BEARS UP YUKON WAY.

THE KLONDIKE KING TELLS OF AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

They are all Sorts of Queer Bears up There but the Bald-face Ones are Dangerous—They Never Give way When They Meet Anything on the Trail.

'Talkin' of bear—'

The Klondike King paused meditatively and the group on the hotel porch hitched their chairs up closer.

'Talkin' of bear,' he went on; 'now up in the northern country there is various kinds. On the Little Pelly, for instance, they come down that thick to feed on the salmon in the summer time that you can't get Indian or white to go nigher than a day's travel to the place. And up in the Rampart Mountains there's a curious kind of a bear called the 'side-hill grizzly.' That's because he's traveled on the side hills ever since the flood, and the two legs on the down-hill side is twice as long as the two on the up-hill. And he can outrun a jack rabbit when he gets steam up. Dangerous? Catch you? Bless you, no. All a man has to do is circle down the hill and run the other way. You see, that throws mister bear's long legs up the hill and the short ones down. Yes, he's a mighty peculiar creature, but that wasn't what I started in to tell about.

'They've got another kind of bear up on the Yukon, and his legs are all right, too. He's called the bald-face grizzly, and he's as big as he is bad. It's only a fool white man that thinks of going huntin' him. Indian's got too much hoss-sense. But there's one thing about the bald-face that a man has to learn: he never gives trail to mortal creature. If you see him comin,' and you value your skin, why, get out of his path. If you don't, there's bound to be trouble. If the bald face met Beelzebub, he'd not give him an inch. O he's a selfish beggar, take my word for it. But I had to learn all this. Didn't know anything about bear when I went into the country, excepting when I was a youngster I'd seen a heap of Cinnamon of that little, black kind. And they was nothin to be scared at.

'Well, after we'd got settled down on our claim, I went up the hill one day, lookin' for a likely piece of birch to make an axe handle for the one my pardner'd broke. But it was pretty hard to find the right kind, and I kept agoin' and agoin' for nigh on two hours. Wasn't in no hurry to make my choice, you see, for I was heedin' down to The Forks all the time, where I was goin' to borrow a log-bit from Old Joe Gee. When I started I'd put a couple of sour-dough biscuits and some sow-belly in my pocket in case I might get hungry. And I'm tellin' you that little lunch came in right handy before I was done with it.

'Bime-by I hit upon the likeliest little birch saplin' right in the middle of a clump of jack pine. Just as I raised my hand axe I happened to cast my eyes down the hill. There was a big bear comin' up, swingin' along on all fours right in my direction. It was a bald-face, but little I knew about such kind.

'Jest watch me scare him,' I says to myself, and stayed out of sight in the trees.

'Well, I waited till he was about a hundred feet off, then I runs out into the open.

'Ooh! ooh!' I hollered at him, exceptin' him to make off like chain lightning.

'Make off? He jest throwed up his head for one good look and came a comin'.

'Ooh! ooh! I hollered louder'n ever. But he jest came a comin.'

'Consarn you!' I says to myself, gettin' mad. 'I'll make you jump the trail.'

'So I grabs my hat, and wavin' and hollerin', starts down the hill to meet him. A big sugar-pine had went down in a windfall and lay about breast high. I stops jest behind it, old bald-face comin' all the time. It was jest then that fear took me. I yelled like a Comanche as he raised to come over the log, and fired my hat full in his face. Then I lit out.

'Say! I rounded the end of that log and put down the hill at a two-minute clip, old bald-face reachin' for me at every jump. At the bottom was a broad, open flat, quarter of a mile to timber and full of nigger heads. I knew if I slipped I was a goner, but I hit only the high places till you couldn't a-seen my trail for smoke. And the old devil snorting hot after me. Midway across he reached for me, jest strikin' the heel of my moccasin with his claw. Tell you I was doin' some tall guessin' jest about then. I knew he had the wind of me, and that I could never make the brush, so I pulled my little lunch out of my pocket and dropped it on the fly.

'Never looked back till I struck the timber, and then he was mouthing it in a way which wasn't nice to see, considering how close he'd been to me. I never slacked up. No, sir! Jest kept hittin' the trail for all there was in me. But jest as I came round a bend, hell bent for election, what'd I see in the middle of the trail before me and comin' my way, but another bald-face.

''Whoo! he says when he spotted me, and he came a running.

'In a flash I was about and hittin' the back trail as fast as I'd come. Clean forgot all about the other bald face, the way this one was puffing after me. First thing I knows I seen him mosying along kind of easy, wondrin' most likely what'd become of me and if I tasted as good as my lunch. Say! when he seen me he looked real pleased. And then he came a jumpin' for me.

''Whoof!' he says.

''Whoof!' says the one behind me!

'Bang I goes, straight off the trial, sideways a-plungin' and a clawin' through the brush like a wild bull. By that time I was I was clean crazed. Thought the whole country was full of bald faces. Next thing I knows—whop! I comes up against something in a tangle of wild blackberry bushes. Then that something hits me a swipe and closes in on me. Another bald-face! And then I knew I was gone for sure. But I made up a mind to die game, and of all the rampin' and rippin' and tearin' you ever see that was the worst.

'O my God! O my wife!' it says. And I looked and it was a man I was hammerin' into kingdom come.

'Thought you was a bear,' says I.

'He kind of caught his breath and looked at me, then he says, 'same here.'

'Seemed as though he'd been chased by a bald-face and hid in the blackberries. So that's how we mistook each other. But by that time the racket on the trail was something horrible, and we didn't wait to explain matters. That afternoon we got Joe Gee and some rifles and came back loaded for bear. Mebbe you won't believe me, but when we got to the spot there was the two bald-faces lyin' dead. You see, when I jumped out sideways they came together, and as each refused to give trail to the other, that was the result.

'Talkin' of bear——'

The Klondike King paused eloquently, then headed the delegation in the direction of the bar.

COUNTED SIXTY CENTS A DOLLAR.

An Astronomical Treasurer's Mistake With His Trust Accounts.

Not long ago it happened in a Western city that the members of a rich society lodge became very much exercised over what seemed to be a serious shortage in the accounts of their treasurer. A popular young astronomer had been elected unanimously to that office all those that might have been his rivals withdrawing their names in the midst of much hilitary on the ground that they were not to be compared with him when it came to handling large figures. The man was known to be a soul of honor, a gentleman and one whose only fault was an absent-mindedness which at times became annoying to his friends as well to himself

The treasurer's friends were unwilling to believe that he had erred wittingly, especially as he appeared more surprised and grieved than anyone else, declaring, with tears in his eyes, that he was unable to understand how it happened. He had to admit the correctness of his accounts, for he had gone over them time and again without finding a mistake of any kind. But he was also sure that he had deposited every dollar in a bank as soon as he had received it, and the only explanation he could find was, that in his absent-mindedness he had drawn on the lodge's account, thinking that it was his own.

A committee was appointed to go through the books and its members fell to work at once. They were soon a most puzzled set of human beings. Night after night, they struggled with bills, receipts, deposit slips, &c., comparing and checking off. The books were kept beautifully; every single item was entered correctly; nothing seemed to be wrong, and yet the shortage remained undiminished. No one imagined for a moment that the astronomer whose proficiency in the higher mathematics was well known, could have made any mistakes in figuring. The proposition to see whether his addition was correct was, therefore, not received with favor when made by some member, but it was the only thing left for them to do. Thus the mystery was solved at last.

It was found that everywhere serious mistakes had been committed in the adding of the columns of cents and the first column of dollars. There seemed to be some kind of system in the mistakes, too, but their cause remained incomprehensible until a member, after considerable figuring on his own book made the surprising statement that the treasurer had, with fateful consequence, been counting sixty cents as a dollar, thus making the accounts show a false surplus much larger than the actual one.

'Oh, now I have it,' the treasurer exclaimed, while the members of the investigation committee laughed until they fell off their chairs. 'I have right along been figuring with hours and minutes you know—just as I am doing most of the time in the observatory. Hooray, boys, I'll set them up the next time we meet.'

Twin Chickens.

Twenty five dollars for a pair of spring chickens is a liberal price, yet a Massachusetts farmer rejected it. His pair of chickens, he thinks are quite unique, for they are twins, five weeks old, and it is said that two chickens from the one egg have never before been proved to live beyond eight days. The buff brahma hen laid rather a large egg but no one thought much about it until one morning the farmer saw the two bills instead of one trying to break out of the shell. He quickly removed the egg to the kitchen, extricated the young chicks, wrapped them in cotton batting, and placed them in the oven. For three weeks the chickens were kept indoors on diet of malted milk and brandy dropped down their throats with a medicine dropper. The twins are now hale and hearty, and run about the yard as vigorously as any of their comrades. One peculiarity, however, distinguishes them from their mates. They are exclusive little aristocrats, and neither of them will associate with any other chicken except his twin.

BORN.

Albert, Aug. 30, to the wife of I. C. Prescott, a son.
Alma, to the wife of G. Harley White, a daughter.
Halifax, Aug. 29, to the wife of E. D. T. Snow, a son.
Richibucto, Aug. 28, to the wife of John Graham, a son.
Bridgewater, Aug. 28, to the wife of H. O. Dodge, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 30, to the wife of L. D. Lockhart a son.
Chicago, Aug. 31, to the wife of George DeBlois, a son.
Lunenburg, Aug. 24, to the wife of Edward Lohnes a son.
Bridgewater, Aug. 27, to the wife of Wm. Walfield, a son.
Windsor, Aug. 24, to the wife of Geo. Rauch, a son.
Ellerhouse, Aug. 26, to the wife of Wm. Beckwith, a son.
Farrsboro, Aug. 23, to the wife of Charles Morris, a daughter.
Fairfield, Me., to the wife of N. Wilber Tozier, a daughter.
Windsor, Aug. 29, to the wife of Fred Thompson, a daughter.
Digby, Aug. 28, to the wife of C. A. Jordan, a daughter.
Sydney, Aug. 29, to the wife of D. A. Winterbotham, a son.
Bridgetown, Aug. 29, to the wife of Daniel Messenger, a son.
Sussex, Aug. 30, to the wife of Abraham Andrews, a daughter.
Dartmouth, Aug. 29, to the wife of A. M. Morrison a daughter.
Nappan, Aug. 26, to the wife of Harry Blenkhorn, a daughter.
St. Croix, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mason McDonald a daughter.
Lunenburg, Aug. 23, to the wife of Leonard Silver, a daughter.
Corquerall Bank, Aug. 26, to the wife of Slaughenwhite, a son.
Belleisle, Annapolis, Aug. 27, to the wife of Percy Gesner, a son.
Millville, Aug. 27, to the wife of C. E. Turner, twin daughters.
Hakalau, Sandwich Islands, Aug. 6, to the wife of F. E. Haley, a daughter.
East Boston, Aug. 13, to the wife of Capt. and Mrs. Amon Kenney, a daughter

MARRIED.

Digby, Aug. 29, Capt. Jas. R. McKay to Laura Dunn.
Ontario, Aug. 31, George F. Doig to Jessie J. Robertson.
Amherst, Aug. 16, by P. D. Nowlan, Jonathan D. Pipes to Ida Blair.
Bristol, Aug. 20, by Rev. H. J. Shaw, Herber Orser to Viva Orser.
Port Menton, Aug. 16, by Rev. C. A. Munro, Mark Therian to Effie Crossland.
St. John, Sept. 4 by Rev. H. W. Stuart, Robert H. Rubins to Ella J. Eagle.
Campbellton, Aug. 16, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Alex. Miller to Elsie M. Mair.
Newcastle, Aug. 23, by Rev. W. Aitken, Geo. T. Russell to Maggie Cassidy.
Molus River, Aug. 29, by Rev. W. Lawson, David Walker to Mary McArthur.
Annapolis, Aug. 28, by Rev. Lewis F. Wallace George Dunn to Rosella Hines.
Sydney, Aug. 24, by Rev. . Drummond. James Forrest to Maggie T. McLeod.
Harcourt, Aug. 2, by Rev. J. K. McClure, Robert Walker to Lizzie Smallwood.
Elgin, Aug 22, by Rev. W. Johnson, William H. McCully to Martha E. Church.
St. John, Aug. 30, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, William Glynn to Alice M. Brayden.
Richibucto, Aug. 30, by Rev H. A. Meek, W. A. Cowperthwaite to Emily Sayre.
East Leicester, Aug. 25, Rev. P. L. Newlan, Clara Duncaster to Charles Carter.
Saltsprings, Aug. 17, by Rev. A. Denoon, Daniel Hugh Murray to Jessie Ann Fraser.
Lunenburg, Aug. 23, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, George R. Cross to Flora M. Varner.
Maitland, Aug. 23, by Rev. S. J. McArthur, Washington Taitrie to Ada McLearn.
Upper North River, Aug. 23, by Rev. R. M. Jost, Alexander Robbie to Margaret Haley.
Osborne, Aug. 29, by Rev. P. A. Spidbell, Melbourne Hayden to Hannah C. Hayden.
East Green Harbor, Aug. 16, by Rev. G. I. Foster, Lenzo Williams to Capt Loran Sayton.
Harborville, Aug 26, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, William H. Caldwell to Hattie L. McBride.
Bridgewater, Aug. 23, by Rev. H. Burgess, Jeremiah Vincent Stoddart to Isabella M. Velmot.

DIED.

Dartmouth, Thos. S. Allen 85.
New Glasgow, John MacKenzie 84.
Nappan, Aug. 27, George Gould 91.
Truro, Aug. 28, Irene McKenzie 15.
St. John, Sept. 1, Michael Russell 70.
Malagash, Aug. 22, Samuel MacNeil,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. James F. Feely.
Halifax, Aug. 31, Edward R. Jost 79.
Sable River, Aug. 26, John Dexter 65.
Bristol, Aug. 28, Albert M. Clemens 37.
Port Medway, Aug. 28, James Briggs 67.
Sable River, Aug. 28, John Dexter 68.
St. John, Sept. 1, Alexander Anderson 64.
New Prospect, Aug. 30, Hamlet Webster 80.
Port William, Aug. 24, Mrs. James Kennick 60.
Yarmouth, Aug. 29, Maud, wife of J. A. Crocker.
Central Argyle, Aug. 24, Mrs. Emery Spinney 46.
St. John, Sept. 1, Caroline, wife of John Quinn 55.
Grand Lake, Q. C. Sept. 1, Laughlin S. McLean 22
St. John, Aug. 31, Armin Ha, wife of James Moody 67.
Halifax, Aug. 29, the widow of the late Neil McLean.
Moncton, Sept. 1, Cyrus C. infant son of C. H. Acheson.
Halifax, Aug. 28, Ella W. daughter of John Dacey 28 days.
Halifax, Aug. 23, Arabella, widow of William Robinson 89.
Dartmouth, Aug. 27, Fred J. son of William Austin 8 months.
Halifax, Aug. 29, Harriet, widow of the late Capt. E. Conrod.
Cole Harbor, Aug. 27, Harriett, widow of Jacob Morash 92.
St. John, Sept. 3, Sophie, widow of the late Hector Crookshank 79.
New Glasgow, Aug 28, Annie, daughter of the late Robert Marshall.
South Boston, Aug. 19 Catherine, widow of the late Joseph F. Carroll 60.

F. A. YOUNG, - - 736 Main St., North

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

SATURDAY SUBURBAN EXCURSION.

Tickets now on sale at St. John, Saturdays, good to return until Monday following date of sale, at following rates, viz:

South Bay	.25	Sutton	.80
Grand Bay	.35	Ingleside	.60
Riverbank	.45	Westfield	.50
Lingley	.50	Nerepis	.60
Eagle Rock	.70	Welsford	.75
Hoyt	1.40	Fton Jct.	1.65
Fredericton	2.10	Harvey	2.80
McAdam Jct	2.70	St. Stephen	2.70
St. Andrews	3.10	Woodstock	3.70

Tickets on sale at City Ticket Office, Chubb's Corner and at station.

A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. General Pasnr. Agent
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, July 3rd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.
ST. JOHN AND DIGBY DAILY SERVICE
(Sunday excepted.)

Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., arv Digby 9 30 a. m
Lve. Digby at 2.00 p. m., arv St. John, 4.30 p. m

Steamship "Prince Edward,"
St. John and Boston Direct Service.

Lve. St. John { Mon, 5.30 p. m. Thurs 5.30 p. m. } Lve. Boston { Sat. 4 p. m. Wed 11 a m

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arv in Digby 12.35 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12 50 p. m., arv Yarmouth 5 25 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 8.45 a. m., arv. Digby 11.25 a. m
Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arv. Halifax 5.30 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.15 a. m., arv, Digby 8.30 a. m
Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., arv, Annapolis 4.50 p. m.

FLYING BLUENOSE

Lve, Halifax 9 00 a. m., arv at Yarmouth 4.00 p. m
Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arv at Halifax 3.00 p. m

S.S. Prince George.
—AND—
S. S. Prince Arthur.
YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston. Leave Yarmouth, N. S., Daily (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of the Express and Flying Bluenose Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Daily (Saturday excepted) at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFKINS, Superintendent.
Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton 5.30
Express for Campbellton, Dalhousie, Pictou and Halifax 7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou 11.50
Express for Moncton 16.10
Suburban Express for Hampton 17.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal 18.10
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney 22.30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.30 o'clock for Truro.

Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton 7.15
Express from Moncton 1 35
Accommodation from Moncton 10.45
Express from Halifax 17.40
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal 19.10
Suburban Express from Hampton 21.50
Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton 11 35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince Wm. Street
St. John, N. B.

Moncton, N. B., June 14, 1899.
City Ticket Office, 1 King Street, St. John, N. B.

STEAMERS.

1899. 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO.,
LIMITED.,

For Boston and Halifax
VIA.,
Yarmouth.

Shortest and Most Direct Route.

Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.

Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston

STEAMERS "BOSTON" and "YARMOUTH"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. trains from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Rys. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO," Leaves Cunard's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S. or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 148 Hollis street, or

L. E. BAKER,
President and Director.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

Star Line Steamers
For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 4 30 p. m. for Wickham and Intermediate Points. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1.30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER,
Manager, Fredericton.

EXCURSIONS TO HAMPTON.

On and after TUESDAY, July 6th, the STEAMER CLIFTON will make Two Excursions each week to Hampton, (Tuesdays and Thursdays) leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m., local time. Returning, leave Hampton same day at 3.30 p. m. Arriving back 7.00 p. m. Fare Round Trip, 50 Cents.

Excursionists may buy tickets to Hampton by boat and return by rail or vice versa for 80 Cents. Tickets on sale at the Boat or I. C. R. Station.

On other days in the week, the CLIFTON will leave Hampton, Mondays, at 8 30 a. m., Wednesdays 2 p. m. and Saturdays at 8.30 a. m. and will leave St. John, Wednesdays at 8 a. m., Saturdays at 4 p. m.

R. G. EARLE, Manager.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter.

Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements [both by rail and water,] we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business intrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address,

R. H. FLEMING, Agent.
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.

R. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.