POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH. ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 15, 1900.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT OF RHODESIA. One Ten

CHAPTER VI.

"I'm going to ride this afternoon, auntie," said Vimera, at luncheon the next day but one after the arrival of the strange guest in

the village. His advent had been reported to the whole village, of course, and Vimera had heard from Ria all that was to be known about him, and a good deal more besides, for gossips never allow ignorance of facts to interrupt the flow of imagination.

Vimera had not seen him, and she leaughed at the gossip which had grown up around his personality.

"A man can't come into the neighborhood to paint, or to fish, or vegetate, but what he is credited with being a mysterious claimant to something or other," she said. "Poor man! probably he's an artist, as he wears a coft felt hat!"

"You are going to ride without Leonard dear?" Mrs. Bertram said, for Leonard had once more gone away for a few days.
"Dear auntie, how often have I ridden alone, when Lin was away!" Vimera answered. "I'm all right."

"So you are, child. Very well," replied Mrs. Bentram indulgently, "take the dogs with you."

So the girl rode off, looking the loveliest picture imaginable, riding her bay mare as if she were acquart of the animal, her two

imaginable, riding her bay mare as were a part of the animal, her two loss i drisking about her, wild with the mere name of Rhodesia had power to move her.

It brought into the foreground all that was lit brought into the foreground all that was They know they were in for a long afternood, and enjoyed nothing more than a
"rampegelt with their young mistress.
Riding late in the afternoon through some
woods, immuy miles from Rooksnest, Vimera
Called her dogs up to follow close at heel.

"Because you, know," she said, addressing the dig staghound, who rushed up to
her, and quite comprehended all she said,
"You know someone there?" he said.

The blood rushed to her forehead; she half
turned away.

"Not now," she faltered.

Then, pulling herself tegether, she added,
almost abruptly—
"Whereat Chiefton pricked his ears, gave a
ahort barky and looked knowing, at the
same time turning his head to see that his
companion, a peautiful cellie, was there to
hear the instructions.

"Where's Leard?" Vimera said, quickly
noticing this.

reading, herseif, carefully.

Foor Laird!

He had paid a heavy penalty for his indiscretion in rushing among the long grass of a strictly preserved wood.

His unwary foot hal been caught in a steel trap, which, however, through some fault in the spring had not completely closed its sharp teeth together, otherwise his foot would probably have been in a very bad plight indeed.

As it was, he howied with pain, making matters worse by struggling to free himself and his struggles increased as he saw his mistress.

She was down on her knees beside him in the same and ordered the poor brute to the paid when they maked, the colonial established the patients of the patients which, the colonial established the colline of the patients waited, the colonial established the colline of the patients waited, the colonial established the colline of the patients waited, the colonial established the colline of the patients waited, the colonial established the colline comfortably on her back, and steadying him with one hand, took the bridle with the other, the mare making mo objection, but apparently taking much interest when the procedure.

"You seem able to de everything," the girl said, smiling, as they walked towards the ligh road.

But her companion shook his head, and then looked away over the hills and fields.

"I don't know—God knows!" he said, half under his breach, and immediately begin to tak of what should be done with Laird when they reached the village.

mistress.

She was down on her knees beside him in a mement, and ordered the poor brute to be still; an order which he obeyed, though quivering with pain, and whinning in the est piteous manner. Firmera tried to force the trap open, but

most piteous manner.

Vimera tired to force the trap open, but in vaid.

Her hands were strong, but so was the spring, and the very defect which had caused the trap not to shut thoroughly increased the difficulty of releasing her pet.

"Laird! Laird!" the girl said in despair.

"I must go for help. Poor old boy! Keep quite still, I'll find somebody."

It was heart-breaking to leave him, and no true dog-lover will think it strange or foolish that Vimera's eyes were full of tears as she retracted her steps to where Chieftain still stood on guard.

But he was not alone now.

A tall, slight man was with him, whom wimera at once, with a strange kind of shock, recognized as the stranger she and Leonard had passed on the station road a day or two before.

But her most prominent feeling was certainly delight at seeing a man at all, and her eager face and the manifest distress she was in, showed him that something had occurred in which help was required.

He Hiedd hie hat and stepped forward as she approached, putting strong control on himself, lest by look or word he should reveal to her the deep emotion this chance meeting roused in him.

"I beg your perdon," he said. "You seem in some trouble. Can I help you?"

"Oh! if you would," the girl said clasping her hands and lifting her eyes to his face. "My poor dog has got caught in a treep, and I can't wrench it open. You are strong; perhaps you could do it?"

"I daresay I can manage," answered the stranger, glancing at her pretty hands with a half-smile. "Where is the dog?"

Vimera led the way, thanking her companion earnessity.

"This wood is preserved," she said in crulanting a "Step carefully off the path-

Vimera led the way, thanking her companion carpestly.

This wood is preserved," she said in explanation, "Step carefully off the pathway. The awner allows his keepers to set traps for vermin. Don't you think it very crue! 2. For many helpless creatures besides get caught. But perhaps you don't know these traps?" she added, a little doubtfully, with a glance at the man. "Ohneyest; I re—I know them," he answered "You think I am not English bred?" "I beg you pardon," Vimera said quickly, with heightened color. "Only, you seem more like a man who is used to freer woods than ours where such horrors as traps are unitagive."

personality.
"I'we been in wilds enough," he said,
"Ah! there's your dog. Poor fellow! he's in
a bad fix."

wrench, released the animal.

But he looked rather grave as Laird, with pithul cry, held up his wounded paw, which hung limp and bleeding.

"I'm afraid there's a fracture there," the stranger said.

He spoke to the dog, caressing him the while, in a way that showed Vimera he was not only a lover of animals, but compre-

Laird knew this also, for the responded gratefully, and looked up in the man's face with speaking eyes, still holding up his He made no protest when his new friend gently, and with the skill of one used to "first aid," examined the extent of the

Vimera stood by, watching with bated Vimera stood by, watching with bated breath.

There was a curious sort of feeling at her heart as she looked at the strong, supple hands that were defly manipulating the dog's foot and foreleg, a kind of reaching out to span the endless plains of memory.

"I'm going to put the leg in splints," he said, after a few moments, "and bind it up. There's a slight fracture; but I've straightened it all right. It must be kept so. Do you mind getting me two straight stokes? I daren't leave the dog lest he move."

Laird recognized, with grateful licks of his preserver's hand, all that had been done for him, and the man, as he rose to his feet, glanced covertly at the face of the girl beside him. To him there was a certain grim, if pathetic, humor in the situation. It was not the upnermost feeling in his side him. To him there was a certain grim, if pathetic, humor in the situation. It was not the uppermost feeling in his mind, certainly, but was there, neverthe-

Sheridans Powder

LABOR RESOLUTIONS.

"Where's Laird?" Vimera said, quickly noticing this.

And turing in her saddle, she was about to give a long whistle, when a cry of pain from some distance off smote her ear.

"Unisfiain!" she cried out, and was off her horse in a second.

Bidding the mare stand quiet where she hed into the depth of the woods, calling aloud to Laird, who answered with distressful cries of pain.

"Oh, it's cruel—cruel!" Vimera said, with a half sob, as she sped on. "My poor Laird! he's so heedless! Keep close, Chieftain; you musn't go in the grass. Stay here! I'm going across; but you can't avoid those cruel traps as I can."

Chieftain stood still, wagging his tail and looking anrious, watching his mistres intently as she went on among the greenery, treating, herself, carefully.

Poor Laird!

Without a word he stooped and took the collie on his arm.

Laird was not light, but what was that to was that to the superb strength of manhood in its prime? Vimera remonstrated.

"He's quite light," remarked her new triend easily. "Your mare will carry him to the depth of the woods, calling aloud to Laird, who answered with distress an inn where we can take him until semething better can be managed. You come from Rooksnest, don't you?"

"Yes. How did you know? My name is Leslie."

"So I was told."

He did not disclose his own name in return for her information, but walked on with Laird, who made no objection to this sort of ambulance.

On the contrary, he licked his preserver's mare thing from a mong the greenery, treating, herself, carefully.

Poor Laird!

The held not he depth of the woods, calling aloud to Laird was not light, but what was that to demanded her new triend easily. Your mare will carry him to sust come can be managed. You come from Rooksnest, don't you?"

"Yes. How did you know? My name is Leslie."

"So I was told."

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Thirty Houses Submerged With No Chance of Relief.

Christiania, Dec. 11-Another serious landslide has occurred in Heligoland Thirty houses have been engulfed and a considerable part of the island has been for three days under water. Thus, far it has been impossible to send relief, and the losses have not yet been determined.

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(To be Continued)

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THE BOAT FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

DAVID'S PASSAGE OVER THE JORDAN TYPICAL OF DEATH'S FERRY.

LESSONS OF COMFORT AND LIFE.

Washington, Dec. 9.—From an unnoticed incident of olden time Dr. Talmage in this discourse draws some comforting and rapturous lessons. The text is II Samuel xix, 18, 2'And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household."

Which of the crowd is the king? Which of the crowd is the king?
That short man, sunburnt and in fatigue dress, It is David, the exiled king. He has defeated his enemies and is now going home to resume his palace. Good! I always like to see David come out ahead. But between him and his home there is the celebrated river Jordan which has to be passed. The king is accompanied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of companied to the bank of the river by an aristocratic old gentleman of 80 years, Barzillai by name, who owned a fine country seat at Roge-lim. Besides that, David has his family with him. But how shall they get across the river? While they are standing there I see a ferry-boat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I

The western bank is black with The western bank is black with crowds of people, who are waving and shouting at the approach of the king and his family. The military are all out. Some of those who have been David's worst enemies now shout until they are hoarse at his shout until the hoar. Should not have a hoarse had a his should ever trust to anything that the friends whom we knew on earth, but some till the high and the hid had a high and had a high and had a hi when we cross over at the last the shout until they are hoarse at his return. No sooner has the boat struck the shore on the western side than the earth quakes and the heavens ring with cheers of welcome and congratulation. David and his family and Barzillai from Rogelim step ashore. King David asks his old friend to go with him and live at the palace, but Barzillai apologizes and intimates that he is infirm with age and too deaf to appreciate the age and too deaf to appreciate the music, and has a delicate appetite that would soon be cloyed with luxurious living, and so he begs that David would let him go back to his

David would let him go back to his country seat.

I once heard the father of a president of the United States say that he had just been to Washington to see his son in the White House, and he told me of the wonderful things that occurred there and of what Daniel Webster said to him, but he declared: "I was glad to get home. There was too much going on there There was too much going on there for me." My father, an aged man; made his last visit at my house in Philadelphia, and after the church service was over, and we went home, service was over, and we went home, some one in the house asked the aged man how he enjoyed the service. "Well," he replied, "I enjoyed the service, but there were too many people there for me. It troubled my head very much." The fact is that old people do not like excitement. If King David had asked Barzillai 30 years before to go to the palace. If King David had asked Barzillai 30 years before to go to the palace, the probability is that Barzillai would have gone, but not now. They kiss each other goodby, a custom among men oriental, but in vogue yet where two brothers part or and father and a sen and father and fathe aged father and a son go away from each other never to meet again. No wonder that their lips met as King David and old Barzillai, at the prow of the ferryboat, parted

This river Jordan, in all ages and among all languages, has been the symbol of the boundary line between earth and heaven. Yet when, on a former occasion, I preached to you about the Jordanic passage I have no doubt that some of you despondingly said, "The Lord might have divided Jordan for Justine but not divided Jordan for Joshua, but not for poor me." Cheer up! I want to show you that there is a way over Jordan as well as through it. My text says, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's

My subject, in the first place, impresses me with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the other side. The tribe of Judah, we are informed, sent this ferryboat across to get David and his household. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no chinning at all, but while I find no shipping at all, but while I am standing there I see a boat plowing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat I am mightily impressed with the fact that when we cross over from this world to the next the boat will have to come from the opposite

Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from this shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die, I invite all the ship carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanand they make a raft, shoving it and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Tyndall shall shape the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the maintopgallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking and wearing and boxing the ship. All together in 10.000 years they will never be able

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to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification be-

man to die.

Blessed be God, there is a boat Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other side! Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferryboat coming, and it rolls with the acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and from a foreign shore I see the ferry-boat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Saviour's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit. boat coming from the other side, and as it cuts through the water I see the faces of David and his house-hold brighten up at the thought of so soon getting home. No sooner has the feryboat struck the shore than David and his family and his old friend Barzillai from Rogelim get on board the boat. Either with splashing oars at the side or with one oar sculling at the stern of the boat they leave the castern bank of the Jordan and start for the western bank.

as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the dead adjust their appose that they may be fit to to that they may be fit to to the farming. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have never seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if he had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been taliking about us all these other shore to take David and his So that, I suppose when we are the faming. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have er seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if he had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been taliking about us all these other at the lanting. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, and all their friends. We know people whom we have er seen by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if he had so that boat, are finded at the lanting. Our arrival will not be like stepping at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among the among the come out. That boat touches the come out. That boat touches the come out.

ed on the rocks, as sometimes boats were dashed in the Jordan, and then I could have imagined the boat starting and rocking, and they crying out: "Oh, we are going to be lost. We are going down!" Not so The king was on board the boat, and those women and children and all the those women and children and all the household of the king knew that ev-

ery care was taken to have the king
—the head of the empire—pass in
safety. Now, I want to break up a delus ion in your mind, and that is this: When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone; and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying and hold on to something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven, it does not go alone; the King is on board the boat. Was Paul alone in the from my experience it has no ter-rors." Be comforted about your de-

dies alone; the King is in the boat. Again, my text suggests that leaving this world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw esti-mates the average width of the Jordan to be about 30 yards. What, so narrow? Yes. "There went over a ferryboat to carry the king's household." Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be 80 miles — that is, 80 years—before we get to the wet bank on the other side, but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across ret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is an instantaneous transporta-tion. People talk as though, leaving this life, the Christian went plunging and floundering and swim-ming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore, and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate lifeboat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' lengths across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome put out from the other side, while the dying Christian standing midstream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the

farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the My subject also suggests the fact that when we cross over at the last we shall find a solid landing. The ferryboat as spoken of in my text means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Tordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and

There were 111 deer killed in Vermont during the open season, which ended Nov. 1. Last year 90 were reported killed in the brief 10 days' season allowed, and in 1898, when the open season extended throughout October, 130 were killed.

yet to a great many heaven is not a se this spinoza real place. To you heaven is a fog bank in the distance. Now, my heaven is a solid heaven. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot and something to tread on and a resurrected eye and colors to see with it and a resurrected eye are and music to raysale it. Smart miserable work they made of dying!
Diodorus died of mortification because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman, a caricature made by his own hand, while another of their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one died well. Some of them sneaked out of life, some wept themselves away in darkness, some blasphemed and raved and tore their bed covers to tatters. This is the way worldly, philosophy helps a man to die.

Well deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of heaven. Well, now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in heaven with nothing to tread on and nothing to head and nothing to taste than I will laugh too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, one moment sweltering in the centre of the sun and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my heaven. I have no patience with your transcendental gelatinous; gaseous heaven. My heaven is not a fog bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the ever-

freely with Curricuta Soar. Dry, and another freely with Curricuta Cuntratur, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms, and painful finger ends, this one night cure is wonderful. For sale by all Colonial Chemists. POTTER DEUG & CREM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. cehdental gelatinous, gaseous heaven. My heaven is not a fog bank.
My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferryboat,

starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Again, my subject teaches that when we cross over at the last we shall be met at the landing. When Again, my subject teaches that when we cross over at the last we shall be met at the landing. When David and his family went over in the ferryboat spoken of in the text, they landed amid a nation that had come out to greet them. As they stepped from the deck of the boat to the shore there were thousands of people who gathered around them to express a satisfaction that was beyond description. And so you and I will be met at the landing. Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople among a crowd of strangers. It will be among friends, and all their friends.

We know people whom we have neverthing the next few weeks send 30 cents in stamps for canvassing outfit and full particulars and commence taking orders at once. Amount sent for outfit returned when you order 10 copies of the book. Address, and all their friends.

We know people whom we have neverthing the next few weeks send 30 cents in stamps for canvassing outfit and full particulars and commence taking orders at once. Amount sent for outfit returned when you order 10 copies of the book. Address, and all their friends. from the shore she cried: "Open the gates!" I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the conty he met. by all those Christian men across, so, when we are about to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that

> ter sne had had that the tracks, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room and with trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, four of which I will give

We part on this green islet, love—
Thon for the eastern main;
If for the setting sup, love;
Oh, when to meet again!

When we knelt to see our Henry die And heard his last faint moan, Each wiped away the other's tears; Now each must weep alone.

And who can paint our mutual joy When, all our wandering o'et, We both shall clasp our infants three At home on Burma's shore? But higher shall our raptures glow On you celestial plain, When loved and parted here below Meet ne'er to part again.

She folded that manuscript, a relapse of her disease came on, and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away for the resurrection on the Isle of St. Helena. They had thought to last extremity? Hear the shout of the sacred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."
Was John Wesley alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say, "Best of all, God fs with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last extremity? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death from my experience it has no terpart for a year or two. Now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hasten-ed on board after the funeral with one day the thought came across me as my faith stretched her wing parted friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall and I was comforted." come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever

Was it, my friends, all a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ and who had preceded her to heaven meet her at the landing? I believe it; I know it. Oh, glorious consolation, that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river we shall be met at the landing!

But there is a thought that comes over me like an electric shock. Do I belong to the King's household? Mark you, the text says, "And there went over a ferryboat to carry over went over a ferryboat to carry over the king's household," and none but the king's household. Then I ask. "Do I belong to the household? Do you?" If you do not, come to-day and be adopted into that household. "Oh," says some soul here, "I do not know whether the King wants me!' He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne. "I will be a me! He does; he does. Hear the voice from the throne, "I will be a father to them, and they shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "Him that cometh unto me," Christ says, "I will in nowise cast out." Come into the King's household. Sit down at the King's table. Come is and take your abtable. Come in and take your apparel from the King's wardrobe, even the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness. Come in and inherit the King's wealth. Come in and cross in the King's ferryboat.

Caught a Devil Fish. 'An immense devil fish was caught recently by Japanese fishermen off the Quarantine Island, says The Honolulu Republican. It was eight feet long and weighed 400 pounds. It was sold very soon after it was tak-

en to market, as it is thought a

The London Daily Mail says that the days of the banjo are numbered in England, and that that instrument will soon be included in the same category with the mouth organ and the accordion. The zither, will probably be the favorite instrument during the coming winter.

great delicacy by the Japanese.

Sore Hands



WANTED.

Story of the Galveston Horror

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Express for Hallfax and Campbellton.. 7.20 Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax and

Express for Quebec and Montreal 17.05 Accommodation for Hallfax and Sydney, 22.10 TRAINS ARRIVE. Express from Sussex.....

Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 19.15 *Accommodation from Halifax and Syd-"Daily except Monday.

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