

Which is Worth After Many Proved Unavailable

(The Argus) Among the little town noneed among her... than is Mrs. C. tention was so the fact that those who could stering worth Pills, and feel what good res from the use of cases, we were matter with the mists, Mrs. Smit been a sufferer most distressing This was further enough. The rest very weak, ar short distance and rest, mented as cured helped her, and a last ray of hope Pink Pills a friend hardly gone, she felt an impu until I had u found myself fe in years, cured assured that if do or say to mous healing p Five pills in others will be and give Dr. W trial I feel as dence they tored to health These pills o all ailments condition of the vious system. S mail, from I Company, Broo ectady, N. Y., boxes for \$2.50. Itations and su the public is p

TRACTS FOR

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# HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HORSE-NESES?

If you could get from your nearest merchant or druggist something that was a sure destroyer of worms, a cure for distemper, scratches, swelled legs that would thoroughly purify your horse's blood and leave him with a skin bright and glossy as an otter's, would you pay 25 cents too much to pay? MANCHESTER'S TONIC POWDER fills the bill. Retail all merchants and druggists. Wholesale, T. B. Barker & Sons and S. McDiarmid, St. John, N. B.

he in the music, and sometimes his extempore compositions were sublime. Among the great number of his compositions for the violin he has left but few behind, and those in MSS. only. His famous Elegy on the Death of a Little Child; Cavatina; The Mother's Prayer; Summer Idyl; Lost Love; The Girl of Aledo; Apparitions; his world renowned humorous sketch, The Chicken's March; 2 concertos; 2 polonaises; several mazurkas and Polish dances; Andante; Tarantelle, and polkas for the flute, which he used to electrify his audiences by playing on the common tin whistle. He was a link of that chain of celebrities of which Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and others of the musical galaxy were stars of the first magnitude as one of which Heine ranked.

INTERNATIONAL AND LOCAL LAW. The mails carried by the unfortunate Elbe have become the subject of an interesting legal case. The Belgian fishermen who secured the bag handed it over to their master, Mr. Hamman, member of the Belgian house of representatives for Ostend. The Belgian postal authorities refused the bag, but Mr. Hamman refused to release it until the German consul deposited 70,000 francs (\$14,000) with him. The fishermen claim one-third of the value contained in the bag, which had 250 registered letters and parcels, among them \$21,000 in United States notes. Mr. Hamman refused to decide whether mail matter can be claimed under the wrecking laws of any country. The postal authorities claim that mail bags are international property, and therefore exempt from local laws and customs.—The Publishers' Weekly.

TEXT WAS WELL CHOSEN. When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was going to take possession as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was driven by a storm onto the Isle of Man, where a Rev. Mr. Joseph, a poor curate, persuaded him to accept of the dukedom. After his departure the duke promised to provide for him as soon as he became viceroy. The curate waited many months in vain, and at last went over to Dublin to remind his grace of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he obtained permission to preach at the cathedral. The Lord Lieutenant and his court were at the church, but none of them remembered their humble host till he pronounced the text, which, it must be acknowledged, was well chosen: "Let not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forget him!" The preacher was at once invited to the castle and a good living provided for him.

One of the most eminent mechanical engineers in England, Joseph Hasmuth, favored the driving of machinery with cotton ropes in place of leather bands. As a result of many years' experience and close observation, he states that for heavy main drives it is both more economical and effective to use a series of ropes working in separate grooves. The nursery tale which has charmed generations of children and their elders, known as Blue Beard, was written by a French author. The original of the character of Blue Beard was a member of France who lived in Brittany and who was charged with murdering several wives and over one hundred children. Being convicted of sorcery, he was burned.

COUGHS, CROUP, CONGESTION, Readily cured by the use of Baird's Balsam of Horehound. Take nothing, new or old, said to be just as good, but get the old established BAIRD'S BALSAM. At all dealers.

## THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Remarkable Life of the Late Joseph Heine.

Joseph Heine was born in London, England. His father was of German extraction, his mother French. From the early age of four years the little Joseph would be found by the neighbors seated at the piano on a high chair and improvising tunes which masters pronounced correct in form and harmony. The fame of this child soon spread, and soon he was surrounded by musicians from far and near, who came to listen to this marvelous prodigy, for such he must be called, as neither his father or mother were gifted in the divine art. The house in which the little Joseph lived caught fire one night, and but for the brave efforts of a fireman he would have been consumed in the flames and this world would never have been charmed with his mystic music. It was supposed that all the occupants of the house had escaped, but suddenly, upon the parents missing the child, a fireman climbed up to the window of the room where the little musician slept all unconscious of his impending doom. The angry flames crashed the musician from the little bed. He seized the sleeping babe and regained the ladder, and not too soon, for a moment later the floor fell in and the little cot was hurled into the burning debris below. A few years after this young Heine studied began in earnest, and he was placed under such masters as Prof. Sainon, the court violinist, and one of De Beriot's most able pupils, Tonbecque, and Her Becker, a pupil of Joachim. Later he received the benefit of the instruction of Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull. The latter wished to adopt him as his own son. At the age of 16 such progress had been made with his studies that he went to the Crystal Palace, London, and took with him the eighth concerto of Spohr, and the grand concerto of Mendelssohn, and played them with the orchestra before an audience of five thousand persons. The youthfulness, the sublime inspired look, coupled with his affliction of blindness, so astonished the musicians that many of them forgot their parts and left off to listen to the depth of feeling and marvelous execution which he displayed in the rendition of those works. Louis D'Égville, the grandson of the Baron D'Égville, was one of Heine's most intimate friends, and soon after presented him with the giant Heironimus Amati violin, nearly three hundred years old, which he has used constantly ever since. This celebrated violin was made in the year 1608, in Cremona, Italy, by Heironimus Amati, whose celebrated family Stradivarius took his first instruction in the art of violin making.

Of these celebrated instruments only twelve were made, but at the present time but one and the one which belonged to the late King of Hanover are the only two in existence which can be authenticated. In 1856 this instrument was repaired by Hart, the great professional violin connoisseur of Europe. The tone of this grand old Amati surpasses almost all others in its wonderful richness and purity of sound. It can only be compared to a grand human voice, being entirely destitute of that sensation of wood found in almost all violins.

From this time Heine's reputation as a public performer was established. He played at many of the gatherings of the nobility, and Mr. Mitchell of the royal library presented him to the Queen at Windsor Castle on the anniversary of Prince Albert's birthday. He played as one of his numbers De Beriot's No. 6 Sair Varie, which was a favorite of the prince, who was himself a fine violinist. His accompaniments were played by Miss Ada Thomson, who afterwards became his wife, Madame Ada Heine. There is quite a pretty romance which surrounded the meeting of these musicians, which might be interesting to read if time and space permitted. After remaining some time in England Heine and his wife left their native land and made a tour of the Australian colonies and New Zealand, starting from Liverpool on board the magnificent (for those days) sailing vessel the Morning Light, under the command of Capt. Gillis. They were gone for three months on the watery deep before reaching Melbourne. The ship caught fire, which caused a fearful panic among the six hundred souls on board, which would have had very serious results but for the presence of mind, firmness and courage of the captain, officers and crew.

After leaving the colonies they visited the west coast of South America, playing at all the principal ports. From Santiago they crossed over the country to Brazil, where they stayed some months and gave many concerts under the patronage and presence of the late emperor, Dom Pedro, who was himself a musician, and manifested the greatest friendship, attending all their public entertainments in state.

After leaving Brazil they came to the United States, where they traveled until December, 1839, when they left New Orleans for a tour of the West Indies and South America, from which they returned via Bermuda to Halifax about eight months ago.

Heine had another daughter besides the one who lives to mourn. She was almost as great a genius as her father, and, like him, bereft of sight. Educated at the Institute for the Blind, St. Kilda, a suburb of Melbourne, Australia, she had for the finishing of her musical education the knowledge and experience besides the advantage of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, Boston, where she became a teacher for a short time. She was laid to rest six years ago at Union, Ill., sixty miles from Chicago. It was not alone as a violinist that Heine was great, playing on almost any instrument. At one time he played the cornet, but of late years has only used the common tin whistle, of which he was the master. But his great delight was the piano organ. When seated at one of those grand instruments his whole soul seemed to

## LITERARY COMPETITION.

Three Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes.

By the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont.

The Above Amount Will be Divided Among the Writers of the Best Five Original Stories—The Competition Open to all Bona Fide Residents of Canada.

With a view to assisting in the development of literary talent in Canada, the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont. will award prizes amounting to \$300 among the writers of the best five short original stories submitted in the competition as follows: For the story pronounced the best \$100 will be given. For the second best \$75. For the third best \$50. For the fourth best \$40. For the fifth best \$25.

The competition is open to residents of the Dominion of Canada, who have never won a cash prize in a story competition, and is subject to the following rules: All stories to contain not more than three thousand words. The writer of the story shall affix a pen name, initials or motto on his or her manuscript, and shall send with the manuscript a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the pen name, initials or motto attached to the story, and containing inside it the full name and address of the writer thereof. We impose no limitations whatever as to the nature of topic written upon, and the scene of the story need not necessarily be laid in Canada, although competitors must be residents of Canada, as above stated.

Stories entered in the competition must be written on one side of the paper only, and when possible should be typewritten. Manuscripts to be sent flat or folded—not rolled. The stories for competition must reach the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., on or before the first day of July, 1895, and should be marked "For Literary Competition." Decision will be made as follows: All stories submitted will be referred to a competent committee, who will decide which are the best five stories. These stories will then be published in pamphlet form, which pamphlets will be distributed throughout the dominion, and each will contain a voting paper, upon which readers will be invited to express their preference. The story obtaining the highest number of votes will be awarded the first prize. The one obtaining the second-highest number will be awarded second prize, and so on until the five prizes are awarded.

The voting will close on the first day of December, 1895, and the committee will then publish the names of the successful competitors and the order of merit. Unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned when stamps are sent for postage. The five stories selected are to be the absolute property of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., with their copyright in perpetuity. The decision of the committee and the counting of votes to be absolute and final, and all persons entering the competition agree, by doing so, to accept the decisions of the committee and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., as final on all points whatsoever.

Correspondence in regard to unsuccessful MSS. declined, even when stamped envelopes are sent; any stamps so sent (for any other purpose than the return of the MS. at the time of first sending) will be put in the poor box. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. will take all precautions to safeguard MSS. entrusted to their care, but in no case do they assume any responsibility for fire, accident or loss of unsuccessful MSS. Authors are therefore advised to keep copies. The stories must be original. Anyone sending copied matter will be liable to punishment for fraud, and a prize of \$25 is offered to the first person who points out the fact that any story passed by the committee is otherwise than original, in the unlikely event of such an oversight occurring. All stories entered in the competition must be addressed to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and marked on the envelope "For Literary Competition."

## THE LOSS OF THE MARIE.

Crew Taken Off the Bark by Steamer Albano and Landed at New York.

The Vessel Was Bound From Liverpool for Archaat With Salt and Iron.

New York, May 4.—The Union line steamer Albano, which arrived from Hamburg yesterday, brought into port the crew of the bark Marie, which was taken off the Marie by Captain Kraeft of the Albano when the bark was about to sink in midocean and after they had suffered greatly. The Marie left Liverpool on April 13 for Archaat, Nova Scotia, with a cargo of salt, iron and copper. The crew numbered thirteen men besides the captain, and they were rescued on Friday, April 26. Captain Hans says the Marie encountered storms, wind and heavy seas from the beginning of her voyage. On April 22 he ran into a fierce gale from the west-southwest. The sea dashed over the little bark, threatening every moment to swamp the craft. That night the vessel sprang a leak, and it required the work of the three pumps to keep the bark afloat. Day and night the men worked, and the vessel was tossed about as a chip.

Some of the men worked in water up to their waists to keep the pumps going. Carpenter H. B. Lawrence worked in water four feet deep for

well under our modest roof." In the morning at 4 o'clock, when the captain went down to mount his horse, the judge was waiting for him to take breakfast. That evening there was new repetition of the follies of Belshazzar.

Lecomte politely asked the fair Elodie to play for him; then in his turn the young man was invited to sing. He accepted without hesitation, and he had a superb voice. Next he played one of Mendelssohn's songs without words with undeniable merit. Elodie's father and mother were in ecstasies. As to the girl herself, she could feel wings gently sprouting on her shoulders.

A couple of days later Raboteau directly brought up the subject of officers marrying and pretended to deprecate it. Lecomte smiled significantly and politely opposed his host's theories. He added that during the war the married officers had performed their duty better, if possible, than the others.

That night not a member of the family slept a wink, Elodie least of all. "Well, it ought to go through this time," Mme. Raboteau declared to her husband, "for, according to my calculations, this week has cost us at least 400 francs."

"You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs," the judge replied sententiously. He had secretly written to Tardivel. "Lecomte is charming. He suits us to a T. Is it necessary to give him a hint?"

And Tardivel had replied: "Pretend to know nothing about it. When he comes back I will see him. I will manage the whole affair."

However, the last day of the manoeuvres had come. That evening the Raboteaus' kitchen was needed for a supreme effort, destined, to all appearance, to be crowned with success.

But, alas! at the accustomed hour the captain's horse was brought back to the stable by his orderly! Elodie, who was watching for the return of her future husband, called the figure as already named themselves—from behind the blinds, flew to the garden and cried out in anguish: "Merciful heavens, is he wounded?"

"No, mademoiselle," replied the orderly with a peculiar smile. "The captain's health is in statu quo. But you'd better tell your people not to keep the supper waiting for him."

"Isn't he coming to dinner?" "No, mademoiselle, he is going to have dinner at the White Horse inn, and he will sleep there afterward. I am to fetch his things as soon as I have saddled the mare."

The dinner of the trio was most melancholy. Bright and early the next day Raboteau sought out the landlord of the White Horse, who was much flurried by the presence of a dozen officers of all grades.

"Can you tell me," the judge asked, "if the artillery captain who was quartered at my house—"

"He is in No. 8, judge. The captain is still in his room, for the manoeuvres ended last night. Excuse me if I do not take you up myself. I am just rushed to death."

Raboteau ascended the stairs and strode down the long corridor, on which opened the several white doors, all alike except for the large numerals painted on them in black.

He was just in the act of knocking at the door which bore the figure 8 when suddenly he recoiled as if he had seen a tiger crouching on the mat. However, it was not a tiger he had seen. It was, by the side of a pair of top boots still armed with spurs, a little pair of bottles, lined with rose colored silk—bottles, elegant, imperishable bottles—bottles of which one would say without fear of being mistaken, "The foot of a pretty woman was in that not long ago."

At that moment the key was heard to turn in the door of No. 8. The door was seen to open timidly, just the least crack.

First a hand emerged—very small and very white—the hand that belonged to those bottles. Then the wrist appeared, round and slender, with a pretty bracelet.

Then a plump arm, which grew longer and longer as the figure 8 moved in his life seen such an arm as that, and if the other were like it, as all experience would indicate, this accident of a Lecomte was a very lucky accident indeed.

However, the arm, the wrist, the hand and the bottles retreated in good order. The door was closed, and the judge stood there, feeling very foolish, but there was nothing for him to do but to go back to his own house.

On the table the judge found this missive: "I don't understand this at all. You pretend to have Lecomte there with you. But he writes that he has broken his leg and that one of his comrades has taken his place in the manoeuvres. Pray send me some word of explanation."

"This is too much!" cried Elodie's mother. "I called him M. Lecomte all the time, and he never denied the name. If I were you, I would write to the minister of war about it." "Enough. That afternoon the false Lecomte knocked at the gate. But—dixit of impudence on his arm was a young and very pretty woman, doubtless the lady of the bottles. "Justine," cried Mme. Raboteau, "do not open the gate! Tell those persons we are not at home."

At that moment Justine returned, carrying a card, on which was inscribed: "Le Comte de Prebols, Capitaine d'Artillerie." Beneath was written in pencil: "A thousand regrets and a thousand excuses for having missed your company last evening. Mme. Prebols came down and took me by surprise and did not wish to seem inconsiderate by increasing the trouble my presence had caused you. It would have afforded her great pleasure to make the acquaintance of your wife and daughter. Allow me to express my sincere gratitude for your excellent hospitality." Poor Elodie! She always was un- lucky.—From the French.

## THE BATTLE FLAG AT SHENANDOAH.

The tented field wore a wrinkled form, And the emptied church from the hill looked down On the emptied road and the emptied town. That summer Sunday morning, And here was the blue, and there was the gray, And a wide green valley rolled away, Between where the battling armies lay, That sunset Sunday morning.

Young Carter sat, with impatient will, His restless steed, mid his troopers still, As he watched with glass from the oak-wood tent, That silent Sunday morning.

Then fast he began to chafe and fret; "There's a battle-flag on a bayonet, Too close to my own true soldiers set For peace this Sunday morning."

"Ride over, someone," he haughtily said, "And bring it to me! Why, in bare blood-red And in stars I will stain it, and overhead Will flaunt it this Sunday morning!"

Then a west-bora lad, pale-faced and slim, Rode out, and touching his cap to him, Said down, as swift as swallows swim, "That anxious Sunday morning."

On, on, through the valley! up, up, any- where! That pale-faced lad like a bird through the air, Kept on till he climbed to the banner there, That bravest Sunday morning!

And he caught up the flag and round his waist, He swung it tight, and he fled in haste, And swift his perilous route retraced, That daring Sunday morning.

All honor and praise to the trusty steed! Ah! boy and banner, as tall and good, And under the oaks from the west hill dead, That dreadful Sunday morning.

But he gains the oaks! Men cheer in their might! Brave Carter is weeping in his delight, Why, he is smothered by the very oaks! That glorious Sunday morning.

But soft! Not a word has the pale boy said, He unwinds the flag. It is starred, striped, red, With his heart's best blood; and he falls down dead, In God's still Sunday morning.

So wrap his flag to his soldier's breast; Into Stars and Stripes it is stained and blest; And under the oaks from the west hill rest, In God's own Sunday morning.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## WANTED, A HUSBAND.

The following personal might have been seen all that summer on the fourth page of a prominent journal. "Wanted—A young lady residing in the provinces, pretty and distinguished, with a dot of 300,000 francs, desires to marry a gentleman of about 35 years, one in the legal or military profession preferred, who resides in Paris. No agencies. Address Madeline T. T. box 33" this office.

Elodie Raboteau, the party referred to, was a young lady, to be sure, and is so still, more's the pity. She also resides in the country still, for her father is a judge at St. Columbian, an obscure town in the canton of Beauce.

But, first, she was not pretty; second, she was not at all distinguished; third, the above mentioned 300,000 francs are principally expectations from her uncle, a bachelor, it is true, but scarcely 40 years old and solid as a rock.

As to the "no agencies," that was a base deception. "Madeline T. T., box 33," was in reality Theodore Tardivel, whose trade is to arrange matrimonial bargains. "The first I have written me a long letter," said Judge Raboteau to his wife one morning of last autumn. "Here is his plan: The army manoeuvres commence a week from now, and St. Columbian has been designated to provide quarters for a half battery of artillery."

"This half battery of artillery is commanded by Captain Lecomte, and Captain Lecomte wishes to marry a young lady who has been brought up in the country. Now, don't think of anything but making the house look its best. We must have a second girl, so that the cook will not have to wait on the table."

"Goodness," gasped Mme. Raboteau, "what an expense!" "I do not deny that it is quite a considerable outlay, but do you or do you not want Elodie married? She's 26 now, and for the past eight years we have offered her to every bachelor, green or ripe, in the country round, to save nothing of widowers. Now a chance offers itself, and we must profit by it. I shall go and fix it with the mayor so that they quarter the captain on us."

When September came cannon sounded all the morning long through the vast plains that surround St. Columbian, and toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon the approach of the half battery was announced.

Presently the captain appeared at the whitewashed gate that served as boundary for Judge Raboteau's terrestrial paradise.

Raboteau, under the spreading acacia trees, was reading The Revue des Deux Mondes. His wife, not far away, was cutting bunches of grapes from the yellowing trellis, and behind the white muslin curtain of the parlor window Elodie, warned by a preconcerted signal, burst with the energy of despair into a love song.

"Madame," he began, with a bow, "allow me to introduce myself. I am—"

"You are known to us already, M. Lecomte. We were expecting you."

The officer bowed and smiled and shook hands with Raboteau. Then he was led to the parlor, to the great confusion of Elodie, who suddenly cut short her song, blushing as if she had been 100 miles from expecting an artillery captain was to set foot that day within the limits of the canton in which her father administered justice.

The captain discreetly suggested that he would take his meals at the hotel, but they soon gave him to understand that to say that was an unpardonable insult.

It is unnecessary to say that the dinner was a feast. By descent the four persons assembled seemed to have known each other for ten years, and the captain made a conquest of them all.

At 10 o'clock he asked permission to retire.

"Of course, dear M. Lecomte," said Mme. Raboteau. "After such a fatiguing journey I hope you will sleep