

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen.—In June '98 I had my hand and wrist bitten and mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly, A. E. ROY. Carriage maker, St. Antoine, P. Q.

A man was summoned the other day in Liverpool for refusing to renew his dog license. He tried several times to interrupt the policeman who gave evidence but was pulled up sharply. At last the magistrate's clerk turned to him and said:—"Do you wish the Court to understand that you refuse to renew your license? Yes, but—" "We don't want any but's, if you refuse to renew the license you will be fined. You know that it had expired. Yes; but so has the dog. Must I renew him too?"

Piles Dr. Chase's Ointment

This observes my companion at the quick lunch counter, is the latest concoit of the purveyors to hungry man.

Here he showed me two thin slices of bread.

And what is it? I inquired, arranging my deviled crab and lemon pie artistically before me.

This is the faith cure roast beef sandwich. You know you have the bread, but you have to turn on the faith when you wish to find the beef.

I wonder if she regrets her marriage?

Why should she? Well, you know they're both literary, and now her husband thinks she's entitled to every bright idea she has.

Jenny said Flaherty, why is it you're gittin' so proud since you're again a bit of money ahead?

Me by, 'tis like that with all the rich, said Jerry. 'Tis a measure of protection ag'in the poor relations.

He—Yes, he was a great aeronaut. They say he made nearly a hundred ascension, and the only accident he ever had was the one that proved fatal.

She—Really? And on which of the ascensions did that occur?

Slopy—The idea! I promised to pay that tailor on the 15th of this month. Here he's sent me a bill, and it's only the 1st.

Newitt—Probably he wants to get in early to avoid the rush.

As the patient returned to consciousness he saw that during a paroxysm he had kicked the covers off. Proceeding to replace them, he remarked:

Ha, ha! Despite the doctor's doubts I will recover.

First Hobo—What did you mean by telling the lady you couldn't get work at your trade? You haven't any trade.

Second hobo—Then I can't get work at it, can I?

Layers of newspapers folded evenly and placed under the stair carpet at each thread may cheaply be made to take the place of felt.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnson, to testify falsely. "You say the defendant, offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer of Sam. "Yes, sah."

"Now repeat what he said, using his exact words."

"He said he would give me \$50 if I—"

"He didn't speak in the third person, did he?"

"No, sah, he tuck good care dat dar were no third pusson round; dar was only two—us two."

"I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was the first pusson myself, sah."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he say, 'I will pay you \$50?'"

"No, sah; he didn't say nothin' about you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'cepting he told me of eber I got into a scrape you was the best lawyer in San Antonio to fool de judge and de jury—in fac', you was de best in town to cover up reskilty."

For a brief, breathless moment the trial was suspended.

ONE'S POINT OF VIEW.

Continued from page six.

A good sort, is the doctor, and has brought me and my children through more than one tight place.

This time I was talking away at a great rate to him about my little girl, who was ill at the time, but not very ill, and I noticed that he looked as though he were a bit wearied, and I took the huff, and said that I guessed he hadn't much interest in my little girl.

He's not a profane man, the doctor, and I never heard him use strong language before, but this time he broke out, "Good God, Jones, I have been in a dozen houses this afternoon and have heard nothing but stories about aches and pains until I am sick of the whole family humanity. My sympathy is exhausted, and I'll have to get a taste of something else before I get back to a normal condition."

I thought a good deal about it after he had gone away, and when I remembered all the sick people that doctors and parsons have to meet with, sometimes not very bad, and again, very, and I don't know which is the worse, and all of these grunting and groaning, it's little wonder that they get tired out. It wouldn't be a bad idea if some doctor and parson would just follow my example and tell us something of what they have to go through. Perhaps it would teach some of us a little sense.

There's another character I want to tell about and then I'll have to quit, I guess, or I'll use up all the space the editor will give me. This chap was a farmer, and his father, who was one of the pioneers in our section, left him a good deal of land and a few acres as any man could desire. Pretty well cleared, with a nice bit of bush on the back lot, a neat house, and a fenced all in good condition and well stocked. Well, for a while everything went well. Bill had married a nice wife, and had three little folks growing about him, when the devil got into the Garden of Eden by telling Bill that he was a smart fellow, and that he ought to run for Township Councillor. He did run, and got in, and as he was a pretty glib talker, he didn't stop there, but was next Reeve and then Warden, and at last I'm blest if he didn't go down to Ottawa. But the farm had been going to the dogs, and Bill, who was a jovial fellow and fond of his glass, wasn't far behind the farm. I'm not going to make a long story, for it's too sad for that, but the last I heard of Bill he was driving a team for wood yard, and living in a little bit of a house that he wouldn't have put his hired man in the days when he was on the farm.

I've often wondered what use I'd make of that story if I were a preacher, for preachers are always working in things in their sermons that they have seen and known. Bill was ambitious and wanted to serve his country, and there were lots of people to tell him that he was too good a fellow to stay in a quiet life; so I am not sure that the Almighty is going to blame Bill very much. It's a queer business, though, when the drink gets hold of a man. I'm not a total abstainer, and I think that some of the women's organizations go too far; but there's no question about the mischief that's done by liquor. Even when a man sees what a fool it makes him he'll keep on.

There was a man in our town, an old bachelor and a well-educated man. He has retired from business and could live comfortably on his income, but he was drunk most of the time. He went regularly to church, and I've seen him sitting behind the pillar in the church swearing at the minister under his breath and fairly baptizing in whiskey. Well, one day he was sitting outside his house quite in view of my store when a big baker came the way came out on the street, shouting and ranting and drunk as a fool. The old gentleman I tell of was quite sober at the time, and he sat watching the baker, who was shouting, being a Scotchman. "See! said forever." By-and-by he came across the street and held out his hand in a friendly way to Macdon-

ald, but the latter got up with a look of utter contempt on his face, and saying, "Ye damned idiot," went away into the house. And that very afternoon he was out on the street drunk as ever, so that seeing ourselves as others see us doesn't cure a drunkard.—C. Karl, Corner Grocer, in The Globe.

NORTHWEST FRUIT.

May River Crop in Ontario—Interesting Paper by Dr. Saunders.

The Geological and Biological section met immediately on the adjournment of the main body of the Royal Society of Canada in Toronto recently, and during its session Dr. Saunders read his paper describing experiments in plant breeding at the experimental farms. He described the work that was being done by the farms in endeavoring to stock Manitoba with a hardy variety of fruit.

They had introduced the Siberian apple, which bears a fruit little larger than an Ontario apple, and crossed it with the Ontario apple. The result was an apple about an inch in diameter. About four hundred of these had been crossed, and last year they had thirty trees bearing fruit.

This year about seventy would be producing fruit. Seedlings were being raised from the crosses, and there were being again crossed with the Ontario fruit. They retained the hardiness of the Siberian apple, but the crosses they were nearer to the Ontario fruit.

It had been found impossible to raise gooseberries because of rust, but here they were successful. There were being again crossed with the Ontario fruit. They retained the hardiness of the Siberian apple, but the crosses they were nearer to the Ontario fruit.

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According to Dr. Saunders' opinion it will yet be possible to produce hardy varieties of cherry and plum from Ontario fruits, which will thrive in the Canadian North West. Then, in addition to being the greatest wheat-producing region in the world, it will also rival the older provinces as a fruit producer. This time is believed to be not far distant either, as grafts from the present apple trees are being forwarded to farmers throughout the province.

Chemical Value of the Body.

An ingenious chemist has made the claim that the average human being is worth about \$18,300 from the chemical standpoint. His calculations are based on the fact that the human body contains three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium, and calcium just now is worth \$500 an ounce.

DOOM OF THE BEAVER.

The Emblem of the Dominion Likely to Become as Extinct as the Great Auk or the Dodo.

Naturalists are watching with interest the action of the Canadian Government to check the slaughter of the beaver. It was hoped that the law forbidding the killing of the animal when it is cooking their pelts would put a stop to the slaughter, but those who are nearest the ground believe that it has resulted in very little good.

To understand how the woods have been stripped of their native animals one must know that the wild regions of Canada are parcelled out among the Indians, each having his trapping grounds which pass from father to son generation after generation. A trapper's holding will cover a river and a chain of lakes with their connecting streams, and over that region he passes back and forth from fall till spring, setting and examining his traps. Cover the whole of the north in this way, and it is easy to see how animal life would soon be diminished.

The Canadian law for the protection of the beaver does not seem able to reach the Indians. The latter remain for so long a time in the woods and are then so far from civilization that no official can keep watch over their movements. So the officials who trouble themselves about the matter at all watch the dealers and attempt to prosecute them for buying the skins.

The effectiveness of law enforcement varies inversely as one goes toward the northern wilderness. The writer once asked a Canadian sheriff if any attempt was made to prosecute the slayers of the beaver.

"We don't mind that sort of thing," said he. "In this country nothing much counts but murder. If a man commits murder he is arrested. Little things don't count for much up here."

"Enforcing game laws here is not what it is in the south. The law says no one shall kill grouse or caribou or beaver at this time of the year. But if you go into the woods you are out of reach of supplies and your food, except what you carry with you, has to come from the forest."

"There is no power under the sun to keep a man from killing what he needs to eat. If you should go to the woods now and kill grouse some quiet complaint. But if you argued that you shot them to eat because you were hungry, the law would not apply. It was a matter of self-preservation."

This is one of the difficulties of prosecuting the beaver killers. Beaver-

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is dismounted at bottom and does not require nail or board support at edges, having strong straight wire (No. 12 gauge) at top, bottom and in centre, cannot sag and is easy to erect. The "Page Acme" netting of neat appearance, very durable and cheap. We also make large and ornamental fences, gates, nails and staples. The name of Page is your guarantee of quality. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 5

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WANTED.

Junior for the Adams' School, town of Newcastle, N. B. applications, stating salary, will be received up to 25th September. **P. F. MORRISSEY,** Sec.