

IN Sun. Every Wednesday. At every town, village, Boston, Mass. Thus Maritime Provinces, P. N. B. SEVENTY-FIVE.

ROYAL VISITORS.

Citizens Preparing Plans for Their Reception.

A Number of Suggestions Made—A Love in the Evening Will Probably be the Principal Feature.

At the citizens' meeting in the mayor's office on Wednesday to plan for the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, there were present among others: Lt. Col. Markham, D. R. Jack, Lt. Col. Tucker, M. P., W. M. Jarvis, A. H. Hanington, G. Sidney Smith, Heber Vroom, Geo. Blake, Ald. W. W. White, Ald. McKee, C. Flood, Hon. H. A. McKeown, Ald. Robinson, Sheriff Sturdee, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Lt. Col. Jones, Edward Sears, P. S. McNutt, Major Sturdee, W. Wallace, Ald. Worning, Jarvis Wilson, A. O. Skinner, G. S. Mayes, R. W. Frink, Col. Cunard, C. A. Clarke, Hon. A. T. Dunn, Ald. Armstrong.

FARMER HAD FROG IN HIS STOMACH.

Patient Operated Upon by Doctor, Who Finds a Bullfrog More Than Five Inches Long.

NEW YORK, July 26.—One man whose stomach, and not his throat, has been for several years the habitation of a frog, is one of the curious cases of Dock Watch Hollow, a hamlet nestled among the Watchung Mountains, about five miles from Bound Brook, N. J.

Edward Blazer, a farmer, has been ailing for some time, and his physicians have baffled the skill of the physicians of the vicinity, who one by one gave up the case as incurable. Notwithstanding the fact that he was unable to work and was slowly wasting away, Blazer was the possessor of a voracious appetite, being particularly fond of meat.

When Dr. Fred A. Wild of Bound Brook took up Blazer's case, two weeks ago, he proceeded to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the symptoms, and was impressed with the fact that the patient's appetite was good, when he had ordinary conditions the opposite would be the case. This led him to the belief that there might be something of a parasitic nature connected with the ailment.

When questioned, Blazer said that he suffered from pains in the region of his stomach, and occasionally ex- perience a sensation similar to ordinary indigestion. This information confirmed Dr. Wild in his belief, and he urged an operation, which was performed last Thursday, when the doctor removed from the patient's stomach a full grown bullfrog more than five inches long.

When taken out the animal was dead, having been killed during the operation. Similar to ordinary frogs, except that an examination showed that it had never had the use of its eyes, owing to its strange dwelling place.

Blazer is now on the road to recovery, and is the centre of attraction for all that neighborhood. He has been holding a continuous reception since the removal of the frog, and a number of persons from far and near to see him and also the frog, which, preserved in a jar of alcohol, divides their attention.

Mr. Blazer now recalls a circumstance which happened about five years ago, when his wife was ill. He had gone to the spring to fetch her a drink, and while there, took one himself. While returning to the house, he complained of having swallowed something of a foreign nature, although he did not know what it was.

He is convinced that at that time he swallowed a tadpole, which, in course of natural events, became a frog, undergoing the different changes within his stomach.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

ARE THE BOERS A "NATION"?

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir.—The despatch upon the first page of your yesterday's edition, containing the ship captain's account of the Boer prisoners at St. Helena, is an instructive comment upon the notion of a "brave little nation" struggling to be free," etc. The prisoners number 4,700, or about one-fourth of all that, according to official statements, have been taken. They were also among the earliest taken and from the first class of fighters. Only 17 per cent. of them—say 800—are real Boers, the rest being a motley crowd representing nearly every white nation upon the face of the earth, nearly 4,000 of them!

Now, everybody who has read his newspapers is familiar with the theory which represents the Boers as a "nation," and moreover a worthy innocent pastoral people, asking only to be left alone and allowed the sacred rights of "independence," and of doing as they please with each other, with the natives, and with all such outsiders as may come in contact with them. We have also read much about "hiredlings" being enlisted to shed the blood of these oppressed patriots at so much a day, besides a whole host of other comments drawn from the history of the American Revolution, Mr. Kruger being a second Washington, and so on. Another theory represents the Boer oligarchy as a cunning but simple and narrow-minded political ring, calling itself a "republic" and trading upon the fears, ignorances and prejudices of a half-savage, quarrelsome and aggressive rustic population—a sort of African Tammany, ready to go to all lengths to preserve their powers of oppression and plunder. It must be confessed that this view is more attractive than that in its favor. Again, we are told until we are tired of listening that this is a "capitalist" war," all the capitalists of course being upon the same side and having the same objects in view.

Whatever amount of exaggeration or error there may be about any of these varying views, the captain's figures would at least seem to show that the "mercenary" business is not all upon the British side of the house, and likewise that the Boers are not quite such a homogeneous nation as many people suppose them to be.

TERRAELS, 22nd July, 1901.

A MAINE CYCLONE.

Trees Uprooted and Houses Unroofed in Aroostook County.

HULLTON, Me., July 19.—News has been received here from Limestone, in the northern part of the county, of serious damage done by a cyclone in that place last Tuesday night. The funnel shaped cloud, which swept through the village, uprooting trees, tearing roofs from barns and houses, leveling a cemetery, and breaking thousands of panes of glass and doing damage on every side, was of the real western variety. The violent wind was accompanied by immense hail stones, which severely damaged crops, not destroyed by the wind, and injured horses and cattle in open pastures. All the open telegraph and telephone wires in the vicinity were prostrated.

The cloud first was seen rushing up the river just before 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and when it had approached a short distance of Limestone, it changed its course and made straight for the town. All those who saw the cloud approaching rushed to shelter, and in less than a minute, with a rush and a whirl, the cyclone had passed, leaving little more than wreckage in its wake.

Hardly a window was left in the town, and from one spot nine roofless barns could be seen.

LOSING AN ARM IN BATTLE.

Not as Painful Experience as Many People Imagine.

Someone asked Capt. Lucius D. Creighton of Missouri in the Arlington lobby last night how it felt to have an arm shot off. Capt. Creighton served during the civil war between the States in a cavalry regiment, and his left sleeve hangs empty at his side.

"It doesn't feel at all," the confederate veteran answered. "It is certainly the lack of feeling that you know you have been hit. I lost my arm at Gettysburg, and when the bullet struck me I couldn't imagine at first what was the matter. It felt as if I had been hanging to my shoulder, but it was not until after the amputation had been made that I suffered actual pain. The after effects of losing an arm are not altogether pleasant, but it is no more to miss it in time, but so far as suffering is concerned I would much rather a bee would sting me."—Washington Post.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

SUSSEX. Scott Act Openly Violated—Arrested on Charge of Attempting to Shoot a Neighbor.

SUSSEX, July 24.—A warrant was issued on Tuesday by Stipendiary Magistrate Morrison for the arrest of Charles Brannen of Waterford, for attempting to shoot James Armstrong of the same place. The cause of the trouble. Some of Armstrong's cattle got into Brannen's grain and the latter did not approve of having his grain destroyed. Brannen was arrested today, but his father gave \$1,000 bail. The case is called for 9 o'clock on Thursday morning.

The firm of Wortman & Brown, blacksmiths, dissolved on Tuesday. The business will be conducted by Mr. Wortman at the old stand.

Mrs. Geo. Cougle and the Misses Cougle of Worcester, Mass., arrived in Sussex on Tuesday. They will spend some weeks here.

If the Scott Act inspector would pay little more attention to this town the temperance people would be better pleased. Liquor can be bought almost openly by any one. Drunks and rackets are too common here.

When you ask for Headache Powders be sure you get KUMFORT. Never accept a substitute. It is better to be sure of your powder and you may be sure that KUMFORT are the best. All Druggists in 10 and 25c. sizes.

TIED LIGHTNING ROD TO HIS HEAD.

(Philadelphia Record.)

During a raging storm at Cranfield, Md., Farmer Philip Walls paraded about his farm with a portion of a lightning rod tied to his head. He said he wanted to experience the feelings of one struck by lightning. He had started across a field and had gone but a few rods when a huge oak near by was struck by lightning and a flying splinter rendered him unconscious. He was severely injured.

THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

Ho! Ho! (Chicago Post.)

Whistle and blow; Chirp and smoke from my funnel; I bow. Ring-dong! Swinging along. Leaping and rocking and roaring a song. Shriek, hoarse, Mad with my force, Drunken with speed as I rush on my course. Clatter and clatter, Swifter than wind; Shaking the earth as I fling it behind.

Stand! Stand! Fully and mane, Nostrils dilated and snorting the air. Plunge, bolt! Clipper and clatter. Here is a steed that shall mock your revolt.

Wide, high! Clearing the sky, Drums the bridge into thunder, I fly. Clang! Clang! Clang! Clatter! How the wheels grind and ring hammer and cleat.

Strong, slow, Upward I go, Bouncing the rocks to the death-smitten snow. Strain, strain, Grip the rails tight; Now the grim giant shall show you his might.

Chill, steep, Fasten I creep, Skirting the precipice, daring the deep. Hold, hold! Slowly, I wheel; Look ye not down lest your senses may reel.

Shriek, bark! Swift to the light; Day hasten ye, mocking the night High, steep. Flung, I leap; Down to the valleys, exultant, I sweep.

Ho! Ho! Whistle and blow, Pulling the lever and letting her go. Swing, heel, Inward I keel, Flung the curves as I bend and I wheel.

Blaze, burn, Smoking I turn; Roaring in triumph, the mountain I spurn. Shriek! Screech! Downward in steam, Earthquake and thunder and—gone like a dream.

THE INCIDENT CLOSED.

BUFFALO, July 24.—The British flag incident, which was transformed by sensationalists from a mole hill to a mountain, has been settled. The flags which were originally taken out of Ontario's booth in the ethnology building because they did not conform to a general scheme of decoration, because they were British, have been restored.

Richard Harcourt, minister of education for Ontario, was in Buffalo yesterday, and he had a conference with Dr. Benedict, with the result that the incident, which never was of any importance, was closed for good and all.

ORDER COUNTERMANDED.

Foreman (job office)—What are you working at now? "Boy—Runnin' off some business cards of a young woman who wants to be mendin' for gents and families." "Foreman—Did you get word not to print 'em?" The order is countermanded. Quick as the boss saw that the girl's card, he rushed off and married her.—Pick-Me-Up.

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

Brown—Whenever a woman becomes unreasonable it is attributed to her nerves. Isn't that singular? "Towns—Yes, but the unreasonable-ness of a man is attributed to his nerves and that's still more singular."—Philadelphia Press.

The Semi-Weekly Sun AND The Maritime Farmer ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.20.

This great combination offer is only open to new subscribers or to old subscribers who pay all arrearages at the regular rate, and one year in advance.

THE MARITIME FARMER is a Semi-Monthly Journal, exclusively devoted to the interests of the farmer of the Maritime Provinces. It is the official organ of the Farmers' and Dairyman's Association of New Brunswick; the Nova Scotia Farmers' Association, and the Maritime Stock Breeders' Association.

THE ST. JOHN SEMI-WEEKLY SUN is the best newspaper a Maritime farmer can take. It is published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, eight large pages every issue, containing all the provincial as well as foreign news it has.

THE MOST COMPLETE WAR SERVICE of any paper in Eastern Canada, and its frequency of issue makes it of especial interest during the strife in South Africa.

MEMBER THIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY ON ABOVE CONDITIONS. Address, with Cash—Sun Printing Company, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for McClary Manufacturing Co. featuring 'No Dust' ranges and 'FAMOUS ACTIVE' slogan. Includes an illustration of a woman and text describing the features of the ranges.

Advertisement for 'The Song of the Locomotive' featuring a poem and an illustration of a steam locomotive.

Advertisement for 'Pain-Killer' (FERRY'S PAIN-KILLER) featuring a testimonial and a list of ailments treated.

Advertisement for 'The Incident Closed' featuring a poem about the British flag incident in Ontario.

Advertisement for 'Apatites' and 'Ariol & Steel' featuring various notices and advertisements.

COMPANY.

...application to ...

...the two 25 footers was ...

...the 30 footers was ...

...the 35 footers was ...

...the 40 footers was ...

...the 45 footers was ...

...the 50 footers was ...

...the 55 footers was ...

...the 60 footers was ...

...the 65 footers was ...

...the 70 footers was ...

THE RING.

...the 25 footers was ...

...the 30 footers was ...

...the 35 footers was ...

...the 40 footers was ...

...the 45 footers was ...

...the 50 footers was ...

...the 55 footers was ...

...the 60 footers was ...

...the 65 footers was ...

...the 70 footers was ...

...the 75 footers was ...

...the 80 footers was ...

THE KILLARNEY EAGLES GONE.

The famous eagles which used to haunt the Lakes of Killarney, making their home in the Eagle's Nest Mountain, have been exterminated within the last three years. They were exceedingly picturesque and objects of great interest to visitors. Their depredations, however, among the grouse and their capture of lambs and kids from the farms all along the country side, rendered it absolutely necessary to get rid of them, and the last of the birds has been shot—London News.

What is Life to You?

If you are a victim of piles, as one person in every four is, you suffer keenly from one of the most torturing ailments known to man, and may well wonder if life is really worth living. Certain relief and ultimate cure is awaiting you by means of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never failed to cure piles. Painlessly and naturally it allays the inflammation, heals the ulcers, and thoroughly cures this wretched disease.

Weak, Nervous School Children.

The severe and ever increasing strain of competitive examinations coming at a time when every boy and girl is undergoing trying physiological changes, does much toward making mental and physical wrecks of school children. A glance at the pale, weak and puny children which come from our public and high schools will make any thoughtful person consider seriously the advisability of sacrificing health and vigor for the trivial honor of standing high at examination time.

Advertisement for 'DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.' featuring a testimonial and a list of ailments treated.

Advertisement for 'Children Cry for CASTORIA' featuring a testimonial and a list of ailments treated.

...the 85 footers was ...

...the 90 footers was ...

...the 95 footers was ...

...the 100 footers was ...