

SURELY  
CURED

For the above named  
sufferer, I shall  
readers who have  
address. Respectfully,  
W. H. H.

## ES.

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## THE POET'S CORNER.

## The Song of the Camp.

"Give me a song," the soldier cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camp allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent coiff,  
Lay grim and threatening under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belied its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
While we may another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;  
Forgot the British's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang Annie Laurie.

Voices of love caught up the song,  
Until its anthem, rich and strong,  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,  
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he cared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,  
Somewhere upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stain of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sun's embers;  
While the Crimean valley learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again the fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and burst of shell  
And howling of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a slinger dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
A Year truth and valor wearing;  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

## ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

## Social Features of the Great House of the

## Great Nobility.

Life at the great houses of this kind  
has been, it seems to me, better repre-  
sented by the pen of Anthony Trollope  
than by any other writer; and, indeed,  
while visiting at English country places  
myself I was so impressed by the fact of  
his photographic capacity that it seems  
to me further description on my part  
would be superfluous. But that which  
strikes some Americans as ostentatious  
or as a desire to simply maintain splen-  
dour, says a writer in the New  
York Herald, is in reality the outcome of  
such traditions—such long usage—that it  
has become as ordinary and matter of  
fact to those belonging to it as the com-  
monplace routine of three times a day  
setting forth a meal on a table for my  
mechanic's family. Therefore, to the  
guest everything is natural and done with  
no effort or premeditation. Arriving at  
a country house of the kind—for in-  
stance, any of the seats of the Duke of  
Fife—the visitor finds himself expected,  
with every preparation made for his  
comfort, from the meeting him at the  
train by well-instructed servants, who, as  
if by magic, take his travelling case off  
his mind, to the reception given him at  
the threshold of the house by some mem-  
ber of the family or a specially deputed  
person. Forthwith he is shown his  
rooms, where every consideration for his  
visit and comfort during the period has  
been ordered. His dressing-room will  
contain a well-turished writing-table,  
a chair, a cabinet replete with what-  
ever he may require for his stable ante-  
lunch treatment which a long stay in the  
field or among the partridges may  
entitle him to. Servants are at his beck  
and call, and a card upon his mantel in-  
forms him of the hours for the hunt or  
other sport. If he has brought his  
own horse, but this must be made by ar-  
rangement beforehand with his host;  
otherwise he is notified what "mounts"  
he can have. A chapter might be writ-  
ten detailing the fascinating experiences  
of English country life, which combines  
a peculiar informality with absolute  
physical luxury and as much repose as  
the guest desires, but, of course, there  
are hosts and hosts. The Duke of Fife  
is noted for his faculty as an entertain-  
er; and, so far as I can see, the only  
difference likely to be between the so-  
cial methods of his wife and those of  
other ladies of the peerage will be that  
a slight additional degree of seclusion  
in her own house will be permitted her.  
It is hardly probable that she will ap-  
pear among her guests as freely as  
might, for example, her sister-in-law,  
the Marchioness of Townsend. In spite  
of the Duke of Fife's determination that  
his wife's royalty must be in a certain  
measure overlooked, it will not be pos-  
sible for the "English people to forget it."  
He has stipulated that the Duchess shall  
have no "household"—a term not always  
understood, but which is decidedly sig-  
nificant to the English tax-payer! Every  
married or important member of the  
royal family has his or her appointed re-  
sidence; in the case of the junior prin-  
cesses this "household" as it is called, con-  
sists of a lady-in-waiting, an equerry, or  
gentleman attendant (these generally at-  
tend for only two or three months at  
a time, when they are replaced by oth-  
ers), special servants, such as wardrobe  
women, a dresser, who fills the place of  
lady's maid, and a footman, or page.  
This list is increased or decreased accord-  
ing to the importance or rank of the  
royal personage concerned, and in all cases  
is not only an expensive part of court  
income, but is maintained as a matter of  
 etiquette and state prestige.

Words cannot express the gratitude  
which people feel for the benefit done  
them by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.  
Long-standing cases of rheumatism yield  
to this remedy, when all others fail to  
give relief. This medicine thoroughly  
expels the poison from the blood.

Twelve schoolboys played cricket at  
the Paddington Recreation Ground. At  
the refreshment bar there seven of them  
drank ginger beer; the other five drank  
water. The seven are alive and well  
and the five are dead. "After various pe-  
riods of struggle and suffering," one of the  
parents writes, "they all succumbed to  
diphtheria." Must have been pretty bad  
water.

## A BAD MAN OF BERLIN.

## The Number of His Wives Is "Estimated"

## At Seven.

BERLIN, Ont., July 9.—High Constable  
Kilpatrick yesterday arrested a man named  
Conrad Ortwine, charged with polygamy.  
It is claimed that he has now the seventh  
wife, the last one living in this town. He is  
a well-dressed German with a large amount  
of glib talk, and it appears found no trouble  
in gaining the affections of the gentler sex.  
He had a marriage with a widow woman. The  
charge was laid against him by a Mrs.  
Rooko, a widow living in the north ward, to  
whom he proposed at first sight. She was  
interviewed by a reporter and told a rather  
amusing story, which is as follows:  
About a month ago Ortwine visited Mrs.  
Rooko and made a proposal of marriage to  
her, but as she was not willing to accept  
without taking the matter into consideration  
and counselling her family he gave her two  
weeks' time. At the end of the two weeks  
he called again and told her a silver-lined  
story about owning a fifty-acre farm near  
Stratford, and said he was shortly to inherit  
\$1000. His prepossessing appearance and  
the offer to clear the debt on her property  
was too much for her and she won her  
affections, and the date for the marriage  
was fixed, which took place a week Sun-  
day.

After they had been made one, Mrs.  
Ortwine No. 7 became suspicious, and on  
enquiry found that she only possessed a  
seventh part of his affections. Yesterday  
morning when he made his appearance she  
accused him of infidelity and polygamy and  
belabored him with a broom. Soon after  
this he was arrested. He will be tried on  
three charges, which will be made against  
him by Mr. Wolf, Wellesley township; Miss  
Gildner, Wellesley township, and Mrs. Rooko,  
Berlin. He is about 50 years of age and is  
said to have married children living near  
Stratford. It is estimated that he has seven  
wives and about thirty children.

Baron Burnet.

## Now a "Ringer" Got Lost.

One of our boys was over in Mohs wk  
valley one day, and on that day a couple  
of chaps came into a village on a tin  
pedler's wagon. They were driving a  
horse which could have fooled no one  
but a hayseed. Anyone posted on the  
points of a trotter would have put him  
down as good for less than three minutes.  
This was in the olden days, when  
showing a clip of 2:50 was looked upon  
as a marvel.

The peddlers found the usual crowd at  
the village tavern, and it didn't take  
them two hours to get up a match with  
the boss trotter of the neighborhood.  
It was best two in three for \$50 and the  
tin-wagon horse won both heats in 2:55.  
It was evidently a put up job to skin the  
rustics, and as they were headed our  
way, we were determined to be ready for  
them. We sent a hundred miles after a  
trotter, scraped our dollars together, and  
the day the peddlers arrived we had our  
nag drawing manure with a cart. The  
peddlers arrived at about eleven o'clock,  
and after dinner, as we all sat on the  
verandah, one of them carelessly en-  
quired:

"Got anything in horse flesh to brag of  
here?"

"One purty fair hoss," replied the vil-  
lage cooper who had a dreadfully-inno-  
cent look on his fatherly face.

"Can he go?"

"Wall, he's cleaned 'em so fur."

"Our old hoss does a mile fairly well."

"Yes?"

"And, just for the fun of the thing, we  
sometimes trot him."

"Yes."

"Can't we get up a go?"

"Wall, our hoss is no cheap animal.  
We'd want to make it \$100 at least."

"We'd rather make it \$250."

In ten minutes we had the money up  
and the race agreed to. We had no  
track, but the highway was broad and  
it was to be a mile straightaway. The  
peddlers brought in a sulky they had  
left just out of town, our horse was pro-  
vided with another, and every man, woman  
and child in that town turned out.  
The race was square up and up, and our  
horse got the first heat by three good  
lengths. We saw that the peddlers were  
puzzled and anxious, but they had sand  
and each put up his watch for \$20 more.  
It was a fair, even start on the second  
heat, and the pace was even for a quar-  
ter of a mile. Then our horse began  
drawing away, and when he went under  
the string he was thirty feet ahead. The  
peddlers gave up the stakes, sat down by  
the spokesman moved over to where the  
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"We see through it and we can't equal.  
As for your getting an old ringer to  
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match ours we haven't any soul to find,  
but what harrows up our souls and makes  
us long for rest beyond the grave is the  
idea that we've taken in and done for a  
quartermaster of a mile. Then our horse  
drawing away, and when he went under  
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peddlers gave up the stakes, sat down by  
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