

STORIES OF THE CAT.

Legends and Facts About the Still but Half Tamed Animal.

"There are few tales of cat fidelity and many of dog, yet one thinks no worse of the cat for this," says an observer. "His very independence compels respect. He walks 'by his wild lone, waving his wild tail, through the wild woods,' as an inspired modern writer has set forth. All the generations have not served to tame him, and the most domestic of the race will revert sooner to a wild life at the call of the blood than any other friend of man. It is thus scarcely surprising to find that the most famous cat lovers have been drawn from the ranks of politicians and poets, those whom reason of state or a sensitive temperament have rendered averse from trusting their fellow creatures and who consequently bestow all their affections upon the 'freside sphinx.' We are invited to believe that the most famous of all cats, he who brought fame and fortune to his master, Dick Whittington, was no four legged animal at all, but merely the French word 'achat'—to buy and sell at profit—and that the great merchant made a pet only of his merchandise from the very beginning. Thus in later years do the idols of our youth topple about our heads.

"But other legends—nay, facts—are left us. Cardinal Wolsey, for instance, when acting in his official capacity as lord chancellor is said to have had his favorite cat always seated beside him, and another prince of the church, Richelieu, found his only relaxation in keeping a number of kittens in his private cabinet and watching their gambols during his spare moments. We cannot recall Richelieu as a true lover of the race, however, for directly the kittens grew to three months he had them sent away and replaced by others. Lord Chesterfield left in his will life pensions to his favorite cats and their kittens. Victor Hugo's great cat Chanoine always sat on a large red ottoman in the center of his salon and received his guests in state, showing marked displeasure if any one failed to cress or praise her.

"Tasso wrote a sonnet to his favorite cat, and Petrarch had one he loved as dearly, we are told, as Laura. No doubt she was the confidant of many of his trials and consoled him for much of the fair lady's disdain, and when puffed the poet had her embalm in the Egyptian fashion and carried her mummy about with him everywhere. Baudelaire, the French poet, a very shy man, was always ill at ease in any new house he entered until the family cat was brought up and introduced to him, after which, with the cat on his knee, he was perfectly happy in his silent poet fashion.

"Traditions respecting cats are, of course, legion. From time immemorial they have been regarded as somewhat uncanny, omens of weal or woe, beings to be either conciliated or crushed. The cat worship of ancient Egypt and, later, the Roman creed that the cat was sacred to Diana speak of the one; the wild charges of witchcraft—or concern in it—during the dark ages of Europe will attest the latter. But there is another popular belief deserving also of mention, that which sets forth the old maid as the cat's only friend, a legend arising in the mediaeval nurseries overruled with mice, where one or more cats were always kept and were no doubt much petted by the good nuns."

A Hard Burial.

Some few winters ago a gang of carriage washers was engaged washing carriages on one of our northern railways when one of them remarked to his mate, an old soldier who was famous as a long bowler, "It's awful cold this morning, David."

"Cold? This is nothing," said David. "I remember when I was in Canada in 1860—one of our mates died, poor chap. And you will have some idea what sort of frost it was when I tell you it froze the body so stiff and the ground so hard that we had to get hammer and chisel, make a nick in the ground and then drive him in with a pile driver. That was the only way we could give the poor chap decent burial!"—London Answers.

Using the Eyes.

A scientific writer quotes Helmholtz as saying that in his work he could only liken himself to the mountaineer, painfully and slowly climbing, often obliged to turn backward, lighting later on new traces leading forward, and finally reaching the goal, only to find to his confusion that a plain road led thither, if he had only had the eyes to see. Darwin said he thought he was superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention and in observing them carefully.

Cheap Generosity.

A great smoker handed his cigar case to his right hand neighbor. "Thank you, but I don't smoke," said the man.

He therefore handed it to the man on the left, who made the same reply, whereupon his wife nudged him and said, "Why don't you hand it to the captain?"

"No, thank you; he smokes."—Nes Lolsirs.

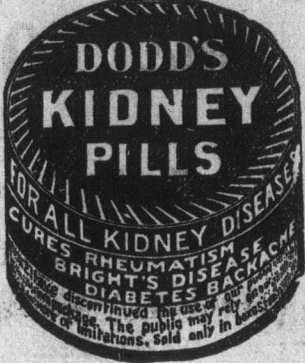
The Mean Thing!

"Who was that fool you bowed to?" "My husband."

"Oh, I—er—I—humbly a, ologize, I—"

"Never mind, I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"

Did you ever notice that the size of trouble depends on whether it is coming or going?—Mankato Free Press.



CHEAP 'PHONES.

Alberta's Policy is to Install Whole System in the Province.

Winnipeg, Feb. 16.—Yesterday the Minister of Public Works in the Alberta House stated the Government's policy on the telephone question. Briefly, the Government is not only going to supply all cities, towns, rural municipalities and local improvement districts that want them, with telephones at the lowest possible price, but the province is undertaking the installation, operation and maintenance of the whole system all over the province.

The Minister did not state any figure, but private members announced Thursday night their belief that Alberta could supply the farmers with phones at \$10 to \$12 a year and give long distance connection for a little more than the cost of a postage stamp.

Speechless and Paralyzed.—"I had valvular disease of the heart," writes Mrs. J. S. Goode, of Truro, N. S. "I suffered terribly and was often speechless and partially paralyzed. One dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me relief, and before I finished one bottle I was able to go about. To-day I am a well woman."

Sold by W. W. Turner.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Ottawa, Feb. 16.—In the House yesterday another debate on Mr. Hyman's resignation took place on Mr. Borden calling its validity into question. The Premier replied, and suggested sending the matter to the committee on privileges and elections, which would further postpone the appeal to London electors.

The postoffice estimates, amounting to \$6,626,547, were passed, as were all the geological survey estimates.

GREAT SPECIALISTS IN STOMACH CATARRH.

Though often they fail to give even temporary relief, Mr. W. Seymour, Huntsville, Ont., cured himself with Ferrozone. "My trouble," he says, "was chronic catarrh of the stomach. There was constant bad taste in my mouth, I was constive and usually nauseated before and after meals. I also had a gnawing sensation in the stomach. Ferrozone gave me great relief, and I also used Catarrhozone, which is good for catarrh. Although it took a number of boxes of Ferrozone, I got back my health and to-day am quite well." For stomach catarrh, indigestion and kindred disorders, nothing excels Ferrozone. In a thousand cases it has proved a wonderful success. Try it yourself, 50c. per box at all dealers.

Results Satisfactory.

London, Feb. 16.—Prof. De Martens, the Russian Imperial Counsellor of State, had a prolonged audience with King Edward yesterday, and later bade farewell to Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary. The professor will leave London for The Hague to-day. During his stay here he had discussed all the points of his mission regarding the approaching peace conference at The Hague with the Foreign Secretary, and it is understood the results have been most satisfactory.

THEY GIVE WONDERFUL HEALTH.

None are so healthy, so buoyant and full of life as those who regulate with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Even in one night they worked wonders. Fur and coating they take from the tongue, headaches they relegate to the past, biliousness and stomach disorders they prevent and absolutely cure.

Think what it means to have the system cleansed and purified by Dr. Hamilton's Pills! A true laxative, a perfect tonic, harmless and wholly vegetable in composition, they will do you good. To feel and look your best use Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 25c.

Judge O'Meara Dead.

Ottawa, Feb. 16.—John J. O'Meara, county court judge, died yesterday morning at the Russell House. He will be buried at Pembroke on Saturday.

WHERE DOES CONSUMPTION BEGIN?

That first little tickle becomes a cough, the cough grows severe, is neglected and travels down to the lungs. That throat trouble before it gets severe, Catarrhozone heals, allays inflammation, cures throat and bronchial trouble quickly. A marvel worker is Catarrhozone, which prevents thousands of Catarrh victims from contracting consumption. Recommended by doctors, proved by time to be unfailing. Catarrhozone just what you need, 25c. and \$1.00; sold everywhere.

Don't be fearful that you are doing the wrong thing all the time. Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Dilapidated Gentleman Talks

Visits an Ohio Village and Tells How He Came to Take Up Tramping.

[Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment.]

ONE evening in the outskirts of an Ohio village," began the dilapidated gentleman as he was asked for a reminiscence of the road, "I knocked at a comfortable looking house to ask for a bite to eat and leave to make my bed under the currant bushes. The door was opened by a woman weighing about 200 pounds and having a motherly look all over her. Just let me tell you something right here. If it wasn't for the fat women of America the tramp would soon be an unknown quantity. They are as big hearted as well, as big bodied. Not once in a hundred times have I appealed to them in vain. On this occasion I hadn't got my mouth open before the good woman saluted me with:

"You poor fellow! But come right in and get something to eat. I don't



"THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY A WOMAN WEIGHING ABOUT 200 POUNDS."

believe you have had a full meal in a week. Helen, help me to set out the cold victuals."

"Helen was her niece. She was an old maid. She had a turn up nose and wore glasses, and she looked upon me as dirt beneath her feet. She assisted her aunt, but very reluctantly, and I overheard her talking against me. If it had been left to her I should have got the bounce instead of a good supper. I knew that some sort of a story would be expected of me when I had eaten, and it occurred to me to heap coals of fire on the old maid's head in revenge. Sure enough, as I moved back from the table the fat woman settled herself in a rocking chair and said:

"You must have had some adventures while tramping over the country?"

"Yes; a few."

"What started you on the tramp?"

"Now, auntie, what do we care?" put in the old maid. "He's a tramp, and that's enough. He is probably anxious to be on his way."

"And I'm anxious to hear him talk. Why did you take up tramping?"

"It is a story that I seldom tell," I replied, with a choke in my throat, "but you have been so kind to me that it would be selfish in me to withhold it. You may at some time have read or heard of Chief Justice Rathskiller of Washington. Well, he is my father."

"You don't say?" gasped the widow, while the old maid pricked up her ears and grew interested at once.

"Ten years ago, when I left college, my father wanted me to follow in his footsteps, or at least to become a lawyer. That was also my ambition, and perhaps I should have been on the bench today but for a trifling incident. One day my mother sent me to the laundry to say that the towels sent home were short by one."

"Yes; I've heard how them city laundries keep back things," replied the widow.

"At the laundry I could get no satisfaction about the missing towel, but the girl who was running the mangle instantly attracted my attention. She was as handsome and had about such a figure as this young lady here. Her bearing was proud and aristocratic, as Miss Helen's is."

"Thank you," simpered the old maid as she hitched her chair a foot nearer and began to smile.

"That mangle girl captured my admiration in a moment and my heart within five. Twice again during the day I returned to the laundry to speak with her, and within two days I had told her that I could not live without her. I loved as the strong man loves. Had oceans rolled between us I would have drunk them dry to kneel at her feet."

"Gracious, but you must have had it hard!" exclaimed the widow.

"I have always wanted to be loved that way," added Miss Helen as she gave me a tender look.

"Within a week I had proposed and been accepted. Then I found that Jeannette was the daughter of a millionaire who had put all his money into a flying machine and it had flown away from him. She had sold her clothes and jewels and gone to work in the laundry to help him get a new start. We had been engaged two weeks when my father told me one evening that I must marry a girl named Ariantha Schermerhorn. His mind had been made up for some time.

but he had taken his time about informing me."

"And you refused?" queried the old maid. "Oh, do not tell me that you jilted the other!"

"I refused, of course. For the first time in my life I defied my father. Ariantha's papa owned a theater, and had I wed her we could have all had free passes and I could have gone behind the scenes now and then, but no argument could make me give up my Jeannette of the mangle."

"Good for you!" said the widow as she slapped the arm of the rocking chair.

"There was true nobility in your action," added the old maid.

"When my father found that he could not prevail upon me to carry out his wishes he rose up with fierce mien and a voice shaking with emotion and said that he would mangle the girl of the mangle before she should bring disgrace upon his house. I paid no attention to his words, but walked off. Alas, I did not know my own father!"

The very next night as Jeannette ceased to mangle the collars and cuffs and walked homeward thinking of me some one told her that there was a dog fight around the corner. She hastened there. Some one came up behind her and bit her with a crowbar and broke her neck. She called my name and then expired. Excuse me if I—"

"Poor man!" sighed the widow as I turned my face away.

"What a romance! What nobility of character!" raved the old maid.

"It was never ascertained who killed Jeannette, I continued after a proper interval, but I have every reason to believe my own father to be the guilty party. In fact, when I charged him with it he simply grinned sardonically. I called him my murderer and cursed him and fled from his presence. In another day I was a wanderer, and I am a wanderer still!"

"But why don't you go home sometimes?" asked the widow as she wiped her tears of sympathy away.

"Can't you understand, auntie," replied the other, "that he no longer cares to mingle with life? He has received a great shock. His heart has been broken. As he wanders over the face of the earth he thinks of his dead Jeannette. Down in his heart there is the hope that some day—some young lady—some young lady who will remind him of the loved and lost—so strongly remind him that he will cease to sorrow and—"

"She halted there, and I nodded my head, but the widow blurted forth: "And marry her and be happy again! Well, maybe he will. I'm sure I hope so. Helen, what are you blushing and hitching around for?"

"It was mean of me," smiled the dilapidated gentleman, "but it had begun to rain, and it was dark as tar out doors. I couldn't help but sigh and wipe my eyes. When I had finished sighing and wiping I couldn't help but look lovingly at both those women. I couldn't help but see that I had found a substitute for my lost Jeannette, but which one it was was what puzzled them. I had the parlor bedroom that night and a staving good breakfast in the morning, and I could have hung around there for a week and had the best in the land, but I overheard some conversation that made me anxious to strike the road again."

"Why, auntie, you surely don't think of marrying again?" I heard the spinster ask.

"Never you mind what I'm thinking of, Helen Smithers," was the reply. "I've heard of women throwing themselves at men's heads, but I never saw it done till last night." M. QUAD.

The Bridge-room's Question.

Clergyman—With all my worldly goods I thee endow.

Prospective Bridegroom—Say, parson, isn't this rather early to award alimony?—New York Press.

Out of Danger.

Dusky Visitor (who has never seen a hot water bottle before)—I done kill dat beast anyway.—Sketch.

From Skates to Skumps.

Sing hey for the ring of the crisp, cold steel

And ho for the winds that carry!

(Are you sure of that fastening on the heel?)

By Jove, but this ice looks scary!

Then it's yo and ho and eke fold over

For the motion so near to flying!

(This doesn't look good to me at all, But here goes if I die a-trying!)

Oh, it's nonny nonny and tiddy de tum,

As all skaters sing so mellow!

(Don't shove me out that way! Now come; Don't go and desert a fellow!)

Sing tra-la-lala and tiddly ump

As I fly to my love, who is waiting!

(I knew it would happen! I'm down now—bump!)

I'm through with this sport of skating!

—Denver Republican.

When a fellow cracks his funny bone he doesn't laugh up his sleeve,

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain in the head, pain in the blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers, to effect a charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are restless, nervous, it's blood pressure—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets set it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruse your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

NEWFOUNDLAND ACTS.

Legislature By 23 to 3 Sanctions Appeal to Colonial Secretary.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 16.—A St. John's special says: Premier Bond's proposal to address the Secretary of the Colonies on the subject of the modus vivendi with the United States, was adopted in the Lower House of the Newfoundland Legislature, after a debate lasting two days. The vote in the assembly was 23 in favor of adopting the address to three opposed. One member of the Opposition, Mr. Blandford, voted with the Government party.

The matter now goes to the Upper House for concurrent action.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh, Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tainted Beef Served.

Belleville, Feb. 16.—The investigation at the Deaf and Dumb Institute has been closed for the time being. The system of teaching and food conditions were investigated. Some of the witnesses alleged that the meat furnished was not what it should have been, but some of the old, tough and tainted. It was said that an old cow, which had outlived its usefulness, had been sold to a butcher, and by him returned to the institute as beef.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Some time ago I had a bad attack of Quinzy, which laid me up for two weeks and cost a lot of money.

Finding the lump again forming in my throat, I bathed freely with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and saturating a cloth with the liniment left it on all night.

Next morning the swelling was gone and I attributed the warding off of an attack of Quinzy to the free use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

G. F. WORDEN.

St. John.

\$15,000 Fire.

Montreal, Feb. 16.—A fire took place last evening in the James Robertson Co.'s, Limited, hardware store, the loss being \$15,000; covered by insurance.

Geo. Clare, M. P., Ill.

Ottawa, Feb. 16.—Geo. Clare, M. P., was taken suddenly ill in the House last evening. His condition is regarded as serious.

To stop a Cold with "Preventives"

is safer than to let it run and cure it afterwards. Taken at the "anxious stage" Preventives will head off all colds and Grippe, and perhaps save you from Pneumonia or Bronchitis. Preventives are little toothsome candy cold cure tablets selling in 5 cent and 25 cent boxes. If you are chilly, if you begin to sneeze, try Preventives. They will surely check the cold and please you.

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

It is easy enough to love your neighbors if they only keep away from you.

The way to do a great deal of work is to be constantly doing a little.

How much of your life is spent trying to get well. It requires but a month or less to put the average man or woman on their feet with Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

A. I. McCall & Co.

When a fellow cracks his funny bone he doesn't laugh up his sleeve,

NEW YORK BY NIGHT.

The Spectacle of Its Lights From Rivers and Harbor.

By whatever route you reach or leave Manhattan Island in the evening the river lights are beautiful. On the North river the spectacle varies according to the hour and season, for the downtown lights in Manhattan are more numerous when the days are short and the tenants of the great office buildings have to light up to finish their day's work. Across from the lower Jersey ferries late in the afternoon of a winter day glow and sparkle the great company of tall shafts grouped against the sky, each one pierced to the top with regular rows of shining windows. A memorable sight they make, those shafts and huge blocks of gleaming holes, reaching far above their neighbors that come between them and the river. There is much in that spectacle to recompense a tired man for being a commuter, and nowhere else on earth is there the like of it.

And, besides the tall shafts and the intervening lower lights and the glow of the streets that run to the river and border it, there are all the river lights—the ferries, with their long rows of bright windows, hurrying on their various courses; the sound steamers going out other steamers coming in; all manner of lights more sober on all manner of shipping; the street glare and the ferry house and wharf lights ashore, and, higher up, here and there the obtrusive and commercial but none the less radiant advertising signs.

The downtown office building lights go out early, most of them, but up the river some of the tall uptown hotels continue, all the evening and in spite of curtained windows, to be light-houses.

On the East river, besides the city lights and the river lights, are the high, curving bridges, very striking and beautiful, with their unobstructed outlines marked by the glow of the electric bulbs.

There is poetry in these river lights, bordered and framed by the dark shining water and reflected in it.—E. S. Martin in Harper's.

SALT RIVER.

It is a Real Stream, Although Not a Navigable One.

Salt river, sacred to defeated candidates, is a real stream. While not navigable, it is used every winter as an ice harbor by the towboats which go out of Pittsburgh for the south.

Salt river empties into the Ohio above twenty-five miles south of Louisville. It is a small stream, which flows from the Kentucky hills to the great water, and is as tortuous, as crooked and as unpleasant to navigate as the mind can imagine. Yet it is navigated for a short distance from its mouth by steamers of light draft. Flatboats and rafts are floated down upon its bosom.

Before the civil war it was an important stream in the matter of bringing Kentucky whiskey down in the flatboats to a point where they could be unloaded to a river steamer. Refractory slaves were generally assigned to the task of bringing these boats down, as the work was arduous.

Salt river became a bugaboo among the negroes, and it was from the unpleasant character of the work on this river that "a trip up Salt river" came to be used in politics to express the destination of a defeated candidate.

There is not a river captain or pilot in Pittsburgh who does not know Salt river, and there are few who have not sought shelter within its mouth when the ice was running out of the Ohio.

The salt name is supposed to have come from the salt springs which flow into it at its source. It is also said the name grew out of the fact that great quantities of salt produced in the Kentucky country are floated down this stream.—Fuel.

A Dramatic Death.

A sergeant major of an infantry regiment stationed in Bremen was sentenced to a slight disciplinary punishment for having mortally wounded a man with a revolver in the course of a fight. He appealed against this, but was informed that his appeal had been rejected. He then ordered his men to load their rifles with blank cartridges, but during their absence reloaded them with ball cartridges. He then drew up his men in firing line and carefully showed them how to aim their rifles straight at his heart. With the utmost calm he then ordered, "Fire!" and fell with four bullets through his heart.

To Be Reified.

In one of the suburbs of a big city is the site of a well known school of theology, from which go out each week end many members of the senior class to try their voices as "supplies."

A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of men who got off at that station.

"Who are all those chaps getting off here?" he asked the brakeman.

"Them?" asked the brakeman. "Oh, they're returned empties for the college!"

Easy.

Teacher—Now, boys, what is the virtue of magnanimity? Pupils—Aw?

Teacher—What is it if a big boy wanted an apple very badly and were to meet a small boy with one in a place where nobody could take the small boy's part—Class (with eager illumination)—Dat's a cinch!

A Discarded Jack.

"Jack," said the one in chaff, "proposed to me last night."

The one in gauze smiled.

"He doesn't do it at all well, does he, dear?" she said.

"It's better to win men's esteem than their wonder."

THE MEANING OF A SMILE.

We speak in many tongues, we mean.

Who do the work that men must do.

With sword and spade and plough,

And pen—