

GHOST LAKE. On the Old Stage Road, Charlotte Co. Along a crooked tortuous path. In days gone by, the stage coach passed; When travelled 'twas by day and night. When dusky eve fell all around. Weird-like specters from the ground. In ghost-like forms arise in light! Deep silence reigns about the place; The face of nature seems as usual. Eerierialized in misty form. By this lone lake, or boggy swamp. The air at night is chill and damp. Dreary, cheerless and forlorn. Phantoms seem to dance in air— The heart is stilled, the brain with fear. The nervous traveller delirious. Stories of many darkened deeds. Burnt below the long dan gerous leads. Which never hands had lifted. Dark sable night around in thron. Midnight mists add to the gloom; Ghost-like forms, gaunt and hoary. Betray to the affrighted sight. In faint phosphorescent light. The ghastly forms of the dead story. Beside this gloomy lake are trees. Alive and dead are mingled these. Standing tall, like specters seen! The owl wails here his doleful strain. Adding to all that does surround. A dismal feeling to the scene. But to all powers of the night. The nature's wavelike delight. It is their oasis in the desert. So that all things that are created. Are always used, and never left. To useless be, as some assert. When early dawn breaks in upon The grey mist like a mantle thrown. Still buried there in the place. But the rising sun it soon dispels. The ghost-like forms that over it dwells. And nature shows its smiling face. — J. S. Climo.

NOIRAUD.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

(Translated by Belle M. Sherman.) "Do not be afraid, Monsieur, you will not miss your train. I have been driving travellers to the train for fifteen years, and I have never been behind time yet. Do you hear that, Monsieur, never!" "However!" "Oh! Do not look at your watch, there is one thing that you do not know that you should know, and that your watch will never tell you. That is that the train is always a quarter of an hour late. It has never been known not to be a quarter of an hour late." But that was the day the train was on time, and I missed it. My coachman was furious. "You should warn us," he said to the station master, "when all of a sudden your trains take to being on time. Such a thing has never been heard of before." And he called all present to bear testimony to his assertion. "Is it not so that it has never happened before? I do not wish to appear a liar to Monsieur. A train on time? Assure him that this is the first time it has happened. A general cry of "Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" It is generally late," met this appearance of mine. I now had the prospect before me of passing three hours in a dismal village in the Canton de Vaud, flanked by two melancholy mountains from which jutted two snowy peaks. How was I to kill these hours? I now invoked assistance, and was answered by a general cry of: "Go to see Chaudron, that is the only thing to do in this country." And when I reached Chaudron? Half way up the mountain to the right, but as the way was complicated I was recommended to take a guide; and there below, in that little white house with green shutters, I would find the best guide in the country, an honest man, Pere Simon. I went over and knocked at the door of the little house. An old woman opened it for me. "Does Pere Simon live here?" "Yes, he does. But is it to go to the Chaudron?" "It is to go to the Chaudron." "I am sorry, but Pere Simon has not been well since this morning. His legs trouble him; he cannot go out. But do not let that disturb you. There is one who can take his place. That is Noiraud."

"Go call Noiraud then." "Only I must warn you that Noiraud is not a person." "Not a person?" "No; he is our dog." "What, your dog?" "Yes, Noiraud. And he will show you the way very well. Just as well as my husband. He is used to it." "Certainly, for years and years Pere Simon has taken him with him. He has learned all the turnings, and he knows his way very well alone. He has often conducted travellers and they have always congratulated us on his sagacity. As for his intelligence, do not worry, he has as much as you and I. All he lacks is speech. But speech is not necessary; if you wanted him to show you a monument, well, I grant he would need it then; for you would want to know the historical dates; but here there are only natural beauties. Take Noiraud. Then it costs less; my husband charges three francs; Noiraud only costs thirty sous, and he will show you for thirty sous as much as my husband for three francs."

"Well, where is Noiraud?" "He is lying in the sun, in the garden. He has already conducted a party of English to the Chaudron this morning. Shall I call him?" "Yes, call him." "Noiraud! Noiraud!" He came bounding over the fence. He was an ugly, little, black dog, with long curly hair; he was not prepossessing in his looks, but there was in his whole personality, however, a certain air of gravity, decision and importance. His first glance was for me; a quick comprehensive, assured glance, which rapidly scanned me from my head to my feet, and which clearly said: "He is a traveller; he wants to see the Chaudron."

"On host train was enough for me that day any I was positively determined not to meet with a parallel misadventure a second time. I explained to the woman that I had spent three hours for my trip to the Chaudron. "Oh! I know," she said, "you want to take the four o'clock train. Do not fear; Noiraud will take you there in time. Come, Noiraud, en route, mon garcon, en route!" But Noiraud did not seem as if disposed to put himself "en route." He stood watching his mistress, showing

a certain amount of uneasiness. "Ah! what a goose I am," said the old woman, "I forgot the sugar." She went and got four pieces of sugar from a bowl and gave them to me, saying: "This is why he would not set out. You did not have the pieces of sugar. You see, Noiraud, the gentleman has the sugar. Come, en route, mon garcon. To the Chaudron! To the Chaudron! To the Chaudron!" She repeated these words three times speaking slowly and distinctly, and during this time I examined Noiraud attentively. He replied to his mistress words by little sips of the head, which grew more and more vehement, and which evinced toward the end a little impatience and bad humor. They could be translated thus: "Yes, yes, to the Chaudron. I understand. The gentleman has the pieces of sugar. That is understood. Do you take me for a fool?"

"And without waiting for the third 'To the Chaudron' to be finished, Noiraud, his feelings evidently wounded, turned tall and came and stood directly in front of me; with a glance showing me the door, and saying to me as clearly as is permitted to a dog to say: "Come along, will you?" I followed him docilely enough. We set out both of us, he in front, I bringing up the rear. We traversed the length of the village thus. The children were playing in the street recognized my guide. "Eh, Noiraud! Good day, Noiraud!" They wanted to play with the dog, but he turned his head away disdainfully, with the air of a dog who has not time to amuse himself; of a dog who was in the way of doing his duty and earning thirty sous. One of the children cried out: "Leave him alone. He is conducting M'sieu to the Chaudron. Bon jour, M'sieu!" "Eh, Noiraud! Good day, repeating: "Bon jour, M'sieu!" I smiled, but awkwardly, I am sure. I felt embarrassed and even a little humiliated. I was, in fact, dominated by this animal. He was my master. He knew where he was going and I did not. I was in a hurry to get out of the village and find myself alone with Noiraud, face to face with those beautiful mountains, whose mission it was for him to make me admire.

Those beauties of nature were, in the first place, a frightfully dusty and broiling road, stretching under a leaden sky. The dog trotted briskly along, and was tired out trying to follow him. I essayed to moderate his pace: "Noiraud, come, poor Noiraud, do not go so quickly, my dear fellow." But Noiraud turned a deaf ear to me and followed his own sweet will as to his gait; he was seized with a real fit of anger when I tried to seat myself in a corner of a field under the shade of a tree. He barked angrily and cast irritable glances at me. Evidently what I was doing was against the rule. Travellers were not accustomed to stop there. And the barks were so sharp, so persistent, that I arose to continue my route. Noiraud quieted down at once and started in to trot gayly in front of me. I had understood him and he was content. A few moments later he had entered a delightful roadway, flowery, shaded and perfumed; fresh with the coolness and murmur of brooks. Noiraud immediately availed himself of the shade of the great trees that he ran and disappeared down a little pathway. I followed him, breathless. I had not taken more than a hundred yards when I found my Noiraud waiting for me, his head in the air, his eyes flaming, standing in a grassy nook, through which tumbled a miniature cascade. There was an old rustic bench there, and Noiraud glanced from my eyes to the bench and from the bench back to my eyes, impatiently. I was beginning to understand Noiraud's language.

"Now," he seemed to say, "do you see this nice place to rest in? It is pleasant and cool here; you were a fool; you wanted to rest under a broiling sun. Come, be seated, I will permit it." And I did stop. I seated myself and lighted a cigar; I almost made a motion as though to offer one to Noiraud. Perhaps he smoked. But I suddenly thought he might prefer a piece of sugar. He caught it on the fly and cracked it under his teeth, then he stretched himself at my feet. He was evidently in the habit of making a short halt and taking a siesta at this place. He did not sleep more than ten minutes. But I remained tranquil. Noiraud had inspired me with perfect confidence. I had resolved to obey him blindly. He rose, stretched himself, and looked at me as much as to say: "En route, mon Ami, en route." And here we were like two old friends, walking through the woods at a much more leisurely pace. Noiraud evidently enjoyed the charm, the silence and the beauty of the spot. As we had trudged along, a little while before, being in a hurry to get away from the heat and the dust, Noiraud had trotted ahead, with quick, decided, hurried trot. He was walking for a purpose then; but now, refreshed and rested, Noiraud was walking in one of the prettiest pathways in the Canton de Vaud.

A road opened out on our left—a short hesitation on Noiraud's part. He reflected; then he passed it by and continued his route straight ahead of him, but not without some worry and some uncertainty in his step. And then he stopped. He must have made a mistake. Yes, for he retreated his steps and took the road to the left, which all at once led us to a species of amphitheatre, and Noiraud, with his nose in the air, invited me to examine the respectable height of the perpendicular wall of rocks which formed this amphitheatre. When Noiraud concluded that he had given me sufficient time to examine the spot thoroughly we turned about face and continued on our little path through the woods. He had forgotten to show me the rocky amphitheatre, and I fault which he had quickly rectified.

The way soon became very hilly, uneven and rocky. I could only make my way slowly and with infinite peril. Noiraud himself leaped from rock to rock, but he did not abandon me. He waited for me and cast the most touching solicitous glances upon me. At last I heard a faint roaring sound; Noiraud commenced to bark joyfully. "Course," he seemed to say, "courage. We are arriving at our destination. We are going to see the Chaudron."

And it was, in fact, the Chaudron. A modest fall of water of a height equally modest, fell boiling and bubbling into a small, rocky basin. I would have been very sorry to have taken this long, laborious journey merely to see this mediocre masterpiece were it not that my companion and eye, much more interesting and remarkable than this Chaudron. On each side of the waterfall, he little Swiss chalets, in which two little Swiss maidens sold fresh milk: one a blonde, the other a brunette; both were in their national costume and seemed to be anxiously watching my arrival, as they stood on the door-sills of their small doll's houses.

The blonde seemed to me to have very pretty eyes, and I had already taken her for my mistress, when Noiraud broke forth into most ear-splitting barks and irresolutely barred my way. Had he a preference for the brunette? I changed my course, and he watched me, but he shut up as if by magic, when he saw me seat myself at a table standing in front of his protégée's house. Noiraud's friend entered her toy house and he trotted up to her. I watched him through a half-opened shutter. The rogue! He was being waited upon before me. He received a few moments of milk first. He had sold himself. In a few moments he came out and sat down beside me, great drops of milk hanging from his moustache. I gave him some sugar to munch while I drank my milk, and he perfectly satisfied with one another, filling our lungs with great whiffs of pure mountain air, passed a delightful hour.

Noiraud soon commenced to show signs of impatience and agitation. I read his eyes now as one reads an open book. It was time to set out. I paid my bill, arose, and wended my way to the top of the mountain, by which we had ascended the mountain; but he planted himself to the left at the entrance to the other road. He cast a serious, reproachful glance upon me. How much progress I had made in the last two hours, and how familiar Noiraud's silent eloquence had become to me.

"What opinion have you of me?" he asked in a hoarse language. "You think I am going to take you over the same road twice? No, truly, I am a good guide; I know my trade. We are going down again by another road." We descended by the other road, which was very much prettier than the first, Noiraud trotting briskly in front of me, turning his head toward me often, with a little air of triumph and joy. We traversed the village and on the street near the station he was approached by three or four dog friends of his who appeared to be in the way to his house, and he turned with their comrades. They tried to stop him, but Noiraud, scolding and growling, repulsed their advances very decidedly. I am not sure that I have to do. I must conduct this gentleman to the station."

And, indeed, it was not until we reached the waiting room that he condescended to comment on the progress he had crunched the two last pieces of sugar, and this is how I translated Noiraud's last look. "We were twenty minutes ahead of time, my friend. Goodbye! Bon voyage! Bon voyage!"—Commercial Advertiser.

GOV. MCKINLEY TALKS. A Slap at the P-O—Government Must be Either Republican or Democratic. Topeka, Kan., Oct. 3.—The home of populism was invaded by Ohio's governor today. A special train was started for Kansas City today at 7.30 a. m., over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. Stops were only scheduled for eleven places throughout the route. A number of republican workers accompanied Governor McKinley on the first stop was at Argentine, where a few words were spoken. At Lawrence there were fully 2,000 people at the station, who cheered lustily to see the governor. People talk earnest attention to what Mr. McKinley said. With apparent reference to populism, the governor said: "We might as well understand now that this is the government of the republic or democratic parties is going to conduct the policy of this government, and it is for you to determine which one of these parties will conduct the policy of the government in such a manner as to best serve the interest of the people of the United States."

THE GREAT ADMIRAL'S RUN. New York, Oct. 3.—The old American clipper ship Great Admiral arrived today from London, after a remarkably fast run of twenty-three days. Considering her age this is a very creditable performance. The Great Admiral is in her twenty-sixth year, having been built at Boston in 1869, where she is owned. Her registered tonnage is 1,497 tons. On her last voyage she made the run from Start Point to the Banks in nine days with a fair wind, and from thence to Port Light, variable winds and calms were encountered. Captain Rowell stated that he expected to reach port in 19 days, but experienced a heavy gale from the N. W., with high sea on Sept. 30, lasting twenty-four hours. Small incandescent lamps, using secondary batteries weighing about half a pound, are used for night service in the German army.

A WAR SCARE. Reports Sent Out About Great Britain and France.

This Morning's London Papers Say There is no Serious Trouble.

A Washington Correspondent Tells About the Alleged Rupture.

New York, Oct. 3.—A special despatch to a New York paper from London says: England is likely to be in the throes of a pretty bad war scare within the next few days, unless undoubted facts prove unexpectedly decisive.

London, Oct. 3.—Considerable excitement has been caused by the hasty summoning of a cabinet, especially as some of the ministers are out of town. It is generally believed that a connection with some serious difficulty with France.

London, Oct. 3.—A correspondent in Belfast was able to obtain an interview today with the Marquis Dufferin, British ambassador to France, who is enjoying a vacation at his Belfast seat, Clarendon House. Lord Dufferin said he had no reason for immediate alarm in the relation between Great Britain and France.

The Journal, in a lengthy editorial today, calls upon the spinners to accept the new arrangements, which the manufacturers were ready to agree to three weeks ago. The spinners at that time delayed action on the matter for three weeks, this time expiring next Friday.

The Journal claims to have assurances that a compromise on this basis can be effected, but if it is not accepted at once it will be a bitter fight, which may last for months. The Journal has considerable influence with the operatives and it is hoped that its attitude may bring a settlement.

This afternoon a largely attended meeting of the Weavers' union was held and reports of the conference with Bristol, Pierce and Potomaska mill officials submitted. No definite action was taken, but the union officials say that prospects are that the strike on the part of the weavers will last at least four weeks longer unless the manufacturers concede.

The union appropriated \$50 for the cost of the executive committee in relief work. London, Oct. 4.—The Paris correspondent of the Standard says that he has made inquiries into the proposed strike in the United States, and is in a position to state that whatever urgent communications have been received by the British foreign office, they did not come from France. The latest cabinet meeting was held a week ago.

A despatch from Paris to the Daily News says there is no pending question between France and England grave enough to justify a scare. The Times, on the authority of its Portsmouth correspondent, declares that the sensational rumors regarding the movements of the British fleet in the Atlantic are unfounded.

Washington, Oct. 3.—The state department has been very fully advised from time to time by the United States representatives abroad of the inception and growth of the trouble between France and Great Britain in relation to Madagascar. Efforts have also been made at intervals to induce the government to take sides in the dispute.

The French claim the right, under treaty, to comment on the foreign relations of Madagascar, and include in their claim, a right to issue exequaturs to consuls. The Hovas government held that the consuls' functions pertained to the business, paying agents and even then they were sometimes not permitted to exercise their offices.

The British and Germans have not relinquished the claims of the French in the respect that the French are endeavoring to make the United States take the lead in repudiating them, although so far without success, as our state department has steadily abstained from interference in this question of commerce, always of importance in British eyes, the principal reason for the British concern in Madagascar, as it is understood here, lies in the fear that France is able to establish a new Gibraltar in the Indian Ocean, which would, in time of war, give her the power to totally cut off commerce between the United States and the Cape settlements and England.

The French have been busily engaged in making a great fortress and naval station at Diego Suarez, on the northern extremity of Madagascar. Here is a magnificent harbor, almost landlocked, and even at present as impregnable as Gibraltar itself. Making this harbor their base, a few French cruisers might so harry the Indian Sea as to make British commerce impossible. And the French are reaching out. They want more land around Diego Suarez to extend their fortifications and to make the station more secure at the southern extremity of Madagascar and several points between the eastern and western coasts. The British believe that these fortifications are seriously threatening with France possessions, and they are disposed to protest, but they find themselves much hampered, for when Great Britain annexed Zanzibar, lying to the west across Mozambique channel, they did it across the mouth of the channel, so that the latter nation should have a free hand to deal with Madagascar.

One species of the Australian kangaroo is no larger than a rat. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

TWO LITTLE MOONS OF MARS. (From the Boston Evening Transcript.)

The two moons of Mars, Deimos and Phobos, were observed at the observatory at Flagstaff on Sept. 16. Deimos, the larger one, is the smaller, but it is estimated, about six miles in diameter, while its companion is slightly larger, some seven miles in diameter, the entire surface of either of them being not more than the area of some great farms in the far west.

The possibility of seeing such small objects so great a distance is a triumph of modern optics, they being observed at a distance of more than 40,000 miles. A home comparison would be the seeing of a two-inch ball at a distance equal to that between Boston and New York.

NOT EXACTING. Young Munney—Ah! fair one, be mine; I will give up wealth, fame, position, wife, even family for you. Miss Pretty Shopgirl—Well, Henry, if you still insist I suppose I must say yes; but I won't be hard upon you, dear; you need only give up the latter.—Boston Courier.

THE CANADIAN WEST. Sir William Van Horne on the Continued Slump in Wheat.

The President of the Canadian Pacific Submits to an Interview in Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Oct. 3.—Sir Wm. Van Horne, who arrived in Winnipeg last night, gave our correspondent a brief interview. He said that it was extremely difficult to account for the continued slump in the wheat, and he did not see how it could possibly last. One unfortunate circumstance was that wheat had lost every friend it had on the continent. Men who understood by it and kept on buying long had all been bitten so that they had finally chucked up the job in disgust and left wheat to take care for itself.

While in Minneapolis he had talked the question over with Mr. Pillsbury, and that gentleman had agreed that wheat surely could not long stay where it was. At the present time it was cheaper, pound for pound, than corn. When it is remembered that wheat produces more high wines, starch, and in fact every other article in which it and corn are used for their corn does, it must be self-evident that wheat must go up. As to the times financially, he remarked: "Well, they are bad enough, heaven knows, but they are not so bad in Canada as they are in the United States, and it looks to me as if they are going to be worse in the central states. I think Canada has seen the worst of it. I rather think we have scraped along the bottom and are an inch or so above. As to the cry of high freight rates, Sir William said rates are reasonable, and if people only knew how little actual profit to the company there is in wheat, all things considered, they would not be disposed to blame us, but I do not desire to go into any defence of the company. We will leave time to set us right. There are things to be considered that the public never think of. The large quantities of rolling stock which are necessary for the hauling of grain two or three months now are idle most of the year, and then we have to haul empties so far that it takes the cream of the company's profits. Of course when increasing freights are moving and we are able to haul goods in with returning cars it helps us out, that is what we call 'velvet,' but there is not so very much of that.

As to the business of the C. P. R., the company had to create it. When we found ourselves with a long line running along the northern frontier for thousands of miles with only a handful of people at Fort Arthur, Winnipeg and British Columbia, and little or no business to do, we had to set to work and create business. We reached out for it to the United States and secured a big slice, but even that was not enough to make enterprise pay and we found it necessary to scour the world for additional business in order to make the great enterprise pay. People talk about us giving lower rates in the United States than in Canada, but the circumstances are not understood. Take much of our Soo line business, it is simply the hauling of train loads of freight cars which are handed to us and all we have to do is to hitch on an engine and carry them through. We have no trouble or expense looking after the business, paying agents and maintaining offices; we simply take train loads and haul them through."

The president discussed many other phases of the company's business and mentioned that the past year had been a pretty hard one on the C. P. R. had its financial burdens to carry as well as other corporations for that matter. Sir William leaves for the east in the morning.

Their excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen departed from Winnipeg this afternoon after a week of brilliant festivities, receptions, dinners, etc. They visit several provincial points during the next two or three days and expect to reach Regina about Saturday, where they will spend two or three days with Governor Mackintosh.

Brandon will give Wilfred Laurier and party a hearty reception next Monday. After the public meeting there will be a grand banquet.

The provincial government has taken charge of the affairs of the town of Morris. Through extravagance in management, the indebtedness of the town far exceeds its assessed value.

Mrs. William Johnson of this city, quarrelled with her husband yesterday, and then attempted suicide with carbolic acid. The doctors with difficulty saved her life.

James Ross of Montreal, president of the Winnipeg electric railway, arrived here yesterday with Sir William VanHorne.

W. S. Beecher, cashier of the Hudson's Bay Co., returned to Winnipeg a few days ago from a trip west. Yesterday he was taken ill and investigation revealed that he was afflicted with smallpox. The city authorities have taken all precautions.

T. C. Watson, of Watson, Armstrong & Co., dry goods merchants, here, died today of typhoid fever. The body will be sent to Brampton, Ont., for interment.

Have seldom a call for any other powder or liniment than Manchester's.

JOHN TRUSS, Bloomfield, K. C. I cured a valuable trotting horse of stiff lameness by use of Manchester's Liniment. W. CAMPBELL, St. John.

I keep several draught horses for trucking purposes; would as soon be without oats in barn as without Manchester's Powder and Liniment. S. PUDDINGTON, St. John.

Manchester's remedies are the best horse medicine I ever used; would not be without them. JOHN SMITH, Livery Stable, Sussex, N. B.

I would recommend Manchester's Powders and Liniment to any one having a horse out of condition, sick or lame; have used them myself with best possible results. J. ALLEN TABOR, Livery Stable, St. John.

Coughing leads to Consumption. Stop the Cough, heal the Lungs and strengthen the System with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-Liver Oil and hypophosphites. It is palatable and easy on the stomach. Physicians, the world over, endorse it. Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, All Druggists, etc. & c.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. They cure without dragging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

1-Brevers, Congestive Inflammations, etc. 2-Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, etc. 3-Neuralgia, Colic, Crying, Watkines, etc. 4-Diarrhoea, Cholera, Dysentery, etc. 5-Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, etc. 6-Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache, etc. 7-Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo, etc. 8-Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, etc. 9-Suppressed or Painful Periods, etc. 10-White, Too Frequent Periods, etc. 11-Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness, etc. 12-Sore Throat, Stomach, Eruptions, etc. 13-Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains, etc. 14-Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague, etc. 15-Consumption, Spitting of Blood, etc. 16-Whooping Cough, etc. 17-Kidney Disease, etc. 18-Nervous Debility, etc. 19-Urinary Weakness, etc. 20-Sore Throat, Quinsy, Ulcerated Throat, etc. 21-Whooping Cough, etc. 22-Whooping Cough, etc. 23-Whooping Cough, etc. 24-Whooping Cough, etc. 25-Whooping Cough, etc. 26-Whooping Cough, etc. 27-Whooping Cough, etc. 28-Whooping Cough, etc. 29-Whooping Cough, etc. 30-Whooping Cough, etc. 31-Whooping Cough, etc. 32-Whooping Cough, etc. 33-Whooping Cough, etc. 34-Whooping Cough, etc. 35-Whooping Cough, etc. 36-Whooping Cough, etc. 37-Whooping Cough, etc. 38-Whooping Cough, etc. 39-Whooping Cough, etc. 40-Whooping Cough, etc. 41-Whooping Cough, etc. 42-Whooping Cough, etc. 43-Whooping Cough, etc. 44-Whooping Cough, etc. 45-Whooping Cough, etc. 46-Whooping Cough, etc. 47-Whooping Cough, etc. 48-Whooping Cough, etc. 49-Whooping Cough, etc. 50-Whooping Cough, etc. 51-Whooping Cough, etc. 52-Whooping Cough, etc. 53-Whooping Cough, etc. 54-Whooping Cough, etc. 55-Whooping Cough, etc. 56-Whooping Cough, etc. 57-Whooping Cough, etc. 58-Whooping Cough, etc. 59-Whooping Cough, etc. 60-Whooping Cough, etc. 61-Whooping Cough, etc. 62-Whooping Cough, etc. 63-Whooping Cough, etc. 64-Whooping Cough, etc. 65-Whooping Cough, etc. 66-Whooping Cough, etc. 67-Whooping Cough, etc. 68-Whooping Cough, etc. 69-Whooping Cough, etc. 70-Whooping Cough, etc. 71-Whooping Cough, etc. 72-Whooping Cough, etc. 73-Whooping Cough, etc. 74-Whooping Cough, etc. 75-Whooping Cough, etc. 76-Whooping Cough, etc. 77-Whooping Cough, etc. 78-Whooping Cough, etc. 79-Whooping Cough, etc. 80-Whooping Cough, etc. 81-Whooping Cough, etc. 82-Whooping Cough, etc. 83-Whooping Cough, etc. 84-Whooping Cough, etc. 85-Whooping Cough, etc. 86-Whooping Cough, etc. 87-Whooping Cough, etc. 88-Whooping Cough, etc. 89-Whooping Cough, etc. 90-Whooping Cough, etc. 91-Whooping Cough, etc. 92-Whooping Cough, etc. 93-Whooping Cough, etc. 94-Whooping Cough, etc. 95-Whooping Cough, etc. 96-Whooping Cough, etc. 97-Whooping Cough, etc. 98-Whooping Cough, etc. 99-Whooping Cough, etc. 100-Whooping Cough, etc.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATION.

Washington, Oct. 2.—Dr. Fapt, the secretary of the apostolic delegation, when seen regarding a report cable from Rome that he was to sever his connection with the delegation in order to join the Jesuits, refused either to deny or confirm the report. He said it was purely a private matter, which the public had no concern in.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

What is so cheap as a good magazine. Apparently the answer to the question is, "Nothing." Harper's, for example, during the past year has printed two novels, Trilby and The Golden House, which, in book form, would have cost \$1.00 each. It will sell for the subscription price of the Magazine, or a little less. Add to these sixty short stories (enough for five books) by the best American and English writers, as many illustrated articles, descriptive of travel, or of scientific interest, the comments on current events in the "Editor's Study," and the humorous anecdotes of the "Editor's Drawer," and the reader has every year two volumes of nearly a thousand pages each, filled with the best literature and the best illustrative art, in a variety that a large library could hardly surpass.

JENKINS'S THREE EYED CAT.

(From the Cleveland Leader.) Massillon, O., Aug. 28.—The Jenkins family, who reside at Leesville, a village south of this city, are in possession of a cat which has three distinct eyes. The animal is near a year old and a great pet. People visit the Jenkins home daily out of curiosity, and the cat is the centre of attraction. The two eyes are in their usual places but the additional one is directly back of the cats left ear. The cat has perfect use of the three organs and blinks all at once. The cat is invaluable as a mouse catcher, for it can see before and in the rear at the same time.

A LAST RESORT.

(From The Star.) A Scottish minister made the following announcement from the pulpit: "Well, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of silver, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us." Files! Files! itching Files! SYMPHONY—Notes and Intros and stinging; most at itching by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and become very sore. SWANSON'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. It is for sale for 10 cents. Dr. Swanson & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, Wholesale agents. 1215