

FAIR CANADA.

Fair Canada, fair Canada!
Land of the rowan, larch and pine!
Fair Canada, fair Canada!
No other sites so blue as thine!
The Southern boasts his summer land
Where flowers bloom all the year expand,
But even there could we forget
Thy mayflower and the violet!
Fair Canada, fair Canada!

THE MAJOR'S MISTAKE.

The moon shone serenely clear over
hill and dale, her silver rays playing
on the dull green earth with sportive
fancy, while not a zephyr seemed up-
on the wing, and all nature slumbered
in the stillness of a long summer eve-
ning, when, from one of the neat
white cottages of the village of
Issued two figures, completely envelop-
ed in cloaks, notwithstanding the
thermometer stood at nearly 90. Not
a word was spoken, but with stealthy
steps they chased their shadows along
the silent streets for a goodly half
mile, although twice or thrice one of
the figures paused and breathed con-
vulsively, whether from lack of
breath or agitation seemed doubtful.
At length they stopped before a cot-
tage, whose proximity to the church
bespoke the parsonage; a light twink-
led through the casement; the muff-
led footsteps rapped gently at the
door; it was opened and they entered.
The old moss-grown clock had just
proclaimed in solemn tones the hour
of nine on the next morning when two
ladies, whose looks bespoke them far
upon the road of time—clad in black
silk bonnet and mitts—came slowly
down the street, shaded by two spread-
ing elms. These good goddesses appea-
red deeply engaged in conversation,
looking so intently into each other's
face that sundry fowls, young pigs
and small dogs miraculously escaped a
sudden and violent death.

MISSION WORK IN CHINA.

The following letter received by
Rev. R. P. McKim, the new rector of
St. Luke's church, from a personal
friend and missionary in China, will be
read with interest:
Fochow, March 14, 1895.
My Dear Mr. McKim—Many thanks
for your letter. I was delighted to
learn that your Church Missionary
association is actually organized. We
felt and have longed about this, and
your difficulties, and hoping
against hope that they would one by
one give way, and now finding that
they have in good news indeed. My
wife wrote by return to the treasurer
acknowledging the remittance, and
telling him, I have no doubt, some-
thing about the matter. I will, I am
sure, hear from him. We are passing
through what may turn out to be a
crisis in the history of this ancient
nation. The attention of the govern-
ment being taken up with outside
affairs it gives an opportunity to the
wicked to do as they choose. A sect
friendly to Christianity have sud-
denly sprung into power, winning to
their side the lower orders and dis-
affected of every kind. They laid their
plans cleverly. First they tried to
pick a quarrel with our converts in a
place where a large number of peo-
ple were gathered, and carried off their
rice, and committed a number of
cruel acts. However, as we are but
a weak body, the quarrel was all on
one side. We would not retaliate
and have not in any way obtained red-
ress. The Chinese authorities, never-
theless friendly to Christianity, took
sides against us, and thus they failed
to bring about a disturbance of any
account. Next they acted in the same
manner towards some heathen, and
on the Mandarin (or magistrate) mak-
ing his appearance they openly and
grossly insulted him.

This could not be passed over. Four
of them were seized and lodged in
prison in the city here. Now they are
their chance. Messengers in all direc-
tions soon brought in crowds of their
sympathizers. The family, the official
residence of the Mandarin, was as-
saulted, and after many hours upon
the Mandarin yielded to their de-
mands, handing over his secretary to
be publicly beaten and turned out of
office, this, to the Chinese eyes, being
equivalent to being beaten and turn-
ed out of office himself, and the pris-
oners were at once liberated and sent
home in sedan chairs and state.
From that day numbers daily flock-
ed to their standard. Anyone having
a lawsuit, or difficulty, or debt, joins
them, pays a small fee, and is enroll-
ed on their books. A good proof of the
state of anxiety they are in, is to
return that they will bear any bur-
den and carry him through the trou-
ble.
The officials do not dare to arrest
a Vegetarian. They tried that once,
they did not try it again. Since last
November they have enlisted no fewer
than some 3,000 recruits in this
order.

Of course this state of things can-
not last. The respectable people among
the heathen are in great fear of a
sudden rising. To meet this they have
subscribed large sums of money to
rebuild our city wall and repair the
defences. This is a good proof of the
state of anxiety they are in, for a
Chinaman never parts with his
money if he can possibly help it. The

ball will protect them, but our houses
will defend the city it won't do much
for us. In some places, I grieve to say,
some of whom we had hopes are
yielding to the pressure and are just
falling away. A very sad case has
been reported to me. Two men who
once held rather a prominent position
among the converts of this place have
actually joined the Vegetarians. "They
went out from us, for they were not
of us." From another place a poor
man came in recently to tell me of
the prosecution in his village. One of
our little day schools which you are
benefitting has been broken up and
the parents forbidden to allow their
children to come. He told me how the
water had been turned off his fields,
(without water you know the rice will
not grow), and other wrongs, and that
now there remained in that village
only three men brave enough to op-
pose the cause. "What shall I do
for you?" I asked him. "The authori-
ties have no power; it is useless ap-
pealing to them. I have no power;
what can I do?" He answered, teacher,
you can pray, I beg you to pray.
I pass that request on to you, dear
friend, and to those you can influence.
I beg you to pray, then all will be
well. You tell me you remember me
by name every Sunday morning. It
was that that made me feel I owed
you a big debt, more than a gift of
money. I hasten, therefore, to write
and thank you, Believing,
Yours very sincerely,
ROBERT W. STEWART.

was but scandal, however. Neverthe-
less, the major enjoyed seven pipes
and five tumblers of punch without
once hearing the sound of Die's voice;
a luxury which, in the warmth of his
feelings, he solemnly whispered to
Potts, had not been permitted him
since his midnight trip.
The hours sped onward—the merry
laugh that rang so loud and clear
from the midst of a group of young
folks who were playing "hunt the
slipper," "my lady's toilet," etc.,
caused the heads of the matrons to
turn from each other in high displea-
sure at the interruption of some tale
of scandal.
The happiest moments, still the feet-
est—the hour arrived—the guests de-
parted, and the mistress of the fairy
scene began to wonder what had be-
come of her lord. Looking through
the empty rooms, peering in every
corner by the aid of a feeble light,
and almost suffocated by the vapor
of candle snuff, she was startled by
the sonorous notes from her husband's
nasal organ. "I do believe the ass has
gone to bed," she mentally ejaculated.
Rushing into the room, she beheld
the head of the major, with his blue
and white nightcap snugly resting upon
his pillow. "What's the matter? Is
the horse on fire? Oh, Lord, I smell
smoke—fire! fire!"
"Do be quiet and don't make a fool
of yourself; it's only the pillow I
wanted."

"Oh, Die, is that you? You have
frightened the very life out of me.
Give me something to put under my
head; my neck is almost broke."
"There, my dear, is the night pillow.
Now, never presume to go to bed
again until the cover is turned down
and the day cases removed, and—bless
me, how you have tossed the bed!
Why, major, major, are you asleep
her lady's night pillow?"
"What is it, for heaven's sake? Am
I never to know what rest is again?"
"But, my dear major, I say, shall I
tuck you up snugly?"
"No! the devil! I don't want to be
reminded of my coffin every night by
being tucked up," and away went the
major, in great haste, toward the
door. "Oh, how I wish," groaned the major, as Mrs.
Micalf again patiently smoothed them
down. The wish died upon his tongue,
but it was embodied in his dreams.
Once more he was the quiet possessor
of the snug little room, and no less
snug little bed, at the "Full Moon,"
the moon shone brightly through the
shutters, and the vapor of whiskey punch
regaling his nose—when the shrill,
sharp voice of his helpmeet, at dawn
of day, dispelled the illusion, and, with
the sun, he arose with the comfort-
able thought that he was not the only
being who had sold peace and happi-
ness for gold. And, ere the honey-
moon had expired, Mr. and Mrs. MI-
calf began to perceive that they had
made a great mistake in their moon-
light fitting.—Boston Post.

THE CONCEALED WORKMAN.
First, imagine a hill or mountain
3,000 feet high. Now, imagine a man
sitting in a wheelbarrow at the top
of it in one day. You will say he would
be pretty well fagged out by the time
he reached the summit. How his back
and legs would ache, and he would be
lucky if he didn't feel sore and "pound-
ed" for a week after.
Yet in lifting his body that height
he cannot do so, and it would seem
that the amount of work his heart does
every day in pumping his blood, and
that without the least sign of fatigue.
It sends out about three gallons a min-
ute, and keeps going night and day
from birth to death. Still, we seldom
feel it or think of it. What a work-
man it is, down there in your breast
in the dark!

It is only when something interferes
with it that this faithful servant as-
serts itself, and makes us anxious.
As, for example, in the case of Mrs.
Lizzie Evans, who says that at one
time her heart thumped and throbbed
so she could scarcely hear it, "one
occasion," she says, "the pain was
so bad that I screamed for three hours."
Probably Mrs. Evans is mistaken in
thinking the pain was in the heart it-
self, as the heart is a dull thing as to
feeling, having but few nerves. Still,
she felt pain enough, in the keen nerves
of sensation that surround the heart.
The important question is, What caused
all this alarming commotion? We may
conjecture after having heard her ac-
count, which runs as follows:—
"In March, 1884," she says, "I seem-
ed as if I had no life or energy left. I
was very weary, languid, tired, and
out being able to tell why. I had a
sour taste in the mouth, and spit up a
bitter fluid. I had a poor appetite, pain
after eating, and a constant sense of
being sick and faint. My head was
mazy and whirled round until I could
not see. Then there was a sense of
tingling all over my body, but I can-
not describe it. It was like that of a
weight or burden bearing me down."
Here she speaks of her heart; we
have quoted her words on that point
already.

After that she goes on to say, "I got
a little sleep at night, sometimes more
at all, and in the morning I would
wake up more tired than when I went
to bed. As the time went on I got
weaker and weaker, until I could barely
walk about. For over five years I
was in this way, and what I suffered
is past description. During this time
I lived in London, and was con-
fined to my bed, but was none the
better for what they did for me. I
also attended as an out patient at St.
Bartholomew's hospital, but never de-
rived any benefit from their treatment."
"In July, 1889, I first heard of Mother
Seigel's Curative Syrup, and began to
take it in two weeks I could eat bet-
ter, and got some refreshment from
sleep. As my food digested I felt
lighter, and the heart trouble was less
severe. After that I kept taking the
Syrup and gradually gained strength.
Inasmuch as I had been running down
for five years I took some time to
get back to where I was when I first
began to fall. I am in good health
now, and whenever I feel any sign of
my old complaint I take a dose of the
Syrup, which soon sets me right. In
hope of being useful to other sufferers
I give you permission to publish this
statement. Yours truly (Signed) Mrs.
Lizzie Evans, 11 Camberia Square, Al-
bert Road, Oswestry, January 25, 1893."

By way of comment on Mrs. Evans's
interesting letter we have only to say
that palpitation is very rarely a sign
of disease of the heart. The disease is
usually in the nervous system, brought
about by impurity of the blood. In
her case it was uric acid—the same
poison that produces gout and rheu-
matism—arising from acute indigestion
and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's
Curative Syrup had corrected the dis-
gestion and expelled the poison from
the blood, the heart, like the other or-
gans, did its work quietly.
But what a wonder is the human
body, and how well the old German
(Mother Seigel) nurse knew its se-
crets, both in health and in disease.

Bark Athena, at Delaware Breakwater from
Quantanamo, split sparker on the passage.

COUGHS, CROUP,
CONGESTION,
Readily cured by the use of
Baird's
Balsam of
Horehound

THE IRISH FORCES.
London, May 23.—The Chronicle an-
nounces that Lord Roberts of Kand-
ahar has accepted the succession to
Lord Wolseley in command of the
forces in Ireland.

THE MAINE LOBSTER DEALER'S
VIEW.
"The lobster arrivals are only about
half as large this year as last year
at this time," says C. W. Marston.
"I think the cold weather prevents
the lobster from crawling well. The
falling off is as much in the provincial
as in the Maine supply. They have
been in the provinces a six months' close
time; but that seems to make no dif-
ference in the supply this year. When
our ten-and-a-half-inch, all-the-year-
round law comes into effect, July 1st
next, I think it will lead to an in-
crease of supply. A nine-inch lobster
will not breed. The new law will be
a great benefit to all."—(Portland
Press.

AN ADMIRAL DEAD.
London, May 23.—The Times this
morning announces the death of Hon.
Sir Charles Gilbert John Brydon El-
liot, K. C. B., admiral of the fleet.
Sir Charles Elliot was born in 1818
and his title dates from 1881. He was
an uncle of the present Earl of Hinto.

AWARDED....
Diploma of...
Merit at....
Exhibition...
Fredericton
1893.....
I would fear
no case of dys-
temper in my
stables while I
could get Man-
chester's Con-
dition Powders
and Liniment.
W. B. Campbell,
30 Leinster St.,
St. John.

A SURE SIGN
Of worth is being
used by careful and
successful men
THE
LEADING
HORSEMEN
Use and endorse
Manchester's Con-
dition Powders and
Liniment.
READ
Manchester's Con-
dition Powders and Lin-
iment are the best horse
medicines I ever used.
A. L. SLIPP,
Trainer and Driver,
Truro, N. S.

BEHRING SEA PATROL.
It Will be Maintained by British War-
ships This Season.
Washington, May 22.—Sir Julian
Pauncefote, the British ambassador,
called at the state department today
and communicated to Acting Secre-
tary Uhl important advice just re-
ceived by telegraph as to the Behring
Sea. It embraced a full list of all Cana-
dian sealing vessels which have
been cleared for Behring Sea, together
with the names of the vessels and all neces-
sary information to permit the Ameri-
can authorities to act intelligently.
Sir Julian also took occasion to clear
up some misapprehensions as to the
British naval vessels which are patrol-
ling Behring Sea. The admiralty
office at London had issued positive
instructions for the detail of part of
the Pacific squadron for a patrol fleet
in these waters. In accordance with
the instructions word was sent to the
Canadian officials to furnish the list
of ships to the ambassador at Wash-
ington.

BIG METHODIST UNIVERSITY.
New Members Added to the Board of
Trustees.
Washington, May 2.—The trustees
of the American University, the big
Methodist educational institution to
be located in the suburbs of Washing-
ton, held a meeting at the Arlington
today, at which over \$100,000 was
subscribed for building the historical
hall and library.
Besides some re-elections, the fol-
lowing new members were added to
the board of trustees: John Fritz,
Bethlehem, Pa.; William Connell,
Scranton, Pa.; Horace John Patton,
Burwensville, Pa.; John G. Holmes,
Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Dr. W. H. Mil-
burn, Illinois, and John E. Herrick,
Washington, D. C.
The executive committee was au-
thorized to appoint a building committee
to secure competitive plans from dif-
ferent architects for the hall and li-
brary, to be approved by the board of
trustees at a meeting to be called in
the early fall. Work on the building
will be begun as soon as the contracts
can be closed.

LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.
Sir William Vernon Harcourt on the
Government's Policy.
London, May 22.—At the lord may-
or's banquet at the Mansion house to-
night, the remarks of Sir William Ver-
non Harcourt, chancellor of the ex-
chequer and leader of the house of
commons, were in part directed to the
currency question. He said that many
of the important interests of the coun-
try had been greatly distressed and
that he believed that there was symp-
toms of improvement. He had seen
waves of depression before, and had
seen the country recover from them.
He placed great reliance, he said, upon
the recuperative powers of the
country and upon the principles of fi-
nance and currency which have been
current in Great Britain for the past
fifty years. The government, he
ded, would abide by the fiscal and
monetary principles which had made
the United Kingdom.