

NOT ON THE TIME TABLE.

The Curious Reason For Which a Train Was Side Tracked.

In the rarefied atmosphere of the high tablelands of Mexico objects that are really a long way off appear to be close at hand. This has led to many ludicrous mistakes on the part of tourists, and even on the part of those having a knowledge of the peculiarity of the country.

The Mexican Central railroad has a tangent section of track in which there is no curve that is said to be the longest in the world. It is over 60 miles in length, and a locomotive headlight can be seen, of course, for a very long distance.

One evening a train rounded the curve approaching this tangent, and as it entered on the straight track its brakes suddenly began to grind. It soon came to a standstill, and the conductor, fearing that an accident had befallen the engine, hurried forward, and was shown by the engineer a light that was twinkling and dancing on the track directly ahead.

"A headlight, sure," the engineer said. "Must be an extra and the dispatchers have overlooked it. For orders do not mention it."

"Guess you are right," the conductor replied, "but never knew the dispatchers to be so careless before. Anywhere but on this tangent there would have been a collision and somebody killed. We'd better move ahead slowly to the next side track. We can't tell just how near that train may be, and we will wait for it to pass us there."

"They reached the side track in safety, and, drawing in on it, awaited the coming of the other train. Half an hour passed, and the engineer was fuming, wondering how much longer he was to be delayed, when the conductor called him to step out to the main line.

"What do you think of that headlight, now?" he asked, when the engineer had joined him. "Seems to have got clear up and off the road."

The engineer gazed at the twinkling light, then, "Guess, by Jingo!" he exclaimed. "Billy, we've side tracked to let a star go by, or my name's not Smith"—Youth's Companion.

An Illustrative Newsway.

The guests at my table at the luncheon were Professors Gneist and Hoffman and Von Bunsen. While thus refreshing ourselves, both physically and mentally, Hoffman told the following story of Faraday, whom he had known very intimately. They were walking one day together through the streets of London, where both were then professors, when Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a paper. Hoffman asked him why, with his house supplied regularly with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street. Faraday replied, "I was once a newsboy myself and sold papers on the street."—John Bigelow's Recollections in Century.

Surgical Operations as a Cure for Piles.

Are Painful, Expensive and Dangerous—The Only Certain Cure is Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Besides the acute misery produced by the itching and burning of piles, this horrible disease is the more dreaded because a surgical operation is commonly considered the only effective cure. Fortunately this is a mistaken idea, for physicians have learned to use Dr. Chase's Ointment instead of applying the knife, not only because it is less expensive and less risky, but also because it is a more effective cure.

It frequently happens that after years and submitted to operations, that they are finally cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only guaranteed cure.

Among persons operated on for piles and afterwards cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment we would mention Rev. J. A. Baldwin, of Arkona, Ont., H. H. Sutherland, Truro, N.S., and W. D. Thornton, Calgary, N.W.T.

Dr. Chase's Ointment truly works wonders for positively cures most cases of blind, itching, bleeding and protruding piles and all itching skin diseases. 60c a box at all dealers, or EDWARDS, BATES & Co., Toronto.

For bronchitis, cough, croup, colds and asthma no remedy can be compared to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turmeric. 25c a bottle.

Geo. Skaller & Co.

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LOTS OF MONEY

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you are interested to know how speculations are conducted, notify us and we will send you in our original and market letter free of charge.

Government Municipal and Railroad bonds. Also all the Government and Municipal bonds, stocks and exchange.

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Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

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THE BOERS REPULSED.

After Hours of Fighting in Desperate Attack Upon Ladysmith

THE GARRISON HARD PRESSED.

Gen. Buller Moves All His Available Forces to the Front—The Boers Have Taken Kuruman—Gen. French Loses 70 of His Men Who Were Captured—Another German Steamer Captured

London, Jan. 8. (4.50 a.m.)—The British are at last face to face with a critical moment in the campaign. It may safely be said that at no previous time has there been such anxious hours of suspense as will be passed through until the arrival of further news regarding the fate of Ladysmith.

Little doubt remains as to the meaning of the Boer attack. A despatch from the Boer camp at Colenso, dated Thursday last, and sent by way of Lorenzo Marques, mentions that a hundred guns and six Maxim guns were fired on the Tugela river. General Buller's forces were captured a couple of days ago, and he could attack Ladysmith, but interference from Gen. Buller, who, even if he decided to attempt to relieve the town, would probably occupy three days in reaching it by a victorious advance.

Another Division to be Sent. The War Office has decided upon immediate steps for sending an eighth infantry division to South Africa. Some of the regiments for the division will be taken from Gibraltar and Malta. They will be replaced by militia.

Seizures Right at Home. It is asserted that the customs authorities on the River Thames have detained two outgoing steamers and seized two large guns and six Maxim guns, packed in piano cases, intended for the Transvaal. It is also said a quantity of food stuffs on another vessel have been seized.

LADYSMITH IN DIRE STRAITS. Gen. White Heliographed, "Attack Renewed, Very Hard Pressed."

London, Jan. 8.—Gen. Buller has wired the War Office the following, dated Jan. 6, from Frere Camp: "The following message received from Gen. White at Ladysmith at 1 p.m. to-day: 'Jan. 6.—11 a.m.—Attack continues, and enemy has been reinforced from the south.'"

"The following was received at 4 this afternoon from Gen. White: 'Jan. 6.—(12.45 p.m.)—Have beaten enemy off at present, but they are still around me in great numbers, especially to the south, and I think renewed attack very probable.'"

"The sun has failed and I cannot get further information from Ladysmith until to-morrow."

Gen. Buller sends the following from Frere Camp, dated to-day: "This from White, dated Saturday, 3.15 p.m.—'Attack renewed. Very hard pressed.'"

"I have absolutely no news, and there is no sun. There is a camp rumor that White defeated the enemy at 5 this afternoon and took 400 prisoners."

"I sent all available troops yesterday to make a demonstration at Colenso. The trenches were all occupied by the enemy."

FIERCER FIGHTING. Two Regiments Repulsed the Boers at the Point of the Bayonet.

A special despatch from Frere Camp, dated Saturday, Jan. 6, 7.30 p.m., says: "Gen. White heliographs that he defeated the Boers this morning. They crept up so close to the defending force that the Gordon Highlanders and the Manchester actually repulsed them at the point of the bayonet."

A despatch to The Daily Chronicle from Frere Camp, dated Saturday, 10.15 a.m., says: "The heaviest yet recorded. All the heavy guns were working and the Boers seemed to be pouring in shell from every available lighter gun."

The Daily Telegraph has the following from Frere Camp, dated Saturday, Jan. 6, 10.35 a.m.: "A very heavy bombardment went on at Ladysmith from daybreak until 8 this morning. It is believed that an action was in progress for military fire was also heard. It is possible the garrison was making a sortie, for the Boers at Colenso hurriedly left their trenches and rode toward Ladysmith."

Buller Moves Forward. "Our big naval gun at Chieveley Camp fired several rounds at the enemy as they were leaving their Colenso lines. Gen. Buller has ridden on to Chieveley with his staff."

BRITISH ATTACKING COLENSO. Gen. Clerly's Division Again in Action—Heavy Fighting.

London, Jan. 8.—A special despatch from Frere Camp, dated Saturday, Jan. 6, 7 p.m., says: "At 2 o'clock this afternoon, the whole of Gen. Clerly's division marched out of camp to attack Colenso. Gen. Hilliard's brigade was on the left and Gen. Barton's on the right, with cavalry on the extreme right. The attack was slowly developed and at 4.30 the British field guns advanced on the centre and commenced shelling the Boer position on the flat land between Umbulwano Hill and Fort Wyke. About this time a heavy thunderstorm raged over the enemy's positions."

"At 5.30 our troops were still advancing and reached a point very near Colenso. The naval 4.7 and field guns were busily dropping shell into the enemy's trenches along the

river, and the forts of the enemy had made no reply."

Heavy Fighting at Close Range. The Daily Mail has the following dated Jan. 6, at noon, from Frere Camp: "At 3 o'clock this morning very heavy fighting began at Ladysmith. It lasted fully four hours and must have meant either a sortie by the British or a determined attack on the garrison by the Boers. Our shells could be seen falling on Umbulwano Hill, and the enemy were replying."

"Beside the cannon reports there was sounds, indicating smaller pieces of artillery in action. The fighting must have been at closer range than has been the case up to now."

Our naval guns at Chieveley sent their usual fire into the Boer trenches there, but there has been no further movement here."

TO ASSASSINATE ROBERTS. An Armed Man on Board the Dinnonair Lord Edward Cecil, a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, is ill of a fever in the hospital at Mafeking. A report from Boer sources about a week ago stated that he had been wounded.

The Herzog at Durban. The German steamer Herzog has been seized by a British warship and brought to this port.

Lord Ava Wounded. London, Jan. 8.—According to a private telegram received in London, Lord Ava, son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, was dangerously wounded in the thigh during a recent assault on Ladysmith.

THE BOER DETAILS. Fifteen British Were Wounded and Dordrecht was Evacuated.

Lorenzo Marques, Thursday, Jan. 4.—A despatch from the Boer headquarters near Dordrecht says: "The British have been compelled to retreat from Dordrecht. Fighting continues around Coleberg, where the British occupy some of the outside kopjes. Bullets are dropping inside the town."

Fifteen British Wounded. They are being attended by us with the help of Dr. Bearne, an English physician. The horses, oxen, mules and fowls taken from the prisoners have been sent to Pretoria by way of Vryburg."

Dundonald is at Work. London, Jan. 8.—A despatch to The Daily Telegraph from Frere Camp, dated Friday, Jan. 5, says: "There has been firing to-day at Ladysmith and at Colenso. A strong cavalry reconnaissance under Lord Dundonald proceeded westward this morning toward Springfontein, where firing is proceeding. There is a revival of the report that the Boers are short of provisions. General Buller's army is eager for the advance."

Something Up at Santo Domingo. St. Thomas, D.W.I., Jan. 8.—The French flagship Cecil has gone to Santo Domingo. It is reported she was called there hurriedly by cable.

HUMAN BRAIN CELLS.

THEY REFUSE TO WORK UNDER TOO HIGH A PRESSURE.

Put on Too Much Steam and These Minute Organisms Go on Strike. Why Men Go Crazy or Become Absentminded.

Keeping pace with scientific thought and progress certain problems which in the past have been shelved for want of light being thrown upon them have been taken up again one by one to undergo further examination by the aid of improved science.

The newest revelation in this direction tends to the science of the mind and includes the following problems: Why does a man act queerly when he is intoxicated? Why is a man absentminded on occasions? Why does a man sometimes become violently insane, often a dangerous, raving lunatic?

Such questions as these have puzzled our immediate fathers, who have hardly ever satisfactorily explained them away or indeed thrown much reliable light upon them. The human brain is composed of cells, and each cell is a simple bit of nerve substance, from one end of which, like an octopus, spring a number of tentacles, while from another part arises an arm different from them and of great length. The long arm is intended for transmitting impressions from one portion of the brain system to another, it being made to touch the tentacles of short arms of the next one to it, the latter in its turn effecting contact with a third cell, and so on.

This message is conveyed and the mind gets its news. The entire brain is made up of these cells, whose number is legion and whose full strength is grouped in systems, these systems in turn being arranged in communities, the communities in clusters and finally the clusters in constellations, by which divisions they are known to physiologists.

So long as the mind is in a healthy condition each little cell, or brain octopus, attends to its business faithfully and gives no trouble, but as man generally is an animal who usually refuses to live the life spanned out by nature and adopts instead the life laid down by the modern artificial process of living, instituted forthwith by civilization, mental disturbances frequently arise through the brain becoming abused in various ways, from overwork and alcohol principally.

Your octopuslike brain cell is a living little thing, and it can endure a great deal of abuse from you, but if you should go a little too far it rebels and refuses to work any longer by breaking contact with its companion cells, which it can do by withdrawing its long arm and getting itself out of circuit. But this rebellion is conducted by whole groups of cells acting together in full harmony.

Now, the object of this "strike" is simply to avoid overwork, for each tiny cell has stored within its minute space only a certain amount of energy, but if you put on the high pressure, this is easily consumed by the operation of the brain, and the organism breaks down from exhaustion. Now, take the first of the problems just stated. When a person takes too much to drink, the cells in those patches of the brain that are responsible for the conduct of movement become affected and the man staggers.

When the dose is very large, the cells, although stupefied, have tried to keep their master on his legs, now cease working, and the man sleeps like one dead. Finally, if more than enough of alcoholic drink be taken, the effect on the cells is to paralyze them, and the unfortunate man dies.

There is some relation between extraordinary activity of the mind and insanity. Geniuses are apt to exhibit symptoms of mental alienation, and singular to relate, their children are usually inferior to those of average men.

For instance, not to go out of England for example, Cromwell was a hypochondriac and had visions, Dean Swift inherited insanity and was himself not a little mad, Shelley was called by his friends "Mad Shelley," Charles Lamb went crazy, Johnson was another hypochondriac, Coleridge was a morbid maniac, Milton was of a morbid turn of mind, nearly approaching insanity (modern ideas of ladies are largely formed on the description evolved by his diseased imagination), and Byron said he was visited by ghosts.

This mental alienation occurring in the foregoing cases shows that certain specific groups of brain cells have come under the baneful influence of the guiding spirit called talent or genius, which has used up all the energy stored in each cell and each group of cells, to the detriment of the whole, with the result that their ceasing work has brought about various types of insanity as depicted or, to phrase it more softly, induced disturbance of the mental equilibrium.

The remaining problem is absentmindedness. This is produced by a temporary disjunction of certain groups of cells. A man becomes so absorbed in his study of some particular subject and lends his whole mind to thought that the hard thinking disorganizes the groups of cells employed in the process of reflection, their tentacles being turned all one way, to the detriment of mental action generally, and so the man with the tentacles of his brain cells turned in the one direction passes along the streets lost to all observation or mental perception and does all manner of queer things because he is not conscious of what he is doing.—Pearson's Magazine.

CLEVER, BUT SOULLESS.

One Woman's New Way in Which to Pay Social Debts.

"I don't know much of the ways of fashionable people," said a young physician not long ago, "for I am not in society, but if many society women are like one I know here in town I think I'm safer to be out of it. It was not this season, but it wasn't so long ago but that plenty of people can remember the circumstances. I had among my patients an elderly woman who lived with the daughter's family. The daughter lived, if not beyond her means, at least up to the very edge, went out a great deal and was entertained a great deal.

"The mother fell sick with a complaint which I knew would prove fatal. I did not inform the family till one day the daughter asked me to tell her frankly what her mother's condition was and just how long she could live. I told her that the old lady could not possibly last more than a fortnight. She begged me not to let anybody know how serious the case was. She didn't want her young daughters distressed, she said.

"Of course I told nobody, and just a week after that I read in the papers that Mrs. Dash, the daughter of my dying patient, had sent out invitations for a large dancing party, to be given on an evening a fortnight away. My patient did not live as long as I had expected. The day after she died I read in the papers that 'owing to the sudden death of her mother Mrs. Dash had been compelled to recall her invitations.'

"She had never intended to give a ball. She could not have afforded it, and she 'bluffed.' I have cold shivers every time I see her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN EXCITING LIFE.

Why the Chicago Girl's Brown Hair Turned Golden Hued.

"Gosh, Marler, but that wuz a close shave!" exclaimed Uncle Eben as he dragged his worthy spouse out of the way of a street car that was yet 20 feet away. "This yer Chicago life is 'nough to make a man's hair turn gray."

"Turn gray?" snarled his wife. "'Twouldn't be so bad of that wuz all it done. It's decent and respectable to have gray hair, but when it comes to makin a poor young gal's hair turn yaller jist on account of the excitement uv all these cars an' railroads on stills an' howlin people then's when I say it's a sin to hev sich big cities. I'm agoin right out to 'Liza Jane's house, of I kin ever find it, an stay right in it till we leave Chicago."

"How do you know it makes people's hair turn yaller?" asked Uncle Eben. "I ain't never heard tell of anything of that kind."

"Well, I see it with my own eyes—leastwise I see it turn brown agin after the poor dears wuz rested all summer in the country. You know them four gals what staid all summer over at Cousin Ellen's? When they first come, they'd biz brown eyes an' a' complextion."

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His Mother-in-law

"You've come, have you mother-in-law, in a deep y stood on the threshold grinning me with eyes that shone greenish-blue gooseberries, spectacles. For such modern eyeglasses were as usual mother-in-law's fine Roma point-lace collar would be to de Milo. I could feel her grate to the very marrow o and yet I contrived to ke front as I stood facing h

It was rather a curious o My mother-in-law had no idea who I was. I had ch tended to take her by su now that the eventful mom rived, my courage, like t Acres, was oozing out at my fingers.

My name is Richard Dal then just twenty-one, with was not absolutely ugly, a dacity, and pockets not I well lined, and I had just myself by running av pretty girl from boarding "Oh, Dick," she had re "I had nothing to live "Don't be a goose, da been my reply. "What do to live on! All the wa world, more or less, are i crust of bread and a grol three times a day, and no a suit of clothes—we mus deed, if we can't manage that."

Nettie had looked favor and acquiesced to my gr had taken board at the Anj and began our honeymoon. At the end of a month m become a little importu subject of his bill, and Ne er had written a letter to ing that she wanted nothi to do with us. We had m bed, she signified, and no lie on it.

"Oh, Dick!" cried Nettie her hands, "what are we "Hanged if I know! I rather blank response. "B darling, I'll go and see h "You, Dick!" "I myself!" "She'll have nothing to s "She can't help herself! "She'll turn you out of "We'll see about that." "But, Dick, you don't sasn't have any idea how t I sighed Nettie.

"But when I look resolu my mother-in-law's door s me as if I had been expect last week. "You've come, have you, salutation. "Well, yes," I admitt some."

"What on earth defined in my mind I cast abou say, and settled on the fr excuse that came into m "The train was delayed town," said I.

"Well, come in, now t here," said she, "and get a awful cold weather for th week, isn't it?" "Yes," said I, with an s

"Let me see," said my l aw, as she took steami sam and eggs out of the oved a shining coffee-pot from "how old are you?" "I'm—and-twenty," said I. "Do you think," said she, feeling of her chin, "that yo to take care of the place, great deal to do, you know, like this. So you think yo the work?"

"Of course I think so," s during what on earth my l law meant. "You are married, I supp she. "Oh, yes," said I, swallow coffee and winking my eyes. "I'm married."

"Can your wife make her ally useful about the plac ly demanded the old lady. "Certainly she can," said ning vaguely to see my wa the mists of perplexity that I'd observed my train. "He old is she?" asked I tin.

"Eighteen," I answered. Mrs. Martin frowned. "What does possess girls t'red nowadays," said she, "r lie off dolls and patchy I looked thoughtfully do pattern of my pl— a pink crossing a carmine bridge. Very red willows drooping a end of it, and some impossi of woe below—and made answer.

My mother-in-law was d laboring under a misappreh I did not exactly see that if business to set her right. Sh dently engaged a steward, if for granted that I was the in question.

"What can you do?" she rruptly. "And with equal earnest I ed. "Anything." "Course, I like that," said r-in-law, rubbing her hands.



THROAT REST You can cough yourself into bronchitis or pneumonia. You must give your throat rest. Allow the wounds to heal. There is no coughing. Stop using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even the cough of early consumption is cured. And, later on, when the disease is firmly fixed, you can bring rest and comfort in every case. A 25 cent bottle will cure new coughs and colds; the 50 cent size is better for settled coughs of bronchitis and weak lungs; the one dollar size is more economical for chronic cases and consumption. It's the size you should keep on hand. All families ought to be on the watch for sudden attacks of chronic lung troubles. Every country home in the land should keep Cherry Pectoral constantly on hand to provide against an emergency. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Dec. 14, 1898.

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