

HEART TO HEART;

OR, LOVE'S UNERRING CHOICE.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

The dread day of the funeral dawned clear and cold; and, leaning upon her lover's arm, in anguish far too deep for tears, Hilda followed the coffin, which, covered with a silver-fringed velvet pall, was borne upon the shoulders of his men to the beautiful old church, where all that was mortal of Mark Deloraine was deposited in the vault beneath where so many of his ancestors slept their last long sleep. When Hilda re-entered her desolate home, Nigel Wentworth stepped forward and requested her presence in the library, and, accompanied by Montacute and Mrs. Palmer, who, with the Vicar, Maria and several of the dead Squire's most intimate friends, had returned with her to the Abbey, she proceeded to the library. A middle-aged man of grave aspect stood on the rug in front of the huge fire; he bowed formally to Hilda as she entered, and Mr. Wentworth said:

"This gentleman is Mr. Wilmot, the confidential adviser of your uncle, Colonel Reginald Deloraine."

Hilda held out her hand to the strange lawyer, and asked timidly:

"Is my uncle here, Mr. Wilmot?"

"No, madam," he replied. "Colonel Deloraine's health is delicate, and his medical men forbade him taking a journey in such inclement weather. I am here to attend to his interests."

"I am not aware that that is necessary," said Roger hotly, stung by a certain something in the lawyer's manner, for which he was quite unable to account. "Miss Deloraine is her father's only child and acknowledged heiress, and I believe Mr. Wentworth here can assure you that it was his client's intention that his daughter should inherit everything."

"Possibly," said Mr. Wilmot, calmly; "and perhaps Mr. Wentworth, being, as you say, in the late Mr. Deloraine's confidence, can also inform me whether the squire left any will."

"I should say certainly not," said Roger. "I never heard him hint at such a thing; everyone knew that his daughter was sole heiress."

Again the same unpleasant smile curved Mr. Wilmot's lips as, taking no notice of the impetuous young man, he turned to Nigel, and said:

"I asked you, sir, whether the late Mr. Deloraine left a will or not?"

Nigel turned as pale as death, and paused a moment ere he replied. Surely his good and evil angels strove for mastery in that brief pause. Alas! unavailingly, for he answered in a firm, steady voice:

"Not that I am aware of. He would hardly have employed any one else to execute his wishes. There was no necessity for any will, and his death was so sudden."

"Just so," replied Colonel Deloraine's lawyer. "Then I have to inform you that I claim all the estate, the house, lands, funded property, plate and jewels, on behalf of my client, Colonel Reginald Deloraine, who is the sole surviving relative of the late Mark Deloraine."

"You must be mad," exclaimed Roger, starting forward and laying a heavy hand on Mr. Wilmot's shoulder, "that you make such unseemly jests at such a time as this. How can any one be more nearly related to Mr. Deloraine than his own child, Hilda Deloraine?"

"His own child, possibly," replied Wilmot, "but not Hilda Deloraine. Hilda O'Connor is the squire's illegitimate child, and as such cannot inherit one penny of his fortune."

"Oh, my God!" broke from the white lips of the unhappy girl, and Roger rushing up to Wilmot, would have felled him to the ground had not Wentworth placed himself before him.

"For Heaven's sake, commit no violence Mr. Montacute," he exclaimed; "you will do Miss Deloraine no good, and yourself a great deal of harm."

"Let him retract that lie, or I will force his words down his throat," said the young man, struggling to free himself from Wentworth's grasp.

"It is no lie," rejoined Wilmot calmly, "do you think, sir, that I should be such a fool as to assert a thing I could not prove. Either produce the register of Miss Deloraine's marriage with Catharine O'Connor, or the squire's will; if you can do neither, this young lady must be prepared to vacate the Abbey as soon as possible."

It is impossible to describe the effect which Mr. Wilmot's speech produced upon the assembled company. Poor Hilda tried to speak, but in vain, and with a low sob of unutterable anguish she sank upon the ground in a state of insensibility.

"Aunt," said Roger reproachfully to his relative, who had sat in stony silence during the whole scene, as he raised Hilda in his arms, "come and help to restore my poor darling."

"Better ring for her maid, Roger," said the lady sternly; but Roger, looking defiantly at his aunt, lifted Hilda from the floor, and bore her in his strong arms from the room.

Mr. Wilmot turned to Nigel and said gravely:

"It is a sad blow for the poor girl, Mr. Wentworth, but you may depend upon it that I have only asserted the truth. I am surprised that Mr. Deloraine did not make a will."

"I did not say that he did not, only that I was not instructed by him on the subject," interrupted Nigel.

"Well, then," said Mr. Wilmot, "it is our duty to make a search at once. Of course, my client only wishes to obtain what is justly his right, and should not be found, I am instructed to offer Miss O'Connor the sum of 100 pounds a year for her support, and of course all her own personal property is at her own disposal."

Roger returning at this moment, the three gentlemen proceeded to search in every place, likely or unlikely, where the

will might have been deposited, but all to no avail. They continued their quest while the short Winter day deepened into dusk, and resumed it again the next morning until every deed box, and chest, table drawers and desks had been thoroughly turned out, and still there was no sign of either will or marriage certificate. Among other papers of the squire's they found a diary bearing the date of the years in which Katie O'Connor had left his home. Among the entries were the following brief lines:

"August 16.—No clue to the whereabouts of poor Katie and her child, though I called twice at Scotland Yard to inquire."

"September 6th.—Found a brief note in one of Katie's drawers evidently addressed to myself, containing more jealous tirades against Lady Grace, whom she insists upon imagining I am about to marry; poor, foolish girl!"

These and other entries of the same kind plainly proved that Mark Deloraine had never married Kate O'Connor, and Roger's heart sank like lead in his breast as he perused them.

When every receptacle in the Abbey where a will could possibly have been placed had been thoroughly examined, Roger was obliged to own himself beaten and to admit that his beloved Hilda was now indeed nameless, homeless, and save for himself, utterly friendless.

"I shall remain here, Mr. Montacute," Wilmot had said, "and it is, I think, advisable that Miss O'Connor should leave as soon as she can make convenient, in a week or two at any rate, as Colonel Deloraine wishes to visit the Abbey and will not do so while she remains. Mr. Wentworth has promised to inform her of what my client proposes to do for her."

And Roger had no resource but to promise to see Hilda and tell her of the fate in store for Mark Deloraine's idolized daughter.

CHAPTER VI.

"A CHILD OF MISFORTUNE."

Roger found Hilda seated in the dressing-room bending over a writing table sorting papers and burning letters. She raised her head with a sad smile as her lover entered the room.

"You bring me no good news, Roger, I can see by your face," she said, rising and going to meet him, pale indeed, but perfectly resolute and composed.

"No, my poor darling girl," exclaimed the young man; "we can find no trace of any will, and indeed, I hardly expected we should do so, as Mr. Wentworth seemed so positive that the squire had never made one. Well, we must bear it, darling, drawing her to his bosom and kissing her pale lips with fond passion. "There will be no disrespect to the dear squire's memory in my giving his child a home at once. We will be quietly married next week, dear, and go away for a short time, till this nine days' wonder is forgotten."

"And do you think, my dear, generous Roger, that I will do you so great a wrong as to become your wife now— penniless, and with this cruel stain upon my name? No, love, I will not be so selfish. I can never become your wife," a bitter sob choking her voice as she spoke, while she gently disengaged herself from his circling arms.

"What utter nonsense you are talking, Hilda," exclaimed Roger, impetuously. "Why do you think I will ever give you back your promise? Never! Of that I can assure you. What does it matter to me whether your name is Deloraine or O'Connor? You are my Hilda all the same, and my name, darling, shall be yours as soon as you will take it."

"You forget your aunt, Roger," murmured Hilda, suffering him, however, to draw her close to his faithful breast.

"What will Mrs. Palmer say?"

"Oh, never mind my aunt," rejoined her lover. "She always does everything I wish. Besides she always loved you, Hilda."

But, in spite of his bold words, he felt an uneasy quiver as he remembered his aunt's look and tone when she spoke of Hilda, whose sweetness and beauty in Mrs. Palmer's opinion could not atone for her loss of fortune and the bar sinister on her escutcheon.

What need to repeat all the lover's fond, foolish words, as he urged a speedy marriage upon Hilda? Enough to say that, despite her better judgment, she yielded to his impassioned pleading, and promised him that when she left the house of which she had always been considered the heiress it should be for a husband's roof and a husband's protection. And they sat together on the sofa while the short Winter day deepened into dusk, Hilda with her golden head pillowed upon Roger's breast, heedless of the heavy storm clouds so soon to break upon their heads. The servants had turned the house of mourning into a house of feasting, and were entertaining some dropsters from the village with strong tea and unlimited gossip, and it was 6 o'clock before Hilda's maid brought in her mistress's tea, with a murmured apology for the lateness of the hour. Like all the rest of the household, the lady's maid knew that Hilda had fallen from her high estate, and was not slow to take advantage of the change in her situation. When Perkins had drawn the heavy velvet curtains over the two large windows and stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, lighting the clusters of wax lights upon mantelpiece and writing table, Roger rose up, and, taking Hilda's hands in his, bade her an affectionate farewell, and promising to ride over and see her on the morrow, followed Perkins from the apartment. As Hilda sank down in her luxurious chair by the fire and sipped her tea out of the exquisite Sevres cup, how little did she dream of the change in her destiny that the next twenty-four hours would bring forth. Her heart was very heavy as she sat there in loneliness and sorrow, and her bright eyes were dim with tears as she thought of the tender father whose sudden death had left her so desolate.

"Oh, my darling," she sighed, lifting agonized eyes to the likeness of Mark Deloraine, which smiled at her from the

velvet-covered mantelpiece, "could you be happy if you knew how terribly your child is suffering, how lonely she is now without your fond love, your tender companionship?"

As she thus apostrophized her beloved dead she perceived a note which Perkins had deposited upon the writing table by her side—a delicately perfumed note, in a square, pale-gray envelope, its elaborate monogram in violet and silver, bearing the letters "E. P."

Taking it up and glancing listlessly at the direction, a wave of color flooded her pale cheek on seeing that it was addressed to "Miss O'Connor," and was in the well-known handwriting of Mrs. Palmer. A frown contracted her brow as she tore open the note and read as follows:

"The Temple, Thursday.

"Dear Miss O'Connor—" ("she might have spared me that blow," she murmured, "especially as she has always called me Hilda," and she resumed the perusal of Mrs. Palmer's curt epistle.) "I am anxious to see you at once upon business that admits of no delay, and will call at the Abbey to-morrow morning, between 10 and 11 o'clock, and trust to find you alone and disengaged. Believe me, truly yours, E. PALMER."

The note dropped from Hilda's hand and the tears she had hitherto repressed streamed from her eyes.

"How cruel!" she exclaimed between her sobs, "how insulting! And only a week ago she called herself my warmest, truest friend. Oh, papa! papa!" said the unhappy girl, flinging herself upon her knees by the sofa and hiding her face in the brocade cushions, "take your poor Hilda away from all this cruelty! How can I live, despised and alone!"

The next morning, punctually at the hour she had named, the door of Hilda's boudoir was opened by Perkins, who announced Mrs. Palmer. Hilda rose from her seat and advanced to greet the old lady, whom she had not seen since the sad day of Mark Deloraine's funeral.

"You wished to see me, Mrs. Palmer?" she faltered, as she wheeled an easy chair close to the blazing fire for her visitor.

"Yes, Hilda," replied Mrs. Palmer, "I am very anxious, as an old friend of the poor Squire's, to know whether I can aid you in your plans for the future, and it is time you made some arrangements, as Mr. Wilmot informs me that Colonel Deloraine wishes to come to the Abbey the week after next, and of course you cannot remain here much longer."

Poor Hilda felt her heart sink like lead in her breast at this unfeeling speech, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she could command her voice sufficiently to reply:

"I have made no plans, Mrs. Palmer, Roger was here yesterday, and he wished me to—"

At the mention of Roger's name, Mrs. Palmer at once abandoned the smooth "society" tone in which she had hitherto spoken, and exclaimed:

"It is better to speak plainly to you, Hilda, and to assure you that I cannot under the circumstances, countenance any engagement whatever between yourself and my nephew. Surely your own good sense would have told you this without my informing you of it."

Hilda's spirit rose as she answered: "I did offer to release Roger from the engagement, Mrs. Palmer, but he refused. I dare say he did, foolish, headstrong boy!" rejoined the old lady. "But I told him this morning, when he mentioned the subject to me, that unless he consented to be guided by my wishes I would alter my will and leave all my money to the County Hospital."

"And what did he say?" asked poor Hilda, eagerly.

"Say? Oh, he talked a great deal of sentiment on the subject, said he considered himself bound to fulfil his engagement, talked grandly of working for his wife, and when I asked him what he proposed to do he bounced out of the room in a rage."

"Dear Roger!" murmured Hilda, tenderly.

"Foolish Roger, I say!" interrupted the irate lady. "Why, what is he fit for? He has no profession, no means of earning a living. He told me he would take a gamekeeper's place, or enlist, sooner than give you up; but I think I know you better than to suppose you would drag the man you profess to love down to poverty. Surely Hilda, you will never hold him to his promise? If you do, I will discard him from my heart, and under no circumstances shall he have a penny of my money."

"But why? What have I done?" asked the unhappy girl.

"Nothing, Hilda," answered Mrs. Palmer, gravely. "You are the innocent victim of the sins of your parents. It is not your loss of fortune—that I could overlook; but I will never consent to my nephew marrying a woman nameless and disgraced as you are. Had the squire's death taken place one day later you would have been Roger's wife, and I must have submitted to the inevitable, though I think it would have broken my heart; as it is, I am quite determined that I will never consent to the marriage. Stop"—for Hilda was about to speak—"entreaties are of no avail. If your father had provided for you—as it was his duty to do—of course my nephew could have done as he pleased, but how long do you think you would be happy together, if you saw him a beggar, deprived of you of all the comforts and luxuries to which he has all his life been accustomed? Come, Hilda, do not let your selfishness ruin the man you love. Renounce Roger of your own free will, and I will provide for your future. I will give you such a sum of money as will render you independent, and—"

"Stop, Mrs. Palmer!" exclaimed the girl, "you have said enough. I will take no bribe to give up the man I love better than life itself; but I will not be the cause of his ruin—the victory is yours, you have conquered. Explain it to Roger in the best way you are able, and give him this," drawing from her finger the diamond ring which had been placed there by her happy lover on their betrothal day. And without another word Hilda turned and left the room, leaving the old lady to find her way down stairs and to her carriage as best she could.

When Hilda reached her own room, the tears which she had with difficulty repressed during her interview with Mrs. Palmer burst forth, and throwing herself face downward upon the embroidered satin coverlet of her bed, the unhappy girl gave vent to her grief. And, indeed, the

poor orphan had good cause for tears. Reft, at one blow, of father, name and fortune, she had now to drain to the dregs the cup of bitterness, and to find herself despised by her friends and parted forever from that fond, true-hearted lover whom she loved so dearly, so unselfishly. One thought alone amid the tumult of her soul, found place in Hilda's breast, and it was that of instant flight! She felt that she dared not remain within reach of Roger's tender pleading, for she judged the young man aright and knew that he would never agree to give her up. And the heroic, self-sacrificing love which had supported her in the presence of Mrs. Palmer, would, she feared, be as flax in the fire of Roger's passionate pleadings.

No, she could no longer remain at the Abbey, and she determined to leave it alone, and secretly, that very night. The resolution no sooner was made than she proceeded to act upon it. Rising from her couch and pushing away the wayward tangles of her hair off her tear-stained face, Hilda commenced her preparations for her departure forever from her father's roof. They were few and simple. She packed into as small a compass as possible a couple of changes of linen and some necessary articles for the toilet. These she deposited in a morocco leather bag. Fortunately, she had an ample sum of money, in notes and gold; placing ten sovereigns in her purse, she made the rest of her money into a parcel, to go into the richly fitted dressing-bag, which, adorned with her monogram in pink coral and pearls, had been one of her father's wedding presents. A bitter trial it was to Hilda to separate her own valuable jewelry from that which had been the gifts of her lover, as well as wedding presents from friends and acquaintances. She piled the costly trinkets upon a shelf in her wardrobe, and placed upon the top of the pile a brief note to Mr. Wentworth requesting him to be so kind as to return the gifts to the different friends who had offered them to the heiress of Marham Abbey.

Her own jewelry, which represented a small fortune, she packed in her dressing-bag. She left untouched the large boxes and cases which contained her ready-made sealskin trousseau, placing in readiness a sealskin coat and cap, which, with a large fur-lined cloak, she intended to wear upon her journey. By the time her preparations were completed it was past three o'clock, and, glancing at her watch, Hilda found that she would have ample leisure to pay a brief visit to the park and look once more upon the scenes where the drama of her life had been played out. It was a bitterly cold afternoon, and muffled in her costly furs, Hilda descended the grand staircase. No obsequious footman was waiting in the hall to attend as of yore to her slightest wish, and Hilda left the house and proceeded into the gardens without having been seen by any of the servants. She made the tour of the conservatories and hothouses, in which she had taken such pride, plucking a few fragile blossoms and delicate ferns to accompany her into exile. Who would ever love those exquisite flowers as she had done, she thought, as she took her lonely way to the Queen's spring, where, in the golden Summer weather, she had been clasped to Roger's heart, and listened to his words of love. As she stood leaning against the marble balustrade, and watching the frozen waters at her feet, the fragments of a song which her lover used to sing in his ringing baritone voice came sadly to her memory. How changed her fate had been since those words of undying love had sounded in her ears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Practical.



Farmer Jones—What hev yer learned at yer college, son?
Son—Why, Dad! I can throw the hammer further than any one there.
Farmer Jones—That's good. I guess yer'll hev no trouble in gettin' er job in er blacksmith's shop then.

Fatal Gunshot Caused by the Sun.

The story runs that a man was found lying dead upon a couch, his life having been destroyed by a bullet discharged from a gun lying near. The circumstances of the matter positively proved that the case could not have been one of suicide, and, therefore, the only alternative which could be reasonably suggested was that he had been murdered. An acquaintance was charged with the crime, but absolute proof of guilt not forthcoming. One of the parties engaged in the case was so far interested in the peculiar facts of the death as to seek a different solution of the affair than that accepted by popular belief. The result of his observation and deduction was very curious. The rays of the sun had strained in at the window of the apartment in which the man had encountered his end, and had been concentrated direct upon the explosive chamber of the gun, by which means warm the cap and powder engendered a discharge. The gun having been quite inadvertently placed in such a way as to point to the unfortunate man, he received the bullet while he lay placidly sleeping, no doubt meeting with instant death.

Done by a Blind Painter.

A most wonderful bit of work. Those things were painted by a blind painter. What were they?
Those blinds.

SOME LATE CABLE NEWS.

THE QUEEN GIVES A SITTING TO MR. BELL-SMITH.

A Gift From the Amir—The Queen and the Photographer—An Explosion of Gas—A Riot in Bombay—Visiting Windsor Castle, etc., etc.

A despatch from London says:—The Court Circular says that the Queen has given Mr. Bell-Smith a sitting for her portrait. Her Majesty will appear in a historic picture representing her in the act of placing a wreath upon the coffin of Sir John Thompson, the late Canadian Premier.

Mr. Downey, the Royal photographer, when asked how the Queen sat for her latest photograph, replied: "Like other folks. When I had settled her I said:—'Would Your Majesty put on a more favourable countenance?' She said, 'Certainly,' and put it on."

An explosion of gas took place on board the steamship Barbadian, British, at Swansea, from Liverpool June 26, via Swansea, for New Orleans. The second engineer was fatally injured and three firemen seriously burned.

Five cloth mills situated near Leeds have been closed, owing to a dispute regarding wages. The closing of the mills affects 2,000 persons.

An official telegram received here from Bombay says that owing to the clashing of a Hindoo marriage procession with some natives taking part in a Mohammedan feast at Porbandar, on the Kattywar peninsula, the former attacked the Mohammedans and drove them from their mosque. The troops eventually repressed the rioting after several hours of serious disturbance. Three of the rioters were killed, and 184, chiefly Mohammedans, were wounded.

Specially favored visitors were recently allowed to penetrate the Queen's boudoir at Windsor castle. Its state has remained unaltered since her Majesty's widowhood. On the door is inscribed:—"Every article in this room my deeply-lamented husband selected for me in the 24th year of his reign." The Queen's bridal wreath, with the first bouquet, Prince Albert sent to her, lies withered within a glass case, and on every side are evidences of thoughtful devotion of the Prince Consort to her Majesty.

The casket that Nasrulla Khan presented to the Queen from the Amir of Afghanistan is a marvel of art. It is 18 inches long by 15 inches high. It is encrusted with large Lapis lazuli, and is encrusted with large diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. From the four top corners spring stars containing 612 brilliant-cut diamonds. The value of the whole is £17,000. The Queen in return sent a gold plate service and other presents of equal value. Nasrulla Khan will leave England on July 15.

Francis Clark, who succeeded the late John Brown as the Queen's personal attendant, is dead.

One of the few extant manuscript copies of Wyckliffe's Bible, illuminated on vellum was sold at Sotheby's last week for £1,150, which is said to be a record price.

Was Wondering.

Little Jack—Where are you goin' this summer, Mr. Softchapp?
Mr. Softchapp—Um—why do you ask?
Little Jack—Sis said when she found out where you was goin', she'd know where to go, and I was wonderin' where Sis wasn't goin'.
Mr. Softchapp—Is your sister still in the city?
Little Jack—Yes, but she is goin' away for the summer as soon as she finds out where you're goin'.
Indeed! So she wishes to go where I go!
No. She wants to go somewhere else.

No Fault of His.

And now will somebody in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a cavalry sword? asked the professor of magic, stepping to the front of the stage and rubbing his hands in pleasant anticipation. There was no response. The professor repeated his request. Same result. I am sorry, he said at last, after waiting several minutes, that I shall be unable to perform my advertised feat of swallowing a sword, but you will see, ladies and gentlemen, that it is not my fault. I will now proceed with the wonderful performance of the magic egg bag, etc.

Tools' Latest.

The other day Mr. Toole entered a dairy, and in his most solemn manner addressed himself to the man as follows: "I will take a boy, looking around at the shelves. A boy's? asked the dairyman, fairly puzzled. Yes, or a girl, answered the actor. The man, thinking him somewhat lunatic, said: Pardon me, this is a milk shop. Come outside, said Mr. Toole, and taking the man by the arm led him to the door and pointed to the sign. "I'll take a boy and a girl, repeated the humorist, with not a ghost of a smile. Read what your notice states Families applied in any quantity!"

Where They Stay.

Mother (arranging for the summer)—I want the girls to go to some place where the nicest men are, of course. Father—Then, my dear, you had better let them stay in town.

Long Engagements Preferred.

Edith—So you prefer a long engagement. Well, I wouldn't. Blanche—If you liked theaters as well as I do, you would.

One of the curious facts but recently noted by the biologists and physiologists is that men have a red corpuscles in their blood than women have.

HEALTH

Teething and its Perils.

The period of dentition is nearly always one of anxiety to the parent. It certainly is not always without peril to the infant.

The age of infancy is characterized by changes which are not only numerous, but in many instances, at least, too rapid for the constitution of the little one. The various organs are in a state of growth and development, a circumstance which in itself is sufficient reason for the peculiar susceptibility of infants to disease.

But more than all, the brain, and in fact, the whole nervous system, is influenced by a multitude of impressions from without and within, which, in the child's undeveloped state, are often overpowering. More especially is this the case when the sensitiveness is heightened by the irritation caused by the process of teething.

Under these circumstances the child becomes peevish and restless upon the slightest provocation. The general feverishness of the body, be it ever so slight, decreases proportionately its ability to withstand external influences.

The intestinal canal, upon which nature relies chiefly at this period of active growth, becomes torpid, and the bowels are constipated.

We can do much toward relieving the child from the besetting danger of this period, however, by taking a hint from nature and maintaining a salutary looseness of the bowels, which will act as a waste-gate, protecting the nervous centres and the various important organs of the body from harm.

This, together with frequent washings of the mouth with cold water, is sufficient to ward off many an attack of serious illness which would otherwise come as a result of the general irritation excited by the process of teething.

We should never endeavor to hasten matters by incising the gums. This is an expedient which should be resorted to by physicians only.

Cheese a Carrier of Disease.

Not only is cheese liable to be poisonous by the development of tyrotoxin, but it may prove to be a carrier of disease germs. Dr. Beebe, Assistant Chemist of the Board of Health in New York City, recently found the true bacillus of diphtheria in a lot of suspected cheese, and as the result of this discovery a large quantity of cheese was seized and destroyed.

It is said that there were several fatal cases of diphtheria in the family of a farmer who supplied much of the milk from which the cheese was made, and the germs conveyed by the milk from this infected house lived through the process of cheese-making, and communicated the disease to several who ate the cheese.

It has been known for a long time that milk was an excellent medium for the growth of bacteria, and therefore, of course, for the taking up of any infection and the spread of the same. No doubt many serious illnesses or diseases have been caused in this way, though traced supposedly to other sources.

The day is soon coming when no one will think of using milk without first pasteurizing or sterilizing it.

Dirt and Health.

The old saying that dirt is healthful no longer holds its grounds in the light of modern research. Not all dirt is actually disease producing, it is true; but all places where filth accumulates or where there is decaying matter of any kind are very likely to afford abode and sustenance to any disease germs which may be floating about in the air. Here they multiply and wax strong and lie in wait to attack the first animal or human being that comes along, whose vital forces are not strong enough to bar the entrance of these microscopic enemies. No soiled clothing should be about sleeping apartments, no rubbish should accumulate in the attic, no rotten rags under the sink, no decaying vegetables in the cellar, no soiling matter or dust anywhere. Disease microbes do not crawl about actively like flies; they are invisible, living, organic dust, and can often be gotten rid of as such. The greatest sanitary safety lies in absolute cleanliness.

BRITAIN IN EGYPT.

The Mal contents were surprised at the splendid array of men-of-war.

The high opinion expressed of the actual efficiency of the British navy by those who have been contrasting that efficiency with the lamentable inefficiency of the army found striking corroboration not long since in the splendid array of men-of-war assembled, under command of Sir Michael Culme Seymour at Alexandria. The appearance of the fleet was, it is said, a surprise to the mal-contents and those who encouraged them in their abuse of England. It was an object lesson most convincing of the strength of the power that has been occupying Egypt for its own good by a handful of civilians and an extremely small force of soldiers. Since the accession of the present Khedive, the enemies of England have been incessantly busy in decrying Great Britain's policy and, in order to inspire contempt for her military power, have constantly urged the weakness of the garrison. The arrival of Sir Michael Culme Seymour's fleet gave the lie very impressively and practically to those very representations. Eastern nations are likely to disdain authority that is not backed by force, and, though one would suppose that the fate of Arabi Pasha was not forgotten, the repeated disasters in the Sudan and the apparent inefficiency of the army of occupation to cope with a formidable rising, were used not fruitlessly as arguments to incite the disaffected to overt scorn of England's power. In those who had thus been beguiled the arrival of the fleet wrought a startling disillusion. The Times thinks that such object lessons should be taught more frequently.

Call Me Not Dead.

A PERSIAN POEM OF THE 12TH CENTURY.

He who dies at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends, it lies, I know;
Pale and white, and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"—
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you miss!
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting;
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage from which, at last
Like a bird my soul has passed.
Love the inmates, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the barb.
That kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends, oh rise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye!
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl is gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury—
A mind that loved him, let it lie.
Let the sharid be earth once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood—
Now the long, long wander ends;
Yet we weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom you call dead
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives and loves you—lost, 'tis true,
In the light that shines for you;
But in the light you cannot see,
In undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends, yet not farewell,
Where I go, you too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face—
A moment's worth, a little space.
When you come where I have slept,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all and there is naught.

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

OCEAN LINERS.

The Regularity of Speed With Which They Make the Passage.

The records show that, as an ordinary thing, the ocean packets are almost as regular in their departures and arrivals as railroad trains, and, considering the distance they travel, more so. The science of navigation has been reduced to such accuracy that they may be expected almost on the hour.

Take, for example, the Campania, of the Cunard line. In 1893 she made eight trips, and her average voyage was 5 days, 20 hours and 18 minutes. In 1894 she made ten trips, and her average was 5 days 20 hours and 17 minutes, only one minute less in 1894 than in 1893 in a voyage of 2,770 miles in all sorts of wind and weather. Nor is this exceptional.

The Teutonic, of the White Star Line, made twelve trips in 1893 on an average time of 6 days, 4 hours and 8 minutes. In 1894 she made eleven trips, and her average was just a trifle slower—6 days, 4 hours and 17 minutes.

The Etruria is a little more irregular. Her average in 1893 was 6 days, 6 hours and 47 minutes. In 1894 it was 6 days, 7 hours and 28 minutes.

HAVEL'S AVERAGE.

The Havel, of the North German Lloyd Company, made ten trips in 1893, with an average of 7 days, 7 hours and 35 minutes, for a distance of 3,080 miles, from the Needles to Fire Island. In 1894 she made nine trips, with an average of 7 days, 7 hours and 24 minutes.

The Furst Bismarck, of the Hamburg line, made nine trips in 1893. Her average for the year for a voyage of 3,080 miles was 7 days and 15 minutes. In 1894 she made six trips, and her average was 7 days and 54 minutes.

The Columbia made nine trips in 1893, with an average time of 6 days, 22 hours and 12 minutes. In 1894 she made six trips, with an average of 6 days, 22 hours and eight minutes.

BEST FOR REGULARITY.

The New York, though not the fastest, has the best record for regularity of any of the Atlantic fleet. Her average time has not varied for years and she can be expected almost on the minute every voyage.

She has crossed the Atlantic more times and has carried more passengers than any other steamer of her age and has been more regular about it. The New York made fourteen trips, west bound, in 1893, with an average time of 6 days, 21 hours and 31 minutes. In 1894 she made fifteen trips, with an average of 6 days 21 hours and 45 minutes.

Her sailing distance was 2,770 miles. In 1893 she made thirteen trips, east bound, with an average of 6 days, 20 hours and 30 minutes, which was just one minute faster than her westbound-time that year. In 1894 she made fifteen trips, with an average time of 6 days, 20 hours and 21 minutes.

Thus in crossing the ocean fifty-seven times in both directions, at all seasons of the year, her widest variation for two years was only 1 hour and 21 minutes. The old City of Chester is another steady boat, her average being 9 days, 15 hours and 11 minutes in 1893, and 9 days, 15 hours and 28 minutes in 1894.

A Lover's Eyes.

Groom—I guess that man we just passed is married.
Bride—Why do you think so?
Groom—He merely glanced at you.

SOME ONE BLUNDERED.

ADVENTURES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

How an Old Gunner Received Promotion and a Life Pension, Which He Well Deserved.

"Some one had blundered." It lay with the signal corps of one division or another. It was in South Africa. We were out in three divisions to establish a station in the hills, where there was no end of trouble among the natives. They were desperate and liable to an outbreak at any moment. Late one afternoon our signal corps came in with the report that the central was throwing up a temporary fort, fifteen miles away, due east, that the natives were massing to the north and sharp fighting was expected, and that we were to move on for one day more, and then return and hold the new fortification. The major would have given me an escort, but it would have weakened him; and, as the going was my own affair, I decided to go alone. It was only fifteen miles.

The jungle was not so heavy out that I could easily keep my points by the stars, with an occasional peep at my compass. For the first eight miles I might as well have been going through the woods at home. Then I was suddenly halted by the sharp yelp of a baty lion. He had leaped upon an antelope sleeping upon a mossy hollow just beyond. A moment later I should have been out there myself, and if the little fellow had waited he might have found me right in range. Instantly there were two more yelps like the first, two more dusky shadows bounded from the undergrowth, and two more antelopes were detained. I climbed the nearest tree and made myself at home, well up among its branches, looking down upon the open.

I was hardly there when the very air was split by a crashing roar. It shook the forest, and I gave a most cordial clutch to the branch above me. Evidently the whelps of old gentlemen, or some other old gentleman, proposed to help himself, and with a series of squeaking cries the young folks decamped, giving him the field. The roar was the signal for the forest to wake up. It was echoed from right and left, and, thanking fortune for so favorable a retreat, I made up my mind to stay there till the hour before sunrise.

I was not tired enough to sleep well in a tree at the start, but at last I managed to overlook, and was roused, not by the roar of a lion, but by the rattle of a native war-drum. There was a hum of voices, too, and the sound of many feet. A dozen or more native warriors were already in the open space, preparing for breakfast. The drummers were soon in sight, and the main body followed close behind. Soon the open space was thronged with them. There was more than five hundred. They were all warriors. Some of them were well armed. Natives are usually boisterous. These were so still that in the tree I could not catch a single syllable, though the nearest were but a little more than fifty feet away.

If I waited till they moved on I should be behind them—a position which might prove decidedly disagreeable. They were evidently impressed with the gravity of their mission, which, without doubt, was an attack upon the new fort; and, if I could get ahead of them and warn the central of their coming, it would not only be a much more comfortable position, but would prove a good feather for my cap. Their preparations for breakfast, too, made me ravenously hungry, and that settled it.

As cautiously as ever a panther crept, I made my way to a large branch extending back into the jungle and crept out farther and farther till it began to bend. If it broke I was gone; but it did not break. Then I left myself out hand over hand, till my feet were not much above a yard from the spongy ground. Then I dropped. The branch swung up again with unnecessary noise, but I did not wait to see what effect it had. It was a question of life and death, and I increased the distance without delay. Faint with hunger, almost ready to drop in the path and die of thirst, thoroughly worn out by a steady racehorse pull of two hours and a half over that soggy, mossy ground, I came in sight of the new fort.

Strange how still that place was. There was not a challenge or a greeting as I climbed. I was too much exhausted to shout and rouse some one. I was in too much haste to look for an entrance, and, climbing directly over the wall by the cannon, came sliding down the other side—fair against a bronzed old English gunner who was sitting there sound asleep. He was the only mortal in sight.

"For mercy's sake, where are the rest of you?" I gasped, staring about in blank astonishment.

He stood up, rubbed his eyes, looked down the path, and replied: "Hif you come from the left wing, sir, h'd better hank where is the rest of you?"

He was as much bewildered as I. By degrees we got our senses into shape for a comparison of facts. He had been ordered to remain with the gun and told to expect the left at any moment, as they had been signalled the night before, that the central would move on at daylight to a point where the natives were massing, a day's march beyond, and that the left was to hold the position till the central returned. He had written orders in his pocket for the major.

It was only a little confusion somewhere in the signal service. "Too much brevity and a double construction," it was pronounced upon official investigation. The immediate result, however, was that the old gunner and myself were there alone, with at least five hundred savage warriors not an hour's march away, and all the camp luggage and ammunition left for us to guard.

"We might hide somewhere," I said as a feeler, to find out the temper of the old man.

"An' give hup the gun?" he exclaimed. There was no doubt about where he stood.

He laid his rough hand affectionately upon the piece, and he added, "Hi tell ye, sir, she's a 'oly terror. She's a powerful one. It's hods on the gun, sir, w'en they come."

"Well, give me a gallon of water and a bone to chew, and I'm with you," I replied. Before I had half finished eating, we heard the rumble of the drums. The cannon was loaded to do all that was in her. At loops ten feet away, on either side, we collected a dozen loaded rifles each and took our positions there, after placing our hats so that they would just show above the wall, still farther along on either side.

The first native to show himself was a fierce black Kafir, with a long-barreled, square-but gun, who came stealthily creeping along, under cover of the rocks, with his eye upon my hat. Two others were creeping close behind. Crouching on one knee, he deliberately levelled at the hat. It is an indignity which one as instinctively resents as if his head were really where the other fellow thinks it.

The two behind the leader were on a broad grin, watching for the result when I fired. The fellow jumped full five feet, and fell on his back. The grin disappeared from the other two, and they started over the rocks; but the gunner settled one of them, and before the other was out of sight I had a fresh rifle and took him in the back. I waited ten minutes in absolute silence.

I should have been willing to wait much longer; but, with a blood-curdling yell, the whole line of undergrowth bordering the mound seemed wriggling with life. Leaping, yelling, firing, and brandishing all kinds of weapons, a perfect black mass came bounding toward us. Some few sprang from rock to rock, but most of them crowded more and more into the narrow path up the smooth ravine.

It was easy enough to see then the folly of having thought that two of us could hold the place, and, not being so ready as the old gunner to die for a cannon, I heartily wished myself anywhere else in the world. As fast as we could pick up, aim, and throw away the rifles, we made them do their duty. But what did the few we killed matter to that multitude? Their howls were something frightful. In two minutes more our lives would not be worth a broken straw. The whole gorge was one solid mass of fiends.

The old gunner dropped his last rifle and turned to the cannon. He folded his arms across it and looked calmly down the path. One would have thought that he had a full detachment at his heels, and even then that he was a brave man. His bronze face wrinkled in a smile. It suddenly struck me that he was crazy. The black fiends were within fifty feet of us. I was petrified.

"Now then, old girl," he muttered, and, as if it answered his voice alone, there was a crash that sounded like the thunder of a broadside.

How he did it I don't know, but before the smoke had cleared away he sent another, and then a third charge from that cannon's mouth. Then he folded his arms again, and with the same grim smile leaped upon the cannon and looked out into the smoke, as though nothing whatever had happened since he was leaning there a moment before. As the smoke lifted he muttered, "H' told ye 'twas holds on the gun, sir. She's a 'oly terror. She's a powerful one."

Powerful! I looked down that ravine, and drew back with a shudder of horror. If I were to try to report the scene, it would not be believed. We did not dare to go beyond the walls till the central and the left came marching back together, having found each other in the jungle, but not a sign of the native insurgents. They found them all, instead, in the ravine waiting for burial.

The old gunner received promotion and a life pension, which he well deserved; but even then he "wouldn't give up the gun."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Never let a man imagine that he can pursue a good end by evil means. The evil effect on himself is certain.—Southey.

The old Scythians painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings, to show her gifts come swift and suddenly.—Chapman.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our natures our nature would never corrupt us.—Clarendon.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.—Hazlitt.

Music is a discipline, and a mistress of order and good manners; she makes the people milder and gentler, more moral and more reasonable.—Luther.

The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.—Richter.

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady lambent light, are luminous, not sparkling.—Longfellow.

Man is greater than a world, than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical than in the creation of a universe.—Henry Giles.

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual.—Seneca.

A strict belief in fate is the worst of slavery; imposing upon our necks an everlasting lord or tyrant, whom we are to stand in awe of night and day.—Epicurus.

Shakespeare paints so very closely to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear when he is on his scene.—Cumberland.

A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer breeze, may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten feelings and thoughts.—Tal- fourd.

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.—Colton.

Somber thoughts and fancies often require little real soil or substance to flourish in; they are the dark pine trees which take root in, and grow over, the rifts of the scathed and petrified heart, and are chiefly nourished by the rain of unavailing tears, and the vapor of fancy.—J. F. Boyes.

Poets' Corner.

A Dream.

Oh, it was but a dream I had
While the musicians played—
And here the sky, and here the glad
Old o-man kissed the guide.
And here the laughing ripples ran,
And here the roses grew
That throw a kiss to every man
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lazy folds
Drooped in the breathless breeze;
As o'er a field of marigolds
Our eyes swam o'er the seas;
While here the eddies lipped and purled
Around the island's rim,
And up from out the underworld,
We saw the mermen swim.

And it was dawn and middle day
And midnight—for the moon
On silver rounds across the bay
Had climbed the skies of June—
And here the glowing, glorious king
Of day ruled, o'er his realm,
With stars of midnight glittering
About his diadem.

The sea gull reeled on languid wing
In circles round the mast;
We heard the songs the sirens sing
As we went sailing past;
And up and down the golden sands
A thousand fairy throngs
Flung at us from their flashing hands
The echoes of their songs.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Which are You.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I meant
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I mean,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

He Was Satisfied.

I sat upon the zigzag fence awhile last Sunday morn,
An' looked about across my fields of rustlin',
dew-touched corn;
I looked upon the browsing sheep within the
pasture green.
The cattle an' the horses—steak as any that is seen;
An' further on, upon the shocks of wheat 'at
spread away;
An' further an' yet further on, where rise my
mows of hay;
An' lookin' on this scenery, I'd naught to say,
you see,
Agin the way the world is run—it's good
enough for me!

I sat upon my gallery steps last Sunday eve
I did,
As down behind the Western hills the sun,
all sleepy, slid,
The honey-suckles' fragrant was sweet as
any flowers
That ever gleamed all red and rare about the
Eden bowers;
An' over at the barn the girl was milkin' of
the cows,
While katydids sent up their songs from
shrubs around the house;
An' lookin' on this scenery, I'd naught to say,
you see,
Agin the way the world is run—it's good
enough for me!

GALLANT RESCUE.

How a Young Lady in England Rescued Three Persons From Drowning.

Few more gallant feats have ever been performed by women than that of Miss Evans, the daughter of Dr. Evans, of Hythe, on Southampton Water, England. Walking on the pier with a friend, she heard the cry of three persons whose boat had been capsized near the pier. Running down the steps, she sprang into the water and soon brought the one nearest, a woman, safely to the steps. Then she swam off again to the others, a man and a girl. Waiting her opportunity, she managed to seize them both, and supported them until a rope was thrown to her, and she was then able to get the man to the pier. The girl was going down for the third time, when Miss Evans dived, brought her up to the surface and took her also to the pier, thus saving three lives. It is difficult to know which is the most remarkable—the courage displayed, or the skill with which, hampered by her clothes, she succeeded in avoiding the drowning grip that is so often fatal to those who attempt rescue, and so brought the three persons, one after another in safety to the pier. It is a feat of which the best male swimmer, unhampered by garments, would have every right to feel most proud, and, executed as it was by a young lady, was almost, if not quite, without precedent in the annals of deeds requiring presence of mind, skill and courage. It is indeed extraordinary that a swimmer, however strong, should be able to support at once two drowning persons and to avoid being caught in the grip of one or the other of them. Never was the Royal Humane Society's medal better deserved, and there can be little doubt that the act will receive the highest mark of distinction at the society's disposal.

Luxury in Alaska.

Alaskan Host—Will you have strarberries, mum?

Fair Tourist—Dear me; strawberries in Alaska! Yes, indeed I will. But what is that you are pouring on them? It doesn't look like cream.

Alaskan Host—It's blubber, mum.

A Good Point.

Mrs. DeFadd—She is magnificently dressed, but her hands are not very aristocratic, are they?

Mr. DeF.—No, they look as if they might be good for something.

Additional Locals.

The masons commenced the erection of Conrad Liesemer's stone fence in front of his new house on Elora St., Thursday.

Mr. Thompson, the student in charge of the Clifford Methodist church during the absence of their pastor, in Europe, will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church here on Sunday.

The junior baseball club of Mildmay played a game of ball with the "Hoosiers" of the 8th con. on Saturday evening last. When the game was over Mildmay had a score of 15 runs to their opponents 3, and an innings to spare.

The secretary of the Carrick Branch Agricultural society has been notified by the secretary of the Farmers' Institute that the Institute of South Bruce has made a grant of ten dollars in aid of the prize list of the society on condition that special prizes be awarded in the name of the Institute open to all exhibitors. The secretary of the Institute also intimates that the Institute will hold an open meeting in Mildmay some time in the month of January next, of which due notice will be given later on.

Sale Register.

THURSDAY, AUG. 1.—Auction sale of stock, implements, household furniture, etc. at lot 18, con. 8, Culross, the property of Jos. L. Schall. Sale at one o'clock, p. m. sharp. No reserve. Terms:—\$5 and under, cash, over that amount 6 months credit. F. Hinsperger, auctioneer.

CATARH RELIEVED in 10 to 60 minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. At Mildmay drug store.

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five, only 2c. Children love it. Sold at Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

Karl's Clover Root, the great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation, 25 cts, 50 cts, \$1.00. For sale at the People's Drug store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

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HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, Pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn. says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer Saved My Life. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts. For sale at the People's Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

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A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed pamphlets in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address: **The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.**
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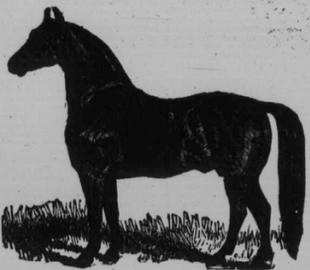
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- Wos' Oxford Ties, \$1 10, now 80c
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Also a large stock of children's Tan Oxfords, which I will sell at a bargain. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Highest price paid for farmers produce.

John Hunstein.

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Plain or Fancy Of Every Description

Bill Heads, Note Heads, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Receipts, Order Blanks, Posters, Dodgers, Pamphlets, Sale Bills, Financial Reports, School Reports, Business Cards, calling cards, concert Tickets, Invitations, Programs, Etc., etc.

Neat, Clean Work. Prices Modet

The Gazette MILDMAY, ONT

CHURCHES.

EVANGELICAL.—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. C. Liesemer, Superintendent. Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Haist, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services 10:30 a.m. Sabbath School 9:30 a.m. J. M. Moore, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. YEOMAN, Pastor.

R. C. CHURCH. Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Rev. Father Weir, P. P. Services every Sunday, alternately at 8:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. Vespers every other Sunday at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. every other Sunday.

LUTHERAN.—Rev. Dr. Miller, pastor. Services the last three Sundays of every month at 2:30 p.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m.

METHODIST.—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. G. Curie, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 9 p.m. Rev. A. Scratch, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

C. M. B. A., No. 70—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month.
K. WILHELM, Sec. A. GOKTZ, Pres.

C. O. F.—Court Mildmay No. 185, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome.
E. N. BUTCHART, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

C. O. C. F. No. 166—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month at 8 p.m.
E. N. BUTCHART, Conn. F. C. JASPER, Rec.

K. O. T. M. Unity Tent No. —, meets in Foresters' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month.
H. KEELAN, Conn. F. X. SCHEFFER, R. K.

THE MILD MAY GAZETTE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON.

Terms:—\$1 per year in advance; Otherwise \$1.25.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	One	Six	Three
	Year.	Months.	Months.
One column.....	\$50	\$30	\$18
Half column.....	30	18	10
Quarter column.....	18	10	6
Eighth column.....	10	6	4

Legal notices, 8c. per line for first and 4c. per line for each subsequent insertion.
Local business notices 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents.
Contract advertising payable quarterly.

L. A. FINDLAY.

Grand Trunk Time Table.

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH
Express..... 7:01 a.m.	Mixed..... 10:55 a.m.
Mail..... 11:55 a.m.	Mail..... 2:5 p.m.
Mixed..... 5:30 p.m.	Express..... 8:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Miss R. Miller, of Detroit, is visiting with friends in town.

—A number of our exchanges are taking their holidays this week.

—Forty cents, cash, pays for the GAZETTE until the end of 1895.

—There is some talk of a new livery being started in town ere long.

—"Munch" has quit the tailoring business and commenced butchering.

—The GAZETTE for the balance of the year to new subscribers for 40 cents cash.

—Miss Ada Mitchell of Hamburg was the guest of Mrs. John Boehmer, this week.

—Rev. J. H. McBain takes charge of sacramental services in Clifford on Sunday next.

—All kinds of job work from a note head to a whole sheet poster done neatly and quickly at the Gazette office.

—Say? did you notice the smile that August Lobsinger and August Weiler carry these days. They are both girls.

—The GAZETTE office is the proper place to get all kinds of commercial and fine art printing. Give us a call, neat, clean work guaranteed.

—The mason have commenced the brickwork of the R. C. parsonage, and ere long Rev. Father Brohmman will be a resident of our pretty town.

—A number of our people took in the excursion to Manitoba on Tuesday, among whom were:—Miss Thompson, Miss Darling, J. P. Johnston, D. Harper, and others.

—The small boys football club journeyed to Formosa and played a game with the juveniles of that town. The score stood at the conclusion of the match nothing to nothing.

—Urban Schmidt has had the plate glass put in position in his new shop, and it looks simply immense. This is the first plate glass windows that has appeared in town and we hope soon to see more.

—Several of our farmers have commenced to cut their fall wheat. The sample is good and a fair yield expected. The spring crops have begun to pick up since the late showers, and though the straw will be short, there is going to be an average crop, and times will not be as hard as was expected.

—Exchanges are warning their readers to look out for a shoddy cloth pedlar representing himself as a Listow spinner. He gets a note from the farmer promising to pay a big price for his wool. The note is discounted at the nearest bank. The farmer has to whack up white the shoddy pedlar never returns for the wool.

—P. Winer spent Sunday with friends in Drew.

—Miss S. Schweitzer visited with friends in Moorefield.

—We noticed the Huntingfield postmaster in town on Wednesday.

—A number of our sports are taking in the Wingham races this week.

—Jacob Muter, of Hanover, is visiting with his brother George this week.

—What is the matter with having a quoit match some of these fine evenings.

—Don't forget Jos. S. Schall's sale on Thursday next, August the 1st, at lot 18, con 8, Culross.

—W. H. Huck is in Wingham attending a meeting of the Huron County Veterinary Association.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bennett of Belgrave, are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Armour this week.

—John Hufner is having his holidays this week and is spending same in Moorefield and other towns south.

—The Wingham Advance has changed hands, John Cornyn, formerly of Chicago, being the new proprietor.

—The Dominion Parliament has prorogued. His Excellency, the Governor General performing the prorogation duties.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schmeider and family are visiting with the latter parents in the neighborhood of Listowel this week.

—The 1st of August is approaching and Palmerston people are putting forth great exertions for their grand gala day.

—Albert Lobsinger is confined to his room with a serious attack of inflammation. We hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

—The extreme dry weather has been rather hard on bees and it is thought by our Bee Kings that the supply of honey will be limited, so much so that the bees will have to be fed during the winter.

—At the last meeting of the Young People's Christian Alliance, held in the in the Evangelical church, on Tuesday evening the following officers were elected for the next six months:—Pres. Levi Miller; Vice Pres. Fred. Diebel; Sec. Miss A. Liesemer; Treas. E. Haist; Cor. Sec'y, J. H. Biehl; organist, Geo. Liesemer. The meetings are held every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. Every person invited to attend.

—The annual meeting of the Bruce county Veterinary Association was held in Paisley on Thursday, last week, when the following officers were elected:—Pres. Dr. Johnston; Vice-Pres. Dr. Thomas, Tara; Secretary, Dr. Nelson, Paisley; Treas. Dr. Grant, Paisley. W. H. Huck of Mildmay gave a report of the Western Association held in Listowel in January last. Dr. Thomas of Tara gave a similar report of the meeting held Stratford in June. Those who attended derived great benefit from the discussions. The next meeting of the Association will be held in Walkerton in September.

—The garden party held by the young people of the Methodist church in Wm. Berry's grove on Friday evening, was a grand success. A few minutes after four o'clock an exciting game of baseball was played between the Teeswater and Mildmay clubs, which resulted in favor of the former by 11 runs to 7. Next in order came the tea and as the ladies of Mildmay enjoy the distinction of being the best cooks in the county of Bruce, no further reference to the bill of fare needs to be recorded. At eight o'clock Rev. J. H. McBain took the chair, and considering that this was the first time he had ever officiated in that capacity at an open air gathering, did not do so bad. The first number on the program was a chorus by the choir, then followed the chairman's address. A. W. Halladay, of Lakelet, was then called upon and rendered some of his choice songs, which were encored to the echo, which bespoke the high standing he has attained with the people of this town as a vocalist. Mr. and Miss Pellow, of Walkerton, were present and sang a few duets in a very creditable manner, and were heartily encored. Misses Moyer, town, sang a duet, which was greatly appreciated. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. McNamara and J. H. Moore, Esq. During the interim between tea and the program quois and and croquet were the main features of the entertainment. The evening's proceeds amounted to some \$45. The success of the above affair will encourage the young people to be more active in church work.

—Herrgott & Co. shipped another of their famous Lion Separators this week.

—Misses Dierlam, of Stratford, are at present the guests of their uncle, John Schweitzer.

—Mrs. Bricker, who has been at Morris-ton for the past few weeks, returned home on Monday.

—Geo. Herringer is having a summer kitchen and an ice house erected at the rear of his premises on Elora St.

—There is some talk of a football match being played between the "Star" football club and the Deemerton club on Saturday evening.

—Jas. Johnston, of Deloraine, Man., is in town renewing old acquaintances at present. It is some four years ago since Jim went to the Prairie Province

—At a barn raising on the farm of David Gress, Philip Gress had the misfortune to have one of his legs broken by a beam falling upon it. Medical aid was summoned and the fracture reduced, and at last reports the injured man was doing as well as could be expected. Wm. Butchart, of Mildmay, also had the misfortune to get one of his fingers jammed at the same raising. There is hardly a barn raising held now-a-days at which some person is more or less injured.

—The following officers of the Macabee Tent were installed by H. Keelan at the last meeting: Past Commander, H. Keelan; Commander, John McGann; Lieutenant Commander, M. Jasper; Rec. Secretary, F. X. Scheffer, Finance Keeper, Conrad Liesemer; Sergeant, J. E. Mulholland; Chaplain, Wm. McCulloch; Master at Arms, Val Schurter; First Master of Guards, L. A. Findlay; Second Master of Guard, Frank Hesch; Sentinel, J. Biehl; Ricket, Jonas Herrgott; Physician, R. E. Clapp, M.D.

—The numerous small fires that have occurred in Walkerton lately, roused the ire of the citizens of that town, and they demanded an investigation. In accordance with this demand Coroner Gillies of Teeswater, ordered an investigation into the cause of the fire in J. Lembke's boot and shoe store on the night of July 1st. From the evidence produced the jury came to decision that the fire was of incendiary origin and that Mr. Lembke was the person who started the blaze. He was immediately arrested, but allowed out on bail. He appeared before Magistrates Robb and Brown and committed for trial at the fall was assizes.

—Garfield Cameron, who was visiting friends near Teeswater, met with a serious accident Wednesday afternoon, last week. He strolled out to the field where the proprietor of the farm was cutting hay. While the gentleman was making some repairs to the machine, Garfield got onto the seat of the mower to superintend the work. After being seated but a few moments something frightened the horses and caused them to run away. Garfield grabbed the reins and pluckily guided the animals across the field, but, when turning into the lane the seat broke and precipitated him unto the machine. He was picked up for dead, but medical assistance was called in and the lad resuscitated. Upon receiving word of the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron went to see their boy and found a badly mutilated child. We are pleased to be able to state that he is so far recovered as to be able to return home. Garfield has been particularly unfortunate, having had one of his legs broken a few years ago, but says "though slightly disfigured at present he is still in the ring."

—The merchants of every town will find it advantageous to "get together" occasionally and discuss the local business situation, for very often they will discover how some things that are working against them can be remedied. If all business men of the town can be interested so much the better. We often drift into a rut, and become prejudiced and opinionated. Circulation among our neighbors will often show us our mistaken notions and we will become more charitable in our estimates of others. The business men of every community have the power to do much for their localities if they will drop rivalries long enough to do it. Men are like nations—when they come together they soon discover that the other fellow is not as bad as they had pictured him; that is, generally speaking the case. The business men of the city work together along on these lines, why should not the business men of the country? We know of some towns where co-operation of this is bringing good results. Isn't there sufficient in the argument to attract business men in towns where this co-operation has never been tried? It is a good thing to look the ground over occasionally.—Commercial Bulletin.

.. Binder Twine ..

Church's Potato Bug Finish.
Strictly Pure Paris Green.
Hay Fork Ropes.
Patent Window Blinds.
Hardware, Paints and Oils, all at
Rock Bottom Prices.
AT
CONRAD LIESEMER'S.
The Corner Hardware.

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DIAMOND AND TURKISH
DYES
AT CUT PRICES
10 cent package for 8 cents,
Two 10 cent packages for 15 cents,
Four 10 cent packages for 25 cents.
COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS
AND
PATENT MEDICINES
Druggists' Sundries, Etc.
R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor

Wool Wanted!
100,000 Lbs,
OF
WOOL WANTED!
At the Wroxeter Woollen Mills,
FOR WHICH
The Highest Price Will be paid.
S. B. MCKELVIE.

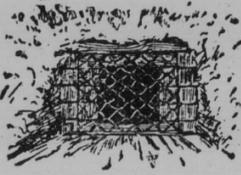
NEW * DRUG * STORE
Next Door West of J. D. Miller's
MILDMAY
BY
J. A. WILSON, M. D.

Full line of Pure Fresh Drugs, Patent Medicines, Trusses, Toilet Articles, also a full line of Wrisley's Toilet Soap.
We have a full supply of the famous
Kickapoo Indian Medicines
FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS in stock,
also the purest of **PARIS GREEN.**
STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
This department is replete with the latest fads in writing paper, envelopes, etc.
Perscriptions accurately compounded.
Night calls promptly attended to.

AGRICULTURAL

The Outlet of Tile Drains.

The outlet of a tile drain should not be of tile. A more stable ending to a drain is needed to resist the action of frost, washing, etc. It is best to have the outlet constructed of stone or brick, or both, and to have the opening covered with fine wire



netting to keep out small animals. The stones or brick should be laid in cement. The illustration gives a suggestion of how the work may well be done. In warm climates earthenware gratings attached to vitrified or glazed tile may be used instead of iron netting.

Commercial Grape Growing.

Grape growing is no exception to the rule that every industry, as it develops, is continually changing. If it is profitable, strong competition comes in, and then new and cheaper methods must be adopted. A few years ago grapes were grown in many sections and shipped to market without any particular system. This haphazard practice is still carried on in some localities, but a profit to the producer. In 1890 grapes netted the grower 24c per 8-lb basket. In 1894 12½c per basket was the average, and future prices will, in all probability, be even lower. It is, therefore, essential that perfect system and close attention to details be observed, otherwise the business will be a losing one. A vineyard must be located on high ground, free from spring frost, or a single night may destroy a year's prospects. The soil must be productive, or the yield will not be sufficient to pay expenses. On poor, sandy soils, barnyard manure has been used with good results, especially when applied in connection with wood ashes. Let the system of pruning be the simplest and most inexpensive. Other fruits are self supporting; but the grape must have its trellis, which even with cheap wire and posts, is the most costly item in the vineyard. The old plan of spur pruning must be abandoned. It leaves too much wood, and the fruit is mass of imperfect clusters, which frequently fail to ripen properly. The Kniffin system, of four horizontal canes of the previous year's growth, has proved the most successful and is being universally adopted. Under this system the clusters are of good size and seldom fail to ripen properly. Pruning can be done more rapidly, workmen "catch on" to this method more readily and are less likely to destroy the usefulness of the vine by carelessness.

Regular and systematic cultivation is most essential to success. During spring and early summer, if a spell of wet weather comes on, the vines must be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture to prevent rot and anthracnose. It is always a good plan to spray before the buds start in spring, as this prevents mischief later on. To start a vineyard new each acre will require the following expenditure:

600 vines set 8x9 ft.	\$6.00
Plowing, fitting and setting.	6.00
Cultivating and hoeing 1st year.	5.00
Pruning (cutting back to 2 buds).	.50
Cultivating and hoeing 2nd year.	7.50
Pruning to one cane 3 to 5 feet long.	1.00
300 posts.	15.00
350 lbs wire (No 11).	7.00
Setting posts, wiring and tying.	12.00
Cultivating and hoeing 3rd year.	10.00

\$70.00

Add to this the value of the land, with interest and taxes, and you have the cost at three years. Under favorable conditions the crop the third year will pay the cost of cultivation and harvesting. With the vineyard in full bearing a crop of 600 baskets per acre would be worth at 12½c per basket \$75. Expenses out: baskets \$12; picking, packing, etc., \$15; pruning, cultivation, spraying, repairs, etc., \$30; leaving \$18 per acre profit. The Concord seems to be the only variety that will sell in unlimited quantities. Other varieties are wanted only in a small way.

Directions for Home Cheese Making.

Strain the milk into a vat and add half a pint of rennet to 100 gallons of milk, which should bring the curd in one hour when the temperature is at about 80 degrees. Stir the rennet and milk thoroughly. Many of the unknown troubles of the amateur cheese maker arise from the use of ill-conditioned rennet; if doubts as to its purity exist, it should be filtered through a flannel or cotton fiber. As the condition of rennet, quantity of milk and temperature vary at nearly every cheese making, the prepared rennet tablets sold by dairy supply houses are undoubtedly more certain in results. To the beginner, a thermometer accurately graduated is essential to success. The curd is cut into one inch squares immediately after it has formed, to hasten the separation of whey and curd. The cutting is repeated two or three times at half hour intervals, and then dipped carefully into a basket in which a strainer has been placed. Arrange the basket on a ladder over the whey receiver and cut the curd occasionally to hasten draining. When compact and fairly free from whey, tie the strainer ends by opposite corners and hang in a cool place until the morning run is made. Proceed with the morning's milk precisely in the same way until ready to hang. This curd requires a little more draining that it may be firm and decidedly free from whey. Cut the night and morning curds in slices, place in a bowl and chop into pieces a half inch in diameter. Pour over the

curds a gallon of hot whey or water and stir until a squeaking sound is made. Drain off the scalding water, add salt to taste and thoroughly mix in the curd. Place a dry strainer in the hoop, carefully introduce the curd, fold the strainer neatly over the top, put the follower weight should be used to nicely consolidate the cheese and press out the small remaining portions of whey. If placed in the press in the morning, at night turn the cheese, substitute a fresh strainer, the next day remove from the press, butter the sides, top and bottom, and place on an odorless board in a cool, airy place to cure. Four weeks for curing is necessary, and during this time the cheese should be turned daily and buttered if inclined to adhere to the board. As cheese is liable to expand, a band of strong cloth should be drawn and sewed tightly around it to obviate cracking.

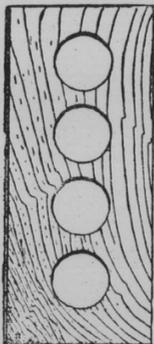
A Lesson From English Farming.

"Like causes produce like results." While the agricultural conditions in one country are never exactly the same as those in another, we can get many helpful suggestions from the experiences of farmers in other lands. An official investigation of the agricultural depression in Great Britain is being carried on. A report of the agricultural condition in Yorkshire contains many suggestive statements. One of these relate to the great advantage which comes to the farmers from having good local markets because of the iron and coal mines and many manufacturing cities in the shire. There is a large variety of product from the farms, in good part determined by the soil, in part by the local market conditions. The size of farms varies much; from 150 to 180 acres is the rule near large towns. Where hill grazing land is the chief part of the farms some reach 2,000 acres. In contrast with some other parts of England, most of the tenants on farms under 350 acres are properly classed as "working farmers," many of the smaller farms being worked by the family of the tenant, as it is the custom with both tenants and owners in this country. While it is found difficult to rent the large farms, those of 250 acres or less are much in demand. The average reduction of rent in sixteen years has been about 30 per cent, much less than in many other counties of England.

The advantage of home markets; of reasonable diversity of products; of farms of moderate size; of direct personal management by the farmers instead of relying on agents; of women, as well as the importance of adapting the productions of the farm both to its natural capacity and the market conditions—these are things to be considered by farmers in this country as well as those in England.

For Sending Money by Mail.

Sending silver loose in a letter is not safe since it is liable to wear a hole through the edges of the envelope, nor is it well to wrap up the silver in a bit of paper and so



inclose it, as in either case dishonest mail clerks are made cognizant of the fact that there is money in the inclosure. The illustration shows a handy way to send small coins by mail safely. A stout bit of cardboard or pasteboard has circles cut the size of the coins, which are then fitted into the opening and a strip of paper pasted upon either side, the paste or mucilage not touching the coins, however. The pasteboard should be cut the size of the folded letter and the letter folded about it when the presence of money cannot be detected.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

We have still an instinct which we cannot repress which elevates us above our sorrows.—Pascal.

If every man works at that for which nature fitted him, the cows will be well tended.—La Fontaine.

Passion, in its first violence, controls in interest, as the eddy for awhile runs against the stream.—Johnson.

We can get out of certain errors only at the top; that is, by raising our minds above human things.—Joubert.

If manners are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.—Emerson.

The garrulous sea is talking to the shore; let us go down and hear the graybeard's speech.—Alexander Smith.

Star that bringest home the bee and sett'st the weary laborer free, if any star shed peace, 'tis thou.—Campbell.

Freedom is the ferment of freedom. The moistened sponge drinks up water greedily; the dry one sheds it.—Holmes.

Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is 6000 years of age.—Carlyle.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.—Cherterfield.

Faith is a certain image of eternity. All things are present to it—things past, and things to come.—Jeremy Taylor.

If you ask me what I thought on the occasion in question, I say the song itself, precisely as it stands.—Mendelssohn.

So work the honey-bees, creatures that by a rule in nature teach the act of order to a peopled kingdom.—Shakespeare.

MRS. GALLUP'S TRIBULATIONS

After supper Mr. Gallup took hammer and nails and went out to make some repairs to the pig-pen, leaving Mrs. Gallup singing the doleful ballad of Barbara Allen as she washed the supper dishes. Seven or eight minutes had passed, and Mr. Gallup had just decided that he must drive three nails in the end of one board and two in another, when Mrs. Gallup came running down the path with her face as pale as death and her eyes hanging out as if they would drop on her toes. The "Squire" happened to be looking toward the house and saw her advancing, but he spat on his hand and picked up the hammer and prepared to go ahead as if nothing had happened.

"Samuel," she gasped as she reached him and sank down on the grass, "one or 't'other of us won't live to hear the clock strike 9 this evening! It may be you or it may be me, but the summons is sure to come! Let the pig-pen go while I talk to ye!"

Mr. Gallup straightened up, drew a board toward him and gave an old nail three raps on the head with his hammer, and didn't exhibit the slightest interest in Mrs. Gallup's talk.

"Just as you went out," she continued, blowing her nose on the skirt of her dress as a warning that tears and sobs would follow—"just as you went out I went down cellar to see if them peach pickles was soft'nin' up any. You know I made them after Mrs. Martin's receipt and never felt quite sure about 'em. I was goin' towards the crock and never thinkin' of anythin' when all of once a black cat spit at me and jumped over the window. Yes, I heard her spit and saw her as plain as I see you, and I tell you, Samuel, that was no cat belongin' to this neighborhood! Indeed, it was no livin' cat at all, but the spirit of one sent to bear the summons!"

Mr. Gallup stood and looked down on her for a moment while his jaws slowly worked at his quid of tobacco, but he hadn't a word to say about the cat. Mrs. Gallup's tears came, and the sleeves of her dress had to answer for a handkerchief.

"As I saw the cat the summons must be for me," she said, as she tried hard to choke back her emotions. "That was the way Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Bebee was both warned, you know. Both went down cellar and saw strange black cats, and within a few hours they were dead. Samuel you don't think it could possibly be a black cat from Tarrytown, do you—one which got strayed over here?"

Mr. Gallup wanted a piece of board seven feet long to fit a particular spot. The piece he had at hand was only six feet long, and he was wondering how he could add the other foot, and he didn't appear to have heard her question. She got her eyes clear of tears and moved out of his way and went on.

"Yes, Samuel, I've got to go hence. I did want to live to see how the cow-cumbers and squashes would turn out this year, and to try that new remedy for 'tater-bugs, but when the Lord sends a black cat after me it means that I must spread my wings and fly to that land where cow-cumbers and 'tater-bugs are not. Don't you want to come into the house and kinder pet me afore I go? Mebbe I'll be asked up in Heaven what you was doin' when I expired, and I'd kinder hate to say that you was fixin' the hog-pen."

Mr. Gallup decided to try the six foot board over the seven-foot hole, and trust to luck for shortage. He gave a glance at Mrs. Gallup, noticed that she was using the leaf of a burdock to wipe her red nose on, and then began driving the first nail.

"Come to think it over, you needn't pet me," she said, as the hammer ceased to fall. "I've lived for thirty-seven years without pettin', and I kin go to my grave the same way. You'll git married agin, of course, and you'll go around chuckin' your second wife under the chin and pinchin' her ear and callin' her your daisy, but I shan't be mad about it. I'll be up in Heaven, bangin' on a golden harp and singin' as hard as I kin, and I shan't know whether you act like a dunce or a justice of the peace. Samuel, d'ye spose they hev quilt-frames in Heaven?"

Mr. Gallup was about to drive another nail, but the question startled him so that he dropped it among the weeds and grass, and got down on his knees to make a search. He was still pawing around when Mrs. Gallup leaned up against the hog-pen and sobbed seven or eight times, and then got the better of her emotions and finished.

"Because if they hev, I'd rather make bed quilts than to play on a harp. I never tried to play on anythin' but an accordion, and I'm afraid the other angels will snicker at me. However, I'll try my best, of course. Let's see! To-day is Thursday. If I expire to-night you kin hev the funeral on Sunday afternoon, and in that way you won't lose any time from business. The roads are purty dusty, but I can't help that. When the Lord sends for any one he's got to go, no matter what the weather is. I was talkin' with Mrs. White yesterday, and she said you'd probably paint the front door steps for your second wife. Hev you decided on the color, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup gave over his hunt for the nail and fished up another from his hand, pocket and drove it into the board. He was very slow and deliberate about it, but Mrs. Gallup pulled her nose and wiped her eyes and patiently waited for him to finish. Then she said:

"I'd paint 'em sky blue, if I was you. That's a rejoicin' color, and of course you'll be rejoicin' that I have soared away and that you've got a young wife. Before I go I want to tell you that Mrs. Davison owes me a cup of white sugar and a nutmeg, and that the spot came off the teakettle this mornin' and I had to tie it on with a string. You ought to put a new hinge on that henhouse door, and you needn't wait till arter the funeral if you don't want to. The hens order be looked out fur whether I'm livin' or dead. Are you listenin' to me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup was busy with the fourth nail, and pounding on the board had also loosened a knot and left a hole, and it probably didn't occur to him that Mrs. Gallup was within forty miles of the spot.

"Well," she said as she rose up and looked over into the pen at the spotted pig lying down after his feed, "I'll go into the house and be all ready. If you come in before my mortal spirit flies away I'll tell you who has borrowed my flatirons and who owes me three draws of tea. If you don't it will be jest the same, and you kin go ahead with the funeral and git a second wife. Good-bye, Samuel—I'm goin' to soar!"

When she had gone Mr. Gallup nailed a three-foot board over the one-foot hole, pulled up a lot of pig-weeds and threw into the pen for a relish, and as he sauntered towards the house in the deepening twilight he heard Mrs. Gallup singing "Golden Gates" and knew that she still lived.

ON THE UTILITY OF BONES.

A Verbatim Reproduction of a Ten-year old Boy's Essay.

Bones are the framework of the human body. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much shape as I have now. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much motion as I have now and grandma would be glad, but I like to have motion. Bones give me motion, because they are something hard for motion to cling to.

If I had no bones, my brains, lungs, head, and larger blood vessels would be lying around in me sort of loose-like, and might get hurt, but now the bones get hurt, but not much lest it is a hard hit. If my bones were burned I should be all brittle and you could crumble me up because all the animal would be out of me. If I was soaked in a kind of acid, I would be limber. Teacher showed us some bones that had been soaked. I could tie a knot in one. I had rather be soaked than burned. Some of my bones don't grow snug to my other bones like the branches of a tree do, and I'm glad they don't, for if they did I couldn't play leap-frog and other good games I know. The reason they don't grow that way is because they have joints.

Joints is good things to have in bones. There are three kinds. The ball and socket joint is like my shoulder joint. Teacher showed it to us, only it was the thigh of a cow. One end was round and smooth and whitish, that is the ball end. The other end is the socket. It is saucerlike and oiled itself. Another joint is the hinge joint, like my elbow. It swings back and forth, oiling itself, and never creaks like the schoolroom door does. The other joint ain't much of a joint. It's in the skull and don't have no motion.

All of my bones put together in their right places make a skeleton. If I leave out some or put some in their wrong places it ain't no skeleton. Crippled and deformed people don't have no skeletons. Some animals have their skeleton on the outside. I'm glad I ain't them animals, for my skeleton like it is on the chart wouldn't look well on the outside.

A KITTEN STOPPED A CAR.

Pussy Stopped the Traffic on the Baltimore City Railway.

One little kitten, about five inches in length, held in check on Monday morning the down-town traffic over the city and Suburban Railway at Baltimore. A summer car stopped to take on passengers, when the kitten, sitting on the sidewalk, leisurely inspecting the car, suddenly determined on a personal investigation of the inside workings of the rapid transit.

She ran out into the street immediately underneath the heavy battery of the car and began clambering about the machinery. The conductor and several of the passengers saw her, and an effort was made to chase the kitten away. Canes and umbrellas were thrust underneath the car at her, and many and emphatic commands to "shoo!" were given, but it was evident she was too new in the world to understand English. The passengers enjoyed the joke at first but when it seemed that the kitten did not intend to come out, those in a hurry to begin the day's toil became impatient, and the number of the rescuers augmented rapidly. More canes and more umbrellas were thrust at her, likewise more speeches of a wicked turn. But she remained undisturbed curled up as if she liked things in general and meant to spend the day there. When at last it appeared to the hurried passengers and irate conductor that the only thing to do was to start the car and crush out the poor little kitten's life, she came to the conclusion that there are other pleasures in the world besides rapid transit, and walked out with the satisfied air of one who had fully set at rest the cravings of curiosity. Then the car proceeded.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Patience is the key of content.—Mohats med.

Command is anxiety; obedience, ease.—Paley.

Merry larks are plowmen's clocks.—Shakespeare.

After victory strap the helmet tighter.—Japanese.

Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.—Plato.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—Chasles.

Minds which never rest are subject to many digressions.—Joubert.

The pursuit even of the best things ought to be calm and tranquil.—Cicero.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.—Fuller.

Money often costs too much, and power and pleasure are not cheap.—Emerson.

Let us teach ourselves that honorable step, not to outdo discretion.—Shakespeare.

Oftentimes excusing of a fault doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.—Shakespeare.

When I tell him he hates flattery, he says he does, being then most flattered.—Shakespeare.

THE HOME.

A New Way to Earn Money.

If more women would strike out in some simple, homely work, when thrown on their own resources, instead of following in the beaten path of custom, they would stand a much better chance of success. Several years ago a young girl determined to earn her living. Circumstances over which she had no control kept her from going out into the world, and realizing full well that one who does not thoroughly understand her business from first to last never succeeds, she turned her attention to the making of yeast cakes. Gradually she increased her trade until she was obliged to hire extra help, and in time it was found necessary to build an addition to the house to provide quarters for her thriving business. The work has been congenial as well as profitable, and besides earning a comfortable living, this capable woman has been enabled to take many little trips and have luxuries which were doubly enjoyable because she earned them herself. For the benefit of other women who are wondering how they can earn a living at home the recipe is given below.

Yeast Cakes.—Take one dozen hops and boil two or three hours. Take them off, strain through a sieve, adding boiling water until there are four quarts of liquor, then thicken with canille until quite stiff. Add to this ½ tablespoon ginger and ½ cup molasses. Let it stand until cool, then add ½ cup soft yeast or 1 cake of hard, and the morning stir down with a little fine corn meal. Let it rise again, which will be in a short time, then mix hard with corn meal, roll out and cut with a cutter. ("My cutter is 8½ inches around and ½ inch deep," the lady says.) This rule makes 100 cakes. They sell for 75c per 100 and retail at one cent apiece.

Put the hops on at 5 p.m. make them up at 5 or 6 p.m. and by nine they are ready to put the yeast in. It takes about a week to dry them, and they really need a fire night and day, although sometimes the fire goes out at night. The hops and water must be at boiling pitch when taken off or the canille will not thicken nicely. They can be dried on boards and turned every night and morning, but large racks with slats so that there is circulation under them will dry them much faster and save turning.

Home-Made Candy.

Cough Candy.—Take two tumblers, in one place a gill of whole flaxseed; fill the other with broken bits of slippery elm bark. Fill both tumblers with boiling water and leave standing for two hours. In a saucepan place one and one-half pounds of best brown sugar. Strain into it through muslin all the liquid from the two tumblers. Put on the fire and boil, stirring constantly until the candy seems upon the point of turning back to sugar. Pour out quickly on to buttered plates and break into small pieces when cold.

Cocoanut Candy.—Grate up fine the meat of two cocoanuts, put in a kettle with four pounds of pulverized sugar the beaten whites of two eggs and the milk contained in both nuts. Stir together over the fire until you discern an appearance of the candy turning back to sugar. Take off immediately. Make into round, flat cakes and put on buttered dishes to harden. If you want part of it pink, stir in the least bit of pokeberry juice after you remove the candy from the fire.

Cream Dates.—The white of one egg, half an eggshell full of cold water. Stir in confectioner's sugar until stiff; sprinkle sugar on the moulding-board and mix until very smooth. Make into small flat balls; put the dates in two; take out seeds and put half date on each side of the balls.

Fruit Candy.—One cocoanut grated. Take one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, wet with the milk of the cocoanut, put in a saucepan and let it heat slowly; then boil rapidly five minutes. Add the cocoanut and boil ten minutes longer, stirring constantly. Try a little on a cold plate. If it forms a firm paste, take from the fire. Pour half of it on a large tin lined with paraffine paper; then add to the remaining cream one-quarter of a pound of raisins (stoned), one-half pound of blanched almonds (sliced), one pound pecan nut meats, one-half cupful hickory nut meats, chopped; mix well and pour this over the other cream. Cut in bars.

Chocolate Caramels.—Two cups molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of rich milk, one-half pound Baker's chocolate, piece of butter the size of an egg. Beat all well together, then boil until it thickens, when dropped in water; turn into flat tins well buttered. When nearly cold cut into small squares.

Filling for a Pillow.

Sweet clover, in which the roadsides in some parts of our country abound, is a fragrant delight for a whole year if used to fill couch pillows. Dry it in bags of very coarse, loosely woven cheesecloth; then make the outer covering of Swiss muslin, with a wide frill, or of linen in pale green or white. Bunches of the clover in cases of the cheesecloth also perfume closets and bureau-drawers delightfully. In performing the work with rose-leaves line the bureau-drawers with thick white paper, then put in a thick layer of rose-petals that are gathered, then the lace, another layer of the leaves, and cover the top with tissue paper. Keep the drawer closed for a day. The roses should be gathered as soon as the dew has dried from them in the morning. Cut the roses for this purpose that have just opened.

Now d ys.

Friend—Don't you belong to a club? Business Man—No; c...ford it. Takes all I can spare to pay dues at the clubs my wife belongs to.

A cheerful face is nearly a gift for an invalid as healthy weather.—Franklin.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

British pride in the navy of Great Britain does not close the eyes of all British writers to what they admit may be defects in the establishment. The fault to which the Pall Mall Gazette has just directed attention is not one of a serious kind. It does not attribute to the men who have built the fine battleships and cruisers for England any neglect to embody in the new vessels the best and most approved ideas in naval architecture and ordnance. The complaint is one of a sentimental nature, a rather impatient and analytical protest against what appears to be a disposition on the part of the Admiralty to name warships without due regard for the great events and the heroes of British history.

The heedlessness occasionally suggested in the naming of new vessels provokes the fear that the example may have been imitated of the Lord of the Admiralty who labeled English ships with alien names out of a lexicon. While "Agamemnon" is tolerable because it recalls Nelson and his dearest ship, and the resonance of "Bellerophon" is reminiscent of renown, "Andromache" is objected to, and so is "Apollo," which the sailors call "Andromach" and "Appolo," with great stress on the last "o." Of eighty-three British iron-plated, twenty-five have classical names; four only recall victories by sea, and two are named for achievements on land; seven are called after Admirals, eight after great Englishmen or the royal house, four are named for French prizes won in hard fight, five are names of places, nine are adjectives, and eighteen are named by "divers nouns."

This feeling of regret has recalled in the mind of the Pall Mall Gazette critic the conceit of the Roman Emperor who served upon his table viands that began with the same letter. And it has seemed to him that notion of the sovereign who made a feast of "pig, pie, pudding, pork, pancakes" might have inspired the men who chose "Barrosa," "Barracouta," "Blonde," and other names meaningless and devoid of association. As for the gunboats, which are called "worthless ships," such meek names as "Pigeon," "Plover," "Pheasant," and "Partridge" seem to be fitting, in the estimation of the critic of the Admiralty, who declares that the torpedo destroyers have had "most unworthy names," without endearing associations, "dumped down upon them" with such labels as "Sturgeon," "Sunfish," "Swordfish," and the like. No "Cromwell" or "Chatham" or "Drake" or "Alfred" or "Elizabeth" or "Henry VIII," it is regretted, has been provided for the navy.

The millennium seems to be at hand in England. Law cases, which have been steadily diminishing in number of late years, were so few at the Easter term of courts that in the Queen's Bench, though three of the Judges were withdrawn for other duties, it was likely that the others would be left with nothing to do before the end of the term, and in the Court of Appeal the Judges could easily keep abreast of their work, sitting only five days in the week. The Superior Courts give decisions in many instances in from three to five weeks, which is quicker than was possible two years ago, and sooner than a decision can be obtained in the County Courts. In the Equity Court, if cases do not proceed so fast, matters are in such a condition that it is hard to believe there could be a time when the business before the Judges would occupy them "for at least three years to come though no fresh business were to come before them." In all the courts, save the Probate and Divorce Court, there is a penury of suits. There is less to do and it is done more quickly, and the number of applicants for admission to the bar has never been so small.

Many causes are given for this change, the simplification and acceleration of legal machinery; the vigorous spirit imparted by Lord Chief Justice Russell; the suppression of useless applications and appeals; but the most remarkable, and according to the times it is an undeniable fact, is the growing sense in the community that in litigation the game is rarely worth the candle. This axiomatic truth has been known so long to lawyers that it is safe to say that the greater part of every honest lawyer's business consists in preventing his clients from going to law. But that it should have worked into John Bull's head at last that he may pay too much to test his "rights" is hard to believe. If the news is true, the sooner we catch the infection the better. No need to worry about what will become of the lawyers. We hope that in England they are good people, just as they are here, and providence will temper the winds to suit their new condition.

One Minute Cramp Cure.

This is the need of the hour and Nervine cures cramps in one minute. Spasm is at once relieved by its use for it contains the most powerful and pain subduing remedies known to Medical Science. Nervine or Nerve Line Cure is sold by druggists.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

How It Was Found By a Lanark County Lady.

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

From Brockville Recorder.

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

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

Homes For Bright Little Boys.

The Children's Aid Society of Toronto is anxious to hear of Christian homes and loving, motherly hearts that are ready to open for the reception of one of its fine little boys from 2 to 7 years old. Applications for girls of all ages and older boys have been numerous, but the little boys seem to have been nearly forgotten. Our readers should apply at once.

There are, doubtless, many boys and girls in Canada who would like to do something to help boys and girls who are neglected and abused and who can be rescued.

The Society will be glad to have their help. Any children anxious to help can earn, save or collect money or give entertainments to make money and the Society will send any boy or girl anxious to do so, a neat iron box, with lock and key in which to deposit the money, if they will promise to send in yearly not less than \$1.50, about Christmas time.

Address: J. STUART COLEMAN, Secretary, 32 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Alma Ladies' College.

The Fine Art department at ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT., is doing very successful work, over 1000 certificates from the Ontario School of Art having been taken by the students. Students can qualify at Alma College and receive license to teach in the public and high schools the various subjects of the art course. Rates low. For announcement address Principal Austin, B. D.

It has been calculated that the saline matter held in solution in sea water comprises one-twentieth of its weight.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to swear off. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, destroys irritation, promotes digestion; is healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk No-To-Bac is sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

An albino frog with beautiful pink eyes has lately been added to the curiosities in the museum at Berlin.

HEART DISEASE YIELDS AN INTENDED VICTIM.

The Wife of Capt. Chas. Muggler Radically Cured of Heart Disease of Four Years Standing by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Mrs. Chas. Muggler, Sydney, N. S. For over four years I was afflicted with severe heart trouble. Smothering and choking sensations, swelled feet and ankles, and pain in left side were my symptoms. I doctored constantly without benefit and in fact had despaired of ever again being well. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart was at last tried and to my astonishment gave relief inside of an hour. I have now used three bottles and am completely cured. No one can use too strong language in recommending this remedy, as its powers to cure are truly wonderful.

When Ponce-de-Leon sought to find the fountain giving back lost youth, it may be that he had in mind That draught which seems to make a truth Out of the fable ages old.

For drinking it the old grow young; It is, indeed, a draught of gold, Surpassing all by poets sung.

The draught meant is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of course. It is a most potent rejuvenator of the weakened and debilitated system. It drives out all poison, all impurity, enriches the blood, and makes the old and worn out feel young and vigorous. Ponce-de-Leon didn't discover it, but Dr. Pierce did, and he rightly named it when he called it a "Golden Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, indigestion and headaches. All dealers.

Made Up in Satisfaction.

He was the meanest man in town, and the druggist's clerk hated him accordingly. He came into the store and asked for arsenic.

How much? said the clerk.

Five cents' worth. I want to poison a dog with it.

Oh, ah, politely smiled the clerk; you want to commit suicide, I perceive.

He didn't wait for the poison after that, and the clerk lost a sale, but made it up in satisfaction.

Unnecessary Trouble.

Hogan—Oh have a joke on Houghlignan. They was a felly kem into his place an' took three drinks in rapid succession av his whiskey, an' thin pulled a gun an' shot himself.

Grogan—Oh think the joke is on the man Fwat for did he go to the trouble av usin' a gun after three drinks av Houghlignan's whiskey?

THE SUFFERING OF OLD PEOPLE.

Finds Simple and Quick Relief in the Use of South American Kidney Cure.

The suffering from kidney trouble endured by men and women who are getting a little up in years is often exceedingly distressing. The annoyance and inconvenience caused by a derangement of the kidneys is only too plain to all who have been troubled in this way. How keen the distress is at times from what is known as prostatic troubles in the old, such as enlargement, inflammation and ulceration of the prostate gland. Without any present or after unpleasant effects South American Kidney Cure gives immediate and lasting relief in all such cases. It is a wonderful medicine for kidney trouble of whatever kind. It is essentially a kidney cure, and boasts of nothing more. But it is king here every time.

There is something in the shape of harps as though they had been made by music.—Bailey.

Denver and Return.

The Wabash Railroad is the direct line to the Great Annual meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col. Tickets on sale July 3d, 4th, 5th, good until September 1st. The rate will be the lowest ever made to the public. The Wabash is the only line that can take delegates via St. Louis and Kansas city and return them via Chicago, or (vice versa.) Take this route and pass through seven States of the Union in the finest equipped trains in America. All particulars from any Railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, northeast corner King & Yonge streets, Toronto.

Fiction is a potent agent for good—in the hands of the good.—Mrs. Necker.

Recipe.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller.

West Shore Through Sleeping Car to New York.

One of the handsomest sleeping cars that has ever been turned out of the factory is now running from Toronto to New York without change via the popular West Shore route. It is a buffet car, and refreshments can be obtained on route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4.55 p. m. reaching New York next morning at 10.10 a. m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in this sleeping car. Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

I have great hope of a wicked man, slender hope of a mean one.—Beecher.

A Matter Now Beyond Dispute.

The fact that St. Leon Mineral Water is the only recognized perfect medicinal water on the continent is now beyond dispute. That it cures Indigestion, Rheumatism, Biliousness and Kidney troubles is proven by the numerous instances in which it has cured where other remedies failed.

Our leading physicians recommend it for these diseases, and, besides, the proprietors guarantee it. Sold by all reputable dealers.

The greatest events dawn with no morose noise the morning star makes in rising.—Beecher.

It is Absurd.

It is absurd to try to cure rheumatism with sarsaparilla, and the ordinary advertised compounds which are recommended for the cure of almost every disease to which the human flesh is heir.

This disease, as all know, is caused by an acid poison in the blood, and can only be quickly and effectually removed by the use of an internal remedy, which will neutralize it, and thus destroy its irritating properties. The ingredients of South American Rheumatic Cure have not been long known, but are recommended by some of the latest English medical works as being to rheumatism what quinine is to ague, an absolute specific. The first dose of the remedy gives perfect relief, and it at once begins the chemical process of neutralizing the acid of the blood. It usually cures in one to three days.

Date of General Election.

When is it to be? This question is disturbing the souls of politicians. In view of the material alteration in the commercial policy of the country which would be involved in a change of government it is a matter which concerns the general public. Meanwhile the aching corns of the populace cry for a remedy and the government give no heed to the demand. Look here! don't suffer this neglect to delay the use of means open to all and which removes the most painful and obstinate corns in two days. Painless, sure acting corn cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

Catarrah—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

A. P. 771.

A GREAT MEDICINE.

Cod-liver Oil is useful beyond any praise it has ever won, and yet few are willing or can take it in its natural state. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not offensive; it is almost palatable.

Children like it. It is Cod-liver Oil made more effectual, and combined with the Hypophosphites its strengthening and flesh-forming powers are largely increased.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

FISHING TACKLE, Sporting Goods, Guns, Ammunition, Etc. very large stock. Send for list. Correspondence solicited.

R. GOSTEN & CO., 1096 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

\$15.00 PER WEEK and steady employment. You work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business. Write to day.

The Queen Silverware Co. Montreal.

TO WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS. Wools bought and sold. Hard Waste, Hard Ends, Fleeces, etc. bought, or exchanged for Mill Supplies, gannetted waste or shoddy.

Robt. S. Fraser, 3 St. Helen St., Montreal.

FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris \$1 for trial lot, 10¢ cloth pieces for quilts. Send 27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED for the Farmers' Friend and Account Book, highly recommended by the several Ministers of Agriculture for Canada. Prices low. Terms liberal. Send for circulars. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, Ont.

STAMMERING Permanently Cured by a strictly Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE, 63 Shuter St. Toronto

\$150.00 FOR AN OLD CANADIAN STAMP BOOK UP TO YOUR OLD LETTERS and old collections of stamps and get the highest cash price for them from C. A. NEEDHAM, 681 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ont.

TEXTILE MILL SUPPLIES Cotton and Woolen. Best English Card Clothing. Aniline Dyes. High grade Log Wood Chips. Write for quotations.

ROBERT & CO., 14 St. Michael St., Montreal.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL offers special advantages to young men desirous of acquiring the art of cutting and fitting gentlemen's garments. No better trade, a rare chance. Write for particulars, 113 Yonge St. Also agents for McDowell's Garment Dyeing Machine for Ladies.

G. DUTHIE & SONS

Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile & Gravel Roofers Sheet Metal Ceilings, Terra Cotta Tile, Red Black and Green Roofing Slate, Metal Cornices, Felt, Tar, Roofing Pitch, Etc. Gutters, Downpipes, &c., supplied the trade.

Telephone 1938. Adelaide & Widmer Sts. TORONTO.

Rob Roy Cigar

It's no because I'm Scotch but you canna smoke a better Cigar than

"ROB ROY," They cost 5c.

but I get sax of them for a quarter.

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

GRANBY RUBBERS

Better this season than ever. Everybody wants them. Every dealer sells them. They wear like Iron.

FARM ENGINES

UPRIGHT and HORIZONTAL. Stationary, Portable & Semi-Portable. All sizes from 8 to 20 Horse Power.

UNEXCELLED in Simplicity, Effective Working Qualities and Durability. GUARANTEED TO GIVE FULL POWER CLAIMED AND TO BE AS REPRESENTED. Over 2,000 in successful operation. It will pay you to write us before buying. Pamphlet free. A fair supply of second-hand and re-built engines at moderate prices.

WATEROUS, BRANTFORD

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, Dorchester, Mass., is printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, MASS.

WANTED HELP.—Reliable men in every locality (local or traveling) to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards

acked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary \$65 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars write The World Med. Electric Co., P.O. Box 221, London, Ont., Can.

ARE YOU HONEST, SOBER, INDUSTRIOUS?—If so, engage with us for 1916: \$3.0 a month, \$3.00 a year. You can make it easy; six hours a day. Our agents do not complain of hard times. Why? They are making money selling our Perfection Dish Washer, the only practical family washer manufactured; washes, dries and polishes dishes perfectly in two minutes; no experience necessary; a child of eight operates it easily; cheap and durable; weight sixteen pounds; made of anti-rust sheet steel; capacity 100 pieces; \$10.00 for its equal; every family wants one. You don't have to canvass; as soon as people know you have it for sale they send for a dish washer. Each agent territory protected; no competition. We furnish sample (weight six pounds) in nice case to lady agents to take orders with; one agent made \$24.33 first ten days. Address, for full particulars, Perfection Mfg. Co., Englewood, Ill.

THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE

ONLY \$10 ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS. PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, ETC.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$25.00 SEND TO CREELMAN BROS. MRS. GEORGETOWN, ONT.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

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Live Stock Markets.

Toronto, July 19.—The market here to-day was unimportant and practically unchanged. We had the comparatively light run of 48 loads all told, on sale, and these included 850 sheep and lambs, 700 hogs, 90 calves and scarcely 20 milkers. Export cattle, which were a shade better about the middle of the week, were not in special demand this morning, and butchers' cattle, if not really good, were sold slowly at low figures. In fact, one up-to-date follower of current events remarked that "the cattle market in Toronto was like the Liberal party in the old county—very much under the weather." The cattle here, both export and butchers' cattle, was remarkable for its poor quality, as, owing to the continued drought, much of it is half starved.

Export cattle—The best price paid to-day was 4½c, and sales were very slow; 3½ to 4c was all that good stuff would fetch, and 3½c was not an unusual figure. One load averaging 1825 lbs, sold at 4½c; 21 averaging close on 1800 lbs, sold at 4c; a load averaging 1275 lbs, sold at \$3.80 per cwt; and a load, averaging 1,175 lbs, sold at \$3.60 and \$10 back. But sales were of no representative value to-day; prices 3½ to 4½c. Quality was poor, telegrams from England no better, and trade was slow.

Butchers, cattle—For any good stuff, the market was perhaps a shade better, but the trouble was that scarcely any good stuff was here. As a matter of fact, over 4c was paid for picked lots, and really good fat cattle sold easily at from \$3.80 to \$4 per cwt; second rate stuff was easy at from 3 to 3½c; and some really good stuff sold at 3½c; cattle were selling at 2½ to 2¾c, but it is difficult to know why these cattle are purchased, as they are utterly unfit to kill. Among the sales were these:—A lot of 40 cattle, averaging from 900 to 1,050 lbs, sold at from 2½ to 4c per lb; 20 averaging 1,100 lbs, sold at 3½c; a load of steers, averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at 2½c; a load, averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at \$2.65 per cwt; a load averaging 1100 lbs, sold at \$35.50 each; one heifer, 920 lbs, sold at 4c; 7 heifers, averaging 1180 lbs, sold at \$45 each; a load of cattle averaging 1,015 lbs, sold at \$3.50 per cwt; 10 steers averaging 1,100 lbs, sold at \$3.20 per cwt; 9 cattle, averaging 990 lbs, sold at \$37.50 each; 6 averaging 975 lbs, sold at \$3.40 per cwt; and a mixed lot of 19 averaging around 1000 lbs, sold at 3½c per lb and \$10 back. A good quantity of stuff was unsold, but good cattle are wanted, and may be called a shade firmer in price.

We had scarcely twenty milkers here and with a poor demand, prices ranged from \$20 to \$26 each.

Sheep and lambs—Sheep for export were maintained at 3½c to-day; and Messrs. Dunn purchased 300 at prices ranging around \$3.40 to \$3.60 per cwt, but farmers must not expect these prices to last. Sheep will have very shortly to sell lower. Lambs were in ample supply, and sold at from \$2 to \$3.50 each.

Calves were a little firmer to-day and all good calves will find a ready sale. A bunch of 50 averaging 135 lbs, sold at \$4.75 each.

Hogs were steady, and likely to continue so. For the best, weighed off cars 5c was paid, thick, fat and light hogs \$4.70 per cwt, and stores sold at \$4.25 per cwt. These prices will rule next week.

East Buffalo, July 19.—Receipts of cattle were moderate, and but three loads were on sale; the market was strong to firmer for anything desirable. Receipts of veals were 175 head; the market was steady to firm for good to choice veals at \$4.25 to \$5.25; light and fair lots \$3.50 to \$4.25; heavy fed calves and grassers, dull and slow at \$2 to \$2.50.

Hogs—On sale 5,250 head; the market opened slow and draggy, but later firmed up and closed strong, a fair clearance being made; meniums, heavy and choice yorkers brought \$2.50 to \$5.65; roughs \$4.60 to \$5; pigs, \$5.60 to \$5.65; stags, \$3.75 to \$4.50.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts were unusually heavy for the time of season, 50 cars; the market ruled very dull and slow for all kinds, with common 25 to 50 per cent. lower; best wethers sold at \$4 to \$4.35; fair to good mixed sheep, \$2.85 to \$3.50; common to fair \$2.40 to \$2.75; culls, \$1 to \$2.25; top yearlings, \$3.75 to \$4; fair to good \$3.25 to \$3.50; spring lambs, \$2.50 to \$5.50.

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