TRAGEDIES OF NIAGARA.

Old Stories of Peril and Death at The Great Cataract Retold.

Play That Cost Two Lives—The Mystery of the Two Brothers-in-Law—A School-girl's Ride to Death—The Wild Whirlpool Run of the Little Steamer Maid of the Mist.

In June, 1876, a party consisting of Charles Johnson, wife and child, the latter a bright little fellow of 5 years, Mr. Johnson's brother Albert, and Mrs. Johnson's sister, all of Detroit, visited the falls. They had made a tour of Goat Island and were taking in the sights on one of the Three Sisters Islands—the one that seems to stand right out in the middle of the stream, and when looking up at the tumbling waters appears as if it must the next instant be swept away. On this island overhanging the river, and at a point where the current seems to run swiftest, is a huge rock. It is a dangerous place at best, but no one who visits the island feels satisfied until he has climbed upon it. All of the Johnson party had viewed the scenery from the rock save the little boy, whom it was thought prudent to leave behind. He begged so hard to be taken upon it though, that Albert finally picked him up in his arms and carried him over to it. It was then the accident occurred. Albert, to frighten the boy, held him at arm's length over the rushing water. The little fellow was badly scared and twisted about in Albert's arms. A second more and the lad had slipped from his uncle's embrace and was being hurled toward the brink of the cataract. He gave one long, agonizing shriek, and was carried out into the centre of the stream, and in three seconds more was tossed over the foaming falls. The boy had scarcely been lost to view when Albert, appalled at

THE AWFUL RESULT

of his play, dived headlong into the river. An instant later he was dashed against a rock and the life crushed out of him. The horror-stricken group on the island watched his body slide in and out among the gigantic boulders as it was swept downward, getting the last sight of it as it raised on the foaming crest of a big wave a few yards from the edge of the awful abyss, where it plunged over and down and disappeared forever. No trace either was ever obtained of the remains of the boy.

It was thought for a long time that the insane asylum would claim those of the unfortunate party that had escaped a watery grave, but they recovered from the shock in time, and now the 18th of every June finds the Johnsons visitors at Niagara. With them it is like visiting a grave where the remains of those once dearly loved lie buried. They find comfort and consolation while near the fatal rock and listening to the waters.

One of the most mysterious and, at the same time, one of the most horrible affairs on Niagara's bloody record is what is commonly called the Pierson tragedy, which occurred in 1884. One of the prettiest houses in Niagara is the Pierson mansion, which stands on the river bank midway between the falls and Suspension Bridge. Pierson and Vedder were brothers-in-law, having married sisters. They were business men and moved in the highest circles of society. They were past middle age, had been wedded many years, and their domestic life was always considered unusually happy. The men were constant companions. One Sunday evening they went out, as had been their custom for a long time, for a drive. They never returned. A search was begun along in the middle of the night, and as the sun was breaking through the dense foliage on Goat Island, close to the brink of the cataract, their horse was found tied to a tree. A few feet away lay the body of Pierson. There was a ragged hole made by a bullet in his temple, and life had evidently been extinct for many hours. There was no trace of Vedder, and for a week there were grave doubts as to whether he was dead or alive. By some it was believed he had killed Pierson and either fled or jumped over the falls. Others thought the men had fought a duel; that Pierson had killed Vedder, thrown his body over the cataract, and then committed suicide.

DOWN AMONG THE ROCKS

at the foot of the falls, close to the cave of the winds, a little over a week after the tragedy occurred, was found the body of Vedder. There were no wounds other than those made by the fall on the pointed boulders. The mystery has never been solved, and the truth will not be known until Niagara gives up its secrets. The widows of the two men still reside here.

On the Canadian side of the river, back a half mile from the falls and built upon a high bluff that commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country, is Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Convent, a seminary for young ladies. A student here in the summer of 1881 was Amelia Choteau of St. Catharines. She was a French Canadian, about 18 years old, and possessed beauty, wealth, and refinement. Her parents were dead, and she made her home with an uncle. She was engaged to be married to a Montreal man, and the wedding day had been set. They were to be united in the fall, after the summer term. Just before the school was out the girl received news that her lover had disregarded his promise and had become the husband of another. The very night this information reached her she stole out of the convent, walked down to the bridge leading to Sulphur Springs, jumped into a rowboat there that was used about the little streams, and pulled out into the Niagara. At this time Prospect Park on the American side was owned by private parties, and was the favorite resort for crowds every evening. At this time also powerful electric lights were used on the falls, the water being seen in various colors, according to the glass placed before the reflectors. Occasionally the lights would be thrown up stream, when the rapids could be seen as plainly as under a midday sun. On this particular night, as the rays of lights shot through the darkness upon the river, a cry of horror went up from the crowd as a boat with a single occupant was seen dashing in and out among the rocks and coming with frightful speed toward the horseshoe falls. The boat's lone passenger who was taking a ride to certain death was none other than Miss Choteau. She sat erect in the stern of the little craft, holding on to the gunwales to keep from being thrown overboard.

It seemed as if the vessel must be dashed to a thousand pieces on one of the hundreds of rocks that dot the river at this place, but it glided around them as if a master hand was at the tiller. On it came, almost standing on its beam ends one instant, the next careening on its side until the oarlock touched the water and then skimming over the waves as gracefully as a swallow. The powerful reflectors brought out every feature of the girl's face. Save that the latter resembled a piece of chiselled marble in whiteness there was no

EXPRESSION OF FEAR.

She sat like a statue, her eyes fixed straight ahead on the foaming brink of the cataract. For one instant the boat was lost to view behind a cloud of mist, and the next it darted out with the force of a falling meteor in full view of the hundreds in the park. A second later it seemed to give one bound and leave the water. The crowd got one glanec of it as it shot into the air. They looked again, and there was nothing but the falling water, which, under the light's strong rays, appeared like a moving mass of molten silver.

About a week later, as a fisherman was walking along the beach at Fort Niagara he found the girl's body. It had drifted down the river and out into the lake, and had been cast on land by the waves.

It was on April 1, 1861, that one of the most thrilling events in Niagara's history occurred. Between the Canadian and American bands of the river there had plied for many years a little steamboat known as the Maid of the Mist. The vessel was built on the American side, and all the time it had floated around on the rough waters here it never went more than a half mile from the spot where it was constructed and launched. The reason for this is very simple. It could not move up stream because of the falls, and it could not go down further than the new suspension or foot bridge. If it ventured too far in this direction it was liable to get caught in the swift current, carried down to the whirlpool rapids, and then to the whirlpool itself—certain death for every one on board. The vessel was not a success in a financial way. Not as many people visited the falls then as now, nor were there so many willing to brave the dangers of a ride on a small boat in these turbulent waters, knowing that if the machinery should give way the craft would soon be swept to destruction.

The builders of the boat has never been paid in full. They grew tired of waiting for the balance, secured the necessary papers, and were about to attach the boat. The owner, however, got wind of the affair, steamed over to the Canadian side, and anchored there. Efforts were made to patch up a truce, but without success. Something had to be done. The owner could not afford to let the vessel lie in the dock and rot. The boat could get no passengers unless it was allowed to land on the American side. This was impossible, on account of the officers who were there night and day ready to pounce upon it the moment it poked its nose into port.

The owner, who also acted as captain and pilot, was a man of nerve. He saw there was but one way to get the boat away from the American creditors, and that was to move it from the falls. But how was this to be done was the question. There was but one route and that was through

THE WILD RAPIDS

and the wilder whirlpool. He consulted his engineer and fireman. Would they aid him in the attempt to make the perilous passage? Yes they would and they did. All the men had doubts how the journey would end, but they did not propose to back out. They settled up their affairs and prepared for the trip.

One morning before the sun had risen the Maid of the Mist was throwing great clouds of smoke from her stack. People who saw her thought the difficulties had been settled and that the boat was about to resume business at the old stand. The officers on the other side thought the Captain had given up the fight and was ready to surrender. Suddenly the lines were cast off and the steamer snorted out into the stream. She ran up toward the falls, the route always taken when starting for the other side. She tipped and tossed about up near the cataract for a few seconds, then wheeled around and pointed straight down stream. As she whizzed by the waiting officers the Captain doffed his cap and smiled. Could the people aboard be mad, or were they just playing a joke? asked the men who were around at the time. They would run down a short distance and then return, of course. Surely they could not be thinking of forcing a passage through the whirlpool and expect to come out alive. Down the vessel went, though, and she never came back.

As far as where the cantilever bridge now stands the trip was comparatively a quiet one. Here, though, the water commenced to seethe and foam; there is a big fall in the river bank and the current is as swift as at any place. The men on the boat were lashed to their respective positions and every pound of steam that fire and water could make was on. The Captain gave the signal and away went the Maid of the Mist on her journey over the angriest piece of water to be found on this or any other continent. The Maid dashed into the boiling, foaming mass and for a few seconds kept gallantly on her keel. Then she struck the curve in the river where the water seems to leave the bed and shoot into the air. She rose on the crest of a gigantic wave that is always formed here by the curve and the currents and many cross-currents, and

FOR AN INSTANT

her keel was visible its entire length. She gave a plunge, diving down deep enough, it seemed, until her nose could touch the bottom. It appeared as if she would never rise from the trough of the awful sea, but an instant later she commenced to climb the next great wave; so steep it was that her prow was pointed to the sky. Up she came and down she went again, the whole vessel being lost to view occasionally behind the mountains of water.

Thus far the engine had worked nobly, the steam had held out well, the boat's nose had been kept to the front, and the nerves of the men on board were still like steel. Forward went the little steamer, tipping on her sides at times until her smokestack would almost touch the top of a neighboring wave, nearly standing on her prow one second and the next rushing along on her stern. That she missed striking one of the many rocks and being crushed was a miracle. Providence and a good pilot kept her on her proper course.

The trip through the rapids was ended, but the most perilous part of the voyage was yet to come. As the Maid approached the whirlpool the black smoke that went up from her stack showed that she was preparing for the final plunge. Down she went at a speed so great that the fast-running waves could not catch her. She wavered as she struck the ever whirring waters, toppled over to leeward as the twisting torrents met her, and for a moment it looked as if the engine would be powerless to drive the boat through; that the gallant vessel would be whirled around on the rocks, where the brave trio would meet certain death. The little wheel, though, made itself felt, and in just seven seconds the Maid was safe on the other side of the whirlpool, and in four minutes from the time she started from the falls she had completed the most perilous trip made by any vessel before or since.

Just as the good people were beginning to stir at Lewistown the Maid of the Mist hove into sight, coming leisurely down the stream. She steamed to Niagara, on the lake, at the mouth of the river, and anchored. When the pilot, the owner of the boat

GRASPED THE WHEEL

that morning as the journey was commenced his hair was raven black, but when he stepped on land at the end of the voyage it was gray. The men, however, beyond being somewhat bruised and weak from the excitement of the trip, were uninjured. They are all yet living. The Maid, after a few days, proceeded to Port Dalhousie, where for many years she was employed it towing on the Welland Canal.

The name of the daring navigator who conceived this awful trip is Joel R. Robinson. The voyage earned for him the sobriquet of "the hero of the rapids," and it is by this title that he is still known.

Speaking of the affair some time afterward. He said: "I thought there was about one chance in one thousand of our coming out of the whirlpool alive. I was ready to give up the venture, but the men who had agreed to help me were anxious after they had made all preparations to make the run. For many years I piloted steamers through the dangerous rapids of the St. Lawrence, but these are as a mill pond compared with the wild Niagara. I thought we were gone up several times during the voyage. At times we were pointed directly for huge rocks, and I was sure that the end had come. But just as we were about to strike them the Maid's nose would twist away and the brave little steamer would slide past these points of danger with the velocity of the wind. At times we were completely at the mercy of the water, the rudder having absolutely no control of the vessel. The boat came out of the journey with scarcely a scratch, her only damage being the loss of her smoke stack."

James McIntyre was the engineer of the Maid on this memorable trip and James H. Jones was the fireman. Since the Maid of the Mist went through the rapids there has always been more or less controversy as to whether this body of water could be frequently navigated by stanch little craft. Mr. Robinson unhesitatingly says it could not; that it was simply a miracle that the Maid went through in safety, and that there scarcely one chance in a million of a vessel coming out bottom side down.

Hats in the British House of Commons.

One of the first peculiarities to strike a visitor is the freedom which permits members to keep on their hats during the progress of public business. But this liberty has its limits. A member may not wear his hat as he enters or leaves the House, or when he stands at the bar, although he may put it on as soon as he takes his seat. If a colleague engages in conversation with him he uncovers his head, and so must he, of course, when he rises to address the House. Another requirement is that a member must only make a speech from one of the accustomed seats, never from the entrance, the bar, or the gangway.

The same rule is observed when he rises to order in the course of debate, but if he raises a point of order concerning a division which has been already called, he must keep his seat and speak with his hat on. Even the Speaker in such cases does not rise when he interposes with his rulings, so that the proceedings assume a somewhat easy-going conversational character. On one occasion of the kind the late Prof. Fawcett, who then sat below the gangway, was unable, being blind, to find his own hat quickly enough. He overcame the emergency, however, by borrowing the well-known soft cap of his neighbor, Mr. Joseph Cowen, which although it neither fitted nor suited him, yet served the purpose of the moment. The effect was ludicrous, but not more so than at another similar crisis when Mr. Gladstone hastily borrowed the hat of another occupant of the front Oppositon bench, and found it so much too small for him that he had to hold it on until the point in dispute was settled.—[Chambers's Journal.

The Ways of Elephants.

A big elephant which was employed to drag away the carcass of a dead bullock, and had allowed the burden to be attached by ropes without observing what it was, happened to look round, and instantly bolted, its fright increasing every moment as the unknown object jumped and bumped at its heels. After running some miles, like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail, the elephant stopped and allowed itself to be turned round, and drew the bullock back again without protest. Yet an elephant, with a good mahout, gives, perhaps, the best instance for disciplined courage—courage, that is, which persists, in the face of knowledge and disinclination—to be seen in the animal world. They will submit day after day, to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to their orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is non-existent.

No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an instance, take the following incident, which recently occurred in India, and was communicated to the writer: A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo, in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment, and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun shy" afterward.

A ST CATHARINES MIRACLE

An Old and Esteemed Citizen Restored to Health and Strength.

Mr. C. W. Hellems, Sr., Relates the Particulars of His Sufferings and Relief to a Standard Reporter—Advice to Other Sufferers.

St. Catharines Standard.

Casually, the other day, the Standard learned that Mr. C. W. Hellems, sen., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of St. Catharines, had been restored to health after years of suffering, in a manner bordering on the miraculous. The editor of this paper had known Mr. Hellems for years, and he was anxious to hear from him the story of his wonderful recovery. He had not seen Mr. Hellems for some months, but met with a very warm welcome when he told the errand upon which he had come. Mr. Hellems' home is on the corner of St. Paul and Court streets, and he is well-known to all our older residents as a citizen of the highest integrity, having lived in this city since 1833.

"I have had rheumatism," said Mr. Hellems, "more or less for the past twenty years, which often got so painful that I could not get about at all. I had been to all the doctors here and to some in Toronto and Buffalo, but I could get no relief worth speaking about. Five years ago I went to Welland and took a vapor bath, and felt so much relieved that I took two more. The relief, however, was only temporary, and four and a half years ago the lameness and pains came on again and so completely used me up that I could hardly do anything. I applied to a number of doctors for treatment and two of them treated me, but without relief. My age they said was against me; that if I were a younger man there might be some hope for me. I was 84 last October. I then discontinued the doctors' treatment and about a year ago got a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and used them without feeling any benefit and quit. This spring I used another box without any effect and again stopped. You see that I expected too much and seemed to think that a box of Pink Pills ought to do what years of doctoring did not do. In July I read about the case of Mr. Condor, of Oakville, who had used, I think, eighteen boxes. When I read that he was so fully cured that he was able to work again, and even play baseball, I took courage and saw that I had not before given the pills a fair trial. I then got half a dozen boxes and was on the fifth before I felt any beneficial effects. I had run down so low and my appetite had left me. I now began to feel my appetite returning and my knees and ankles began to gain strength. From that out I continued to improve until the time of the county fair, when I went down there in company with others and went the rounds seeing the stock and other exhibits. I tried to keep up with them and walked so much that day that I felt some bad effects afterwards. But I now knew where to look for relief and continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and ever since have felt a steady improvement. My legs have gained strength wonderfully, and the doctors tell me if I was a younger man I would be still more benefited. My general health has also improved very much. About six weeks ago I was in Toronto and walked fully five miles that day, something I could not have done before. In fact I feel so much better that I have taken a two year old mustang colt to break it in." At this point Mrs. Hellems, the life partner of the venerable gentleman, who had come into the room while Mr. Hellems was relating his story, said that a friend when he heard that Mr. Hellems had taken a colt to break, said he was going to commence using Pink Pills too. Then the lady noticing the Standard man writing at the table asked Mr. Hellems if all this was to be published.

"Yes," said Mr. Hellems, "if there are any other poor creatures who are suffering as I have done I would be glad to have them know the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, and be benefited in the same way. I am glad to have my experience published for the benefit it may do to others and I cannot too strongly recommend these great pills. In reply to an enquiry Mr. Hellems said he had taken three half dozen boxes since he began to take them regularly and was now using the fourth half dozen.

The Standard reporter called upon Mr. A. J. Greenwood, the east end druggist, whose store is only a few doors from the residence of Mr. Hellems, to enquire how the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stood in regard to other proprietary medicines, and incidentally to enquire what he thought of their effect in Mr. Hellem's case. "Pink Pills for Pale People have a great sale," said Mr. Greenwood, "and I am continually asked for them. With regard to Mr. Hellem's case I knew that for years he had suffered from rheumatism and other diseases and that he was thoroughly run down. He now speaks very highly of Pink Pills though at first he did not think they were doing him any good, but that may be accounted for by the hold the disease had on his system. He now feels like a young man and is able to attend the various animals, horses, etc. After he had taken about a dozen boxes he came into the store one day and started to dance around like a school boy. 'What's the matter,' I exclaimed, perfectly astonished and with happiness ringing in every tone of his voice he called out, 'O, I'm young again; I'm young again.' He ascribed as the reason for this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed the miracle. He has frequently told me that he had tried doctors without number, besides other patent medicines but without any avail. My sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly increasing, and all agree that these excellent little pills are beyond praise. There are many people in this district who have cause to be thankful they tried Pink Pills."

The reporter called upon Mr. W. W. Greenwood and Mr. Henry Southcott, the well known druggists, and both spoke highly of Pink Pills, saying that they are the most popular remedies in the store, and that those using them are loud in their praises of the results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow, complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50cts. a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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 makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

SAVED BY A CAT.

Why a Young Man Has a Lasting Fondness for a Feline.

"Yes, sir; it saved my life, and Astor's wealth could not purchase it. I would part with everything I possess first and starve afterwards."

The speaker was Jacob Myers, a young carpenter of San Francisco, and the unpurchasable "it" an ordinary looking tomcat, with three dark lateral stripes extending from shoulder to flank on each of its sides, and the person addressed the writer, who confesses to having made a futile but wicked attempt to convert the priceless tabby into a Hamburg steak with his bootjack on the night previous.

"You see, sir," continued the speaker picking the cat up in his arms and stroking its fur with his hand, while the mouser began a gentle purr and rubbed its whiskers against its owner's arm, "less than six months ago it saved me from a horrible death. You want to know how it happened? 'Twas this way: I was building houses for the Indian Department on the Crow Reservation in Montana. I was working convenient to the Big Horn River and had to sleep in an old 'shack' built on the outskirts of a little copse, in which there was a dense undergrowth of willow, rosebush and wild currants, which the Indians said contained swarms of rattlesnakes. Until then I had not seen any of the reptiles, but I had heard the noise of their rattle many a time. I had a half-breed Indian helping me, who owned the cat. One afternoon last July he went to the river to get a drink. Ten minutes afterwards I heard him give a terrific yell, and a few minutes after he came running towards me squeezing the thumb of his right hand, while his copper-colored features had assumed a cadaverous hue. He had been bitten by a rattlesnake. I tied a handkerchief around his arm, while an old Indian sucked the wound. Despite the primitive remedies of the 'medicine man' and the medical aid of the doctor from the agency, who was sent for, the man died the next day, suffering intense agony. After the funeral the Indians set fire to the copse, and forming a circle round it they killed a number of snakes that were attempting to escape from the fire. That night I was thinking over the fate of my late companion before going to sleep, while the cat purred pleasantly upon my shoulder. I had about another week's work to do there and I fervently wished myself through with the job. I went to sleep consoling myself with the thought that all of the snakes in that neighborhood had been exterminated. Being very tired I slept until late next day and when I opened my eyes the sight that met my gaze almost paralyzed me with terror. Coiled on my bosom, its head erect and ready to strike and its large eyes scintillating with rage, was a large rattlesnake. I was too horrified to move and to add to my dread I could hear the rattles of another reptile under my bed. I do not know the exact time I had been watching that snake after I awoke. It might have been fifteen seconds, but it seemed to me a lifetime. The first thing I knew I saw the cat's paw descend upon the snake's head like a stroke of lightning, and the next moment the squirming, slimy thing was flung upon the floor. With a bound I jumped up in the bed, and, grasping a heavy stick that stood convenient, I smashed the reptile's head into pulp. The other snake then showed fight, but it was despatched as quickly as its mate. After making sure that there was no other snake in the hut I picked up the cat, and to my joy found it unharmed. I measured the reptile from which the cat so timely rescued me, and found it to be 3 feet 6 inches long, having 167 scuta on the body and its tail had thirteen rattles. The fire in the copse had driven the reptiles into the shack, and were it not for the cat I would have met the fate of the half-breed Indian. No, sir, money cannot buy this cat."

A Stand-Off.

Applicant—I ask for the hand of your daughter.

Parent—Have you any prospects for the future?

"None whatever."

"She hasn't any either. Take her, my boy, and be happy. Bless you both."

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach,** gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. **It is a God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.