"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. *It never disappoints.*

Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." MRS. PATRICK KENNEY, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MINNIE JAQUES Oshawa, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I. O. F.

Court Glen Buell, No. 878, Independent Order of Foresters, meets in Bingo Hall, Glen Buell, on 2nd and 4th Friday in each month, at 8 p.m. Visitors always welcome.

W. J. ANDERSON, C. R.
C. J. GILROY, R. S.

Farm for Sale or to Let.

Lot 5, in 9th concession of Yonge, in County of Leeds, containing about 225 acres, about 1½ miles from Athens; good dwelling house, barn and outbuildings; desirable farm and convenient to school, church, cheese factory and post-office. Apply to J. Albert Page, Barrister, etc., Brockville. tf.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FOR EASTER HOLIDAYS

WILL ISSUE RETURN TICKETS AT

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

Going March 30th to April 3rd inclusive, returning up to and including April 4th 1899, between all stations in Canada, Port Huron, and Detroit Mich., and TO, but not FROM Buffalo Black Rock, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

STUDENTS and TEACHERS

(On surrender of certificate signed by principal) SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD between all stations in Canada west of Montreal, going March 17th to April 1st inclusive, returning up to and including April 10th, 1899.

For tickets, rates and all information apply to

G. T. FULFORD,
City Passenger Agent.
Office: Fulford Block, next to Post Office Brockville.

THE GLOBE,

TORONTO, CANADA.

The Leading Newspaper of the Dominion.

THE DAILY.

Has over **12,000 more** regular circulation **every day** than it had in 1897, and nearly 4,000 more than one year ago.

IT GROWS BECAUSE IT PLEASES.

The Saturday Illustrated.

With its 24 or 28 pages every Saturday, its illustrated supplement, its many special features—Short Stories and Sketchy Articles—besides having the current news of the day, has become a strong rival to the best monthly magazines.

IT IS CANADA'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER.

You can have THE GLOBE every day and the SATURDAY ILLUSTRATED for about the same price as you have to pay for many of the smaller dailies.

The Weekly Globe....

Has had several new features added, has all the news of the week in concise form, and keeps its readers in close touch with every part of the world, and more especially our own country.

Subscription rates and full particulars can be had at the office of this paper, any newsdealer or post-master, or sent direct to

THE GLOBE,
TORONTO, Canada.

For Sprains, Bruises, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Throats, Colds, USE **Pond's Extract**. It is the quickest and surest cure for all pain. Avoid substitutes.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Round Trip Tickets will be sold for

EASTER HOLIDAYS

AT ONE WAY LOWEST FIRST-CLASS FARE, March 30th, 31st and April 1st, 2nd and 3rd, good to return until Apr. 4th, 1899, between all stations east of Port Arthur.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

FARE AND ONE-THIRD. March 17th to April 1st, return until April 10th, 1899.

Second-Class Fares

from Brockville to Vancouver, B. C., Victoria, New Westminister, Seattle, Wash; Tacoma, Portland, Ore., **$46.50**.
To Kootenay Points, **$44.00**, San Francisco, Cal., **$54.70**.

Excursion to Victoria and Vancouver April 4th and 18th, May 2nd and 16th, **$88.00** (First-Class) Round Trip.

SETTLERS' TRAINS.

Canada Pacific Railway

Colonist Special Trains with Colonist Sleeping Cars attached for settlers and their effects going to

MANITOBA AND CANADIAN NORTH WEST

will leave Carleton Junction at 9.00 p.m. every Tuesday in **March and April, 1899** should sufficient business offer.

The object of these specials is to give colonists an opportunity to travel with their stock and still have good accommodation and quick time.

Ask nearest C. P. Ry. agent for a copy of "Settlers' Guide," which will give you full information as to rates, time of trains, government and railway land regulations, etc.

Geo. E. McGlade, Agent

City Ticket and Telegraph Office

Cor King street and Court House Avenue, Brockville.

Canada Pacific Railway

SAID GRACE BY LOT.

A Small Boy's Solution of an Embarrassing Domestic Situation.

"My wife and I agree on everything but religion," said Smith the other day. "I don't mean to say that we quarrel over that, for we do not. My folks were strict Methodists, and I was brought up along the lines of that faith and have never felt like adopting a new one. On the other hand, my wife's folks were Baptists, and my wife was brought up clinging to that religious rock.

"When we were married, we agreed to allow each other's religious belief to continue as they had been, the result being that we have alternated our attendance between the two denominations. The other day while I was on my way home for the evening I chanced to meet my minister. I gave him a cordial invitation to go home with me and have dinner, an invitation that he accepted with pleasure.

"Now, it chanced that my wife's minister had been paying a late afternoon visit at my house, and my wife had asked him to stay and take dinner, when he would have a chance to meet me. He accepted, and when we arrived we found him in the drawing room with my wife. I saw at once that my wife was uneasy about something, but it didn't strike me what the matter was until we were taking our seats at the dinner table, and I noticed my wife biting her lips. Then it dawned upon me that she was unable to solve the problem of asking one of the ministers to say grace without offending the other.

"There was an awkward pause for a moment, and then my little boy, who is going on 6, grasped the situation and, half rising in his chair, he moved his finger rapidly around the table, reciting at the same time that childish jingle used by children in counting out and going like this:

"'Eny mene miny mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe.'

"He ended by pointing his finger at the minister sitting across the table and shouted, 'You're it!'

"The reverend gentleman accepted the decision and said grace, but it lacked the solemnity usually given to it."—Exchange.

PEARY'S LAST BEAR.

Precautions Taken to Preserve Its Snow White Skin Unsoiled.

At the first glimpse of daylight on the morning of Sept. 4 the Hope got under way and steamed out for Cape York to land my faithful Eskimo assistants. As we steamed out through the western passage between Meteorite island and Akpudi we entered the fleet of countless bergs sweeping out of Melville bay, dazzling in their glittering brilliancy, and with the dancing whitecaps flashing between them in every direction.

Scarcely were we well within this arctic white squadron, threading our way between the stately cruisers, when one of my quick eyed Eskimos cried out, "Nannook-soah!" He had seen the bear for an instant far up on the top of a big berg, one of the tabular giants of Melville bay, peering over its precipitous face, but it had quickly disappeared. As we steamed slowly round the berg he came into view again, a beautiful white animal with contrasting black nose, moving leisurely along the surface of the iceberg. The captain and I both chanced a shot at him at long range, and the captain's bullet grazed his hind leg, making him whirl and snap savagely at the wound. Then he galloped awkwardly away and disappeared round a pinnacle of the berg. Circling the berg again, we discovered him in the water swimming vigorously, and several shots were fired at him, one of which took effect, and he apparently collapsed completely, yet a few moments later he was swimming off again, and it was only after I had a boat lowered that he was secured.

The fur of this animal was so spotlessly white and unstained that I gave orders not to have him lowered upon the deck, but kept him suspended from the tackle until, a few hours later, we reached Cape York, and mooring the Hope against the face of a glacier he was swung out on to the surface of the glacier, covered with newly fallen snow, and there skinned and the beautiful pelt rolled up and packed away still unsullied. This was our last bear.—Lieutenant Peary, in St. Nicholas.

Bridging Bering Sea.

Professor W. J. McGee declares that two slow but interesting changes are taking place in Bering sea. The immense quantity of debris that is borne down the Yukon river from its sources and sides is being deposited in the sea beyond the mouth of that mighty stream, and its weight causes the bed of the sea to subside. A corresponding rise in the earth's crust is produced along the chain of the Aleutian islands. Now, not only are the islands themselves increasing in size in consequence of being lifted up out of the water, but new islands are being formed in the gaps between the others. In some instances the new islands are the result of the rise and in others they are the product of volcanic action. Most of the Alentians are of volcanic origin, and they mark the position of a fold in the earth's crust that is predisposed to eruption. In time, Professor McGee says, there is likely to be a natural bridge from America to Asia along this route, but he admits that nobody now living is going to see it.—New York Tribune.

Deep Wells.

The following are some of the deepest wells in the world: In Europe, one at Passy, France, depth, 2,000 feet; at La Chapelle, Paris, depth, 2,950 feet; at Grenelle, Paris, depth, 1,798 feet; at Neusalwerk, near Minden, depth, 2,288 feet; at Kissingen, Bavaria, depth, 1,787 feet; at Sperenberg, near Berlin, depth, 4,190 feet; at Pest, Hungary, depth, 3,182 feet. The well at Sperenberg, near Berlin, is the deepest well in the world. In the United States there are wells located at St. Louis, depth, 3,843 feet; at Louisville, depth, 2,086 feet; at Columbus, O., depth, 2,775½ feet; at Charleston, S. C., depth, 1,250 feet.

An Idle Curiosity.

Teacher—The sentence in the lesson is, "He went there out of idle curiosity." How would you define "idle curiosity?" Give an instance, if one occurs to you.

Bad Boy—Well, I think a mummy is about as idle a curiosity as any I know of, ma'am.—Exchange.

The Retort Discourteous.

Burton—I have made it a rule ever since I have been married to turn over every cent of my earnings to my wife.

O Batch—Is that the reason she dresses so much better than you?—Chicago News.

A medical paper says that in railway collisions nearly all the passengers who are asleep escape the bad effects of shaking and concussion, nature's own anæsthetic preserving them.

The Poor Mother-in-law.

El-Alam, a Turkish paper of New York city, tells this story: "Ibrahim Effendi, to whom things happened, did you perchance hear of the things? The effendi was crossing a river, bearing with him his mother-in-law and a bag of gold, his savings. Then rose the flood which wrecked the vessel, and Ibrahim knew not at first which to save, the gold or his relative. Then, having taken counsel with himself, thought Ibrahim and spake: 'My gold will I save, for where can I get more gold? But Allah to me will give all the mothers-in-law that I need and perhaps more.' Then having thus said, he thus did, and all the Turks said that he was wise."

How He Acquired Trouble.

"Education," said the man who had been sued for breach of promise, "is the root of all evil."

"How so?" asked the man who had not been sued and consequently could not reason from the same premises.

"If I hadn't been able to write," answered the defendant, "what evidence do you suppose they would have against me? Still he conceded after some argument that the man who can write and won't has some advantages over the man who doesn't write because he can't.

What Did She Mean?

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things about and kick everything over just because the coffee is cold?"

"John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you."

As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing about the coffee.—Exchange.

HOW TO GET STRONG.

Nature Should be Assisted to Throw off the Poisons that Accumulate in the System during the Winter Months.

Thousands of people not really ill require a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses, shops and school rooms during the winter months makes people feel depressed, languid and "out of sorts."

Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months, else people fall an easy prey to disease. A tonic is needed and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills make rich, red blood; strengthen tired nerves, and make all dull, listless men, women and children feel bright, active and strong.

Mr. John Siddons, London Ont., says: "I can speak most favorably of the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They prove invaluable in strengthening and toning up the system when debilitated. Having used them for some time past I can speak most favorably of their beneficial results. As an invigorator of the constitution they are all that they claim to be."

But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Imitations never cured anyone, and there are numerous pink colored imitations against which the public is cautioned. The genuine are sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not keep them send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50.

SEELEY'S BAY

FRIDAY, March 24.—Gilt-Edge cheese and butter factory has commenced the season's operations, the first milk being taken in last Friday. Butter will be made for the first few days. The factory is again in charge of Mr. Jas. McAlonan, assisted by Mr Wm. Chapman.

The revival services in the Methodist church have closed.

Mr. Rorison Eaton has gone to Winnipeg to secure a situation.

Mr. W Stafford's little child, who broke its leg by a fall a few weeks ago, is now slowly improving.

Sleighing is pretty good in this section at present.

Mr. J. Phillips and Miss Orrie Denny of Gananoque were quietly married at the Methodist parsonage Friday evening, March 17, Rev. T Brown performing the ceremony.

A. Neil is building a new drive-house and stable.

S. Gardiner is getting the material for the erection of a drive-house as soon as spring opens.

Mr. G. R. Hawkins will hold a grand millinery opening on Tuesday, 28th inst. Miss Aggie Fair of Gananoque is in charge of this department.

Steacy Bros. are very busy and are wanting to secure a good smart boy to learn the tinsmithing business.

The Misses E. and J. Blackman of Watertown, N. Y, have returned home owing the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. Chas. Blackman.

The Home Mission Circle will give a sugar social at the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday, 28th inst.

Mr. John Willis died last Wednesday after a short illness with pneumonia. The funeral took place on Friday and was conducted by the Masonic and Orange societies, of which he was an esteemed member. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Foster at St. Johns church, Leeds, to a very large congregation, after which the remains were taken to Seeley's Bay and placed in the vault. The sorrowing family and friends have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

Mr. N. Shook has purchased the property of Mr. W. W. Williams of Smith's Falls.

RHEUMATISM'S ORGIES.

The Relentless, Unrespecting Pain Giant Is Shorn of His Strength by the Aid of South American Rheumatic Cure—It Never Fails.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Mount Forest, says: "I was sorely afflicted with rheumatism for over a year. I was almost totally disabled and at times suffered agonies of pain. I tried many remedies and doctors without avail until I began using South American Rheumatic Cure. I derived great benefit from one bottle and was so pleased with the results I continued using it, and my advice to-day to all sufferers from rheumatism is to use this great remedy. I feel satisfied it is the greatest of rheumatic cures." Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Brockville Rink Collapses.

The fine skating rink, one of the largest in the province, erected last fall at a cost of over $3,000, collapsed on Thursday afternoon and is now a mass of ruins. This rink has been a subject of a great deal of litigation, an action having been brought against the rink company by Thos. Tompkins for damages to his property adjoining, caused by its erection, and also for an injunction to have it pulled down, as violating the fire limits by-law of the town. The case was tried at the last Assizes before Chief Justice Meredith, who reserved judgment.

CURE THOSE UGLY PIMPLES

By Using Dr. Agnew's Ointment—Any Form of Eczema Helped at Once, and Cure Eventually by Its Use.

Not a skin blemish caused by eczema, tetter, ringworm, salt rheum, scald head and other skin diseases that will not vanish as by magic on the application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment. One application will give quick comfort and relief, and in a few days the skin heals up and is as soft as a baby's. It will cure piles in from three to five nights—No matter what nature or how long standing. 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

"ONE OF THOUSANDS."

Miss Lily Cox, 2 Gladstone Ave., Toronto, contracted acute catarrh through taking a severe cold some two years ago. Her suffering was very distressing at times. She tried several remedies, but none gave her any real relief. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was recommended to her—one application gave instant relief, and when she had used four bottles she says she was entirely cured. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Rails, fence stakes, posts and shingles of all grades for sale.—S. Y. Bullis.

ADDISON.

MONDAY, March 27.—The Rev. Mr. Stilwell of Lyn occupied the pulpit in our church on Sabbath evening last. He delivered a very eloquent address to a crowded house. We hope to see him again soon.

The farmers in this section have been very busy since the last fall of snow, drawing wood and saw logs to market.

Mr. Charles Taplin, who has been visiting friends in this section for a few weeks, will leave for his home in a few days.

Mr. John Murphy of Portland has purchased the blacksmith stand on King street and is moving into our village this week. We extend Mr. and Mrs. Murphy a hearty welcome to our village.

Mr. Barton Arnold of Rat Portage is home for a few days.

Mr. Charlie Goff is said to have one of the finest last-spring colts for many miles around. It is a German coach, and is gentle, playful and mischievous.

Mr. W. G. Lee is renewing his apparatus for a big campaign, and is moving his buildings.

The Best Seeds Absolutely Necessary.

We cannot too strongly nor too often urge the supreme importance of planting seeds that are perfectly pure and fresh. Seeds that are offered at cheap prices are, almost invariably of doubtful origin and uncertain age, sure to cause the planter disappointment and loss. The thoughtful planter's only surety lies in buying seeds sent out by a conscientious and trustworthy house. A vast number of gardeners have (and have had for years) the utmost confidence in seeds that bear the name D. M. Ferry & Co., Windsor, Ont. The present generation of planters, can hardly remember the time when Ferry's Seeds were not on sale everywhere each year and as regularly planted by thousands,—with the unvarying quality of the seeds and in the integrity of the firm that grew them. Every planter, whether already a buyer of Ferry's Seeds or not, should send for Ferry's Seed Annual for 1899. It is mailed free to any one who writes for it.

Digging up Redmen.

For a fortnight farmers interested in building a school house have been carting sand from a pit on Daniel McLean's farm, Front road, Pittsburg, six miles from Kingston. A few days ago report came thence of a discovery of gold during the digging operations of the farmers, but it now appears that they had struck an indian or pioneer burial ground, near the old indian Mills, those peculiar wells out of solid rock which are visited with much curiosity, and which were evidently valuable to the aborigines in view of the labor involved in their construction. Nine skeletons have been unearthed but they dissolved into dust at a touch. Interesting relics have been secured and also a number of lumps of silver ore, which had evidently been buried with the bodies as a mark of respect. The sand pit will be visited by many persons assuredly, and the Kingston historical society will no doubt make a pilgrimage. The neighborhood of Kingston is rich in place of interest.—Whig.

Wolf Story a Fake.

John Bourke, who figured in a wolf story recently printed by the Pembroke Observer, has written as follows to that paper:—

"In a late issue of your paper there appears a startling tale about a man up a tree who feeds cutlets of birch bark to a pack of hungry wolves in an effort to induce them to go away out of that, and is rescued at or about the critical moment by a fearless young man named Tim—Tim with the long gun. The whole thing is a fable, the joint production of the gallant wolf-slayer and a large bony man with a straight back and pink whiskers, who button holed my poor friend at the Mackey House and started his wheels agoing. I don't blame Tim. It's a congenial defect. If I wished I could tell you about the day last fall when, forgetting himself, he told the truth about something or another and was obliged to knock off work and lie in the shade for several hours—but he is a friend of mine and I'm not going to give him away. While his ability as a romancer is widely recognized in this locality, his former work in this line was marked by a reckless freedom and want of forethought which caused its return, a la boomerang, to lay Tim flat on his back. The general excellence of his latest effort I can only ascribe to the really fine quality of the Mackey House malt. I have been told that a glass of good malt acts in this way on a buttonless mind. Now, I never saw the Dumoiac road and never saw a wolf outside of a cage. Tim never saw any more of a wolf than they put in a sleigh robe. Finally, Tim, with a long gun couldn't hit the Allumette Island stood on edge if he were offered the whole property as a prize for blowing a hole in it.

Beehives and Supplies.

I have been suggesting to a few beekeeper friends that they try my hive with 10 long frames, instead of 8. If the end-boards of the present hive are cut 3 inches longer, it will receive two more frames. When you don't want it so large remove the 2 extra frames and drop in a follower. Try a few, if you think the hive is small. About three-fourths of the beekeepers are using the 8-frame hive, and more would do so if their bees were not all ready in cross combs.

I have for a number of years advised raising the hive in front ½ an inch from bottom board. My hive has or should have a ½ inch entrance the whole breadth of the hive. This gives an entrance 1 inch deep and a foot long. There are five reasons why this ought to be so.

Mr. W. G. Parish has consented to furnish the bevel side-pieces and entrance blocks 1¼ inches thick, which the change requires, without extra cost.

Hough's hive will be cut this season with a one-piece cover and a one-piece bottom. In this factory, each succeeding year, these hives are cut more accurately as more experience is applied to the work. The price this season will be 55c when a number are taken.

Mr. W. F. Earl is making more convenient, stronger and finer extractors of Hough's design than ever before. Earl and Hough are constructing a bee-smoker, to be operated with or without fire. In the one case, it will be the only truly cold-blast smoker in the world. It will be ready in a few weeks.

W. S. HOUGH.

A Fashionable Wedding.

The happy event which excited so much interest at Elbe Mills, has come and gone, namely, the marriage of Miss Cecelia Bates to Mr. Edward Parish of Wiltsetown. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's father, G. M. Bates, on Wednesday the 22nd inst.

The house was beautifully illuminated and tastefully decorated with evergreens for the occasion. At eight o'clock the bridal party entered the large and well-filled parlor as the beautiful wedding march was played by Mrs. O. Wiltsie of Lyndhurst. The bride wore a lovely costume of pale blue with cream satin and pearl trimmings and carried a bouquet of white flowers. She was assisted by Miss Eva Parish, who was also beautifully attired in Nile green, while Mr. Wallace Brown acted as groomsman. The happy couple were joined together by the Rev. E. W. Crane, under a magnificent floral arch.

The congratulations being over, the dining room was next of interest and thither the seventy-five guests wended their way. It was beautifully laid out with a substantial and elegant repast. After the tempting viands had received all due attention and many entertaining remarks, conversational and friendly greetings, the happy couple left amid showers of rice for Brockville and Gananoque.

The presents were pronounced "lovely" as well as valuable and useful. The bride and groom have many warm friends who wish them a long and happy life.

Woman Suffrage.

With a view to aiding them in obtaining certain social reforms, a large number of the women of Canada are agitating for woman suffrage. They ask for the franchise on the same basis as men now or may hereafter receive it, and petitions therefore will shortly be circulated.

A meeting of the local W.C.T.U. and a number of their friends was held at the home of Mrs. Stone, Elma street, on Monday evening last. The meeting opened with prayer and the reading of a portion of Scripture, after which an interesting programme was presented, which included vocal solos by Mrs. Massey, Miss Boyce and Mr. Jas. Blanchard, and an excellent, practical essay by Mrs. Crane. Through the medium of a "parliamentary drill" conducted by Miss M. E. Stone, all present were afforded an opportunity of placing themselves on record in respect to the subject. The majority present were in sympathy with the movement, and a call for any objections that could be offered met with no response.

With women entering almost every department of industrial, commercial and professional life, lately monopolized by men, their enfranchisement will probably follow as a natural consequence, but whether it will come as a result of the present agitation remains to be seen. With the justness of their claim to the franchise conceded in respect to municipal elections, it will be hard for the government to refuse a lagely-signed petition for an extension of the principle to provincial and dominion affairs.

Duck Preservers (?)

The Toronto Rod and Gun Club unsparingly condemn that portion of the last report of the Ontario Game and Fish Commission referring in commendatory terms to the existence of the duck preserves in Ontario. And they are right in their condemnation; for the creation of these preserves is a rank injustice to the sportsmen in general and altogether out of harmony with the democratic spirit that pervades Ontario's laws. The Long Point and St. Clair Flats preserves are notorious instances of how the monopolies are administered. There the government has given to a favored few complete control of the finest duck-shooting grounds in the province. They have game-keepers to prevent the vulgar, common people from invading their territory, and late in the season these lordly gentlemen repair to their fine club-houses and perpetrate a most disgraceful slaughter of ducks. Near their club house they have sheds provided with racks upon which to hang the victims of their rapacity, and a few years ago, when it was legal to export such game, these preservers (?) made a nice pot of money every fall, more than sufficient to pay all expenses. A few years ago, 40 brace of ducks per day was not considered extraordinary shooting for one man on the St. Clair preserve.

The existence of these preserves is altogether indefensible, and the sooner the government wipes them out the better. Every Canadian has an equal right to the game and fish of the country, and if the government want to do any preserving let it be by their own officers for the whole people and not for the benefit of a few rich men, some of whom are citizens of the United States.

An Interesting Trip.

Kingston Whig: Prof. J. C. Eaton, salesmen for R. J. McDowall, music dealer, went last Tuesday to Amherst Island. Business delayed him and he remained until Saturday. On Sunday morning he and a driver started for Kingston. When near the main shore the horse broke through. After about half an hour's work they succeeded in getting the animal out for the first time, when he again broke through and this time it was an hour before he was rescued, and then only with help from shore. The animal was then hooked to the rig and a fresh start made. Again it went through the ice, but succeeded in getting out itself. By this time the horse was nigh exhausted, and a stop was made at a farm house to attend the animal. Finally Mr. Eaton reached the city last night after an eleven hours' trip from Stella. The professor is satisfied; he wants no more trips across the ice when it is in as unsafe a condition as at present.

Queen's University has raised the fees for pass examinations from $3 to $6 and for honor examinations from $4 to $8. Toronto and McGill have already increased their fees.

What to Eat and enjoy it and feel comfortable after it, is the all day, every day wail of the indigestion patient. Advice—Eat all wholesome things, don't worry, and take Dr Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets to aid Nature in doing the stomach's work. They're a mild tonic, act gently on the bowels, they prevent and relieve distress. Pleasant and positive. 35 cents. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

GOLD DOLLARS ARE EXPENSIVE.

One of Them Costs About $1.80 When Secured From Brokers.

One of the most inconvenient bits of money ever coined by the United States government was the $1 goldpiece, which closely resembled in size and weight the 5 cent piece to be seen in the provinces, and which were utterly useless and detestable as units of commercial exchange. When the government had collected nearly 20,000,000 of these gold dollars, some one in authority determined that a popular benefaction might be accomplished by the retirement of them or at least by ceasing to coin them.

The latter course was adopted, and in time business men forgot what they looked like and even refused to accept the stray specimens. Coinage ceased on Sept. 26, 1890, and today a gold dollar sells for $1.80 at least, sometimes for more, and they are controlled by brokers at that. For some time none has been kept at the subtreasury in this city, although constant requests for them have come from women and girls, whose motives were chiefly sentimental. They wanted them for decorative purposes, for birthday gifts to appreciative babies or for additions to outlandish bangles which at one time it was a girlish fad to have dangling on one's wrist, even as the wives of the king of Dahomey wear them.

It is said that brokers do a fairly profitable business annually in the sale of gold dollars. They supply them to banks, which in turn sell them to individuals. Tradesmen are more afraid of them than they are of Columbian half dollars, and they look with suspicion on a person who presents one for the fraction of a dollar's worth of goods. There are two sizes of the coin, the smaller being the more common and the larger being the more convenient of the two. Those who call at the subtreasury for them are invariably advised not to pay such a premium, unless there is some very urgent reason why the possession of the coin is necessary.—Boston Transcript.

WEAVING SET TO MUSIC.

Japanese Tots Work Twelve Hours a Day For a Penny.

At Sakai, about half a dozen miles from Osaka, and some other towns in Japan where carpets, rugs and fabrics of the same class are manufactured there are no large carpet factories, but hand looms may be seen in nearly every house.

The weaving is set to music. The children are taught to sing a sort of nonsense verse to a certain tune, the superintendent or head worker leading, and that air means a certain pattern, the deft fingers of the little workers rhythmically following the notes.

At the right moment the woman in charge of a loom hums a new tune, and the little ones instantly take it up and as quickly change the pattern to suit the music. It is consequently quite correct to speak of these productions as a "one tune," "two tune" or "four tune" carpet and so on, as the case may be.

The children kneel at their work upon a plank at the end of the loom, and each of them slides backward and forward along it, according to the space occupied by their allotted portion of the pattern.

The actual workers are for the most part children of from 7 years of age upward, and from two to four, five or even six work at a single loom under the direction of an adult, generally a woman.

Some 5,000 boys and over 13,000 girls are thus employed. The children work 12 hours a day, and each earns about a penny in that time. Three of them can, if expert hands, complete an ordinary rug, say 6 feet by 3 feet and made of colored hemp or woolen yarns, in a day. A silk rug of the same dimensions, however, would occupy the same workers for from 80 to 100 days.—London Standard.

Duration of Life.

The ratio of length of adolescence to length of life in the shortest lived mammals is proportionately less than it is in longer lived mammals. For example, the period of growth and development of the domestic mouse is, according to my informant, a breeder of these small rodents, about three months. In other words, the mouse may be expected to live 15 times its adolescent period as a mature animal. The Arab horse, according to a well known authority, arrives at maturity in about eight years. Its lifetime is about 40 years—that is to say, the animal lives four times the length of its adolescence as an adult.

Man, on the other hand, who only completes his growth by the union of the eternal epiphysis of the clavicle to its shaft at the age of 25, has, after passing his fiftieth year, or "the middle arch of life," to use Dr. Farr's phrase, only another 25 years expectation of life. His potential longevity accordingly foreshadows a period of maturity not greater than twice the length of his youth.—W. Ainslie Hollis in Nature.

NOT FOR COOKING'S SAKE.

Our Mattie is a lady,
But she never learned to bake;
She never cared for cooking
Just alone for cooking's sake.
So she never baked at all,
Lest a bit of butter fall
On her dainty garments white
Or her shoes so high and tight,
For she never cared to bake
Just alone for cooking's sake.

Our Mattie had a lover,
And she fell in love, you see.
She thought his face as handsome
As a face could ever be,
But he chanced, one sunny day,
Just in idle mood to say
(When her finger she had burned
And the fact he some way learned,
Though she had not tried to bake
For her own or other's sake)

That she in baking burned it.
And he kissed the finger twice,
And Mattie thought she never
Knew a remedy so nice.
But the cunning fellow said,
"You've been baking cake or bread,
And there's naught I love to eat
Like a homemade cake, my sweet,"
But she had not cared to bake
Just alone for cooking's sake.

"Of course I am not hinting
Just to try your tempting cake,
But I like the homemade cooking,
Cooked especially for my sake.
I have heard my mother say
That there was no other way
For a home to be complete,
And I know you think so, sweet!"
But, alas, she would not bake
Even for a lover's sake!

Our Mattie is a lady.
But she weeps sometimes alone
And grieves that little wrinkles
From her eyes have outward grown,
For she did not know, you see,
That a wife a cook must be,
And the man has wed a girl
Though with less of frill and curl,
That can fry and boil and bake—
Loves to cook for cooking's sake.

—What to Eat.

Question Versus Question.

A worthy Yorkshire canon, who had been greatly displeased by an act of disobedience perpetrated by one of his gardeners, sought an interview with the offender in order to reprimand him.

Knowing that if he were able to avoid the interview until his master's wrath had abated he would come off with only a few mild words of censure, the man got out of the way.

A few days afterward, however, when the storm was quite over, master and man came face to face in one of the hothouses, and the canon asked:

"Why have you avoided me in so pointed a manner of late, Johnson?"

To which the gardener very wittily replied:

"Now, I'll put it to you as a man, sir. Would you, if you could help it, stand in front of a canon to be blown up?"—Comic Cuts.

Foundation For Trouble.

"Oh, my head! My head!" groaned Rivers.

"If anything ails your head," suggested Brooks, "why not treat it homeopathically?"

"How's that?"

"Have it shingled."

It occurred to Rivers later on that Brooks meant to intimate he had a wooden head, but by that time Brooks was out of reach.—Chicago Tribune.

Rebuke.

A chill, dark, autumnal morning. A breakfast table with an overcrowded tribe of clamorous children. A worried mother and an irritable father muttering something about "no decent elbow room." A small child uplifts solemn eyes from his plate and says, "Hadn't one of us better die?"—Academy.

Does Your Back Ache?

In constant pain when on your feet?

Is that dragging, pulling sensation with you from morn till night?

Why not put the medicine exactly on the disease? Why not apply the cure right to the spot itself?

You can do it with

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

Immediately after the Plaster is applied, you feel its warming, soothing influence. Its healing remedies quickly penetrate down deep into the inflamed tissues. Pain is quieted, soreness is relieved and strength imparted.

No plaster was ever made like it. No plaster ever acted so quickly and thoroughly. No plaster ever had such complete control over all kinds of pain.

Placed over the chest it is a powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; relieving congestion and drawing out all inflammation.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Startling Inquiry.

Our Barber—Are you prepared to die? (He meant no murder, but he has recently joined the Salvation Army.)—Pick Me Up.

Misled.

"You have made the paper the laughing stock of the town," said the managing editor, "with your article speaking of that fire engine, persecuted heroine melodrama's simple elegance."

"I—I didn't get time to see it," confessed the dramatic man, "but our hired girl came home from the matinee and told us it was 'simply elegant.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Methodical.

Despairing Lover—Bertha, have you nothing to say in answer to the letter I wrote you last Thursday? Do you know that all my future is bound up in your reply in that letter?

Washington Maiden—I haven't looked at it, Horace. Next Tuesday is my day for opening sealed proposals.—Chicago Tribune.

How He Knew It.

"It is apparent to me," he said after a Sunday dinner, "that what the butcher sold you for a chicken was a rooster rather than a hen."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because," replied the sufferer from dyspepsia, "it does not set well."—Chicago Post.

No Need of Haste.

Anxious Citizen (in danger of losing a train)—Why don't you drive faster instead of dragging along this way?

Street Car Driver—What's th' use? I can't quit till 8 o'clock anyhow.—New York Weekly.

To the Happy Guest.

He—You have a beautiful place here, but doesn't one become bored living out here in the country alone?

She—Oh, no. Thank goodness, we have very few callers.—New York World.

Contingent Circumstances.

"Has Mr. Bilden a good memory?"

"Well," replied the discreet friend, "I must say it depends somewhat on whether he's owing or collecting."—Washington Star.

A Thought.

It would be well if letters containing words of burning love were to consume themselves before getting into breach of promise suits.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

The Heavenly Art.

"Why do they have such noisy music at the exhibition?"

"To drown all comment, I suppose."—Fliegende Blatter.

Mamma Subsides.

Mamma—Well, Tommy, you know no one will love you if you are so naughty.

Tommy—Satan will. He loves naughty boys best.—Puck.

Advice to Consumptives

There are three great remedies that every person with weak lungs, or with consumption itself, should understand.

These remedies will cure about every case in its first stages; and many of those more advanced. It is only the most advanced that are hopeless. Even these are wonderfully relieved and life itself greatly prolonged.

What are these remedies? Fresh air, proper food and

Scott's Emulsion

of *Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.* Be afraid of draughts but not of fresh air. Eat nutritious food and drink plenty of milk. Do not forget that Scott's Emulsion is the oldest, the most thoroughly tested and the highest endorsed of all remedies for weak throats, weak lungs and consumption in all its stages.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

IRVINGITES.

Survival of the Curious Sect Started by Carlyle's Wife's Lover.

It is somewhat hard to realize that an age so materialistic as this, with its decay of faith all around, should still see such an organization as that of the Irvingite sect, or, to give its own name, the Catholic and Apostolic church. The sect was founded, as readers of Mrs. Oliphant well know, by Edward Irving, the young Scotch clergyman who was the teacher and then the sweetheart, who ought to have been the husband, of Jane Welsh Carlyle.

The tragic story has often been told, among others by my unworthy self. Irving loved Jane Welsh, and Jane Welsh loved him, and in both cases they probably loved each other to the end. But Irving had been engaged to a young woman, the daughter of a fellow minister, before he had met the bright, black eyed, olive skinned gypsy with the sharp tongue, the domineering character, the comfortable fortune, the fiery and vehement nature of Jane Welsh, and the lady and her father held the young fellow to his bond.

Sick at heart, tired of suspense, stung in her pride by the suggestion of an interfering but well meaning friend that she was still dying for love of Irving, Jane Welsh was precipitated into her marriage with Carlyle. The sequel of the story was as tragic as its opening. Jane Welsh led what I have always regarded a life of torment with Carlyle, and in the end her heart burst, and she died in her carriage in Hyde park without a moment of preparation or warning, and Froude, looking at her face, from which death's effacing fingers had cleared away the heavy and harsh lines of sunless days and sleepless nights, of unsatisfied longings and mute revolts, declared that it was the most impressive on which he had ever looked. And Carlyle was left to loneliness and remorse, to that vain appeal