"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas.

Vomit Every Meal.

DR. JAMES' NERVE BEANS.

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that relieve and cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by overwork, or the errors and excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. They do not, like other preparations advertised for Lost Manhood, etc., interfere with digestion; but impart new life, strength and energy in a quick and harmless manner peculiar to themselves.

Sold by druggists at $1.00 a package, or six for $5.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address The James Medicine CO., Canadian Agency, St. John, N. B.

Write for pamphlet. ☞ Sold in Chatham by J. D. B. F. MacKENZIE.

PAST ALL PRECEDENT! OVER TWO MILLIONS DISTRIBUTED

LSL

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually, (June and December,) and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEGRITY OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF PRIZES.

Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorise the company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. Walmsley, Pres. Louisiana Nat. Bk.
Pierre Lanaux, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. Baldwin, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bk.
Carl Kohn, Pres. Union National Bank.

MAMMOTH DRAWING

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, June 14, 1892.

Capital Prize, $600,000.

LIST OF PRIZES

1 PRIZE OF	600,000 is	600,000
1 PRIZE OF	200,000 is	200,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 are	50,000
2 PRIZES OF	20,000 are	40,000
5 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	50,000
10 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	50,000
25 PRIZES OF	2,000 are	50,000
100 PRIZES OF	800 are	80,000
200 PRIZES OF	600 are	120,000
500 PRIZES OF	400 are	200 000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of	$1,000 are	$100,000
100 do	800 are	80,000
100 do	400 are	40,000
TWO NUMBER TERMINALS.		
1,998 do	200 are	$399,600
3,144 Prizes, amounting to		$2,159,600

PRICE OF TICKETS.
Whole Tickets at $40: Halves $20: Quarters $10: Eighths, $5: Twentieths $2 Fortieths $1.

Club Rates, 55 Fractional Tickets at $1, for $50.

SPECIAL RATES TO AGENTS.
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

IMPORTANT.

SEND MONEY BY EXPRESS AT OUR EXPENSE IN SUMS NOT LESS THAN FIVE DOLLARS,

on which we will pay all charges, and we prepay Express Charges on Tickets and Lists of Prizes forwarded to correspondents.

Address PAUL CONRAD, New Orleans, La.

Give full address and make signature plain.

Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to All Lotteries, we use the Express Companies in answering correspondents and sending Lists of Prizes

The official Lists of Prizes will be sent on application to all Local Agents, after every drawing in any quantity, by Express, FREE OF COST

ATTENTION.—The present charter of The Louisiana State Lottery Company which is part of the Constitution of the State, and by decision of the Supreme court of U. S. is an inviolable contract between the State and the Lottery Company will remain in force until 1895.

There are so many inferior and dishonest schemes on the market for the sale of which vendors receive enormous commissions, that buyers must see to it, and protect themselves by insisting on having LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY TICKETS and none others, if they want the advertised chance for a prize.

Northumberland Agricultural Society has placed the Percheron horse, Zephyr, purchased by it from the New Brunswick government, under the sole control and management of Mr. Geo. P. Scarle.

Said horse will make the season in charge of Mr. James Conway, groom, in Chatham, Newcastle, Derby, Southesk, Blackville, and Nelson parishes.

He will be at Mr. Stothart's, near the Chatham Ferry, every Monday morning and remain at Mr. Wm. Vye's, Upper Newcastle Monday nights—going alternate weeks up the Northwest and Southwest Miramichi rivers, and being at Mr. George P. Scarle's farm, Chatham, every Saturday.

TERMS:—For season, with foal, $8; no foal, half price.

Following is Zephyr's certificate of registry:—

(Translation.)

SOCIETY OF THE AGRICULTURISTS OF FRANCE, AVENUE DE L'OPERA 21, PARIS.

The Stud Book Commission for horses of France, certify that after careful examination and verification they have admitted to their register this 15th Sept., 1886, the French Percheron horse ZEPHYR, foaled in 1882, sired by Bayard, dam Julie, color iron grey with white spot on forehead, bred by Monsieur O. Perier, said Zephyr's number in the stud book being 373. Conditions of admission to this register are that sire and dam shall be pure blooded French bred horses.

Signed by the President of the Commission,
EUG. GUYOT.

THIS CERTIFIES that the above registered horse has been sold to D. McLellan.
G. PIRRER.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B., - - - JUNE 2, 1892.

The British Wood Market.

The reports in the London Timber Trades' Journal of 21st ult. are far from encouraging. Imports of wood goods into the different ports of the Kingdom seem to be on an increased scale compared with those of last year, while consumption is diminished. The Journal says:—

"The imports of sawn and hewn wood to the country, generally, as yet hold out no promise of being less than those of 1891. From the returns made up to the 30th of April, 1892, the total quantity of wood of all descriptions, sawn and hewn, was 1,077,545 loads, against 884,467 loads, showing an increase of 193,078 loads within the same period of 1891. To London there is a considerable increase already to the credit of the present year, amounting to 27,435 loads, of which Norway and Sweden contribute a fair share. Most of the large import centres are similarly situated, there apparently being no lack of wood stuff amongst the new season's shipments. These figures are certainly not in keeping with the moderation predicted.

"The consumption at the docks continues to indicate a weak market. We must always take the preceding year's doings as a standpoint from which to draw our conclusions, and notwithstanding the spring of 1891, as far as the timber trade was concerned, was certainly not a brisk one, the comparison with that of the present results all in favour of last year. On the Surrey side the week's deliveries in deals alone from stock are 798 standards less than they were the corresponding week last year. This is serious, just when everybody is looking for the fine weather and low stocks to operate favorably.

Referring to the returns of imports into the United Kingdom of sawn and hewn woods for the four months ending with April 30th, 1891 and 1892, respectively, we find that the increase is very much greater in sawn than hewn, which tells against the New Brunswick trade. Thus, there was, for the period named in 1891, an import of 530,951 loads, hewn, while in 1892 there were 584,254 loads—an increase of 53,303 loads for '92. Of sawn woods, there were 353,516 loads in '91 and 493,291 loads in '92—an increase of 139,775 loads for the first four months of this year. These figures, taken together with the lessened consumption as compared with the same period of last year, give the market a very discouraging complexion. We have not the full table of deliveries, but those of the London docks are at hand, and they show that for the nineteen weeks of this year, up to May 14th, the decrease in deals and battens alone, compared with the corresponding period last year, was 14,345 standards—equal, in round numbers, to say 28,000,000 s. f.—a quantity greater than one-third of the whole of last year's Miramichi shipments. The outlook, therefore, of the trade is far from encouraging.

Mr. Adams all Right.

An Ottawa press despatch says:—

"Speaking of criticism of his speech on the Harris land job by the St. John press, Mr. Adams said to-day: I did not refer to the whole population of St. John as beggars; I referred only to the jobbers who forced the Harris deal upon the government and whose object is to gobble up everything. I know the Harris job was not perpetrated to please the people of St. John. I have received letters from St. John friends commending the stand taken by me and expressing regret that I did not go further."

It, therefore, appears that the reports of Mr. Adams' speech did not convey his meaning correctly. As the matter is now explained, Mr. Adams was perfectly right in giving expression of what he thought of those interested in the sale of a comparatively small piece of land at an over-valuation, when so much more is really needed in other parts of the city to afford adequate railway facilities. The independent and manly tone of the other portions of the speech has given satisfaction to Mr. Adams' friends here—whether they are friends or opponents of the Government. No government ought to expect a tame and unquestioning support, and no government need expect it from Northumberland. We are very much neglected by the government, and expect our representative not to hide the fact or conceal his dissatisfaction in reference to it.

The Difference.

We cannot induce the Dominion Government to give us the long-promised breakwater at Point Escuminac, but millions are, meantime, spent upon canals in Ontario and Quebec. Not only so, but an Ottawa despatch of 28th to the government organ at Toronto says:—

"Life-saving chains over two miles in length have been placed round the locks and wharves of the Rideau canal here."

The difference between Northumberland and Ottawa is that there is no particular friend of the Public Works Department here who has a life-saving breakwater that will fit Point Escuminac, amongst the "dead stock" on his hands. The man who had the dead stock of chains, went, no doubt, to his influential government friend and asked him if he wouldn't "save life" by relieving him of the chains—and the job was accomplished. That's the difference between Ottawa and Northumberland.

Unprotected.

We were astonished the other day to learn that the Minister of Fisheries has left both the Napan and Bartibogue rivers without officers to protect them. If those important rivers are thus left to the mercy of whoever choses to fish them by illegal methods, it is fair to assume that others equally requiring protection are similarly neglected. By-and-bye we shall have the effects of this scandalous neglect on the part of the Government attributed to other causes by some Ottawa official, who has, perhaps, never seen a tidal river. Minister Tupper cannot defend such indifference to the interests of our Miramichi fishermen as leaves such fisheries as those at the mouths of Napan and Bartibogue without anybody to look after them.

Ontario's Governor.

Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick has been sworn in Lieut.-Governor of Ontario in place of Sir Alex. Campbell, deceased. Some of the papers are agitating themselves over the New Brunswick governship, in which there is no vacancy or the probability of one for a good while to come.

Preparing for Camp.

Preparations for the annual camp of No. 8 Military District are being made, and our local volunteers are endeavoring to show themselves equal to the occasion. The captains of companies, upon whom the whole work of keeping the 73rd battalion together—so far as gratuitous personal effort and encouragement of their corps go—find that an average of one half of their men have emigrated from the country, while a further number—and these latter are the best remaining—are dissatisfied because little is done "between camps" to maintain the esprit du corps which is so necessary to the efficient maintainance of such organizations. It, therefore, happens that the old members of companies, who stand by the battalion, more for the sake of its traditional attractions, then because of any merit in its present administration, feel that they will go to Sussex under greater "raw recruit" disadvantages than ever before. No. 2 company, although it has shared in the weakening effects of the exodus, is fortunate in having so zealous and effective an officer as Capt. Mackenzie in command of it. If there is any man who can overcome the difficulties of the exodus, the discouragements of staff indifference and the impoverishing system of false economy which is a growing characteristic of the militia department, it is he, and if the Battalion goes into camp so as to pass muster, it will be largely because of the sacrifices and efforts the captains and other company officers are making to that end.

(For the Advance.)

Practical Poultry Raising.

BY T. A. WILLITS, WESTON, ONT.

[*Continued.*]

Don't be carried away by your own prejudices in the matter, recollect that you are catering to the public, and if you wish to win a reputation for your dressed poultry you must supply what the people want, and the majority of those who represent the first class buyers of any city in Canada or the United States, prefer a fowl with yellow skin, and yellow beak, and clean yellow shanks free from feathers; such fowls fowls in this country rank as first-class table poultry, whilst birds with white skin and white beak, willow or black shanks are considered second class goods. In England the reverse is the case, white skin fowls ranking first, the Dorking being held in great esteem, but in America this fowl is not bred to any extent; on the other hand Plymouth Rocks are coming rapidly into favor in England, large numbers of them being exhibited at every poultry show, the sterling merits of the breed have won for them the good opinions of English breeders. This preference for white or yellow skin is doubtless all a matter of fancy, the probability is that not one person in fifty could tell after a fowl is roasted whether it originally possessed white skin or yellow, and as neither the shanks nor beak appear on the table it would seem a matter of indifference what colour they were, such however is not the case, the public have their whims, and if you wish to sell your poultry to the best advantage, you must honour those whims, you will find it much easier to do this than to change public opinion to your own way of thinking. If your fowls have white skin and white or black shanks, the best thing you can do is to get rid of them, you can never produce first class table fowls as long as you breed such stock; don't persuade yourself that they will do well enough at the present time, it is easier to change to the breed that possesses these qualifications now while your flock is small, than it will be when you possess three or four hundred fowls; one of the largest market poulterers in the United States says he cannot afford to breed anything, but what ranks highest in the estimation of the public, because a difference of one cent per lb. makes a difference of $300 to him in a year. Don't forget this gentle reader if you are cherishing visions of a mammoth poultry establishment in the near future, remember that your revenue will be very greatly affected by the class of fowls that you breed. There are over fifty different varieties and sub-varieties of thorough-bred fowls, and many of them would be about as useful to the market poulterer as blue jays or robins, many people keep such fowls for their ornamental appearance, in the same way that others keep white mice, Guinea pigs, ring-tail monkeys, and other lovely and charming creatures of that ilk.

But few of the ornamental varieties possess any practical useful qualities, many of them are extremely delicate, and for market purposes are utterly useless.

Having disposed of your common scrub hens, your next plan will be to purchase, one or two breeding pens of fowls of the variety you have selected as best suited to your purpose. To select the right breed is of vital importance, but it is equally as important to select the right strain of that breed; a strain or family of fowls that possesses in an eminent degree the valuable characteristics you are seeking, viz.—early maturity and great prolificacy.

(*To be Continued.*)

Judge Skinner's Death.

The fatality of last Saturday at Indiantown, on the Southwest Miramichi, by which R. Chipman Skinner, Judge of Probates, St. John, lost his life, gave a great shock to the community. Apart from the suddenness with which a useful and model life was brought to a close, the fact that the event occurred at a time when the party of which Mr. Skinner was a beloved and honored member were seeking manly and innocent recreation and amusement, and his family were in happy unconsciousness of the great loss that was upon them, renders the event one of peculiar sadness. The circumstances, too, show that the valued life was lost when it might have been preserved had the poor fellow availed himself of the means at hand for keeping himself safely afloat, as his companion did. It will never be known why he permitted himself to drift away from the boat that was sinking with his weight, but to the mistake that he did not remain by it, as instinct and experience would seem to suggest as the only safe course, is due the fact that he died before reaching the shore towards which he seemed to start with all the confidence of an expert swimmer.

Exactly how the accident occurred was, at first, difficult to ascertain. Even Mr. Jordan, whose account of it is in another column, did not arrive at the scene until some time after Mr. Skinner had shouted for assistance, as he thought he was only intimating that he was ready to take him across the river, where he was to board the Indiantown train. Young Walter White, the only occupant of the punt with Mr. Skinner, and who is, therefore, the only person in a position to say just how the accident happened gave the following account of it to the St. John Globe:

Between four and five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Skinner and I were out in the stream in an ordinary flat-bottomed boat. Mr. Skinner was fishing, while I sat in the stern with an oar warding off the stray logs that were floating down stream. Several logs struck the boat, but did no damage. We made arrangements with Mr. W. C. Jordan to take him across the river to catch the train, he having received a telegram to come home. Our boat was leaking and there was at this time more water in it then we thought. Mr. Skinner stooped down in the bow to pull up the anchor, so that we might go ashore for Mr. Jordan, and as he did so the water in the boat rushed to the bow, and the combined weight drew the bow of the boat under the water, and she filled nearly to the top. Mr. Skinner immediately let go the anchor and we tried to balance the boat and bail her out, but she got rocking and the water soon flowed over her gunwales, and the end in which Mr. Skinner was standing began to sink. We called to those on the farther shore to bring a canoe, that we were sinking. I cried out: "Do not jump stick to the boat." The boat kept sinking till the water was up to Mr. Skinner's waist, when the current carried him away. The boat then came up and kept me above water, and letting the anchor go, I drifted rapidly down the stream, which runs about four miles an hour. Mr. Skinner called out, "Look out for yourself, Walter" and struck out quite strongly for the shore, which was about fifty feet away. I reached him my fishing rod, but he could not grasp it, and I then threw the one oar which remained in the boat to him, but he appeared not to notice it and kept on swimming. When he got within a few feet of the shore Mr. Jordan waded into the water and threw a pole to him. The pole went close to him and he grasped it, and those watching thought he was all right, but suddenly, without a cry, he sank beneath the surface. In the meantime, Mr. Jardine, of Indiantown, had got into a small canoe on the opposite shore, but the frail craft filled. Mr. O'Brien, who also belongs to Indiantown, then jumped into the canoe and made his way rapidly to the spot, and was a short distance from him when he sank. Mr. O'Brien then turned his attention to rescuing me and after considerable trouble he succeeded in towing me ashore.

It will thus be understood, therefore, that the boat or punt was not filled by any attempt on the part of either deceased or his nephew to clear the anchor-rope of a log, as was stated at first, but that the craft was a leaky one and so much water had been allowed to accumulate in it as to sink its forward end when deceased himself went to raise the anchor for the purpose of going ashore for Mr. Jordan. Had poor Skinner taken young White's sensible advice—"Don't jump, stick to the boat!" he would have been perfectly safe, for such a craft would sustain more than half a dozen men in the water. It seems that deceased was a good swimmer, and the fact that no water was found in his lungs indicates that he was not drowned, but died of heart failure owing to the excitement of the event and the over-exertion he was making to reach the shore.

The Globe says:

"The sad intelligence was first communicated to Mr. Samuel Jordan on Saturday evening, with instructions to break it to the family. Mrs. Skinner was attending a meeting of the Boys' Club, a philanthropic work in which she was greatly interested, when she was sent for by Mrs. A. O. Skinner, and subsequently the sad intelligence was communicated to the other members of the family. It plunged a happy family group into the deepest distress, which came as swiftly as a lightning stroke. Kind expressions of sympathy from friends in all parts of the city quickly followed, but the tenderest words of sympathy, grateful as they are at such a time, are inadequate.

"Mr. Skinner was a great favorite. He was one of the best known men in the community, in which he has spent his forty-nine years of life. He was a barrister by profession and had held the office of Judge of Probates since 1886. He was considerate of the feelings of others, honorable in all his transactions, and liked by everybody. He had strong convictions on all questions, and yet he allowed the largest liberty of feeling and expression to others. His regard for his fellow men displayed itself in his work and his associations. He had represented Prince ward in the city government for several years. For years he had been superintendent of the Sabbath school of the Brussels street Baptist church. He was an active member of the S. P. C. A. since its formation, and one of the vice-presidents; he was a member of the Loyalist Society; and the fraternal side of his nature exhibited itself very clearly at the meetings of the Oddfellows' Society. Although not an eloquent speaker, he was graceful, polished and witty in his addresses. His conversation and talks with his friends showed him to be well read in English literature and an appreciative student of many of its best authors. His family circle was a most cheerful one, and his home was one of the brightest in the city."

N. Y. Herald, May 22.

The Value of Relics.

And after the second vail, the tabernacle which is called the holliest of all;

Which had the golden censer, and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant.—Hebrews, ix, 3, 4.

The exhibition of a portion of St. Ann's body has excited very different emotions in different quarters. Some have been profoundly moved and others have greeted the display with derision.

This makes the spectacle very interesting and quite worth a moment's careful consideration.

Nothing appeals so mightily to the imagination as relics. We have them in abundance in this country and would not part with them, without great unwillingness. We hold the coat and the sword, the camp utensils and the household furniture of Washington in something which very nearly approaches reverence. They are carefully preserved and jealously guarded. The man who looks at them feels his patriotism quickened. He is reminded of the great cost at which the foundations of our national institutions were laid, and if the remembrance of those dark days of struggle and vicissitude brings tears to his eyes, or if, while beholding them, his sense of political duty is increased, we do not regard him as in the slightest degree out of harmony with the times. On the contrary, we think it well to keep the past and the present in close conjunction by reminding the people by means of these relics of the sacrifices which are necessary to preserve our great inheritance.

The Old testament is full of references to relics. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, speaks of the Holy of Holies as the depository of the ark of the covenant, of the golden pot that had manna and of Aaron's rod that budded.

In Saul's time David, in great straits, said to Ahimelech, "I have neither brought my sword nor my weapons with me," and the priest replied, "The sword of Goliath the Philistine, behold it is here wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod."

We are also told that when a dead man was cast into the sepulchre of Elisha the moment he touched the bones of the prophet "he revived and stood up on his feet."

But the question is often asked, Are the cures said to be effected by veneration of relics genuine? Well, if human testimony is to be believed they certainly are genuine in a multitude of instances. The evidence on this point is simply overwhelming. Every age can supply its quota and our own generation is by no means behindhand. That strange things do happen, that diseases have been known to disappear is very far beyond the reach of a doubt.

When you take the next step, however, and ask whether these cures, which no one can deny, are the result of a supernatural agency resting in the relic or the consequence of faith in the person who venerates it, you reach a territory where a large variety of opinion exists. One man will assert that the relic itself works the miracle of cure, and another is equally sure that it is the faith in the heart which produces the result. Both admit that the cures are effected, but they diverge as to their cause.

All right. If there is a potency in faith to remove maladies, then whatever quickens faith has an exceeding value. If the presence of a relic, surrounded by a thousand legends, stimulates the mind, kindles the pulses of life until they are so ablaze that the ills to which flesh is heir are burned out of the system and the onlooker is made whole, why should we complain? If the man who disdains a sacred relic, but devotes himself to another method of accomplishing the same end, and calls it Christian Science, or mind cure, or what not, and in that way rouses his patient's will or imagination and brings him back to health, shall we be over critical? Or if the physician of the old school, despising both of these means, makes the sufferer think he is taking a powerful drug when in fact he is only swallowing a bread pill and the disease disappears, why, we can only say that if the man gets well the chief purpose has been reached and we will not inquire too curiously into the nature of the prescription.

There is an increasing feeling in the community that the mental attitude of a diseased person has a good deal of influence to retard or advance his recovery. Whether this is consequent upon reverence for a relic or of confidence in the doctor or comes from any other source, the fact remains and must be recognized. An appeal to a sick man's will power or to his spiritual nature, or to his imagination is an auxiliary remedy which no one can afford to overlook.

It is not necessary, therefore, to ridicule a relic or to talk learnedly about superstition. The business of life is to get well and to keep well. Whatever helps us to accomplish that object is beyond the reach of sarcasm.

Fearful Losses of Life and Property.

NILES, Ohio, May 26:—A waterspout burst over Kingman, a small village 12 miles northeast of this city, on the Pymatuning river, yesterday morning, drowning six persons and destroying buildings, stocks and crops. The water fell in torrents from 4 o'clock until 6 o'clock and the small river overflowed its banks. The farmers did not flee, thinking there was no danger, and all would have been safe had not a dam two miles above the village broken. J. B. Robin's house was on the brink of the river. He and his wife and two children were eating breakfast when the flood came. It is presumed they started to run, but too late. K. Stewart and son were in the barn, which was carried away. Their house withstood the torrent and Mrs. Stewart witnessed the drowning of her husband and son. The bodies of the six drowned were found in the river. Many horses and cattle were swept away and the loss is estimated at $20,000.

VICKSBURG, May 26.—The latest crevasse has occured at Craig's Landing, Ark., and threatens the line of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific railroad, as well as the fertile region known as the Tensas basin. The water will also overflow considerable portions of the river parishes of East Carroll, Madison, Tensas, and probably Concordia. An overflow at this season means bankruptcy for the planters and starvation for the laborers and tenants. The break in the levee is already 150 feet wide and 8 feet deep. There is no hope of closing it at this stage of the water. The levees are being guarded by armed men with unremitting vigilance. There is reason to fear they may be cut by interested persons. Yesterday at Gunnison, Miss., an unknown white man, who had crossed over from Arkansas and was attempting to dynamite a levee, was shot dead by the guards.

MORILLTON, ARK., May 26.—Capt. Barnes, an Arkansas river pilot, with Mr. Crouch and six oarsmen, yesterday rescued from the overflowed lands opposite the mouth of the river Fourche 100 head of horses, mules and cattle and eight families. One colored family, numbering nine persons, and also three colored men were capsized in a skiff and drowned.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 28:—A special from Wellington, Kansas, says: This city had a visitation last night from a funnel-shaped cloud which ploughed through the business part of the town with immense destruction of property and some loss of life. A heavy storm of wind preceded the cyclone, which struck the city at 9 o'clock. Washington avenue, the principal street, is lined on both sides for blocks with ruins. Fire broke out among the debris of Col. Robinson's block. The solid block of brick buildings containing half a dozen stores and the *Monitor Press* and printing offices lie in heaps of bricks and mortar. Hundred of dwellings are either totally destroyed or more or less damaged. The city was in darkness, as broken mains made it necessary to shut down the gas works.

Up to two o'clock this morning 12 bodies were recovered from the ruins, and at least 75 persons more or less seriously hurt were taken to places of safety. The work of rescuing is much hampered by the confusion caused by darkness, there being no lights except lanterns in the hands of searchers. A ball was in progress at Phillips's house when the cyclone struck it, and the scene attending the destruction of the building was appalling. The inmates made a frantic rush for the doors when the structure began to sway, but many were unable to reach the street and were buried in the ruins of the walls that collapsed with a terrible crash.

The storm came from the southwest and approached the city with a rotary motion, descending upon the centre of the city with terrific force. Trees were torn from the roots and houses turned around. Freight cars were picked up and carried a distance of two hundred feet. In one instance a horse was actually taken from the ground and lifted to the top of a two storey-building.

ST. LOUIS, May 28:—The *Globe Democrat's* Wellington special says the loss by the cyclone will aggregate $500,000. Two hundred brick and wooden buildings were destroyed. Fire at this hour (3 a. m.) is still raging.

SHREVEPORT, LA., May 28:—The situation in this section is growing hourly more serious, on account of the steadily rising river. A general overflow of the Red River valley appears inevitable.

ST. LOUIS, May 28:—The river fell half a foot yesterday, and after to-day the fall will be much more rapid. In the flooded district the water is receding rapidly and the situation is more hopeful. The estimated loss given out some time ago at eleven million dollars is no exaggeration—if anything it is under the actual loss.

ARKANSAS CITY, Ark., May 28:—The river here is still rising, and the guage is 49.8 feet. All communication with the back country, except by skiff or dugout, is cut off. Thousands of people have been impoverished. The water is the highest since 1849.

A trip through the submerged districts reveals a state of great suffering. In Desha county, Ark., not a farm has escaped and nearly the entire population has left. Hollandel, up the White river, has been swept away and remnants of houses lodged among the limbs of trees along the river banks. There is not an inhabitant there to-day nor a soul living in Chicot city. Red Fork, a place of 400 people, is no more and the same can be said of Pendleton.

Parliamentary Amenities.

[From Hansard of May 19.]

Mr. Lister—The hon. gentleman waxed wrathy at the time of this House being wasted. I am sure if the House was to act upon the ideas of the hon. gentleman there would be no time wasted, because he would pass every vote and every measure of the Government without any discussion, holus-bolus, and take it just as it is. It is nonsense for the hon. gentleman to talk about time being wasted. If we are paid for a session, be that long or short—

Mr. Sproule—To sit here and do nothing.

Mr. Lister—We are doing a great deal.

Mr. Sproule—What did we do last night?

Mr. Lister—The hon. gentleman is perfectly ridiculous in the statement he makes. He was bold enough to say that during the first half of the session I was not in the House.

Mr. Sproule—I said "very little in the House."

Mr. Lister—I was here from the beginning to the present time, with the exception of three or four days.

Mr. Sproule—The hon. gentleman was absent time after time, and his motions were allowed to stand.

Mr. Lister—During Sir John Macdonald's funeral my court was sitting—

Mr. Sproule—You are a year out.

Mr. Lister—And the only time I was absent was a few days at the time of the funeral.

Mr. Sproule—You are far out.

Mr. Lister—I mean Mr. Mackenzie's funeral. If I were not in the Chamber, I would use stronger words. If the hon. gentleman said that outside in the lobby, I would say he was a deliberate vilifier,

Mr. Sproule—I neither care for you outside in the lobby, nor in the Chamber; neither for your wrath nor your impertinence.

Mr. Lister—Neither his threats nor his tongue do I care anything about—I care nothing about him at all.

Mr. Sproule—You cannot have more supreme contempt for me than I have for you.

Mr. Lister—He is a man utterly despised by his own friends in this House.

Mr. Sproule—You have the brass but not the brains of your party.

Mr. Lister—So far as the bye-elections are concerned, to which reference has been made by the hon. gentleman, and I am bound by the rules of the House to call him honorable—it is not necessary to recall them. When history comes to be written we shall find how they were carried.

* * * *

Mr. Mulock—The Minister evidently considers those gentlemen behind him as nothing but machines.

Mr. Foster—The hon. gentleman has no right to say that.

Mr. Ouimet—State your point of order.

Mr. Foster—I rise to a point of order. The hon. gentleman has no right to say that the Minister thinks the gentlemen behind him are machines. It is an insult both to the Minister and to the House.

Mr. Mulock—State your point of order. You have no right to make a speech.

The Chairman (Mr. Denison)—I do not think it is proper——

Mr. Mulock—Let me say something on this.

Some hon. members—Order.

Mr. Mulock—The Minister of Finance is not the only member who has a right to address remarks to you. I draw my inference from the action of the Minister of Public Works. He will not give his reasons for the action he has taken, and he is calling upon his supporters to vote this money without giving any reasons, and I reassert that any Minister who does that, without giving reasons, is not treating his supporters as reasonable beings, but as puppets.

The Chairman (Mr. Denison)—I cannot quite agree with the hon. member. He stated the gentlemen behind the Government benches were machines.

Mr. Mulock—You had better know your facts first. I said the Minister thought they were machines.

The Chairman (Mr. Denison)—Of course, if you say you did not state that, it is different.

Mr. Mulock—I said the Minister seemed to think they were machines.

Mr. Bowell—You said they were machines.

Mr. Mulock—I did not.

Mr. Bowell—They are not as much machines as you are. You have been driven to-night like a pack of dogs.

The True Story of Capt. Kidd.

A Queen's County correspondent writes as follows to the St. John Telegraph:

Will you allow me a small space in your valuable paper to correct an error that has taken possession of the minds of quite a large number of the people of the maritime provinces. The error referred to is this, that a certain pirate by the name of Wm. Kidd, who roved over the high seas, after accumulating large quantities of valuables, buried them in different places in the maritime provinces, and that the money can only be recovered under certain peculiar circumstances. After carefully looking up all the authority on the above subject I fail to find a single sentence that would justify any sane person to harbor any such an idea. In the year 1695 Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamount, an Irish peer who sat in the English house of commons, was appointed governor of New York and afterwards of Massachusetts. He was ordered by the king to do all in his power to suppress the freebooters. We learn that as soon as the Governor landed in New York he intended to suppress piracy. The question was how shall the object be a success? William Kidd was recommended as being a man entirely fitted for such an undertaking and after lengthy correspondence between the governor and the British authorities there was fitted out a vessel by private subscription. The vessel was called the Adventure, galley, and was equipped in the Port of London. Kidd took command. He carried with him, besides the ordinary letters of marque, a commission under the great seal empowering him to seize pirates and to take them to some place where they might be dealt with according to law. We find that Kidd left London and sailed to New York. At length, in February 1697, he sailed from the Hudson with a crew of more than 150 men, and in July reached the coast of Madagascar, and it was in the Eastern seas that Kidd performed his deeds of robbery and cruelties, and not in the Bay Fundy as is generally believed. In August, 1698, it was known in London that the Adventure, galley, from which so much had been hoped, was the terror of the merchants of Surat, and of the villagers of the coast of Malabar. It was thought that Kidd would carry his booty to some colony. Orders were sent from London to all of the transmarine possessions of the crown, telling them to be on the lookout for him. We are informed that Kidd burned his ship and dismissed his men, probably on the coast of Malabar, and then he returned to New York, was taken prisoner, sent to London and there hanged. And it is plain that Kidd never visited the Isle of Holt or any other places in the Bay of Fundy to deposit his gold. The whole story of Kidd roving on the northern Atlantic is a fable.

[St. John Telegraph.]

JUDGE SKINNER DROWNED

WHILE FISHING IN THE MIRAMICHI RIVER.

An Estimable Man Lost to the Community Under Deplorable Circumstances—the Story of the Accident, and of a Brave Swimmer Against a Powerful Current—Deceased's Companions Unable to assist—Sketch of His Life.

When the Telegraph announced on Thursday morning that a party of gentlemen would leave that day for Indiantown, Miramichi, on a fishing expedition, many people whose vocations kept them in the city, could not but read the item with a certain degree of envy.

There was nothing anticipated but a pleasant holiday, from which each of the party would return with his spirits raised and his health improved.

There was not the least thought that any member of the party might not return alive, that a family might lose a kind,

AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND, FATHER AND BROTHER,

the bench a faithful judge and the community generally a courteous and valued resident.

The shock which was conveyed by the news on Saturday evening that Judge R. C. Skinner of the probate court had been drowned in the Miramichi river was therefore a most severe one. The loss to his intimate friends was felt, and is still felt, to be personal. Even those whose relations with the late Judge Skinner did not partake of a very close nature, looked upon the intelligence as being most sad and distressing; while to the mass of the citizens, the news, accompanied as it was by comments testifying to the universal respect and esteem with which the deceased was regarded, contained cause for silent as well as outspoken sympathy for the bereaved relatives.

That a man of Judge Skinner's extraordinary good and kindly qualities should come to his death under such circumstances was considered

IN THE LIGHT OF A PUBLIC CALAMITY.

The party, which left by the I. C. R. on Thursday, comprised Judge Skinner, Mr. W. S. Pope of Boston, United States Vice-consul W. C. Jordan, Mr. A. O. Skinner and son, Mr. John White, Mr. Hawk'ey Merritt and son, Mr. G. A. Kimball and son, Mr. A. L. Law and Mr. Walter White.

On arrival at Indiantown, which is on the branch, about 14 miles from Derby station, the party crossed to the other side of the river and put up at a house, which the deceased had been in the habit of engaging annually for the purpose. There is a family in the house, but the sportsmen did their own cooking.

On Saturday morning, about 8 o'clock, the fishermen started out and fished until 2 in the afternoon, when they returned to the house, had lunch and repaired to the river again. Judge Skinner left the building at about 3.30, and the rest of the party soon afterwards. It had been raining all day, but at the time of the accident the weather was clear. Soon after 4 o'clock, Mr. Jordan

RECEIVED INFORMATION FROM ST. JOHN,

which inclined him to make an early start for home. The farm house was on the opposite, or the St. John side of the river from the railroad, and Judge Skinner offered to take Mr. Jordan across the stream in his boat, which he shared with Mr. Walter White. The banks of the stream are very high at that point, and the house is on the top of the hill.

Mr. Jordan was in the building about 4.40 o'clock, when he heard Judge Skinner call him by name. Thinking by that only that the boat had landed with its occupants and was waiting for him, Mr. Jordan did not hurry himself, as he had to make some preparations for his departure. When he got to the shore he saw that the boat was about 60 feet away, was filled with water and that the deceased and Mr. White were standing on the seats. One was at the bow and the other at the stern. Judge Skinner called Mr. Jordan again and shouted to the remainder of the party, who were on the other bank, asking them to send a boat over,

AS THEY WERE SINKING.

There was no boat to send, however. An old dugout (which is called a canoe in that region), was got into the water, but it sank in a moment. Mr. White then called out to the deceased, advising him to stick to the boat as it would hold both of them. Judge Skinner had said to Mr. White, "Now, you had better look out for yourself, Walter!"

Suddenly the deceased seemed to lose his balance in the boat, and fell into the stream. When he rose to the surface again, and was in a condition to look round him, he was about 15 feet from the boat. One of the oars had been washed away, but Mr. White at once sent the other out to him. The deceased, however, did not attempt to touch it, and paid no attention to it but started to swim to the shore. And then commenced a scene of which the onlookers had never witnessed the counterpart. Mr. Jordan was on the bank

UNABLE TO RENDER ANY ASSISTANCE.

Some of the remainder of the party were on the opposite side of the stream, powerless to move. Mr. White