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—BY—
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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PART OF THIS PAGE MISSING

THE CHOCOLATE KING

Chases Canadian Fishermen Off the Island of Anticosti.

The Strange Proceedings of the French Owner of a British Island—The Duty of the Department Outlined—Antipodean Apples and Their Unfortunate Reception—Extension of the Lobster Season.

Ottawa, June —(Special.)—There is a prospect of trouble in connection with the administration of affairs on Anticosti. The new proprietor, M. Menier, the chocolate king, and his locum tenens, M. Commetant, seem to think that because the island has been purchased by the former that Canadian fishermen have no rights there. Reports which have reached here from the Gulf indicate that our fishermen, who have been accustomed to drying their nets on the island, have been driven off by Commetant's men and have been forbidden to resort there in future. Although the island has passed into the possession of a subject of France, it is still British territory, and the authority of the Canadian Government is still supreme over it. The foreshores are within the jurisdiction of the Dominion, and the opinion is held that our fishermen have every right to land upon them. It is reported that M. Menier intends forbidding our fishermen to fish within the three-mile limit, but if this be so it will be the duty of the Government to bring him to time quickly.

Information has been received at the Department of Agriculture that a large consignment of apples from Tasmania, which were imported by the last Australian steamer, have been seized by the Provincial authorities of British Columbia and ordered to be destroyed because they were infested with an insect pest which it was afraid might reach the apple trees of the Province. This is an unfortunate beginning for the direct shipment of apples from the Antipodes at a time when they were likely to find a good sale in our markets.

Owing to the lateness of season, lobster fishing has been extended in the Maritime Provinces for 15 days, that is, to June 30 and July 15, according to locality.

The first copy of the year book for 1895 was issued from the Printing Bureau to-day. It is several months ahead of the issue of last year, and is, as usual, replete with a vast amount of information relating to Canada. It has been compiled by George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, assisted by Messrs. Wilkins and Skead.

The County Council of Ottawa has decided to issue a writ against the Township of Low to recover the costs of the tax collection expedition which went up to the township last fall.

COL. RHODES WOULDN'T SIGN

And Was Banished From the Transvaal for Life—Gone to Capetown.

Praetoria, June —It is announced that the terms imposed upon the four leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, John Hays Hammond, Lionel Phillips, Col. Francis Rhodes and George Farrar, whose release has been decided upon by the Transvaal Executive Council, require that in default of the payment of a fine of £25,000 each they shall suffer banishment from the territory of the South African Republic.

Praetoria, June 12.—The fines of £25,000 each which were imposed upon the Johannesburg Reform Committee leaders—Phillips, Farrar, Rhodes and Hammond, were paid yesterday, and Phillips, Farrar and Hammond signed a document pledging themselves to abstain from interference in Transvaal politics, after which their banishment was cancelled. Col. Rhodes refused to sign the agreement to abstain from interference in politics and was banished for life. He started for Capetown last night. Hammond, Phillips and Farrar left in the afternoon for Johannesburg. Prices in Johannesburg have risen greatly.

Ex-Lieut.-Governor of Ontario Dead.

Montreal, June —(Special.)—As foreshadowed in to-day's issue of The World, Hon. D. A. Macdonald, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and for some years Postmaster-General in the Mackenzie Administration, died here this afternoon at his residence on Sherbrooke-street. He leaves four daughters, Miss Macdonald, Lady Hingston, Mrs. McCarthy and Mrs. Macdougall. Mr. G. F. Macdonald of The Glengarry News is also a son of the deceased. Mr. Macdonald was born in 1817, and although his daughters were very devout Catholics he never evinced a very strong enthusiasm in religious matters. A week or so ago, however, he sent for a clergyman and made all the necessary preparations to die in the Catholic faith.

Three Negroes Lynched.

Houston, Texas, June —Louis Whitehead, George Johnson and Jim Reddick, three negroes, were taken from the jail at Bryan, 100 miles north of here, last night and hanged. Whitehead and Johnson were charged with attempting to criminally assault the 12-year-old daughter of Dr. R. H. Wilson, Sunday night. Reddick had been convicted of a crime on an Italian girl and sentenced to hang, but the decision was reversed by the higher court, and he was held awaiting a new trial. The mob was 300 strong and came from Kurten, nine miles west of Bryan, where Dr. Wilson lives.

Murder and Quick Retribution.

Calgary, N.W.T., June —(Special.)—At 8 o'clock to-night as Mounted Police Inspector Charles Godin was riding to the Langevin Bridge, Pierre Ducharme, a half-breed, fired at him with a revolver, the shot entering the abdomen, passing out near the backbone. Godin immediately returned the fire, shooting Ducharme dead through the heart. Godin then rode to the barracks and fell off his horse. Medical aid was summoned, and a priest took the dying statement of Godin as above. No cause is assigned, except that Ducharme had been drinking heavily during the afternoon.

Corroborated in the House.

London, June —In the House of Commons to-day, Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, made an announcement confirming the report from Praetoria, that the leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee had been set at liberty upon their payment of a fine of £25,000 each, in default of which they would be subjected to banishment from the Transvaal for a period of 15 years.

Guilty of Assault Only.

Owen Sound, June —Miss Ellen Findlay, who was twice tried for the manslaughter of the Barnardo boy [illegible] the jury disagreeing at [illegible]sions, was to-day found [illegible]ult. Sentence was de-

THE CYCLING CRAZE.

FIRST PARADE OF THE THOMPSON STREET BICYCLE CLUB.

The Remarkable Tactics of Stepback Taylor—Members, Tied to Their Wheels, Came to Grief—The President's Coolness.

The first grand public parade of the Thompson-street Colored Bicycle Club, being the only organization of the kind known in the world, took place yesterday afternoon, and was a bigger thing than a waterfall 500 feet high, with a circus on top of it. Members to the number of almost 100 gathered at Juno Hall at 1 o'clock p.m., and the start was made an hour later.

The president's face wore exactly the same look as Gen. Putnam's did at the battle of Bunker Hill, and every time his machine chased a street car off the track he was greeted with loud and prolonged applause.

When the members formed up on the street for the start it was discovered that Elder Slipback Davis and Abraham Lincoln Thompson were tied on their machines with clothes lines, and that Happy Jones, Roll On Jordan Green and Gen. Grant Taylor had their legs firmly secured behind. While this was against orders, there was no time to make any changes, and at a signal the parade started amid enthusiastic cheers. The first evolution attempted was one invented by President Toots, and copyrighted at the expense of 75 cents. It is a "front into line" evolution, intended to occupy the width of a street, and give each rider a chance to show off. The only reason it didn't work on this occasion was because the street was partly occupied by three ice wagons, three butcher carts, two street cars and a moving van. The riot lasted about ten minutes, and the police and drug stores and ambulance drivers exercised the utmost consideration and patience. Among those who had to return to the hall for repairs were:

Hon. Julius Clay, who was kicked in the neck by a horse while trying to make a short cut across the tongue of an ice wagon. It was two hours before he could sip a glass of lemonade, and then each sip worked both his ears backward and forward and hurt his throat as if he were swallowing peach stones.

Col. Alabama Watkins, who didn't see the street car until he had gone over the dashboard and through the front door. Most of the buttons and a good deal of his hide were scraped off, but after half an hour he recovered consciousness and limped away.

Stepback Harper, who got mixed up with an ice wagon and a moving van and was afterward found under a peanut stand alongside of the curbstone. Some one brought him out a glass of buttermilk and he was soon able to stand on his feet and inquire where he was at. His spine was found to be two inches out of plumb as he walked off, but he decided to let it remain that way for the remainder of the season.

During the parade within the city limits Sundown White was hit in the ear with a mud ball thrown from the sidewalk by a small boy who had a jug of molasses in the other hand.

The machine ridden by Stepback Taylor, which had just been greased with bear's oil, got away from him just as he struck the boulevard, and in its career it knocked down a peanut stand, ran over a Tammany leader and brought up against a telegraph pole with such earnestness that Bro. Taylor continued on into a blacksmith shop and was left behind to rest himself and pick the horseshoe nails out of his hair.

The president was aware that something had happened when a street car whirled him twice around and ran him into the door of a grocery, but he got back into the street and led the parade in a way to elicit grand applause from the crowds. The cool, calm manner in which he issued his orders of "Fours into line," "Mix up dar' by sixes," "Scatter by twos" and "Rush up yere

STEPBACK TAYLOR'S REMARKABLE TACTICS

by eights," was loudly commended by officers of the National Guard who were on hand to secure pointers. Just as the procession got entangled and was moving on, a bobtailed horse, driven by a one-eyed boy before a laundry wagon, came booming along on a full run, and but for the presence of mind of the president many persons might have been killed or injured. He instantly grasped the situation, ordered his command to "Scatteration at will and P.D.Q.," and the various riders sought doorways and got around corners and jumped off their machines to climb lamp posts. The peril passed and no one was touched.

Just as the parade had made its successful start, Elder Slipback Davis, one of the two members tied to his machine, undertook to execute what is called "the chicken-wing dodge," with the result that he and his machine rolled over and over on the cobblestones six or seven times, the machine being most of the time on top and working away at the elder's ribs to knock him out. He was finally rescued by a kind-hearted policeman and stood up against a brick wall to recover his wind.

Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," is ill, and has been compelled to stop work on her new novel.

Senor Gasset, editor of The Imparcial at Madrid, has challenged General De Bourbon, a pretender to the throne of France, to fight a duel.

The Marquis of Salisbury's present house party will be an historical event, as it is one of the grandest entertainments since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Lord Windsor, a very rich English nobleman, has started a model saloon on one of his estates, where he guarantees that only the best beer, wine and spirits are sold.

The Upper Canada Bible Society held its fifty-sixth annual meeting, when reports were presented, showing the income for the year to have been $32,074, about $3600 less than for the preceding year. Senator Allan was re-elected president.

A young son of David Mott of Mount Vernon, Elgin County, was drowned in a cistern.

Frank Smith, an old colored man, was struck by a train and killed at Chatham.

Frank Rowe of Detroit, a porter on the steamer State of Michigan, fell overboard in the Detroit River, and was drowned.

A Kansas City despatch says: Rennick, Randolph County, was blown away yesterday afternoon, and several persons were killed.

The barge Joe Arthurs struck in the Galops Rapids, and sank in thirteen feet of water. She was loaded with 17,590 bushels of wheat.

Over eleven hundred people were killed in a mighty crush at the free feast given at Moscow in confection with the coronation ceremonies.

A DAY OF DAYS.

Within the calendar of life
Of every human heart,
There shines a day with beauty rife,
That stands alone, apart—
Distinct from other times and tides,
The sorrowful or gay,
With Memory it ever abides,
A rose-crowned, perfect day.
No matter if fast fades the gold
Of other morns to gray,
And angel hands may not have rolled
The stone of grief away—
Bright shining through life's fond regret,
Through cloud and tearful haze,
Love's golden sun has never set
Upon that day of days.
—Clarence E. Urmy.

SOME GOOD 'UNS.

A Budget of Lately Recorded Wit From Harper's Round Table.

Pat was an Irishman, and he was trying to ride a bicycle. "The pesky wheel," as he put it, wouldn't stay straight, but wriggled this way and that, every now and then landing him in a heap on the road. A number of people gathered around to see the fun. At last, however, he got started fairly well, and was moving along smoothly, when the wheel gave a lurch, and in attempting to recover himself he made a desperate lunge, and over he went, hitting the curb stone in his downfall. A policeman ran up, and after straightening him out, demanded that he give an account of himself.

"Faith!" said Pat, "I'd loikt to see any man give an account when he has once lost his balance."

There had been a lack of men joining the ranks, and the colnel was visiting a recruiting station, inspecting the workings of his recruiting sergeants. Suddenly a terrific nois of shouting and shuffling of feet came through the open window. Now it came from the stairway, intermingled with sundry loud bumps and knocks, and the door burst open, showing a red-faced, perspiring little sergeant pushing, hauling and tugging at a big country lad. The latter was doing his best to escape the firm grip of the soldier.

"Halt!" cried the Colonel. "How is this, sir?" he said to the sergeant. "Is this the way you secure recruits—by force, sir?"

The red-faced sergeant looked up and down, then at the colnel, and blurted out: "Sure, sir, the only way to get them volunteers is by force, sir."

It was a battered war-scarred veteran that ambled into the pension office one day last week, and slowly approaching the clerk of the office, asked in a quivering voice, where he could get a pension.

"In what company did you serve," asked the clerk.

"Company G, of the Sixth Volunteers."

"Ever injured in battle?"

The veteran drew himself up to his full height, which was distressingly little, and exclaimed, in as loud a voice as he could muster.

"Yes, sir; I was hit by a shell in the battle of Bull Run, and knocked all to pieces."

"Dear me!" said the clerk, smiling. "You're a wonderful veteran. Where do you lie, and how do you manage to keep alive your many pieces?"

"That's the trouble, sir, and the very reason I want a pension, 'cause I've had trouble ever since taking up my quarters wherever I could find them."

Mary and Martha, two little sisters, had been promoted to the dignity of a big bed, where they slept together. "I sleep on the front side," announced Mary, with an air of importance.

"And where do you sleep, Martha?" inquired the visitor.

"I sleep where Mary doesn't," replied Martha, with a rueful glance at her restless little sister."

"Sam, I find you are an incorrigible story-teller. Did you ever in your life tell the truth?"

"Massa, de truth am a virtue, am it not?"

"Yes, Sam, it is; but I'm afraid you lack that virtue."

"No, sah, dat am not so. It am such a powerful good virtue, sah, an' I's got so much ob it, sah, dat I's am not goin' to let any of it escape so's I done waste any of it, sah."—Harper's Round Table.

A Story of an Artist.

A story is told of a now famous American artist, who was seen, one day during his struggling days in Paris, with his clothes in the last stage of dissolution, and his shoes tied up with twine. But there was a wild gleam in his eye. "I've got a hundred dollars!" he shouted to a friend across the street, quite oblivious of the crowd—"a hundred dollars, and I'm going to buy some shoestrings!"—Argonaut.

Not a Substitute.

A dignitary of the church who is a warm advocate of missions was talking with a prominent official of the War Department the other day and remarked that "a single shot, fired by one of the largest guns, cost as much as would keep a missionary for a year." "That is true," rejoined the official, "but then, you know, if it came to a war, we could not fire off missionaries."

UNCLASSIFIED.

Smallpox has broken out and is spreading in Havana and Santiago de Cuba.

The Grand Lodge of Orange Young Britons opened their annual meeting at Smith's Falls last week.

A new edition of Byron, edited by the poet's grandson, the Earl of Lovelace, will shortly appear.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Hamilton defeated Toronto in a well-contested rifle match at the Long Branch ranges.

At New Orleans on Saturday Bicyclist Gardiner won the mile open in 2.10 4-5. Zeigler won the half mile in 1.00 4-5, with Coulter second.

At Ilion, N.Y., on Saturday, Bald easily beat out Sanger in the mile professional bicycle race in 2.17 4-5. Tom Cooper was ill, and did not ride.

The reinstatement of John Davidson to the amateur ranks is said to be a certainty. He will be a likely candidate for the amateur championships.

It is said that the Prince of Wales spent three hundred pounds in replying to the telegrams he received congratulating him upon winning the Derby.

PURELY PERSONAL.

In commemoration of his coronation the Czar has donated the sum of $75,000 to charities.

Mahommed Ali Merza, the eldest son of the Shah of Persia, has been proclaimed heir-apparent.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has declined the degree of LL.D. which the senate of the University of Toronto proposed to confer upon him.

The office of local manager of the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto will be abolished, and Mr. E. Wragge, who has held the position for 13 years, will retire next month.

In the action in London for breach of promise, brought by Miss May Gore, an actress, against Viscount Sudley, for fifteen thousand pounds, a verdict was rendered for the defendent.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson having made the formal announcement of the engagement of their youngest derbilt, jr., Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, sr., announces that the engagement is against his expressed wish, and without his consent.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The illness of ex-Queen Natalie of Servia is causing much anxiety to her friends.

Princess Helene, the Duchess of Sparta's baby, is Queen Victoria's 22nd great-grandchild.

The Duchess of Marlborough will make her first appearance as a hostess at Ascot. She will entertain a large and distinguished house party.

The diocesan convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Michigan has decided to permit women to vote upon the election of vestrymen and other church matters.

A recent meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation in London passed a resolution demanding reforms in the divorce laws, which provide that a wife's unfaithfulness is sufficient grounds for a divorce, while a wife must prove cruelty in addition in order to obtain the same decree.

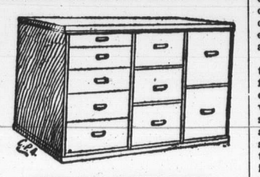
THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A KITCHEN TABLE COMBINATION THAT IS INVALUABLE.

The Proportions of the Table and How It Is Made—The Recesses of Its Interior and What They Will Contain—Full Particulars of Measurements.

Our table is a good size, but we have no pantry. We have to use the cellar and shed in place of it. Something more was necessary. This table was made entirely by a joiner, we furnishing the design. It must speak for itself. The top is covered with sheet zinc, which cleans easily, does not rust, will not cut with ordinary usage, and cannot get wet through and musty. The table is plain wood at present. Some day we shall stain it with the mixed walnut stain that can be bought in small cans and thinned to required color with turpentine. The total cost was $7.

The proportions are: 2 feet 8 in. high, 2 feet wide by 4 feet long. On the right-hand side the two large drawers run on rollers, as when filled they are quite heavy. One is for flour, and the other is divided into two sections, which we use for corn meal and beans. In the next tier are three drawers, respectively 8 in., 9 in. and 10 in. deep. In one we keep the cracker box, Quaker oats and such things; in the next white sugar, and in the 10-in. drawer, which is sub-divided, we have the brown and pulverized sugars. The left-hand row has five drawers. These



COMBINATION KITCHEN TABLE.

have grooves in the outer sides, and run on lateral strips; this was the joiner's amendment to our plan. He said it economized a good four inches of space. The three top drawers are graded, 4 inches, 5 inches and 6 inches. The two lower are each 7 1-2 inches in depth. We use the top one for cooking spoons, forks, knives, meat chopper, egg beater, etc. In the second are hammer, gimlet, screw drivers, tacks and other domestic tools. The third contains packages such as corn starch, chocolate, tapioca and rice. The fourth holds the spice tins, baking powder, soda, cream tartar and others, while the last is dedicated to clean kitchen towels, dish towels, window cloths, and the ironing sheet. The whole table stands close to the floor so that no dust can work under. It is placed in front of a window which gives good light for any work one may have to do on top. We find the table invaluable and it would be equally desirable in a pantry if one possessed that luxury.—E. E. Wilhelm, in American Agriculturist.

An Archery.

"Well," said the dentist, who had just moved in, "the next thing to do will be to have this 'bakery' sign that Doughboy left, painted out."

"Just paint out the first letter," suggested his student.—Indianapolis Journal.

Two Pairs of Shoes.

Mistress—Look here, Jeannett; you have brought me two shoes for the same foot."

Maid—How strange! This other pair are both for the same foot, too.—La Petit Journal.

A NEW WOMAN TRAGEDY.

She rode home on her bicycle,
By all the town admired;
She saw her husband, haggard, pale,
Soothing a baby's noisy wail,
And said: "Poor man—he's tired!"

She rode home on her bicycle,
(The sun the west had fired);
She saw her husband—sleeves rolled up—
Stagger and break a china cup
And said: "Poor man—he's tired!"

She rode home on her bicycle—
The news she had not wired,
But here's the way she laid it out:
"I've brought six friends to supper, John!"
And then (poor man! he's dead and gone),
He at the stove expired!
—Atlanta Constitution.

HE FOUND OUT.

1—Say, boy, on what floor is Mr. Findem's office?

2—Dat's it up dar.

Braved His Wife's Displeasure.

Mr. Meekton's wife was eyeing him suspiciously as he ate his breakfast.

"You don't seem to like the biscuits," she said. "What is the matter with them?"

"Oh, nothin' much."

"Then why don't you eat them?"

"I don't feel much like eatin' biscuits this morning."

"Then there must be something the matter with them or with you."

"Well, to tell you the truth, they're a little more burnt than I ordinarily like 'em. And I hope you won't think I'm fault-finding and not willing to make allowances. I know that human nature is human nature, and it isn't with any idea of blame that I remark that lately when ye ain't scorchin' on the bicycle ye're scorchin' on the cook stove. I s'pose the two just naturally go together."—Washington Star.

WILLED HIM THE EARTH.

The Last and Most Amusing Joke of Col. Broadacre of Texas.

Col. Broadacre of Texas, who was quite a wit in his way, had a bumptious young nephew, of whom he was not over-fond, and when the colonel finally died with his boots on (a way they have in Texas) it was found that he had gotten even with the young man in question by facetiously willing him the earth.

The colonel wanted his sorrowing relatives to enjoy the joke as early in the reading of his last will and testament as possible, so he remembered his conceited nephew in the very first clause of the will, which ran as follows:

"To my well-beloved (by himself) and self-opinionated nephew, John Henry Broadacre, who has always wanted the earth, as the saying goes, I hereby give and bequeath said body or planet for him and his heirs and assigns to have and to hold in fee simple forever, or as long as said planet, known as the earth, shall continue to revolve in its accustomed orbit. And I trust he will live long to enjoy the bequest and pick up a more useful stock of knowledge than he appears to be burdened with at the date this document is drawn."

The colonel's estate was worth a couple of millions, invested about equally in land and good securities, and of course the other heirs had the grand snicker, so to speak, on John Henry

It was very amusing, indeed until John Henry's lawyer came forward and claimed every square inch of the colonel's landed estate for his client, on the ground that it was part of the earth which his uncle had willed him, and he was clearly entitled to it.

The other heirs pointed out the fact that the landed estate had been specifically bequeathed to them, in the clauses of the will following that in which John Henry had been so handsomely remembered, but the wide-awake lawyer stoutly contended—and said there wasn't a court in the country but would sustain him in so doing—that this portion of the will was null and void, as the testator had already disposed of every acre of his real estate in the first clause of the document and no last will and testament ever made could give away the same piece of property twice.

In fact, he said, the strict letter of the law would justify his client in also claiming the securities belonging to Col. Broadacre's estate, as the possessor of the earth was rightly entitled to all it contained.

It didn't look so much like a joke to the rest of the heirs as it did at first, and they finally clubbed together and bought off the colonel's bumptious nephew (who evidently had a bump of enterprise among the rest) for a good round sum—up in the hundred thousands, it is said—in consideration of which he withdrew his claim to all that portion of the earth formerly owned by Col. Broadacre.

John Henry rides around in his own carriage nowadays and when people ask him if he isn't getting rather extravagant, he simply closes his left eye for the space of perhaps a second, in a thoughtful sort of way, and says: "Not unduly so, I guess, for a young man who is heir to the earth."

The moral of this story seems to be that facetiousness, though it may be the spice of life, is out of place in one's last will and testament; and also that the man who does his laughing after the returns come in is far wiser than he who goes off at half-cock.—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew.

The Count (a trifle near sighted)—I say? Who is ze bow-legged chap wiz your uncle?"

"My sister."—Life

An Irony of Fortune.

"Mehitable," he said, "them city people was purely forehanded about lingagin' board for this summer."

"I'm glad of it," she said "It's a great comfort ter know that we're gointer hev plenty of guests this year."

"It'll mean some work."

"Yes. Work fur you an' work fur me. But we never did b'long ter the leisure classes,"

"I like ter think about restin, though, Everybody in town keeps goin' away fur the summer every year."

"Makes it kinder jealous, doesn't it?"

"Kinder, when I think o' the heat an hurry."

"Ef ye had yer chance ter go 'way fur the summer, whur'd ye go?"

"Whur'd I go? Lemme see, Come ter think it all over, I dunno of any place I'd ruther go than ter one o' them big, shady city houses thet look so cool when they're shet up whiles the folks is out here indulgin' in country board."

Fair Proposition.

"I made a bet, Bill, that your eyes were black."

"Well, you've lost; they're blue."

"I know a way to get out of it, and if you agree, I'll divy up."

"All right; go ahead."

"Come out in the alley and I'll give you the finest pair of black eyes you ever saw in your life."

Applied at the Wrong Place.

Miss Kissam—You seem depressed to-night, Mr. Dexter.

Mr. Dexter—Yes, I am. I went to a fortune teller to-day to find out my fate, and was told that the girl I loved would not marry me.

Miss Kissam—But, Mr. Dexter, no fortune teller is authorized to speak for me.

shake.

We do not mean a shake of the hands; but a genuine malarial chill. Quinine is the best remedy for this. Yet when the chills have ceased, there remains a debilitated system, with loss of appetite and poor blood. For this condition take **Scott's Emulsion** of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. The cod-liver oil is a valuable food, furnishing needed elements to build up the tissues. It also makes rich blood, bringing back color to the cheeks. The Hypophosphites increases the appetite, and gives vigor and strength to the nervous system.

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a package in a salmon-colored wrapper with the picture of the man and fish on it—you can trust that man.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont.

In the Sleeping Car.

The man in the upper berth leaned over its edge, and, jamming his brown firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh, coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of the engine:

"Hi! you, down there. Are you rich?"

"Heh?" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "Whazzer mazzer?"

"I say, are you rich?"

"What's that, sir! Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night to ask me such a question as that?"

"I want to know—that's why."

"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now, I hope your curiosity is satisfied and you will let me go to sleep."

"Very rich?"

"Millionaire confound you. Now shut up, and—"

"Well, then, why in torment don't you charter a whole train to do your snoring in?"—Daily Eastern Argus.

One Thing the Girl Could Do.

She was engaging a cook, and the very first applicant for the situation was a raw Norwegian girl, fresh from the fjords. "I suppose you understand plain cooking?" remarked the lady of the house. "Naw, no plain cooking." "Oh, fancy cooking, then?" "Naw, nr faancy cooking." "Heavy sweeping and housework." "Perhaps you are a laundress then?" "Naw." I doan launder." "Don't you even know plain sewing?" "I naaver sew." "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the distracted lady; "what, in heaven's name, can you do?" "Aw," was the answer, "I caan milk a reindeer."—Wave.

A Considerate Valet.

We are told that Prince Tallyrand was suddenly awakeden one night by the discharge of a firearm. Seeing his valet in the apartment, he asked him what he was doing there. "Prince," the man replied, with stolidity, "there was a mouse in the room, and fearing lim ight disturb you, I shot it dead with a pistol."—La Patriote Normand.

One of His Father's Sermons.

Some time ago the son of a distinguished clergyman (lately deceased) was requested to preach in the church which his father had been vicar of.

He accepted the offer, and preached there.

The next day an old gentleman called on him and abused him roundly for his sermon.

"How shocked," he said, "your poor father would have been to have heard you say what you did yesterday!"

"I don't think he would have been very shocked," replied the young man, smiling. "That sermon was one which my father wrote himself just before his illness and never used, so I thought I might as well use it for him."—Answers.

The catcher (roughly)—What do you know about baseball anyhow? The umpire (loking at the howling rooters)—Nothing; I'm the umpire, you know.—Philadelphia North American.

After they had departed she wept bitterly. Suddenly she ceased. It had occurred to her that perhaps her tears might fall on her new silk shirt waist and spot it irrevocably.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Howland—I understand Scorcher and his wife have quarreled and separated. Davis—Yes, he precipitated affairs by telling her she couldn't ride a wheel half as well as his mother did.—Philadelphia North American.

"I am very much afraid that Jimmy is in mischief," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband. "I can't hear him," replied Mr. Snaggs. "That's why I think he must be doing something he ought not."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"What do you think of the bicycle craze?" "Great thing! I never took so much good exercise before in all my life." "Why, I didn't know you were riding." "I am not, but I have to cross the street once in a while."—Chicago Record.

The Earliest Year.

The earliest year consisted of twelve months, having each twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, thus making 354 days. This being found too short, it was lengthened to 360 days, and afterward to 365.

The Meanest Woma.

"Do you see that woman over in the corner?" asked the receiving clerk in the telegraph office.

"The one who has been writing, crossing out and rewriting for the last half hour?" inquired the man who had just filed an 800-word despatch.

"Yes."

"Well, I see her. What of it? I suppose she is trying to crowd a 10-word message into ten words."

"Not a bit of it. She came over here a little while ago with an eight-word message and wanted to know if I would make any reduction because it wasn't quite ten words. When I told her I couldn't do it she got mad and has been trying ever since to write the message so as to make it the full ten words."—Chicago Post.

"Very Proper."

Maud—Miss Prim is a very proper young lady.

Mabel—Yes. She wouldn't even accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon.

Flour Mills Burned.

Dresden, May 30.—Johnston's roller mills and elevator were burned at 6.30 this evening. Total loss. Insured for $5000.

The colored family of Mrs. E. J. King, of Adelaide-street, London, poisoned by eating greens, is now out of danger. One of the family claims to be 104 years old.

Jean Baptiste, or "Mighty Voice," the Indian who is charged with the murder of Sergeant Coldbrook of the Northwest Mounted Police, was captured in Montana.

Charles Pettit, collector at Windham, Ont., who disappeared a few days ago, is between $1000 and $2000 short in his accounts with the township, and his bondsmen will be called upon to make good the shortage.

Mrs. Annie Dyer, who is estimated to have killed a hundred infants committed to her care, was hanged in London. When the black flag, announcing her execution was hoisted, the crowds in the vicinity of Newgate prison gave vent to a great cheer.

George and Alexander McDonald, of London, Ont., were arrested on the charge of attempting to wreck a train on the Stratford branch of the Grand Trunk Railway. A farmer claims to have seen them place spikes on the track.

John G. Moore, ane of Winnipeg's most prominent citizens, was arrested for theft. It is alleged that he did not properly account for moneys collected from properties which he was managing for Hon. Stratford Tollemache, London, Eng. The amount of the shortage is $6000.

At Friday's meeting of the Quebec Council of Women the Countess of Aberdeen presided. Premier Flynn, who was present on invitation of Her Excellency, announced that he would meet the wishes of the Women's Council, and appoint a female factory inspector. The Premier congratulated Her Excellency and the ladies on the good work that has been performed since the association has been established. Lady Casault proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Flynn. Her secretary addressed the meeting in regard to the work of charity and philanthropy carried on by the local councils.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

A handsome new church has been opened by the Roman Catholics of Cornwall.

Toronto Methodist Conference elected Rev. A. Langford of Orangeville President for the coming year.

Sunday cars ran in Kingston on Sunday to and from Ontario Park, where the Free Methodists were holding a camp meeting.

The Anglican Synod of Toronto at its meeting last week decided to consecrate a bishop to have charge of the mission work in Japan.

The Grand Lodge of Freemasons of Nova Scotia, which is in annual session in Halifax, attended divine service in St. Paul's Church there on Sunday.

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THE
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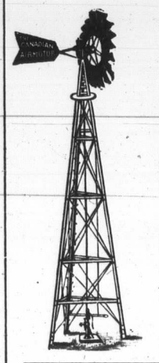
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Coal Oil, Machine Oil, Rope of all sizes, Builders' Hardware, Nails, Forks, Shovels, Drain Tile, Spades, Scoops, Iron Piping (all sizes), Tinware, Agate Ware, Lamps and Chimneys, Pressed Ware, &c. Guns and Ammunition.

Groceries, Teas, Sugars and Canned Goods—in fact we have something for everybody that calls.

Agent for the Dominion Express Co.—the cheapest way to send money to all parts of the world. Give me a call.

Athens, Jan. 1st, 1895. **WM. KARLEY**

FARMERS, Now Is the Time
TO ORDER A
WINDMILL
FOR ONLY
$65.00



We will furnish one of the Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Companies Canadian Airmotors, with 40 foot steel tower (painted or galvanized), with ladder up side—all ready to attach to pump.

These mills have no equal for Power, Strength or Durability. Pumps of all sizes furnished at lowest prices. Send for circular.

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It is not what a College promises to do for you, but what it has done for others, that ought to guide you in the selection of a College in which to secure your business training. Send for New Catalogue that you may see what we have done for others. We have secured the co-operation of an Agency in New York that assists materially in locating graduates.

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Largest circulation of any scientific world. Splendidly illustrated. Every man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

LYN AGRICULTURAL WORKS

As the prospects indicate another short crop of hay, every farmer should raise corn and roots, and in order to do so economically, must have good tools. You can get them at the Lyn Agricultural Works at following prices:

Steel-frame Genesee Horse Hoe, Lever Expander	$ 7.00
Wood-frame " " " " "	6.00
" " " " without Expander	5.50
Two-Horse Corn Cultivator, with six Genesee Teeth and two gangs, "Breed" Weeder attachments	16.00
do do without "Weeder"	12.00
Shovel Plow	5.00

At these prices you can leave a few dollars in your pants pocket that usually go to middlemen.
Send straight to me and save money.

G. P. McNISH, Prop'r

This is the weather you require a
Waterproof.
A nice Tweed Waterproof, dressy and thoroughly rain-proof. I have them at all prices.
Umbrellas
I am in a position to sell at prices which can not be beaten. New designs in handles.
CRAIG - The Leading Hatter - BROCKVILLE

A Watch-bag
Made of chamois-skin, is "quite the thing," now—to keep your watch bright and new. We give you the bag of course with the watch you buy; or the bag itself costs only a nickel. Come in and get one and get acquainted with our excellent stock of jewelry, silver-ware, clocks and watches. We do all sorts of cleaning, repairing and engraving. Bring us any favorite trinket which needs to be "fixed" or brightened up.
Spectacles and Eye-glasses carefully fitted.
WM. COATES & SON, BROCKVILLE
We keep the
Quick-Winding Waterbury.
$4 to $25.

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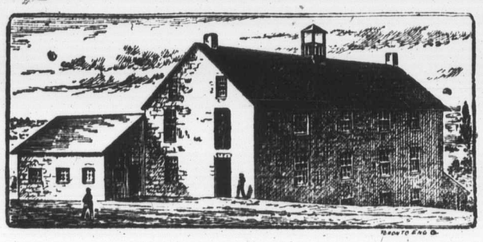

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