

## THE CHEESE QUESTION.

Combination Advocated to Secure Better Prices—What Successes of July Cheese—The Results of Branding.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me through the columns of your paper to say a few words to my brother farmers repecting our bread and butter, which we toil so hard to obtain.

I noticed an item in last week's Reporter in reference to a movement being made throughout Eastern Ontario to dispose of our cheese in a more profitable manner than it has been in the past, by sending salesmen to the old country, thereby getting nearer to the consumer. Such steps, if properly taken, will, I believe, shut out a number of these over-fed, under-worked middle men that are devouring the fruits of our labor and giving us nothing in return, and it behooves every farmer to encourage and assist the new movement.

In the preliminary notes of last week Dr. Montague has given notice of a bill, repecting the making and branding of cheese. Should the measure become law, cheese will be branded with a government stamp, which I firmly believe is the first step that should be taken towards holding the good reputation of Canadian cheese and getting the price according thereto.

Dr. Montague should be encouraged by every farmer who is very low in the past season, let our factories hold their cheese, and what is the result? They cannot raise the market one iota, as orders for Canadian cheese can be filled with cheese from the United States. But, brethren, cheese is not a thing to be sold at such prices. Then, if the price doesn't suit you, hold and the demand will seek the supply at the factory door at a fair living price, as it did years ago, before the cheese business became corrupt. No doubt there will be a strong protest against this bill by the middlemen, as was the case last spring when a number of our over-fed worthies went to Ottawa to confer with the Government on the subject.

In behalf of the poor farmer (I). There was also a strong protest from the British cheese men who attempted to show how much harder it would be on the Canadian farmer if the bill was passed, but in reality it would be a great benefit to the Canadian farmer, as it would be difficult to dispose of it. But, gentlemen, what becomes of the July cheese? According to reports, the cheese men buy it over at a July price and sell it from their warehouses in September and of course, derive the benefit at our expense. Prof. Robertson also stated that it was the greatest complaint that could be paid to the Canadian cheese industry if, through a mistake, July cheese were sold in September and not detected. But I notice in the Brockville Times of January 17, that at the Eastern Ontario Dairyman's convention at Campbellford last week, Prof. Robertson urged putting the cheese brand on the cheese in September.

He claimed that in one case alone the inspector of cheese at Montreal had saved one firm \$800. But now, brethren farmers, is the time to aid and assist Dr. Montague in his noble and patriotic endeavor of putting the brand on the cheese in September and not detecting it. I notice in the Brockville Times of January 17, that at the Eastern Ontario Dairyman's convention at Campbellford last week, Prof. Robertson urged putting the cheese brand on the cheese in September.

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Athens, Jan. 28, 1896.

## PRIEST AND PARISHIONER.

Miss Maggie Melody, of Hamilton, used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder on her Catarrh of the Bladder, and found it a most successful remedy.

Having himself been benefited by the use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, Rev. Father Hinchey, of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ontario, followed the counsel of the good doctor, and carried the good news to others. One of his parishioners, Miss Maggie Melody, had been a sufferer from influenza. Father Hinchey knew how much good this remedy had done in case of cold in the head, and he recommended it for her case, who, over her own signature, has written: "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for influenza and found it a grand remedy. In fact it gave me relief, and I can with pleasure highly recommend it to all who are suffering from this malady."

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 50c. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

## CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNREBORN.

One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure Will Give Relief in Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually suffering can be removed, if one knows the means and way. Much suffering is borne by those who are troubled with Kidney disease. The distress at times is keen. But in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a specific and nothing more, though nothing less, a sure, safe, and speedy remedy is to be found. Relief is sure in less than six hours. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

## ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TOLEDO

The Fifth Anniversary of This Church Held on Monday Evening, 27th inst.—A Large Crowd, Good Entertainment, and an Enjoyable Time.

The formation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Toledo, dates back nearly half a century, and it is therefore one of the oldest church organizations in the County. In the year 1844 the congregation was organized in connection with the Church of Scotland, and Jas. Edgar, John Hunter and James Bell were the first trustees and elders. Since that time the congregation has grown steadily and to-day its membership is one of the largest in the district. The spiritual needs of the congregation were ministered to by the Rev's Anderson, McLean, White, Evans, and Porteous, in succession. Until the year 1891 the congregation met in the little rough-cast building first erected. This becoming too small and behind the age in church edifices, the Rev. David Fleming, then pastor, prevailed on the congregation to undertake the erection of a new building, with the result that the Church as shown in the above engraving was erected. The corner stone was laid and the dedication services conducted by Prof. Ross, now of Montreal.

## A Light Keeper's Story.

HIS WIFE WAS A FEARFUL SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM.

Her Joints Were Swollen and Distorted. Her Nights Almost Sleepless and Her Appetite Gone—Suffered for Several Years Before Relief Was Found.

Mr. Hugh McLaren, light house keeper on Wolfe Island, is one of the best known men in this section, and to his vigilance in the first performance of his duty is due the safety of the many craft sailing in that part of the St. Lawrence. Mrs. McLaren, his wife, has been an invalid for a number of years, and in conversation with a reporter recently, Mr. McLaren stated that she was rapidly regaining her old time health under the treatment of the most marvelous of modern medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Asked if he had any objections to giving the particulars, Mr. McLaren replied that emphatically he had not if such publication was likely to benefit any other sufferer. He said: "A number of years ago my wife contracted

reumatism, and for a considerable time was a helpless invalid. Her joints were swollen and distorted; her nights were sleepless and her appetite poor and very feeble. During those years she experienced excruciating tortures, the pain never ceasing day or night. She had the benefit of skilled medical advice but the treatment afforded no relief, and we began to fear that her trouble had gone beyond human aid. On a number of occasions I had read in the papers of cases of rheumatism being cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this at last determined us to give them a trial. She had used some three boxes before any improvement was noticed; and then we began to note that she slept better and that her appetite was improved. Then the pains gradually began to subside, and after using about a dozen boxes she was able to get up and about. She continued the use of the pills a while longer, and although occasionally she feels twinges of the trouble in changeable weather, she now enjoys better health than she has done before for years, and can sleep as soundly as ever she did in her life, while her appetite never was better. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a wonderful medicine, for I know they have done wonders in my wife's case, and I feel certain that my wife is afflicted as she will give them a good trial, equally happy results would follow, and I therefore give this testimony freely, hoping that it will benefit some other sufferer."

Mr. McLaren's strong testimony proves the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail, and that they deserve to rank as the greatest discovery of modern medical science. The public should always be on their guard against imitations and substitutes, which some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of extra profit, urge upon purchasers. There is no other remedy "just the same as" Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the genuine always have the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box.

An exchange truthfully remarks that an editor may write a thousand columns that please his readers, and they never open their lips to praise, but let one little word slip in which displeases and they are on his neck in an instant.

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## CHANDRY.

MONDAY, JAN. 20.—Death has again visited this neighborhood, and this time has taken the oldest person in this section, Mr. Thos. Eyre, who passed away this afternoon, at the age of ninety-three. The old gentleman has been confined to his bed since Christmas. Before that time he enjoyed wonderful health and strength for his years. During the summer he frequently visited neighbors living half a mile from his home, walking both ways. The funeral takes place on Wednesday at 1 p.m.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25.—Mrs. Jonah Whipple of Springfield, North Dakota, visited friends here last week.

Capt. Lloyd S. A., has returned to this vicinity. It is rumored that a S. A. "Barracks" will be built here.

We are absolutely disgusted with our new mail route. Mail does not reach here until nearly 9 p.m.

SEELY'S BAY.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25.—The dancing assembly that was to have taken place Friday evening in the Select Knights' hall has been postponed till next Tuesday evening, owing to the heavy storm.

Mr. A. Nardo is very ill and small hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Mr. E. Gordin is the recipient of a very handsome present from his better half last Wednesday morning. It was a little daughter.

The new mill commenced running last Thursday. Mr. Joel Spicer is head sawyer.

Jackson Bros. are doing a fair business with their provender mill.

Friday's heavy snow storm will make excellent sleighing.

The committee engaged on the Select Knights' concert, which will take place on Feb. 5th, in the Select Knights' hall, are sparing no pains to make it a success. Some of our foreign talent has been secured to take part.

Miss B. Roadhouse is visiting friends at Kingston.

Obituary.

A gloom was cast over our whole community when on Wednesday last the name of a deeply respected man passed from this world to that of the hereafter. One of our oldest and most respected residents, Mr. Thomas Johnson of Leeds was dead. The deceased had been sick for so short a time that but few of us had heard of it. He had seemingly been well and in his usual health at the social function held at Lyndhurst on Wednesday evening last. Next day he was taken suddenly ill, and though the best medical skill and tenderest care were exercised, yet all proved of no avail. The funeral was held on Thursday afternoon, and was one of the largest ever seen in the village. As he was a very highly esteemed member of the Orange Order and Royal Black Freemasonry, the funeral arrangements were under their direction. The deceased was brought from his late residence to the Orange Hall where the brethren formed in procession and carried his body to St. Luke's church, where the funeral services were held. The Lyndhurst Citizens' B. B. W. where the beautiful service of the Church was read by the rector, the Rev. W. Moore, M. A., who preached from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 6th chapter and 11th verse. Contrary to his usual custom on such occasions, he feelingly referred to the deceased and described his walk through life as that of one who realized his Christian privileges and responsibility and lived in accordance therewith.

He was a life long Conservative and did yeoman service on behalf of the party. He was several times President of the Bear of Leeds & Lansdowne Aggl. Society, always taking a hearty interest in the welfare of agriculture. For a number of years he was a member of the municipal council, always polling the largest vote.

We understand that he was insured for \$1000 each in the O. M. B. A. & C. O. C. F.

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## HARD ISLAND.

MONDAY, JAN. 27.—The snow storm was very acceptable to our farmers, and now the silent dells of the forest are again awakened by the cheerful, ringing sound of the woodman's axe.

The house baying of hounds, as they follow up the fox trails, often continues until darkness sets in.

While dark and dexter grows the war-cloud howl now hangs low with its threatening, gleamy aspect over the nation, the more brightly gleams the precious principles of peace as long promulgated by the Society of Friends, a few of whom we have with us, who despite the keenness of the winter blast, or scorching rays of the midsummer sun, endeavor faithfully to assemble as of old.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Friends, the purpose of divine worship and establishment of the principles of peace which they deem inseparably joined together, believing, as they do, that it results from and encourages the evil passions of the human mind, and now the silent dells of the forest are again awakened by the cheerful, ringing sound of the woodman's axe.

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## THAT AWFUL WRINKLE.

What must be the feelings of a woman when looking in the mirror, and seeing the first finger trace of lines upon her countenance?

It is a very faint mark, traced near the eye, and the first finger trace of lines upon her countenance?

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## THE POLAR NIGHT.

Constantin Nostradamus, reporting his scientific research in Nova Zembla, furnishes an interesting description of his sensations and experiences during the long arctic night which began in November and ended January 1st.

September was pretty comfortable, he says. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyeds, his only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fabled boots for snow for Archangel, the ground grew hard, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snow fell. Winter had come in earnest. On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to do it farewell. It remained in sight for an hour only. For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars showed the whole 24 hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick blankets filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of the huts could hear no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side. If any one was called he was called by the wind, and had to be dragged back by means of ropes.

In this darkness and desolation the arctic boreals did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with

those checks that have been passing between the representatives of China and Japan at the Bank of England, by the way, the Japanese are taking of the late war, must be curious in their way. As valuable signs of paper, they had the best of the bank, and were able to show as completely as the Japs beat the Chinese. In the gloomy valleys of the great building of Threnodendron, street it is the practice to stave away all drafts cashed at the counters above the street, where they are taken off to a furnace and burned. But they used to have, and for aught we know, have now, one of these precious slips reserved from the general quinquennial destruction and framed and glassed in the walls of the bank, or it was, old banknote representing a million of money. Of course it was not printed for everyday use, and a few impressions struck off in order to facilitate some financial operation of the day, and this single impression had been reserved as a curiosity. By comparison with the slip of paper with a facial value of from five to eight millions that are said to have been handed over to the Japanese on account of Japan's little bill, this old framed and glazed note for a mere million cuts rather a puny figure—London Daily News.

Split a Neck.

Among the hills of old Berkshire is a noble birth tree, gigantic in trunk and limb and abundant in foliage, which towers above its neighboring companions, but grows, apparently, out of an immense granite boulder. Here, one might think, it would have paused, submitting to the adamant pressure, either crushed utterly to the earth or dwarfed and deformed by its unyielding environment. But it had the irresistible evolutionary forces of its race behind it, and it had above it the power of its own life. It pushed upwards towards the light. Gradually the little crevice in the rock was widened, the great boulder was split asunder by the hammer of Time, the noble tree was scarcely disturbed by the struggle, protected from destructive storms by its conquered enemy—Boston Transcript.

A Memorable Occasion.

The Shah of Persia—Let's see, when did I last visit Queen Victoria? I should Secretary (reproachfully)—I shouldn't think you would forget that, sire.

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