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# CANADA:

## A Monthly Journal for Canadians, Young and Old, at Home & Abroad.

EDITION THIS MONTH, 2,400 COPIES.

Vol. I\*

HAMPTON, N. B., NOVEMBER 1st, 1892.

No. 1.

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25 Cents in Stamps will pay a whole year's subscription to CANADA, if remitted before January 1st, 1893.

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To any persons wishing to send CANADA to a friend or friends in the United States, we will furnish yearly subscriptions at 18 cents each, or three for 50 cents. The addresses must be in the United States.

#### CONTENTS.

Why Love Dies (Poem).....	PAGE 1
Saved by the Cattle. By C. G. D. Roberts.....	1
Our Flag (Poem).....	2
The Story of the Hudson Bay Company.....	3
Song (Poem.) By Pastor Felix.....	4
The Snowbird in Canada. By J. M. Lemoine.....	5
Just for Fun.....	6
Editor's Talk.....	7
Literary and Personal Notes.....	8
Publisher's Column.....	9
Canada.....	10
Home Topics.....	11
A West Indian Ballad.....	12
Graver Thoughts.....	13
Answers to Correspondents.....	14

[FOR CANADA.]

#### WHY LOVE DIES.

Love cannot live unless it's fed  
With honey from life's sweetest flow'et.  
Its tender foliage soon were dead,  
Unbathed in sympathetic showers.

The warmth that called it into life  
Like sunlight still must daily glow;  
No blighting frost, no weeds of strife  
Should live at all if love would grow.

What marvel, then, that love expire,  
Of life's own sustenance deprived?  
And wherefore pause we to enquire,  
Why our sweet flow'et had not lived?

To us is 'neath that priceless boon  
To tend and cultivate with care;  
That boon, neglected, all too soon  
Evanishes like dew in air.

Neglect can undermine a wall  
Of stone that force could scarce remove;  
By slow degrees its pieces fall--  
By slow degrees neglect kills love.

Kingston, N. B. JOHN FRASER.

[FROM THE INDEPENDENT.]

#### SAVED BY THE CATTLE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"HOW do you account for the fact, if it is a fact," said I, slipping a cartridge into the right barrel of my fowling-piece. "that the caribou are

every step. However, I don't believe there has been a wolf seen in this part of the country for fifty years, and it's only within the last ten years or so that the caribou have got more plenty."

We were sitting, the old farmer and myself, on a ragged snake-fence that bounded a buckwheat-field overlooking the river St. John, some twenty miles above Fredericton. The field was a new clearing, and the ripened buckwheat reared its brown heads among a host of blackened and distorted stumps. It was a crisp and delicious autumn morning, and the solitary pigeon that had rewarded my long tramp over the uplands was one that I had surprised at its breakfast in the buckwheat. Now, finding that my new acquaintance was likely to prove interesting, and a further search for pigeons unprofitable, I dropped my gun gently into the fence corner, loosened my belt a couple of holes, and asked the farmer if he had himself ever seen any wolves in New Brunswick.

"Not to say many," was the old man's reply; "but they say that troubles never come single, and so, what wolves I have seen, I saw them all in a heap, so to speak."

As he spoke the old man fixed his eyes on a hilltop across the river with a far-off look that seemed to tell a story. I settled in an attitude of encouraging attention, and waited for him to go on. His hand stole deep into the pocket of his grey homespun trousers, and brought to view a fig of "black-jack," from which he knaved a thoughtful bite. Instinctively he passed the tobacco to me, and on my declining it, which I did with grave politeness, he began the following story:

"When I was a little shaver about 13 years old, I was living on a farm across the river, some ten miles up. It was a new farm, which father was cutting out of the woods; but it had a good big bit of 'intervale,' so we were able to keep a lot of stock.

"One afternoon, late in the fall, father sent me down to the intervale, which was a good two miles from the house, to bring the cattle home. They were pasturing on the aftermath, but the weather was getting bad, and the grass was about done, and father thought the 'critters,' as we called them, would be much better in the barn. My little ten-year-old brother went with me, to help me drive them. That was the time I found out there were wolves in New Brunswick.

"The feed being scarce, the cattle were scattered badly, and it was supper time before we had them together at the

but he was a plucky lad, for his size, as ever walked.

"What's that?" he whispered.  
"Sounds mighty like the wind," said I, though I knew it wasn't the wind, for there wasn't a breath about to stir a feather.

The sound came from a wooded valley winding down between the hills. It was something like the wind, high and thin, but by and by getting loud and fierce and awful, as if a lot more voices were joining in; and I just tell you my heart stopped beating for a minute. The cattle heard it, you'd better believe, and bunched together, kind of shivering. Then two or three young heifers started to bolt, but the old ones knew better, and hooked them back into the crowd. Then it flashed over me all at once. You see, I was quite a reader, having plenty of time in the long winters. Says I to Teddy, with a kind of a sob in my throat, 'I guess it must be wolves.' 'I guess so,' says Teddy, getting brave after his first start. And then, not a quarter of a mile away, we saw a little pack of grey brutes dart out of the woods into the moonlight. I grabbed Teddy by the hand and edged in among the cattle.

"Let's get up a tree!" said Teddy.  
"Of course we will," said I, with a look of determination in my heart. We looked about us for a tree in which we might take refuge, but our hopes sank when we saw there was not a decent sized tree in reach. Father had cleared off everything along the river bank except some Indian willow scrub, not six feet high.

"If the cattle, now, had scattered for home, I guess it would have been all up with Teddy and me, and father and mother would have been mighty lonesome on the farm. But what do you suppose the 'critters' did? When they saw those grey things just lengthening themselves out across the meadow, the old cows and the steers made a regular circle, putting the calves—with me and Teddy—in the centre. They backed in onto us, pretty tight, and stood with their heads out and horns down, for all the world like a company of militia forming square to receive a charge of cavalry. And right good bayonets they made, those long, fine horns of our cattle.

"To keep from being trodden on, Teddy and I got onto the backs of a couple of yearlings who didn't like it any too well, but were packed in so tight they couldn't help themselves. As the wolves came streaking along, through the moonlight, they set up again that awful shrill, wind-like, swelling howl, and I

Teddy's heart. However, sobbing a bit, the little fellow urged in self-defense, 'Why there's only five wolves, anyway, and father and Bill could easily kill them!' "It was true. There were just five of the brutes, though my excited eyes had been seeing about fifty—just such a pack as I had been used to seeing about. However, these five seemed mighty hungry, and now they were right onto us.

"I guess they weren't used to cattle like ours. Father's old black and white bull was running the affair that night, and he stood facing the attack. The wolves never halted, but with their red tongues hanging out, and their narrow jaws snapping like fox-traps, they gave a queer nasty gasp that it makes my blood run cold to think of and sprang right onto the circle of horror.

"We heard the old bull mumble something away down his throat, and he sort of heaved up his hind quarters and pitched forward, without leaving the ranks. The next thing we saw, one of his long horns was through the belly of the leader wolf, and the animal was tossed up into the air, yelping like a kicked dog. He came down with a thud and lay snapping at the grass and kicking; while the other four, who had been repulsed more or less roughly, drew back and eyed their fallen comrade with an air of disapproval. I expected to see them jump upon him and eat him at once, but they didn't; and I began to distrust the stories I had read about wolves. It appeared, however, that it was not from any sense of decency that they refused to eat him, but that they wanted beef rather than wolf meat, as we found a little later.

"Presently one of the four slouched forward and sniffed at his dying comrade. The brute was still lively, however, and snapped his teeth viciously at the other's legs, who thereupon slouched back to the pack. After a moment of hesitation the four stole silently, in single file, round and round the circle, turning their heads so as to glare at us all the time, and looking for a weak spot to attack. They must have gone round us half a dozen times, and then they sat down on their tails, and stuck their noses into the air, and howled and howled for maybe five minutes steady. Teddy and I, who were now feeling sure our 'critters' could lick any number of wolves, came to the conclusion the brutes thought they had too big a job on their hands and were signaling for more forces. 'Let 'em come,' exclaimed Teddy. But we were getting altogether too confident, as we soon found out.

"After howling for awhile the wolves stopped and listened. Then they howled again, and again they stopped and listened; but still no answer came. At this they got up and once more began prowling round the circle, and every-

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Saved by the Cattle. By C. G. D. Roberts.....	2
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The Story of the Hudson Bay Company.....	2
Song (Poem). By Pastor Felix.....	3
'Tis Snowed In Canada. By J. M. Lemoine.....	3
Just for Fun.....	3
Editor's Talk.....	4
Literary and Personal Notes.....	4
Publisher's Column.....	4
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With honey from the golden flower—  
Its tender foliage soon were dead,  
Cobathed in sympathetic showers.

The warmth that called it into life  
Like sunlight still must daily glow;  
No blighting frost, no weeds of strife  
Should live at all if love would grow.

What marvel, then, that love expire,  
Of life's own sustenance deprived?  
And wherefore pause we to enquire,  
Why our sweet flow'ret had not lived?

To us is 'queathed that priceless boon  
To tend and cultivate with care;  
That boon, neglected, all too soon  
Evanesces like dew in air.

Neglect can undermine a wall  
Of stone that force could scarce remove;  
By slow degrees its pieces fall—  
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Kingston, N. B. JOHN FRASER.

(FROM THE LIFEBARKER.)  
SAVED BY THE CATTLE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"HOW do you account for the fact, if it is a fact," said I, slipping a cartridge into the right barrel of my fowling-piece, "that the caribou are getting yearly more numerous in the interior of New Brunswick, while other game seems to be disappearing. As for the wild pigeons, you may see they are all gone. Here I have been on the go since before sunrise, and that bird is the only sign of a pigeon I have so much as got a glimpse of."

"Well," replied my companion, an old farmer of the neighbourhood, "as for the pigeons, I can't say how it is. In old times I've seen them so plenty round here you could knock them down with a stick; that is, if you were anyways handy with a stick! But they do say that caribou are increasing because the wolves have disappeared. You see, the wolves used to be the worst enemy of the caribou, because they could run them down nice and handy in winter, when the snow was deep and the crust so thin that the caribou were bound to break through it at

every step. However, I don't believe there has been a wolf seen in this part of the country for fifty years, and it's only within the last ten years or so that the caribou have got more plenty."

We were sitting, the old farmer and myself, on a ragged snake-fence that bounded a buckwheat-field overlooking the river St. John, some twenty miles above Fredericton. The field was a now clearing, and the ripened buckwheat reared its brown heads among a host of blackened and distorted stumps. It was a crisp and delicious autumn morning, and the solitary pigeon that had rewarded my long tramp over the uplands was one that I had surprised at its breakfast in the buckwheat. Now, finding that my new acquaintance was likely to prove interesting, and a further search for pigeons unprofitable, I dropped my gun gently into the fence corner, loosened my belt a couple of holes, and asked the farmer if he had himself ever seen any wolves in New Brunswick.

"Not to say many," was the old man's reply; "but they say that troubles never come single, and so, what wolves I have seen, I saw them all in a heap, so to speak."

As he spoke the old man cast his eyes on a hilltop across the plain, with a far-off look that seemed to purchase a story. I settled into an attitude of encouraging attention, and waited for him to go on. His hand stole deep into the pocket of his grey homespun trousers, and brought to view a fig of "black-jack," from which he knawed a thoughtful bite. Instinctively he passed the tobacco to me, and on my declining it, which I did with grave politeness, he began the following story:

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"One afternoon, late in the fall, father sent me down to the intervale, which was a good two miles from the house, to bring the cattle home. They were pasturing on the aftermath, but the weather was getting bad, and the grass was about done, and father thought the 'critters,' as we called them, would be much better in the barn. My little ten-year-old brother went with me, to help me drive them. That was the time I found out there were wolves in New Brunswick.

"The feed being scarce, the cattle were scattered badly, and it was supper time before we got them together, at the lower end of the intervale, maybe three miles and a half from home. We didn't mind the lateness of the hour, however, though we were getting pretty hungry, for we knew the moon would be up right after sundown. The cattle after a bit appeared to catch on to the fact that they were going home to snug quarters and good feed, and then they drove easy and hung together. When we had gone about half way up the intervale, keeping along by the river, the moon got up and looked at us over the hills, very sharp and thin. 'Ugh!' says Teddy to me in half a whisper, 'don't she make the shadows black?' He hadn't got the words more than out of his mouth when we heard a long, queer howling sound from away over the other side of the intervale; and the little fellow grabbed me by the arm, with his eyes fairly popping out of his head. I can see his startled face now;

but he was a plucky lad, for his size, as ever walked.

"'What's that?' he whispered.  
"'Sounds mighty like the wind,' said I, though I knew it wasn't the wind, for there wasn't a breath about to stir a feather.

"The sound came from a wooded valley winding down between the hills. It was something like the wind, high and thin, but by and by getting loud and fierce and awful, as if a lot more voices were joining in; and I just tell you my heart stopped beating for a minute. The cattle heard it, you'd better believe, and bunched together kind of shivering. Then two or three young heifers started to bolt, but the old ones knew better, and hooked them back into the crowd. Then it flashed over me all at once. You see, I was quite a reader, having plenty of time in the long winters. Says I to Teddy, with a kind of a sob in my throat, 'I guess it must be wolves.' 'I guess so,' says Teddy, getting brave after his first start. And then, not a quarter of a mile away, we saw a little pack of grey brutes dart out of the woods into the moonlight. I grabbed Teddy by the hand and edged in among the cattle.

"'Let's get up a tree!' said Teddy.  
"'Of course we will,' said I, with a most heroic air in my heart. We looked about for a tree in which we might take refuge, but our hopes sank when we saw there was not a decent sized tree in reach. Father had cleared off everything along the river bank except some Indian willow scrub, not six feet high.

"If the cattle, now, had scattered for home, I guess it would have been all up with Teddy and me, and father and mother would have been mighty lonesome on the farm. But what do you suppose the 'critters' did? When they saw those grey things just lengthening themselves out across the meadow, the old cows and the steers made a regular circle, putting the calves—with me and Teddy—in the centre. They backed in onto us, pretty tight, and stood with their heads out and horns down, for all the world like a company of militia forming square to receive a charge of cavalry. And right good bayonets they made, those long, fine horns of our cattle.

"To keep from being trodden on, Teddy and I got onto the backs of a couple of yearlings who didn't like it any too well, but were packed in so tight they couldn't help themselves. As the wolves came streaking along, through the moonlight, they set up again that awful shrill, wind-like, swelling howl, and I thought of all the stories I had read of the wolves of Russia and Norway, and such countries; and the thought didn't comfort me much. I didn't know what I learned afterward, that the common wolf of North America is much better fed than his cousin in the Old World, and consequently far less bloodthirsty. I seemed to see fire flashing from the eyes of the pack that were rushing upon us, and I thought their white fangs, glistening in the moonlight, were dripping with the blood of human victims.

"I expect father'll hear that noise," whispered Ted, "and he and Bill"—that was the hired man—"will come with their guns and save us!"

"'Yes,' said I scornfully, 'I suppose you'd like them to come along now, and get eaten up by the wolves!'

"I was mighty sorry afterward for speaking that way, for it near broke

of the brutes, though my excited eyes had been seeing about fifty—just such a pack as I had been used to reading about. However, these five seemed mighty hungry, and now they were right onto us.

"I guess they weren't used to cattle like ours. Father's old black and white bull was running the affair that night, and he stood facing the attack. The wolves never halted, but with their red tongues hanging out, and their narrow jaws snapping like fox-traps, they gave a queer nasty gasp that it makes my blood run cold to think of, and sprang right onto the circle of horns.

"We heard the old bull mumble something away down in his throat, and he sort of heaved up his hind quarters and pitched forward, without leaving the ranks. The next thing we saw, one of his long horns was through the belly of the leader wolf, and the animal was tossed up into the air, yelping like a kicked dog. He came down with a thud and lay snapping at the grass and kicking; while the other four, who had been repulsed more or less roughly, drew back and eyed their fallen comrade with an air of disapproval. I expected to see them jump upon him and eat him at once, but they didn't; and I began to distrust the stories I had read about wolves. It appeared, however, that it was not from any sense of decency that they refused to eat him, but because they wanted beef rather than wolf meat, as we found a little later.

"Presently one of the four slouched forward and sniffed at his dying comrade. The brute was still lively, however, and snapped his teeth viciously at the other's legs, who thereupon slouched back to the pack. After a moment of hesitation the four stole silently, in single file, round and round the circle, turning their heads so as to glare at us all the time, and looking for a weak spot to attack. They must have gone round us half a dozen times, and then they sat down on their tails, and stuck their noses into the air, and howled and howled for maybe five minutes steady. Teddy and I, who were now feeling sure our 'critters' could lick any number of wolves, came to the conclusion the brutes thought they had too big a job on their hands and were signaling for more forces. 'Let 'em come,' exclaimed Teddy. But we were getting altogether too confident, as we soon found out.

"After howling for awhile the wolves stopped and listened. Then they howled again, and again they stopped and listened; but still no answer came. At this they got up and once more began prowling round the circle, and everywhere they went you could see the long horns of the cattle pointing in their direction. I can tell you, cattle know a thing or two more than they get credit for.

"Well, when the wolves came round to their comrade's body, they saw it was no longer kicking, and one of them took a bite out of it as if by way of an experiment. He didn't seem to care for wolf, and turned away discontentedly. The idea struck Teddy as so funny that he laughed aloud. The laugh sounded out of place and fairly frightened me. The cattle stirred uneasily; and as for Teddy, he wished he had held his tongue, for the wolf turned and fixed his eye upon him, and drew nearer and nearer till I thought he was going to spring over the cattle's heads and seize us. But in a minute I heard the old bull muzzling again, in his throat; and the wolf sprang back just in time to keep from

being gored. How I felt like hugging that bull!

"I cheered Teddy up, and told him not to laugh or make a noise again. As the little fellow lifted his eyes he looked over my shoulder, and, instantly forgetting what I had been saying, shouted: 'Here comes father and Bill!' I looked in the same direction and saw them, sure enough, riding furiously towards us. But the wolves didn't notice them, and resumed their prowling.

"On the other side of the circle from our champion, the black and white bull, there stood a nervous young cow, and just at this time the wolf who had got his eye on Teddy seemed to detect this weak spot in the defense. Suddenly he dashed like lightning on the timid cow, who shrank aside wildly, and opened a passage by which the wolf darted into the very centre of the circle. The brute made straight for Teddy, whom I snatched from his perch and dragged over against the flank of the old bull. Instantly the herd was in confusion. The young cow had bounded into the open and was rushing wildly up the interval, and two of the wolves were at her flanks in a moment. The wolf who had marked Teddy for his prey leaped lightly over a calf or two, and was almost upon us, when a red moolley cow, the mother of one of these calves, butted him so fiercely as to throw him several feet to one side. Before he could reach us a second time the old bull had spotted him. Wheeling in his tracks, as nimble as a squirrel, he knocked me and Teddy over like a couple of ninepins, and was on to the wolf in a flash. How he did mumble and grumble way down in his stomach; but he fixed the wolf. He pinned the brute down and smashed him with his forehead, and then amused himself tossing the body in the air; and just at this moment father and Bill rode up, and snatched us two youngsters on to their saddles.

"Are you hurt?" questioned father, breathlessly. But he saw in a moment we were not, for we were flushed with pride at the triumph of our old bull.

"And he they any more wolves, so's I kin git a shot at 'em," queried Bill.

"Old Spot has fixed 'em," said I.

"And there's the other two eating poor White, over there," exclaimed Teddy, pointing at a snarling knot of creatures two or three hundred yards across the interval.

"Sure enough, they had dragged down poor White and were making a fine meal off her carcase. But Bill rode over and spoiled their fun. He shot two of them, while the other left like a grey streak. And that's the last I've seen of wolves in this part of the country!"

"That was a close shave," said I, "and the cattle shewed great grit. I've heard of them adopting tactics like that."

"Well," said the old farmer, getting down from the fence rail and picking up his tin can, "I must be moving. Good day to you." Before he had taken half a dozen steps he turned round and remarked, "I suppose, now, if those had been Norway wolves, or Roossian wolves, the 'critters' would have had no show?"

"Very little, I imagine," was my answer.

WINDSOR, N. S.

### OUR FLAG.

FLUTTER and flap to the winds of God,  
Thou emblem of all that is proud and free;  
Nowhere is footprint of man in the sod,  
Where man do not t'emble and bow to thee,  
Thou foremost on citadel, mast-head, crag,  
Banner of Britain!—our flag! our flag!

### THE STORY OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

THE Hudson Bay Company's agents were not the first hunters and fur-traders in British America, ancient as was their foundation. The French, from the Canadas, preceded them no one knows how many years, though it is said that it was as early as 1627 that Louis XIII chartered a company of the same sort and for the same aims as the English company. Whatever came of that corporation I do not know, but by the time the Englishmen established themselves on Hudson Bay, individual Frenchmen and half-breeds had penetrated the country still farther west. They were of hardy, adventurous stock, and they loved the free roving life of the trapper and hunter. Fitted out by the merchants of Canada, they would pursue the waterways which there cut up the wilderness in every direction, the canoes laden with goods to tempt the savages, and their guns or traps forming part of their burden. They would be gone the greater part of a year, and always returned with a store of furs to be converted into money, which was, in turn, dissipated in the cities with devil-may-care jollity. These were the *courriers du bois*, and theirs was the stock from which came the *voyageurs* of the next era, and the half-breeds, who joined the service of the rival fur companies, and who, by-the-by, reddened the history of the North-West territories with the little bloodshed that mars it.

Charles II. of England was made to believe that wonders in the way of discovery and trade would result from a grant of the Hudson Bay territory to certain friends and petitioners. An experimental voyage was made with good results in 1668, and in 1672 the King granted the charter to what he styled, "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, one body corporate and politique, in deed and in name, really and fully forever, for Us, Our heirs, and Successors." It was indeed a royal and a wholesale charter, for the King had already given, granted and confirmed unto said Governor and Company sole trade and commerce of these Seas, Straights, Bays, Rivers, Lakes, Creeks and Sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the Straights commonly called Hudson's, together with all the Lands, Countries and Territories upon the coasts and confines of the Seas, etc., . . . not already actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects, or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State, with the fishing of all sorts of Fish, Whales, Sturgeons, and all other Royal Fishes . . . together with the royalty of the Sea upon the Coasts within the limits aforesaid, and all Mines Royal, as well discovered as not discovered, of Gold, Silver, Gems and Precious Stones, and that the said lands be henceforth reckoned and reputed as one of Our Plantations or Colonies in America called Rupert's Land." For this gift of an empire the corporation was to pay yearly to the King, his heirs and successors, two elks, and two black beavers whenever and as often as he, his heirs, or his successors "shall happen to enter into the said countries." The company was empowered to man ships of war, to create an armed force for security and defence, to make peace or war with any people that were not Christians, and to seize any British or other subject who traded in

and began trading with the Indians, with such success that it was rumoured that they made from twenty-five to fifty per cent. profit every year. But they exhibited all of that timidity which capital is ever said to possess. They were nothing like as enterprising as the French *courriers du bois*. In a hundred years they were no deeper in the country than at first, excepting as they extended their little system of forts or "factories" up and down and on either side of Hudson and James Bays. In view of their profits, perhaps this lack of enterprise is not to be wondered at. On the other hand, their charter was given as a reward of the efforts they had made, and were to make, to find "the North-west passage to the Southern seas," and in this quest they made less of a trial than in the getting of furs; how much less we shall see. But the company had no lack of brave and hardy followers. At first the officers and men at the factories were nearly all from the Orkney Islands, and those islands remained until recent times the recruiting source of this service. This was because the Orkney men were inured to a rigorous climate, and to a diet largely composed of fish. They were subject to less of a change in the company's service than must have been endured by men from almost any part of England.

The attitude of the company toward discovery suggests a Dogberry at its head, bidding his servants to "comprehend" the North-West passage, but, should they fail, to thank God they were rid of a villain. In truth, they were traders pure and simple, and were making great profits with little trouble and expense.

They brought from England about £4,000 worth of powder, shot, firesteels, flints, gun-worms, powder-horns, pistols, hatchets, sword-blades, awl-blades, ice-chisels, files, kettles, fish hooks, net lines, burning glasses, tobacco, branly, goggles, gloves, hats, lace, needles, thread, thimbles, breeches, vermilion, worsted sashes, blankets, flannels, red feathers, buttons, beads, and "shirts, shoes and stockings." They spent, in keeping up their posts and ships, about £15,000, and in return they brought back seal-castor, whale fins, whale oil, deer horns, goose quills, bed feathers, and skins—in all of a value of about £26,000 per annum. I have taken the average for several years in that period of the company's history, and it is in our money as if they spent \$90,000 and got back \$130,000, and this is their own shewing under such circumstances as to make it the course of wisdom not to boast of their profits. They had three times trebled their stock and otherwise increased it, so that having been 10,500 shares at the outset, it was now 103,950 shares.

In 1867 all the colonies in Canada were confederated, and whatever presumptive rights the Hudson Bay Company got under Charles II.'s charter were vacated in consideration of a payment by Canada of \$1,500,000 cash, half of all surveyed lands within the fertile belt, and 50,000 acres surrounding the company's posts. It is estimated that the land grant amounts to seven millions of acres, worth twenty million dollars, exclusive of all town sites.

Thus we reach the present condition of the company, 230 years old, maintaining 200 central posts and unnumbered dependent ones, and trading in Labrador on the Atlantic; at Massett, on Queen Charlotte Island, in the Pacific; and deep within the Arctic Circle in the North. The company was newly capitalised not long ago with 100,000 shares of

company. The business of the company is managed on the outfit system, the most oldfogyish, yet by its officers declared to be the most perfect plan in use by any corporation. The method is to charge against each post all the supplies that are sent to it between June 1st and June 1st each year, and then to set against this the product of each post in furs and in cash received. It used to take seven years to arrive at the figures for a given year, but owing to improved means of transportation, this is now done in two years.

Almost wherever you go in the newly settled part of the Hudson Bay territory you will find at least one free trader's shop set up in rivalry with the old company's post. These are sometimes mere storehouses for the furs, and sometimes they look like, and are partly, general country stores. There can be no doubt that this rivalry is very detrimental to the fur trade from the standpoint of the future. The great company can afford to miss a dividend, and can lose at some points while gaining at others, but the free traders must profit in every district. The consequence is such a reckless destruction of game that the plan adopted by us for our seal fisheries—the leasehold system—is envied and advocated in Canada. A greater proportion of trapping and an utter unconcern for the destruction of the game at all ages are now ravishing the wilderness. Many districts return as many furs as they ever yielded, but the quantity is kept up at a fearful cost by the extermination of the game. On the other hand, the fortified wall of posts that opposed the development of Canada, and sent the surplus population of Europe to the United States, is rid of its palisades and field pieces, and the main strongholds of the ancient company and its rivals have

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Chocolates  
ARE THE BEST.

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JOHN J. WEDDALL.  
+ Dry Goods, +  
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herd was in confusion. The young cow had bounded into the open and was rushing wildly up the intervals, and two of the wolves were at her flanks in a moment. The wolf who had marked Teddy for his prey leaped lightly over a calf or two, and was almost upon us, when a red moolley cow, the mother of one of these calves, butted him so fiercely as to throw him several feet to one side. Before he could reach us a second time the old bull had spotted him. Wheeling in his tracks, as nimble as a squirrel, he knocked me and Teddy over like a couple of ninepins, and was on to the wolf in a flash. How he did mumble and grumble way down in his stomach; but he fixed the wolf. He pinned the brute down and smashed him with his forehead, and then amused himself tossing the body in the air; and just at this moment father and Bill rode up, and scotched us two youngsters on to their saddles.

"Are you hurt?" questioned father, breathlessly. But he saw in a moment we were not, for we were flushed with pride at the triumph of our old bull.

"And he they any more wolves, so's I kin get a shot at 'em," queried Bill.

"Old Spot has fixed 'em," said I.

"And there's the other two eating poor White, over there," exclaimed Teddy, pointing at a snarling knot of creatures two or three hundred yards across the intervals.

"Sure enough, they had dragged down poor White and were making a fine meal off her carcase. But Bill rode over and spoiled their fun. He shot two of them, while the other left like a grey streak. And that's the last I've seen of wolves in this part of the country!"

"That was a close shave," said I, "and the cattle showed great grit. I've heard of them adopting tactics like that."

"Well," said the old farmer, getting down from the fence rail and picking up his tin can, "I must be moving. Good day to you." Before he had taken half a dozen steps he turned round and remarked, "I suppose, now, if those had been Norway wolves, or Roossian wolves, the 'critters' would have had no show?"

"Very little, I imagine," was my answer.

WINDSOR, N. S.

### OUR FLAG.

FLUTTER and flap to the winds of God,  
Thou emblem of all that is proud and free;  
Nowhere is footprint of man in the sod,  
Where man do not t'emble and bow to thee,  
Thou foremost on citadel, mast-head, crag,  
Banner of Britain!—our flag! our flag!

On the sea the supremest, the nations dip  
And in haste salute when thy colour's known;  
The slave stands a moment on land or ship  
Kissed by thy shadow, and freedom's his own;  
Wherever thou art, there must fetters crack,  
Banner of Britain—our Union Jack!

Fearful in war and in peace sublime,  
Jealous to champion the rights of the world,  
Symbol of freedom in every clime,  
And millions under thy broad wing curled  
Quiet their dreamings of blood and wrack,  
And worship thy glory, our Union Jack.

Shall we rend thee, who love thee? It may  
not be!

We will widen thine empire—God's empire  
thou!

Flap on forever! Float far and free!—  
To thy righteous rule let the nations bow!  
Stream from the mast-head, the rampart, the  
crag—

Banner of Britain!—our flag! our flag!  
—St. James' Gazette.

in every direction, the canoes laden with goods to tempt the savages, and their guns or traps forming part of their burden. They would be gone the greater part of a year, and always returned with a store of furs to be converted into money, which was, in turn, dissipated in the cities with devil-may-care jollity. These were the *courriers du bois*, and theirs was the stock from which came the *voyageurs* of the next era, and the half-breeds, who joined the service of the rival fur companies, and who, by-the-by, reddened the history of the North-West territories with the little bloodshed that mars it.

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In the Company were the Duke of Albermarle, Earl Craven, Lord Arlington and Ashley, and several knights and baronets, Sir Philip Carteret among them. There were also five esquires, or gentlemen, and John Portman, "citizen and goldsmith." They adopted the witty sentence, "*Pro pelle cutem*" (a skin for a skin) as their motto, and established as their coat of arms a fox sejant as the crest, and a shield showing four beavers in the quarters, and the cross of St. George, the whole upheld by two stags. The "adventurers" quickly established forts on the shores of Hudson Bay,

and those islands remained until recent times the recruiting source of this service. This was because the Orkney men were inured to a rigorous climate, and to a diet largely composed of fish. They were subject to less of a change in the company's service than must have been endured by men from almost any part of England.

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of the future. The great company can afford to miss a dividend, and can lose at some points while gaining at others, but the free traders must profit in every district. The consequence is such a reckless destruction of game that the plan adopted by us for our seal fisheries—the leasehold system—is envied and advocated in Canada. A greater proportion of trapping and an utter unconcern for the destruction of the game at all ages are now ravishing the wilderness. Many districts return as many furs as they ever yielded, but the quantity is kept up at a fearful cost by the extermination of the game. On the other hand, the fortified wall of posts that opposed the development of Canada, and sent the surplus population of Europe to the United States, is rid of its palisades and field pieces, and the main strongholds of the ancient company and its rivals have

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BEST BUSINESS EDUCATION  
to be had anywhere, come here. Circulars free. Send for them.  
J. C. P. FRAZEE, Principal.  
VICTOR FRAZEE, B. A., Secretary.



become cities. The old fort at Vancouver Island is now Victoria; Fort Edmonton is the seat of law and commerce in the Peace River region; old Fort William has seen Port Arthur rise by its side; Fort Garry is Winnipeg; Calgary, the chief city of Alberta, is on the site of another fort; and Sault Ste. Marie was once a North-west post.

But civilisation is still so far off from most of the "factories," as the company's posts are called, that the day when they shall become cities is in no man's thought or ken. And the communication between the centres and outposts is, like the life of the traders, more nearly like what it was in the old, old days than most of my readers would imagine.

[FOR CANADA.]  
SONG.

WHY will you pass me by, sweetheart?  
When skies were soft and blue,  
In our old day, 'twas not the way  
That you were wont to do:  
The scented wind seemed not so kind,  
A-toying idly by,  
Nor stars above so bright with love  
As your consenting eye.  
Why, sweetheart,—  
O wherefore pass me by?

Why will you pass me by, sweetheart?  
When skies are pale and gray,  
Ah! 'tis kind to change your mind,  
And coldly turn away?  
When lovers rue, and friends are few,  
And winds grow sad and sigh,  
And shrill with snow the night doth blow,  
Why, sweetheart, pass me by?  
Why, sweetheart,—  
O wherefore pass me by?  
PASTOR FELIX.

[FROM THE CANADIAN RECORD OF SCIENCE.]  
THE SNOWBIRD IN CANADA.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

IT would be about as easy to depict a Canadian winter, without its snow-drifts, as it were to imagine the fleecy plains and solitary uplands of Canada in winter, without their annual visitors, the Snow-bunting—better known to our youth under the appropriate name of Snowbird.

In New England it is styled the Snowflake; "it comes and goes with these beautiful crystallisations, as if itself one of them, and comes at times only less thickly. The Snowbird is the harbinger, and sometimes the follower of the storm. It seems to revel, to live on snow, and rejoices in the northern blast, uttering overhead, with expanded wings, its merry call—*preete, preete*, reserving, as travellers tell us, a sweet, pleasant song for its summer haunts, in the far north, where it builds its warm, compact nest on the ground, or in the fissures of rocks on the coast of Greenland, etc." The snowbird is part and parcel of Canada. It typifies the country just as much as the traditional beaver.

Thousands of these hardy migrants, borne aloft on the breath of the March storms, come each spring, whirling round the heights of Charlesbourg, or launch their serried squadrons over the breezy uplands of the lovely isle facing Quebec—the Isle of Orleans; one islander alone last Spring, to my knowledge, having snared more than one hundred dozen for the Quebec, Montreal and United States markets.

The merry, robust *Oiseau Blanc* is indeed the national bird of French Canada; it successfully inspired the lays of more than one of its poets. In his early and poetical youth, the respected historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau, found in the snowbird a congenial subject for an

Though they seldom perch on trees, and are not fond of thickets, but prefer the open country, I have seen flocks light more than once on large trees, elm, and others, in the midst of pasture lands at St. Thomas, County of Montmagny. The eggs, five in number, vary in their colouration, markings and size. The snow-buntings all disappear from the neighbourhood of Quebec with the middle or end of April, and retire, probably, to the Arctic regions to build, though we are told that Audubon found a snowbird's nest in the White Mountains, and Maynard certifies to the presence of a flock of these birds at Mount Katahdin, in Maine, early in August, 1869.

The snow-bunting, common to the continents of America and Europe, occurs in vast flocks in Scotland, England, Russia, and even in Siberia. Round Quebec, it comes as a regular fall and spring migrant; like the passenger pigeon its numbers have sadly decreased of late years.

Spencer Grange, Quebec,

MRS. BELL'S SCHOOL.

THE lives of the young people growing up in the remote portions of our Province are too apt to become monotonous. There are few opportunities for improvement—the surroundings are dull—and too often the young men and women decide to seek their fortunes across the border, in the hope of gaining there a training which they were denied in the Provincial country districts. Near Baddeck a sweet American woman, who has partially adopted Cape Breton as her home, is spending both time and money in training the girls of the neighborhood to useful handicrafts. She has established free sewing schools in Baddeck and in neighboring settlements, where the use of the needle is systematically taught by trained teachers. Each of the sixty pupils now under instruction will be given a regular course in plain and fancy sewing, in cutting and fitting—in fact they graduate from the school as trained seamstresses. Many tourists have become interested in this philanthropic undertaking, and have purchased many dainty pieces of the pupil's handiwork to the delight and profit of the bright-faced industrious scholars. The same thoughtful lady has also started a Social Club, which is a centre of culture throughout the county. The topics of the day are discussed and the best magazines read at the weekly meetings. A course of lectures and concerts is given to the public in connection with the club. Some famous men are induced to take part in the free course of lectures. In this summer alone Mr. Kennan, the famous Siberian explorer; Mr. Hubbard, whose noble work in the establishment of speaking schools for the deaf is so well known; and Major Powell, a leading geologist of the United States, are all among the number. The influence of these philanthropic efforts are far-reaching, the early disbanding of families is prevented, a love of industrious habits is implanted in the young girls, an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world and in literature broadens the horizon of many whose minds are too prone to be limited by the farm boundaries. The lady whose well-directed efforts are doing so much for our people, is Mrs. Bell, the wife of the famous inventor of the telephone. Seldom have wealth and energy met in more happy combination, for one great aim of her life seems to be

Just for Fun.

PLOWHANDLE FLODDINGS.—Some people dress for work, but never work for dress. AN OLD BOSTON FAMILY.—Boston Mamma—Who dwelt in the garden of Eden?

Freddie—Oh, I know, the Adames. "SHE'S CAME IN, PAPA." "She's come in, you should say, Dorothy. Your grammar is very bad." "Is she, papa? What did she do?"—*Somerville Journal*.

JIMMIE had just seen a flash of lightning for the first time. "Oh, mamma," he cried, "the angels is scratchin' matches on the sky!"

AMERICAN TO NEWSBOY.—"How marvelously cheap newspapers are in London, to be sure. We have to pay more than double the price in New York." Newsboy (extending his hand)—"You can pay double the price now, sir, if it will make you feel more at home, sir."

Though you may be a giant,  
Strong-limbed and debiant,  
With pleasure overflowing life's cup,  
If you eat a Q cumber  
You'll be a back number;  
It's certain to W up.

WHEN Dr. Wayland was president of Brown University, a student of philosophy once said to him: "Doctor, I don't believe I have any soul." "Possibly not, possibly not, young man," said the Doctor. "You ought to know. I know I have. Good-day sir."

"WHAT has become of your niece, asked Miss Donohue of Mrs. O'Rafferty?" "Och, sure, an' she's done well wid herself. She married a lord." "Why, you don't tell me!" "An English lord?" "No, I don't think he's an English lord. He's a landlord. He keeps a summer hotel cut in New Jersey."

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Mr. J. McCormack, Magundy, N. B., writes:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me of dyspepsia after doctors had failed. They are a grand remedy. Of all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations."

The story is told of John Wesley that, sitting at a table spread with every luxury, he was joggled by his neighbor with the jocose remark, "Ah, Brother Wesley, not much self-denial here." "No," was the calm reply, "but a fine field for its exercise."

ONE MINUTE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Toothache, the most common and one of the most painful affections, is instantly cured by the application of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline is a combination of powerful anodynes, and it strikes at once to the nerves, soothing them and affording in one minute total relief from pain. Mothers, try it for your children's toothache. Nerviline is sold in 10 and 25 cent bottles by all druggists.

"WELL, Dave, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" "Yes, mamma." "Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "Oh, yes! I remember lots of them." "And can you tell me what they were called?" "Yes; most of them were called "Hands Off!"

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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MOUNT ALLISON ACADEMY.

C. W. HARRISON, M.A., Principal.

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LINEN TOWELS, 5 cts. each.  
UMBRELLAS, from 49 cts.

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Opium, and kindred habits.

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Superseding all pills, and should be in every house.

For Coughs, Colds and LaGrippe,

A little night and morning will soon break them up.

That you were wont to do:  
The scented wind seemed not so kind,  
A-toying idly by,  
Nor stars above so bright with love  
As your consenting eye.  
Why, sweetheart,—  
O wherefore pass me by?

Why will you pass me by, sweetheart?  
When skies are pale and gray,  
Ah! is it kind to change your mind,  
And coldly turn away?  
When lovers rue, and friends are few,  
And winds grow sad and sigh,  
And shrill with snow the night doth blow,  
Why, sweetheart, pass me by?  
Why, sweetheart,—  
O wherefore pass me by?  
PASTOR FELIX.

(FROM THE CANADIAN RECORD OF SCIENCE.)  
**THE SNOWBIRD IN CANADA.**

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

IT would be about as easy to depict a Canadian winter, without its snow-drifts, as it were to imagine the fleecy plains and solitary uplands of Canada in winter, without their annual visitors, the Snow-bunting—better known to our youth under the appropriate name of Snowbird.

In New England it is styled the Snowflake; "it comes and goes with these beautiful crystallisations, as if itself one of them, and comes at times only less thickly. The Snowbird is the harbinger, and sometimes the follower of the storm. It seems to revel, to live on snow, and rejoices in the northern blast, uttering overhead, with expanded wings, its merry call—*preete, preete*, reserving, as travellers tell us, a sweet, pleasant song for its summer haunts, in the far north, where it builds its warm, compact nest on the ground, or in the fissures of rocks on the coast of Greenland, etc." The snowbird is part and parcel of Canada. It typifies the country just as much as the traditional beaver.

Thousands of these hardy migrants, borne aloft on the breath of the March storms, come each spring, whirling round the heights of Charlesbourg; or launch their serried squadrons over the breezy uplands of the lovely isle facing Quebec—the Isle of Orleans; one islander alone last Spring, to my knowledge, having snared more than one hundred dozen for the Quebec, Montreal and United States markets.

The merry, robust *Oiseau Blanc* is indeed the national bird of French Canada; it successfully inspired the lays of more than one of its poets. In his early and poetical youth, the respected historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau, found in the snowbird a congenial subject for an ode—one of his best pieces—and the Laureate Frenchette is indebted to his Pindaric effusion, *L'Oiseau Blanc*, for a large portion of the laurel crown awarded him by the forty immortals of the French Academy.

With the ornithologist Minot, I am quite prepared to recognise the Snowflake as "the most picturesque of our winter birds, which often enliven an otherwise dreary scene, especially when flying, for they seem almost like an animated storm." There exists a great variety of colour in the plumage of these birds; some, the males perhaps, are more white than the rest, some nearly all white; in others, black and a warm brown are noticeable mixed with the white. "The black dorsal area is mixed with brown and white, the feet are black, but the bill is mostly or entirely yellowish."

years.  
Spencer Grange, Quebec,

**MRS. BELL'S SCHOOL.**

THE lives of the young people growing up in the remote portions of our Province are too apt to become monotonous. There are few opportunities for improvement—the surroundings are dull—and too often the young men and women decide to seek their fortunes across the border, in the hope of gaining there a training which they were denied in the Provincial country districts. Near Baddeck a sweet American woman, who has partially adopted Cape Breton as her home, is spending both time and money in training the girls of the neighborhood to useful handicrafts. She has established free sewing schools in Baddeck and in neighboring settlements, where the use of the needle is systematically taught by trained teachers. Each of the sixty pupils now under instruction will be given a regular course in plain and fancy sewing, in cutting and fitting—in fact they graduate from the school as trained seamstresses. Many tourists have become interested in this philanthropic undertaking, and have purchased many dainty pieces of the pupil's handiwork to the delight and profit of the bright-faced industrious scholars. The same thoughtful lady has also started a Social Club, which is a centre of culture throughout the county. The topics of the day are discussed and the best magazines read at the weekly meetings. A course of lectures and concerts is given to the public in connection with the club. Some famous men are induced to take part in the free course of lectures. In this summer alone Mr. Kennan, the famous Siberian explorer; Mr. Hubbard, whose noble work in the establishment of speaking schools for the deaf is so well known; and Major Powell, a leading geologist of the United States, are all among the number. The influence of these philanthropic efforts are far-reaching, the early disbanding of families is prevented, a love of industrious habits is implanted in the young girls, an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world and in literature broadens the horizon of many whose minds are too prone to be limited by the farm boundaries. The lady whose well-directed efforts are doing so much for our people, is Mrs. Bell, the wife of the famous inventor of the telephone. Seldom have wealth and energy met in more happy combination, for one great aim of her life seems to be the good that she may do to her fellow-woman. We bespeak for Mrs. Bell's school the patronage which is its due.—*Halifax Critic.*

The real one bore of all the race  
We'd send to deepest limbo,  
Is he who in a crowded place  
Stands with his arms akimbo.



Strong-limbed and debent,  
With pleasure o'erflowing life's cup,  
If you eat a Q cucumber  
You'll be a back number;  
It's certain to W up.  
WHEN Dr. Wayland was president of Brown University, a student of philosophy once said to him: "Doctor, I don't believe I have any soul." "Possibly not, possibly not, young man," said the Doctor. "You ought to know. I know I have. Good-day sir."

"WHAT has become of your niece, asked Miss Donohue of Mrs. O'Kafferty?" "Och, sure, an' she's done well wid herself. She married a lord." "Why, you dont tell me!" "An English lord?" "No, I don't think he's an English lord. He's a landlord. He kapes a summer hotel out in New Jersey."

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Mr. J. McCormack, Magundy, N. B., writes:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me of dyspepsia after doctors had failed. They are a grand remedy. Of all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations."

The story is told of John Wesley that, sitting at a table spread with every luxury, he was joggled by his neighbor with the jocose remark, "Ah, Brother Wesley, not much self-denial here." "No," was the calm reply, "but a fine field for its exercise."

ONE MINUTE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—Toothache, the most common and one of the most painful affections, is instantly cured by the application of Polson's Nerviline. Polson's Nerviline is a combination of powerful anodynes, and it strikes at once to the nerves, soothing them and affording in one minute total relief from pain. Mothers, try it for your children's toothache. Nerviline is sold in 10 and 25 cent bottles by all druggists.

"WELL, Davie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" "Yes, mamma." "Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "Oh, yes! I remember lots of them." "And can you tell me what they were called?" "Yes; most of them were called "Hands Off!"

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

"Well," said Mrs. Bruggins after a solo by a fashionable church choir tenor, "if that ain't the rudest thing I ever saw?" "What?" enquired her niece. "Why, didn't you notice it? Just as soon as that man began to sing every other member of the choir stopped. But he went right through with it, and I must say I admire his spunk."

**DAINES & MURRAY,**

+ 17 Charlotte Street, +

**St. JOHN, N. B.**

WE offer Special Attractions to CASH BUYERS of all kinds of

**DRY GOODS.**

OUR STOCK IS

Large and Well Assorted.

AT ALL SEASONS.

**DRESS GOODS**, from 9 cts.  
**GREY FLANNELS**, "10"  
**HEAVY UNDERWEAR**, at 45 cts.  
**CORSETS**, from 39 cts.  
**LINEN TOWELS**, 5 cts. each.  
**UMBRELLAS**, from 49 cts.

Patterns sent Free to all Parts.

**THE NORTHWESTERN**

**Tri-Chloride of Gold Institute.**

Located at RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, furnishes an absolute Cure for

Drunkenness, Tobacco, Morphine, Opium, and kindred habits.

Full information, terms, and treatise on these diseases furnished on application.  
No Cure no Pay.

Correspondence solicited.

**H. C. KEITH, M. D.,**  
General Manager,  
RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

**GATES'**

**\*Invigorating Syrup.\***

This preparation is well known throughout the country as a safe and reliable cathartic and

**FAMILY MEDICINE,**

Superseding all pills, and should be in every house.

**For Coughs, Colds and LaGrippe,**  
A little night and morning will soon break them up.

**For Dyspepsia,**

It will give immediate relief.

**For Irregularities of the Bowels,**  
Nothing can be found to excel, as it causes no griping nor pain.

**For Asthma and Palpitation of the Heart,**

One swallow gives instant relief.

**Sick Headache, Stomach and Pin Worms**

Yield at once.

It is an invigorator of the whole system, whereby a regular and healthy circulation is maintained, has been well tested already, and will do all we say of it.

ONLY 50 CTS. A BOTTLE—\$5.50 PER DOZ.

For severe cases of La Grippe use the Bitters in connection with the Syrup, and for Sore Throat, Pains and Soreness use GATES' LINIMENT and OINTMENT. Also—Always take a few bottles of BITTERS and SYRUP after an attack of La Grippe.

**C. GATES, SON & CO.,**

MIDDLETON, N. S.

# CANADA:

A Monthly Journal for Canadians, Young and Old, at Home and Abroad.

**Terms of Subscription.**—Fifty cents a year, in advance; six months, when not paid in advance, five copies to one address, one dollar and twenty-five cents.

To subscribers in Great Britain, Bermuda and the West Indies, two shillings and sixpence sterling; in Newfoundland, sixty cents.

Remittances should be made by post office order or registered letter. Fractions of a dollar may be sent in Canadian or United States stamps of a low value.

Subscribers wishing to have the paper discontinued must notify us by letter to that effect, and all arrears must be paid.

Sample copies mailed on application.

**Advertising Rates.**—Advertisements, unobjectionable in character and limited in number, will be inserted at \$3.00 per inch for twelve insertions, on fourth and following pages.

Transient advertisements, on same pages will be charged 50 cents per inch for first insertion, and 25 cents for subsequent insertions, always in advance.

Advertisements on second and third pages will be charged \$4 per inch for 12 insertions.

A few advertisements, not more than 15 inches in all, will be inserted on first page at \$5 per inch for 12 insertions.

On advertisements of 6 inches and over, a discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed; and on advertisements of 12 inches and over, a discount of 15 per cent.

No display advertisement will be charged less than one inch. The measurement is by rule to rule.

Special positions as to reading matter will be charged a rate and a quarter; and reading notices will be charged double rates.

Absolutely no deviation from above rates, except to Publishers and Educational Institutions, when a discount of 20 per cent. is allowed.

Copy for advertisements should be in hand by the 1st of the month, prior to publication.

Accounts rendered quarterly, and settlement expected within thirty days. Parties unknown to us must pay quarterly in advance.

MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

HAMPTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

CIRCULATION 2400.

## THE EDITOR'S TALK.

NOVEMBER is the month when we set apart a day for public thanksgiving. This is very timely and very right. The hay, grain, potatoes and other vegetables, and the fruit, have all been gathered in and hoisted for the winter. The farmer has worked hard in sowing-time; he has cultivated the growing crops with care; the sweat has rolled from his brow and body in the hay-field and harvest-field; and with justice he looks upon the outcome of his labour with pride and satisfaction. But the thoughtful farmer does not forget that He who controls the secret forces of life and death, of growth and decay, has crowned with this abundant fruitage the industry and perseverance that would otherwise have been exercised in vain.

THE past year has been one of stringency in financial circles, but to-day the wide Dominion has hope and courage in her heart and face because of a bountiful harvest. From the Pacific slopes, over the vast prairies of the Northwest, along the great lakes and down the mighty St. Lawrence, among the vales and hills of Acadia, there is joy in the homes of the people, and defiance is cast in the teeth of old Winter, for we were never better prepared to withstand his rigours. From the eleven provinces let the psalm of thanksgiving ascend; from every city, town, village, farmhouse, let loving voices send up the tribute of praise: "I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me!"

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lies. Queen's University, at Kingston, Ontario, received a legacy the other day of \$40,000. This is only one among the many thank-offerings which have done credit to the heads and hearts of Canadian men of wealth. It is a right royal thanksgiving sacrifice.

We feel like thanking God just now for the growth of the prohibition sentiment in Canada. The Royal Commission may not accomplish as much as its promoters intended, but it is a step in advance. A great victory has been scored lately in Manitoba. Prohibition is now a living question that cannot be downed. The statesman can no longer shut his eyes to its importance. The golden age of prohibitory legislation seems to be drawing near.

ANOTHER feature of the past year's progress inspires a feeling of gratification in the hearts of loyal Canadians. There has been a manifest strengthening of national sentiment, and a marked activity in Canadian literary circles. We cannot amount to much as a people so long as the machinations of church and party create and foster divisions among us. God hasten the day when we shall not be provinces, but a nation; not churches, but the Church of the living God.

WHETHER the churches have been eminently successful during the year in winning souls to the Saviour, or in deepening the piety and fostering the Christian graces of their membership, we cannot say, not having even the figures before us, which are not always satisfactory tests of the work and growth achieved. But for what of good has been done we are thankful. No form of thanksgiving can be more proper for the Christian than the giving himself more earnestly and completely to some department of Christian work which lies within his abilities.

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## LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES.

THE October number of *Harper's* contains a beautiful poem by Archibald Lampman, entitled, "An Autumn Landscape."

"Is Olden Times," a story of early Canada, begins in the *Scottish Canadian* of September 8th.

We have received from Mrs. S. A. Curzon a copy of her beautiful Centenary Ode, and hope to reproduce it in an early number.

CANADIAN legal and literary circles have suffered a loss in the death of Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan, of the Toronto Public Library Board.

THE death of Bishop Medley bereaves the Episcopal Church not only of its metropolitan in Canada, but of one of its most polished and scholarly preachers.

THE exhaustive monograph by Mr. Horace T. Martin on the Canadian Beaver will be greeted by all classes of Canadians with enthusiasm, and the work is sure to have a large sale.

AMONG the Canadian monthlies which deserve an extensive circulation is the *Land We Live In*, published at Sherbrooke, Que. It should be especially dear, to the hearts of sportsmen and all lovers of out-door life.

"THE Grand Falls of Labrador" is the title of the opening paper in the *Century* for September. Mr. W. W. Campbell contributes to the same number a beautiful poem, "Out of Pompeii."

IN a recent number of the *Week*, the *Spectator* or *Saturday Review* of Canada, is a lengthy editorial on "Literature in Toronto," in which is emphasised the need of a literary club or association in the Queen City.

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"BERT LLOYD'S BOYHOOD," by J. Macdonald Oxley, which was published in Philadelphia five years ago, is now to be published in London by Messrs. Holder & Stoughton, and put upon the English market on terms which are very favourable to the author.

MR. and MRS. E. C. COTES spent a week or two in Canada in September. It was Mr. Cotes' first visit to this country, and he was much impressed with what he called the newness of things. A new book from the pen of Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) will be published early in the year.

A WONDERFUL ALMANAC.—The publishers of the *Montreal Daily and Weekly Star* are getting out a magnificent almanac to be known as the "Star Almanac," said to be the finest almanac in the world, containing nearly four hundred pages, with colored maps. It is looked forward to with great interest.

THE *Canada Educational Monthly* is a model teachers' magazine. The August-September double number has a very interesting table of contents. "The Teaching of History," "The Story of the Hudson Bay Company," "The Literature of Education," and "The Difference between Prose and Poetry," are among the most notable articles.

IN a letter to the *Montreal Witness* of September 7th, Rev. J. L. Dawson, of Halifax, endeavors to answer the question, "What should Prohibitionists be Doing?" His scheme contemplates the establishment of prohibition clubs throughout the country, and the editor of the *Witness*, in an editorial on the subject, heartily endorses the scheme.

THE *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* for September is a capital number of this interesting magazine. It is sufficiently Canadian in its subjects, but not too much so. The best native talent is brought under contribution, and we trust the enterprise is meeting with the success it deserves. Of special interest is the paper by Dr. Brynner, "How France Saved the Thirteen Colonies," as well as the fourth paper of Mr. LeMoine's on "Historic

## PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

Another and the Same.—CANADA, in its new form, will continue to furnish original articles from Canadian writers. Mr. LeMoine and other of our literary men have promised their efficient and valued help. "Pastor Felix" will still instruct and charm with his "Canadiana." Especial attention will be given to selected matter from current periodicals. Some of our own writers are contributing their best work to the great magazines of England and America. From this field selections will be gleaned from time to time. New and interesting features will be introduced, and our endeavour will be to make CANADA the favorite monthly paper in Canadian homes, welcome alike to all classes and all ages.

12 Months for 25 Cents.—25 cents in stamps, if remitted before January 1st, 1893, will pay a whole year's subscription to CANADA. This will not pay the cost of printing; but we are determined to push our paper to the front at once in point of circulation. We want three thousand new subscriptions in the next three months.

Subscribers now in arrears who remit amount due to date, with 25 cents extra, will be credited with a whole year's subscription in advance. But the amount must be remitted before New Year's Day.

Advertisers, Attention!—For the service rendered you get in CANADA the cheapest advertising to be had in the Dominion. No special discount from our regular rates will be made under any circumstances. Space will be absolutely limited to 12 columns; it is nearly all engaged. Now is the time to apply, if you want any.

Postal Card Essay Competition.—\$5 in cash as first prize, and a handsome book as second prize, will be given to those sending best postal card essays on "How to Stop the Exodus." The whole essay must be written on one postal card in a legible hand; it must be signed with initials only; the initials and full address must be written on another postal card; and both postal cards must be mailed to Editor of CANADA, Hampton, N. B., before January 1st, 1893. We shall have the right to publish as many of the essays as we wish. These competitions will be repeated every month. Every competitor must be a paid-up subscriber to CANADA.

Canvassers' 1893 Competition.—We want 5,000 new subscribers to CANADA during the season of 1892-93, and to secure them we make the following very liberal offers:

The subscription price of CANADA is 50 cents, but agents engaging in this competition may take subscriptions at 25 cents each. Subscriptions must not be taken at less than 25 cents.

Agents will be allowed a cash commission of 10 cents on each subscription obtained.

Over and above the cash commission, a New Raymond Singer Sewing Machine, worth \$45, will be given to the agent sending the largest number of subscriptions before June 1st, 1893. The agent entitled to this prize must have secured at least 100 subscriptions.

A prize worth \$25 (to be described later) will be given to the agent sending the second largest number of subscriptions, if at least 50 subscriptions are sent.

A Webster's International Dictionary, worth \$10, will be given to the agent sending the third largest number of subscriptions, if at least 25 subscriptions are sent.

A handsome Book, worth \$1.50, will be given to the agent sending the largest number of subscriptions each month.

CANADA will be sent free, during the competition, to all who signify their intention to compete, and who remit 18 cents in stamps for sample copies.

Address all communications to—  
MATTHEW R. KNIGHT,  
Hampton, New Brunswick.

READY OCT. 1ST.



# CASTOROLOGIA,



charged double rates.  
Absolutely no deviation from above rates, except to Publishers and Educational Institutions, when a discount of 20 per cent. is allowed.  
Copy for advertisements should be in hand by the 1st of the month, prior to publication.  
No article received, unless accompanied by return enclosed within thirty days. Parties unknown to us must pay quarterly in advance.

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BUT not only for the harvest of food do we bless God this month of thanksgiving. We are not animals alone; we are animals least of all. We bless Him for the harvest of thought and knowledge. We bless him for the inventions which have lightened labour, and given us more of leisure for mental culture and enjoyment. We bless him for the prosperity of our schools and universi-

ties of national sentiment, and a marked activity in Canadian literary circles. We cannot amount to much as a people so long as the machinations of church and party create and foster divisions among us. God hasten the day when we shall not be provincials, but a nation; not churches, but the Church of the living God.

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WE have schools for almost everything, schools even for scandal; why may we not have schools of Thanksgiving? Men would be more profited in such a school than by mastering the sciences. Grumblers are the advocates of infidelity; grateful souls, like the world of nature, declare the glory of God. Thankfulness, that softens the lines in the countenance of Care, and dries the tears or makes a rainbow in the tears of Sorrow, is a benediction wherever its possessor passes. "Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul."

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MR. ALEXANDER LAWSON has entered upon the sixtieth year of his editorial management of the *Yarmouth Herald*. The paper was founded by him in August, 1833, when he was about 18 years of age, and it has been practically under his control ever since.

"BERT LLOYD'S BOYHOOD," by J. Macdonald Oxley, which was published in Philadelphia five years ago, is now to be published in London by Messrs. Holder & Stoughton, and put upon the English market on terms which are very favourable to the author.

MR. and MRS. E. C. COTES spent a week or two in Canada in September. It was Mr. Cotes' first visit to this country, and he was much impressed with what he called the newness of things. A new book from the pen of Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan) will be published early in the year.

A WONDERFUL ALMANAC.—The publishers of the *Montreal Daily and Weekly Star* are getting out a magnificent almanac to be known as the "Star Almanac," said to be the most almanac in the world, containing nearly four hundred pages, with colored maps. It is looked forward to with great interest.

THE *Canada Educational Monthly* is a model teachers' magazine. The August-September double number has a very interesting table of contents. "The Teaching of History," "The Story of the Hudson Bay Company," "The Literature of Education," and "The Difference between Prose and Poetry," are among the most notable articles.

IN a letter to the *Montreal Witness* of September 7th, Rev. J. L. Dawson, of Halifax, endeavors to answer the question, "What should Prohibitionists be Doing?" His scheme contemplates the establishment of prohibition clubs throughout the country, and the editor of the *Witness*, in an editorial on the subject, heartily endorses the scheme.

THE *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* for September is a capital number of this interesting magazine. It is sufficiently Canadian in its subjects, but not too much so. The best native talent is brought under contribution, and we trust the enterprise is meeting with the success it deserves. Of special interest is the paper by Dr. Brynner, "How France Saved the Thirteen Colonies," as well as the fourth paper of Mr. LeMoine's on "Historic Canadian Waterways."

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Postal Card Essay Competition.—\$5 in cash as first prize, and a handsome book as second prize, will be given to those sending best postal card essays on "How to Stop the Exodus." The whole essay must be written on one postal card in a legible hand; it must be signed with initials only; the initials and full address must be written on another postal card; and both postal cards must be mailed to Editor of CANADA, Hampton, N. B., before January 1st, 1893. We shall have the right to publish as many of the essays as we wish. These competitions will be repeated every month. Every competitor must be a paid-up subscriber to CANADA.

Canvassers' 1893 Competition.—We want 5,000 new subscribers to CANADA during the season of 1892-93, and to secure them we make the following very liberal offers:

The subscription price of CANADA is 50 cents, but agents engaging in this competition may take subscriptions at 25 cents each. Subscriptions must not be taken at less than 25 cents.

Agents will be allowed a cash commission of 10 cents on each subscription obtained.

Over and above the cash commission, a New Raymond Singer Sewing Machine, worth \$45, will be given to the agent sending the largest number of subscriptions before June 1st, 1893. The agent entitled to this prize must have secured at least 100 subscriptions.

A prize worth \$25 (to be described later) will be given to the agent sending the second largest number of subscriptions, if at least 50 subscriptions are sent.

A Webster's International Dictionary, worth \$10, will be given to the agent sending the third largest number of subscriptions, if at least 25 subscriptions are sent.

A handsome Book, worth \$1.50, will be given to the agent sending the largest number of subscriptions each month.

CANADA will be sent free, during the competition, to all who signify their intention to compete, and who remit 18 cents in stamps for sample copies.

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**Canadiana.**

Edited by REV. A. J. LOCKHART, ("Pastor Felix"), Cherryfield, Maine.

**"CAROLS FROM THE COAST."**

SHALL the sea utter its voice, and the waves along the Acadian coast break in foamy music, and the winds from Sable to Scaterie murmur legends, and we wonder not nor think of such a thing as poesy? But shall we wonder and chatter over our wonder, when, in some remote fishing village in Nova Scotia or elsewhere, someone, feeling the energy within him, rises up to sing the things that the Infinite has written in his soul and planted in his eye? This is not wonderful; it were wonderful otherwise. When these hold their peace the very stones cry out, and if men have souls it is not wonderful when they have voices. Whence have ever come not only the Homers and Shakespeares, the Æsops and Epictetuses, but the Burnses, the Clares, the Bloomfields, save from out-of-the-way places and cradles of obscurity and scorn? Therefore, if the poet of these "carols" has risen somewhat over his "dead self," and his killing circumstances; if, without much extraneous aid, and encouragement, he has mastered languages, and has come to communion with the exalted spirits who have clothed their thoughts therewith; if he has spoken or sung well in harmonious numbers, and promulgated honest opinions, sometimes variant and differing from ours; if he has attained to some philosophy, and if he can pursue folly as it flies, and pierce it with the shining lance of satire, why, we cry, Bravo! But we are not much astonished; for this is but another example of the inherent vigour and energy of mind, with which all ages and nations have abounded.

Mr. Nickerson has homed by the sea, and taken the spirit of that restless part of creation into his heart; so the reader need not be surprised at the variety of his moods and strains. He feels the charm of nature, and the shore scenery on cloudless days takes him away out of his vexations, and the disturbances of spirit that our actual life brings, and in an extraordinary degree to men of refined sensibility—into the serener atmosphere where scorn ceases, and love and admiration abide. But he feels the wrongs of the world strongly, and speaks because his heart is hot, with an outbursting voice. For every harp note of Leshian ease, he rebukes with a trumpet-voice of indignant protestation, some hypercrite or tyrannic pageant which goes flaunting by

"O satire on our social pride,  
And libel on our art,  
Where charity's soft cleak is tied  
Around a stony heart!"

There is a directness which presses to its aim—a certain snapping of the shears of thought, when the quick is cut—which characterizes the sharpness of sight and vigour of understanding. One does not need to be told, as in some verses to his friend Atkinson, that he has pored over pages of Burns and Byron, or how he admires the fire and force of these ardent spirits, so sensibly affected by their times. He alludes to them again, in a poem which does not falter to praise that cup which, alas! has too often been the bane of genius:

"The peasant bard (forgive this tear),  
To Scotland and to nature dear,  
Was born with sweetest spell to bind  
The captive souls of all mankind.  
The wreath which Coila's hand bestows  
With never-dying lustre glows;  
But brightest where these two entwine

is exercised with little discrimination. We have not supposed him inimical to a genuine Christian faith, though from some of his sentences that might be inferred, and so we must regret occasional sallies, which, to the prejudiced and unguarded mind, misrepresent him. Several of his poems are written to show how men of superior powers have been cramped and wounded; but in his poem of "Arion"—one of his best—he foreshews the triumph of genius.

He sings the hope of mankind, in the strife after civil, social and intellectual liberty. He cries out with the hurts of the race, and the race's slain prophets, in such poems as, "John Burns, of London," "The People First," "Giordano Bruno," "To the Servians," and others that might be mentioned; and in "The Doom of Romanoff" there is a stern exultation over falling tyrants, from the strong recoil of their own oppressions. Like Gerald Massey, and other poets of the time, he is awake to the worth and rights of manhood. He hears the tread of the people coming to take their long-withheld belongings:

"A voice in the wilderness sings;  
The spirit of freedom awakes,  
And the peasant stands up before kings  
Who are playing their very last stakes.

"How firmly his manhood aspires!  
If his words have a menacing sound,  
'Tis the down-trod-den blood of his sires,  
That is crying through him from the ground."

There are poems in which he deliberately lets us into his secret closet, and shows his personal character in the light of his own consciousness. We are thus invited home, so to speak, in such pieces as, "The Humber Egotism," "To a Kindly Catechist," "A Character," and "The Minstrel's Good Night," especially. His patriotic feeling finds expression in the sonnet on "Halifax," the stanzas to "Nova Scotia," and the address to Premier Fielding. The longing to write worthily of his native land, and his partial bafflement in the attempt, are spoken of in the poem with which the book closes.

"To sing her praises was the wish I nursed,  
The highest boon I deemed that man could ask,  
While Fancy with the future's age conversed,  
And heard the voice enjoin the glorious task."

"Twas we I that, in a lot so lowly cast,  
The native impulse was too strong and warm,  
To be out-voiced by every savage blast,  
Or deadened into coarseness by the storm."

"Nor could the unquiet mind forever keep  
Within their narrow intellectual girth,  
Whose tricks might sometimes make the  
angels weep,  
And sometimes move a Benedictine's mirth!  
A wider heritage was mine by birth:  
I proudly call the English tongue my own,  
And even to this noteless spot of earth,  
Like richly-freighted ships from every zone,  
It brings the rarest gems the world has ever known."

Not all that is printed here rises to the dignity of high thought or the inspiration of genuine poetry; but clearness and sense are never wanting; and if sometimes trivial in the theme, there is usually a correct and easy versification. But when moved to passionate earnestness he writes as but few of our native writers have done; and in his more fanciful and amiable moods his work compares favourably with that of some whose verses certainly do not lack commendation. Of such is the sonnet,—

**THE SAFEST GUIDE.**

No star was lighted in the shivering air;  
All round was dark as woods at night can be;  
And the trees laid their ghostly hands on me,  
As wondering whether mortal ventured there.  
My thoughts were all within me, clustering  
where

Hence, ye profane ones! This is holy ground,  
Where through each quickened sense we may imbibe

The balm, the bloom that makes the sick heart sound.

A thousand leaves here spread their knowledge free,—  
All undistorted by the meddling scribe,  
All unperverted by the Pharisee.

"Sailing in Summer," "Overture," "A Recollection," and the opening of "Arion," are examples of his lyrical gift, as well as of the *dolce far niente* mood. Of these we select the third, in the order of our mention, which we prefer to the others:—

"O'er the white waste of drifted sands unstable  
We climbed the sedgey dune,  
Where, like a sleeping giant, old Cape Sable  
Basked at the feet of June.

"Beneath the summer noon the shore-birds twittered  
Around in glancing flocks,  
And, like a fair display of jewels, glittered  
The foam-bells on the rocks.

"Deep peace was in the air and on the billows,  
That in smooth aumber lay,  
Or gent y tossed upon their sandy pillows  
As infants wake to play.

"The breeze moved landward, scarcely felt in blowing,  
But such the fisher hails  
With joy when, after hours of weary rowing,  
It swells his spritd sails.

"The brave flotilla then like snowy sprinkles  
Far outward we could trace;  
The sight was fair, and seemed to have smoothed the wrinkles  
From out old Ocean's face.

"No envious shadow on the flood descended;  
Unflecked, the sky's broad sweep  
In silent grandeur with the horizon blended,  
Deep calling unto deep.

"And every shadow from my life retreating,  
Left free the placid mind;  
The finite with the infinite was meeting,  
Undimmed and unconfined.

"How many times my eager gaze had rested  
Upon that sea and shore;  
But never, never had they been invested  
With such a charm before."

Space does not permit us more than to mention the translations, of which it may be said, that they do more than manifest the erudition of our poet, for he has clothed them in graceful, harmonious and vigorous English. That he looks to farther attempts and successes we may gather from the closing words of his book:

"I still the chords, and on the Acadian birch  
Suspend my harp. Perchance the airy note  
Of some kind cherub on his earthy search  
Shall make diviner spell around it float;  
If this should be, the day is not remote  
When I shall take it from its silent rest,  
And all its powers with steadier touch devote  
To the prime motive of the patriot's breast,  
And its achievement high, by which the race  
is blest."

"Carols of the Coast: A Collection of Songs, Ballads, and Legends, original and translated, by M. H. Nickerson. Halifax, Nova Scotia Printing Co.

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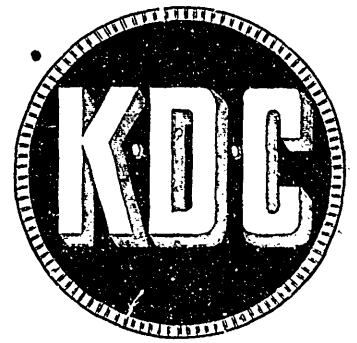
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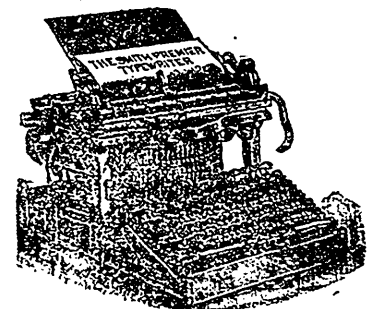
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There is a directness which presses to its aim—a certain snapping of the shears of thought, when the quick is cut—which characterises sharpness of sight and vigour of understanding. One does not need to be told, as in some verses to his friend Atkinson, that he has pored over pages of Burns and Byron, or how he admires the fire and force of these ardent spirits, so sensibly affected by their times. He alludes to them again, in a poem which does not falter to praise that cup which, alas! has too often been the bane of genius:

"The peasant bard (forgive this tear),  
To Scotland and to nature dear,  
Was born with sweetest spell to bind  
The captive souls of all mankind.  
The wreath which Coila's hand bestows  
With never-dying lustre glows;  
But brightest where these two entwine  
A mistress fair, a glass of wine!

"When England's strongest noble swept  
The chords where love and terror slept,  
And roused them to a loftier tone  
Than e'er before or since was known;  
His genius, paling from the skies,  
Illumined for admiring eyes  
Those twin stars o'er a sun's decline—  
A mistress fair, a glass of wine!

"O genius! how superbly near  
It brings the ploughman to the peer,  
Till worlds that glimmered on the sight  
Receive from them full warmth and light.  
And yet its most resplendent ray  
Would fail to animate the clay  
Without those founts of all that's fine—  
A mistress fair, a glass of wine!"

Here and there his utterance seem to have derived a poignancy from some personal grievance; or the animus the poet naturally entertains against hide-bound conventionalism in society or the church,

is awake to the worth and rights of manhood. He hears the tread of the people coming to take their long-withheld belongings:

"A voice in the wilderness sings;  
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Within their narrow intellectual girth,  
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All round was dark as woods at night can be;  
And the trees laid their ghostly hands on me,  
As wondering whether mortal ventured there.  
My thoughts were all within me, clustering where

The blessed dew of human sympathy  
Had fallen and refreshed abundantly,  
What late had been a desert parched and bare,  
And I passed onward, though the path was lost—

A blackened maze—unto a place secure,  
Nor could discern what served me as a guide.  
So I have learned—but oh! what pain it cost!  
That reason's day cannot my steps assure  
Like love's encheering whisper by a side.

Or this.—for we think Mr. Nickerson happy in his sonnets:—

#### SANTA SELVA.

O dim-aisled wood! no pillared fane so grand,  
So sacred in the old luxurious East,  
When cushioned kingship knelt before the priest,

In all the pomp at tyranny's command!  
This place is for a loftier worship planned;  
The rites mysterious and the solemn feast  
Are in their purity where bird and beast  
Bleed not, but feed from Nature's bounteous hand.

"Deep peace was in the air and on the billows,  
That in smooth aumber lay,  
Or gently tossed upon their sandy pillows  
As infants wake to play.

"The breeze moved landward, scarcely felt in blowing,  
But such the fisher hails  
With joy when, after hours of weary rowing,  
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"The brave flotilla then like snowy sprinkles  
Far outward we could trace;  
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And its achievement high, by which the race  
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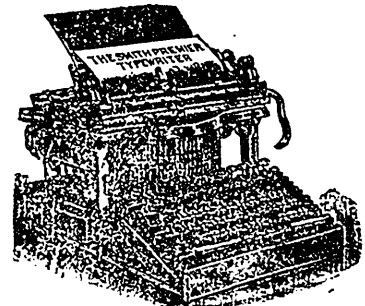
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## Home Topics.

Edited by B. A. S., Box 10, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

**UNHARMFULNESS OF CAKE.**—Cake of the simplest kind, especially sponge, is, and can be frequently given to the sick. Good sponge cake, served with sweet cream or a glass of milk, is an excellent lunch for an invalid.

Some of the plain kinds of butter cakes—those made with a little butter—such as "white," "feather," and similar varieties, are really excellent food. Consider for a moment what they contain:—Eggs, milk, butter, sugar, and flour, five of the most valuable of all our food products.

Yet there are those who pride themselves upon not eating cake. This idiosyncrasy can only be explained in one of two ways. Either the cake which they have had has not been properly made, or else it has been so good that, during a lapse of judgment, they have eaten too much.

The dark fruit cakes are to be avoided by both sick and well on account of the indigestible nature of the dried fruits used in them, and also because they are generally very compact and heavy, not light.

There is a question prevalent in many kitchens of using what is called "cooking butter," that is, butter which is off taste or rancid. If you have no other butter for cake, don't make any. Cake made with that will not come under the head of "unharmful." Sweet butter and fresh eggs, not "store" eggs are absolutely necessary.

Also is needed a dainty thinker to oil the pan in which it is to be baked, so that the outside of the cake shall not taste of the fat. Many an otherwise good, harmless cake has been spoiled by doing this with dirty or rancid grease. Use sweet butter or sweet olive oil.—Mary C. Boland.

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Where the loud speaking woman is stamped as vulgar, for example, it is not only because the association connects her loud voice with the fishwoman of Billingsgate, but because the loud voice is unsuited to dwelling rooms, hurts the ears of the hearers, allows everyone to know all the speaker's business, and often that of other people, and betrays, if not a coarse nature, at least an untrained and uncultivated manner, while, bad as it is within doors, it acts a greatly worse part without, where it attracts attention and invites insults; but, without and within, it is unwomanly, and it being generally admitted that the part of refinement, good breeding and good feeling is to excite as little remark as possible upon the street, the loud tone is then at once recognized as a vulgarity.

As much contempt is showered upon the system of visiting cards as upon anything else in the line of social niceties, but when it is remembered that the card represents the individual, as the bank bill represents the gold coin, it will be seen that the card is sent out as an embassy, and plays a useful part in social diplomacy. Bit of pasteboard as it is, it pays compliments, acknowledges attentions, serves in place of its owner, invites, declines, apologizes and does the work of a factotum so well that, like beauty, it has its own excuse for being. And if we look into the matter still more at length, without doubt we would find that in almost every instance the thing criticised is a valuable usage.

**THE SEARCH FOR PRETTY WIVES.**—Girls to be successful to-day, must have more than pretty features. The men who are worth marrying are looking for something else than pretty faces, coy manners or fetching gowns. They are recognizing full well that the women are progressing at a pace which will quicken rather than slacken.

with oil and soot or wax and to hold up the nails thus prepared against the sun, and upon the transparent horny substance were supposed to appear figures or characters which gave the answer required. In more recent times people have been found predicting by means of the nails of the hand and telling the dispositions of persons with certain descriptions of the nails.

A person of broad nails is of gentle nature, timid and bashful. Those whose nails grow into the flesh at the points or sides are given to luxury. A white mark on the nails bespeaks misfortune. Persons with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Idolent people have generally fleshy nails. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit. Melancholy people are distinguished by their pale or lead-colored nails, and choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and clotted nails.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

**OVERWORKED CHILDREN.**—Nowadays, when everyone is striving to give their children a good education, little ones may often be noticed suffering from overworked brains, who have no right to be learning at all. I refer to children under seven years of age. The parents of these infants prove themselves very ignorant of the laws of physiology, or they would not consider that time was being lost in postponing education. It always appears to me that the brighter a child is, no matter his age, the harder he is pushed. We all know by now that during the first seven years of life the brain is developing very fast, and therefore I wish to impress on my readers that all efforts to crowd the child's brain during this period are to its life-long detriment. On the other hand, during these years great attention should be paid to developing a sound and healthy constitution, remembering that the brain power will increase fast enough after the little one is seven years old. Parents make a very great mistake if they send their children to school before they are seven years of age (unless, perhaps, to a kindergarten). There is no doubt whatever about this, for all physiologists agree on the point, and there is no sound argument against it.

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## A WEST INDIAN BALLAD.

Listen how England won from Spain,  
Trinidad isle near the Spanish main.

In Paria Gulf Apodaca lay,  
And he anchored in Chaguaramas bay.

He deemed himself lord of all flags that flew  
From Chacabancare to Carincon.

Till Ralph Abercrombie sailed in one day,  
Then burnt his ships and ran away.

In Port of Spain was full little rest,  
When the townsfolk saw that blaze in the west.

Governor Chacon had wrath and pain,  
But the English were marching on Port of Spain.

At Point Mucurapo they landed safe:  
"King George has a bargain," said Ralph.

And when they had marched up Laventille hill,  
Of Port of Spain they might have their will.

Sir Ralph sent word, "You are hemmed all round,  
In fight you may never stand your ground.

"So, since no battle may be this day,  
Take terms of honor as soldiers may."

Don Jose none other luck might win:  
St. James went out and St. George came in.

When landing and marching all were done,  
The tale of our wounded and killed was one.

Gallantly floats at the French masthead  
The white that is midmost of blue and red.

Valiant and strong in the German's track,  
Streams the white parting of red and black.

Fair is the splendor of Italy seen,  
Where white makes concord with red and green.

Fairest of all in a Briton's sight,  
Is the red, white and blue on the ensign white.

—Saturday Review.

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They realize that the women of to-morrow will be in mind that her predecessor of to-day. Hence they are looking for wives who will be the equal of that of her neighbor. Beauty is being used as an adjunct to common sense. "I want a wife who knows something; who is worth having for what she knows; not one of those social butterflies," said one of the greatest 'catches' of the last New York season to me at the close of the winter. And he expressed the sentiments of thousands of the young men of to-day. The search for pretty wives is over, and the lookout for bright young women has begun. And the girl who to-day trains her mind to knowledge will be the woman of to-morrow.

**ABOUT FINGER-NAILS.**—Fortune-telling by means of the finger-nails, onychomancy as it was called, was common in ancient times. The practice was to rub the nails

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## Graber Thoughts.

[FOR CANADA.]

NO ONE LIVES TO HIMSELF ALONE.

BY HELEN WILSON.

We may endeavour to close our eyes to the truth of this statement, and with the innate selfishness which prevails in the human heart, strive to envelop ourselves in all the absorbant folds of self-love and self-occupation, but this indisputable fact still remains unaltered, that "no one lives to himself alone."

There is a silent influence for good or evil that we exert over those with whom we come in contact which still further supports the truth of this statement. A person of bright, sanguine temperament in constant companionship with one of those morbid natures, which always see the dark side of everything, will do far more towards changing his disposition than a dozen lectures on cheerfulness. Thus, to the listless, idolent man, a practical, business-like person will be a continual example of the advantages to be gained by industrious, methodical habits. We are a dependent people at our best; each in a measure leaning upon one another for support, either physically or morally. The farmer, while sowing his fields or reaping his grain, considers not the hundreds in the far-away, busy city who will be nourished by the fruits of his labor; he neither sows nor reaps for himself alone. The machinist, hammering away at his daily toil, thinks not of the countless numbers who would be benefited by his labor.

Will any one of those busy travellers hastening away to distant lands, borne thither by the engine which is the work of the machinist's hands, pause to consider that he owes his thanks, in a measure, to the workman for his swift transition to his destination. Thus it is, whether we realize it or not, we live for others, we labor for the good of others, and those of us who are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are told in the XV. Chapter of Romans that we who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves, but that everyone should please his neighbour for his good to edification, for even Christ pleased not Himself.

What a blessed example we have in Him of what it really means to live for others. He gave Himself up so holy to please His Father, and for those whom He came to save. With our eyes fixed on Him as our pattern we cannot fail to understand the true way to live for and serve others, so that we shall be :-

"A chalice of dew to the weary heart,  
A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart.  
To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon of light,  
A nightingale's song in the darkest night,  
A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,  
An angel of love to each friendless soul."

### SENSIBLE PRAYERS.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, one of England's most distinguished and beloved clergymen, tells this story of his boyhood. He had been taught to pray on all occasions, which he conscientiously did. One day at school he was taken up with nine other boys to be unjustly flogged.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself. "I don't deserve this; but I cannot escape the disgrace. Perhaps God will help me out of it."

Then he began to pray that he might escape the shame. What was his bewilderment, when his turn came to be whipped, to hear the teacher say:

"Robertson, I excuse you. I have particular reasons for it."

Robertson says: "That incident settled my mind for a long time: only it did not do me any good, for prayer became a charm. I fancied myself the favourite of the Invisible. I felt that I carried about a talisman unknown to others, which would save me from all harm. It did not make me any better."

our prayers are unanswered. What is the matter? On whom is the failure to be laid? We have prayed and done our part. Shall we then distrust God, and think that the religious life and intimate relations with God are unreal?

There is a better way than that. Above all things we must pray *sensibly*. A man cannot be unreasonable in religion any more than in business, and expect success. There are two ways of looking at this question. There are certain things which it is evident we ought to have. There are certain other things which we do not know whether we ought to have or not.

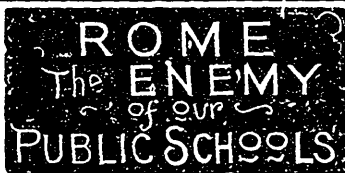
We know that we ought to have purity, veracity, honor, trust, unselfishness, and faith in God. There is no dispute in heaven or on earth about these things.

We do not know whether we ought to be warm or cold, hungry or fed, sick or well, rich or poor, happy or miserable. God does. In these doubtful matters we can only suggest, and not dictate to the Almighty. To Him belongs the decision. Our business is to pray, even if we do not get what we want. His part is to answer in the way His love and wisdom dictate.

But as concerns the things that we know we ought to have, because we are sure that they must be what He wishes us to have, our duty is to pray, and not only expect to get, but seek to get, what we ask for.

Some such simple explanation as this of a very old and very perplexing question may keep young Christians from misunderstanding God, and from despairing of His tenderness and of His help.—*Youth's Companion*.

A KETTLE which has once been to the tinners for mending will likely go again and again. It is just the same with character. When once it needs mending there will be no end to the patching it will need.



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The Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald.

BY E. A. BIGGAR.

THE "Montreal Star," in the course of a column and a half article, says the book abounds in "interesting and amusing pen pictures of Canada's greatest statesman."

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**RHEUMATISM.**—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with St. Jacobs Oil. In the morning I walked without pain."

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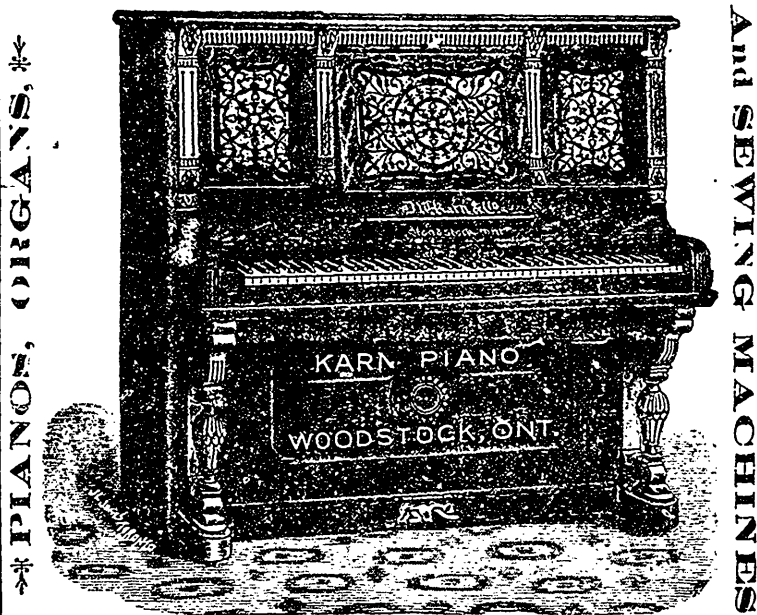
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cheerfulness. Thus, to the listless, idolent man, a practical, business-like person will be a continual example of the advantages to be gained by industrious, methodical habits. We are a dependent people at our best; each in a measure leaning upon one another for support, either physically or morally. The farmer, while sowing his fields or reaping his grain, considers not the hundreds in the far-away, busy city who will be nourished by the fruits of his labor; he neither sows nor reaps for himself alone. The machinist, hammering away at his daily toil, thinks not of the countless numbers who would be benefited by his labor.

Will any one of those busy travellers hastening away to distant lands, borne thither by the engine which is the work of the machinist's hands, pause to consider that he owes his thanks, in a measure, to the workman for his swift transition to his destination. Thus it is, whether we realize it or not, we live for others, we labor for the good of others, and those of us who are followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are told in the XV. Chapter of Romans that we who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves, but that everyone should please his neighbour for his good to edification, for even Christ pleased not Himself.

What a blessed example we have in Him of what it really means to live for others. He gave Himself up so holy to please His Father, and for those whom He came to save. With our eyes fixed on Him as our pattern we cannot fail to understand the true way to live for and serve others, so that we shall be:—

"A chalice of dew to the weary heart,  
A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart,  
To the storm tossed vessel a beacon of light,  
A nightingale's song in the darkest night,  
A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,  
An angel of love to each friendless soul."

#### SENSIBLE PRAYERS.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, one of England's most distinguished and beloved clergymen, tells this story of his boyhood. He had been taught to pray on all occasions, which he conscientiously did. One day at school he was taken up with nine other boys to be unjustly flogged.

"What shall I do?" he said to himself. "I don't deserve this; but I cannot escape the disgrace. Perhaps God will help me out of it."

Then he began to pray that he might escape the shame. What was his bewilderment, when his turn came to be whipped, to hear the teacher say:

"Robertson, I excuse you. I have particular reasons for it."

Robertson says: "That incident settled my mind for a long time; only it did not do me any good, for prayer became a charm. I fancied myself the favourite of the Invisible. I felt that I carried about a talisman unknown to others, which would save me from all harm. It did not make me any better."

There are thousands of young people at this time undergoing what is called the "Christian experience." In the freshness of untainted imaginations and unjaded ambitions, they are giving themselves to the service of the great spiritual Master. Such questions as that involved in this anecdote interest them deeply.

We have all been taught to pray, and in the main we try to do it. Prayer is as real a power as electricity or steam. Now, the question is, what kind of a power is it? And how should we use it?

Many of us, like the boy Robertson, use prayer indiscreetly. We are apt unconsciously to think it a charm, and trust to it superstitiously. Many of us, on the other hand, do not pray enough, and consider prayer a failure.

But a crisis in life comes. An unknown disgrace threatens. We try to pray out of it. A dear one sickens. We try to pray him well. The disgrace strikes. The dear one dies. To our horror and astonishment

get what we want. His part is to answer in the way His love and wisdom dictate.

But as concerns the things that we know we ought to have, because we are sure that they must be what He wishes us to have, our duty is to pray, and not only expect to get, but seek to get, what we ask for.

Some such simple explanation as this of a very old and very perplexing question may keep young Christians from misunderstanding God, and from despairing of His tenderness and of His help.—*Youth's Companion.*

A KETTLE which has once been to the tinnery for mending will likely go again and again. It is just the same with character. When once it needs mending there will be no end to the patching it will need.

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BY E. A. BIGGAR.

THE "Montreal Star," in the course of a column and a half article, says the book abounds in "interesting and amusing pen pictures of Canada's greatest statesman."

The "Toronto Mail" says "it will occupy a distinctive place in the literature relating to the late Premier," that it contains "an extraordinarily large collection of anecdotes," that the parts dealing with his early life "are particularly interesting and valuable," and that "most interesting of all is a fine portrait of his mother now reproduced for the first time."

The "Toronto Globe" (the great Reform journal) says that "whatever biographies of Sir John may appear it is not likely that any of them will quite fill the place of this," that the result of the author's work is "a bright and readable book," and that "the tone of the work is fair and candid."

The "Toronto Telegram" says that "from start to finish there is not a slow moment in the book."

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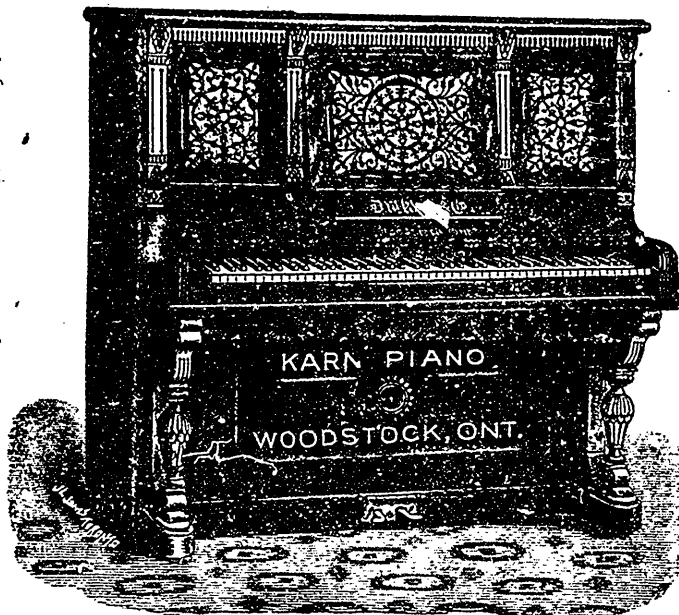
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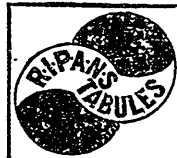
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A GLENGARRY MIRACLE.

MR. JAMES SANDS' WONDERFUL RESTORATION TO HEALTH.

After three years of Paralysis, Insensibility and Uselessness, he tells the tale of his recovery and renewed work in the world. -His story as told a Free Press Reporter.

OTTAWA FREE PRESS.

The town of Alexandria, some 55 miles south of the city of Ottawa, on the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been completely astonished recently, at the marvellous experience of a young man, who, after having been bed-ridden for nearly twelve months, and his case pronounced incurable by Montreal and Alexandria doctors, is now restored to complete health and strength.

Mr. James Sands is a young teamster, well known and extremely popular throughout the country side, and his illness and wonderful recovery have been indeed still are—the chief topics in the town and neighborhood. The story of his miraculous cure having reached Ottawa, a member of the Free Press staff journeyed to Alexandria and sought out Mr. Sands for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the statements made regarding his recovery. Mr. Sands is a slimly-built, but wiry-looking man of about 32 years of age, and when met by the newspaper man the bloom of health was on his cheek and his whole frame showed signs of unimpaired vigor and vitality.

The newspaper man told Mr. Sands the object of his visit, and the latter expressed his perfect willingness to give all the facts connected with his case. "I was," said Mr. Sands, "a complete wreck, given up by the doctors, but now I am well and strong again, and gaining strength every day. I was born in Lancaster in 1860, and up to three years ago I was always healthy and strong, living in the open air and being well known throughout the whole county of Glengarry. It was in the winter of 1888-89 that I first felt signs of incipient paralysis. I was then teamster for the sash and door factory here, and had been exposed to all kinds of weather. I then experienced violent twisting cramps in my right hand. I was in Cornwall that winter when the first stroke fell, and remained there for three days before I knew anybody at all. A medical man was called in but could do nothing for me. After that I came home and appeared to get all right for a time, but after a few days the old trouble began again, my hand continuing the twitching and cramping that had preceded the stroke. Up to twelve months ago these twitching fits were the only symptoms I suffered from. Then in Aug. 1891, when I was in Huntingdon village I sustained a second stroke, and remained unconscious for about seven hours. A doctor attended me and I recovered sufficiently to be brought home. After my return home the paralysis steadily gained on me, and I lost the use of my right arm and leg entirely; my right eye was distorted and my tongue partially paralysed. I was prescribed for by an Alexandria physician, whose treatment I carefully followed, but it had no effect. I still got steadily worse, and about a month before Christmas last, I went to the English hospital at Montreal. Prof. Stuart and all the doctors came around me, as mine was a curious case, and the professor treated me. All the doctors could give me no satisfaction, and did not appear to understand my case. I questioned some of them, but they told me it was a hopeless case. I remained in the hospital a month, without the least improvement, and was then brought home, and remained in my bed till May-day. I had constant medical advice, but continued to grow worse and worse. My right hand withered and I grew so weak and useless that I could not turn myself in bed. Meantime I tried all sorts of patent medicines without the least effect. In May I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the papers, and said I would try them as a last resort. I had heard of the won-

derful, but without the slightest avail. After beginning Pink Pills I began to mend, and they have made a new man of me."

The newspaper man then called on Messrs. Ostrom Bros. & Co., widely known druggists, and interviewed their representative, Mr. Smith, as to his knowledge of the case. Mr. Smith was fully conversant with the facts, and vouched for the story told by Mr. Sands, and further said that his hopeless case and remarkable recovery are known throughout Glengarry County. In reply to the query if many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold, Mr. Smith replied that the sale was remarkable, and that in his experience he had never handled a remedy that sold so well, or gave such general satisfaction to those using them, as everywhere glowing reports are heard of the excellent results following their use. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that word is understood. They are the result of years of experience and careful investigation. They are not a purgative medicine, but act directly upon the blood and nerves, supplying those constituents required to enrich the former, and stimulate and restore the latter.

For all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, or shattered nerves, they are an unailing remedy. Such diseases as these speedily yield to their treatment: Locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities, and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact it may be said of them

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, Restoring to health, life and vigor again."

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred), and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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as these speedily yield to their treatment: Locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting irregularities, and restoring the functions, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature. In fact it may be said of them

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