EXCURSION

Take an excursion to Brockville, even if you take it on foot, and secure some of the bargains at Lord's in the shape of Bedroom Suites, Parlor Suites, Extention Tables, Mattresses and Springs. The prices during this dull season will be about half what you have been used to.

-LORD-

THE FURNITURE MAN

Next Morrison's Hotel BROCKVILLE

CRAIG

The Hatter of Brockville

Is showing a choice assortment of Gentlemen's

Soft and Stiff Hats

Also a full line of Children's Hats and Caps.

Our Straw Hat Department is worthy of your inspection. Prices right.

2 Big Bankrupt Stocks

—OF—

Boots & Shoes

to be slaughtered at the store lately occupied by Messrs. Mowat & Johnston, opposite the Revere House, Brockville. Sale to commence

Saturday Morning

July 28th

Having purchased at a big discount the bankrupt stock of Mowat & Johnston, amounting to $6,687.00, I have concluded to add to it balance of Montreal stock, about $4,000.00, and cut the prices in two, so as to clear out with a rush, as store must be vacated by September 1st.

D. W. DOWNEY,

BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Karley & Seymour

ARE FRIENDS TO THE

Farmer and Builder

They have the best Assortmen of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silverware, Fishing Tackle, &c., in town, and prices to suit the times. The Daisy Churns—best in the market—always in stock dnd at lowest prices Guns and ammunition of best quality See them.

COAL OIL

Best Quality. Low Price

KARLEY BLOCK

ATHENS

JOS. LANE,

Main St., opposite Maley's Boot & Shoe Store

BROCKVILLE

Carries the

LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES

of any house in town

His stock of Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds, Spectacles, Etc., is complete in every department and

WILL BE SOLD RIGHT

Repairing by Skilled Workmen Our Specialy.

Give us a call when wanting anything in our line. We can suit you.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

Sir Oliver Mowat was 74 years of age on Sunday of last week.

A good one horse waggon, 3 spring, for sale cheap—at A. James'.

Seventy hogs were purchased in Brockville last week at an average of $4.75 per cwt.

Carriage repairing of all kinds done in first class style at lowest prices—at A. James'.

The Misses Rhodes, of Sweet's Corners arrived in Athens on Thursday last on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jacob.

$10,000 private money to loan on real estate security. Apply to JOHN CAWLEY, opp. Reporter office, Athens.

Rev. J. J. Cameron, pastor of St. Paul's church, left Athens last week for a two weeks' vacation, which he will spend in the lower provinces.

Morrisburg Herald:—A story is told of a local lawyer, who, while conducting a case in the townships recently, questioned the defendant as to the number of children he had, received the answer: "Two living and one in Prescott." As the reply was accompanied by tears it is supposed the father fully appreciated the unhappy fate of his child.

CASH.—$8000.00 worth of crockery, china and glassware at Bankrupt prices. Sale continues for a short time only. —T. W. Dennis, Tea Store and China Hall, Brockville, Ont., nearly opposite the Revere house.

Rideau Record:—Mr. C. H. Ferguson and Mr. F. Pierce spent Sunday with friends in Athens.....Mr. W. Brumbridge spent Sunday at his home in Frankville.....Mr. H. S. Gile, of Salem, Oregon, arrived here on Monday on a visit to his parents in Kitley,.....Mrs. Barker, of Westport, is spending the week here with her daughter Mrs. Simmons.....Mr. and Mrs. Lammond, of Westport, are visiting here with the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. James Lammond.

This is the season for potato blight and potato rust, which later in the season develop into potato rot. This is also the season for doctoring the disease, and we give the constituents of the Bordeaux Mixture for killing the fungus as follows: Dissolve 6 lbs. copper sulphate and 4 lbs. fresh lime in 45 gals. water and sprinkle the vines. Should they also require Paris green a half-pound may be added. A professor in the Central Experimental Farm highly commends the Bordeaux Mixture and says it will effect a cure if applied three or four times during the season, commencing early in July.

Standard Oil Has Them.

BUFFALO, July 25.—The Standard Oil Company has made another big haul. The Buffalo Natural Gas & Fuel Company has secured control of all the Canadian wells, and both this Company and the Erie County Natural Gas & Fuel Company are now under the control of the great Standard Oil Corporation.

Tired, Weak, Nervous,

Means impure blood, and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you. Hood's Cures.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Called Back and Heard From.

To the worthy correspondent of the Front of Yonge.

DEAR BROTHER OF THE QUILL,—In the issue of the 17th July you kindly inquired as to the whereabouts of the scribe of Wexford, Sheatown and McIntosh Mills. In response, I say that my time, heretofore devoted to flippant literature, has this summer been solely occupied in cultivating my corn, hiving bees, feeding chickens, hogs, and milking cows. Verily, because of my multiplicity of works, I have declined to assist at state dinners given by Messrs. H. Birch, W. Curtis, and A. Watson. Let me tell you, Venerable, you missed a great day's sport in not attending the Ballyrance picnic. Sure, Dan Ladd was there and was quite a lad among the lads. Dan told us a very amusing episode perpetrated by the said Dan in the days when Dan was a lad in a country school house. However, you should occasionally hear from this part of the hemisphere, and thus endeavor to regulate not only Orchard Villa, but even Wexford Avenue, Whangdoodle and all the other doodles that prove obstreperous to the residents and guests of our towns.

FIDELIS.

Rev. Mr. Horner's Case.

PEMBROKE, Ont., July 25.—The trial of the Rev. R. C. Horner on the charge of refusing to take the station assigned to him by the Methodist Conference and of conducting meetings within the jurisdiction of other ministers without consulting or obtaining their permission to do so, was held in the Methodist church here to-day. The committee appointed to hear the evidence consisted of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman, president of the Montreal Conference and ex-officio chairman of the Trial Committee; Rev. J. Delong, of Renfrew; Rev. J. Webster, of Cobden; Rev. A. B. Johnstone, of Westmeath; Rev. W. Wells, of Beachburg, and Rev. W. J. Ellis, of Eganville.

Mr. Horner is holding meetings in town at present, but did not attend the trial, which was held with closed doors. No information would be given further than that as a result of the day's deliberation the Committee decided to suspend Mr Horner from the Ministry of the Methodist Church of Canada till the next conference. Mr. Horner may file a notice of appeal against this decision within two weeks, but it is not likely he will do so.

When seen last evening in reference to the matter, he said that he had been told that he was put out, but would do as he had previously done, say nothing about the matter. Whether the committee or the conference condoned or condemned, he was still a preacher and would continue in his course of saving souls. His meetings are well attended, and the apparent result of the proceedings against him has been to arouse a curiosity and create an interest in his work among the people.

Mr. A. Brown, I. P. S. with his daughters Miss Lottie and Susie are at their cottage at Newboro.

Mayor Cox of Ottawa has thrown batchelordom in a state of excitement by suggestion to tax all the young men over 21 years of age who do not pay any other tax.

Miss May Stevens returned to Athens on Saturday after spending a few days very pleasantly with Miss Reynolds at Westport and with friends at Newboro and Delta.

The evangelists, Revs. Crossley and Hunter will begin a series of meetings in Smith's Falls, either on the 26th of August or the 2nd September with chances in favor of the former date. The meetings will be under the joint auspices of the two Presbyterian, the Baptist and the Methodist churches, and will be held in the skating rink.

Dr. Omar L. Kilborn, a Frankville boy who has been a missionary to China for some years, and whose wife died there was married again on May 24th, to Miss Retta Gifford, M. D., daughter of A. Gifford, Meaford, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O. M. Jackson, of the church missionary society, at the residence of Rev. Geo. E. Hartwell, B. D., of the Canadian Methodist mission.

Dr. E. B. Sparham, of Brockville, who, in 1875, was sentenced to be hanged for murder, but whose sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life in the Kingston Penitentiary, died at Brockville last week. After having served about eleven years in the Penitentiary he was pardoned, and immediately returned to his home, where he has lived since. The doctor was a graduate of Queen's College.

Swindled out of Eleven Bags of Oats.

A nice little confidence game was played on a farmer named Kavanagh from Manotic at By-ward market, Ottawa, the other morning says the Journal. Mr. Kavanagh drove into town with a load of oats and after standing a while on the market was approached by a stranger who said he (the stranger) kept a store on the Flats and wanted oats. After some conversation a dicker was made and Kavanagh and the stranger started for the Flats to the alleged store. On the way down down the stranger stopped the wagon at the corner of Duke and Lloyd streets, where Mr. Joly keeps a store and sold Joly 11 bags of the oats, containing 24½ bushels at 38 cents a bushel and got his money. Kavanagh was then told by the stranger to drive on to the store with the balance of the load. When the alleged store was reached the stranger said he had forgotton the key and hurried away, leaving the farmer with the half load of oats. He did not turn up of course and now the police are looking for the confidence man.

Trouble in Kitley.

HART VS. GODERICH.—This trial took place on July 23 before Messrs. Nicholl and Beecher, J. P., in the town hall, Toledo, on an informatian laid against the defendant for using abusive language.

The complainant, Mrs. Francis Hart, sworn said:—On the 19th of July the defendant, Samuel Goderich, used foul and abusive language to me when I was standing on my own premises. He asked me where his rope was. I said that I did not know where it was. He then said that I was a ——— liar. He said, "you have it," and I said that I had not. He then said that I was a ——— ——— liar and that I did have it. He said, "I'll let you know that you cannot ride over me, you ——— ———

Harriet Hart, 15 yrs. old, daughter of complainant, was asked if she understood the nature of an oath. Being sworn, she deposed:—"I was at the front of the house, my mother was harnessing the horse and I was helping her. Mr. Goderich asked mother for their rope. My mother said she did not have it. He then said she did have it and called her a ——— ——— ——— and said that she was not going to ride over him. My father was away at the time.

Susan Hart, questioned if Mr. Goderich said anything to her mother before he asked for the rope, said "no."

Charles Gray sworn and questioned as to whether he heard any disturbance on the 19th of July, said that he heard a bit of a racket, but only heard part of it. Goderich was belting his girl in the road in front of his (Goderich) home when I came up. He went to Mrs. Hart's gate and demanded his rope. Mrs. Hart said that she did not have it. Shortly afterwards the defendant finding the rope in his own yard, shouted "I've got it." The only thing I heard him say was:—"By ——— I will have her arrested." He did not hear Goderich call her any bad names; if there were any called it must have been before he came

Samuel Goderich, defendant, sworn, said:—"I deny using the language sworn to by Mrs. Hart, but do not deny swearing about my rope. When I saw Mr. Gray I was just going on my own premises. I thought that my own girl had been giving sass and I turned her up. When Mrs. Hart swears that I called her a ——— ——— ———, she was swearing falsely, absolutely falsely. My wife was standing by when the row took place. The racket was caused by Mrs. Hart's girls, pulling down and trampling our clean clothes in the clay. When I heard the row I was working for Dr. Reeves. I could see the clothes flying in the air and I hastened home." Asked who else was present, he said that his wife and children were there. Examined by Magistrate Nicholl as to where the rope was, he said he saw one of the children pushing it under the line fence. Questioned about swearing, he said that he did say, "By ——— I will have my rope. Mrs. Hart then said that I was a lazy lying ——— ——— of a ———

Mrs. Goderich, wife of the defendant, sworn, said:—"I heard my husband say, By ——— I will have my rope or I will have you arrested." Questioned about the rope, she said, "Charlie Hart was striking my Georgie on the head with it. Mrs. Hart saw the children strike him with it and cheered them, calling us idiots, saying "Everybody in Toledo knows that you are idiots."

The magistrates considered that enough evidence had been given to convict, and after delivering a lecture on the advisability of living good neighbors, fined the defendant one dollar and costs, to be paid in ten days; in default, ten days in common gaol.

Mrs. F. Hockey, Delta, has just recovered from a painful illness, with strong symptoms of blood poisoning, caused by being bitten on the foot by a rat while she was in bed some weeks ago.—Ex.

Jarvis street Baptist congregation in Toronto, have again paid taxes on their church property, accompanying the payment with a protest against the exemption of church property from taxation. That is worth fifty editorials against the exemptions.

Clute, the bigamist, was released from Kingston penitentiary on Thursday last and on Friday was in Athens, en route to the home of his mother near Lyndhurst. Mr. Clute claims that he was innocent of the charge upon which he was convicted, notwithstanding the array of women who claimed him as their husband, and states that he pleaded guilty on the advice of his counsel.

The announcement made last week that war had been declared between China and Japan caused grave anxiety to many in this section. Among those in whose safety we are all interested are Rev. Dr. Hall and wife, Rev. Geo. E. Hartwell and wife (nee Miss Leake, of Morton), and Rev. Dr. Omar L. Kilborne and wife, all missionaries in Corea. Corea is the bone of contention between the two nations and will probably be the chief battle-ground. The danger is that in such an event the rabble will rise against the foreigners to whose presence they usually attribute floods, drought, war, pestilence, or any national calamity.

In the township of Pitsburg near Kingston a pest has appeared in the shape of an oat fly and so voracious is its appetite that most of the late oats and a great deal of the early will be destroyed if the plague continues its ravages. The fly is so small as to be hardly visible to the naked eye, but placed under a microscope it is seen to be armed with a pair of "pincers" with which it pierces the oat. A poison contained by the nippers of the insect works its destructive course, turning the straw to a reddish color. One bite is sufficent to blast a stalk of grain. With the parent are associated several of a brood, each of which does its share in the work of destruction. It has been 25 years since the pest has been noticed in that locality.

He got left.

The place was Smith's Falls, the time was Wednesday of last week, the actors were two commercial travellers. They both wanted to get to Newboro, they both hoped to sell the same man and they both wanted to get there first. One of them silently packed his trunks and went out to Brockville to get the B. & W. the next day and was mightily relieved when he found the "other fellow" was not "on to his scheme." Meantime the other had his trunks carted down to the Rideau Belle and was seen to go through something like a bear dance as he steamed away that night toward Newboro. But the race is not always to the swiftest and about nine o'clock the same evening the Belle went to the bottom and he lost four trunks of valuable samples. He went through another bear dance and the "other fellow" went through his customer.—Record.

Canada's Great Fair.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held from the 3rd to the 15th of September, will no doubt be the greatest fair of the present year, and from present indications it promises to excel all others, both in point of exhibits and in attendance of visitors. The grounds have been vastly improved since last year, and already most of the space in all the buildings has been applied for. All entries close on the 11th August. A good programme of special attractions, both novel and interesting, will be provided as usual. It is only a little over a month to the time of the fair, and our readers cannot choose a better holiday trip than this offers. This great Fair has now become one of the best and most popular educational and entertainment enterprises on this continent, and attracts visitors each year not only from all parts of the Dominion, but from the United States as well, and those who have never been there would be surprised at its magnitude and attractiveness, being almost like a World's Fair, only on a smaller scale.

HARD ISLAND.

SATURDAY, July 28.—Most of the farmers in this vicinity have finished their haying, and report the crop to have been a favorably good one.

Lake Eloida appears to possess unusual attractions at present, judging from the crowds which resort thither.

Mr. T. Berney passed through here yesterday and succeeded in effecting the sale of one binder, repaired another, and purchased a quantity of hogs

We are pleased to again see the smiling face of our genial friend, Mr. Ed. Wight, of Ottawa, who, together with his family, are visiting the scenes of his early home at Wight's Corners.

Miss L. Halliday, of Addison, is spending the holidays at home.

Miss Janie Robeson returned last week from visiting friends in St Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Misses Scott and Cavenaugh were guests of Miss Cora Wing last week.

The school yard presents a lonely appearance during the holidays.

Some of our young people arranged for a gathering at the lake Thursday evening and a very pleasant time is reported.

It is pleasant to row in the twilight,
When the day with its cares are o'er,
And listen to the church bell's voices
As they wax and wane and sink and soar.

WEXFORD.

SATUDAY, July 28—Mr. R. J. Leeder and wife leave for Pembroke.

Mr. O. Shaver has purchased a bicycle.

Mr. G. Leeder and wife spent last week at Charleston.

Mrs. P. and J. Flood leave for St, Ann's this week.

Visitors: Messrs. Verdun, Ryan, Steacy and Henley; also Misses, Nelson, McBride, Vineberg and Flaville.

SHEATOWN.

SATURDAY, July 28—Sheatown's second annual pic-nic. Hurrah, boys!

Mr. N. Shea and wife have gone to Portland.

Mrs. D. Leeder was a guest at Mr. J. Cox's.

Visitors; D. Heffernan, E. Foster and Graham; also Misses Hanna, Kennedy, Bolger and Anglin.

Beaver tobacco is absolutely clean and is the only gentleman's chew.

CHINA'S UNEMPLOYED.

HOW THE GREATEST EMPIRE TAKES CARE OF ITS POOR.

The Wonderful Economies of the Celestials—Life on Two Cents a Day and Families Supported on Three Dollars Per Month—The Beggars' Union.

NANKING, China, June.—I understand that people in the civilized western world are patting themselves on the back at their success in economizing during the present hard times. They don't know what economy is. They should take a trip to China and learn something of the science of saving. The expense of living is here reduced to a minimum, and these Chinese millions would grow fat on what the thrifty French and Germans waste. The food for a poor man in Nanking costs him no more than two cents a day, and at four dollars a month a man will support a family and lay up money. I met a fat, jolly-looking Chinaman this morning who told me he had a wife and five children, and his income was sufficient for all his wants. He earned about two gold dollars a month as a carpenter, and his wife makes one dollar more by going out to work. It costs five cents a day to feed a patient in the Methodist Hospital here, and a farmer may be hired for from ten to twelve dollars a year, provided he has his rice, his head-shaving and his tobacco. It costs about five dollars a year to buy the wardrobe of a common laborer, and a Chinaman will put on flesh on a dollar a month. The majority of the people of this part of China are well fed and well dressed. They have good faces, and they are, I believe, far happier than the average laborers in North America. They seem to en-

CHINESE BLIND BEGGAR MUSICIANS.

joy their lives and their families, and they are far above the average of the world in their manners and culture. I have mixed indiscriminately among them and find them polite and kindly. They crowd about me wherever I go. They finger my clothes, and when I take a photograph or stop to write a note, they almost block the street in their anxiety to see what the foreign barbarian is doing. Their curiosity, however, is free from malice, and they are not the fierce foreign devil-haters whom I met with further up the river. I find much in them to admire, and I wonder every day at their wonderful economies.

Let me mention a few of them.

In the first place in the way of fuel. Nearly all of the fires in Nanking are made of straw and reeds. Every whisp of dry grass is cut and saved. There are thousands of people who do nothing else but reap the reeds which grow along the banks of the Yangtse Kiang and bring then into the cities to sell. These reeds are as thick as the base of a walking stick and are often fifteen feet long. They are cut and stacked up along the banks and from thence are carried up and down the river in flat-bottomed boats. Such wood as is used is tied up in little bunches and is sold by weight.

Charcoal is sometimes found, and I see here and there little balls of coal dust about the size of a baseball. The powdered coal is mixed with mud and dried in this shape. No one in China, however, either rich or poor, thinks of keeping warm by means of fuel. There are no furnaces nor baseburners, and wadded clothing among the poor and fur garments among the rich keep out the cold. A fire is never built by a poor man except when it is absolutely necessary, and the hot water used for the tea and rice in the early morning is sold by hot water stores. You can get a bucket of boiling water for one tenth of a cent, and there is one such store in Shanghai to every twenty families. A large amount of rice is cooked at one time, and the breakfast rice is warmed by the pouring of hot water or hot tea over it.

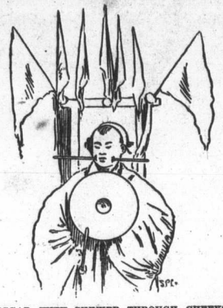
Speaking of tea, there are tea shops or restaurants all over China, and you get very fair meals in these for small prices. The cooking ovens are at the entrance of the tea house, and you have often to pass the cooks in going in to your meal. The tea is put into cups and hot water poured over it. After you have swallowed half of the contents the cup is filled with hot water, and one drawing of tea is supposed to last one customer for a meal. After he leaves the tea grounds are gathered up and dried. They are sold later on to poorer restaurants or to families, and nothing about the cook shop goes to waste. Even the water in which the potatoes are boiled and the other vegetables cooked is saved and sold for the feeding of hogs, and the bones of the meat are bought by the makers of chop sticks. Mr. Ferguson, the president of the Nanking University, told me that he had for a long time trouble in getting any meat brought to his house with the bones in it, and he found that butchers always cut out the bones and sold them separately from the meat itself. You see no empty cans or bottles lying about the streets of the foreigners of Nanking. The Chinese take them. They sell the bottles, and the tin of the cans is used by the tinners. A large part of the tin used in China comes from the petroleum cans of the Standard Oil Company, and every bit of iron is worked up by the blacksmiths into knives and farming implements. A large part of the razors of China are made of old horse shoes, and these are brought here by the ship load from Europe, and are carried to all parts of the empire. After the Franco-prussian war they were torn from the feet of the horses killed in battle and were brought here by the thousands of barrels.

The old clothes man of China does a bigger business than his brothers of other parts of the world. There are streets of second-hand clothiers in every Chinese city, and clothes are sold over and over again, until they get down to the beggars. By this time they are shreds of rags, but their end is not yet. After the beggars find them too poor for even their use they are sold as old rags and are bought by the makers of shoes. The shoes of the men and boys of China have soles nearly an inch thick, and these soles are made of rags, which have been washed and dried and then pasted layer upon layer, until they reach the thickness required. They are cut then into shape and are so polished along the edges that you would think them made of different qualities of silk or fine cloth, and the Chinaman's shoe if manufactured in Europe or America would cost more than the kind we use ourselves. In the making of the rain boots for muddy weather and hard traveling, soles of iron are often added, and the itinerant shoemaker who sits in nearly every block of a Chinese town has big-headed iron shoe tacks to drive into the soles to save wear and tear, and there are places where you can have your Chinese cap renovated and made equal to new. Even the rich, who have thousands of dollars invested in their fur garments, do not throw them away when they get dirty. They will wear a coat of silk lined with lamb's wool till the lining is as black as your hat. But some day the coat will disappear. It will be ripped apart and a preparation of lime and other material will be used which will make it as white and as pure as when it was first bought. The clothing of the poor is patched and repatched, and there are women by the score in every Chinese city who go about doing mending. I see them sitting in the narrow streets outside the houses working away under the hot sun, and they go from house to house and do the patching of the families for a few cash per patch. It is the same with the menders of crockery and broken china. These are so skilled that they will take a cup or teapot of the finest and thinnest of porcelain after it has been broken into pieces and by means of wire rivets, which are fastened only to the outside of cup or pot, put it together so that you could not tell if you saw only the inside that it had ever been broken. They will mend a half dozen pieces in this way for from two to three cents. The work is marvelous.

I might go on for a column describing others of the wonderful economies I see all about me. I could tell you how these people will take a buffalo's horn of about the size of a cow's horn, and by boiling it and pressing it out make it so thin that it becomes a lantern and forms a transparent globe as big as a two-gallon crock. I could show you them sitting in their shops handling old cotton wadding which has been worn by several different owners till it has almost dropped to pieces. They will pull it apart, take out the cotton, half clean it and mix it with fresh cotton for sale. Take a look at the barbers who stand on every street shaving the heads of all males from old men to babies. They receive from less than a cent to five cents a shave, according to the wealth and rank of their customer, but you note that they save the scrapings of the head, and these bits of hair are sold by them to furniture dealers for the making of cushions. It is the same with eatables. All sorts of greens are eaten, cooked and raw, and a large number of the beggars are supported every winter by the government of the towns and villages, but as soon as spring comes this appropriation is dropped and they are literally turned out to grass.

As to beggars, there is no country in the world that has more impudent beggars than China, but I doubt whether in proportion to its population it has more than many parts of Europe. The Chinese beggars are, however, organized into bands. They have a trades union of their own, and they go into the business as a profession. They have their kings, and the cities are divided up into beats, and woe to the man who attempts to jump his brother beggar's claim. There is sure to be a fight and he will be run into prison or out of town. Those beggars expect to get a certain amount—say one tenth of a cent a day—from each store keeper on their beat and you can sometimes pay them to keep other beggars away.

At Wuhu a missionary owned a house facing on two streets. He had beggars on both sides of him, but he finally arranged



BEGGAR WITH SKEWER THROUGH CHEEKS.

with the beggar in front to keep his rear cleared by the payment of a small sum per month. As soon as the bargain was made the beggars at the back of the house went away and he has had no trouble since then. Here in Nanking there is a royal guild of beggars, established, it is said, by the Emperor Hung Wo, who began life as a beggar, and became one of the greatest emperors China ever had. The head of this guild can prevent a shop or a family being annoyed by the beggars, and there is a system of buying off the assaults of beggars, which prevail throughout China, and which exempts the man who pays from their visits. As it is, every one gives to the beggar.

The tricks and schemes which these beggars get up to screw money out of the people are legion. They mutilate themselves in all sorts of ways to excite pity.

The Chinese are, however, far more charitable than is generally supposed. They take better care of their families than any other people of the world, and a man is supposed to aid his poorer relatives and to help them on in the world. With all the beggars there are, I venture, fewer unemployed people here in China to-day in proportion to its population than there are in the United States.

Our ideas of the Chinese, however, are crude in the extreme. This is a country of the rich as well as of the poor, and I see every hour the evidences of a social, intellectual and industrial life, which are different from any descriptions of China I have ever read, and which are interesting in the extreme.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Baron and Baronet.

Let me explain the difference in rank between a baron and a baronet. The latter is the lowest order of hereditary rank and entitles the holder to be addressed as Sir and his spouse as Lady. It is in point of procedure rank sixty-five and permits the holder to sit in the House of Commons, whereas that of baron entitles the holder to the rank, title and dignity of My Lord and a seat in the House of Lords. The style of address to the spouse of the holder of the title is still My Lady. The rank of baron is the lowest of the five orders of peers and entitles the family of the holders to be known and addressed as Honorable.—Philadelphia Times.

How Dehorning Originated.

Dehorning cattle did not originate from fashion as did the docking of horses, but from a necessity on the farm, the ranch, the cars and the boat. The goring of cattle costs the stock raiser hundreds of dollars annually. Packing for transit on cars is much safer if animals are polled or buffalo headed, and when it comes to packing cattle on board ocean cattle boats, the advantage is decidedly perceptible. When one animal with a weapon furnished by nature for protection gores another from pure devilment, as is frequently the case on large cattle ranches, it is natural that the owner should interfere and remove the weapon.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Quantity Required.

A couple of old stagers in the fish line went off on a fishing jaunt, and when they returned, one of them was telling their experiences.

"By George," he said, "we saw fifty snakes."

"Come off!" protested the listener.

"But I tell you we did, and I'll swear to it."

"And I say come off," insisted the listener. "You took along only a quart of liquor, and I know that it would require at least a gallon to get you two up to where you could see that many snakes."

"Chastity of Honor."

Who is the original author of the phrase, "chastity of honor," used by Lord Rosebery on a recent occasion? Last week I mentioned that it had been used by Lord Beaconsfield. A correspondent of mine has now found the same phrase in Burke's "French Revolution." There is nothing very original or remarkable about the words by themselves, and they might easily be as old as Adam—if Adam had spoken English. —London Truth.

Delicate Weighing Instruments.

The scales used in the London Mint can show a difference in the weight of a card after a name has been written upon it.

A gold-weighing machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage stamp dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of six inches.

In the Train.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you seem to be staring at me in a strange fashion. Do you see anything about me that is familiar to you?"

"Yes, sir, my umbrella."—Intransigreant Illustre.

Life is a Solemn Reality.

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on and encompassed by eternity. Find out your task. Stand to it. The night cometh when no man can work.—Carlyle.

To Protect House Hunters.

Hicks—I am going to begin to lay pipe for a change in the game laws.

Mrs. Hicks—What do you care about the game laws?

Hicks—I want a closed season on this infernal house-hunting.

GOOD ANIMAL STORIES.

HOW RAZOR BACK'S MAY BE UTILIZED TO A GOOD PURPOSE.

An Excellent Story on This Subject from Florida—Treed by a Moose—Two Stubborn Turtles—A Peculiar Friendship—The Weeping of Horses.

"Talk about snakes," said Edward T. Atherton of Boston, "there are more of them to the square acre in Florida than in any other part of the country. But, as numerous as they are now, they are not half as abundant as they were a few years ago, before any organized effort was made to annihilate the whole serpentine breed.

"It seems that a bright idea, involving the wholesale extinction of snakes, entered the mind of one William Jones, who, up to that time, had been a poor farmer struggling to support a big family. Now he is one of the solid men of the country, and he made all his money by the successful execution of that idea. He knew that the ordinary razor-back hog of Florida was a great natural enemy of snakes, and he set to work to systematically train a whole drove of hogs to hunt down and destroy the reptiles. In a little while he had his swine as thoroughly trained in their part as setter dogs are drilled to point quail. He first cleared his own farm of a vast quantity of big ones, and then he began to hire out his hogs to the neighbors who were snake afflicted. The fame of those razor-backs spread all over the land, and people whose places were infested with rattlesnakes and men who were clearing up new land sent for Jones' hogs.

"This is no romance, for I talked with Jones himself, and he told me all about it and exhibited his book of engagements, which also contained a record of all the snakes slain for the past twelve months. I have every reason to believe that he was stating the facts, for he gave me a warm invitation to visit his place, and promises to give an exhibition that would demonstrate the skill of his snake-killers."—New York Advertiser.

Treed by a Moose.

One cold January day Mr. Hamilton, who was in the Maine woods as a foreman for a lumbering company, went out prospecting for spruce. He prudently left his rifle at the camp, fearing he might be tempted to break the game laws.

While picking his way through a fir thicket he was suddenly startled by a resounding below, and found himself close upon a bull moose. The man lost no time in dodging behind a great birch.

For a moment the moose stood still, as if surprised, then vented his wrath upon a pile of spruce tops and boughs that lay near, tossing them about as if they had been a stack of jackstraws. Meanwhile Mr. Hamilton climbed into the birch.

And there in the bitter cold he was forced to stay for six long hours, while the moose kept watch below, quite regardless of the cramped muscles and aching bones of his victim. At last he moved off, and the foreman ventured down.

Unless the Game Commissioners send him a bodyguard, Mr. Hamilton declares that hereafter he shall carry his gun into the woods.—Youth's Companion.

Neither Turtle Will Give Up.

Two months ago a crowd of coal miners near Newport took two snapping turtles into a cockpit and forcing open their jaws poured some whisky down their throats. Then they were turned loose on each other, $900 being wagered on the outcome, but with the understanding that no decision would be made until one of the snappers gave up or was killed. The turtles fought fiercely, each tearing his antagonist's head and neck with his horny beak until one obtained a grip upon the other's flipper. After a brief but ineffectual struggle to break his antagonist's hold, the turtle whose flipper was thus caught seized the other by the neck. Aside from a steady "weaving" motion there was no further demonstration for several hours. The crowd of miners watched them from early evening until long after midnight, when the two turtles, each retaining his vice-like grip on the other, were carried from the pit and placed in the cellar of the deserted house. This was two months ago, and since then neither of the snappers has shown any symptoms of weakening his hold upon the other, and the bets have not yet been declared off.—Newcastle (Pa.) Special.

A Peculiar Friendship.

"The most peculiar friendship I ever saw formed was one between a hawk and a rooster," said D. R. Franklin, at the Gibson. "One day, when living on a farm in Western Pennsylvania, I shot and wounded a hawk. When I picked up the bird I found that its wings were broken, but otherwise it was uninjured. My sister begged that the creature's life be spared, and the request was granted. Within a few days the hawk had become quite tame and would come to us for its food when we called it. The chickens were greatly frightened at its presence and kept up considerable fuss. This soon wore off and in a short time its presence was taken as a matter of course. The bird was tied to a stake in the back yard and the fowls would go several times a day to look at him. One rooster, more courageous than the rest, concluded to get acquainted with the enemy. In some way they succeeded in communicating together and establishing a bond of friendship. They were constantly together, and after the hawk's wounds had healed and he was liberated he would spend a portion of each day with his friend, the rooster, paying no attention to the other chickens. In some way he must have told the other hawks that our flock was under his special care, for we were never troubled with them afterward, although before that we had lost a great many chickens."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Weeping of Horses.

Did you ever see a horse cry? Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow, in the most heartbreaking manner. In the West, where the hardiness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero, and while its owner is transacting business.

In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on to the cheeks like icicles. When a horse falls in the street and gets injured the shock generally numbs his senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.—Practical Farmer.

No Room for Anything.

Cantley—There is room for improvement in every home.

Topflore—Not in mine.

Cantley—Why, is your home so perfect?

Topflore—No, but we live in a flat.

A Cable's Length of Life.

The life of wire rope on cable railways or for power transmission of any kind is greatly prolonged by lubrication. Careful experiments show that an unlubricated rope broke at 16,000 bends over a pulley, while a lubricated rope endured 38,000 bends over the same policy.

A Toilet Luxury.

One more is added to the long row of cut glass bottles that nowadays find a place on every woman's dressing table and slip into sockets in her fitted traveling bag. It is filled with a clear white liquid, without the use of which the careful woman's toilet is scarcely complete. Listerine—for that is the liquid's name, is not an expensive toilet article. Twenty-five cents will fill a good-sized bottle, and it is a precious pleasant ounce of prevention against pounds of cure.

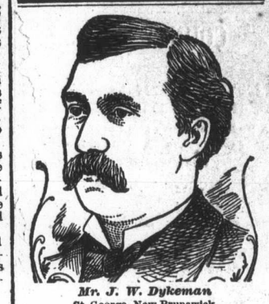
Dainty women, heedful of the condition of their teeth, use a teaspoonful in their tooth brush water once a day or every night, just before going to bed, rinse out throat and mouth with a teaspoonful of listerine in four of water. Women who sing and who are troubled with hoarseness or sore throat use the same preparation for a gargle with most beneficial results.

For mild turns of indigestion this simple, soothing remedy is an almost magic corrective. The dose is a teaspoonful in about four times the amount of water, and where an unpleasant taste lingers in one's mouth, a washing out with a little listerine and water leaves the lips sweet and odorless.

Dentists particularly recommend the use of listerine for the teeth, for it cleanses as no brush ever can be expected to, carries off or nullifies all the ill effects of the tiny deposits in the teeth, corrects acidity and acts, in short, like a magic potion. It is very like vaseline in the comfort it gives, and now belongs to the toilet pharmacy along with cologne, camphor ice and the rest of it.

Dirt and Science.

In the last analysis probably everything is dirt. But there are wonderful dirts, comments an exchange. Coal tar is one of the most unpromising to look at, but what a magazine of possibilities there are in coal tar after it has passed through the inquiring hands of the chemist. One of the latest uses to which a coal tar derivative is applied is as a substitute for quicksilver in the bulbs of thermometers. This substance is tunol. It contains no water, can stand a much lower temperature than quicksilver without freezing, and when exposed to warmth expands with great regularity. Besides possessing these qualities, it is cheap, and as it is much lighter than quicksilver the tube of the thermometer can be made much larger than is now usual, and it will not only be much easier to read the record, but greater exactitude in registration will be secured. The dark-blue color of tunol is another element which will contribute to the ease of reading the thermometer



Mr. J. W. Dykeman
St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gave Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

afflictions caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think high