THRICE DROWNED.

A MAN WHO MADE THAT RECORD TELLS HIS EXPERIENCES.

Some Old Notions Exploded-Events of His Life Didn't Pass Before Him Scarcely Thought of Death-Just Struggled to

"I've been drowned three times (which "I've been drowned three times (which means that I will die only by hanging, according to waterman lore)," says an experienced bather, "and in each case the sensations have been different. They agreed in only one characteristic—I can lay my hand on my heart and swear that they never were funny.

"The first time I was drowned was when I was small. Perhaps that is why the events of my life didn't pass before me in rapid review as I sank. At any rate, I simply rolled into the Hackensack river in

simply rolled into the Hackensack river in front of my father, who was fishing, went to the bottom like a stone, was found after much diving, brought to land an apparent corpse and revived only after hours of hard work. All I knew of it was striking the water, swallowing a young Niagara and then waking up in bed; also a good licking, which followed. Not even did I have the terrible pains of coming back to life which some writers have portrayed so vividly that really no self respecting person

hould get revived without them.
"The second time was in the Harlem. I had some reputation among my fellows as a diver, and one tay I swam to a fence as a diver, and one day I swam to a trace that ran far into the river to divide two estates and dived under it. There was just space enough between the fence and the bottom to wriggle through. I wriggled and my bathing hose caught in a nail. In twisting to free myself the string around my waist got snarled hopelessly around my waist got snarled hopelessly around the nail and I hung there. Not until the breath began to leave me and to bubble out of my nose did I feel alarmed. Then I stretched and fought to get my nose above water, but couldn't get my face more than best to feet from the surface. bout a foot from the surface

"I could see the sun shining through The green water and the sunbeams rippling on the fence where it was submerged, but I couldn't get to the air that was so near. Finally my chest seemed to collapse and my remaining breath left me with what seemed the roar of a tugboat blowing off

When I came to, I was on the shore with people kneading mc. The nail had broken and I had floated into view, face down. I gagged a little, swallowed whisky, womited it and was all right, sound as a trivet, with the exception of a deep cut along my back where the nail had dug in-to me. I hadn't felt a bit of pain from this, nor did I feel any pain on recovering consciousness. Frequently have I felt worse after being doused by a big roller and swallowing too much of it. Sensa-tions? If I had any, I can't remember them. Positively all I am conscious them. Positively all I am conscious of is that just before I lost my senses I thought

rith much vigor, 'D—n that nail.'
"The third time I drowned more delib rately, and perhaps having become accuserately, and perhaps having become accus-terned to the operation was more in the proper mood to take notes. We had brought a sloop into Jamaica bay through Rocksway inlet before a whole gale and had anchored off a shanty on one of the big channels. The sloop swung so that all aboard were able to step ashore from her stern. Ly with hip rubber boots, climbed out to the bowsprit to adjust the remaining goar. A big wave rolled the craft. running gear. A big wave rolled the craft, the bobstay on which I was standing broke, and down I went. Instantly my boots filled and anchored me to the bottom as firmly as if I had two pails filled with

water tied to my feet. "I hadn't lost my head, and even before I souched bottom had realized that I must get the boots off. But the task proved impossible. I was hardly able to fight to reach them, and when I lifted one leg the swift current whirled me around like a top. Quicker than it takes to tell I had tried and abandoned the attempt. I stood up straight and looked toward the surface Fifteen feet above me in the bright green, thin water I could see the sharp black keel

of the sloop, but I couldn't move. "Suddenly a shadowy, twisting some-thing came between me and the dim light that came from the surface. I thought it was an eel, but it came again and again with a regularity in its movement that penvinced me it was a rope dangling from somewhere and swirling in the current. I tried to grasp it, but couldn't reach it. Every time it came it evaded me. I was far gone then; my breath was leaving me sobbingly and every heart beat made a dreadful crashing in my head, with mad-dening pain in the ears. The last I redening pain in the cars. The hast re-finember is that I was crying, not because I was going to die, but pettishly because I couldn't grasp the rope. Somehow I seized it just as I lost consciousness and was pulled up by the captain, who had seen me go down, but had been unable to do anything because he couldn't swim. He had thrown the rope over as I sank. I came up just far enough to be seen; then came up just far enough to be seen; then I went down again, but the captain managed to catch me with the boathook. He had to get help before he could lift the waterlogged boots and me, and it took an hour or more this time to bring life back. As a matter of fact, all who worked over

me did so merely in desperation, feeling sure that it was useless.

"When I came to, the whole world, heaven, ocean and hand, whirled and recied madly around me, the sky in particular darting to and fro like a crasy thing. I got inexpressibly siek—so sick that I wanted to get back to insensibility. This stage, ed to get back to insensibility. This stage, I conjecture, must have been the time when those who were working over me saw the first flutter of life. Then darkness and light came in great flashes, each flash like a blow on my sychalis. Then I opened my cycla this saw the sun, and, thank heaven, it was steady in the sky and the sea was where it belonged. After that I simply was very seasick. Then I was all right."—New York Pross.

Unpractical.

"It's surprising how unpractical some very learned men are."
"Yes. There's Professor Lingwist, for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in, nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a wife who never gives him a chance to get a word in edgewaya."—London Fun.

render to the spell is sight, taste, smell, hearing, touch. The zense of touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily wakened, then hearing, then sight, while sluggard taste and smell awaken last. When one falls asleep, the order of sur-

Organ grinders in Vienna are not al-lowed to play in the morning or evening —only between midday and sunset.

street railways. In 1891 there were only three that had them. Forty German cities now have electric

"I do love," said the hostess, "to make people of congenial tastes acquainted with each other. Allow me to introduce Professor Spencerian, who has written 10,000 words on a single postal card. Professor, this is Mr. Bryan, who has written a whole book on a silver dollar."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

HER INTERESTING STORY. own Brighton lady tells what he regarding Seart Trouble, and how to ours it.

Mrs. Stephen P. Clapp tells what Mil-burn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for her. Mrs. Clapp says, "I have been a sufferer from extreme nervousness for years, and for the last two years my heart has



troubled me greatly I could not sleep soundly, and would often awaken with a start, together with a curious feeling as if my heart had stopped beating, and it would be some time before I could recover myself. At times I became very dizzy, and a mist gathered before my eyes. I have taken many kinds of patent medicines, but could get nothing to relieve me. Finally I received a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am glad to say that they gave me relief in a very short time. I now sleep well, my nerves are steady and strong, and I am better in every way than I have been for years.

I can recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills very highly to those suffering from any trouble affecting the heart and nerves, for I know that they have been a great boon to me."

great boon to me." (Signed) Mas. STEPHEN P. CLAPP,

"Can I change here for Bristolf" said the old lady for the fifteenth time on the journey to the the guard. "You can, if you like," said the official cheerily, "but you'd better not if you want to got there." you want to get there.

Healthy, happy children make better men and women of us all. A little care and a little planning before birth is often more important than anything that can be done after. On the mother's health and strength depend the life and the future of the children. A er's health and strength depend the life and the future of the children. A weak and sickly woman cannot bear strong and healthy children. Most of the weakness of women is utterly inexcusable. Proper care and proper medicine will cure almost any disorder of the feminine organism. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been tested in thirty years' practice. It is healing, soothing, strengthening. It is perfectly natural in its operation and effect. By its use, thousands of weak women have been made strong and healthy—have been made strong and healthy—have been made the mothers of strong and healthy children. Taken during gestation ,it makes childbirth easy and almost painless and insures the well-being of both mother and child. Send 31 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association , Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

The horse has another point of su periority over the wheel."

"When a horse is getting ready to shy at anything, you can tell it by its

SIGN OF STRENGTH. The sign of strength, a ruddy countenance, depends upon rich, red blood. To make the blood rich and ruddy, the countenance clear and bright, and the step firm and elastic, use Burdock Blood Bitters. J. A. Gillan, R. A., Toronto, Ont., says: "I enjoy good health now to the greatest degree, ever since the day I started to use B.B.B."

PAINT YOUR CHEEKS. Not with paint on the outside that is easily washed off. Put the color on from within. Scott's Emulsion fills the cheeks with rich, red blood. It is a color that stays, too.

EARLY IN THE FIELD. "Please, sir, gimme a dime; l'm Klodnike sufferer." "Here, get out; you're a fraud. It isn't time for Klondike sufferers yet."
"Yes, it is, sir; my wife supported me, sir; an' she's rushed off to the Klondike to take in washing."

PEOPLE TALK BACK . Many people talk back. Here is one. Miss Katharine Weese, Belleville, says. Miss Katharine Weese, Belleville, says.
"I have had a pain in my back accompanied by general debility and tried various remedies for the same but without deriving much benefit, until I took Dasa's Kidney Pills, which I am glad to say entirely cured me. They are certainly a grand medicine and I can say in my case proved to be a thorough specific."

"You mean to tell me that you don't think football ought to be suppressed? Just look how many get maimed and killed in the game."
"It doesn't maim and kill anybody except football players."

APPETITE AND STRENGTH. "I have been a victim of indigestion, and I took medicine without relief. I resolved to try Hood's Sarmaparilla. After taking one hottle I found that my appetite was better and I had more strength. I am now able to eat heartily without any distress afterward." Mrs. Geo. Kirkpatrick, Windser, Nova Scotia.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills.

Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

TRUTHFUL WITNESS. Judge—Do you mean to swear that you were the last person to play on the old opera house stage? Witness—Yes, your honor. I'm a pipeman in a hose company.

SPECIAL DOCTOR



Monroe Medical Dispensary

How a Girl's Life was Saved in that way.

Was Hiccoughing flerself into Eternity and .Doctors Could do Nothing.

Gloversville, N. Y., Nov. 24.—Ida Steele, the pretty 16-year-old daugh-ter of a farmer living near here, has for many years been afflicted at times with violent hiccoughs. The disease, however, always succumbed to the or-dinary treatment until an attack which dinary treatment until an attack which commenced on Nov. 1, and grew in vio-lence for four days, when a council of physicians decided that the patient

ould not recover.

One of the physicians suggested in a half-joking way that hypnotism be tried. The mother grasped at the idea and Dr. F. J. Bush, a dentist, who had practiced hypnotism among friends in a quiet way, was asked to try his pow-

Bush reluctantly consented to try Bush reluctantly consented to try the experiment and, using the usual methods, placed the girl under hypnotic influence, suggesting that she would awake at a certain hour with her hiccoughs gone. At 3.30, p. m., that time named, she awoke without a sign of the disease, and although three weeks have elapsed there has been no return of the trouble. return of the trouble.

JUST ONE SMOKE

Kelleher Begged Piteously for a Cigarette

and Became Violent when 'Twas Refused Hurled a Stone and it Struck a Child.

New York World. Still in his teens, with his face work-

Still in his teens, with his face working painfully, asking all callers for "just one cigarette," Thomas Keleher was a prisoner in Jersey City police headquarters.

It was this craving for cigarettes that brought Keleher to the care of the police. He had not smoked for an hour or more when he entered the store of Mrs. Dora Lefferman, at No. 130 Morris street, Jersey City. Mrs. Lefferman, from experience, was cautious when he entered. He had, she said, neglected to pay her for former packages of cigarettes.

Keleher demanded cigarettes, when asked what he wanted. Mrs. Lefferman in reoly asked him if he had money. He did not answer and she refused to give him the cigarettes.

The young fellow was highly enraged. On the shelf behind Mrs. Lefferman, were boxes of cigarettes. He upbraided her for her refusal to trust him.

Then he rushed out of the little store and soon returned with a club Mr. Lefferman and his little son, Henry, Lefferman and his little son, Henry, cams out of the back room on hearing the noise. Mr. Lefferman rushed to protect his wife, and Keleher ran out of the store. He soon returned, however, with a large stone, and, upon being again refused cigarettes, he hurled it with all his might at the

man.

Mr. Lefferman dodged and the stone struck little Henry. The child fell to the floor in convulsions.

Keleher tried to escape and ran into the arms of Patrolman Oxley, who took him to the police station. In the first criminal court yesterday Keleher was held to await the result of the injuries he inflicted upon the little fellow.

fellow.

Keleher is a picture of a young man whose nerves are shattered. His neighbors say he was formerly a rosy-cheeked, healthy lad. Nobody would

think so now. The neighbors say he sleeps in trucks and gets his meals wherever he can, but cigarettes he must have. Keleher told his story to a World reporter in a halting way, laying much stress on the fact that he had recently worked a whole week. He had no excuse to offer for the assault on the little Lefferman boy. He had no recollection of it, and thought he must have been interiested at the time. He did not think the 40 or more cigarettes he smoked daily had anything to do with the case. His hands trembled and his mouth twitched as he talked, and he twirled his hat in a nervous manner. Keleher was led away by the police

man to the cells downstairs. He did not ask about the condition of his little victim. a little bed back of the store kept by Mrs. Lefferman, her 9-year-old son lay in pain. The doctors fear that he is injured internally.

THE BURRO AS AN ACTOR.

How He Fooled a Tenderfoot In Ascent of Pike's Penk.

While making the scent of Pike's peak, before the completion of the cogwheel railroad, a traveler had an amusing experience—amusing after it was over.

Speaking of that experience, the mountaineer said: "I hired a burre at the Half Way house, stating that I would not return until next day, as I was ambitious to sleep, if just one night, on the highest inhabited spot in the United States—the summit of Pike's peak. The liveryman assured me that the burre was all right. 'All you're to do is to hold on, and he'll earry you through, he said.

pseured me that the burro was all right. 'All you've to do is to hold on, and he'll carry you through, he said.

'In about half a mile the burro stopped short, puffed out his sides as if he was very tired, and looked around at me with such a sornowful expression that I thought he was surely broken down and sick near unto death. I dismounted and led him about half a mile, sympathizing for him and reserving my opinion of the liveryman who would with malice aforethought kirs to a tourist a broken down burro. Finally I remounted, and had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when the burro again stopped, began blowing like a bellows, and looked around at me with his sleepy, blinking eyes, mutely asking me if I was not ashamed to impose upon a sick mule. I was, and dismounted. Coming to an almost level part of the road I remounted, and in less than 1,100 yards he stopped and gave toe amother mule speed. I shen thought that the burro was really about to yield up the ghost and was fearful that he would not last until the summit was reached. I walked along up the remaining two miles of very steep grade, the burro trudging along after me with apparent difficulty. On arriving at the summit I gave the reins to the liveryman, relating the circumstance, and after expressing my opinion of the keeper who rented to me the sick mule suggested that the burro be not fed for at least a few hours.

'The liveryman's face wore a broad grin, and he gave me a look which seemed to express sympathy for my overkindness or greenness. He gave the burro a thump in the side, saying: That's one of his old tricks. This burro ain't no more sick than you are—not as much.

'The burro kicked up his heels and

you are—not as much."
"The burro kicked up his heels and scampered away as if enjoying his bunks zone."—Los Angeles Times.

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We have an elegant range of materials suitable for this INDISPENSABLE GARMENT.

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Mirror, beveled glass, 24 x 30 inches. This Suite is finely carved and has a polish finish.

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