

HE KILLED THE WOLVES.

BUT HE ALSO KILLED ALL HIS FAVORITE DOGS.

An interesting letter from a provincialist in the west, Mr. J. S. Bliss of Chinook, Lower Snake Creek, Montana. Mr. Bliss is evidently not a strong upholder of the democratic party:

"The Great Milk River Valley and surrounding country was six years ago a part of the Tetonian Indian reservation. It came into possession of the United States government by the treaty made in the winter of 1886 and 1887, and was opened for settlement the following year, but though only a new country the home recker, unless his pockets are well lined, had better not come here, for all desirable ranches are taken up and are being held by actual settlers or land grabbers who are holding for a stiff figure. This will be the next future a great country, rich in ore and range, but as for farming—well, every man to his taste, but I cannot see where the money is in farming when oats can be shipped here for eighty cents a hundred from Dakota. Of course in eastern eyes eighty cents a hundred is a big figure, but they must remember that it costs ten times as much here to raise a bushel of oats. Farming land here must be irrigated and as a general thing it costs from four to ten thousand to start your water and from two hundred to a thousand dollars per year to keep your dam and ditch in repair. There is more money in raising wool even under the Wilson tariff. Lamb punchers only get seven cents a pound now for their wool, three years ago it was eighteen, but we live in hopes of the good time coming, the good time that is only a year hence when Grover will have to take his papers and get. There is nothing like experience for teaching tools and Montana had its fair share, we included, who shouted for free trade when we did not know what it meant, but experience has taught that it is easier to pay ten cents when we have twenty in our pockets than two cents when none is in our pockets. No, it is no use in talking for the wool and mining industries there must be protection. Montana that was six years ago the true Queen sheek and nearly told during this crash of two years and no other country could have stood it, but now she is regaining her old vitality and after the next election will be greater than ever. There is going to be a big boom to the Little Rockies when the spring opens up. It is claimed that the richest quartz in mountains is there. There were several carloads sent to Omaha, Nebraska, to be smelted and they cleared four thousand dollars a carload, after being packed down the mountains on pack-horses and freighted eighty miles to Chinook, and then sent by rail to Omaha. Rock like that is worth working, and it will surely be a big thing and pay well when they get a smelter there. This has been a very fair winter and stock wintered well, but the wolves are something terrible. I do not know what will become of it is some thing is not done. I've had them break into my sheep shed twice during the last winter, the only time I've known them to be so bold in nine years' experience. I caught eighteen with poison and all my dogs, four in number, but as a good sheep dog is very valuable poison is hardly a paying investment."

EMMA JUCH AS A BEAR HUNTER.

The Bear was all ready, but she delayed doing her part too long.

It hadn't been for procrastination and the bear getting ugly beyond all patience with him, it would have been sprung on New York and the whole country that Emma Juch, the opera singer was intrepid enough to kill a bear, and you'd have seen its skin on exhibition here in town, with such things printed about the way the deed was done as Manager J. Charles Davis could have poured into the ears of amazed newspaper men," said a New Yorker who was to have been an accessory before the fact.

"It won't do any harm to tell now, for the bear is dead, Miss Juch is married, and J. Charles Davis won't care. The plot was laid up in Monroe county, Pa., which, being on the border of Pike county, naturally can't help harboring the overflow of Pike county bears. It was in the Pocono region, West Brice and his brother Will kept house, as numerous New Yorkers know. The time I'm speaking of J. Charles Davis was among others who were there. He was enthusiastic over Miss Juch, as he was going to manage her, and he wanted something unusual to occur that would make a newspaper story about her. Once in a while they talk bear quite a little in the Pocono county, and one day that subject came up. It hadn't gone on long before Davis exclaimed:

"I've got it! The very thing! I'll make the hit of the season! I'll have her kill a bear!"

"A live bear?" some one asked.

"Sure!" said Davis. "I'll have her come up here and kill a bear. She'll send the skin to New York, and I'll do the rest!"

"This was a tolerably bold scheme, we all thought. We couldn't see how Miss Juch could be induced to come up into the wilds of Monroe county and roam about looking for a bear to kill. There are not many men who would care to do that."

"Roam nothing!" said Davis. "All I want is somebody to go out and catch me a live bear, let it sit in here, and keep it until the time is ripe for Miss Juch to come up and kill it. Then you simply tie the bear so it can't get away, and give Miss Juch a gun, let her take a rest on something, fire, and blow a hole through the bear bigger than one in a theatrical contract. See? And leave the rest to me."

I'll do the roaming after I get to New York and the ear of the press. All I want is somebody to run out, catch me a live bear, and let it sit in. I'll do the hard work!"

"Strange as it may seem, the Price boys said they thought they might manage the bear part of the scheme, and it wasn't many days before they did. They captured a six-months' old cub well grown; in fact, big for his age, and still mild in temper. Davis rejected him, and went back to New York to perfect his plot. The bear was fastened to a pole by a long chain, and got along first rate for a while on a diet of a couple of bushels of apples and half a dozen loaves of bread a day. The ladies declared that he was cute. He was an amusing little cub, and no mistake. He cut up all sorts of didoes, sparred like a boxing teacher, climbed his pole like a toy monkey going up the its, and made himself generally agreeable. He grew like a weed. But he kept the women folks of the family busy making bread to meet his demands, and threatened a total annihilation of the apple crop."

"I hope the time 'll get ripe before long for that lady to come up and kill this bear," Wes Price kept saying. "We got to live on this place next winter."

"There was a favorite cat in the family. It was a beauty and no money could have bought it. We took to noticing that Jack—that was the bear's name—liked to see the cat stroll around in his vicinity, but no one knew what was in his mind, until one day he sat with his eyes closed, as if he were asleep, while the cat was passing along his way. She was going by him, but she didn't. Like a flash Jack threw out his paws and gathered pussy in. There was one loud, soul-piercing yell, and the cat was no more. And the bear ate her every speck, toe nails and all."

"I have eaten 40-cent table d'hôte with out a quaver, but to see the bear eat that phased me, and I walked away. Perhaps there wasn't mourning in that family, and didn't Jack lose caste? From the moment he ate the cat he was a changed bear. He got snappy and ugly, and turned up his nose at apples and bread."

"Thunder!" said the Price boys. "We can't scour this country gathering in cats to keep that bear on! That time better get ripe pretty soon!"

"The next thing Jack did was to grab a dog belonging on the premises, and dine on him. Things were approaching a crisis. We kept writing to Davis to fetch his star up and let him kill her bear, and he kept saying he would be there soon. One day, soon after Jack had killed the dog and eaten it, the women came running out of the house screaming, and some of them crying, down to where a number of us were lounging some distance from the house."

"Jack has snapped his chain!" they screamed. "And he is going to the pig pen!"

"Wes Price and the rest ran up. Sure enough there was his nibe the bear, dragging about four feet of chain on his way to the pig pen, where we saw a couple of nice fat pigs. Wes picked up a stout club and started for Jack. The ugly little chap rose on his hind feet, growled and snapped his jaws, and waited for the attack. He even came a few steps to meet Wes, who letched him a hearty whack on the nose with the club. A good blow on the nose will tumble a bear every time, and in many instances keep it tumbled for some time. This blow knocked Jack down, but he was up again in a second, scooped around Wes like a flash, and was half way over one side of the pig pen before Wes could get at him again. The club brought Jack to the ground a second time, but up he got, and rushed with blood in his eye upon Wes. And maybe he didn't give Wes a lively go. Wes backed away, the bear following him close, chock full of bloody fight. If Wes had ever struck his heel and fallen backward the bear would have killed him sure. The club came down rapidly on Jack's head, but he stood it like a major, and it wasn't until he was overpowered by superior numbers that he was got back and chained up again."

"The time has got to be ripe right now," said Wes Price.

"The bear had a fine coat of fur, and he was nice and fat. One of our party said to Wes:

"What'll you take for that bear on the hood?"

"Twenty dollars," said Wes.

"The price was paid, and the purchaser got a rifle, shoved a ball through the bear, and put him out of all future trouble. Then we wrote to Davis, enclosing Price's bill for \$25 for getting and keeping the bear, and telling him Jack's fate. In a couple of days a check for the money came from Davis, but with a wail.

"This is too bad," wrote. "Everything was ready, and Juch and I were coming up tomorrow to kill that bear!"

"And that's the way procrastination robbed Miss Juch of fame as a bear killer."

Lincoln's Exorbitant Bill.

One of the most interesting "remains" at the recent sale of Lincoln relics, in Philadelphia, was the autograph copy of Lincoln's bill for legal services for the Illinois Central Railroad Company. The bill was for \$5,000, and six members of the Illinois bar certified that the amount was not unreasonable. Another relic was a check for \$250, given to Lincoln at another time by the same company as a retainer. It successful, he would receive a thousand dollar fee. Mr. Lincoln won the suit in the Supreme Court, and presented his bill for the balance. The president of the company was absent when Lincoln called, so the latter was referred to the superintendent, who refused to pay the account, remarking, "This is as much as a first-class lawyer would charge." The superintendent was General George B. McClellan.

Funeral Wreaths of Violets.

The procession, writes Richard Harding Davis, treating of the funeral of Carnot in Harper's for April, left the Elysee at 10 o'clock, to the accompaniment of minute guns from the battery on the pier near the Chamber of Deputies. It was held by a very fine body of cuirassiers, who presented a better appearance than any of the soldiers in the procession. The regiments of infantry, who were followed by the cavalry, lacked uniform, as marched, though they had not convinced themselves that what they were doing well. The funeral was followed by the mourning wreaths sent by the Senate and by the different monarchs of Europe. The larger of these wreaths were hung from great scaffolding,

supported on floats, each drawn by four or six horses. Some of these were so large that a man standing upright within them could not touch the opposite inner edges with his finger tips. They were composed entirely of orchids or violets, with bands of purple silk stretching from side to side, and bearing the names of the sender in gold letters. The wreath sent by the Emperor of Russia was given a place by itself, and mounted magnificently on a car draped with black, and surrounded by a special guard of military and servants of the household.

For not Building a Church.

Some little time since some convicts were being removed from one prison to another. When in a railway carriage, one suggested that each man should give the reason for his being sent to prison; whereupon every one in turn told his experience. One had killed a man in self-defense, a second had affixed another man's signature to a cheque, a third had stolen a horse, and so on.

The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious-looking fellow, known as "Parson."

"Come, Parson, now tell us why you got 'legged'?"

"I don't care to say anything about it," said Parson. "It was only a 'trifle,' and none of you would believe me."

"Out with it," rejoined the others. "Did you shoot anyone?"

"No, I did not; but since you must know, I'll tell you. I got 'legged' for not building a church."

Deep silence fell upon the party: such an excuse for going to penal servitude had never before been heard. The "Parson" was asked for more light.

"Well, you see, a congregation raised a thousand pounds, and turned it over to me to build a church—and I didn't build the church. That's all."

The Origin of the Earring.

It is a strange tradition among the Arabians that earring came into use in the following way: When Parash summoned Abraham and reproached him for his untruth (in saying that Sarah was his sister) Abraham prayed for the King, and Allah heard the King, who now gave Abraham rich presents, and among them an Egyptian slave named Hagar. She bore him a son, who he called Ishmael. But Sarah became jealous, since the light of Mohammed shone on Ishmael's forehead. She demanded of Abraham to put away Hagar and her son. He was undecided until commanded by Allah to obey her in all things. Yet he entreated her not to cast off her handmaid and her son. But this so exasperated her that she declared she would not rest until her hands had been imbedded in Hagar's blood. Then Abraham begged Hagar's quickly and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to dip her hand in the blood of Hagar without bringing the latter into danger. From that time it became a custom among women to wear earrings.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

THE RESCUE OF A C. P. R. OFFICIAL'S WIFE.

Helpless and bed-ridden for months—\$275 spent in Medical Treatment Without Avail—Her Early Disease Looked for as Inevitable—But Health and strength Have Been Restored.

From the Owen Sound Times.

Last fall when the Times gave an account of the miraculous cure of Mr. Wm. B. Brose through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, we had little idea that we would be called upon to write up a case which is even more remarkable. It was related to us by the late Mrs. John C. Monnell, whose cure has been effected by these marvellous little messengers of health. The Times' reporter was met at the door by Mrs. Monnell, who though showing a few traces of the suffering she had undergone, moved about very sprightly. With apparently all the gratitude of a man who had been saved out of the deepest affliction, Mr. Monnell gave the following account of his wife's marvellous cure: "I have been in the employ of the C. P. R. at Toronto Junction for some time. In August last year, after confinement, my wife took a chill and what is commonly known as milk-leg set in. When I came home from my work I was informed of the fact, and next morning called the family physician. The limb swelled in a very short time to an enormous size. Every means known was adopted to reduce the inflammation, but without avail. Consulting physicians were called in, but all the satisfaction they could give me was that the doctors attending were doing their utmost. A tank was rigged up, a long line of rubber hose attached and wound around the afflicted limb, and ice water allowed to trickle down through the piping to relieve the pain and reduce the inflammation above the knee. The leg was opened and perforated, a tube inserted from the thigh to the ankle with the hope that it would carry off the pus which formed. For five long anxious months I watched the case with despair, while my wife was unable to move a hair in bed. At the end of that time she was placed in a chair where she spent another three months. To add to the complications gangrene set in, and for weeks there was a fight for life. At last the physicians gave up. They said the only hope was in the removal of my wife to the hospital. After a brief consultation she emphatically refused to go, stating that if she had to die she would die amongst her little ones. At this time she could not put her foot to the ground. Her nominal weight was 135 pounds in good health, but the affliction reduced her to a living skeleton for the last 65 pounds in the five months. To all human intelligence it was simply a case of waiting for the worst. Up to this time I had not thought of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, until one day I came across an advertisement and determined to try them. This was two months ago, just about the time we were moving up here from the Junction."

At this point Mrs. Monnell took up the story of the marvellous cure, and corroborated what her husband stated. Continuing she said: "After using a few boxes I could walk on crutches, and after their further use I threw away my crutches and am now doing all my own housework. The limb is entirely healed up, and the cords, which in the terrible ordeal had been

What St. John People Say of

THE
YOST

Writing Machine.

ST. JOHN

MERCHANTS and others are obtaining a notoriety for the fine character of their typewritten letters. Compliments are constantly being received by the users of the "YOST" machine in this city from correspondents throughout Canada and from the various parts of the world, even from China and Egypt. Enquiries are being made from users of the "YOST" machine as to the kind of machine

All of the leading merchants and others in St. John in their several lines, are users of the "YOST" as the following list will show:

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

Board of Trade, Exhibition Association, Macaulay Bros. & Co., Merritt Bros. & Co., W. H. Thorne & Co., J. A. McMillan, Massey-Harris Co., P. S. McNutt & Co., Daily "Globe," Daily "Record," "Progress," Halifax Banking Co., Hurd Peters, City Engineer, Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, T. S. Simms & Co., Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Curry & Vincent, C. A. Palmer, S. B. Bustin, A. W. MacRae, E. R. Machum,

Morley & Haydon College, James Donville, J. J. McGaffigan, A. H. Chipman, Dearborn & Co., F. A. Jones, Imperial Oil Co., Imperial Trusts Co., Cornwall & Tilley, W. Frank Hatheway, Geo. S. deForest & Sons, Jardine & Co., Smith & Tilton, Hon. A. G. Blair, Barker & Belyea, E. T. C. Knowles, G. G. Ruel, C. J. Milligan, Whittaker & Co., Geo. O. D. Otty, Collier & Co.,

and many others.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces,

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Meers, R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Munro, VanMeter & Butcher, Moncton; B. D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth; Clarence E. Case, F. J. Gogan, P. I.

Bedford, N. B.: J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Cuthbert, N. B.; L. J. McGhee, 50 Bedford Row, Halifax; J. R. Dunsmuir, Lunenburg, N. S.; Dr. W. F. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; S. J. Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Charleston, Kentville, Woodstock, N. S.; E. M. Fallon, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newcasle, N. S.; H. F. McLatchie, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Springhill, N. S.



Black.....
and Tan...

YOU can buy "the Slater \$3.00 Shoe" for Men, in tan as well as in black,—made of genuine American calf-skin superior to French,—made on the same lasts as our best \$5.00 shoes—cut from the same piece of leather, with as much fit, style and "get up" about them as the best we manufacture. Why buy high-priced goods? They won't wear any better:

EVERY PAIR STAMPED ON SOLE.

"The Slater \$3.00 Shoe for Men."

If your Dealer does not keep them write to us.

Geo. T. Slater & Sons, Montreal.

Baby's Own Soap

PRIZE COMPETITION

FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN...

forced out of their places, have come back to their natural position. And to show how complete has been my recovery I am pleased to say that I have recovered my lost weight and five pounds more. I now weigh 140 pounds.

"We spent \$275 in doctors' fees and other expenses without avail, before beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mr. Monnell, "and it seems marvellous that my wife, who a few months ago was considered past human aid, has by this wonderful medicine been restored to health and strength"; and the Times concurs in the conclusion.

Mr. Monnell is one of the C. P. R. staff of clerks at this port, and he is always willing to tell of the cure effected. But there are hundreds of witnesses to the truth of his statements both in Owen Sound and at Toronto where he resided up to two months ago.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, and where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

A handsomely framed oleograph, one which will be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap.

The prize winning advertisements will become our property and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose. CONDITIONS:—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age. 2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement.

3rd. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement.

REMEMBER: One prize is given every week and if not successful at first, try again.

N. B. Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor.

Address, E. D., Account Albert Toilet Soap Co., McCord and William Street, Montreal.