

DISASTERS OF A DAY

Curling-Tongs Cause the Death of a Lady at Ottawa.

Baby Drinks Gasoline—Lindsay Lady Drowned While Canoeing—Another Dies in Her Bath—Other Fatalities.

DEADLY CURLING TONGS.

Ottawa, Aug. 11.—Mrs. Wm. Stevens, of Waverly street, who was so severely burned while engaged in curling her hair, in her nightgown, through the heater falling to the floor and setting fire to her nightdress, and who died from the injuries received, was 45 years of age. She was the wife of an insurance agent, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, who resided here a few months. They came from Carleton Place.

THE DEADLY CANOE.

Lindsay, Aug. 11.—On Thursday night, about 9:30 o'clock, as Mr. Geo. McGregor and Miss Sharp, daughter of James Sharp, of Albert street, Lindsay, were returning from a canoe outing on the river, their canoe upset near the locks and Miss Sharp was drowned. Mr. McGregor made a gallant effort to save her, but his strength failed. He was rescued very much exhausted.

BABE'S TERRIBLE DEATH.

Detroit, Aug. 11.—Little Ethel Pearl O'Brien, aged 18 months, met death in one of its most agonizing forms Thursday afternoon, as a result of drinking gasoline. The child's mother had been fixing a gasoline stove that had been out of repair for some time, and left some of the liquid in a cup on the floor. The child managed to get the cup, and drank a mouthful before the mother could reach her. The mother screamed for help, and neighbors flocked in. Antidotes were administered and a doctor summoned. Everything possible was done, but the child lived less than an hour.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

Toronto, Aug. 11.—Mrs. Florence Roe, aged 30, while walking up York street on Thursday afternoon in company with her husband, drew a small bottle of carbolic acid from her pocket and swallowed part of the contents. Her husband dashed the bottle from her lips as soon as he noticed her act, but the poison had already taken effect, and the woman fell unconscious to the sidewalk. She was taken to the emergency hospital, and regained consciousness about midnight. It is alleged that the woman's rash act is due to family difficulties.

HER FOOT CRUSHED.

St. Thomas, Aug. 11.—A young woman named Miss Helmig, hailing from Peru, Ind., fell under the Wabash train here yesterday, and had her foot crushed. She was removed to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate two toes. She was on her way to Niagara Falls.

DIED IN HER BATH.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 11.—Miss Mary Betts, Caledonia, while taking a bath, fainted, and before her nurse reached her she was beyond recovery, having been suffocated in the water. She was a sister-in-law of Ald. J. B. Walkem.

DROWNED IN THE HUDSON.

Newburgh, N. Y., Aug. 11.—John Darcey, aged 19, was drowned in the Hudson River yesterday at noon. He could not swim, and while wading along the beach stepped in a deep hole. Nobody was near.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

Sydney, C. B., Aug. 11.—James Mercer and Anderson Dyer were seriously injured at International Pier yesterday. Mercer died in the hospital at 7 o'clock, and Dyer will likely succumb. The men were injured by the falling of a tub filled with iron, hoisted from the steamer Ceylon. The cable broke, and the tub, with contents, crashed down on Dyer and Mercer, who were in the hold. They belonged to Newfoundland, Nathaniel Carney, of Harbor Grace, was killed by a fall of coal.

SUICIDE BY DROWNING.

Toronto, Aug. 11.—George Sedgwick, of Queen street east, jumped into the lake at the foot of Leslie street yesterday, and drowned himself. The old man had been drinking heavily of late. On Friday afternoon he eluded the vigilance of his watchers, and rushing down to the bay, threw himself into the water. Three boys witnessed the affair, and gave the alarm, but help arrived too late.

FELL OVER A STOVE.

Toronto, Aug. 11.—Mrs. Hughes, aged 74, is dead as the result of injuries received from falling over a gas stove. In the fall she fractured her left arm and several ribs. Paralysis set in, and this, with the effects of her injuries, caused her death.

GREEN COUPLE KILLED.

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 10.—Washington Turner, a young farmer residing near Anniston, boarded a Southern Railway train at that place, bound for McFall, 12 miles away, with his family and baby. They had never ridden on a railway train before. Half a mile from McFall the whistle blew, and recognizing their whereabouts, Turner and his wife hurriedly left their seats, and, proceeding to the platform of the coach, made a leap for the ground, the wife clutching her baby in her arms. Turner was killed almost instantly, and his wife so badly injured that she died. The baby has a broken leg.

TEA.

All grocers sell Tea, but all Teas are not the same. Some are good and some are not. We have had a great many years' experience, and after carefully studying the productions of all the countries we recommend the use of

Pure Indian or Ceylon.

Make your Tea in an earthen pot, use boiling water, let it draw seven minutes.

Buy our 25c or 35c Indian or Ceylon.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co
169 DUNDAS ST.

BREACH OF PROMISE

Woodstock Widow, Aged 74, Sues for Damages—Prospective Groom 80 Years Old.

Woodstock, Ont., Aug. 11.—John Soper MacKay, barrister, on behalf of Mary Elstone, has issued a writ for damages for breach of promise against George King, of Hickson. The plaintiff, who thus seeks bail for her wounded feelings, is a respected resident of Woodstock, and is 73 years of age. Her one-time wooer is one of the wealthiest farmers in the country, and is about 80 years of age.

The marriage was announced to take place a couple of weeks ago, but through the influence of the King family the match was broken off. When the would-be bride learned that she had been jilted she at once instituted an action for damages. She herself is a wealthy widow.

FELL 60 FEET

Train Broke Through a Bridge—Engineer Killed and Several Persons Badly Injured.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 11.—A horrible railway accident occurred near St. John yesterday afternoon. Following are the only particulars at hand: The St. John Central train leaving Chipman at 6:30 in the morning fell through Largerson's bridge, ten miles north of Norton, King's county. The train fell 60 feet.

Driver Duncan was killed, Fireman Morrison and Brakeman Campbell were seriously injured. Conductor Ryan was badly hurt. Robert V. Barker had a leg broken. Mrs. T. V. Heatherington, a passenger, was badly hurt.

The accident was due to the defective condition of the bridge.

FOR FEMALE DYSPEPTICS

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Are the Only Means of Cure.

No matter what form of stomach trouble you have, Dodd's 'Dyspepsia Tablets will cure you.

Are you a woman with pale or sallow complexion, face disfigured by unsightly pimples and blotches? Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure you. They will give you a pure, clear, beautiful skin, banish the pimples and restore the fresh and rosy hue of health to the cheeks by curing the Dyspepsia that haunts you.

Have you Heartburn and frequent distressing attacks of Flatulence? All that you need is a box or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Half a box will cure you in all probability. Heartburn and Flatulence cannot possibly exist for two days after you begin using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are an unfailing, speedy and pleasant cure for every form of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bloating, Sick Headache, Nausea, Insomnia and Nervous Prostration. The cure begins with the first Tablet you take.

Thousands of people are suffering from these diseases while there is more necessity for them to do so than there is for them to walk open-eyed into a furnace at white heat. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet will cure them—one and all—quickly, pleasantly and permanently.

Light and Shade.

He—You're the apple of my eye.
She—Oh, A greening?
He—No; a seek-no-further.

"Bryan's house in Lincoln, Neb., is next door to No. 161."
"Yes; and next door to 16 to 1 is where he will stay, too,—Detroit Free Press.

"What was the mean temperature yesterday?" asked the Observant Boarder at the breakfast table.
"I don't know," replied the Cross-Eyed Boarder; "but it was not so mean as it has been."

To the world—the thoughtless, misjudging world—he appeared as a man without one humane impulse.
"Nevertheless," said he to himself, "I have this day done my share toward letting in the sunshine on the life of the poor."

For had not his agent, by his direction, taken the roof from the humble home of Mrs. McHoogarty, on account of her inability to pay the rent and her disinclination to move?

Mrs. Dubbs—I've bought a lot of perpetuated palms; they save time.
Mrs. Dibbs—Yes; you don't have to water them.

Mrs. Dubbs—Of course, not; and people don't bother me wanting to know how I keep them looking so thrifty.

"How do you like my daughter's playing?" asked the proud mamma.
"She plays the piano by ear, you know."

"Really?" exclaimed Mrs. Nexdore.
"I couldn't make up my mind whether it was 'by' or 'with'."

The picture of Innocence! That's how she looked;

But there was a price on her head. All the people could see it. "Three

Reduced from \$5," it read.

THE PREMIER'S TOUR.

Halifax, Aug. 11.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier will arrive at New Glasgow this (Saturday) afternoon. The premier will probably be accompanied by Lady Laurier. They will be presented with an address on their arrival at the station, to which the premier will make a short reply. Sir Wilfrid will visit Pictou on Monday afternoon, when an address will be presented. On Monday evening there will be an informal reception in the Masonic Hall in New Glasgow from 8 to 9 p.m., for the premier. Sir Wilfrid will go to Arichat on Tuesday, where he will address the convention of the French Academics on the following day.

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

BAYARD McMULLIN, Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. W. W. JOHNSON, Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. H. BAILEY, Parkdale, Ont.

ONE OF SOTHERN'S PRANKS.

An Acrobat's Leap That Won Applause and a Discharge as Well.

The elder Sothern once was acting the hero in a romantic play which required his leaping from a window in a tall tower to the stage below, where he alighted on a mattress behind a wooden rock and immediately made off rapidly into a forest. One night he hurt his ankle and vowed he would leap no more. Accordingly, the next day his manager hired a professional circus performer to do the actual leap, while the actor should slip back under cover of part of the tower wall and descend by a safe but unromantic ladder to his dressing room.

The manager provided the circus man with a costume precisely like Sothern's and sent him to the theater to practice. The man made the jump and set up a loud complaint.

"What's the row?" inquired a young member of the company who happened to be at the playhouse.

"Why, look here," exclaimed the professional, "this 'ere drop is too easy. A man with a wooden leg and two glass eyes could do it. Now, if they'd let me turn two somersaults in the air as I came down I wouldn't make no fuss."

"Capital!" cried the actor. "Do it."

"You think the old crowd wouldn't mind?" asked the actor, doubtfully.

"Mind?" returned the young player. "Why, he'd be tickled to death and probably raise your salary as well."

That evening when the part of the performance was reached wherein the hero took leave of the heroine Sothern was gratified to see his substitute crouching in the shadow of the casement ready to leap.

"Love, good night—good night!" cried Sothern.

"Stay!" pleaded the heroine, clinging around his neck. "Stay! That leap is death!"

"Nay, nay, sweet, 'tis honor. I leap, 'tis true, but what in my heart doth bear me up? Thine image, love! Good night—good night!"

He kissed her frantically on the forehead, tore himself from her embrace and rushed across the open space into the shadow. "Jump!" he hissed between his teeth. Out into the air shot the circus man, whirled around twice like the flywheel of a steam engine and lit like a bird on the highest point of the rock. The applause came in thunders.

The man bowed stiffly and walked off into the wings with his arms folded. The acrobat's salary, however, was not raised, and that was his last appearance at that theater.—London Telegraph.

VANDERBILT'S REVENGE.

He sacrificed \$50,000 to Get Even With Horseman Stone.

"Ever hear the story why the late W. H. Vanderbilt paid odd change for Maud S—that is, why the sum was \$21,000 instead of, say, \$20,000 or \$25,000?" inquired a well known horseman. "There is an interesting story back of that which has never been printed, and as I had it from Mr. Vanderbilt himself I'll bet a red apple it is all right."

"The sum which Mr. Vanderbilt was to pay Captain George E. Stone of Cincinnati for Maud S was an even \$20,000. Before the mare was delivered Captain Stone is supposed to have ruded his bargain. Anyhow, he wrote to Mr. Vanderbilt that he had promised to give Maud S, the trainer of Maud S, \$1,000 as an honorarium, and he thought Mr. Vanderbilt ought to add this to what he was to pay. The presumption is that Stone thought this marking up of the price would break the bargain."

"One thousand dollars wasn't much for a man like Mr. Vanderbilt, but that little ruse made him just as mad as if it had taken the last cent he had on earth. But he was something of a David Harum himself and knew a good piece of horse-flesh when he saw it, and when he sent Captain Stone his check for \$20,000, there was \$21,000 instead of \$20,000."

"That's part of the story, but only the least interesting. Afterward, when Captain Stone headed a syndicate to buy Maud S back from Mr. Vanderbilt and was willing to pay \$100,000 for her, the big railroad man still remembered the \$1,000 transaction, and the Cincinnati people could not have bought the mare if they had offered \$1,000,000 for her."

"Of course, when Mr. Vanderbilt sold her to Robert Bonner for \$40,000, when he had been offered \$100,000, there was a good deal said about his desire to get the phenomenal trotter in the hands of a man who would take good care of her. The fact is that Mr. Vanderbilt was willing to sacrifice \$50,000 to even up matters with Mr. Stone. And if this was expensive revenge for Mr. Vanderbilt it was even more expensive for Stone, for if he could have repurchased Maud S at that time he could have cleaned up \$250,000 with her."

Courtesy.

Courtesy is getting to be more and more a thing of the past. Not only does the majority neglect the thousand and one little politenesses, but sneers and snarls at those who still delight to give the small evidences of breeding that smooth the way of life.

It has come to pass that men are ashamed to tell off their hats when talking with ladies or when in an elevator filled with women because they are laughed at and have the accusation "affectation" hurled at them. When a man or boy comes into your office nowadays, he seldom takes off his hat or removes the cigar or cigarette from his lips. You might go in a hundred drawing rooms tomorrow and not see a gentleman arise at the entrance of a lady into the room.

All these are little things, but infractions of the great law that holds society together. If a man becomes careless in the little things, his carelessness soon extends to larger and more important things.

Broken Windows.

The breaking of windows is due to many causes, one of the most familiar of which, for instance, is found in the accidental throwing of balls against them. But a glazier said he thought that perhaps the most common cause of broken windows would be found in the settling of houses, with the result not of smashing out, as would often happen if something were thrown against the glass, but of cracking it. This would, however, amount to the same thing, a broken window.

When you are carving a turkey and ask a visitor if he prefers the light meat or the dark and he answers that he hasn't any preference, give him the neck.

Trying to scale a precipice is but a game of bluff.—Chicago News.

No smoke, no dust, no cinders, going to Springbank on the electric cars.

The scabbards worn by Russian officers are made of papier mache.

ITS BED IS QUICKSAND.

The Canadian River Is a Treacherous Stream to Ford.

The Canadian river, which is one of the worst quicksand streams in the southwest, is for that reason one of the greatest sources of loss and annoyance to the cowmen who have cattle anywhere along the 400 and odd miles of its course. Thousands of cattle are lost in its "bogs" every year, and thousands of dollars are spent in trying to keep the losses down to as few heads as possible, and besides annoying the cowmen it is a source of danger and expense to the railroad companies that have bridges crossing its treacherous bed. It is the bugbear and horror, too, of every newcomer who has to cross it on horseback or in a wagon, and at certain seasons even the men who know it thoroughly fear to attempt crossing at the safest ford. Many a brave fellow has won himself the respect of all the country for swimming it when there was need, and again many a brave fellow has been lost in it; drowned in the water and swallowed by the sands.

Occasionally it is necessary to get across with a wagon when the flood is running, as where a trail outfit have cattle to deliver and cannot wait for the water to run down. In this event the water is driven back, and if there are 1,000 head or more they will pack the sand solid enough to make the passage of the wagon safe, provided, of course, the water is not too deep. But in any event as soon as the herd is on the other side the cowboys all hurry back to the wagon and, tying their ropes either to it or to the teams hitched to it, give the word to the teamster and dash in at a run, yelling and shouting to frighten the horses, while he whoops and whips at his mules and the big wagon bounds along, now nearly upsetting over the uneven places in the channel, now sinking to the bed in the water and swiveling down stream with the current, but always moving rapidly over the course the cattle made for it.

If a mule goes down in the harness, there is no help for him, for it would be folly to stop the wagon. It would sink the mule in half a minute, and in another the box would be washed away. If the animal can get to his feet, good enough, but if he cannot there are his three fellows to pull him and the wagon, without counting the dozen or more trained rope horses that are each capable of pulling and are pulling 500 or 600 pounds apiece. If there should be a bad tangle, so that the wagon has to be abandoned, the boys will stay with it to the last, and they will swing down in their saddles among the struggling, floundering mules and cut and slash to free them from the harness, but finally, when they have to give it up, they try, if there is time, to get their bedding out of the wagon and, swinging it across the saddles, ride on out to the herd. The teamster, having no horse, catches a rope and is glad to have one of the boys drag him out. As he is also the cook and consequently to blame for the mishap, the fellow who has the privilege of dragging him makes the most of his opportunity. However, if no trouble occurs, they never think they have done anything more than a very mean job, which to them has no pleasing aspect whatever.

Bad Drawing.

In a famous cartoon of Mr. Tenniel's there occurs a sketch of a huge open jawed crocodile, with an undulating, prominently outlined tongue, looking far and tempting as are the sheep's tongues one sees exposed in well conducted ham and beef shop windows. It is readily admitted and naturalists tell us (I have seen crocodiles in their native haunts, but never close enough to allow opportunity for examining their tongues) the ugly beast in question possesses an apology for that member, but it is so closely attached to the sides of the lips, amounting to what the jaws are extended no sort of tongue whatever is observable. It was the artist's distinct mistake of showing a prominent tongue in a position where none is seen.

Let me record two instances of what in the drawing of animals have been very notable examples. I refer to the back leg of the elephant.

In Mantegna's magnificent series of cartoons the hind leg of the elephant in the second picture is locked the wrong way.

Further, it may not be generally known that the earliest instance in the world of an elephant carved in wood is upon a miserico in Exeter cathedral. It is of oak and forms one of the series of 50 carved misericoes by Bishop Bruere (A. D. 1224-44). This particular elephant is carved with its hind legs locked like a dog instead of being kneed like a Christian.—Notes and Queries.

Surprise Dishes.

The Romans were very fond of surprise dishes, such as pigs stuffed with live thrushes, and, to anticipate a little, this taste descended so near our own times as the reign of Charles II, as witness a recipe of that date for making two pies which were to be served together, one containing live birds and the other live frogs. When the latter was opened, "out slip the frogs, which make the ladies to shriek and skip," while the birds when released were to add to the general confusion by flying at the candles and putting out the lights. A dish of peacock was a favorite plate at Rome and was served at the beginning of dinner. The bird, having first been done to death by stiling, was then skinned; the inside was filled with the flesh of other birds and the whole sewed together and finally sent in a table stuffed to small branch as if alive.—Chambers' Journal.

Southern Moonshiners.

The great majority of moonshiners are to be found in the mountain fastnesses of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, and here they live in conditions of civilization as crude as their ancestors, most of whom were English fugitives from justice who reached this country more than a century ago. Indeed, in many respects these descendants have retrograded rather than advanced. Had they been surrounded for a century by a Chinese wall they could not have been more destitute or ignorant of the modern conveniences.—International Magazine.

The Best of Neighbors.

"You say they are excellent neighbors?"
"Well, that's somewhat indefinite. Do you mean that they are better or that they are willing to lend?"—Chicago Post.

Ready to Tackle Anything.

Merchant—Do you speak German?
Needy Applicant—I never have, but, gracious, I'll tackle it if you give me a job.—Indianapolis Journal.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

For Infants and Children.

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MATRON AND MAID.

Mrs. Daris John Brown's only sister, the youngest of the family of 16 children, is now 68 years of age and lives in St. Johns, Mich.

Sarah Grand, the authoress, lives in a London apartment and shuns society. She was born in Ireland and at 16 married an English army officer and traveled in the orient with him. On her return to London she began her successful literary career.

Mlle. de Villebois-Mareuil, daughter of the French officer killed in the Transvaal war, has presented her father's cross of the Legion of Honor to Lieutenant Colonel Marchand of Fashoda fame, the man considered by her most worthy of such a legacy.

The late Mrs. John Sherman was disturbed, her pose ruined, only upon those rare occasions when she felt that Mr. Sherman had been badly used by his friends, and it was in obedience to her wishes that her husband finally resigned the portfolio of state.

Hannah Reardon, a young woman of Wilmington, Del., who recently attracted much attention on account of a tendency toward being a human pin cushion, has, after having been relieved from the presence of 87 pieces of steel in her body, including 30 whole needles, returned to her home from the hospital in the enjoyment of good health.

Miss Belle Ashton of Sanford is the second woman to be admitted to the practice of law in Maine. She completed her examination in the supreme court at Alfred recently and was admitted as a member of the York county bar. She was employed as a stenographer in a law office in Sanford and improved her spare moments by reading law.

Mrs. Cash of Athol, Mass., was at Brookside park lately when a big buff butterfly alighted on her hat, took a fancy to it and decided it would make a nice spot for a butterfly home. The insect began laying eggs and has remained there ever since. Mrs. Cash wears the hat on the street, and the butterfly with its nest attracts every one's attention.

Among the graduates from Yale this year was Miss Seichi Yamaguchi of Tokyo, Japan, who won the degree of bachelor of arts. The dark little woman received her diploma bareheaded and in her native costume, her black hair lying smooth and shiny, fastened by a colossal stickpin, while her shawl and broad sash, flung gracefully about her plump little figure, made her look like some small "Yum Yum" just out of school.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Bone dust is very beneficial for feeding growing chickens until they are 6 months old.

Loss of feathers is generally caused by want of green food or want of a dust bath. Supply both.

Begin poultry keeping with a good breed, medium in size, good layers, good table fowls and constitutionally strong. When it is desired to have the greatest number of pounds of meat produced with the smallest amount of feed, select the large breeds.

Do not sell off the hens that begin to molt early, as they will finish the shedding of the feathers and begin to lay early in winter.

Overgrown chicks are not those that have grown rapidly and attained large size, but those that cannot stand on their legs by reason of too rapid growth.

Geese can be raised on many farms to advantage. Besides yielding a regular income in the way of feathers, they are one of the most profitable fowls for market. They are more easily raised than turkeys and sell readily at good prices.

The flock of hens that keeps busy scratching does not contract the vices peculiar to those fowls that have nothing to do, and they keep in good health and in good health. The clean plumage, bright red comb and plenty to do indicate good health.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The mosquitoes in the Roman Campagna bite only from an hour before sunset to an hour after sunrise.

By removing the eggs from the nest as fast as laid the turkey hen will lay a much larger number of eggs than if left alone.

Birds are blessed with fine appetites. The robin can easily devour two-thirds of its weight in earthworms in a day, and the ordinary pigeon can get away with his own weight in grain between sunrise and sunset and then go to sleep hungry.

To keep a horse in a dark stable is cruel to the animal and dangerous to its owner. The retina becomes deadened and more or less useless, and after a time the sight is seriously impaired. The horse starts and shies at objects it sees imperfectly.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Unbleached cotton flannel makes good dishcloths.

Never let the flour dredger, salt jar, etc., remain unemptied. Refill them as soon as they are emptied.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan and heated over the fire removes the odor of fish or onions from the utensil.

The kitchen cupboards and dresser drawers should be kept tidy day by day. Never let them get into such a state that they need a "good turn out."

Take trolley rides to Springbank for that tired feeling. Doctors prescribe one dose daily. Pleasant to take. Even the children like it, and cry for it.

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