

### SUICIDE OF THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

General Boulanger, who cut a big swath in European affairs a few years ago, and who, some people thought, would, like the little corporal, be one day dictator of France, committed suicide this morning at the grave of his late mistress, Madame Bonnemain. George Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger, general of France and ex-Minister of War, was born at Rennes, in 1837. He received a portion of his education at Brighton, Eng., but, like a good Frenchman, he detested speaking any language but his own. He entered the military college of St. Cyr in 1855; he was made a sub-lieutenant in 1857. He was sent to Algeria, where he served under Marshal Randon in the Kabyle campaign. He served also in the Franco-Italian war, and was wounded at Turbigo. In 1860 he was made a lieutenant. In 1862 he became a captain, the promotion having come as a reward for service in Cochinchina. He was made a major just before the war with Germany in 1870. At Metz he was with Bazaine, but he somehow escaped the fate of Bazaine's army, and turned up in Paris, where he was made a lieutenant-colonel by the government of national defence. This was in October, 1870. From November 30th to December 2nd he fought at Champigny. While leading his troops against the Communists he was wounded. After the suppression of the Commune, his newly attained promotion was quashed by the Grade Revision Committee, but it was restored to him in 1874. (In 1876 he represented France at the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia.) He became a brigadier-general in 1880. Boulanger was appointed to the command of the army of occupation in Tunis, but he was soon recalled because of a disagreement with the resident general. In the De Freycinet Cabinet, formed January 7th, 1886, Boulanger became Minister of War. When Goblet succeeded De Freycinet, Boulanger retained the portfolio, but he went out of office when Rouvier became President of the Council in 1887. But the general was sent to Clermont Ferrand to take command of an army corps, Paris giving him an ovation when he left the city. When the Limousin scandal started France, Boulanger was thought to be implicated. But he wrote an indignant letter of denial which seemed to satisfy the country. Not content, however, with his denial he made some rather free assertions about Gen. Ferron, the Minister of War. For this act of insubordination he was placed under close arrest at his own headquarters for a period of thirty days. Just before this Jules Ferry, in a public speech, had called "le brave general" "a cafe concert hero." This brought a challenge from Boulanger, but Ferry, like a sensible man, declined to fight. In March, '88, the Government having decided to cashier the general by placing him on the retired list, Boulanger resolved to take advantage of his growing popularity by beginning a vigorous campaign against the ministry. Vacancies shortly after occurred in the representation for the Dordogne and the Nord. Boulanger declined to stand for the Dordogne, but he was nevertheless elected by 39,500 votes, against 35,750 for his opponent. In the Nord, where he personally conducted the campaign, he scored 72,528 votes, against 85,548 for two opponents.

This was on the 15th of April, 1888, a date which he declared would be marked in the annals of the country as a date of true deliverance. Boulanger became the hero of demonstrations wherever he went. The populace idolized him as the coming man who was to save France from the blunders of incompetent statesmen and the frauds of immoral political combinations, and who would be, perhaps, the leader in a war of revenge.

Subsequently Boulanger's popularity waned for a while, and his candidature in the Charente, M. Paul Deroulede, was defeated at the polls. Boulanger appeared in the Chamber of Deputies and demanded the dissolution of the Chamber. A stormy scene followed. M. Floquet made a vigorous oratorical attack upon the general, who replied "You lie!" Then came the duel with rapiers on Comte Dillon's estate at Neuilly. Clemenceau and Georges Perin were Floquet's seconds; Laisant and DeHerisse acted for the general, who received a deep wound in the neck. Recovering from the injury thus received, Boulanger stood as a candidate at the bye elections in the Nord, Somme and Charente Inferieure departments, and he was elected by large majorities. Then he stood for Paris, and was elected. For a time he was the idol of France, but stormy days came; the general fled, and took refuge in England, and from the date of his flight his downfall commenced. He had gradually disappeared from public view, and the announcement of his death to-day only recalls the fact that such a stormy petrel once lived.

#### The Funnels of Great Steamers.

Most persons would say that the diameter of the largest steamer funnel is four to six feet, and would want to wager that it is not more than eight feet. How far from the actual size such guesses are may be understood when it is stated that the funnel of the Etruria measures a little over 18 feet in diameter. At even a short distance away this can hardly be believed. It gives an idea of the enormous size of the big steamers.

#### An Accompaniment Wanted.

Minnie (with novel, to Mamie, at piano) —Please play something pathetic, dear, I have just reached the chapter where the heroine stands weeping on the shore as the hero sails away, perhaps never, never to return.

#### Inquisitiveness Rebuked.

Puck: Is Tuffy a drinking man?  
Bluffy—Yes; an eating man, and a sleeping man, and a dressing man—just like all the rest of us!

#### Base is the Slave Who Pays.

Jinks—How did Beate come to recover?  
Filkins—Why, Dr. Fourthly tried to console him by speaking of his debt to nature, and Beate said he'd be hanged if he paid it.

William Flemming, of Campbellford, was severely injured by the premature explosion of a blast yesterday.

Aaron Fetterly was killed at Morrisburg yesterday in a collision between two ballast trains on the canal works.

### TO CUT SCOTIA IN TWO.

#### A Great Ship Canal to Slice Her at the Waist.

English and Scotch engineers and ship-owners are talking over a scheme for digging a big ship canal clear across Scotland, so that great steamers may be able to sail up the Clyde on the West coast and come down the Firth of Forth into the North Sea on the east. There is actually a canal between these two points at present; it has been there 100 years, but it is only 56 feet wide and 10 feet deep, so that it is of no use for ocean steamers. The plans now under consideration provide for an entirely new canal, two routes for which are suggested.

One of the routes proposes to make use of Loch Lomond and Loch Long, and strike the Clyde near its mouth. On this route, however, the canal would strike a few miles of mountainous country, part of which could be passed by deep cuttings, and about two miles of it by a tunnel 150 feet high through the hill. The length of this route is 69 miles, and the cost of the canal is estimated at \$40,000,000.

A more probable and more favorable route is that shown in the map, which is reproduced from Cassell's Magazine. This line is very nearly direct between the two termini, and is only twenty-nine miles. It is figured that a canal on this line could be built twenty-six feet deep and 100 feet wide at the bottom, for about \$35,000,000, and it is estimated that a low scale of tolls would yield an income of \$3,000,000 per annum.

On this route twelve locks would be required, and the canal would cross six railways and the present barge canal. Vessels now bound from a port on the east coast of Scotland to one on the west coast have to go round by the north through dangerous currents and prevailing fogs, or else run down through the crowded English channel, and make a long circuit round the southern end of England.

The proposed Forth-Clyde canal would lessen the dangers and save some hundreds of miles.

#### The Boarding-house Keepers.

Le Monde gives the following practical advice to boarding-house keepers: "If you wish to open a boarding-house, bear in mind, from the very first day, that your success will depend especially upon one thing, namely, the kind of table that you will provide for your boarders. There is nothing that disgusts one so much with a boarding-house as to find the same kind of dishes on the table. Your boarders must not know to-day what they will have for breakfast three weeks hence; they must not find on the table, in the morning, crusts of bread left over from the previous meal; they must not be obliged to use the same napkin for several days in succession; when, in the morning, their appetite is not good, they must not find on the table nothing else but charred cutlets; they must not be compelled to eat in a cold hall where they freeze in winter, or a badly ventilated room where they are suffocated in summer; they must not know that, for luncheon, the meat left over from the previous day's dinner will be served to them cold; they must not be obliged to drink their tea or coffee in ridiculously thick cups. This is good advice which might benefit a large number of boarding-house mistresses in this city. It is very easy to follow and requires but very little money to put into practice."

#### A Railroad Manager.

Ohio and Mississippi Railway, Office of the President and Gen'l Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., Nov. 15, 1886. Gentlemen: Recently while in the act of alighting from my car I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground with a severely sprained ankle. Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into the car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail. Reaching a station where St. Jacob's Oil could be secured, two bottles of it were bought and the application resulted at once in relief from pain, which had become well nigh unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. W. W. PEARODY, Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

#### A Sermon on Dish-Cloths.

Says a writer in the New York Ledger: "I think I could preach an excellent sermon with dish-cloth for a text. I have tried all sorts of cloths—linen, cotton and mixtures of these materials—and for a long time could find nothing that exactly pleased me. One day, in a fit of despatch at noon, I was able to lay my hands on just what I wanted, I caught up an empty flour sack. It suited to a T. The soft, fine cotton makes absolutely perfect cloths, and when my supply of these runs short I buy cotton as nearly like the sacking material as I can find, and stitch it up into bags in precisely the same shape."

#### The Milk Turned Sour.

I will not tell you her name, but one of the neighbors says that during her brief visit to the other day the milk turned sour. Her countenance looks a yard long. She sighs perpetually. The cloud on her brow is deep. If beaten out thin, I believe it would cover the sky. Her voice is doleful, and her eyes show no radiance. Her wrinkles are numberless. She is a sorry picture, and all because she is the victim of one of those complaints common to women. Her system is deranged. She needs a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This will eradicate thoroughly those excruciating periodical pains and functional weaknesses incident to her sex, and at the same time build up and invigorate her whole system by its health-imparting influence. A trial bottle will convince.

#### More Advantageous.

"My husband hasn't treated me very well, lately, but I'll get even with him," said Maude.  
"I wouldn't if I were you," returned Estelle. "I'd get ahead of him."

#### Between Two Fires.

Washington Star: "His friends all advised him to go on the stage," said the unsuccessful tragedian's father.  
"Yes, I see now; it was his friends egged him on, and the audience egged him off."

Clara—"I thought you expected your French maid on this steamer?" Maud—"I did. But the steamer didn't stop at Queens-town."

### "Waur Things Than Death."

"Oh, woman, woman! dry your tears and praise God your bairn's deid! There are waur things than death; eye, muckle waur—muckle waur!" And three toddling little ones, lifted wet-eyed to kiss the waxen face of their dead sister, cast frightened glances at the grizzled old man whose hand rested with tender touch on their weeping mother's head as he uttered in a voice broken with sobs his strange effort at consolation. Consolation! Ah! what can console the mother while her freshly torn heart fibres weep tears of desolation, and her maternal yearnings essay to place and ineffectual are words, even from the truest and best, when the lower depths of our being are thus sounded! Friends will try to console.

"Tis a well-meant aim of breath, But not all the preaching since Adam Has made death other than death."

And so the little mourners are taken away, hushed, awed, sorrowing, yet not knowing the wherefore of it all. Mother weeps; and they sorrowfully sob themselves to sleep. Kind friends perform the occasion's sad offices, and after long nights of watching and waiting, tortured by witnessing her darling's sufferings, racked by hopes and fears, the stricken mother knows the worst, and kind nature brings relief in tears and insensibility. But the strange, rough, kindly old man sits through the long night, and when morning brings other friends he lifts up the little brother and sisters to show them the wee white face, whose pinched, pained look has given place to an expression of ineffable peace; and then he takes his old fur cap and his iron-shod staff and slowly moves away, pausing at the door to take one more look at the still form on the cot, and to murmur as he sadly shakes his head: "Aye, there are waur things than death!"

Leaving Scotland early in the forties, a hard-working couple, with their two sons, made the then weary journey across the Atlantic and up through the new country to the Huron Tract, where they set about the work of hewing out a home in the forest. It was hard work for the newcomers, unaccustomed as they were to the difficulties with which the pioneers in Canada had to contend; but they had rugged health, hope was strong, and the desire to see the "bairns" well settled in life gave them courage for the struggle. Hodden gray, and hamely fare made toothsome by the appetite acquired in long hours of toil, was the rule of their lives. The boys were, as the mother used to say, "a' that heart could wish"; their parents' pride and hope. There was much of unromantic hard work and very little of variety in their life; but they never murmured or complained. As the years passed other boys were added to the family roll, but loved as were the later comers they were not the boys who boiled the sap and brought the cows, who chopped the fallow and sat up with mother when she was sick and helped her with her housework as if they were young women—who were more like big loving brothers than children in their care of her. The mother's heart was large enough for all, but the first places were taken. Neighbors came by-and-by, for one pioneer attracts others, and soon there were roads, rough enough, of course, but better than the blazed path through the woods on which they had depended; whippers from the great outer world began to reach the opening in the forest. Among these were strange, wild tales of the wondrous wealth of the newly-discovered gold-fields of the far west, which rapidly passed from lip to lip. Some adventurer had returned from the new Eldorado, and around the blazing log fires the settlers were wont to discuss his narrative, attested to by the rough nuggets and glittering yellow dust which he had brought back with him from the "diggings." It was a far journey and rough was the way. Across a great continent on foot and by wagons. And such a continent! For two-thirds of the journey the traveller's lease of life was held by virtue of his rifle. For much of the distance he must rely upon guides said to be the most untrustworthy and cunning; and to lose his way in the sand wastes meant death—death by slow starvation, death from thirst and heat, or death by the knives and arrows of savages. For weeks the traveller's route lay through territory where rattlesnakes of the swamps and rocks were kind compared with the human savages who thirsted for the blood of the hated white man. The simple-minded folk shuddered as they related in whispers how a party of adventurous spirits had been trailed for weeks by these implacable forest fiends, how one by one its members fell by knife-thrusts in the dead of night when not a leaf rustled or twig cracked to announce the presence of the assassin; or how shot to death with arrows their mutilated bodies were left to the birds and beasts; and, sadder still, how those less fortunate ones captured alive were subjected to tortures such as only special endowment with that ingenious finishness upon which the imagination of Milton and Dante cast a poetic ray, could account for. But beyond the toilsome march, beyond the stretches of plain and forest and desert, of brake and quagmire, where crawling serpents and creeping savages crawled, over the burned, scalped, mutilated corpses of victims—somebody's darlings who had started out full of hope and ambition, but who never more to greet their loved ones—the young men saw and were fascinated by the gleam of gold. It was a slow life in the woods; their expanding manhood yearned for wider fields. They loved adventure, and, better still, they longed to make life pleasant for their parents, to lessen their toil and to surround them with such comforts as wealth can procure.

And so one spring morning when the birds sang gaily in the young foliage, the boys kissed mother and the babies good-bye, and the father accompanied them to the nearest town, where they were to find company for the journey, gave them his blessing and returned with a sense of brooding loneliness to his backwoods cabin. And never from tessellated floor or altar grand rose prayers to heaven breathing more of soul, of love, of trust, than daily went up from that backwoods home for the boys who had weighed anchor on life's troubled sea.

And all beyond is conjecture! They never returned again. Two letters brought by crossing caravans, reached the parents.

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Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible. Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1) by addressing FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Both told of difficulties and dangers, of dishonest guides, of a brush with savages. They looked for danger, but they were brave boys, and it was only by reading between the lines that the parents discovered that which perturbed them. A small party had been completely wiped out, but their party was stronger and well armed; they did not fear. They would send letters by the next returning party.

And that was all. For fifteen years those parents had waited, prayed, hoped, sorrowed; but from the silence of the past no word ever came to explain the mystery of their lost ones. "If you only knewed they were deid," the aged father used to say to me in later years; "but oh, his weary waitin'!" And then I understood in a measure what he felt when he offered my sainted mother that strange consolation, "There are waur things than death; aye muckle waur!"

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since a little boy beside his dead baby sister I viewed the strange, kind, sad-voiced old man with curiosity and awe. Sorrowing mother and comforting friend have been released from duty. And now, looking at my own children, his words come to me with a deeper meaning. As I think of the vigil of the years, the heart-suffering, the uncertainty, the horrible suggestions which fancy would persist in presenting to the mind and which no will could repel, I cannot but conclude that a certain knowledge of their peaceful death among kind friends would have been less hard to bear; that in the old man's expressive words: "There are waur things than death; aye, muckle waur!"

If you are suffering from a feeling of constant tiredness, the result of mental worry or overwork, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will promptly cure you. Give them a trial.

#### A Girl's Essay on Boys.

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before women. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself, "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.—St. Andrew's Church Record.

#### Better and Better.

"Better than grandeur, better than gold, Better than rank, a thousand fold, Is a healthy body, a mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please." To get and keep a healthy body, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy designed to not only cure all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest, but keep the body in a thoroughly healthy condition. It eradicates all impurities from the blood, and overcomes indigestion and dyspepsia. Blisters, Pimples and eruptions disappear, under its use, and your mind can be "at ease" as to your health.

Dick—Did you know that Harry Clothesfit had entered as a divinity student?  
Jessie—No, but when I met him on the boulevard yesterday I thought he stared at me harder than usual.

## "German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

### A TAX ON BACHELORS.

#### A Bill That Will Make Unmarried Georgians Warm.

A bill has passed the Georgia Legislature imposing a tax on bachelors. Under its terms it will cost a Georgian \$25 annually to begin the bachelor business at thirty years of age, and on a rising scale of \$25 for each five years a man of sixty will be put to the expense of \$150 for the privilege of going without a wife.

A more ghastly piece of legislation could hardly be conceived, striking as it does at the very roots of personal liberty.

Government has quite as much right to fine a man for not wearing a beard as for not marrying. Government has also the same moral right to impose a tax on bachelors as it has to fine the poor for the benefit of the rich under the guise of a "protective" tariff.

"Government" is only all of us, and "all of us" can do as we please.—Pawtucket (R. I.) Tribune.

Are most esteemed by every intelligent man and woman. Derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels speedily present to us the living question of obtaining relief. It is at once found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure sick headache, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks, etc. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, they are unequalled as a specific for the complaints named. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet a dose. In vials, 25 cents. Carry them in your vest pocket.

### Europe and the Far East.

It has rained only twice in twenty-nine years in Aden, and then only enough to lay the dust.

It is estimated that the treasure lying idle in India in the shape of hoards of ornaments amounts to £250,000,000.

In Corea sheets of paper pass for money; one sheet brings one quart of rice or twenty sheets a piece of hemp cloth.

The accommodations of the Vatican may be imagined when the Pope put 3,200 beds in it at the disposal of the French pilgrims free of charge.

Old French forts are being sold very cheap. A French artist has bought the Fort du Guesclin for about \$1,100. They go from a few hundreds to \$1,000.

### The Baby in Danger.

New York Press: First Society Man—Where are you running to?  
Second Society Man—Home.  
First S. M.—What's the matter? A fire?  
Second S. M.—No; the nurse has gone off somewhere and left the baby all alone with its mother.

Mrs. Lucian Mayberry, of Little Rock, Ark., is the mother of 10 boys, all born within a married life of 39 months. There are two sets of triplets and two pairs of twins. Mrs. Mayberry is a pretty blonde, plump and hearty, of barely 24 years of age.

They had been talking about Beethoven, "Vogner," Annie Rooney and other musical celebrities, when she remarked: "Do you know 'Maggie Murphy's Home'?" "No?" is she?" he replied, somewhat startled at the rapid change of subject. "I didn't know she was away."

Theodore Thomas has taken up his residence in Chicago and become acclimated—all in a week. He will organize "the finest orchestra in the world," of eighty members.

A Toronto hotel clerk prides himself on his ability to distinguish young married couples because a newly-made husband came into his hostelry the other evening and registered as "E. C. Wife & white, Detroit."

D. C. N. L. 42. 91

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