THE FARM.

The Essentials for Winter Dairying.

"I find that winter dairying is being more generally adopted every season, and in the fall of the year some farmers who have never tried it before are making preparations for the work. Last winter a great many dairymen went into winter dairying on a small scale, and I have yet to hear of one who found the work disappointing," says an exchange. "Despite this annual increase of the ranks, there are still comparatively few engaged in this work, either through ignorance or a fear to attempt anything new.

"I have found that more depends upon the kind of cow one has for winter dairying, than in summer dairying, and the animals destined for this work cannot be selected too carefully. If you intend to ship milk to the city, a good milk-producing cow above all else should be tried. The cows should calve sometime in August, and the heifers can be raised for the winter market with considerable profit. In August the green grass is generally dried up pretty well, and as the cows must have food at this time we must depend upon the green corn. Good fodder corn planted so as to be ready for eating in August and September makes the best sort of food for the mother cows. The corn will make the milk flow freely, and this is the greatest sign of success in the undertaking. If the cows do not have green, succulent food at this time they will dry up and never pay much for their winter keeping. The silo should be filled with good corn and grass so that the ensilage can be fed out as soon as frost has put an end to the green corn. The ensilage should be in sufficient quantity to keep the cows in excellent condition until green grass comes again the following spring.

"The rations of the cows engaged in winter dairying should be daily about twenty-five to thirty pounds of ensilage, and two and a half pounds of coarse middlings morning and night, and two or three pounds of clover hay at noon. This ration with plenty of fresh water and salt, will keep the cows in splendid condition, and make them yield a good quantity of rich milk and cream through the whole winter. If one has roots and cabbages on hand to add to the cows, they will help to make the diet more varied, and the cows will appreciate the change. But generally the above ration is satisfactory, and it is not a difficult one to prepare. The middlings should be bought at the season of the year when the cheapest, and in a large quantity any reduction can thus be obtained. The water for the cows to drink should average a temperature of about fifty-four degrees, and on cold days it must be warmed to this point. Ice cold water will chill the udder, and check the flow of milk.

"The cows should be put into the barn nights just as soon as cool weather is here. They need this shelter to enable them to do their best. The barn and yard should be kept as clean and sweet as possible. When the weather gets colder the cracks in the barn and stable should be closed up, and winds and draughts kept out just as much as if you intended to sleep in the place yourself. Most of our barns and stables are too windy for any cow to live in long enough the winter with any degree of comfort. A free use of tarred paper all around the building will make a wonderful change. Then if the stable is an old fashioned one, built right on the ground, fill in the sides a foot or more with sawdust to keep the wind from sweeping up under the boards. The warmth and comfortableness of the stable will make quite a difference in the yield of milk during the cold weather."

Marketing Hogs.

A correspondent asks us: "When is the best time to market hogs? What is the best kind of hog to feed, and at what weight should they be fit for the market?"

In answer, we would say that the best time to market hogs is when they are ready for market, irrespective of the time of year. At the present time, the best demand is for hogs ranging from 150 to 200 pounds, when dressed, and for these weights the packers will give better prices, provided the pigs are of the long, lean kind, and not too fat. Some of the country buyers and shippers, it is true, do not discriminate even this class of pigs and others, but pay the same price for all they purchase, and they take care that the prices paid are on the basis of those paid by packers for the less suited for their business; that is to say, they pay lower prices than they would for the style of pig so much in demand.

Hogs should be ready for market when they are from six to ten months old, if they have been properly fed and pushed on. It may pay to get them to the required weights at those ages if the right kind of pigs are used. After that time when those weights have been exceeded, more food will be required in order to secure the same amount of increase of flesh that had previously been made on less food, and, therefore, our correspondent will see that there will be a profit made by marketing his hogs before the period of increased feeding required arrives. A few years ago some farmers made a good deal of money by fattening pigs for marketing during the months of July, August and September, when the supply of hogs was light, and, in consequence, prices were considerably higher than later in the year, when the supplies come in. Now, however, owing to the increased number of cheese factories and creameries in the country, and the large number of hogs kept by them by private individuals, in order to use the whey and skim-milk during the summer, prices do not range as high as formerly in comparison with those paid for other seasons of the year, although considerable money is yet made by those who [illegible] feeders is to market their [illegible] as soon as they are ready for market, [illegible] and on to them too long after they are fit in the hope prices will take a turn, as they are oftentimes quickly to go down.

Oats and Colts.

Give some of the cheap oats to the right colts and rest assured that the dawning century, in spite of all our ingenuity, the world will still be in need of equine motive power, and if the signs point aright it will command a premium, says C. F. Curtiss.

There is no better property on the farm to-day than a good colt and there never was a more opportune time to go into horse raising in earnest. Not in the old way, but with a higher standard of excellence. Let excellence be the sine qua non and let it begin in the brood mare. It is well that the class of brood mares in use a few years since have been discarded.

In starting anew let the man who wants to make money in horses endeavor not to produce horses cheaply, but to raise the the best horse that his surroundings will permit. It will be better to get one good pair of mares and breed only these than to raise a dozen common colts.

What a change could be wrought in the horse stock of the country by 1900 if as the horse business revives every well-to-do farmer would get even one pair of superior pure bred mares of some particular breed and breed them to sires of the highest excellence. There is no avenue in agriculture that offers surer returns or more permanent success.

Oats are an exceptionally valuable feed for horses. Other feeds will produce as much gain in live weight, but there is perhaps no single grain feed so well adapted to grow bone and muscle, and give stamina and endurance in horses, as oats. For this purpose it should be used liberally the coming winter.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

LIEUT.-COL. SIR WALTER WILKIN IS THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

Some Account of His Position and Power—The Number of His Offices—Method of Electing the Lord Mayor—Titled Mayors of English Cities—The Queen Must Obtain Permission from the Lord Mayor to Pass Through the City.

The announcement that a new Lord Mayor of London had been elected in the person of Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Wilkin was made the other day, and although the new occupant of the ancient office is no more notable than the great majority of his predecessors, nor the circumstances attending his election any more remarkable or significant than usual, some account of his position and power will be of interest, especially at a time when municipal affairs in this part of the Empire are beginning to receive more than ordinary attention. The idea is prevalent that the Lord Mayor exercises a jurisdiction over the whole of the English capital, whereas the fact is that it extends merely within the limits of the small inner city, which had in 1891 a population of only 37,000. The dignity and importance of his office must not, however, be measured by the sphere of his influence as a municipal official for an examination of the ancient records shows that by virtue of certain of them he is an admiral of the port of London,

A GENERAL OF MILITIA,

Chief Butler to the Crown, a Conservator of the Thames, a judge in civil and criminal cases, a Master of the City Hunt (which, by-the-bye, no longer exists), a Controller of Weights and Measures, a Dictator of the Public Markets, and a member of the Queen's Privy Council. Further, that he has his budget, his civil list of $50,000, his official residence, his men in armour, his chaplain, his police, his gaol, his gentlemen-in-waiting, his purse-bearer, his sword-bearer, his marshal, and, last, but not least, his own hangman. Nor is this all. Writers who have defined his powers say that were it to please him to decree that no one should pass the Bank of England without doffing his hat, or enter the Stock Exchange save in knee-breeches, no power in the land would have the right to gainsay his mandate. Regarding the method of electing the Lord Mayor it should be noted that it differs materially from that followed in electing municipal heads on this side of the sea. The affairs of the municipal corporation remain practically in the hands of the close and self-perpetuating guilds, the members of which elect the aldermen for life, and the common councillors for a term of one year. They, with the Lord Mayor, form the great court, the Lord Mayor being

CHOSEN ANNUALLY

from the ranks of the aldermen by the aldermen themselves, and notwithstanding the precedent set at the time of Dick Whittington, re-election is an honour rarely bestowed. The absence of "bosses" and "ward-heelers" is a notable characteristic of English municipal politics, and there is reason to envy the inhabitants of the English cities in the fact that citizens of social and commercial eminence are not as they are here, reluctant, to have anything to do with municipal affairs. Thus the Duke of Sutherland has just accepted the office of Mayor of the town of Longton; the Earl of Warwick is at the present moment Mayor of the ancient city of Warwick; the Marquis of Bute, the "Lothair" of Lord Beaconsfield's novel of that name, has been officiating as Mayor of Cardiff, and has been succeeded by Lord Windsor; while Lord Lonsdale and Lord Milton are among the mayor's-elect who will enter upon the duties of their office on the 9th of November next. Lord Rosebery and the Duke of Norfolk, the latter the premier peer of the United Kingdom, have not thought it beneath their dignity to fill the chair of President of the County Council of London, the President of that body being the real Lord Mayor of 699 square miles out of the 760 that constitute the area of the British metropolis, and consequently really the only one

QUALIFIED TO SPEAK

in the name of the national capital. In fairness it should be said that the dignity of the position of a Mayor or Lord Mayor in the Old Land is relatively much greater than is that of a new world Mayor, but the former are by no means sinecures. Assuredly their ancient rights and privileges are carefully observed, although there are certain formalities that are still adhered to that, perhaps, tend to make the Lord Mayor of London ridiculous rather than dignified. For instance, the Queen herself must obtain his permission whenever she desires to pass through the city, and whenever there is a birth, a marriage, or a death in the reigning family, the occurrence is solemnly communicated by a Secretary of State in the Queen's name to the Lord Mayor, with the request that he shall make it known to the citizens. But he has many really important and difficult duties to preform, and exercises considerable influence in the government of the municipality.

SOME DEADLY TRIFLES.

INSIGNIFICANT ACCIDENTS THAT HAVE FATAL CONSEQUENCES.

Men Who Died from the Prick of a Needle—A Man Whose End Came by Cutting His Finger with a Sheet of Paper—The Protean Forms in Which Death Comes to the Human Race.

The records of every accident insurance company afford innumerable instances of the insecurity of our tenure of life, and furnish many illustrations of the ease with which a man can be killed. Not a day passes but that thousands of seamstresses and tailors prick their fingers with their needles, and nothing is thought of the accident, if it can be called such, but at least a dozen deaths are recorded from this cause alone during the last ten years. A few months ago a man in Massachusetts cut his finger with the sharp edge of a sheet of paper while folding a letter; the wound, slight as it was, suppurated, blood-poisoning set in, and he died a few days later. A New York shoemaker, while drawing a waxed end tight, gashed his thumb with the thread, and died in ten days. A man in Philadelphia died a few years ago from paring a corn too closely, and another in Boston from a small cut accidentally inflicted while cutting his thumb nail. A woman of Baltimore, while biting her finger-nails, bit into the quick, and died in two weeks, while a stone bruise, that common affliction of barefooted youth, proved fatal to a boy of New Jersey. A few months ago a farmer in Ohio died from being kicked by a hog. He, with another man, having tied the beast, was placing it in a wagon, when it suddenly gave a violent kick, struck him in the abdomen with its hind feet, and caused an injury of which he died in a few days. Still stranger was the case of a gentleman in New York who died a couple of years ago from the effects of a mote in his eye. It gave him much pain, but he would not neglect his business to go to an oculist, and the day after the mote had effected a lodgment the eye was so greatly swollen that the oculist could do nothing save make efforts to reduce the inflammation. Attempts in this direction were, however, in vain; the swelling continued, and spread over one side of his face, erysipelas set in, and in a week the man was dead. Quite as novel was the taking off of a gentleman in London in 1891. He was approaching middle age, and had a number of gray hairs rather conspicuously displayed above his forehead. His youthful fiancee objected to them, and, to please her, he permitted her to pull them out. The next day he noticed a slight inflammation and irritation of the skin where the hairs had been removed, but thought little of it. A day later the inflammation had developed to an alarming extent, and he sent for a physician, but, in spite of all that could be done to save him, he died in a week.

DEATH FROM A KISS.

Instances of mothers dying of diphtheria after kissing their children ill of the same disease are numerous, but are in no way remarkable, as the communication of the virus in such a case is easily understood. That a lover should die from kissing his sweetheart who was afflicted with a sore mouth is not, however, so common. Such a case is recorded as having occurred in Massachusetts some years ago. The young woman had what in familiar phrase is known as a fever blister, but the young fellow who was unfortunate enough to win her regard did not propose to allow a little thing like that to interfere with his happiness, so, during the course of his visit, made at a time when the fever blister was in its glory, he kissed her, presumably several times, as he was accustomed to do. A day or two later, the young lady's lips were quite well again, but those of the young man had broken out with small sores, and the twain made merry over the fact that he had caught the fever blisters from her. Merriment on the subject did not long continue, however, for the sores became malignant ulcers, whose progress could not be, or at least was not, checked by medical skill, and in less than six weeks the man died, a genuine victim of Cupid. Not a day passes but that, during the course of it, dozens of youngsters are prodded with pins by facetious comrades, and beyond the momentary annoyance, no result is noticed, but the practice may sometimes be deadly, as shown by a case in Philadelphia some years ago. According to the statement of the case, as made in a medical journal, the boys concerned were at school when one humorously inserted a pin into the anatomy of the other for the purpose of making him jump. He jumped accordingly, swore in a whisper at the boy who had perforated his cuticle, and, in diplomatic language, "the incident was supposed to be closed." That it was not, however, was attested by the appearance a few days later of what the sufferer designated a "sore place" in the region penetrated by the pin. The "sore place" extended its limits, the boy complained and his mother applied some simple remedy without result. The boy grew worse, a doctor was called, and found that blood poisoning had set in. The boy lingered a few days and died of the injury, and upon an investigation being made it was discovered that the pin used was rusty.

SLIGHT WOUNDS AND LOCKJAW.

Trifling injuries, such as that just described, are more frequently followed by tetanus than by any other form of disease, and the well-known dread of this terrible affliction is justified by the comparative frequency with which it occurs. Its severity is apparently so disproportionate to the ostensible injury as to influence physicians to look elsewhere for the origin than in the trifling wound, cut or bruise, which some are now disposed to regard rather as the occasion than as the cause. Leaving this issue to be settled by the doctors themselves, it is certainly very remarkable to observe how slight are the wounds that bring on or seem to bring on this generally fatal disease. In Chicago a boy paring an apple scratched his palm with the point of his knife blade and died of lockjaw in ten days; in Philadelphia a man jumped suddenly out of bed, stepped on a tack which entered the sole of his foot, and died in a week; in the same city another case occurred from the extraction of a tooth; in Boston, a man wore an uneasy shoe, abraded the skin on the side of his foot, fell a victim to tetanus and died in a fortnight. In Washington a clerk in one of the departments went fishing, and, thinking he had a bite, jerked up the line vigorously and caught the hook in the thumb of the other hand. The wound was very slight, and was apparently almost healed, when the spasms came on and he never recovered. In San Francisco a case is recorded resulting from a projecting nail in the sole of the shoe. In London a patient died from a bruise in the palm. He was a huckster, and in disputing with a housekeeper about his pay for some vegetables furnished, he brought down his open hand with force on a table by which both were standing. A child's marble lay on the table, and made a bruise in the center of his palm. He thought nothing of it, but it resulted in tetanus and death. Farmers have taken it from thrusting the tines of a pitch-fork into their hands or feet; carpenters have died of it from punctures made by rusty nails; it has been caused by the bites of serpents in the hands or feet of the victims; the bites of dogs or cats have been known to occasion it, and in three or four well-authenticated instances it has been induced by the bites or stings of wasps, bees, ants and mosquitoes. One of the most terribly fatal of all diseases, it seems totally out of proportion to the ostensible cause that produces it.

THE TRAGEDY OF DEATH.

There seems indeed to have been an unusually large element of tragedy in the death of many famous men, whose lives were cast in lines so peaceful that violence at the closing scene seems singularly inappropriate. There appears to be a poetic propriety in the assassination of Caesar, in the murder of Pompey, in the suicide of Hannibal, in the taking off of Turenne, and Wallenstein, and Charles XII. They were men of the sword, and it was natural that they should perish by the sword. But in the case of men of letters, tragedy has no place at the end, and it is therefore remarkable that so many should die under tragic circumstances. Both Homer and Aristotle, according to tradition, died of a broken heart; Euripides was torn to pieces by savage dogs; Alexis, the lyric poet, fell dead on the stage while reciting; Hesiod was murdered; Cleanthes and Aristarchus starved themselves to death; Peregrinus Proteus burned himself to death at the Olympic games; Demosthenes poisoned himself; Menander and Terence were both drowned; Lucretius went mad and committed suicide; so did Thomas Creech, his English translator, who, a few days before the fatal act, made the curious note, "Mem. Next Friday I hang myself," and carried out his intention. Silius Italicus starved to death with cancer of the stomach; Horace died of grief at the loss of his patron Maecenas; Gallus and Macer resorted to cold steel; Cicero and Boethius were assassinated; Lucan anticipated the order of the Emperor for his execution by taking his own life, opening his veins in a warm bath, thus following the example of his uncle, Seneca; the same fate was cheerfully encountered by Petronius Arbiter; Pliny died at Vesuvius; Duns Scotus was buried alive; Moliere died on the stage while personating the character of a sick man; Falconer was drowned at sea; John Palmer, the English actor, fell dead on the stage as he pronounced the words in his part, "There is another and a better world;" Lee was found dead in a street of London, having fallen while drunk, been covered by the snow and run over by a dray; Peter Motteaux was found strangled; Marvell was found dead; Fulka Greville, better known as Lord Brooke, was stabbed by a servant; Malebranche died of a hemorrhage induced by a dispute with Berkeley about the existence of matter; Santuel died from accidentally drinking wine into which snuff had fallen; Shadwell and Bourdelot died of overdoses of opium; Shenstone of sleeping in a cart, having quarreled with her mistress and going out of doors to sleep in order to spite her; Mason and Lamb of a fall; Dean Fletcher of too much smoking; Bacon of a sudden chill caused by exposure while making an experiment, and Lulli, the great French composer, of striking his toe with a cane he was using as a baton.

TENACITY OF LIFE.

In view of the case with which men slip out of life on the least pretext and sometimes with none at all, there is some comfort in the fact that numerous instances are known of men hanging on to existence with a tenacity that defies the most serious injuries. Nature seems to strike a medium, more satisfactory in the general contemplation than in the particular application, and where she deals out death to some through the means of altogether insignificant everyday occurrences and incidents of apparently no moment, preserves the lives of others in spite of the most ghastly wounds and mutilations. Men have lived for years with both arms and both legs gone, and four great suppurating sores at the places where the amputations had been made. They have survived bullet holes through their heads and knife wounds in their hearts; they have lived on with portions of the brain removed by the surgeon's knife; they have lived on with one lung gone and the other doing very little work; they have continued to live even with some degree of comfort with holes in their stomachs, through which the processes of digestion could be observed; they have had their skulls partly cut away, their ribs taken out, their internal mechanism cut to pieces and readjusted, their whole bodily economy deranged in such a way that life would seem to be an impossibility. Men have survived broken arms, legs and backs; men have outlived broken necks; men have continued their existence with every bodily organ in such a state of degeneration and decay that they ought to have been dead years before they actually died. They have come out of railroad wrecks with almost every important bone in the body broken, and in a few months have gone back to work. They have survived falls where escape from instant death seemed impossible. In Denver a few years ago a boy leaned out of a hotel window, fell 83 feet 4 inches, came down on a brick pavement on his head and shoulders, and in three weeks was back at his old place, with not a bone broken and only a few bruises as reminders of the terrible incident. When such an accident as this is contrasted with that in New York last month when a man was killed by falling off an ottoman, it tends to make converts to the doctrine of fatalism and to inspire abounding faith in the old-time axiom that "A man's immortal till his time has come."

Inventive.

Molly—I think young Brownley is working on some air machine or other.

Polly—What makes you think so?

Molly—Every time he calls on me he says he'd fly to the uttermost parts of the earth for me!

Marshal Field, it is reported, made $7,000,000 in the dry goods trade last year.

The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul.—Emerson.

AWFUL TORTURES AT SEA.

A SAILOR MADE TO WEAR A CROSS OF CAPSTAN BARS.

The Frightful Tortures Suffered by Seamen—Official Devilry in Designing Cruel Punishment—Log of a Floating Hell—Men Turned Adrift in a South American Port.

The sailors on the American ship Benjamin Sewall, which came so near going to the bottom on the way to San Francisco, tell a vivid story about the brutal treatment of seamen who were forced to leave the vessel at Tame, Chile. When the ship got to that port in distress five sailors were told by the officers to leave. According to the statements of the seamen, the men who were thus discharged intended to have First Mate Smith and Second Mate Ostend arrested for cruelty on the high seas, but could not do it because there was no American Consul at Tame.

The men turned adrift in Chile were Seamen West, Smith, Rosser, Bismarck and John Graber. Rosser kept a log of the trip to show when the acts of brutality complained of were committed. This log was written at nights in the forecastle, and all the seamen testify the truth of its statements. Hardly a day passed that some seaman was not struck or punished in some peculiar and ingenious fashion. Rosser sent the log to San Francisco by one of the seamen with instructions to turn it over to the authorities, but this was not done.

On March 9, 10 days out of port, Mate Smith struck Frank Smith in the face four times and then made him sit in the lee scuppers four hours scraping paint.

A seaman called Bob by his mates, resisted the second mate, who was going to beat him. The two mates beat Bob insensible, and after he had returned to consciousness

TIED A CAPSTAN BAR

on his back, and made him work for 12 hours scraping and washing paint. There were two wounds in his head, from which blood flowed. The next day and the day following his punishment continued. Bob was compelled to eat his food in the poop, and was not allowed to go forward. Some of the sailors saw him, and his face was swollen and his eyes were bloody. He was kept on deck all night carrying his cross of capstan bars. The mate made him beat a tune on a tin can with handspikes. On this second day of torture the other sailors were compelled to lower Bob over the side to hook a mousing on the foresheet. The ship kept dipping him in the water, but he was kept there half an hour. The next day (Sunday) the cross was still kept on the seaman's back. Another sailor who had come in for a good share of the beatings, John Graber, was sent to the poop to read the Bible to Bob, while the mates stood by and laughed. Graber was also compelled to pray for the man with the cross on his back.

According to the seaman's log, from that time on Bob was given only about three hours' sleep a day. On March 12 Bob was sent aloft and made to cry, "Yes, sir; all right, sir," for half an hour. On the 17th the cross of capstan bars was removed by the captain's order.

On March 30th, while Frank Smith was at the wheel, he let the ship be taken back. Mate Smith struck him three times in the face, and then compelled him to put up tackle in the main lower rigging, and to hoist and lower himself for half an hour. All the time Smith was

CRYING FOR MERCY.

Mate Smith got after his old friend Bob again on April 1, and the log relates that the mate attacked him while sending down the mizzen royal yard, and, on getting him foul in the main waist, beat him over the naked back with a bight of rope until his back was black and blue, and covered with welts.

On April 23 the second mate, Ostend, knocked Graber down and poked him in the eyes with rope to wipe the tears away. Two days later a shed like a dog kennel was erected on the forward house for Smith to sleep in.

The log relates that on April 27 Mate Smith getting out of patience with Bob because he did not hear one of his commands, compelled him to take off his trousers on deck. The mate took the end of a broom handle, roughened with the carpenter's rasp, dipped it in hot tar and rubbed it over the sailor's legs until he howled with pain.

On May 5 Mate Smith struck Seaman Graber because he wore his coat while pulling in the main brace.

"After the ship was put on the other tack," says the log, "the chief mate lashed Graber's coat to his body and marlin-hitched his coat sleeves from the shoulders to the wrists so tight that it stopped the circulation of the blood in his arms. He did likewise with his trousers from the thighs to the ankles. Then he took a board one foot by two feet and wrote with chalk the words thereon: 'I am not cold; I am not sleepy. Toughey, toughey.' This was lashed to Graber's back. He was sent to the wheel, so the captain could see him, and was kept there until four bells."

The sailors were at times compelled to march two and two about the deck, carrying a flag and beating

A DECK BUCKET

for a drum—this by way of humiliation. When three of the crew fell ill, the mate compelled them to fasten tackle on each side of the main lower rigging and hoist themselves nine feet above the deck. Rosser was too weak to do it and was sent to the poop for punishment. He fell in a fit and Smith threw two buckets of cold water over him and had him dragged back to the forecastle. The mate took to carrying a pistol.

"This ship is a floating hell," is the language of the log. "What surprises all of us is that the Captain allows the mates to carry on this way. The capstan bar that Seaman Bob of the starboard watch carried for 22 days, off and on, weighed about 12 pounds. It was worse than a ball and chain and was never taken off him except when he was sent aloft, which was seldom."

D. T. Lochead, M. A., assistant master of English and modern languages at the Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, has been appointed head master of Caledonia High School.

A black serpent six feet nine inches in length was killed in the Otonabee river, at Rosa's bridge, the other day. It was perfectly scaleless and not unlike a common black snake except in size.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

A YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS.

Her Parents Had Almost Given Up Hope of Her Recovery.

Pale and Emaciated, Subject to Severe Headaches, She Was Thought to Be Going into a Decline—Now the Picture of Health and Beauty.

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review.

There are very few people, especially among the agriculturists of Kent County, N. B., who do not know Mr. H. H. Warman, the popular agent for agricultural machinery, of Molus River. A Review representative was in conversation with Mr. Warman recently, when the subject of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was incidently touched upon. Mr. Warman said he was a staunch believer in their curative properties, and to justify his opinion he related the cure of his sister, Miss Jessie Warman, aged 15, whom he said had been "almost wrested from the grave by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Miss Warman had been suffering for nearly a year with troubles incident to girlhood. She suffered

"A PICTURE OF HEALTH AND ACTIVITY."

from severe and almost constant headaches, dizziness, heart palpitation, and was pale and bloodnass, and eventually became so weak and emaciated that her parents thought that she was in consumption, and had all but given up hope of her recovery. Her father, Mr. Richard Warman, who is a well-to-do farmer, spared no expense to procure relief for the poor sufferer. The best available medical advice was employed, but no relief came, and although the parents were almost in despair, they still strove to find the means of restoring their loved one to health. Mr. Warman, like everybody else who reads the newspapers, had read of the many marvellous cures affected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like some others, looked upon these stories as "mere patent medicine advertisements." However, as everything else had failed he determined that Pink Pills should be given a trial, with a result no less marvellous than that of many other cases related through the press. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have completely cured the young lady, so that in a few months, from a helpless and supposedly dying girl, she has become a picture of health and activity. The Warman family is so well known in this part of the country that no one would think of disputing any statement made by any of its members. Mr. H. H. Warman, on account of his business as salesman for agricultural machinery, is personally acquainted with nearly everybody in the country, and we feel assured that any enquires made of him concerning the statements made above will be readily answered.

The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Warman, prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

A Farm Labourer Attempts to Murder a Farmer's Daughter Near Denfield, Ont.—He Then Commits Suicide by Cutting His Throat From Ear to Ear.

A despatch from London, Ont., says:—Intelligence has been received here of a tragedy which happened near Denfield, about 17 miles from this city, between 8 and 9 o'clock on Monday night. As far as can be learned John Layng, a farm labourer, met Miss Mabel T. Robson, the daughter of Mr. W. B. Robson, a well-to-do farmer, at Siddallsville, on the highway. There he attempted to murder Miss Robson with a razor, and cut her in the back of the head in a terrible manner. He then deliberately cut his throat from ear to ear, dying almost at once.

According to another account, Layng procured a horse and rig from Munro's livery stable, Ailsa Craig, early in the evening, and drove to the home of Miss Robson. When Layng arrived Miss Robson was engaged milking the cows on the brow of a hill on the roadside. Layng approached her and requested her to run away with him and get married. This she promptly refused to do. Layng then endeavoured to force her into the rig, and, failing in this, he threw her to the ground, and with a razor he cut and slashed her. Fortunately, Miss Robson is a strong girl, and no vital spot was struck by the weapon. Leaving her for dead, Layng went to the house of his parents, about twenty rods away, bade the family good-bye, and, going outside cut his throat from ear to ear. He expired in a few minutes. Miss Robson managed to walk to her home where her injuries were attended to. She will very likely recover.

LATER.

It seems at about dusk on Monday evening the victim, Miss Mabel Robinson, was in her father's yard milking a cow, when Jno. Lang drove by. Seeing Miss Robinson he stopped his horse, and without getting out of his rig he urged the young lady to go with him and be married. This she refused to do. He then jumped from the buggy and said, "You will go with me or die." He held a razor in his hand, and grasping the young lady he endeavored to throw her to the ground. In the struggle Miss Robinson's hands and arms were cut in a terrible manner. He finally succeeded in throwing her, and placing his knee on her chest he slashed the razor across her face and neck until he thought her dead. He called her twice, saying, "Mabel, are you dead?" The girl, although still conscious, lay perfectly still, with her eyes closed. Her muscles twitched, and with the remark, "I'll cut your head off," he half turned her over, and gave her a slash on the back of the neck. He then left her, and going to his own home he bid his father and mother good-bye, saying he was going to Michigan the next day. He went behind the house, and cut his throat from ear to ear, dying immediately.

Miss Robinson is seventeen years old, and weighs in the neighborhood of two hundred and ten pounds. She has an exceedingly pretty face, and is quite an accomplished young lady. She never encouraged the attention of Lang, and was in perfect dread of him, he having threatened her last summer. John Lang was 33 years old, and lived with his father on the next farm to Robinson's. The young lady will recover.

Doomed to Bachelorhood.

Friend—I say, Jack, why don't you marry, and settle down?

Jack—Can't.

You have a good income?

Yes.

And your aunt left you a charming house?

Yes.

Then why don't you hunt up a wife?

Oh, a wife is easy enough to get; that isn't the matter.

Then what is the matter?

I can't find a servant-girl.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.