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A PRAIRIE TRAGEDY.

BATTLE TO THE DEATH BETWEEN BUFFALO AND WOLVES.

ow the Monarch of the Plains Is Sun rounded by His Wary Enemies—A Spec-tacle as Exciting as the Sports of the

Take your stand here on this bluff, and you can look down upon a spectacle as exciting as anything effered in the days of bloodshirsty Roman sports. Stretching away to the north are dip and hollow and broken ground for a mile. Then comes the grand prairle, sweeping clear to the south fork of the Platte before it surrenders te the hills. Ten miles away are a dozen moving black specks. They are buffaloss. Nothing else with life in it is nearer. The king's domains are rich in food and drink, and the early morning sunshine tells of king's domains are rich in food and drink, and the early morning sunshine tells of peace and harmony. He stands with head elevated, and as he slowly turns in his tracks he sunfits the air for scent of danger. Whe is our king? A buffalo bull, nature's monarch of the grand prairie.

Ah! High above him, with every foot of ground under your eyes, you could see no danger. His keen scent warns him of peril, and a wolf breaks cover not 100 feet

peril, and a wolf breaks cover nos averaway in a manner to startle you. He seems to rise from the very earth, not with a bound and a yell, but with a quiet cool-

a bound and a yell, but with a quiet coolness that bodes evil.

The bull lowers his head, and his eyes
flash at the sight of the enemy who has
come to disturb his reverles. Compare
their size and strength, and you laugh at
the ides of a wolf bringing harm to a buffalo. One blow from a hoof, one tess from
the horns, and the wolf-would lie crushed
and dead.

Pooh, 'tis an enemy not worth a second
glance! The wolf may look with longing
eyes and lick his chops for taste of blood,
but he is weating time. In that grove to

but he is wasting time. In that grove to the left a bunch of cattle is grazing. He

give chase and hamstring one or more of them.

What! Another? As the chickens rise from cover so that second wolf suddenly shows himself above the grass. You cannot say that the beasts even suspect each other's presence. They are 50 feet apart, and both sit and stare straight at the monarch of the plains. The buil gives his head a toss as he sights the second arrival. Wolves hust in pairs. Here is the pair. Nothing strange in that.

Yes, rub your eyes to see if they are clear, and you will find they haven's decived you. Up pops a third, fourth, fifth and sixth wolfsh had, followed by a body which is ever gaunt and lean, ever the synonym of hunger. One wolf created nothing beyond momentary surprise; the pair bred a feeling of contempt; the six of them may bring peril.

What! Have the six multiplied so fastifus a moment ago we saw only the half

life.

It is over! He is down, and his blood is smearing the grim jaws of the wolves as they tear at the hot flesh. Ah, well, but there were game, nerve and true grlt, and his bones deserve burial at the hands of man!—Denver Post.

How to Read English Literature The first thing to do in the study of English literature, says Professor Mark H. Liddell in The Atlantic, is to read it intel-Addell in The Atlantic, is to read it intelligently, to hear the very voice of it speaking to us directly and without impediment, to make its thought pass through our minds as it passed through the minds of those who created it, to make its thought our thought. There must be no half knowledge, no vague concepts. The words of it should not convey hazy notions. If we are to know the full force of it, we must know that the words that the author chose were the only ones that he could have chosen. The turns of expression must be happy ones, fitting the thought have chosen. The turns of expressions must be happy ones, fitting the thought like a glove. It is the perfection of form that makes it literature and gives it a

that makes it literature and gives its claim to our attention.

Without a historical knowledge of our language such a full appreciation of much of our best literature is impossible. Criti-man with the best of intentions cannot make up by any esthetic ferver for what it lacks of such knowledge.

Kept His Place.

Fidget-They say that Witlow's son is a dull scholar.

Midget—Oh, I don's know! True, he was placed at the foot of the class after examination, but he should be credited with the fact that he has succeeded it maintaining his position ever since.—Bos

(Special London Correspondence.)

(Special London Correspondence.)
Once upon a time some one asked Mr. Gladstone to what he most owed his success. His answer came promptly: "To my wife."
That every man's career has been more or less swayed by his wife is probably true. In the case of Mr. Gladstone the wifely influence would seem to have had as much to do as his own commanding, forceful genius. Mrs. Gladstone has not been gifted with brilliant intellect, nor has she been called upon to fill an important role in the society life of the) times, yet she has through prolonging the years of her husband placed England under a disb of gratitude that it will find hard to repay. For years pass she has guarded her husband spersonal interests with an all-absorbing vigilance, a vigilance whith compels the admiration of those whe have followed the domestic side of the great statesman's course. Her figure in



MRS. GLADSTONE. the right-hand corner of the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons has been almost as familiar to members and visitors as that of the distinguished man on the floor below. Day after day she would drive down with her husband and from her elevated place listen patiently to long, tiresome discussions, which oftener than not got no further than a monotone. The famous sherry mixture which helped Mr. Gladstone through tedieus sessions was of her decoction. To but one other were the ingredients ever revealed. To John Morley belongs the confidence of Mrs. Gladstone on this point, the secret being transferred only, as Mrs. Gladstone herself explained, because there was a possibility that some day an unforessen accident would keep her away from her husband's side. visitors as that of the distinguished m

accident would keep her away from her husband's side.

During the entire period of Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary life it was the wisdom of the devoted wife that there should be me discussion of House of Commons matters at home. Once the carriage deer closed under the clock tower of the House of Parliament there was no reference to the speech of the husband or the debate of which, it had been a part. On the night of Mr. Gladstone's speech on Home Rule, when all London was ringing with it, and the newspapers of civilization were eagerly receiving the rejects of it, it is said that

show the standard of the stand

waking and sleeping hours of her husband. She looked after them all along as if she had been the mistress of a humble cottage instead of the lady of a proud castie against which the storms of centuries have hurled themselves. When out of office Mr. Gladstone taught his children Italian. The girls were educated at home by governesses in English,

out of office Mr. Gladstone taught his children Italian. The girls were educated at home by governesses in English, French and German. The boys wore the jackets of Eton, and afterward had lodgings in the grounds at Oxford.

With all her thoughtfulness for others, Mrs. Gladstone is said to be absentminded to an unusual degree. A lady who was her fellow guest in a country house tells of Mrs. Gladstone's appearing at dinner one evening with the most marvelous arrangement of lace where the conventional bodice should have been. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had come down for the night, the latter without her maid. Most of the half hour between the dressing bell and the dinner peal had been given over by Mrs. Gladstone and the maid her hostess had sent to her assistance to a wild search for the dress waist. The hunt proved unavailing, but Mrs. Gladstone, whose resourcefulness is said to be without limit, evolved an impromptu bodice from one of the long lace scarfs of which she is known to have dozens. Pins galore were employed, and when the good lady came into the drawing-room a short time later there was no appearance of consciousness on her part that her costume was out of the ordinary. It developed at bedtime that the missing waist was pinned inside the dress skirt, where Mrs. Gladstone's maid had cautioned her mistress that it should be found.

Mrs. Gladstone has not confined her

be found.

Mrs. Gladstone has not confined her gentle ministrations to her own house-

THE PERFECT WOMAN

SUCH IS MRS. GLADSTONE, HER
HUSBAND'S GOD-GIVEN TREASURE.

The Story of Her Life as It Affected That
of Her Distinguished Consort—As
Good a Mother as Wite, She Prevented
Little Household Worries From
Resching the Man of Her Solicitude.

(Special London Correspondence.) CHEYENNE. There's the loveliest place. There's the loveliest place. The drearest and searest. You'll find on the face. Of the earth, and hard by Lieth Laranie town, Once a camp of renowa. As the home of Bill Bye. And cactus and gravel
And cactus and cans,
Broken yows and old hoops
Beent the hot wind that fans
The parched stain Going had
To the bottle and cas,
I was broke in Cheyenne.

remarked: "Well, now this is rather unprecedented, you know. My wife unparted to the most perfinaleous of them in less time than this. But she will been family," he added, "for she never falls." Being rigorously domestic in her tastes, Mrs. Gladstone appreciates the same tendencies in others. Her choice of friends is said, to depend not upon the accident of birth or wealth but upon moral worth and brains. Thus the most interesting home in all England has ever been open to professionals.

continued to hight or wealth but upon accident of high or wealth but upon more in all England has ever been open to protestonals.

Mrs. Gladstone's decial, educistional and chapitable plans slwhys met with the hearty approval of her hisband. Their children were wont to say that he was more proud of her than anything alse in the world, not "scoophing his own honorable and spleedid achievement." I have been developed the partners of his life he seemed third his benderest affections between hood and income the partners of his poult. "Journal practiting grand-ahid, Dorothy Drew. The little one had a nursery as the top of the castle and a placeholm of the partners of his poult." It was the untidy paint box of Dorothy from which Id Hung Ching beet the scarles planes to the respectival sentiments in the visitors book in the hall. If was her stubby fingers which turned without robust the leaves of this obloced to summer the big library, and it was this come in the big library, and it was this came Dorothy whose privilege it was to walk with the grave stalesman daily over part of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the route be had adopted for his regulation of the regul

triumphs and defeats. She has been that God-given treasure, a perfect wife.

Marble in Asiatic Turkey.

The ancent marble quarres of Synnada are again being worked. The quarries are situate some 20 kiloms from Karahissar, and the marbles, called Phrygian, Mygdonian or Docimia, were in ancient Rome regarded as emblems of luxury and wealth. Many sorts are found, namely, white statuary marble of a remarkably fine grain; a transparent marble similar to onyx and also yellow, blue and gray marbles, all very fine.

A German patent has recently been granted for making corks fit tighter. The surface of the cork—that is the The surface of the cork—that is the broad, ring surface which comes in contact with the glass—is burnt in such a manner, or treated with a corrostve, that in place of the smooth, plush-like surface, such of a rough appearance is obtained. The complete tightening is brought about by increasing the adhesion to the glass.

AN OLD DEATH WARRANT.

The Document Which Sent a Murderer to The following death warrant, probably the oldest document of the kind in existence in this country, was recently discovered among the old papers in the court-house at Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa.

ence in this country, was recently discovered among the old papers in the courthouse at Carlisle, Cumberland country, Pa. The document is yellow with age, in a good state of preservation, and the writing is as neat and regular as copperplate print. It reads as fellows:

"Oumberland County: At a Court of Oyer and Terminer, held at Carlisle, for the county of Cumberland, before Francis. West and William Smith, Eag'rs, Justices of the said court, and the following assistants, to wit: Thomas Willson, John Welsh, John Montgomery, John Agnew, Robert Miller and Jonathan Holm, on the 10th day of June, 1760, by virtue of commission from James Hamilton, Eaq., Lleutenant Governor and Commander-in-chief of the province of Pennsylvania, and counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex, upon the Delaware, to the said Francis West and William Smith, Eaq'rs, directed, bearing date the 9th day of April, last past, were brought the said county and the the outper of a certain George Hughson, late of the said county, yeeman, and found guilty by vision of killing and murdering the said George Hughson, at Peters township, in the said county, yeeman, and found guilty by vision of killing and murdering the said George Hughson, at Peters township, in the said county, yeeman, and found guilty by vision of killing and murder he, the said Heotor, received the sentence to return to the place from whence he came, and there to remain until Saturday, 21st instant, and then to be taken thence to the public gallows, and there to be hanged by the neck until he shall be dead.

"Given under our hand, the day and year above written." "Instices—Francis West, William Smith." "Freeholders—Thomas William Smith." "The Hellow of the said county, John Montgomery, John Agnew, Robert, Miller, Jonathan Holm."—West merelaid (Pa.) Democrat.

Two Cents' Worth of Gas.

In a lecture recently delivered at the Royal Victoria hall, London, Professor Carlton J. Lambert stated that 87 cuble feet of gas, which is valued at 1 penny (3 cents), and weighs about 1½ pounds, can generate about a pound of water when burned and about 19 cuble feet of carbonic acid. It can heat 80 gallons of water from 50 degrees to 110 degrees for a bath, or it can boil 8 gallons of water in good kettles and make tes for 64 persons. It can work a one horsepower gas engine for one hour, or lift a weight of 88 tons 10 feet high, doing the work of six men for one hour. It can melt 10 pounds of iron and make a casting in 30 minutes, which ordinarily would require two hours and 30 pounds of coke. It can braze a metal joint in two minutes, which would equire 30 minutes in a forge. If burned in a 6 inch fine for ventilation purposes, it can induce 80,000 cubic feet of pure air. It can give you a brilliant light (Welsbach Two Cents' Worth of Gas it can induce 80,000 cubic feet of pure air. It can give you a brilliant light (Welsbach incandescent) of 50 candle power for nine hours. It can, in a good radiating stove, comfortably warm a room 16 feet square for an hour. It can easily cook a dinner for eight persons.—Practical Engineer.

Progress Ia the East.

I have in my mind the answer of a punkah pulier to an English lady, who encouraged him to improve his position.

"Mem Sahb," he said, when he at last grasped her meaning, "my father pulled a punkah, my grandfather pulled a punkah, all my ancestors for 4,000,000 ages pulled punkahs, and before that the god who douded our caste pulled a punkah over Vishnu!"—Sir Grant Duff's Diary.

Where Canadians Come From. The Canadian census shows the surpris-ing fact that 17 in every 1,000 of the Cana-dian population were born in the United States. This is seven more in the thou-sand than the number reparted from all European countries exists of Gama Late. "Oh, it has!" she said demurely. "It

Years after I sat
In the manager's car
As it slipped o'er the steal
Trail with nover a jar,
And out train orders ran
Un by way of Cheyenne.

What a wonderful change
Had come over the pieces
Oh, the women were fair!
There was one who had gree
just the hui of the akies,
And the low winds were soft,
And the things that were quad
Well, we laid over there.

An hour later saw her hard at work in Mrs. Hughes' well arranged kitchen,

in ars. stugnes well arranged kitchen, ordering; making, mixing as fast as her little hands could go. Her harassed employer had seized upon her offer with avidity, and the maids falling into the spirit of the thing, all bade fair to go Betty had not overrated her capabilities. Each dish was sent up perfectly cooked, garnished and served piping het, and she gave herself no rest till the

tiny curs of black coffee had been safely dispate! ed up stairs and her evening's She had scarcely slipped out of her

She had scarcely slipped out of her big apron and sleeves when Mrs. Hughes herself came rustling down stairs, with a beaming smile on her fat face.

"Miss Lovell, you're a genius," she cried fussily. "The dinner was perfect—perfect! Tomorrow night—is it too much to expect? I could whre to town, of courses"—

or course —
"Do you mean you'd like me to come
again?" Betty asked good naturedly. "I
am quite willing to do so. After all, it
is a mutual convenience."

Accordingly, though sorely against Nell's will, lictty again presented her-self at the court, but earlier in the aft-ernoon. Finning herself destitute of parsley, and no one about to fetch it, she decided to be her own messenger, and, running hastily round a corner of the sparious kitchen garden, she collided heavily with some one at the other side. "Good heavens! I—I hope I haven't hurt you!" a man's deep voice asked concernedly. And Betty lifted up her eves to ind herself face to fare with a

eyes to 1nd herself lace to have with a tall, solderly man about 30, whose handsome eyes met hers anxiously. "1-oh, not at all, thank you," she murmented confusedly. "It was my fault 1-I never dreamed you would be h.rc."
"I'm afraid I ame prettily heavily
against you. Were you looking for anything?"
"Yes," Betty said, intensely con-

"Yes," Betty said, intensely conscious of her pink cotton frock and large linen apron, "I came for some parsity. 1—I'm Mra. Hughes' cook, you know."

"Indeed. May I help you?" gravely. And in a moment Betty beheld Major Lorinar—the hero, the gallant V. C.—stooping to gather enough parsley to stors a regiment.

"Thunk you very much, and—and good afternoon,"
"Good afternoon, and—in case I have

hurt you"—
He pressed something into her hand, and Betty fled. Safe in the innermost recesses of the pantry she opened her hand and with a burning blush and stifled laugh gazed

a burning blush and stified laugh gazed long on its contents, for in her palm lay a bright, shining goldpice.

The regimental ball was at its height. To Betty Levell it was just one long dream of delight, and her pleasure in it reached a culminating point when an officer approached her, in his rear

one vivility remembered ngure, and Captain Lee said:

"Miss Lovell, Major Lorimer desireathe pleasure of your acquaintance. Major Lorimer—Miss Lovell."

Betty bowed, a wave of color dyeing her fair face crimson. Would he recognize her? She dared not raise her eyes as he asked:

"Am I too late for the honor of a dance? Are you engaged for the next?"

"Am I too late for the honor of a dance? Are you engaged for the next" "I was, but my partner has been compelled to take an important dowager into supper. You—you may have it, if you wish."

"I thank you!"

His voice was perfectly level and composed, and Betty took courage. Why should he remember a cook? On the strength of this assurance, she looked at him swiftly as he placed his arm light-

should he remember a cook! On the strength of this assurance, she looked at him swiftly as he placed his arm lightly around her waist, but his eyes were fixed on her face with a curiously intent, puzzled scrutiny, and she lowered her own hurriedly.

"Are you making a long stay?" she asked hastily, as their steps glided round in perfect unison to the strains of "Beauty's Eyes."

"That altogether depends on circumstances," he answered quietly. "I had intended leaving temerrow, but now—I cannot say. Shall we sit down?"

He led the way to a delicious little corner framed in by palms and cut off altogether from the laughing crowd beyond. Sinking into a cushloned lounge, she opened her fan laxily. The handle caught and brought into preminence a thin gold chain she were reuse her

white throat, but at the end, instead of the heart which fashion decrees, dan-gled a gold coin, gleaming brightly in the lamplight. She made a hasty move-ment to thrust it out of sight, but his eyes had fallen upon it. Leaning for-ward alruptly, he took it between his fingers.

"A curious ornament, is it not?" he asked searchingly. "Surely it must have some special interest to be far hon-

"Oh, it has!" she said demutary, we amo given me sa—a tip!"

His eyes lighted up. "Ah, then—you are indeed she?" eagerly.

"Bhe? Who?" innocently.

"Don't team me! You know—I'il swear you know! I recognized you at more. Surely there cannot be two such faces in the world! Tell me, did you have heat wask not as—as Mrs. Hughes!

not last week act as-as Mrs. Hughes She fourst into a peal of laughter, though the color rose warm in her face. "I did indeed, and you must own"— maively—"that I cooked well for her!" Then frankly she told him the story,

Then frankly she told him the story, adding: "I was awfally hard up—we always are, we Levells—and it seemed a heaven sent chance. You see, I never dreamed I should see you!"
"No, so you said," laughing gayly. "Shall I make a confession? I sounded Mrs. Hughes all I knew to learn something more about you, but the old lady was as discreet as a Hindoo idol. I could set matching out of her and disasted. was as discreet as a filled older. I could get nothing out of her and departed ratios out of temper, I'm afraid. I did not know! — slowly—"when I should see you again."

It was ten days later, and they were strolling idly among the roses in the Lovells' big, old fashioned garden, Betty holding one or two buds in her hand. He was speaking quickly, earnestly:
"I can't stand it any longer, Betty. The fellow is always hanging round you, and it makes me wild. I'm jealous—madly jealous!"
"'Are you?" Betty asked shyly.
"'Beanse I love you—have always

"Because I love you—have always bord you since the moment I saw you. Be my wife, darling! I swear I'll love you and be good to you till I die!"
"Even if you weren't," Betty whispered breathlessly, "I should love you just the same—always!"

Just the same—aiways!"
Then, as he caught her in his arms and kissed her, she added domuraly:
"And I'll have that goldpiece framed!"—Forget Me Not.

Appreciation of American Swella.

And the Englishman said: "Our aristocracy, with their airs and assumptions, were inherited by us. They are, in the main, about 1,000 years old. Yours are the manufacture of yesterday. You have women over there in New York and Boston and Philadelphia and even Chicago, who strike us. New York and Boston and Philadelphia, and even Chicago, who strike us as mightily droll. Why not? Because, in plain terms, we can't help considering them brummagem imitations of our own duchesses, marchionesses, countesses. Why should you resent our judgment? Would you purchases a Sevres cup or a Dresden plate if you thought it spurious? And is not your attempt at playing patricians the most spurious one conceivable? We don't specially respect our own 'lords and ladics,' but we permit them to exist and often to make permit them to exist and often to make geese of themselves (or something a goo

deal worse) because they are plantes la—because feudalism and superstition brought them upon us—because to de away with them would entail a revolution, shaking our country to its roots. "It is a fact that we jeer at the men of one own-land who gain new titles. We are in spirit far more democratic than you. Our society, as it exists today, is a vast concourse of gentlefolk. You have no society, so far as we can learn; you have only a collection of plutocrat ic strugglers, and these, if we are not mistaken, have pushed to the wall even those who had some vague claim to birth, this feature being especially no-ticeable in your New York, where the families descended from your early Dutch immigrants (plain and ordinary enough persons even as late as 60 years ago) have been superseded by rich up-starts, the bold and saucy human prod-ucts of your railroad and mining game-

sters."-Collier's Weekly. Stealing Electricity. Stealing Electricity.

It has been stated that a bank burglar oan so heat the walls of a safe with an electric current as to be able to get inside without waiting more than a few minutes. Certain laboratory experiments lend some sanotion to such a notion, but electrical journals pooh pooh it. It is much easier to talk about stealing electricity from live trolley and lighting wires than it is to do it—that is, with safety. The Electrical Engineer, after pointing out some other difficulties in the way of such overations.

it—that is, with safety. The Electrical Engineer, after pointing out some other difficulties in the way of such operations, remarks that "men can take and have taken the current from supply mains, even more than is required for melting through safes, though in numerous instances the parties maintained perfect silence about it ever after."

Seme Johnson Definitions.

An exhibition of the relies of Dr. Samuel Johnson in London recalled some of the remarkable definitions that remarkable man inserted in his dictionary. Among them not the least curious was the one given for "net work," which was defined as "anything reticulated or decoussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Other amusing definitions are: "Cough—a convulsion of the lungs veilicated by some shar serosity."

"Man—not a woman, not a boy, not a besst." "Pension—an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay to a state hireling for treason to his country."

"Book of Common Prayer."

The "Book of Common Prayer."

The "Book of Common Prayer." was prepared by the command of Henry VIII.

This, it seems to us, is what Matthew Arnold called a "serviceable prose style."

"Book of Common Prayer" was prepared by the command of Henry VIII in 1846. It underwent several revisions, but the second, made in the reign of Ed-ward VI, very nearly approaches the prayer book as used today in the church of Eng-land. The prayer for the royal family was introduced by James I.

that are not very robust need a warming, building and fat-forming food—something to be used for two or three months in the fall—that they may not suffer from cold.

SCOTT'S **EMULSION**

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophos-phites of Lime and Soda supplies exactly what they want. They will thrive, grow strong and be well all winter on this splendid food tonic. Nearly all of them become very fond of it. For adults who

put them through the winter in first-class con-dition. Ask your doctor dition. Asi about this.

All druggists; soc. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Below Water in Winter.

Below Water in Wister.

It will soon be time again for the reappearance of the Easte of Michigan's
mysterious island. During the winter it
lies at the bottom of Lake Orion. When
summer serives it rises to the surface,
becomes a resort for picnic parties, fishermen or wheever chooses to visit it.

There are stumps of trees upon it, and
vegetation flourishes. The red is no different from that along the borders of the
lake. It is a full acre in area, and the
topography shows the surface to be of a
rolling nature.

Dr. H. C. Leonard of Detroit, whose
summer home is on the borders of Lake

THE DISAPPEARING ISLAND. Orion, has studied this island problems and believes he has found a probable solution. This is the result of his observators:

valous:

"In the centre of the island," he says,
"a half dozen or more large stumps are
growing, a clump of three being in the
teatre of the mass. I think these stumps
are in a great measure responsible for the
phenomena attending its annual sinking
and rising. That is, I am of the opinion
that a collection of these originally formod the nucleus for the growth of this
strange freak among the islands of our
fresh water lakes.

"The flors of the lake is something
marvellous in its richness and warlety.
These stumps have drifted out to the centre of this portion of the lake, and taken
with them some of the strands of the
leng, snakelike plants that grow there to
a length of nearly ten teet, with the illy,
fronds, mosses and various others of the
squatic plants.

"These floating growths have formed
thers, with the earth attached to thestump roots, an island garden all to
themselves. They grew luxuriantly, and
the underbrush cleared away from the
shores and other islands theresbouts
gradually drifted into them, and so increased the size of the mass; then, as the
wood of the brush and of the stumps
decayed, the mass became waterlogged,
and the whole gradually sunk beneath

decayed, the mass became waterlogged and the whole gradually sunk beneath the surface.

and the whole gradually sunk beneath the surface.

"But how comes it to rise again, as it does each succeeding year? This is the point that has puzzled wiser heads than mine, but I have a theory for it, which seems to answer all the requirements. As the flora ripen during the hot months of summer, for the island is a thick mass of vegetation, the stems enlarge, become buoyant, and, as the season advances toward September, undergo the first stages of decay; that is, the stems become filled with the gases attendant upon fuller ripeness and commencing decay.

"This large mass of gas-enclosing vegetation overcomes the natural weight of

"This large mass of gas-enclosing vegetastion overcomes the natural weight of
the mass, the specific gravity being only
a little heavier than the water, and so
the whole mass gradually rises above the
water's surface; it stays in this condition
above the surface till the heavy frosts of
the fall occur, when, the plants having
been destroyed, and decay measurably
completed, the whole mass being—heavierthan the water again, it gradually sinks
to the bottom of the lake, which is about
thirty feet deep at this point, to arise
again the following year, when spring
and summer have brought the lake's flora
into life and full vigor once more."

The venerated Baron Munchausen is
the reputed discoverer of the first floating
island. The stories that sailors have told
of these moving cases of verdure in the
cocan have always been incredulously
received. But here quite close te us is
the fact. Seeing is believing.

SERVICEABLE PROSE STYLE.

For the Use of Disappointed Politicians In For the Use of Disappointed Foliticians In
All Constricts.

Straightforward writing is so rare an accomplishment that we hasten to extend the hand of welcome to it wherever it is found. The most recent shining specimen of literary directness which we have lighted upon is a letter addressed by an Australian partisan to the politician whom he assisted to eminence, but who, on reaching his high estate, forgot the poor man on whose shoulders he had risen. The Australian wrote as follows:

"DEAR SIR—You'rea — fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the muny either, but you could hey got it for me if you wasn't as mean as muk.

Well Children

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.



'In the centre of the island," he says, application.

of Parlsrment."
This, it seems to us, is what Matthew Arnold called a "serviceable prose style."
—London Globe.

The Gates Ajar.

In her autobiography Elizabeth Stuars Phelips has this to say about one of the most popular of her publications: "The Gates Ajar' was written without hope or expectation of any especial success, and when the happy storm broke I was in truth the most astonished girl in North America. I have been told that the American circulation of the book, which has remained below 100,000, was outrue by that in Great Britain. Translations, of course, were manifold. More applications to republish my books have reached me from Germany than from any other country. There was a Gates Ajar tippet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar tippet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the city counters. Charity summer seached me of a Gates Ajar topet. Must grow and sale with the city counters. The sale was a Gates Ajar topet in the country groceries. There was a Gates Ajar topet for sale in the city counters. The sale is the country grow and grow and

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