

Merit

Made Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made

That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, etc. 25 cents.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

An Instance in Which It Settles the Wrong Man to the Gallows.

From the Washington Evening Star. "Speaking of circumstantial evidence," said an old attorney, "I am free to confess that I consider it hardly the thing to hang a man on, though it has been done in many cases. I can recall an instance when I was a youngster of 12 or 14, in which my father, who was a leading criminal lawyer, defended a man who was hanged on merely circumstantial evidence. The facts were as follows: Living just in the edge of our town was a man of wealth, who had a grand old house, occupied only by himself and servants. There were various stories about how rich he was, and what large amounts of money he always kept near him, but he was never disturbed until one night, shortly after midnight, there was a terrible disturbance in the old house, accompanied by pistol shots, and when the people who came to see what the matter was got in they found the owner dead with a bullet through his eye, and the butler with his hands full of jewelry and watches lying in the doorway of the old gentleman's room, with a bullet somewhere in his head, but he wasn't dead.

"His revolver lay by his side, and as far as could be seen the whole story was told right there. The butler, who had been in the house only about six months, had been caught in the act and shot, but he killed the man in the fight. That was the only transaction of it, and there was no other for several days, because the butler had a very serious wound, and was delirious for a week. However, it was not fatal, and as soon as he was at himself he made a statement to the effect that he had been awakened in the night by footsteps, and he saw his pistol, which had only two loads in it out of the five, and gone down into the hall below to see what the noise was.

"He noticed that his master's door was partly open at the far end of the hall, and hurried toward it. As he approached he heard his master speak to some one asking who was there, and with that there was a pistol shot, and he jumped into the room, grabbing a burglar as he did so, and at the same time getting a shot in the head from his master's pistol. Beyond that he remembered nothing more. His story was generally disbelieved, for there was no evidence of any other person in the house with evil designs, and all the plunder that he had not caught in his hands was lying on the floor about him, so that there was no apparent reason why a burglar should be there. All the doors were locked by the butler, who came in response to the alarm, and there were absolutely no signs of any burglarizing from the outside.

"Another strong point was that the bullet which was found in the butler's head exactly fitted the pistol of his master, showing conclusively that it was the master and not the burglar who shot him. This was the condition of the affair when my father took charge of it, and though he really believed the butler's story and tried to prove it, he couldn't do it, and the man was finally hanged.

"A year later a burglar was shot by a policeman in the city nearest to us, and he confessed on his deathbed that he was the murderer of our rich man. He had hidden in the house early in the evening, had collected all the gold and jewels and other portable valuables, and was about getting out when he was caught both by the old gentleman and the butler, and that the butler had got the butler intended for him, as he had run into the room just as the old man fired. Dropping everything in his sudden surprise he had rushed down stairs and hidden in the hallway, from whence he had slipped out as soon as the front door was opened. In the excitement he had not observed the burglar got away without any trouble at all, as the nearness to the city made strangers so common that their presence excited no suspicion. The butler forgot that incident, and I'll never be in favor of the death penalty on circumstantial evidence. I don't care how strong it is. Even Lynch law is less unjust," and the writer felt that the attorney was more than half right.

NO REST.

"Young man, you should never go to bed owing any man a cent."

"Where would I sleep, father?"—Detroit News.

Mrs. Seleste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parment's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose without distressing me in the least. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

As a result of recent investigations, it has been shown that the foundation of the families of about a dozen of the 400 barons in the British House of Lords dates back 1400 years, and that the oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family, of Scotland, 1603.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nothing is so dangerous as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary ailment of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and inflammation when applied externally, as well as as averted neck and tick in the back; and, as an internal remedy, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

A Big Snake from Java.

His First Meal in America Was a Yearling Calf.

Before He Ate It He Broke Away From Eleven Men Who Were Trying to Box Him Up—His Owner Says He's Forty Feet Long and Weighs 500 Pounds.

New York Sun.

An excited man with a patch of plaster on one cheek rushed into the Sun office yesterday and asked to see the snake editor.

"They are having the greatest kind of a time down at Donald Burns' animal place in South street," the man declared, "trying to get a big snake into a box. It is the biggest snake ever brought to this country, and when they tried to handle him he got away from Burns and his men and came near killing a lot of them."

A reporter was sent at once to see how much of this story was true. Down in Burns' place, in South street, just north of where the Brooklyn bridge crosses that street, there was a large gathering of people. The small office part of the animal store, which is separated from the rest by a high and strong iron network partition, was full of men whose interest seemed to be concentrated upon a long and strong new box which was in the inner room, close to the partition.

"He's in there!" exclaimed one of the men as the reporter entered. The snake that had caused the excitement was evidently safely caged by that time, but he was still a matter of local interest. Donald Burns was inside the partition with a number of his assistants, and he was giving directions for making a hole in one end of the box and connecting a stove with it to keep the big snake warm.

"I hear you have been having trouble with a snake," said the reporter. "Hush!" whispered Burns. "I have been keeping the thing quiet. How did you hear of it? You know I didn't want it to get out that any animal, wild or tame, ever got the better of me. I have been handling animals and snakes ever since I was a boy—elephants, lions, tigers, wildcats, bears, rattlesnakes, and everything else that ever got the best of me before. It was awful, I tell you. Look at this!"

Mr. Burns threw back the hamp which held the lid of a smaller box, which stood beside the big new one, and opened the cover. Then he loosened and raised the inside lid of glass which covered the contents of the box, and, making a quick move, caught a big snake by the neck, just back of the head.

"Catch hold of him, boys," he cried to his assistants, and three of them grasped different portions of the snake. Burns drew it forth. They stretched it out until its head and tail were probably ten feet apart; but the snake did not seem to like the operation, and kept a good part of its length concealed by pulling itself up in ringletted kinks. "Put him back!" yelled Burns. The snake was perhaps six inches in diameter at the thickest part of its body.

"He's a pretty good-sized chap, isn't he?" asked Burns. He's nearly twenty feet long, but he's not a marker to the other one. You see I could handle him."

Then Burns went over to the big box and opened it cautiously. This box was an inside set of lids filled in with heavy plate glass. "There," exclaimed Burns, "is a snake that is a snake. He is between 20 and 40 feet in length, weighs 500 pounds, and measures two feet around the biggest part of his body. Talk about handling him! He's the only brute that ever got away from Donald Burns. Look at him now!"

Burns had opened the glass cover. The great python lay coiled at one end of the box, with his head resting comfortably upon the upper coil of his body. He made altogether a pile about the size of a haystack, and as high as one of the coils of a square-rigged ship. The snake's little yellow head-like eyes were staring, but he seemed not at all anxious to move. Burns stepped forward carefully toward the snake's head, and suddenly darted it forward and closed his powerful fingers about the snake's neck.

The neck is slender compared to the rest of the body, but still it makes a mark. The moment the fingers closed the snake began to struggle with his head, and it became apparent that even a powerful man like Burns could not hold it. Burns suddenly released his hand. The snake poked out its forked tongue once or twice and then returned to its former position.

"He has been fed since we had the tussle with him," said Burns. "I couldn't even do that much with him. I fed him a yearling calf and he swallowed it whole after crushing every bone in its body. He is a rock python from Southern Java. He was caught in a trap on May 14, and came here in the trap. I am sorry that I let the Italians carry off that trap and break it up. It was a curiosity in itself. It was made of teak-wood and bamboo. On one side was a hole, and this had pieces of polished bamboo running in from it like the wires in our rat traps. The natives in Java put a goat into the trap for bait, and the snake went in to eat it. The goat was so small that when he got away without any trouble at all, as the nearness to the city made strangers so common that their presence excited no suspicion. The butler forgot that incident, and I'll never be in favor of the death penalty on circumstantial evidence. I don't care how strong it is. Even Lynch law is less unjust," and the writer felt that the attorney was more than half right.

NATIONAL EXPERIMENTS

New Zealand's Legislators Seem to Rank People Above Property.

"Labor Legislation in New Zealand" was the subject of a lecture recently delivered in London by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, the Agent-General of that colony. The London Chronicle reports him as saying that, although the New Zealanders had not yet obtained all at which they aimed, yet they had done a good deal. Very few workers worked more than eight hours a day, and factory owners and business men had informed him that not only did their employees put in a good day's work during the eight hours, but they thoroughly earned the high wages they received.

The islands, said the lecturer, would never form a great empire, and they did not possess one millionaire, but they could boast of moderate wealth scattered over a wide community. Education had arrived at such a stage that total illiteracy was almost unknown. For these and other reasons New Zealand was a favorable theater for "experiments" in legislation. The rulers of the country now used the collective wealth and status of the colony as a weapon to endeavor to better the lot of the mass of the people. Most of the important work had been done during the last five years. The State was the largest landowner, and of late there had been a strong feeling against parting with more of the freeholds. The result was that land was leased in perpetuity. Not only were the railways the property of the State, but an insurance business was also in Government hands. Public trustees took care of the estates of deceased persons, and had been accomplished in this way.

The State also interfered in the labor market. Of late State Socialism had made great headway in the colony, which came into office five years ago was composed of the old Liberal party founded by Sir George Grey—and the Labor party. The latter was not an independent party, inasmuch as the Radicals accepted their programme. The Labor party, therefore, became a wing of the Radical party, and by this means valuable reforms had been accomplished. In the beginning of 1891 Mr. John Ballantyne, a highly Socialist, but not labeled as such. Each measure was produced on its own merits, and by this method much parliamentary support, which otherwise would have been lost, was secured.

With regard to the land, leases of 99 years were granted at a rental of 1 per cent of the value of the property to bona-fide settlers. Certain Radicals of whom the speaker was one—thought the terms too good, but Parliament only consented to the objection to large estates—which the Government had parted with in the past—was that they were, as a rule, mere cattle sheep runs. Legislation had had the effect of enabling the Government to repurchase many of these estates, either by private agreement or by arbitration, and they were now being split up and offered to small occupiers.

They had a graduated income tax, and a land tax so arranged that the burden was not on the small owners. The labor laws were somewhat remarkable. Prior to 1891 factory acts, etc., were in existence, but since then they have been greatly improved. The amended factory act, passed in 1894, brought within its meshes nearly every kind of workshop in New Zealand, and the speaker said that one employee were together in a room it must be registered as a factory. Great care was exercised as to the health of the children, and the powers of the inspectors were arbitrary to an extraordinary extent.

The chief object of the act was to protect the young, and to protect adults, but naturally it also benefited adults, especially as regards sanitation. There were strict regulations as to the hours of labor and for the prevention of accidents. A deduction from wages, none could be made on the ground of absence or late arrival, save where "special damages" could be proved, the result being that such deductions were now practically unknown. The truck act of 1892 stipulated that every worker was entitled to be paid in money without any deduction whatever. Provision had also been made for the protection of workmen against the loss of their wages in case of accidents. The speaker said that the act began with a desire for a half-holiday and ended in a serious struggle to get the law enforced. The speaker said that the law was now being enforced, and that the speaker said that the law was now being enforced, and that the speaker said that the law was now being enforced.

The Government also dealt with maritime matters, and after two years' fighting it was enacted, among other things, that every ship should have a complement of skilled seamen. Mr. Reeves went on to describe the manner of the conciliation and arbitration act, the object of which was to bring about a settlement of disputes between employers and workmen. He said that the act was to do away with strikes and lock-outs, and substitute for them the decision of conciliation boards, or, if that failed, the decision of a court of arbitration. He admitted that it was an experiment, but if anything could be substituted for strikes or lock-outs it was the duty of every civilized nation to try it. Since the act was passed no dispute had occurred to call for its interference, but that was largely due to the fact that of late years his party had succeeded in persuading workmen to refrain from trade quarrels in order to put all their force into politics.

In conclusion, Mr. Reeves said that one of his last acts before leaving New Zealand for England was to secure the passing of an act affecting servants' registry offices.

ONLY AN AMATEUR.

"I trust your husband is a Christian. I have been making a call on the pastor, who was making a call."

"Well, yes," returned Mrs. Barnes, somewhat hesitatingly. "He's very amiable, and I have hopes of him."—Chicago Tribune.

JOCK'S BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

In the Highlands, even yet, "the last rites" of a "young man" are looked upon as an excellent excuse for copious refreshment. An Invernesshire farmer and his man were both invited to a funeral. The man was a "young man," so the farmer said to his man, "Jock, I'll be gawn' doon to the burial day, but I'll let you awa' the morn's night." The man was a "young man," so the farmer said to his man, "Jock, I'll be gawn' doon to the burial day, but I'll let you awa' the morn's night."

Keeps Stoves in Order.

How a Girl Flakes a Comfortable Living.

Adjusts Refractory Gas Burners so That They Will Work Properly.

Some months ago a little brown-eyed, low-voiced woman, located in Kansas City and hung out a sign which read, "Lucy Adams, Gas Stove Inspector." At first people imagined she was some sort of a city official, but it was soon learned that she knew all about stoves and was in the business of adjusting them so that they would work properly. Before she came to Kansas City housewives had all sorts of trouble with their stoves, which would every now and again "get on a streak of cutting up capers."

What man could tell in clear woman language how to keep the pie crust from soaking, the biscuits from burning, or the bread from being underdone? When Miss Adams tackles a refractory stove she does it in a business-like way that compels admiration. She carries a handbag of tools with her, and after a critical glance over the various parts of the stove she will whip out her pinners, spike-nails, screw-driver, etc., and set to work in a jiffy, for she is no less a man than a plumber. The screw-driver comes in handy to tighten the "mixers"—little screws that the gas feeds through. The pinners are used to clear obstructions from the gas pipes. The gas valves are adjusted so that the gas will flow in a running comment of directions and hints to the owner of the stove. To begin with, she directs that the stove be greased inside and out with common lard to preserve it from rust. Then follows a lesson in cooking. Some housewives rather resent this sort of thing, but Miss Adams doesn't mind, receiving scornful smiles with the greatest good humor. The result generally is that before she has left the house the good wife knows a good deal more about cooking than before the little brown-eyed woman was called in.

In speaking of her experience among the housewives of Kansas City she said a report that "There is no difference in the way the homes are kept, as an insight into kitchens will show. It is not so much in the amount of money expended as in the character of the food and the character of the housekeeper. There is one conclusion I have formed: You can tell little about a woman's character from her kitchen. Sometimes the kitchen is in keeping with the parlor, but very often it is entirely different. I long for the women to organize and to become more thoroughly conversant with the principles of domestic science. So much responsibility rests with a housewife. She may make a domestic paradise or a hell. Very often a woman holds these responsibilities lightly, and the lives around her are miserable accordingly."

REPORT ON VACCINATION.

It Was Scandalous Long in Coming and Is by No Means Decisive.

London Times. The length of time consumed by the royal commission on vaccination in dealing with questions as to which the matter was necessary for the effects of vaccination after by the efforts of sound conclusions had for many years been available to all who wished to use them has been little short of a public scandal, and has been a source of mortification to the public mind. The cause of a small-pox mortality which both could have been, and ought to have been avoided.

Weak-kneed or ignorant boards of guardians have been terrorized by anti-vaccinators, and in many places have permitted the law which they were bound to administer to fall almost completely into abeyance. In one locality in which this state of things has existed, the resulting epidemic has cost the lives of many persons. The commissioners while engaged in considering their report with a frightful example of what would happen if the cause of vaccination were ever to become general.

In the city of Gloucester, in the early part of this year, it was a fact that scarcely any children who had been born there, and who were under the age of 10, had been vaccinated; and, as a consequence, in the three months covered by the report, the death from smallpox in the city were 27 in number, and amounted to an annual rate of 27 for every thousand persons living.

A hospital physician of conspicuous ability has been employed by the commission to visit Gloucester from time to time during the continuance of the epidemic, and it is probable that his description of its incidence and its decline will form not a salient feature of the general report, but also a basis for conclusions of the highest value in the interests of public safety.

We are at present necessarily unable to give the actual decisions of the commissioners on any of the important questions submitted to them, but the rumor that the report will be signed by all of them except Mr. Pictou and Dr. Collins may, we think, be taken to be conclusive with regard to its general tendency, and to show that the contentions of the anti-vaccinators will derive no support from it.

We hear also that the two medical members, Sir Guy Hunter and Mr. Hutchinson, have appended a memorandum advising that not only vaccination, but also revaccination, should be rendered compulsory; while Mr. Bright and Mr. Whitbread object to any form of compulsion, and think that greater facilities should be given for free vaccination, including visits by the vaccination officer to the homes of the poor, and free medical attendance in case of any injury or disease being attributed to the operation.

Guess

the weight of the big cake of

Surprise Soap

AT THE

..Toronto Fair

The winner receives the handsome Heintzman Piano: it's the highest grade; on Exhibition there. Everyone can guess free of charge. Go to the Surprise Soap Exhibit and deposit your guess; it costs nothing but a look at Surprise Soap. It pays you to know Surprise Soap and you have a chance to win the Piano.

ST. CROIX SOAP CO., ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Prepare Now for the Cold

by seeing that all your ordered clothing is interlined with **Fibre Chamois**. It will not add weight and only costs a few extra cents, but it gives a grateful comforting warmth to men's, women's and children's clothing which will defy the coldest blasts of winter.

For your own sake don't try to do without this backbone of all winter comfort.

Don't buy any ready-to-wear suits which haven't the Fibre Chamois label. Think of the healthful warmth, the difference in price doesn't count.

Reduced to 25 cents a yard.

Study Economy...

Everybody considers it a luxury to use Johnston's Fluid Beef, and so it is, but when it can be bought in 16 oz. bottle for \$1.00 it is also economical.

Johnston's Fluid Beef

16 oz. Bottle, \$1.00

case. The facilities for free vaccination are already very considerable, and the facilities for obtaining free medical attendance not only by the poor, but by anyone who could not properly be so described, are already sufficient to exert, especially in large towns, a decidedly pauperizing influence upon the community.

It would probably be a matter for much regret if this influence were further extended by act of Parliament, more especially as the only ill effects observable after by the endeavors of parents to prevent the operation from being successful, or inoculation of the scratches with some form of septic dirt.

Law is, or, at least, may be, a great educator, and the present law, if enforced, would serve to impress upon the minds of careless people that they were their duty to take a certain small amount of trouble for the sake of protecting, not only their children, but also their neighbors, from a scourge which is no respecter of persons.

ALLIGATOR SENSE.

They Don't Have Much Before They Are 100 Years Old.

"Do you know," said Col. Ben Cason, leaning back in his chair, "that alligators know more about the future than we do? They're wondrous. They've got more sense than a dog."

"How do I know? Haven't I educated 'em? Ain't there an alligator 110 years old in Des Allemand Bayou that would work his tail to the bone for me if I asked him to? What are you laughing at? You get a gallon of molasses and a long-necked bottle, and I'll show you how to tame alligators. It's the same thing on earth. They're so affectionate."

"On June 23, 1885, I went to Des Allemand Bayou fishing. A negro named Edipate Ford had just caught an alligator 100 years old, he could tell by the rings around him. You can't train a young alligator. I paid him \$4.95, was mine. I put a chain around his neck.

"Then I got me a long-necked bottle, filled it with molasses and walked up to him. He opened his jaw to nab me. That was my chance. I shoved the neck of the bottle in his mouth, just back of his ears, where an alligator has no teeth.

"I tilted the bottle up. Jim tasted the molasses and began wagging his tail. He broke Baptiste's leg, but that was an accident. He was as gentle as a setter dog from the minute he tasted the molasses.

"I taught him a lot of pretty tricks—how to catch flies, how to stand on his tail, how to chew tobacco. Finally I harnessed him up to a boat. He looked around at me to see what I wanted. I reined over the side of the boat and pushed him a little. Then he understood. Off he went.

"When I pulled on the rope I had around his neck he was nonplussed for a minute, but he soon caught on, and now when I go to Des Allemand's I never have to hire anybody to paddle my canoe. Jim attends to carrying me anywhere I want to go."

"Say, do you know, Jim is as glad to see me whenever I pass that way as he was a relative of mine. What's that? Of course it's the truth. Ask Baptiste. He takes care of Jim for me while I am in New Orleans."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BETTER THAN HIS FATHER'S. George Clarke, the celebrated negro minstrel, being on one occasion examined as a witness, was severely interrogated by the barrister, who wished to break down his evidence. "What is the negro minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Is not that rather a low calling?" "What is the lawyer?" demanded the barrister. "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel; "but it is so much better than my father's that I'm rather proud of it." "What is your father's calling?" "He was a lawyer," replied Clarke, in a tone that put the court in a roar of laughter.

COURTRIGHT.

Courtright, Dec. 5.—The Dadds family and the Hutton family, who have been spending the winter at the Hotel Bedford, have returned home to Detroit.

Mr. M. Campbell, mayor of Chatham, spent the evening of Thursday at the Hotel Bedford, on his way to Detroit.

The ball that was gotten up in the Stewart Hall by G. Hays proved to be a great success. H. D. BLANK.

A. Bedard and wife visited Sarina on Friday.

Mr. James Kerr is becoming badly crippled with rheumatism. "You Steps have been taken by the people of the town to have a 'continuation class' in our school. It was put to a vote, and carried by 25 to 16.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effective. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.