

A TRAMP AND HIS PAL

THE TRAIL THAT ONE MADE TO GUIDE THE OTHER.

It Enabled "Appetite Bill," After His Term in Jail Was Done, to Unerringly Follow His Partner From Cincinnati to Houston.

"We have a good many tramps up in our part of the country," said a sugar planter, "and I've made something of a study of their peculiarities. The old idea that they carve marks and signs on fences that can be read by all other members of the fraternity is pure nonsense, of course, but I have known several instances in which one tramp would leave a trail, so to speak, for the guidance of a partner who might not put in an appearance for months. "The first case of that kind I ever encountered was rather amusing. I was riding, one spring day, down a road that passes through my place, when I noticed a typical hobo industriously carving a sort of hieroglyphic on a big post standing near the fence. The mark consisted of a square and triangle side by side, and he was just putting on the finishing touches as I arrived.

"My curiosity was at once aroused, and I determined to find out if possible exactly what the thing meant, so I proceeded to collar the fellow, and after a little vigorous bluffing he told me he was putting up directions for his partner, who would be along some time in the fall. He assured me that the marks meant nothing in particular, except that he had passed and was going in the direction of the point of the triangle.

"His partner, according to the story which I dragged out of him piecemeal, was doing a six months' jail sentence for slugging a policeman in Cincinnati and when he got out on Sept. 1 would strike south, following a trail of carvings on water tanks, depots, barns and fenceposts. When the first tramp struck a good place to loaf, he proposed to stop and wait for the other to catch up.

"What's your partner's name?" I asked.

"It's by rights William Sparks," said the hobo, "but everybody calls him 'Appetite Bill' on account of his always being hungry. He carries a sack to pack grub in and has red whiskers and a funny looking wart on one side of his nose."

"I was satisfied from my prisoner's manner that he was telling me the truth, so I took him up to the house, gave him a good dinner and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"Now for the sequel," continued the planter. "One afternoon in the fall I was driving home from the station when I passed a very dilapidated hobo with red stubble on his chin and a gunny sack under his arm, and some instinct told me that Mr. Sparks, alias 'Appetite Bill,' had at last arrived. He seemed to be looking for landmarks, and when he reached the big post I saw him stop, scrutinize the carving and then start off with a new and confident step. That settled it, and I drove ahead and intercepted him at the house, half a mile farther on.

"Hello, Bill!" I said. "How's your appetite this evening?"

"Appetite?" he stammered and gave such a violent start that he dropped his gunny sack.

"Why, yes," said I. "Perhaps they didn't feed you very well at Cincinnati."

"At the word Cincinnati he turned livid and glared around with such evident intention of bolting that I made haste to explain.

"Don't be alarmed," I said. "I met your side partner a few months ago, and he told me to look out for you." It took me some time to dissipate Bill's suspicions, but when I finally succeeded in convincing him that it was all right he told me a most interesting story of his journey across the country.

"A professional hobo will follow the track of another hobo with an accuracy that is curiously suggestive of woodcraft. All the way down from Cincinnati Bill had never once lost the trail, and before he left I gave him an addressed postal card and got him to promise me he would put it in the mail at whatever point he caught up with his partner. Less than a month later I received the card, bearing a Houston (Tex.) date mark; so I presume it was there they met.

"Both of these tramps could read and write, and I asked Sparks particularly why his friend didn't use some brief message in place of the hieroglyph. He replied that it would attract too much attention, and other hoboes would be likely to add misleading words, while the little square and triangle passed unnoticed.

"Since then I have encountered two other nearly similar cases, in each of which a tramp was leaving a cipher trail for a cronny to follow when he got out of jail, and I infer that the practice is tolerably common. At any rate it is a curious feature of tramp life which I have never seen mentioned in any of the numerous papers and magazine articles that have appeared on the subject during recent years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Men have missed their opportunities more often than opportunities have missed them.—Elliott's Magazine.

Japan tea drinkers try

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA
It is absolutely PURE.

BABY'S PRETTY CURLS.

Pulled Them Off In a Car and Embarrassed Her Mother.

A well dressed woman with a beautiful baby in her arms attracted the attention of all the passengers on a Germantown car. Every one was fascinated by the baby's pretty and smiling face and particularly by two golden curls which hung down her cheeks. After awhile the child became nervous and began to tug at one of the curls which protruded from her hood. The woman, presumably her mother, quickly stopped her, but a few moments later she looked out of the window. No sooner was her face turned than the child seized her bonnet with both hands and pulled it off. It offered little resistance, but to the astonishment of every one on the car the curls came with it, and the supposed golden haired baby showed that in reality its head was without the semblance of a hair.

The child swung the bonnet to and fro and laughingly held it up for the inspection of the other passengers. It was almost a minute before the woman turned around. When she saw what the baby had done, her face flushed, and without a word she picked up the child and walked sedately out of the car. When last seen, she was trudging down Spring Garden street with the baby tucked under her arm like a sack of oats, but still holding tightly to the bonnet and cooing, "See my pooty hair?"—Philadelphia Times.

Behind the Scenes.

"A good many people," said a veteran stage manager the other day, "have an idea that beyond the scenes of a stage there is great fun and hilarity and that actors have a jolly sort of time between their appearances before the audience. The fact is a military camp during times of inspection is no more sedate than is the rear of any well regulated stage when the public in front of the footlights is being entertained. The shifting of scenes and the proper execution of an intricate play require all the thought that can be given them. All the men and women have all they can do to properly perform their parts. If a manager is an easy going man, caring little for discipline, he soon gets to the end of his career. You may be sure there is no business that is carried on in a more businesslike way than is the playhouse, and when the fun is on in the front the scenes behind are carefully watching to see that no hitch occurs and that every one is ready to do his part at the proper time and does it properly when the time comes."—Washington Star.

How to Dry Rubber Boots.

It was a problem how to dry out hip rubber boots. In the sitting room there was an open grate fire which was covered every night with fine coal and a few shovelfuls of ashes, so that the room never became quite cold. We found that if we heated a piece of old fannel as hot as possible and stuffed it down into the foot of a boot and stood the boot in front of the fireplace it was as dry as a bone next morning. The handiest thing to keep the boot leg open is a spring steel corset rib about 18 inches long by three-quarter inch in width.—Forest and Stream.

Origin of the Boat.

Only lately has the original boat been found in use and among the savages of the south sea islands. There the natives take the stump of a tree whose roots offer a good seat, and, launching this primitive craft, they paddle around as contentedly as if there was no such thing as a European steamer, and, to tell the truth, they do not suspect its existence.

There can be no doubt whatever that in this stump boat we have the original method of transportation by water. Accident certainly contributed to this discovery.

A tired swimming savage found a log floating near him. He grasped it and found that it held him above water. He mounted his log and used a floating branch to propel the log.

It was but a step from the log to the more comfortable root of a tree and another step from the branch propeller to a shaped paddle.

Vitality.

Because one's parents and grandparents lived to be nearly 100 does not make it certain that their descendants will do likewise, for the inheritance of vitality may all be dissipated in 20 years of high living. A small stock of vital force well taken care of may last twice as long.

In the time of Louis Quatorze in France food in general was placed upon the table in one huge dish, and each helped himself with his naked hand. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century one glass or goblet did duty for the whole table.

SMALLEST SHEEP IN THE WORLD.

It Lives in Brittany and is No Bigger Than a Lap Dog.

The very smallest of all the kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and, as for eating, why a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small when grown that it can hide behind a good sized bucket.

It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle, and, because it is so small, it is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary.

Any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep. One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness.

If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but, if, on the contrary, the persons sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way.

QUEBEC UNITED.

No Division of Opinion in Regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills Whatever.

Miss Anna Mongren, of Grand Metis, Voices the Universal Verdict—Says She Feels Obliged to Tell Her Friends of Dodd's Kidney Pills. She Herself Has Been Absolutely Cured.

Grand Metis, Que., April 30.—Miss Anna Mongren, of the Village of Grand Metis, Quebec, has been cured of her kidney trouble of years standing by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Throughout this country it is becoming more and more common to hear of cures this famous medicine is making. The people of French Canada are not a class who are taken in by imitations or worthless preparations of any kind. They are a conservative people, and the reputation of a medicine has to be thoroughly established before they pin their faith to it. It is therefore a most convincing sign that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sterling remedy when French Canadians throughout Quebec speak of it in the highest terms of praise, and that moreover from a knowledge based on their own experience.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are now proved to be infallible in the cure of Kidney Diseases of absolutely every nature, Bright's Disease, that terror of physicians; Diabetes, which used to be called incurable; Rheumatism, the affection which renders the lives of so many otherwise strong and robust men and women of Quebec miserable, and which is the accompaniment of old age nine times out of ten throughout the Lower Provinces; Heart Disease, not generally known to be the result of Kidney Disease, but which is so nevertheless; Dropsy, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Woman's Weakness and blood disorders all kinds yield freely and promptly to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Anna Mongren, well-known in Grand Metis, writes as follows concerning her cure:

"I was suffering from a great pain in my side, which caused me much pain and uneasiness. I had taken three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I felt a wonderful relief. I continued to take them and now I am perfectly cured. Considering it only fair and honest to let the facts be known, I feel obliged to tell my friends of the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills and to thank that medicine for the great benefit I have received."

Michael Krieger, a resident of Nova, O., is the exact facial and tonorial double of Oom Paul. He was born at Uttewiller, Alsace, in 1823, but came to this country in early youth, and since 1838 has lived in Ohio.

Remember.

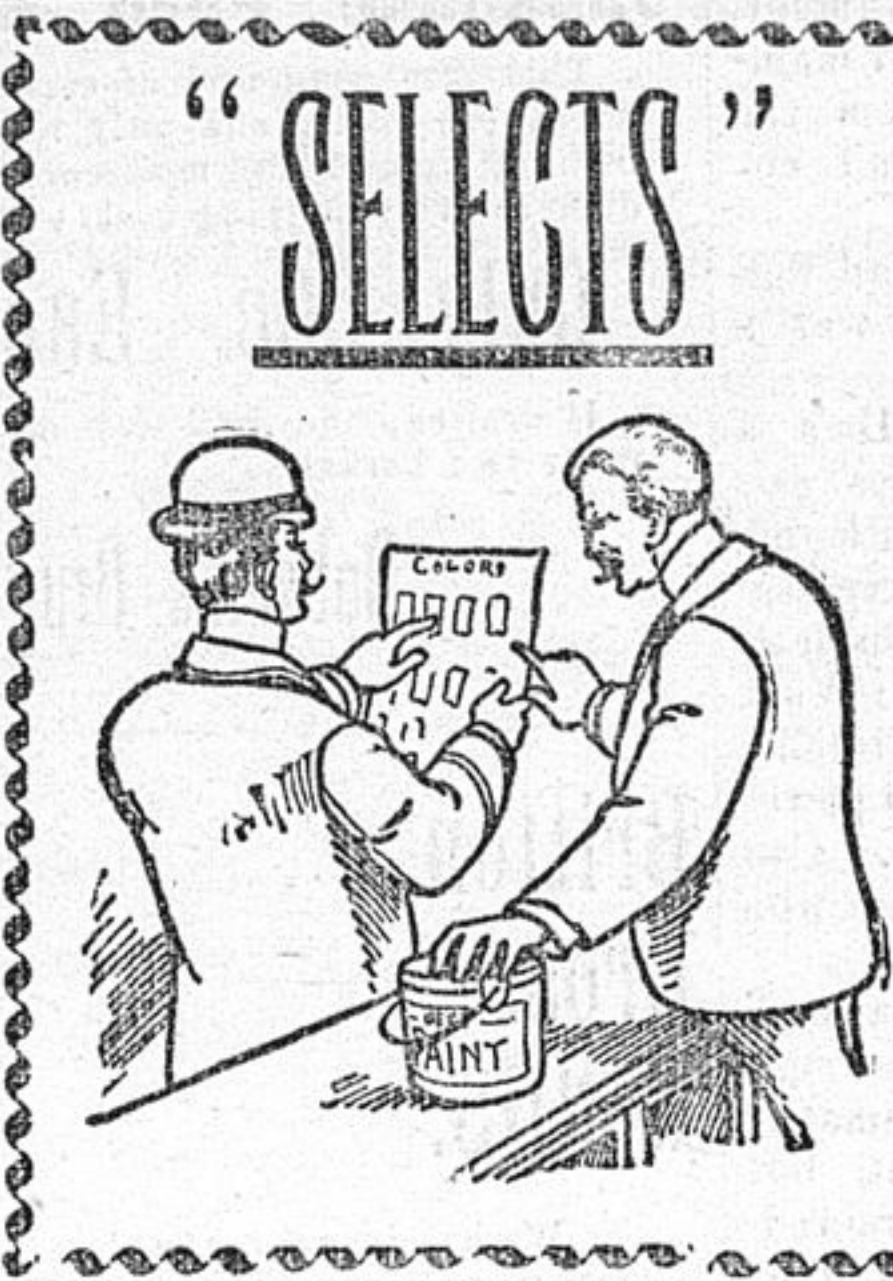
We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nervine—nervine cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute, it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

Congressman Littlefield of Maine, was the son of a Free Will Baptist clergyman, who changed his parish many times. Hence the boy was educated at Lebanon, Rockland, Foxcroft, Vinalhaven, and Week's Mills, Me.

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Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the president, is an accomplished musician, and her singing is regarded as exceptionally good.

President-elect Rhees, of Rochester, University, owns one of the best private collections of Oriental manuscripts in the world.

A GOOD CORN SHELLER FOR 25c.

A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and of promptitude, is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggists.

George H. Godfrey, of New Albany, Ky., claims to hold the record for continuous employment in the service of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He has served the company 41 years, and was of great service during the war of the rebellion.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID MALT

Chin Pom Ye, formerly Korean Minister to this country, who will represent his government in Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, has withdrawn his two sons from the Washington public schools, and will send them to Harrow, England.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

HAD AN OBJECT.

Revivalist—But, Mr. Peck, don't you know where you will go when you die, if you die in your sinful course? Hen Peck—You let me alone. I know what I am doing. My wife joined church last week.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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- Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from \$1 a day up. Opp. G.P.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop'rs.
- AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue Family Hotel rates \$1.50 per day.
- ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.P.R. Depot, two blocks from C.P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

GEDDLE SPRING.

I wrote a sple'did poeb last dighd, About Swed Spring, thad tibe so pleasing; Bud had to burd id up to light The fire to keep byself frob freezig.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLAY.

Jimmy, did you cut the mane and tail off Johnny's rocking-horse? Yes, pa; but I had to have a wig to wear in our play.

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR.

I wonder, said the soda fountain clerk boarder, why the women are so set on marrying soldiers? They like 'em because they have already been trained. A soldier's first duty is obedience, said the Savage Bachelor.

Mrs. Hetty Green, besides managing her fortune, is a great reader, and owns a valuable library in which are many rare books.

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