About a
fortnight since a young unmarried woman
from a Kulin Brahmin family left her zen-
ana. She is an only daughter, a bright,
intelligent, handsome girl of nineteen years
of age. We have visited her for three years,
but a year ago she felt the power of God's
love in her heart, and from that time ceased
to worship idols, thus frequently incurring
her father's anger. Two or three weeks
ago she asked us if she might come out of
her zenana and confess Christ, as she be-
lieved in Him. Many difficulties were in
the way, but she was determined; so the
night after the Holi festival she quietly for-
sook her old home and its religion for a new
and untried world. Two hours afterwards
we met her and took her to a place of safe-
ty. The following night she was brought
down to Fyzabad at her own wish. On
Tuesday, her father, who is a bigoted Hin-
du, came down and laid a complaint before
the magistrate that we had abducted the
girl for the sake of her jewels. He said,
"The girl is only thirteen years of age,"
upon hearing which the girl spoke up and
said, "Father, I am nineteen, you told me
so last week." The magistrate asked for
her birth certificate; the father said, "It is
lost." The girl looking straight at him,
said, "No, father, you know it is in the box
at home." Finally the magistrate, having
satisfied himself as to her age, gave us per-
mission to take the girl away.

An Estimate of Cleveland.

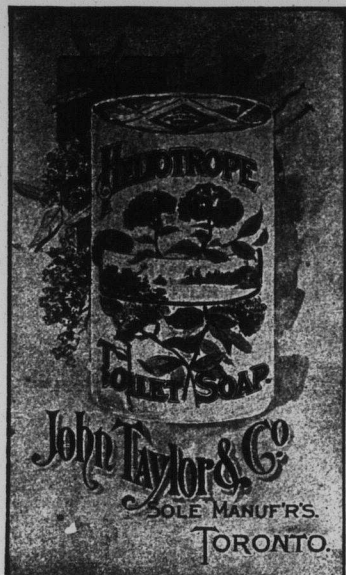
"What is it that is so impressive and
overwhelming about your friend, Governor
Cleveland?" said a distinguished politician
to the late Daniel Manning, at a time when
Mr. Manning was with great skill directing
the politics that had Cleveland's first presi-
dential nomination in view.
"I do not know what it is, but I know
that it is there," was Mr. Manning's reply.
"My political intuitions are infallible,"
said Governor Tilden, after a single inter-
view with Mr. Cleveland; "and I am of
opinion that this man is of somewhat
coarse mental fibre and disposition, but of
great force and stubbornly honest in his
convictions."
"His name should be Petros," Mr.
Blaine once said of Mr. Cleveland, "for
when he has once formed opinions he
stands upon them with the firmness of a
granite foundation."—McClure's for Nov.

During medieval times a woman who
had nothing when she was married except
responsibility for her debts. Women were
then often married in a single garment to
relieve themselves of indebtedness. A
young and noble German lady of the six-
teenth century, to make assurance doubly
sure, had the marriage ceremony performed
while she was standing in a closet, entire-
ly divested of clothing. She put out her
hand through the crack of the door and
was thus married.

The man who is above his business may
one day find his business above him.

He who can take advice is sometimes
superior to him who can give it.

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—OR—
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preparation of
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