

POOR COPY

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—"

## 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 divided 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? Well, you know they're both literary, and now her husband thinks she is entitled to every bright idea she has.

Jersey said Flaherty, why is it you're gittin' so proud since you're a bit of money ahead? Me b'y, 'tis loike that wid 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?

Sloppy—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 tread may cheaply be made to take the place of felt.

The rose is the emblem of secrecy in Greece, and accordingly his flower was to be hung over the table where guests were entertained in honor that nothing heard there was to be repeated.

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 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' bout you payin' me \$50. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'cepting he told me ef 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 reskelty."

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 at me as if he were bit wearied, and I took the hint, and said that I guessed he hadn't much interest in my little girl. He's not a profane man, the doctor, at least, 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 of 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 the 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 as any man could desire. Pretty well cleared, with a nice bit of bush on the back lot, a neat house, and fences all in good condition and well stocked.

Well, for a while everything went well. Bill had married a good 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 take 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 a 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 for going to Ottawa.

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 of him, he'll keep on.

There was a man in our town, an old bachelor and a well-educated man. He had retired from business and was living 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 away at the minister under his breath and fairly baptizing in whiskey. Well, one day he was sitting outside his house quiet in view of my store when a big baker across 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. "Scot! said forever." By-and-bye 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.—G. 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 were more tender, nearer to the Ontario fruit.

It had been found impossible to raise gooseberries because of rust, but hardy varieties were secured, and two at least are now doing well in the west. A cross between the black currant and the gooseberry had also been crossed, but very few of the bushes, although blossoming profusely, bore fruit. The fruit that was produced was of the size of a large black currant and the color of a gooseberry.

An attempt had been made to cross the sand cherry, which is found edible in some parts of the west and in others not edible, with the Ontario cherry, but had been unsuccessful. A cross between the sand cherry and two varieties of plums had been tried; both were successful. The fruit produced from this cross was smaller but possessed the characteristics of the ordinary plum.

According to Dr. Saunders' opinion it will yet be possible to produce hardy varieties of all the native common 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 Beaver.

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 \$300 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 fate of the beaver of the Dominion of Canada. The Government to check the slaughter of the beaver. It was hoped that the law forbidding the killing of the animals of 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 beaver has suffered more than most animals. Its pelt is of sufficient value to make it a great prize. It is highly valued by the Indians as an article of food. Its habits are such that it is easy for the trapper well nigh to exterminate a whole colony in a single day.

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 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 the 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 one might complain. But if you are guilty 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

## WE'RE IT THEY CAN'T HELP IT.

When your wheel is in need of repairs or cleaning bring it to us. We can and do give better results than you can get elsewhere.

The Bicycle is not a secondary consideration with us.

F. W. PICKLES,

Over McMurdo & Co's.

ers are good to eat, and if a hungry man kills one he goes free. The Indians of the far north go to the woods every winter with small parties, and if they eat the beaver they kill, it would be hard to get any man who had ever faced starvation in the north to stand for their conviction.

The dealers who buy beaver skins employ all the schemes the game buyers use for getting illegal quail to market. One fur buyer, for instance, has a store where he keeps furs. When an Indian comes in with a bunch of beaver the dealer has these taken to another house whose owner is supposed to be in no way interested in furs.

When there is a fairly large supply the dealer takes a run to Quebec or Montreal and arranges for a sale. The person who takes the furs has a third person in his confidence.

This third person is not a fur buyer. Consequently, when a barrel of beaver skins labelled "Glassware," arrives, sent by a man who does not deal in furs, no one suspects the deception. The skins are sent to American markets, are seen only by American customs inspectors who have great concern with the enforcement of Canadian laws, and the danger to the dealer is past.

The great hope of the lawbreakers was that the vast region to the north of the settlements, where the Hudson Bay Company has control, would become a great reservoir from which the animals would scatter southward, for the company is said to be strictly conscientious in its obedience to the law. But this hope seems likely to prove a delusion.

The Indian considers the beaver the delicacy of delicacies, and has a special fondness for the flesh of the animal when it is cooked after the ancient method of singeing off the fur and roasting it whole in the skin. Even after the pelts become valuable he would resort to this method on special occasions.

When the company would no longer buy the skins the Indian, too far from civilization to deal with any other fur buyer, resorted to the old-time customs, and there was feasting on the feast of feasting on beaver roasted in the skin.

This sort of thing could not last long, however, without attracting the notice of the outside world. The outside dealers began sending their men into the woods. These found what was undoubtedly a snap, a chance to buy beaver with no competition. There were fortunes in the business and little risk, for the buyers were practically safe from any possible detection.

This sort of thing was bad for the Hudson Bay Company, for when men penetrated its region for the purpose of buying beaver they bought other furs as well, lots of them, and the company found itself often unable to get furs enough from successful trappers to pay for the supplies which it always advances on credit before the winter's hunt.

The Canadian officials have most of them come to the conclusion that the days of the beaver are numbered that no way remains to save them from slaughter.

So let us have a successful season.

## FOR SALE.

A desirable building lot between Gregory Layton's residence and the Chas. Reid Estate. For terms and particulars apply to

J. WILFRED REID, Newcastle, Aug. 25th—2wpd.

## Prices per M Printed.

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Envelopes not printed at from 40cts. a box up.

We have also

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Anslo Bros., Printers & Stationers, Newcastle, N. B.

## WANTED.

Junior for the Adams' School, town of Newcastle, N. B. applications, stating salary, will be received up to 5th September. P. F. MORRIS, Sec.

**ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION**  
The sticking of the iron—the scorching of the linen and the troubles and worries of washing day are things of the past if you use  
**BEE STARCH**  
No worry—little work and absolute satisfaction. Try it.  
TEN CENTS PER PACKAGE. SAVE THE PACKAGE.  
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## CLEARANCE SALE OF PANT GOODS.

Pants at \$4.00 per pair, were \$5.50 and \$5.75. Come early.

ALSO  
Our stock of Bicycle Sundries are reduced away down.

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AT . . .

## MRS. S. McLEOD'S.

Summer skirts and shirt waists are sold at cost.

School hose for boys and girls, all sizes. White wear and Hygienic underwear, for ladies an children, always on hand. Children's white and gingham dresses going at reduced prices.

Shetland Hosiery, Andalusian, Berlin and Zephyr wools now in stock. A variety of goods usually kept in a ladies store. All kinds of garments for ladies and children made to order.

NOTE: CLOSE MESH AT BOTTOM

**Page Acme Poultry Netting**  
is shown at bottom and does not require rail 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 is a neat appearance, very durable and cheap. We also make large and ornamental fences, gates, and staples. The name of Page is your guarantee of quality. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Waltham, Ont. 5

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W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

## RESTAURANT.

I have purchased the restaurant lately conducted by L. P. James, and am prepared to serve LUNCHES, ICE CREAM, ETC., at all hours.

I also have always on hand bread, cake and pastry of all kinds. MRS. MARY MASSON, Morris Block, Newcastle.

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## SEA SIDE NEW STEAMER 'ALEXANDRA'

will commence running down river TUESDAY, JULY 29th, 1902, making the usual calls as per Time Table and in addition will call at BURNT CHURCH twice EVERY WEEK DAY, giving passengers for Burnt Church from 4 to 5 hours on the beach on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and from 1 to 2 hours on the beach on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and passengers for BAY DU VIN 3 to 4 hours on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Excursion Tickets good for day of issue only. Fare for Round Trip, 35cts., except on Saturday, when Fare will be 25cts., from Newcastle, Douglastown, Chatham or Loggieville.

The "ALEXANDRA" is an excellent excursion boat, licensed to carry 307 passengers. Room for promenade and dancing. The saloon deck is entirely covered and affords protection from sun and rain.

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The steamer loads passengers at the new PIER at BURNT CHURCH. Good Hotel Accommodation, Sea Bathing, Deep Sea and Trout Fishing.

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(UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE)

On MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY evenings, Excursion Rate for round trip to Newcastle will be 15 cents. On WEDNESDAY, commencing with the trip leaving Nelson at 11:30 a. m. Excursion Rate to all points, 15 cents.

Excursion Rate to RUSHVILLE and return, any afternoon, 15 cents. Children under 16, 10 cents.

J. ARCHD' HAVILLAN, Manager.

July 28th, 1902—2w. [Phone 40]