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WAS NEY EXECUTED?

REV. J. A. WESTON'S REVIEW OF THE TESTIMONY FOUND IN HISTORY.

The American Ney Looked Like the Marshal—Admitted That He Was the Great Ney, and Knew All About the Napoleonic Wars.

The long-heralded volume by the Rev. James A. Weston, upon the "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney," has made its appearance.

Mr. Weston is not the only man, or the first who has doubted that Ney really fell dead on the morning of his supposed execution. Many European historians have uttered such doubts. It fell to Mr. Weston to make this investigation, which has occupied him during some portion of the past twelve years, because of his personal acquaintance with so many who had known the man who, in North and South Carolina, passed by the name of Peter Stuart Ney, and who at times freely stated that he was the Marshal.

Mr. Weston begins with a brief account of Ney's military career, and then proceeds to the evidence. This may be arranged in two parts—one negative, the other positive. The task is, first, to prove that it is impossible to prove that Ney was killed; second, to prove that he was not killed, and that P. S. Ney was he.

Mr. Weston begins his consideration of the testimony with a scathing analysis of the errors of history, passing to the conflicting accounts of Ney's execution. Some say that he fell on his face, riddled by many musket balls; others, probably more correctly, that the execution was hurried and private; that the body was taken away hastily and in perfect appearance; that no proof can be adduced that it was ever buried at the point known as Ney's grave, and that his widow never sought to erect a stone there. It is Mr. Weston's theory that Wellington was entirely willing to connive at Ney's escape. He had not thought the Marshal would be executed, but at the last went to intercede for him with King Louis, meeting at his hands a rebuff which his proud spirit could not endure. So he permitted Ney's friends to let him escape. It is not, however, necessary to connect Wellington with the matter at all, unless we desire, as Mr. Weston seems to do, to clear his memory of the charge of having seemed to consent to Ney's execution. The firing squad was of Napoleon's Veterans. It was easy for them, in the uncertain light of early morning, and in the absence of spectators, to delay their fire until Ney had purposely fallen on his face, the bullets thereafter passing over him harmlessly. And this is just what happened, as told by P. S. Ney in conversation with many people in the South.

Ney—the admittedly authentic Peter Stuart—came to the United States early in 1816 (his escape from France in disguise being a matter of time). From 1819 on his movements are perfectly known. He acted as a schoolmaster in both the Carolinas, dying in 1846. He was a man of fine stature and impressive bearing, in face and figure resembling the Marshal. He was perfectly acquainted with every detail of Napoleon's career. When in 1821

MARSHAL NEY.

news came of Napoleon's death on St. Helena, Ney fainted away in his schoolroom, and that night tried to cut his throat with a pocket-knife. He was a superb horseman, and while mounted was more than once pointed out as Marshal Ney by Europeans who had seen that officer. More than all, he himself when drunk—his only fault—or when in solemn talk with those he trusted, would say that he was the great Ney. He spoke with what some called a French, some a Scotch-Irish accent, using good English. Marshal Ney's mother was Scotch. At the time of Napoleon's death, P. S. Ney turned up a large quantity of letters, badges, etc., supposed to relate to his military career.

The fact that P. S. Ney claimed, and probably believed himself to be, the hero of the retreat from Russia is supported in this volume by the testimony, of a cloud of witnesses. Was Ney an impostor or a monomaniac? His friends and neighbors write in speaking of him in the highest terms both as to probity and general balance, except for his one failing. On one occasion when he lay drunk in the snow a party of negroes placed him over a horse's back to take him home. "What" said Ney, "put the Duke of Elchingen on a horse like a sack? Let me down!" His anger sobered him. He rode away in the saddle, erect and dignified. That he believed himself the Duke there can be little doubt.

More to the point are the annotations which Ney penciled on the margins of the leaves of "Napoleon in Exile" and other works. In some of these notes Ney refers to Marshal Ney in the first person, sometimes in the third. In instances of the latter sort he is most often concerned, it seems, with explaining the actions of Marshal Ney, defending his character or upholding his judgment. The comments are certainly keen and intelligent. Many of them are in shorthand, in which P. S. Ney was proficient. Where Barry O'Meara quotes Napoleon as saying "Suchet, Clousel, Gerard, are, in my opinion, the first of the French generals," Ney's penciled note is: "N. B: Kleber, Desaix, Ney, Duroc, Hoche, etc., are now dead." But in "Memoirs of Napoleon" he pencils this note in shorthand: "Count d'Erlon was called away by Napoleon, who crippled my movement." This statement is repeated, also in shorthand, in the account of Waterloo in Scott's "Life of Napoleon."

Mr. Weston's book represents a vast amount of labor, and implies close study of the Napoleonic campaigns, as well as a great deal of work in getting together the very numerous statements by acquaintances of the American Ney. And if cautious readers may still be inclined to consider the identity of the two Neys an open question, it may at least be said that many things more incredible have been proved, and will be again.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

She is Still as Great a Woman and as Great a Public Benefactor as She Was Forty Years Ago, When She Went on Her Great Mission to the Crimea.

There are very few instances on record of a great public woman, and particularly a great heroine, having throughout lived up to her reputation. If she has done some great work—and there are very many women of world-wide celebrity whose work has not been great—she is apt to be forgotten in the steady march of time and the progress of thought and life. A great exception is Florence Nightingale. On the fifteenth day of this month she celebrates her seventy-fifth birthday—as great a woman and as a great a public benefactor, and as much of a heroine as she was forty years ago, when she went forth from her comfortable home in England, not as a mere nurse to attend to the wants of the wounded and dying British soldiers in the Crimea, but as a fearless organizer of a great field-hospital system,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

which the British War Office authorities, staff officers and generals had looked upon as a mere matter of afterthought in the preliminary arrangements of one of the most difficult campaigns in the history of the civilized world.

But even in those days, when news traveled slowly and when newspapers merely recorded bare facts of news with but little comment, public opinion was soon aroused, and when Miss Florence Nightingale arrived at the Crimea with her band of nurses she had the whole British people at her back. Miss Nightingale undertook her work without thought of remuneration, and she was happily in a position which enabled her to do so; her father, Mr. William E. Nightingale, was a Hampshire land-owner of good means. She was born in Florence, whence she took her Christian name, but her early childhood was spent at the Manor House at Lea hurst amid some of the most beautiful scenery of southern England.

Miss Nightingale started for the Crimea not as a mere enthusiastic novice, but thoroughly trained for the work she had undertaken. Before she was thirty years of age she had devoted much study to the working of English schools, hospitals and reformatories, and when she was thirty-one she entered an institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserwerth in Germany—an institution which at that time was considered an excellent training school for nurses. It is a curious fact that at the present day the great British nursing institutions are modeled on English lines. On her return from Germany Miss Nightingale devoted herself to the reorganization of the Governesses' Sanatorium in London, and it was while working there that she was chosen to reorganize, or rather organize, the hospital system of the British army in the Crimea.

Few are aware that there is a pretty romance attached to Miss Nightingale's journey to the Crimea. It was generally known among her friends at the time that she had bestowed her affections on a young officer in one of the first regiments to proceed to the seat of war. Although it was equally well known among the same friends that in any case Miss Nightingale would not have hesitated for a moment to accept the responsibilities and hardships of the position offered to her, there is no doubt that the labor of love was not only one of love of humanity and of doing good, but was, also, to some extent inspired by a desire to be near one whom she loved as a man, more than as one of mankind.

Never had a victorious army received such a welcome on its return home as did the Nurse-in-Chief of the British forces in the Crimea; and of all who welcomed her by word and spirit there was none whose welcome was more sincere than that of her Queen. The beautiful jeweled ornament which Her Majesty presented to Florence Nightingale as a decoration was a symbol of the gratitude shown by

THE NIGHTINGALE JEWEL.

a Queen to a subject. The design is said to have been from the pencil of the late Prince Consort. The decoration is oval in form, the ground of pure white enamel, on which in diamonds are the letters V. R., and the Royal crown. The latter is inclosed by an oval band of black enamel (black being an emblem of good counsel), on which is inscribed in gold "Blessed are the merciful." On each side rise branches of palm in green and gold enamel, denoting the peaceful occupation and triumphant result. The color green also implies eternal friendship. The label bearing the word "Crimea" is in azure blue, and the whole is surmounted by three brilliant diamond stars, the celestial signification of which is obvious. But perhaps the good taste and beauty of this jewel are eclipsed by the noble expression of the feeling of Her Majesty in the inscription borne on the reverse; "To Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion toward the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria R. 1855."

From the severe strain which she underwent in the Crimea she has never recovered, but in spite of having been physically an invalid since her return she has done as much with her mind and her pen for the nurses and hospitals of her country as she did with her hands for the soldiers she loved in the Scutari huts.

Questions relating to the prevention of disease in villages, and not only in English but in Indian villages, have occupied much of her attention. The wide area which Miss Nightingale's researches and teachings have covered is well exemplified by the subjects of some of her works. So recently as last October she contributed to the London Humanitarian an article on "Village Sanitation in India," in which she showed that after forty years of hard work she had lost none of that regard for accuracy of detail, and that liberal-mindedness and enthusiasm which characterized her in the earliest stages of her campaign against disease and death.

She is a tall woman, rather stout, with gray hair, and fine, open face. Although a great sufferer she does not show a trace of it. She has not known what it is to be without pain for many years. Her features are finely modeled, while her hands and feet are very small. Her voice is low and musical. She often reads aloud, and sometimes she hums a song or a hymn. She is very devout, and an omnivorous reader. Her room is littered with newspapers, magazines, writing paper, pencils and letters. She is always cheerful.

IN MEMORY OF IZAAK WALTON.

The Handsome Memorial Window Lately Unveiled in St. Dunstan's Church.

Izaak Walton has never lacked honors, in his own day his "Lives" and his "Compleat Angler" brought him renown, and it has continued without diminution to the present time. Though his famous "Angler" is in good part obsolete as a manual of fishing, it lives in literature by its charming simplicity of manner, its pastoral freshness and poetry, and the pious and peaceful spirit which breathes from its quaint pages. So steadily does the admiration of Walton continue that, more than 300 years after the birth of the "Father of Angling," a memorial window has just been unveiled to his memory in London.

The cost of the window was subscribed by London admirers of Walton. It stands appropriately in the Church of St. Dunstan's in the West, and was unveiled by the master of the Ironmongers' Company, of which the gentle fisherman be-

THE WALTON MEMORIAL WINDOW.

came a member 275 years ago. "The Compleat Angler" was first published in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, and not only did Walton himself live in the proximity, but he took a lively interest in the city church, of which he was a member, and also fulfilled the offices of overseer of the poor, sidesman and vestryman for the parish. This window is a very handsome one. The central light contains the full-length figure of Walton on a pale green background—this being a facsimile of the statue by Miss Mary Grant for the great screen in Winchester Cathedral—another edifice intimately associated with Walton's memory. Underneath this central light the famous angler is depicted as sitting at the library window, and below is a scroll inscribed with the words, "To the Glory of God, and in memory of Izaak Walton, author of 'The Compleat Angler' and other works. Born 1593, died 1683.' In the side panels are the portraits of those worthies whose biographies were written by Walton.

A marble tablet has also been affixed to the outside wall of St. Dunstan's in memory of Walton.

No More Needed.

The fact that the U. S. War Department has actually advertised for bids on 70,000 yards of red tape is considered one of the best jokes of the season in Washington.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

Something About Those Conducted by the Canadian Government.

For several years past the provinces and the federal government of Canada have been taking an active interest in the improvement of agricultural methods throughout the provinces, and at present the equipments of their so-called "experimental farms" are very complete and efficient. The central experimental farm, situated near Ottawa, comprises some 500 acres of land and a complete outfit of buildings and the necessary machinery.

The buildings are especially fitted up for cattle, horses, pigs and poultry, and all of these are well stocked. There is a dairy equipped with the modern appliances for carrying on experimental work. The farm includes a seed-testing and propagation house and a conservatory. Besides this central station there are eleven experimental farms situated in other parts of Canada, and these carry on experiments in agriculture, horticulture and arboriculture with much profit. The several farms are situated so as to render them as helpful as possible to the most thickly populated districts and in their equipments and general methods they resemble closely the central station.

The staff of workers at the central experimental farm includes a director, an agriculturist, a horticulturist, a botanist, an entomologist and a chemist. There are also a poultry manager, a foreman of forestry and several assistants to assist the members of the staff. The work is varied in nature and has to do with practically everything which relates to farming in Canada. The adaptability and merits of various varieties of wheat are, for example, the subject of careful inquiry.

Experiments are carried on to determine the vitality and purity of various agricultural seeds, and to investigate the nature of the disease of plants and trees, and the cure for the ravages of insects. Various varieties of fertilizers are tested to determine their comparative value with different soils and crops. The study of the care of animals is a very important interest, and the value of different breeds of stock and their adaptability to various climates and other conditions are carefully investigated. These stations examine the scientific and economic sides of butter and cheese making. Experiments are carried on to determine the best methods of planting and pruning trees for fruit raising or for shelter or timber. The information gained in all this work is carefully recorded and published for general distribution.—Scientific American.

Set Great Store on Apples.

A gentleman, recently returned from England, calls attention anew to the high appreciation in which choice apples are held abroad.

"I had occasion," said he, "to repay a few courtesies received at the hands of some English business acquaintances, and did so by giving a dinner. In the course of conversation the subject of American fruit, and apples in particular, was mentioned.

"At once my guests became most enthusiastic, and that led me to send over here for some. They arrived—choice selected northern Spys—before I left for home. I don't think in all my experience I have ever received more hearty and sincere thanks for any present I have ever made.

"Of course, our apples are exceedingly toothsome, but it was almost impossible for me to comprehend the delight they afforded my English friends and their acquaintances. In two cases special dinner parties were given, just exactly as one might be given here if you were presented with a fine saddle of venison, a wild turkey or some other rare game.

"From my experience you can state positively that if you want to make an Englishman your friend for life, and at a comparatively light outlay, just send him a barrel of choice apples, and I might add just one line to that—be sure that they are well packed for export."

THE BLUE PENCIL.

Bill Nye Makes a Few Remarks About Its Use on the Big Dailies.

There was a time a few years ago when I would prostitute my great gift of word painting to almost anything at a price.

I fell in the summer of 1876, when a sad looking man came in and laid on my desk the statement that "Brignoli, Jr., will be along here in about six weeks and remain a little over a fortnight."

In a moment he had gone, having thoughtlessly left a square package containing a box of cigars. I was glad to get the cigars and tickled that Brignoli, Jr., thought enough of me to send cigars to me, probably on his father's account, for I had been one of his father's "standing-room-only" at one time.

In the flash of the eye the foreman had the little note out in the composing room and the printers—the foreman and a small soiled boy—took several of the cigars, and we were quite merry, yet I felt that I was doing a wrong, for the man who owned the paper was away for much needed rest and change of scene eating wild meat up the canyon and corresponding with the sheriff regarding a criminal act on the part of the editor by means of which he had thoughtlessly reduced the Democratic majority and then "flew as a bird to his mountains."

But it was the beginning of my fall. I had also turned when trodden upon some weeks before by being sent to board out a bad account, which sowed the seeds of gastritis and things. So I began to be less technical about wedding cake and other little acts of kindness which any child may show.

But, oh, how meanly I felt when those cigars were all gone and Brignoli, Jr., came and turned out to be a great big

THE GIFT OF CIGARS.

coarse horse with a hoarse voice and no expression to it. Then we printed some full sheet colored work for him and got $6 for it, and through our literary influence the horse was sold for $200 more than he was worth.

Since that time I have fallen over and over again. My life has been a complete somersault.

But lately I see on the municipal press a gross being with a blue pencil, and he marks out beautiful word pictures regarding hotels and railroads that pass in the night. Does the business manager see in my work a paragraph that dwells with tender sentiment on the beauties of the Christian life, he pulls out a big blue ship carpenter's pencil, and marking out my noble paragraph he calls up the tube to the editor's room, and says:

"Is Eccema there, the man that did our soap work last year?"

"Yes, he's here, reading a paper."

"Well, send him down here. I want to see if he can't go to the Throne of Grace for a two column ad. Nye speaks highly of it."

That shows that the business manager suspects me. I paid a visit to the President a few weeks ago and spoke kindly of him and his family. It was cut out, and in a week the position which I had thought some of taking was given to the business manager's niece.

It is said that kind words can never die, but if in the business manager's office on a warm day you will notice something that is not a dead letter. It will generally be some kind word that I have said about a "scenic route," or the toothsome viands at some hotel where I have tarried.

There is more "dead matter" and proud flesh in the waste paper basket of the average great metropolitan paper than along the tail of a trolley car.

BILL NYE.

That Was Too Much.

He had soldiered in the army
And had sailored on the sea,
He had fought a dozen duels, more or less;
He had hunted bears and tigers,
And was never known to flee
From danger or from famine or distress.

He had even stood the pressure
At a bargain-counter deal,
And nothing did he fear or even dread;
But when he saw a woman
Clad in bloomers on her wheel,
His nerve at last forsook him, and he fled.

Classified

"From this time on," announced Mr. Everett Wrest, "I am an Argonite."

"What in thunder is an Argonite?" asked Mr. Dismal Dawson.

"Argonite," explained Everett, with a pitying smile, "is derived from argon, which this paper I am now perusing says is a new element in the air which its name means 'no work.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Got Her There

"This emancipated woman," said Cholly Cadkins, "may go wound in bloomers, you know, but there's one wespect in which she cawn't imitate us fellows."

"What's that?"

"She can't woll her bloomers up at the ankles when it rains in London, don't you know."—Toledo Commercial.

How It Was Arranged.

"Remember, Maud, I am no more
Plain Charlie Brown, but 'Mr.'
Unless you will consent to be
My wife and not my Sr."
And Maud consented then and there
And Charlie Brown then Kr.

She Was No Fool.

"We need no ring to plight our troth," he suggested, as he kissed her impetuously.

"Yes, we do," retorted the maiden, "None of your sleight-of-hand tricks with me."

Misleading Names.

"Some geographical names are very misleading," observed Northside.

"For instance?" asked Hilltop.

"Well, you don't find the flower of the human family at Botany Bay."

At Last.

Maud—Oh, Grace! Did you see me scratch that match then?—Judge.

Jonah and Tribby.

A lady asked Rabbi Schindler, of Boston, the other day, if Jonah was really swallowed by a whale. His answer, given with a pleasant little accent, was as follows: "I don't know anything about Chonah, and I don't know anything about the whale; it's all the same as Dribby—it's a noffel!"

His Three Reasons.

"Take something to drink?" said his friend.

"No, thank you."

"No! Why not?"

"In the first place," said the party in question, "because I am secretary to a temperance society that is to meet to-day, and I must be consistent; in the second place, this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to his memory I have promised never to drink on this day, and in the third place, I have just taken something."—Boston Herald.

Health and Happiness

HOW IT WAS FOUND BY AN LANARK COUNTY LADY.

She Had Suffered for Years From Weakness and Pains in the Back—Sciatica Complicated the Trouble and Added to Her Misery—Her Health Almost Miraculously Restored.

From Brockville Recorder.

On a prosperous farm in the township of Montague, Lanark county, lives Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merrickville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the correspondent of the Recorder called at the Wood homestead, Mrs. Wood, although now not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently, she was troubled with a weak back which gave her great pain at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and for nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take to bed, where she remained a helpless invalid for over four months. Different doctors attended her and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow worse. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she had dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in the healing virtues of anything was about gone, and she had fully made up her mind that her trouble was incurable. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved, and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the pains which had so long afflicted her, and she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and in that time she has been entirely free from pain or weakness, and says she is confident no other medicine could have performed the wonder Dr Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. She says "I feel happy not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at any time I know to what remedy to look for a release."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by Lamb, druggist.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Distressed Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

CATARRH RELIEVED IN TEN TO SIXTY MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At J. P. Lamb's.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by J. P. Lamb, druggis

The Contribution Box.

The contribution box is an American invention, or, rather, a gradual evolution. In the early colonial days no contribution was taken up in the churches, but the support of the minister and his family depended upon the gifts of the people. Cordwood and pumpkins, fresh pork and dried apples were given in sufficient abundance to keep the preacher from season to season. But as the church advanced a demand arose which could not be satisfied by these merely bucolic contributions. One could not, for instance, send missionaries abroad on a capital of pork and potatoes. Then it was voted to "pass around the hat," but as the colonial hat was not considered dignified enough for that purpose, one of the tithing men conceived the idea of substituting the old fashioned warming pan. With this the collector could stand at the door of the square boxlike pews and gather in all the shekels with ease, the coin as it dropped in the brass warming pan gauging the generosity of the giver. It may have been some of the thriftier members of the congregation who decided that the warming pan was too noisy and clamored for an improvement. In answer to this appeal came the corn popper, whose wire meshes served to deaden the noise. This was used until the rise of an artistic sense called for something more aesthetic as well as more convenient in the handling. So at length was invented the modern contribution box, the long handled square box with which the vigilant deacon can reach to the extreme end of the pew. These were not lined until the old complaint about the attendant noise caused them to be lined with some soft material, the Methodists and Baptists generally using flanned and Presbyterians and Congregationalists preferring velvet. These boxes are still extensively used throughout the country towns. As the offertory is usually accompanied by a selection from the choir, the accompaniment of jingling coins adds greatly to the service.—New York Herald.

NEWS IN SHORT SHAPE.

CANADIAN.

Sir Charles H. Tupper has gone up the Gatineau for a week's rest.

Montreal asks the Dominion Government for $250,000 for the World's Fair in 1896.

An aquatic association has been formed at Cobourg, and boating will boom this season.

The Kingston School Board will ask the city council for $20 000 for a new school in Frontenac ward.

The dedication of the Kingston statue to Sir John Macdonald will take place in September or October.

Ephraim Miles, aged 73, of Toronto, drank half an ounce of laudanum on Thursday. Dr. A. B. Cook and a stomach pump saved his life.

Canadian capitalists have bought the rights and charter of the smelting works company in Hamilton. Mr. J. J. Morehouse will retain the position of manager.

Mr. John Baxter, assistant police magistrate, of Toronto, and one of the best known men in the city, died on Thursday evening, the result of a second stroke of paralysis.

The public revenue of Canada for April shows an increase of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as compared with the revenue for the corresponding month last year.

The Dominion cruiser Petrel on Thursday night captured five miles of fishing nets in Lake Erie near Rondeau harbor. The owners of the nets, who are U. S. citizens, have not been heard from.

While a young man named Krupp, living near New Dundee, was plowing on Tuesday a thunder storm storm came up. The plow horses were struck by lightning and instantly killed but beyond a slight shock the boy was uninjured.

The Methodist missionary steamer Glad Tidings left Northern British Columbia ten days ago with ten people on board for the Methodist conference now in session at Victoria, and as she is considerably overdue there is much anxiety about her.

A six-year-old child named Max Rubeck, while playing on York street, Toronto, was struck by a passing horse and knocked down. The driver pulled up his horse, which slipped and fell on the lad, crushing him so that he died three hours later.

The presentation of medals by the Royal Canadian Humane Association to those who have saved lives during the past year at the risk of their own will take place in Toronto on June 1st. The Governor-General will be present on that occasion.

W. J. Watson was charged in the Toronto police court on Tuesday with having stolen a cheque for $181.89, the property of the co-operators of the Stereotype Plate Co., 110 Adelaide street west. He pleaded not guilty and elected to be tried by a jury.

Before Judge McDougall at Toronto on Friday the hearing of the Tideman extradition case was again adjourned for a week. The adjournment was rendered necessary owing to Crown Attorney Curry being detained in the Assize Court at the Hyams case.

It is rumored in Winnipeg that the Governor-General has summoned Messrs. Greenway and Sifton to Ottawa for the purpose of considering a way out of the difficulty of the school question. The Premier and Attorney-General of Manitoba leave for the east this week.

The steam barge Jack, belonging to the Calvin Company of Kingston, smashed five lock gates in the Welland canal early Thursday morning. The Grand Trunk main line was washed out for some distance and trains had to be sent round by Allanburg Junction. Navigation will be delayed till Sunday or Monday.

AMERICAN.

Chris Pravel is suing Philip Dickis in Buffalo for $25 commission for securing a wife for the latter.

The May reports of the Agriculture department at Washington are more favorable than those of April.

The Standard Oil Company has closed its works at Parkersburg, West Va., and discharged all the employes.

A despatch from Yankton says the prospects for the crops in South Dakota and Nebraska are very favorable.

L. C. Wahl, a member of the Century Road Club, at Colorado Springs yesterday cut the world's 50-mile bicycle road record from 2.27.30 to 2.15.00.

Wages have been advanced 10 per cent. by the Riverside Iron Co. and the Wheeling Steel and Iron Co. of Wheeling, W. Va. About 6,000 men are employed.

The profits of the United States leather trust are said to be $1,000,000 a month.

Brakeman Owen J. Caffray was killed on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad at Hyde Park Thursday by the bursting of a steam pipe in the cab of the engine of a freight train. Fireman Fuller received frightful lacerations to his face, hands and breast and will probably die.

FOREIGN.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1861 to 1865, is dead.

J. L. Toole, the celebrated comedian, is afflicted with paralysis and will not return to the stage.

The Queen arrived at Windsor Thursday. The Duke of York will represent the Queen at the Kiel fetes.

A despatch from Shanghai to the London Globe says the Russian warships at Chefoo have been painted gray and cleared for action.

The Paris Figaro says the drafting of the terms of the final settlement between Japan and the protesting powers will be left to Spain.

At the meeting of the Greek Cabinet Thursday the Ministers decided to resign after the public business now in hand shall have been arranged.

The British Foreign Office has been informed by the Japanese Government that the China-Japanese treaty was ratified on May 3 in the exact form agreed upon at Shimonoseki.

Sir Cyril Clarke Graham, who held several diplomatic offices and in 1870 was sent on a special mission to Canada, died at Cannes, France, on Thursday. He was 61 years old.

In answering a deputy's question yesterday Senor Castellence, Spanish Minister of Colonies, said Captain General Campos had been authorized to introduce certain reforms in Cuba as soon as he should find a good opportunity to do so.

The London Standard says that when Spain was invited to take part in the joint protest against the Shimonoseki treaty she consented on the condition that Japan be induced to abandon the project of annexing Formosa, which was regarded as threatening Spain's interest in the Philippines.

A CLERGYMAN'S SUICIDE.

Rev. William Hall of Montreal Shoots Himself in the Throat.

Montreal, May 8.—In Cote St. Antoine Rev. William Hall, principal of the French Methodist Institute, West Mount, committed suicide yesterday morning by shooting himself. He was greatly depressed owing to ill-health. He had been in the ministry for thirty years and had been pastor of the East End Methodist church for two years. He had been principal for six years. Mr. Hall was 58 years of age and leaves a widow and four children. The eldest son is in Paris studying under the eye of Archbishop Fabre's brother. The suicide shot himself in the throat with a rifle.

Mr. Hall preached in Toronto in 1861 and 1862 on the circuit known as Toronto East. He entered the ministry in 1853 and is a graduate of McGill University. He was in Toronto for two years and since then has preached in Belleville, Sherbrooke, Prescott, Ottawa, Montreal and Cornwall.

Mrs. Hall is a sister of the late Moses Paul, of John Macdonald & Co., Toronto.

A Fast Torpedo Catcher.

The Bruiser is the latest addition of the torpedo destroyer class to the British navy. She is 201 feet six inches long, nineteen feet wide, thirteen feet deep, seven feet four inches draught, 280 tons displacement, 4,166 I.H.P. Polished propellers having three blades. On her recent trial in boisterous weather the mean speed of six mile runs was 28.14 knots per hour. The speed for three hours was 27.07 knots.

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Is a Specialty for this Season at W. F. EARL'S

If you have a house or barn to shingle, get our prices before you buy. We guaranree no leak.

We also have a fine stock of Stoves on hand to select from. Iron Piping and Fittings for wells and factory use in stock. All kinds of tinware, Milk Cans, Churns, Creamers, at close prices.

Don't forget the place—opposite the Gamble House.

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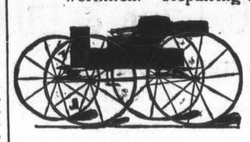
New Harness Shop in Athens

Harness, Rugs, Whips, Blankets, Halters, Surcingles, etc.

Look at these Prices.

Nickel or Davis Rubber Trimmed (single)	$10 00
Web Halter with shank	25
Two Whips	25
Cork-faced Collars	2 50
Good Leather Collars, per pair	3 50

All above harness are hand-made in the shop by first-class workmen. Repairing neatly and promptly done.



I have secured the agency for the sale of the vehicles manufactured by the Thousand Island Carriage Company of Gananoque. Just now I am showing samples of Buggies and Wagons that for style, finish and durability are unsurpassed, and I am selling them at prices well worthy of your careful attention.

Soliciting a share of public patronage.

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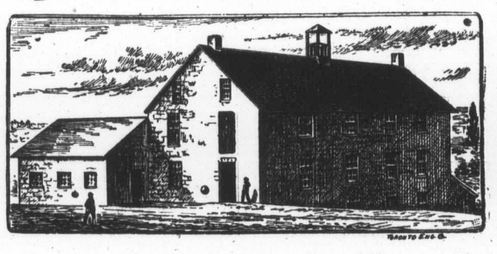

Have a good stock of genuine all-wool Yarn and Cloth, will be prepared to sell the same at moderate prices, and will at all times be prepared to pay the highest market price for wool in cash or trade.

LYN April 17, 1894 **R. WALKER**

NERVOUS, DESPONDENT, DISEASED MEN.

Emissions, Varicocele, Seminal Weakness, Self-Abuse, Syphilis, Gleet, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, Loss of Vital Fluid in Urine, Impotency, Sexual and Mental Weakness, Kidney and Bladder Diseases Positively CURED OR NO PAY.

16 Years in Detroit. 200,000 Cured.

Young or Middle Aged Man. You have led a gay life or indulged in the vices of early youth. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. *Self abuse or later excesses* have broken down your system. *Mentally, physically and sexually* you are not the man you used to be or should be. Lustful practices reap rich harvest. Think of the future. Will you heed the danger signals? Are you nervous and weak; despondent and gloomy; specks before eyes; back weak and kidneys irritable; palpitation of heart; dreams and losses at night; sediment in urine; weakened manhood; pimples on face; eyes sunken and cheeks hollow; poor memory; careworn expression; Varicocele; tired in morning; lifeless; distrustful; lack energy strength and ambition. Our *New Method* Treatment will positively cure you. It will make a man of you and life will open anew. *We guarantee to cure you or refund all money paid.* ☞ No names used without written consent. $1,000 paid for any case we take and cannot cure.

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE—A Warning From the Living.

Emissions Cured. "At 15 I learned a bad habit. Had losses for seven years. Tried four doctors and nerve tonics by the score, without benefit; I became a nervous wreck. A friend who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised me to try them. I did so, and in two months was positively cured. This was eight years ago. I am now married and have two healthy children." C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw, Mich.

Varicocele Cured. "Varicocele, the result of early vice, made life miserable. I was weak and nervous, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, dreams and losses at night, no ambition. The 'Golden Monitor' opened my eyes. The New Method Treatment of Drs. Kennedy & Kergan cured me in a few weeks." I. L. PETERSON, Ionia, Mich.

Syphilis Cured. "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mercury for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on the skin, ulcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of hair, weakness, etc. My brother, who had been cured of *Gleet* and *Stricture* by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, recommended them. They cured me in a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No return of the disease in six years." W. P. M., Jackson, Mich.

A Minister Speaks. The Rev. W. E. Sparks, of Detroit, says: "I know of no disease so injurious to the mind, body and soul of young men as that of Self Abuse. I have seen many victims of this lustful habit to Drs. Kennedy & Kergan for treatment. I can heartily endorse their *New Method Treatment* which cured them when all else failed."

A Doctor Recommends It. "I know nothing in medical science so efficient for the cure of *Syphilis* and *Sexual Diseases* as the *New Method Treatment* of Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Many cases which had baffled scores of physicians were cured in a few weeks. I have seen this with my own eyes and know it to be a fact." T. E. ALLISON, M. D.

A Reader. Have you been guilty? Has your *Blood* been diseased? Are you weak? Do you desire to be a *man?* Are you contemplating marriage? Our *New Method Treatment* will positively cure you. Cures