

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

The Emperor did not at first talk much upon the way. Perhaps the deaths of Despienne and Tremean still weighed heavily upon his spirits. He was always a reserved man, and in those times, when every hour brought him the news of some success of his enemies or defection of his friends, one could not expect him to be a merry companion. Nevertheless, when I reflected that he was carrying in his bosom those papers which he valued so highly, and which only a few hours ago appeared to be forever lost, and when I further thought that it was I, Etienne Gerard, who had placed them there, I felt that I had deserved some little consideration. The same idea may have occurred to him, for when we had at last left the Paris high road, and had entered the forest, he began of his own accord to tell me that which I should have most liked to have asked him.

"As to the papers," said he I have already told you that there is no one now except you and me, who knows where they are to be concealed. My Mameluke carried the spades of the pigeon house, but I have told him nothing. Our plans, however, for bringing the packet from Paris have been formed since Monday. There were three in the secret, a woman and two men. The woman I would trust with my life; which of the two men has betrayed us I do not know, but I think that I may promise to find out."

"We were riding in the shadow of the trees at the time, and I could hear him clapping his riding whip against his boot, and taking pinch after pinch of snuff, as was his way when he was excited."

"You wonder, no doubt," said he after a pause, "why these rascals did not stop the carriage at Paris instead of at the entrance to Fontainebleau?"

In truth, the objection had not occurred to me but I did not wish to appear to have less wits than he gave me credit for, so I answered that it was indeed surprising.

"Had they done so they would have made a public scandal and run a chance of missing their end. Short of taking the berline to pieces, they could not have discovered the hiding-place. He planned it well—he could always plan well—and he chose his agents well also. But mine were the better."

It is not for me to repeat to you, my friends, all that was said to me by the Emperor as we walked our horses amid the black shadows and through the moon-silvered glades of the great forest. Every word of it is impressed upon my memory, and before I pass away it is likely that I will place it all up in paper, so that others may read it in the days to come. He spoke freely of his past, and something also of his future; of the devotion of Macdonald, of the treason of Marmont, of the little King of Rome, concerning whom he talked with as much tenderness as any bourgeois father of a single child; and, finally, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, who would, he thought, stand between his enemies and himself. For myself, I dared not say a word, remembering how I had already brought a rebuke upon myself; but I rode by his side, hardly able to believe that this was the great Emperor, the man whose glance sent a thrill through me, who was now pouring out his thoughts to me in short, eager sentences, the words rattling and racing like the hoofs of a galloping squadron. It is possible that after the word-splitting and diplomacy of a Court, it was a relief to him to speak his mind to a plain soldier like myself.

In this way the Emperor and I—even after years it sends a flush of pride into my cheeks to be able to put those words together—the Emperor and I walked our horses through the Forest of Fontainebleau, until we came at last to the Colomber. The three spades were propped against the wall upon the right-hand side of the ruined door, and at the sight of them the tears sprang to my eyes as I thought of the hands for which they were intended. The Emperor seized one and I another.

"Quick!" said he. "The dawn will be upon us before we get back to the palace."

We dug the hole and placing the papers in one of my pistol holsters to screen them from the damp, we laid them at the bottom and covered them up. We then carefully removed all marks of the ground having been disturbed, and we placed a large stone upon the top. I dare say that since the Emperor was a young gunner and helped to train his pieces against Toulon, he had not worked so hard with his hands. He was mopping his forehead with his silk handkerchief long before we had come to the end of our task.

The first grey cold light of morning was stealing through the tree trunks when we came out together from the old pigeon-house. The Emperor laid his hand upon my shoulder as I stood ready to help him to mount.

"We have left the papers there," said he solemnly, "and I dare that you shall leave all thought of them here also. Let the recollection of them pass entirely from your mind, to be revived only when you receive a direct order under my own hand and seal."

"I forget it, sire," said I.

"We rode together to the edge of the own, where he desired that I should separate from him. I had saluted, and was turning my horse when he called me back.

"It is easy to mistake the points of the compass in the forest," said he. "Would you not say that it was in the north-eastern corner that we buried them?"

"Buried what, sire?"

"The papers of course," he cried, impatiently.

"What papers, sire?"

"Name of a name! Why the papers that you have recovered for me."

"I am really at a loss to know what your majesty is talking about."

"He flushed with anger for a moment, and then he burst out laughing.

"Very good, Brigadier!" he cried. "I begin to believe that you are as good a diplomatist as you are a soldier, and I cannot say more than that."

"So that was my strange adventure in which I found myself the friend and confident agent of the Emperor. When returned from Elba he refrained from digging up the papers until his position should be secure, and they still re-

mained in the corner of the old pigeon house after his exile to St. Helena. It was at this time that he was desirous of getting them into the hands of his own supporters, and for that purpose he wrote me, as I afterwards learned, three letters all of which were intercepted by his guardians. Finally he offered to support himself and his own establishment—which he might very easily have done out of the gigantic sum which belonged to him—if they would only pass one of his letters unopened. This request was refused, and so, up to his death in '21, the papers still remained, where I have told you. How they came to be dug up by Count Bertrand and myself, and who eventually obtained them, is a story which I would tell you, were it not the end has not yet come.

Some day you will hear of those papers and you will see how, after he has been so long in his grave, that great man can still set Europe shaking. When that day comes you will think of Etienne Gerard, and you will think of the children that you have heard the story from the lips of the man who took part in that strange history—the man who was tempted by Marshal Berthier, who led that wild pursuit upon the Paris road, who was honoured by the embrace of the Emperor, and who rode with him by moonlight in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The buds are bursting and the birds are calling, my friends. You may find better things to do in the sunlight than listening to the stories of an old, broken soldier. And yet you may well treasure what I say, for the buds will have burst and the birds sung in many seasons before France will see such another ruler as he whose servants we were proud to be.

(The End.)

The Vicar's Governess.

CHAPTER I.

"A heap of dust alone remains of thee; 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!"

—Pope.

In an upper chamber, through the closed blinds of which the sun is vainly striving to enter, Reginald Branscombe, fifth Earl of Sartoris, lies dead. The sheet is reverently drawn across the motionless limbs; the once restless now quiet, face is hidden; all around is wrapt in solemn unutterable silence,—the silence that belongs to death alone!

A sense of oppressive calm is upon everything,—a feeling of loneliness, vague and shadowy. The clock has ticked its last an hour ago, and now stands useless in its place. The world without moves on unheeding; the world within knows time no more! Death reigns triumphant! Life sinks into insignificance!

Once, a little flickering golden ray, born of the hot sun outside, flashes in through some unknown chink, and casts itself gleefully upon the fair white linen of the bed. It trembles vacillantly now here, now there, in uncontrollable joyousness, as though seeking in its gawky to mock the grandeur of the King of Terrors! At least so it seems to the sole watcher in the lonely chamber, as with an impatient sigh he raises his head, and, going over to the window, draws the curtains still closer to shut out the obnoxious light; after which he comes back to where he has been standing, gazing down upon, and thinking of, the dead.

He is an old man, tall and gaunt, with kind but passionate eyes, and a mouth expressive of patience. His hands—withered but still sinewy—are clasped behind his back; every feature in his face is full of sad and anxious thought.

What changes the passing of a few short hours have wrought!—so he muses. Yesterday the man now chilled and silent for evermore was as full of animation as he—his brother—who to-day stands so sorrowfully beside his corpse. His blood had run as freely in his veins, his pulse throbbed as evenly, his very voice had been sounding strong and clear and hearty, when Death, remorseless, claimed him for his own.

Poor Reginald! Had he known of the fell disease that had nestled so long within his heart, would he not have shown himself to give him kindly warning? Certainly no hint of it had ever passed his lips, even to the most near and dear to him. He had lived apparently free from care or painful forebodings of any kind,—a good and useful life too, leaving nothing for those behind (who loved him) to regret. Indeed, of late he had appeared even gayer, happier, than before; and now—

It seems such a little time ago since they both were laid together. A tiny space taken from the great eternity, when all is told, how would the living man remember at this moment many a kindness shown and gift bestowed by the dead, that until now had well nigh been forgotten!

He thinks of the good old college days, when they worked little, and fought hard, and trained their fresh young limbs to do mighty deeds, and walked, and rode, and held their own with the best, and showed open defiance of dons and deans and proctors; he lingers, too, on the days still further on, when Reginald, having attained to his kingdom, lavished with no meager hand upon his more extravagant brother the money so sorely needed.

Now Reginald is gone, and he, Arthur, reigns in his stead, and—Alas! alas! poor Reggy!—Poor, dear old fellow!

He rouses himself with an effort, and, going very softly to a small door that opens from the apartment, beckons gently to somebody beyond.

An old woman, dressed in deepest mourning, and of the housekeeper type, answers his summons, her eyes red with excessive weeping.

to the man before her, she bursts out crying afresh, yet silently, in a subdued fashion, as though ashamed of her emotion.

Sartoris pats her shoulder kindly, and then with a sigh turns away, and passes from the room with bent head and hands still clasped behind him, as has become a habit with him of late years.

Down the stairs and along the hall he goes, until, reaching a door at the lower end, he pauses before it, and, opening it, enters a room, half library, half boudoir, furnished in a somewhat rococo style.

It is a room curiously built, being a complete oval, with two French windows opening to the ground, and a glass door between them—partly stained—leads to the parterre outside. It is filled with mediæval furniture, uncompromising and as strictly uncomfortable as should be, and has its walls (above the wooden dado) covered with a high-art paper, on which impossible stories, and unearthly birds of all descriptions, are depicted as rising out of blue green rushes.

This room is known as "my lady's chamber," having ever been the exclusive property of the mistress of the house, until Mrs. Dorian Branscombe, in default of any other mistress, had made her own of it during her frequent visits to Hythe, and had refurbished it to suit her own tastes, which were slightly æsthetic.

Now, she too is dead and gone, and the room, though never entirely closed or suffered to sink into disrepair, is seldom used by any of the household.

As Lord Sartoris goes in, a young man, who has been standing at one of the windows, turns and comes quickly to meet him. He is of good height, and is finely formed, with brown hair cut closely to his head, a brown mustache, and deep-blue eyes. His whole appearance is perhaps more pleasing than aristocratic than strictly handsome, his mouth being too large and his nose too pronounced for any particular style of beauty.

Yet it is his eyes—perfect as they are in shape and color—that betray the chief faults of his disposition. He is too easy-going, too thoughtless of consequences, too much given to letting things go,—without consideration or fear of what the end may bring; too full of life and spirits to-day to dream of a sadder morrow,—so happy in the present that the future troubles him not at all.

"How ill you look!" he says, anxiously, addressing his uncle. "My dear Arthur, you have been overdoing it. You should not have remained so long in that room alone."

"Well, it is all over now," Sartoris says, wearily, sinking into a chair near him. "I was glad to finish it once for all. Those private papers he kept in his own room, without examining sooner or later; and now my task is at an end I feel more contented."

"Was there anything beyond?"

"Very little. Just one letter sealed and directed to me. It contained a desire that poor Maud's letters should be buried with him. I found them in a box by themselves, neatly tied with pale-blue ribbon,—her favorite color,—and with them an old likeness of her, faded almost white."

"For how long he remembered her!" says the young man, in a tone of slow astonishment.

"Too long for our present day," returns his uncle, absently. Then there is silence for a moment or two, broken only by the chatter of the birds in the sunlit garden outside. Presently Sartoris speaks again. "Where is Horace?" he asks indifferently.

"He was here, half an hour ago, with his crissa. She came over when she heard of—our sad news. They went out together,—to the stables, I think. Shall I find him for you?"

"No, I do not want him," says Sartoris, a little impatiently. "How strange no one told me of Clarissa's coming! And why did you not go with her to the stables, Dorian? Surely you know more about horses than he does."

About twenty years before mystery opens, Dorian, fourth Lord Sartoris, died, leaving behind him three sons,—Reginald (who now, too, had passed into the land of shadows), Arthur, the present earl, and Dorian, the younger.

This Dorian alone, of all the brothers, had married. But his wife (who was notable for nothing beyond her deceitful temper and beautiful face, being as false as she was fair) having died too, in giving birth to her second child, Horace, and her husband having followed her to the grave about three years later the care of the children devolved upon their uncle Reginald, who had been appointed guardian.

But Reginald—being a somewhat careless man in many respects, and little given to children—look small head of them, and beyond providing masters for them at first, and later on sending them to school and college, and giving them choice of professions, had left them very much to their own devices.

and improved projects for the cultivation of land.

But time undecieved these good souls. And now, though they love him better, they believe in him not at all. To adore one's horses, and to be a perfect slave to one's dogs, is one thing; to find a tender interest in the price of guano, and a growing admiration for prize pigs, is quite another. When Dorian had tried it for six months, he acknowledged, reluctantly, that his mangled were an abomination, and overfed cattle a wearying of the flesh!

Every now and then, indeed, he tells himself that he must "look about him," as he calls it, and, smothering a sigh starts for a quick walk across his land, and looks at a field or two, or into the nearest paddock, and asks his steward how things are going on, and if all is as satisfactory now as in the old days when his father held the reins of government, and having listened absently to the comfortable answers and cheerful predictions for the future, strolls away again, thoroughly content, not caring to investigate matters further.

He is fond of London life, and spends a good deal of his time there; is courted and petted and made much of by enterprising dowagers with marriageable daughters, as a young man charming, well bred altogether chic, and undoubted heir to an earldom; for of Arthur Sartoris's ever marrying, now he has so long passed the prime of life, no one ever dreams.

He knows all the best people in town, and puts in a good time when there; is a fair hand at what and can beat most men at billiards; will now and then put money on a favorite for the Oaks or the Grand National, but cannot be said to regard gambling as an amusement. He is extravagant in many ways, but thoroughly unselfish and kind-hearted, and generous to a fault. He is much affected by women, and adored by children, who instinctively accept him as a true friend.

Horace, both in face and in figure, is strangely like his brother,—in character very different. He is tall and well built, with eyes large, dark, and liquid, but rather too closely set to be pleasing; his mouth is firm and somewhat hard, his smile soft, but uncertain. He is always charming to women, being outwardly blind to their caprices and an admirer of their follies, and is therefore an immense favorite with a certain class of them, whose subservience to their bodies. Yet to every rule there is an exception. And by women good, and true, and loyal, Horace has been, and is, well beloved.

As Lord Sartoris and Dorian crossed the hall, they met Horace, and a pretty girl—tall, slender, and graceful—coming toward them. She appears sad, and slightly distressed, but scarcely unnerved; there is a suspicion of tears about her large gray eyes. Her gown, of violet velvet (for, though they are in the merry month of May, the days are still cold and frosty), sits closely to her perfect figure; a Langry bonnet, to match her dress, covers her head and suits admirably her oval face and Grecian nose and peach-like complexion.

Going up, with impulsive grace, to Lord Sartoris, she says both her ungloved hands upon his shoulders, and presses her lips with tender sympathy to his cheek.

"How sad it all is!" she says, with a little break in her voice. "How can I tell you all I feel for you? If you had only had the faintest warning! But it was all so sudden, so dreadful!"

"What a kind child you are, Cissy!" says Sartoris, gently; "and to come to us so soon, that was so good of you."

"Was it?" says Clarissa, quickly. "That is what has been troubling me. We only heard the terrible news this morning, and now I find that you would be intrusive to call so early; but I—I could not keep away."

"Your presence in this gloomy house is an undeniable comfort," says Sartoris, sadly. "I am glad you understood us well enough to know that. It is my greatest wish that you should remain with us all your affection."

He glances from her to Dorian, as he speaks, with anxious meaning. But Dorian's gaze is fixed thoughtfully upon the stained-glass window that is flinging its crimson and purple rays upon the opposite wall, and has obviously been dead to all that has been passing. As for Clarissa, she has turned, and is looking into Horace's dark eyes.

Sartoris, catching the glance, drops Miss Peyton's hand with a sigh. She notices the half-petulant action, and compressed her lips slightly.

"Now I have seen you, I shall feel better," she says, sweetly. "And—I think I must be going."

"Will you desert us so soon?" says Sartoris, reproachfully. "At least stay to luncheon—"

He pauses, and sighs profoundly. Just now the idea that the routine of daily life must be carried on whether our beloved lie dead upon their couches or stand living in our path, is hateful to him.

"I hardly like," says Clarissa, nervously; "I fear—"

Dorian, rousing himself from his thoughts, comes back to the present moment.

"Oh, stay, Clarissa," he says, hurriedly. "You really must, you know. You cannot imagine what a relief you are to us: help us to bear our gloomy memories. Besides, Arthur has tasted nothing for hours, and your being here may tempt him, perhaps, to eat."

"If I can be of any use—," says Clarissa, kindly. Whereupon Sartoris gives her his arm, and they all adjourn to the dining-room.

CURRENT NOTES.

Between all sorts and conditions of men and women it is the law that you shall not look a gift horse in the mouth. But this, like most other laws, is perhaps often violated in a quiet way; and there are occasions in life when arises what the learned Story called a conflict of laws, when this law is overruled by some other law of more imperative obligation.

If you had to make an important journey on horseback in circumstances sure to involve great peril, where the mettle and merit of your steed would be superior to all other earthly things as conditions of safety, and some man presumed to be a friend, though he might be an enemy, should send you a gift horse to ride on that occasion, would you take the chances? Would you go it blind? Would you recklessly ride that gift horse without inquiry, and so endanger not only your life but your life insurance? We prefer to believe that the law of self-preservation would induce you to request some cold-blooded veterinary fellow minutely to scrutinize that horse's mouth.

We cannot justly blame Queen Victoria, therefore, for having sent a sanitary engineer to look into the Italian palace that the King of Italy has offered Her Majesty for a residence during her stay in Naples. Hospitality is good and gift horses are good—sometimes. But life and health also have their value, and it would be unwise to initiate a precipitate change in the person of the British sovereign merely to be polite to Umberto. There is not a palace in all Italy that will be the worse for being looked into by a sanitary engineer, and there is an old lady in England who may be much the better for such a preliminary. The Queen has been in Italy before this and she knows how things are, especially in the palaces.

Her Majesty has had cause to consider the sanitary condition of palaces everywhere. As it is said of the poets that they learn in suffering what they teach in song, so has this lady learned in heartache what she thus teaches by the most unceremonious example. Albert Edward once came within about a quarter of an inch of needing a halo simply because he slept in a room over a cess-pool, and the sad story of Princess Alice and her child is a story of life and death in that noisome centre of pestilence an old German palace.

TERRORS OF THE RED SEA.

The Heat Is Killing Hot and the French Sick and Wounded from Madagascar Will Have a Hard Time.

"The veritable hell of our earth," remarked the Calcutta representative of a commercial firm, home on his biennial vacation, the other day when he saw a cable despatch stating that the invalid soldiers of France's Madagascar campaign would be returned via the Suez Canal instead of voyaging around the Cape of Good Hope. "It is a sea that is literally infernal in its heat. It does not look large on the maps, but it stretches for nearly fifteen hundred miles between the incandescent shores of Egypt and Arabia, and its greatest width is less than two hundred."

"I have traversed it six times, and I have been on the verge of collapse every trip when we reached Aden or Port Said, so I think it likely that many of the French sick and wounded soldiers will not survive the journey."

"The heat is terrible. For nine months in the year the mercury remains at about 98 degrees in the shade, and when there is a breeze from the torrid deserts to the west or east it is hot as the breath of a furnace. A year frequently goes by without a drop of rain falling, and I have heard incredible stories of the heat which the desert sands along its banks seem to store up. I have never cared to land to verify any of them, but an Englishman told me that he put a thermometer in the sand once and the mercury slid up to 178 degrees."

"The water of the Red Sea, as may be imagined, is also very warm, and I have heard it asserted that it loses by evaporation each year enough to make itself an aqueous blanket twenty-three feet thick. Naturally it is one of the saltiest bodies of water on the globe. It is really a sort of arm of the Indian Ocean, you know, and receives no water to speak of from any other source. It has been estimated that if its supply were cut off by closing the Strait of Bab el Mandeb and the Suez Canal it would take only a few years for the fierce sun to dry it up entirely."

"It takes the P. and O. steamers about a week to run from Aden, at the southern end, in Arabia, to Port Said on the canal, and going either way the boats always stop at one or the other of these two ports to take on a gang of Arab firemen, for no other race has been found that can stand the awful heat of the furnace room in this torrid climate. These Arabs are thin, muscular fellows, almost as dark as negroes, and it is worth running the risk of fainting to get a glimpse of them when they are at work stark naked down in the boiler-room of the vessel, looking like a band of devils feeding the infernal fires."

The Figures Correct.

Railroad Official—I must say you put rather a high value on that trunk. What's in it?

Passenger—I don't know. My wife packed it.

Official—Hum! Perhaps your estimate is correct. If a woman did the packing, everything in the house is in it.

A Flourishing Industry.

Friend—How are you getting along now? Sharpie—First-rate. Making money hand over fist.

Indeed! You told me not long ago that your trade no longer paid living wages.

Well, it doesn't.

Then how do you make so much money? Teaching others my trade.

(To be Continued.)

MAN-O'-WAR AMUSEMENTS

A NAVAL CHAPLAIN'S EXPERIENCE ON A BRITISH SHIP.

How Officers and Men Amuse Themselves—Games of all kinds, Athletic Sports, Singing, and Music on all kinds of Instruments Constitute the Chief Amusements of the Jolly Tar.

The great change which has occurred in recent years in the build of our ships has caused some change in the habits and customs of our Blue-jackets. In former days, for instance, a ship would take five months or more going out to Australia, whereas our fast modern cruisers will do the trip in little more than six weeks. So in every class of cruise much less time is spent from port to port than used to be the case, and less sea work is necessary. The men are consequently less thrown on their own resources for amusement than they used to be, and much more addicted to find their pleasures ashore. However, the old order has not entirely passed away, and we find in corvettes, with their six knots economical speed, and in many smaller craft, the older sailor man in his perfection. Island cruising in the Pacific, East Indies, and Africa takes up generally more than half the year. How officers and men amuse themselves, and pass the time away, and keep themselves in health will interest many.

Of the midshipmen little need be said. They are young and "full of beans," and at sea, when they are not under instruction or drilling aloft, give themselves up to sky-larking. The most popular forms of their amusements are—"Sling the Monkey," "Baste the Bear," and "High Cock-a-Lorem." The two latter are rough games, which most shoregoing schoolboys delight in. "Slinging the Monkey" is, I think, peculiar to the Service. A rope is procured from the genial bo'sun. One end is made fast to some convenient place in the main rigging, the other end reaching down to the quarterdeck. On the end is made a loop to go into the monkey's armpits. The young gentleman who has the misfortune to be selected as first representative of his ancestors get into this loop with his feet on the deck, and so much slack as to give him a good swing off to any desired point of the compass. He holds in his hand a rope's end or well-knotted handkerchief, and his enemies are similarly armed. The object of the game is to run in and

as much as possible, while the monkey's object is to strike one of his opponents. If he succeeds in his efforts the one struck has to take his turn in the loop. The condition of the players afterwards is striped, and next day black and blue. However, it is a fine rough game, and good withal for the temper; so may it long remain a chief favourite with our embryo admirals. The time from evening quarters, from 4 to 5 p. m., until dinner, is not wasted by the more senior officers in a vigorous ship. The horizontal bar is rigged up, clubs, gloves, and singlesticks are provided, and many a hard knock is given and taken in good humour. And when the fancy so inclines the gentle game of ship's quoits serves to occupy the time and to prevent the liver from usurping an undue authority in the internal economy, and acquiring the size and consistence of a hat box. In some ships it is a common thing to see the men come aft and have a round or two at the gloves or singlesticks with their officers. There are many captains who disapprove of this as being quite the reverse, and nothing promotes good feeling and consequently willing service more than allowing the men to participate as much as possible in all sports ashore or afloat. Nights at sea are necessarily quiet and early. One lieutenant has the first watch, another has to get in two or three hours' sleep before midnight for the middle watch, and a third must be on deck by 4 a. m. However,

A RUBBER OF WHIST can generally be managed, or, if not, a game of chess, "checkers," or backgammon. Recreation for the ship's company is, however, a much more important matter. They are so much the more numerous class, and besides they go on shore far less frequently and make the ship much more their home than officers do. They do not need physical exercise in their leisure hours so much, as racing midshipmen into the tops and cross-trees, drilling aloft, and heavy gun practice suffice to keep them smart and in condition. There are some, however, whose energy is inexhaustible, and who must "wave" on the move. One man, I remember, would put money on himself to run, walk, jump, swim, sail a boat, or indeed almost anything against any other man in the ship. In the hottest tropical weather he would be seen training for some contest. He was a very popular fellow, as he won or lost with equal good temper. His favourite events were composite ones something like this. Run a mile, ring 50 quoits, carry weights a mile, ring 50 more quoits, swim a mile, altogether against time. It was a cunning enough plan, as nobody knew how long it would take, so our friend generally won back what he had lost on single contests.

Music is the chief thing to pass away the evenings from 5 to 9 p. m. First and foremost is the "aquee gee" band. This is a fife, drum, and anything else hand voluntarily got up in ships whose complements are not sufficiently large for a proper band. The members as a rule cannot read a note of music, and yet after a few months can play nautical and other airs with

WONDERFUL EFFECT. But besides this there is much individual playing in the men's messes. In one mess may be found a man serenading his lost love or addressing his mother's grave on the gentle flute, in the next a sailor is whistling Irish airs on the shrill fiddle; a third and others are scraping wild and lively jigs on the fiddle; while yet another or two are picking out painfully as with a pin

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" on mandolin. The instrument which is sometimes really well played, and a pleasure to hear is the banjo. It is principally used for accompanying singing on the upperdeck. Well-tuned for a ship if some officer with musical taste take the heterogeneous crowd in hand and forms them into a string and reed band. I have seen this done with such success that pleasant and reliable dance music could be supplied when wanted, songs accompanied, and very creditable selections played. Such music is invaluable for concerts and entertainments given for charities on shore or on board, and I have seen them referred to in the local press in such terms as "The excellent string band of H. M. S. Blank discoursed sweet music during the evening."

But what Jack really loves the best of this kind of thing is a nigger minstrel, or, as he would call it, a "blackface" show. The rehearsals give amusement to the performers for many weeks. Composing topical songs and jokes soothe many lonely hours. "Mass" Johnson is chosen with universal consent, as a man of easy manners and striking presence is required. But I regret that often

MUCH HEARTBURNING occurs over the corner men. Each man thinks that these are easy billets, and that he is specially qualified to make the greatest impression on the audience. I have known more than one troupe come to grief on this question, and think it a pity there are not corners for each member. They might have at least a "triangular duel."

Dancing is another favorite pastime. Every fine night when there is nothing else to do a cornet and a couple of fiddles or some such combination is got under weigh, and as many couples, in bare feet, as can find room take the boards. The valse is undoubtedly the prima favourite. The style of this dance is best described by Jack himself. Talking to a young sub-lieutenant who prided himself not without some reason, on his grace in the ball-room, a quartermaster said, "We dance the valse by spinning round but yours is a kind of springy 'op, sir." The steering and reversing are, however, excellent. Quaint set of quadrilles are also performed with wonderful precision and accuracy, and a form of kitchen-lancers, involving many novel figures, is always seen. The old dances, too, the polka mazurka, Highland schottische, &c., are still well supported, while the barn dance is rarely omitted. All these are performed without any tendency to horse play, though the restraining influence of the ladies is absent, in fact with a gravity which sometimes approaches the stage of melancholy. Of course, the men often give dances on shore in return for hospitalities received. These are very excellent and enjoyable affairs, and conducted with a decorum which I am afraid is sometimes less marked at much more pretentious shore-going entertainments.

Older family men spend their spare hours very profitably in tailoring, as all clothes worn by the men are home-made, and the sound of the sewing machine is seldom absent in spare hours. Making cloth and cord mats and woollen shawls is very common, especially during the last year of commission.

It is a well-known fact that the harder the day's work or the dirtier the weather, the more merry is Jack. I am convinced that a happy ship is nearly always a smart ship, and likely to turn out a good fighting ship; so may our British Blue-jackets ever be cheerful over a job of work, and merry and free when it is over.

MOTHER AND SON.

Pathetic Story of Life in a Great City.

Here are the facts in a story of real life. They are taken from the police reports of the New York Herald, and are true in every detail except the names.

One morning last winter a policeman came into the Jefferson Market Court in charge of a stout lad of twenty. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face which was honest and good-humored was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman, decently clad. Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious. "Who's this, officer?" the justice said when the boy's turn came. "It's John Cleary, your honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island, it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself Mrs. Cleary?" asked the kindly magistrate, who used as he was to scenes of suffering was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sor. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he is drunk," the policeman interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the complaint, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who laid a printed form on the table before her, saying, "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Sor," she said, "he's all the child I've got! I've been fightin' the devil for him for five year. If I sign that paper, I'll never let him go. He'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name. John was told to stand up.

"Now go into the witness-box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear again."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear agen him! I can't! She clutched her breast with both hands. It's killing me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang toward her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother! mother!" "I'll quit the drink!" she started and cried. But she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

A \$500,000,000 PLUNGER.

EXTRAORDINARY RISE OF THE SPECULATOR, BARNEY BARNATO.

Once a Street Fakir and Circus Performer, He Has Made Millions in South Africa's Mining Boom—All England Buys His Stocks—Extraordinary Rise in Mining Shares.

His name is Barney—Barney Barnato—and he is one of the very richest money kings in the world. Barnato is the Kaffir bonanza king, and his fortune to-day is estimated at \$500,000,000. That's the figure to-day; what it may be next week no one can tell, for Barnato is the central figure in the most gigantic and reckless speculation since the famous South Sea bubble.

This speculation has plunged Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans who have a dollar to risk into a feverish and unprecedented craze to buy, and sell "Kaffirs." On the London, Paris and German exchanges "Kaffirs" is the name of a confusing multiplicity of South African mining stocks, the lively ups and downs of which have for the past few months been making and unmaking fortunes.

Barney Barnato, the man who has really launched this unprecedented speculation, has himself made millions out of it, and when the crash comes, if it comes it must, it is believed that he will still be an enormously rich man. Most of his fortune is said to be on paper, but he holds the upper hand in all the big deals and he is not the sort of man who has let the "dear public" in on the ground floor without making them pay him a profit.

Of his origin as little is known as of the astonishing rise of the boom he has created. It is believed that he was a

LONDON STREET ARAB. He is still young—not yet forty—slightly over 5 feet in height, fat, squat and short-legged. His appearance is altogether ugly. All sorts of vague stories are told of his early career. He is said to have been a barber, a second-hand clothing dealer, a bagman, a broker's clerk, a messenger, a street fakir, a tumbler, circus performer, contortionist and prestidigitator. He has dealt in South African diamonds, and about their spuriousness nasty stories are recited by his enemies who knew him in the mines. He left there when he was about eighteen years old.

Three years ago, penniless and unknown, he appeared in London. Not long after there sprang up among speculators and investors great interest in South African mining stocks. Companies were formed to develop these mines, and European capitalists, big and little, were invited to take stock. It was easy to find money backers for these enterprises. Africa was a name to conjure by. The Dark Continent was a mystery not unminged with romance. Its resources were unlimited, its possibilities incalculable. New strikes of rich veins were reported. With each strike sprang up a company to work it. Kaffir stocks were in every man's mind. The English newspapers helped on the widespread public interest by publishing long letters and dispatches from the scene of activity. Conservative English journals inveighed against it, but the people gave no heed.

Barney Barnato got into the Kaffir swim. He plunged deep. His natural daring and cool frontedness stood him well. He won enormously. Then he branched out independently and drew about him his own following. It was another case of

THE LUCKY GAMBLER

leading the way for the unlucky. He organized companies to float "Kaffirs." There were Barnato "companies," Barnato "groups," Barnato "shares" but there never were any Barnato losses. He made money even more rapidly than the great bonanza kings of California in the palmiest days of the Argonauts.

Shrewdly he made a conquest of Sir Edgar Vincent. Sir Edgar and Barney became financial bosom friends. Sir Edgar gave the plunger position, which he never had in spite of his fortune. Barnato had been blackballed at the London clubs. The rich turf set out him, in spite of his heavy support of races and his fine strings of horses. Sir Edgar first of all made sure that Barnato and his South African enterprises were "safe." He went out to South Africa with Barney as Barney's guest, and was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful Lady Helen Duncombe, sister of the Duchess of Leinster. What Sir Edgar saw in Africa convinced him. He took up Barnato, gave him financial and social prestige, not in London but in Paris, and by clever manoeuvring secured for him the ear of the great Parisian financiers and boosted him forward in Parisian society. Sir Edgar now shares with him the title of "King of the Kaffirs."

Barnato's latest coup was the creation of the "Barnato bank, Mining and Estate Corporation, Limited." It needed no prospectus; the mob were only too eager to tumble over each other getting "on the inside." By the mere stroke of a pen Barnato created an enormous capital out of nothing.

The nominal capital of this bank was £2,500,000. The shares were £1 each, and on the morning of the issue there were 1,500 brokers, with orders to buy hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of shares at the market. The shares opened from £3½ to £4½ premium, and the capital of the bank is now valued at nearly £9,000,000. At the last settlement, when there was talk about difficulty in carrying over stocks, Barnato announced that he would lend £10,000,000 on the stocks of companies in which he was interested.

The trading in these shares developed one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed on the London market. For a time there was an almost

INDISCRIBABLE BARNEY,

and the shares were bid up to more than four times their face value. They subsided later, but the confidence of the public is

well attested by the fact that they are still quoted at over three times their face value.

The blind faith of the English people in this modern Midas upsets all theories of their national conservatism. It is estimated that not less than \$150,000,000 has been subscribed, a large part of it by small investors, in the schemes and enterprises of the plausible Barney.

He was and is to-day the speculative foe of Cecil Rhodes, and resembles the latter in the scope of his enterprises and nerve with which he backs them. Rhodes companies and Barnato companies are rivals for the favor of capital wherever "Kaffirs" are quoted.

Barnato resorted to the familiar method of working a number of mines under the same capital. From this union of workable mines came the name "groups."

In London Barnato is spending a million on a palace in Piccadilly, which he will occupy when it is finished. Meanwhile he is occupying Earl Spencer's house. He is a lavish spender, and among his luxuries, so it is reported, is a bath of champagne.

Alfred H. De Montgomery, a mining engineer of New York, who was in Kimberley ten years ago, said he saw Barnato at that time walking the streets peddling watches, matches and all sorts. "His fortune was made by an accident, which nobody had foreseen. Shortly after the mines of Kimberley were discovered there were about 20,000 diggers working the surface of the mine. About one hundred feet down the ground suddenly changed from yellow sand to

SOLID BLUE GROUND, hard as granite. All the miners gave up their claims, thinking the mine worked out. Only one digger went down about 200 feet, but he was stopped by the rainy season which set in. He left about 200 tons of solid blue earth lying on the floor and left the country.

"After four months 'Barney' walked over the mine and found a thirty-carat blue-white diamond lying right on top of the soil which came out of the 200 foot shaft. With the action of water and air the ground got pulverized and a small fortune was looking on Barney. He sold the stone and pegged all the mine out in his name; there were several thousand claims, worth at least one million pounds sterling at that time. Lot after lot he sold out to different companies for cash and interest, and through this stroke of luck he was possessor of about £2,000,000."

In 1892 all the companies amalgamated with De Beers's company, which is the sole possessor of the fields at the present. Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, Barney Barnato and Tom brothers are the biggest shareholders in this company.

"Long before the amalgamation, in 1886, 'Barney' went to Johannesburg gold fields, in his Transvaal Republic, where he bought several mines for a mere song, as the diggers could not afford to pay the heavy license money each month to the Government. The mines turned out trumps, as everybody knows, and 'Barney' is now the Gold King of South Africa, ruling the Kaffirs. Although he is the richest man in South Africa, except Cecil Rhodes, his manners are not up to the standard. Through his bad language and

INSULTING MANNERS

to the leading members he was expelled from the Kimberley Club, and eight months afterwards from the Rand Club, in Johannesburg. The Rand Club is the leading club of all South Africa.

"I don't think that 'Barney' is proud of his ancestors, as he was born and brought up in Whitechapel, in London. This I know positively to be true. But in London society no money washes many sins and bad reputations out."

NEW TELEGRAPHIC MACHINE.

A Thousand Words a Minute Can be Sent Between Distant Points.

A test of the telegraphic printing machine of Patrick Delaney for sending mail matter was made in Philadelphia recently. The new system is worked automatically, a punched tape taking the place of the sending operator. Its great advantage over other systems is that over a single wire as many as 1,000 words a minute can be sent between points as far distant from each other as New York and Chicago, while the very best that can be done by other high speed systems does not exceed 150 words a minute. The weather was unpropitious for such a test. The first message sent, however, over a line of high resistance 218 miles long, was received in perfectly legible shape as was every other sent during the test. The speed, which was at first 720 words a minute without decrease in the eligibility was increased to 940 a minute. Mr. Delaney, stated that with a wire weighing 850 pounds to the mile, which would give a line resistance much less than that used to-day, he could send a thousand words a minute with equal legibility and at a cost not exceeding five cents for 50 words. The system is an electro-chemical one, the message being received on a moistened tape, the dots and dashes appearing upon it in dark brown produced by the action of the current upon the tape. All electro-chemical systems heretofore have failed as high speed systems because the dots and dashes would run together so as to be indistinguishable.

Bicycles Good for the Lungs.

Of all means of training the respiration Dr. Fortesque Fox thinks cycling is the best. When a person first takes to cycling he is troubled with shortness of breath, his heart beats uncomfortably and his legs get tired, but after some training these discomforts disappear. Why should not people liable to attacks of asthma also train their respiration by such a kind of exercise—of course, on the condition of the heart and lungs being in perfect health? Cycling exercise first of all increases the depth of breathing, and that without fatigue, as the respiratory movements are automatic; at the same time it will accustom the rider instinctively to take in at each respiration the volume of air required to aerate the blood and to eliminate a fixed proportion of carbonic acid, leaving in the circulation the precise amount compatible with health.

MIGHTY LONDON.

A Group of Facts About the Greatest City in the World.

London has a larger area than New York Paris and Berlin all put together.

Ten millions of eels are annually consumed in London.

A London fog cost \$35,000 for extra gas burned.

In London 861 streets are named after the Queen, besides which there are 167 Queen streets.

A thousand piano organs are played in the London streets daily. This does not include common hand organs.

Ten days of London fog cost 25,000 people on beds of sickness.

About 1,250,000 articles are pledged with London pawnbrokers weekly.

London consumes 4,000,000 pints of periwinkles each year. There are 200 periwinkles to the pint. Total, 800,000,000 periwinkles. What becomes of the "hells?"

About 2,500 dress suits are hired out in London each night.

It is estimated that in London fully 3,000,000 people never enter a place of worship.

There are 90,000 paupers in London. There are more than 4,000 pledged abstainers among the London cabmen.

The London jam trade provides employment for 16,000 people and 65,000 tons of sugar are used yearly in the trade.

More than 1,000,000 ready made cigars are smoked in London each day.

Twelve thousand people are employed at the London theaters.

London has nearly 320,000 maid servants. Only one person in four in London earns \$5 a week.

In the year 1894 some 13,090 pewter beer pots were stolen from North London public houses. They are used to make counterfeit money.

A London confectioner says he is often called upon to furnish wedding cakes weighing 1,000 pounds each and puddings of a size sufficient for 500 hearty appetites.

A single firm in St. Paul's churchyard once received an order for 1,000,000 ladies' mantles from a retail customer.

London contains 250,000 working single women, whose individual earnings do not average more than 25 cents a day.

On an average every London policeman arrests but seven people a year.

London streets are very long and each one is crossed by an unlimited number of other streets running at right angles to it or cutting it diagonally or otherwise. From this it results that there are an unconscionable number of street corners, each one the junction of two streets, or three, or four, or may be. You may stand at any one of them without being told to move on and take in the vista of that portion of the town in which you happen momentarily to be. In this way the eye may grasp the perspectives of two, three or four streets successively, almost simultaneously, without as much as changing the position of one's body, in fact by simply turning one's neck. These streets are composed as follows: A row of houses to the right is paralleled at a distance of fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty feet by a second row to the left, or vice versa, the fronts of each row of houses facing the fronts of the opposite row of houses, unless it be the backs which face each other, when it is a mews. A long and comparatively narrow space is thus left between the rows of houses, the center being a roadway for vehicles, and the edges being for the safe passage of pedestrians. This is the street.

When you get tired of walking on it you can call a cab and drive back to your hotel.

It is estimated that London drinks every year 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine and 14,500,000 gallons of spirits.

It is estimated that the great smoke cloud which sometimes hangs over London weighs 300 tons, fifty tons of which is solid carbon and 250 tons of which is hydrocarbon. It is calculated that the smoke of the year is worth \$10,000,000.

London pays nearly a third of the whole income tax of England.

There are over 12,000 artists in London.

In winter as many as 40,000 per day of dead larks frequently find their way into the London markets.

The cow population of London is 18,000.

On an average rain falls in London on 128 days of each year.

Over 1,000,000 pawn tickets for sums under 10 shillings are issued weekly in London.

One million eggs are brought into London daily from Italy alone.—Chicago Times Herald.

Quite Possible.

A correspondent asks if it is not practicable for a person to carry enough electricity and use it for the purpose of heating the body by means of electric heating apparatus placed under the clothing. We presume it is. A few 200 ampere-hour cells scattered among the pockets, connected in series ought to do the business. They would probably weigh 500 pounds or more, and to this must be added the weight of heat apparatus. The latter need not necessarily be in the form of a street car heater; it could be spread out on a flat surface. It would not look well, for instance, to carry a box-shaped heater across the stomach. Care must be taken to prevent short-circuiting, which might result in roasting to death.

All Are "On Time" at Glasgow.

The Town Council of Glasgow, Scotland, has established a vast system of electrically-worked public clocks, all connected with the standard timekeeper at the Glasgow Observatory, so that, as it is quaintly remarked, there will no longer be any excuse in the difference of clock-times for "missing a train or being late at Church."

Live Stock Markets.

Offerings were heavier to-day, and the feeling as a consequence was not so firm, although prices were not altered. Trade was quiet in every line but those of hogs and feeders. There were 70 carloads of stuff in to-day, which included 1,518 sheep and lambs, 3,000 hogs, a dozen milk cows and 13 calves.

Export cattle—One carload of cattle sold to-day for 8½¢ per lb, which was the top figure paid. Mr. James Eakins was the principal buyer, he taking about seven carloads for shipment at prices ruling from 8½¢ to 8¢ per lb. He would pay as high as 4¢ per lb for really choice shippers, but these are hard to get. Taken all round the trade was quieter to-day. Cables were not so encouraging.

Butchers' cattle—Common cattle were hard to sell, at from as low as 1½¢ per lb for very poor stuff to 2¢ per lb for cattle a fraction better in quality. Nothing went higher than 3½¢ per lb, and only extra choice brought that price. The range for good to choice cattle was from 2½¢ to 3½¢ per lb. Sales:—One carload cattle, 1,000 lbs average, 2½¢ per lb; 10 cattle, 850 lbs average, \$15 each; 10 steers, 1050 lbs average, 3¢ per lb; 25 cattle, 1,125 lbs average, 2½¢ per lb; 1 carload cattle, 1,000 lbs average, 3¢ per lb.

Stockers—Quite a few of the deals in this line to-day were made at 2¢ and 2½¢ per lb. All around the range was from 1½¢ to 2½¢ per lb, the latter figure for good light stockers. Those being bought are for farmers, some of them going to the Northwest to feed on ranches.

Feeders—There was a better feeling in this line and prices are stiffening up a little. Quotations ruled to-day at 2½¢ to 3½¢ per lb, the latter for extra choice feeders. One or two extra fancy sold for \$3 15 per cwt. Good feeders are wanted.

Bulls—Mr. McDonald is still buying bulls, and to-day Mr. Wilson was taking a few. There were not many good bulls in. Prices for the best ruled from 3¢ to 3½¢ per lb. To fetch the latter price they must be really good ones. Stock bulls were selling at from 2¢ to 2½¢ per lb generally, but some of the poorer ones went as low as 1½¢ per lb. One bull weighing 1,640 lbs, sold for 2½¢ per lb; 5 bulls, 1,900 lbs average, 3¢ per lb. There were above 30 head in all told.

Sheep—There is no change in this line. Trade was dull and a lot of stuff remained unsold. Bucks are not wanted at any price. Good ewes and wethers sold at 3¢ per lb.

Lambs—Quiet. They ruled at from \$2 80 to \$3 per cwt, most of the deals being at the latter figure. A bunch of 77, 80 lbs average, sold for \$2 25 each; 60 lambs, 90 lbs average, 3¢ per lb, less \$5 on the deal.

Calves—Offerings were light but they were sufficient for the demand. Good ones were bringing from \$4 to \$6 per head according to quality. Poor ones are not wanted.

Milk cows and springers—About a dozen came in and all sold. The feeling was slightly steadier, but prices were not improved. The range was from \$20 to \$40 per head. Good bag cows are wanted, but poor ones are hard to sell.

Hogs—Offerings are heavy, but Mr. Harris succeeded in getting away with all. The best price paid for choice straight hogs, weighed off the cars, was 4¢ per lb. Heavy and light hogs sold for 3½¢ per lb. Stores are not wanted. Some sows sold for 3¢ to 3½¢ per lb. Stags are slow at 2¢ to 2½¢ per lb. All kinds except stores are wanted at the figures quoted.

Horses—For the fertilizer factory Mr. Harris received a few cars of horses to-day, for which he is paying from \$3 to \$3 25 per head.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

The gate receipts at the Woodbridge fair amounted to \$1,008.

Brampton's free library will cost the town about \$500 a year.

Chesley is submitting a \$10,000 bylaw to build a new public school.

Over 2,000 sheep and 600 head of cattle have been shipped from Warton since July.

The Bain Waggon Co. of Woodstock with a capital of \$250,000 is applying for incorporation.

A mad steer ran amuck in Mitchell a day or two since, and seriously injured two school children.

Eph. Runstadler, late of Walkerton, has taken in a partner and is running a big cigar business at Warton.

Rev. James Livingstone, of Kincardine, has been invited to take charge of the Exeter Methodist church.

A hotelkeeper at Eden Mills, Wellington Co., was fined \$50 and costs refusing to allow a license inspector to search his premises.

Judge Barret and Messrs. Fox and Winkler, Walkerton, had 5000 six months old trout, averaging 8½ inches in length, placed in Caseman's creek last Friday.

Evangelistic meetings will be commenced in the Southampton Methodist church on Nov. 10. Mr. Ferguson will be assisted by Mr. Atkinson, an approved worker.

A society known as the anti-smoking-chewing-drinking society has been in forcible operation for some time among the ladies at Perth. The members take a solemn obligation never to marry a man who either smokes, chews or drinks. Long life and prosperity to that society, say we.

The annual meeting of the Liberals of West Bruce was held at Kincardine on Friday Oct. 25th. The old officers were all re-elected. Resolutions of confidence were passed in the policies of the leaders, Hon. Wilfred Laurier and Sir Oliver Mowat and also a strong motion condemning the remedial order issued by the Dominion Government with a view to coerce Manitoba. Mr. Peter McKenzie made an able address and gave an encouraging report on the success of his canvass.

Promotion Examination.

The following is the report of the recent examinations held in the Mildmay public school. Marks obtainable in all classes 225.

FORM III

From part 2 to second book—Georgina Warner 170, Maggie Filsinger 165, Wesley Holtzmann 162, Tillie Voigt 168, Bella McCulloch 159, Maggie Miller 147, Maggie Pletsch 147, Lottie Harron 146, Maggie Schweitzer 145, John McGavin 144, Willie Perslbacher 134, Adam Wicke 127, Martha Peiker 110, Emma Wolfe 110.

Jr part 2 to sr part 2—Ben Maslen 164, Milton Holtzmann 162, Melinda Pletsch 151, Willie Schwalm 150, Hilda Clapp 149, Charlie Rosenow 145, Emma Rosenow 128, Violet Maslen 128, Reuben Wendt 121, Lily Miller 121, Edwin Schweitzer 118, Lily Jasper 110, Ezra Yandt 110, Cecelia Holtzmann 95.

From Part 1 to part 2—May Mulholland 171, Laura Liesemer 169, Ethel Reddon 167, Charlie Glebe 165, Louisa Loos 158, Jean Hume 150, Tillie Miller 149, Ezra Miller, 147, Maud Jasper 180, Fred Wolfe 123, Addie Land 121. Class 4 to 3, part 1—Florence Cameron 203, Willie Diebel 180, Webster Curle 177, Johnnie Murat 170, Vernia Filsinger 157, Annie Pletsch 147, Netta McGavin 142, Lizzie Wickie 135, Mary Holtzmann 130, John Holtzmann 110. Class 5 to class 4—Almeda Winer 30, Laurette Holtzman 29, Vinetta Butchart 27, Willie Eifert 26, Annie Blackwell 24, Sara Holtzman 22, Laura Harrison 20.


2nd to jr 3rd—Marks obtainable 360; marks required 180—Milvina Schweitzer 277, Annie Eifert 258, Sara Filsinger 253, Milton Schweitzer 250, Harvey Jasper 229, Luscinda Eifert 218, Adeline Diebel 217, Mary Yandt 213, George Harron 200, Eckhaat Loos 199, Hermon Harron 199, Willie McCulloch 181. Jr 3rd to sr 3rd—Jean McGavin 350, Willie Berry 324, Emil Murat 314, Sam Wice 306, Eddie Berry 306, Mary Warner 291, Edna McIntyre 290, Maggie Pletsch 272, George McGavin 235, David Schweitzer 230, May Clubine 218, Maggie Diebel 208, Willie Himmer 200, Norman Schweitzer 183, Sam Pletsch 181.

Sr 3rd to 4th—Whittie Curle 329, Fred Glebe 328, Robert Maslen 306, Alfred Martin 305, Rebecca Wendt 274, Henry Diebel 274, Ida Rosenow 263, Annie Schwalm 261, Tillie Liesemer 256.

R-I-P-A-N-S

—

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.




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

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

Save your Ammonia Soap wrappers. When you have 25 Ammonia or 10 Purian Soap wrappers, send them to us and a 3 cent stamp for postage and we will mail you free a handsome picture for framing. A list of Pictures around each bar. Ammonia Soap has no equal—we recommend it. Write your name plainly on the outside of the wrapper and address W. A. BRADSHAW & Co., 48 & 50 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont. Sold by all general merchants and grocers. Give it a trial.

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The Great English Remedy.



Five Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excess, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

Estray!

CALLS to the premises of the undersigned, lot 14, con. 2, Carriek, on or about August 31st, one ewe and lamb. Owner is requested to come and prove property, pay expenses and take same away.

CHRISTIAN WAACK, Mildmay, P. C.

Boar for Service!

THOROUGHBRED Berkshire Boar, registered pedigree hog, will be kept for service on lot 8, con. 18, Howick. Terms \$1 00, payable at time of service with privilege of returning if necessary.

October 8, 1895. S. VOGAN & SON, Proprietors.

Farm for Sale!

THAT valuable piece of property situated on part of lot 14 and 15, con. 6, Carriek tp, containing 60 acres. On the premises are a good frame house and barn; good orchard and good bush; well watered and well fenced. Mile and quarter from Mildmay. For further particulars apply to

WM. McGAVIN, Mildmay P. O.

Wanted RELIABLE MEN to sell our IMPROVED FARM SEEDS! Paying highest price for highest quality. ANY OR COMMISSION PAID WEEKLY. Outfit free. Can be carried in the pocket. Experience not necessary. Big pay assured workers. Write at once and secure exclusive and choice territory to

Farmers Seed Co. (Incorporated.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE LONDON

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The FARM AND HOME contains each week able articles on Agricultural subjects and Live Stock. The farmer and cattle and horse breeder will find in its pages abundant topics of special interest.

A Serial Tale of absorbing interest will be an interesting feature of the WEEKLY FREE PRESS.

Both Papers Combined for \$1 from Now Until December 31st, 1895.

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FREE PRESS PRINTING CO., LONDON, ONTARIO.

A Warton man named Hubert, has invented a new hose coupler.

Palmer E. Beare, 318 Jack on St. West, Hamilton, says: I took one bottle and a half of Kootenay Cure and it cured me of rheumatism.

I was troubled with blind itching piles for 20 years; was unable to work and tore my flesh in agony. United States and Canadian doctors failed to relieve. Chase's Ointment was a God-send. I am a better man than in 20 years, and am able to work every day. Philip Wallace, blacksmith, Iriquois, Ont. Chase's ointment cures piles, eczema, and irritant diseases. All druggists, 60¢ per box.

The ever-slaving farmer's wife, her delicate sister in the city, suffer more than they care to tell. The dark rings round the eyes, headaches, dizziness, palpitation or rheumatic twinges, be-taken a run down system. The blood is poor and is a bar to enjoyment of life. Scott's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and speedily restores the bloom of health to the cheeks. It cures when all others fail.

SCOTT'S SKIN SOAP KEEPS THE SKIN SOFT

For sale at the People's Drug store by J. A. Wilson.

Scott's Sarsaparilla

IS A MOTHER'S REMEDY regulating and strengthening the maternal functions. It purifies the female system of ulcervative weaknesses and debilitating humors. It expels the first symptoms of hereditary humors in children and youths that may owe their origin to past generations. It searches out and renders the system free from disease-breeding germs.

"THE KIND THAT CURES."

There are not many forms of disease upon which Scott's Sarsaparilla does not favorably, because pure blood carries to the diseased parts renewing and building up properties. This medicine makes pure blood which builds up where disease has torn down, and carries away the impurities upon which it feeds.

HEREDITARY DISEASES.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10¢

All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere. Crema de la Crema Cigar Co., Montreal.

Blacksmithing. This Spot BELONGS TO **A. Murat** MILDMAV. It will pay you to keep posted on the well assorted stock of FURNITURE and his full line of UNDERTAKING he continually has for sale. REMEMBER **A. Murat Sells Cheap**

For a First class Cart or Buggy call on **Jos. Kunkel,** GENERAL BLACKSMITH, Mildmay. Repairing and Horseshoeing a Specialty. Prices Guaranteed Right.

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concert Tickets
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Neat, Clean Work Pices Moderate

The Gazette

MILDMAV

CHURCHES.

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

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

R. C. CHURCH. Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Rev. Father Wey, P. P. Services every Sunday, alternatively 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 three times a week on Sundays of every month at 8:30 p.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m.

METHODIST.—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school 9:30 a.m. G. Curle, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. Rev. J. H. McEwan, B. A., Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

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

C. O. F.—Court Midway, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. LIESEMER, C. R. A. GAMBSON, Secy.

C. O. C. F. No. 165—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. E. N. BUTCHART, CORN. F. C. JASPER, REC.

K. O. T. M. Unity Tent No. 1, meets in Forest Park, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. J. McGAHAN, COS. P. X. SCHEPPEL, 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 column.....	One	Two	Three
Half column.....	10	20	30
Quarter column.....	5	10	15
Single line.....	1	2	3

1 cent 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..... 7:41 a.m.	Mixed..... 10:55 a.m.
Mail..... 11:55 "	Mail..... 2:5 p.m.
Mixed..... 5:22 p.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—A. Kramer received another car of baled hay last week.

—Messrs. Schmidt shipped a carload of stock to Toronto on Monday.

—Call in and see J. J. Steigler's range of fur capes just to hand.

—If you have a farm for sale or rent or a house and lot for sale, advertise it in the GAZETTE.

—Carrick Council met in the town hall on Monday. Minutes will appear in next week's issue.

—Mrs. Mertz has joined her husband in Durham, and moved their household effects there last week.

—A very good photo-engraving of the Brown's Base Ball Club, of Harriston, appeared in the Globe on Saturday last.

—John Davis, who for the past nine months has occupied the house in rear of the Methodist church, has vacated same and now occupies the house vacated by Mrs. Mertz.

—It will be too bad if Mildmay does not have a skating rink. It will be a paying investment for some one if they take a hold of the matter. There is no reason why the institution should not pay, as there is no other attraction to draw the people away from it.

—To-morrow (Friday) the C. P. R. exhibition car will arrive here on the 10:55 a. m. train and remain until the following day. Every person is requested to call around and see the exhibit of this year's crop in the north west. The car will be open to the public from 9 a.m. until noon and from 1 to 6 p. m. Entrance free. Come early and avoid the rush.

—A grand medal contest entertainment under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the town hall on Friday night at 8 o'clock. A class of young elocutionists from Teeswater will contest for a silver medal which will be presented to the best reciter. This will be one of the most interesting entertainments ever held in Mildmay. Excellent music will be provided by ladies from Teeswater and home talent. Everybody welcome, don't miss it. Admission only 10c.

—In the West Wellington Provincial Election appeal case judgement was given in the Court of appeal at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday morning dismissing the appeal, Justice Osler dissenting. This appeal arose from the decision of Justice Rose and MacMahon at an election trial after the Provincial Election of June, 1894, at which George Tucker. Patron of Industry, and member for West Wellington, was unseated and disqualified for treating. Mr. Tucker appealed the case with the above result.

—W. H. Scott of Clifford was in town on Sunday.

—Mr. Wm. Harrison has leased Mr. S. Graham's farm for 1896.

—A taffy pull is in operation at Mr. Land's as we go to press.

—Call in and see J. J. Steigler's range of fur capes just to hand.

—Frederick Glebe received a carload of Manitoba wheat on Friday.

—W. H. Schneider shipped his house hold goods to Hamilton on Monday.

—A carload of empty coal oil barrels were shipped from here Wednesday.

—Mr. Laroch, who is now Mr. G. Loos' tenant will work Richard Berry's farm.

—Mr. Schenear is having a neat wire fence placed around his property at Balaklava.

—Messrs. Herrgott & Co. are having the inside of their foundry bricked up this week.

—Mr. Wright of Guelph shipped in a cargo of sheep and lambs to the station on Tuesday.

—A number from here to k in the Guy Bros. minstrel show in Walkerton on Tuesday evening.

—Found—A lady's white silk handkerchief. Owner can have same by calling and proving property at the station.

—Mr. Robt. Shaw has moved his household effects to Hartford, Conn., where he will in future reside with his daughter.

—Owing to the short notice of meeting in reference to the skating rink last Friday evening only a small number were in attendance.

—W. H. Schneider purchased from A. Brohman, his famous show cart which he intends using in his journeyings around Hamilton.

—The Farmers' Central Mutual Fire Insurance Co. has placed over one million and a half dollars of insurance in the last year and a half. This record is hard to beat.

—For neat bill heads call at the GAZETTE office and get up-to-date styles. See our samples and be convinced that our work is superior to any office in the county.

—Wm. Trench intends shipping a carload of lambs to Buffalo and one to the European market on Friday. This is Mr. Trench's first venture and we wish him success.

—We want five hundred dollars by the first of January, and to secure this amount, we have decided to give the GAZETTE from now until Dec. 31st, 1896, for the small sum of \$1 to new subscribers. Now is the time to subscribe.

—Aaron Moyer has issued bills announcing his corner block for sale by auction on Saturday, November 9th. Any person desirous of purchasing the best situated business block in town should not fail to be in attendance. F. Hinsperger will wield the hammer.

—There were a large number of our people who have embraced our offer of the GAZETTE for the next fourteen months for \$1. Still we are not satisfied. We want more. The GAZETTE is the only paper published in the township and should be in every home. Come along friends and support your home paper and get a live interesting journal.

—Saturday evening as the five o'clock train was drawing a carload of wood off the southern switch at Glebe's mill the rails spread with the result that the car left the track. Word was immediately sent to headquarters and the road master sent a gang of men here on Tuesday, when the car was jacked up and placed upon the track once more and everything was O. K.

—Query—When may we reasonably expect to have the electric lights in operation. The wires have been strung for the past two weeks and we have not yet had a glimmer. If the plant is not in operation within a week a large number of the business people will have their wires and lamps taken out as they are tired of waiting. Come Mr. McIntyre, get a hustle on.

—It is our sad duty to record the death of Miss Annie C. Hay, who departed from this life at the residence of her brother, Mr. George Hay, of the 4th con., on Sunday morning last at the early age of 24 years, the victim of that dread dread disease, consumption. Although ailing for considerable time and suffering much pain, she bore her affliction with Christian fortitude. The remains were interred at the Balaklava cemetery and were followed to their last resting place by a large cortege of sympathizing friends. The bereaved family sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

—Clifford is going to have a skating rink.

—Don't forget the concert in town hall Friday evening.

—Lucis Miller, of Alhorough sp., is visiting his brother John O.

—Call in and see J. J. Steigler's range of fur capes just to hand.

—A. Murat received a large load of furniture from Chesley this week.

—Mr. G. Loos intends working his own farm on the 10th concession next week.

—A few of the young men of the town celebrated Guy Fawkes day by playing base ball.

—\$20,000 private funds to loan at low rate of interest. Apply to S.H. McKay, Barrister, Griffith's block, Walkerton. If

—Any person purchasing \$1 worth of goods for cash has a chance of winning a beautiful silver tea service, valued at \$15. Second prize, portrait and frame, worth \$2.50. These articles are now on exhibition at our store. Herringer & Scheffer.

—Notice—My Mildmay friends who are still owing me will kindly prepare to pay the same not later than the 15th of October. You can pay at the store of Messrs. A. J. Sarjeant & Co. I hope that my friends will now bear in mind that I shall require the money. A Moyer.

—The editor of every local paper is under obligation to all who contribute to it items of news—doubly so to those who bring them in early. As the time of going to press draws near, time and space become more valuable, and greater condensation and in some cases omission, of valuable contributions becomes necessary. There is leisure and room enough for contributions that come in early, and in the necessary sifting out of what must be omitted or cut down, it is but just to discriminate against such as might (but were not) sent in early.

—An amusing story concerning a recent occurrence in a church in the North of Ireland is going the rounds. The story goes that the chapel belonging to a certain district was greatly in need of repair and a meeting was called to consider the matter and open a subscription list. Naturally enough those in charge invited an influential and very wealthy local gentleman to preside in the hope that he would head the list with a large donation. Much to their disgust that worthy, after a plausible oration, concluded by stating he would subscribe \$5. Shortly afterwards a portion of the ceiling fell on the bald pate of the chairman, who thereupon much to the satisfaction of all concerned, immediately rose and stated he would increase his subscription to \$50. After the applause which greeted this announcement had subsided, a pious old gentleman seated in the body of the hall was heard to exclaim with much fervor, "Lord, strike him again."

—The annual meeting of the Mildmay Branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society was held in the Presbyterian Church Tuesday night. The president J. H. Moore in the chair. The minutes of last annual meeting were read and adopted. The treasurer H. E. Liesemer read the report of the finances for the year. A total of nearly sixty dollars was received during the year. There was spent on purchase account eight dollars, and thirty dollars sent to aid the society in the free distribution of the bible. The election of officers was then in order when the worthy president J. H. Moore was re-elected. All the old members of committee who still reside in the district were re-elected, and Messrs John Curle and J. D. Kuzze were elected to fill vacancies. The president then introduced the Agent of the society the Rev. Mr. Wagner who gave a very interesting address on the work of the British and Foreign and Upper Canada Bible Society. During the past year nearly 4,000,000 copies of the bible or part of the bible had been sold and distributed. And the colporteur and bible women were doing a great work in districts where the churches had not yet been organized. The usual collection and subscriptions were then taken up but the result was not made known to the meeting. The missionary in charge of the Presbyterian congregation. Mr. Hastie, who has just lately returned to his home in Ontario after a journey round the world, then addressed the meeting, giving some very interesting reminiscences of his travels showing the great change that took place during the last ten years. The attendance was very fair and would have been much larger only for the revival services in the Evangelical church.

Cheap Groceries and Dry Goods!

A full stock of nice fresh Groceries now on hand to be sold at lowest prices.

Splendid value in Teas, Sugars, Figs, Prunes, New Raisins, and Canned Goods of all kinds.

DRY-GOODS at COST and under. Must be sold. Men's Under and Overshirts, Tweed and Worsted Suitings, Overcoats and Ready-made Clothing.

All Cheap for Cash or Farm Produce at **Johnston's Cheap Cash Store.**

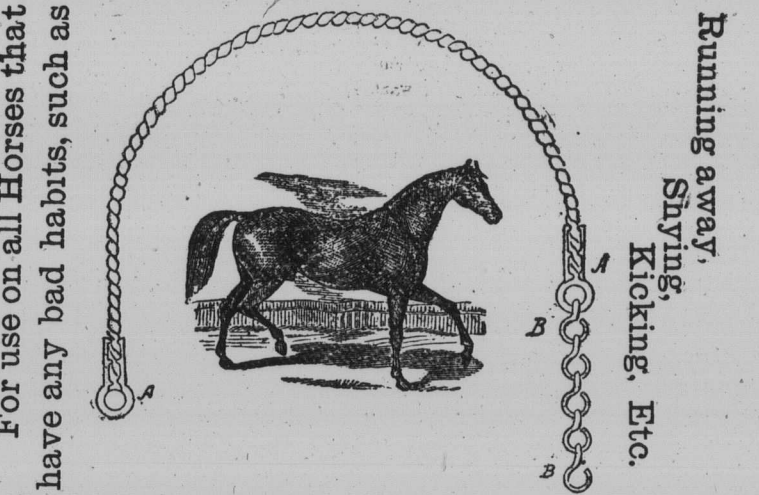
MILDMAY * DRUG * STORE

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

Berry's Patent Horse Controller



For use on all Horses that have any bad habits, such as Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.

By using the above Attachment the smallest child can control the most vicious horse with perfect ease.

Price, 25 cents.

Parties wishing to procure one of these attachments can do so by sending 50 cents. Upon receipt of this amount the attachment will be sent to their address by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Pamphlet of instruction goes with each article.

Richard Berry, Patentee, Mildmay, Ont.

NEW * DRUG * STORE

Next Door West of J. D. Miller's

MILDMAY

HAVE YOU TRIED?

Our Own Baking Powder?

Second to none???

First-class stock of Medicinal Liquors and Sacramental Wines kept constantly on hand

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

Night calls promptly attended to.

J. A. WILSON, M. D.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Apply Lime in the Fall.

The best period of the year for the application of lime to the soil is in the fall. Lime is a plant food, and is essential, and while it exists to a more or less extent in all soils, yet it proves beneficial on both heavy and light lands, assisting to render heavy soils lighter and light soils heavier. It does not take the place of phosphates, nor can it be substituted for wood ashes, which contain Potash, but it is capable of enabling plants to derive both potash and phosphoric acid from the soil by inducing chemical processes by which the insoluble matter of the soil is changed in composition, thereby becoming of a condition which permits of the use of such foods by plants. The small cost of lime, and its lasting effects in the soil, should stimulate farmers to use it more liberally than is done, and as it benefits nearly all kinds of crops and injures no soils, its use is one that results in benefit, and especially when applied on soils intended for crops that have an abundance of lime in their composition.

The tendency of lime is to work down into the soil, every rain carrying it deeper. Lime that is recently soaked is a hydrate, and is easily diffused by the rains, but after exposure in the soil it reverts to its original condition of carbonate, being then again insoluble. During these changes, when losing its characteristic as a hydrate to become a carbonate, it compels other substances in the soil to change their forms also. When stone lime is burnt, in order to produce lime, the carbonic acid is driven off, and lime is the result. When the lime absorbs moisture from the air (air-slacking) it combines chemically with the water, forming a hydrate. In this condition it is applied to the soil. But the lime will not remain a hydrate, preferring to again become a carbonate, and it is this desire (or affinity) to combine with carbonic acid that prompts it to force the chemical changes in the soil which release plant food existing in the soil, but which plants can not reduce.

It requires quite a time for lime to complete its work in the soil. Applied in the fall it will, with the aid of the frost, have the land in excellent condition by spring, especially if the lime is broadcasted over the surface of the soil after a green crop has been turned under. It is more serviceable when used in connection with green manural crops than under any other conditions. On light, sandy soils it always gives excellent results, permitting of the growing of clover on soils that usually give but small crops, and on heavy soils the land is made more friable and less tenacious. Some farmers apply lime once in three or four years. It is better to apply forty bushels per acre in the fall and ten bushels every year thereafter than to omit it at any time, as the most benefit from lime is when it is in the condition of a hydrate.

Fall Chickens.

We want to say a few words about the management of fall chickens, as that season is now at hand.

A chick can be petted and spoiled, until it becomes like unto a hot house plant, but that is not the way to manage the fall chicken if you would raise it. It needs air, sunshine and moderate range, to be fed well and hands off.

Now, let's go to work and set a hen, then while she is setting, fix up a place for her and her chicks, by the time they are hatched; no matter if we live in town, or in the country, our plan works well in either place, and right here let us say that many a little chick owes its timely end to too much wet weeds, or too much of a thunder-shower, and not enough shed and protection.

So, we make first a shed six feet wide and four feet deep, we enclose it at one end and the back, and lattice the front and one end, with a door in the lattice work. Five feet high, in front and four feet in the back will do. Now, we will go and take our hen off with her chicks and deposit them in our new shed coops, a large roomy coop that costs us about one dollar, and three hours' work; but mind you, it is good for a dozen more broods, or even more, so the cost is not too much.

We feed and water and keep our hen and her brood in her new coop for ten days or more. In the meantime, we shall have built a small pen, about ten feet by twelve feet, so located as to have our large coop at one front corner of it. The pen is built of laths, with light stringers and posts, at the cost of another dollar, and as soon as built it is seeded to oats, that have come up and are two or three inches high by the time our chickens are two weeks old, so that as soon as we let them run out in their pen they have plenty of green food, and the insects that always attend such little spots.

If the little yard can be built about a shrub, a small tree, or some bushes, growing corn or sunflowers, why so much the better. But the latter things are not so very necessary as the shed-like coop makes shade and a cool retreat.

Chickens that have such pleasant little homes do not stray away, but thrive and mature early.

Look Here.

Many farmers are of the opinion they should be able to hire a man to operate their creamery for about the same wages they pay their hired man, so they hire some one who has passed by a creamery and stepped in and witnessed the process of making butter. This party will come to these farmers and say to them, "I have had experience." They will hire him, paying him about a third what a good man would ask. He goes to work. The first shipment of butter which goes on the market produces this reply: "Your butter is poorly made—no grain, not salt enough, streaked, etc.; please advise what we shall do with it."

A Pointer.

Mr. Goodrich, a noted dairy writer, tells of his conversion to the debatable practice of feeding meal to cows while on

good pastures. He did not believe it paid, but he saw so many of the best dairy-men doing it that one season he concluded to try it against his own convictions and in the face of the ridicule of his neighbors. The result was, to his amazement, that at the end of the year, he was 50 pounds of butter per cow ahead of the previous year's record, though the meal did not much increase the flow of milk or its richness at the time it was fed, but it seemed to give the cows good staying qualities up to the last of the season, and it is amazing how much there is to be gotten out of the tail end of the milking season with good previous care. Mr. Goodrich says that he figured it out that he has a return of \$2.00 for every dollar he paid for the meal he fed while the cows were at pasture.

Fix the Cows' Bedroom.

Have you looked over the stables, and do they need some repairing to make them warm, light, and cheerful for the cows during the long winter months? Perhaps the floors need repairing, the mangers fixing up; or perhaps a little paper put on the walls to keep the cold out would be beneficial. If the stable is dark, put in a window or two.

Attend to all of this now while you have time and while it is on your mind. Don't put it off thinking that you have plenty of time for such work; if you do, it will not be done, or but partly done. You will not be satisfied with it because you have been obliged to do it in a hurry, the cows may suffer by such neglect, and you will lose money every time they do suffer.

Tit-Bits.

A Question of Brains.

Modesty about one's mental acquirements is a good thing, but it must have been carried too far in the case of a witty Irishman whom a correspondent once met. The Irishman was at work at a stone quarry, pulling up loads of broken rock out of a shaft, with a windlass.

The windlass was exposed to the sun, and the labor was very hard, but the man had on his head a straw hat from which the crown had been torn.

Look here said the visitor to the Irishman, aren't you afraid the sun will injure your brain?

Pat paused in his work, and looked steadily and wonderingly at his questioner. Brains! said he. Me brains, is it? An' do ye think that I had any brains I'd be turnin' this windlass?

Couldn't Wait.

Uncle Allen Sparks is learning to ride a bicycle. The other day he was in the midst of his third lesson, wabbling from side to side, when he heard to mutter:

It's no use. I can't be like Davy Crockett. I've got to go ahead before I am sure I'm right.

She was Mistaken.

She—No, it can never be. I like you as a friend—I respect you—I admire you; but that is not love, you know, and I cannot be your wife. But do not do anything rash; try to bear up under it, for I am sure there are others more worthy of you than I am.

He—Very pleasant weather we are having.

Ye-s. very. I am glad of it, too, and hope it will continue. You see, my friend Jack's little sister is coming to the city to-morrow to stay some time, and he wants me to show her the sights. She is a dear little child with golden hair, and heavenly blue eyes, and the sweetest little face imaginable. I never saw such a perfect little angel as she was the last time I saw her.

How—how long is it since—since you saw her?

About ten years; I think. She was just eight years old then.

Eight and ten are—Horror! If you dare to go near that girl, I'll—I'll kill myself, so there!

She Laughed.

George—You are not calling on Miss Rosebud any more, eh?

Jack—No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh.

George—I never noticed that.

Jack—You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her.

At a Safe Distance.

Clara—All the girls are taking boxing lessons. Aren't you scared?

Young Bachelor—No; I always keep away from bargain counters.

Willing to Oblige.

Mr. Dudding—Waitah, you hov fohgotten the—aw—finger-bowl.

Waiter—We don't serve finger-bowls any more, sir; but when you get through rooting around among the vittles, I'll bring you a wash-basin if you want it.

Knowledge and Money.

Raggs—Some people have more money than they know what to do with.

Taggs—They seem to know what to do with the dimes I ask them for.

Too Sweet for Anything.

Clasping her hand in my hand
As we walk;
Seeing my eyes in her eyes
As we talk;
This is the ecstasy;
This is the boon
Of a late autumn memory
Of a sweet day in June.

Linguistic Ability.

Jinks—My wife speaks four languages.

Hinks—Mine only finds time to speak one.

Easily Fixed.

Mrs. Brickr-w—How do you manage to persuade your husband to buy you such expensive bonnets?

Mrs. Topflatte—I take him shopping with me, walk him around until he can't stand, and then wind up in a bonnet store. He'll buy anything to get home.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

As the Bowser family got up from the supper table the other evening a boy called at the door to leave a bundle, and as Mrs. Bowser caught sight of it she turned to her liege lord and asked:

"Well, is it another fire-escape or what?"

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, as he carried the bundle into the sitting-room, "do you remember of saying the other day that the back bed room up-stairs needed re-papering?"

"Yes, I said so."

"And you asked me to speak to a paper-hanger about it."

"Mr. Bowser!" she exclaimed, "have you gone and bought paper for that room without my seeing it?"

"I have bought the paper for the room, madam! I didn't propose to have you trotting down to the store every day for six weeks to select and purchase five rolls of wall-paper!"

"But I—I wanted to select it!"

"Yes, I presume so, but the paper is here before you. Instead of being six weeks about it I selected it in about three minutes. There it is, and how do you like it?"

"Why, Mr. Bowser, it's almost black!" she gasped.

"Certainly. I preferred a dark paper."

"And it's half paper!"

"Yes, you could put it on a hall if you want to, but we shall put it on a bed room. Isn't it artistic?"

"It is simply frightful!"

"That's as one has been brought up, Mrs. Bowser. As you were born and reared in a log house, with a frog-pond in front, of course you know nothing about art. If the pattern portrayed a yaller dog chasing a wall-eyed cat through a cabbage garden you'd probably go into ecstasies over it."

"Who is going to put it on the wall?" asked Mrs. Bowser, deeming it politic to ignore his sarcasm.

"A chap about my size."

"But you—you—!"

"Stop right there, Mrs. Bowser! I am not going to pay a paper hanger \$30 or \$40 and have him around the house a fortnight to do what I can do in two hours. I'll put this paper on the wall as if it grew there, and I'll do it this very evening. You just tell the girl to make me a pan of paste and then sit down and fold your hands or stick your nose in a novel. You won't be troubled in the slightest. I'll get the step-ladder and change my clothes, and if I don't make as neat a job of it as you ever saw I'll eat my hat!"

"Mr. Bowser," said Mrs. Bowser, as she accompanied him to the foot of the stairs, "can't I prevail upon you to let me see to that room?"

"Why should I leave that room alone? It needs re-papering. I can do it. I need the exercise. I can save money enough to get me a new fall overcoat. What is the matter with you Mrs. Bowser?"

"Something will happen—and you will get mad and blame me—and—"

"That will do, Mrs. Bowser! Just get out your novel and sit down to read! Nothing will happen, and no one will get mad, and the work will be finished by 10 o'clock."

He ran up-stairs and she turned away to give instructions to the cook to make the paste and carry it up. A quarter of an hour later Mr. Bowser was at work. He cleared the room of all furniture but the bed, got an old table out of the store-room to paste on, and when Mrs. Bowser looked in on him he was just pasting his first strip on the wall.

"You must have guessed at the length of the strip, for it's six inches short," she observed.

"Do you know anything about the business of paper-hanging?" he demanded as he looked down upon her.

"No, but anyone with half an eye can see that you haven't got that strip plumb up and down."

"Never you mind about the plumb up and down business! I was hanging paper before you could step over a cat. When I want you I'll call."

Mrs. Bowser had scarcely gotten down-stairs when there came a crash which made things shake. She knew what it was but didn't go up. Mr. Bowser had taken a header from the step-ladder as he started the second strip. He didn't call her, however, and so she waited. Ten minutes later there was a different kind of sound. The first thing was a yell. Then came a jar, and this was followed by a crash and a whoop. Mrs. Bowser figured it out as she hastened up-stairs. Mr. Bowser had fallen on the bed and bounded off on the floor and was probably tangled up with some thing. She had it pretty straight. In bounding off the bed his feet had struck the table and overturned it, and the pan of paste had upset and bedaubed his whole body. He was in a dazed condition as she pulled the table out of the way and began to sop up the paste with a towel, and nothing was said for a couple of minutes. Then, as he opened his eyes and looked around she asked:

"Mr. Bowser, are you hurt?"

"Your little plot didn't quite carry out, did it?" he exclaimed as he slowly assumed a sitting position.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't try the innocent lamb business with me, Mrs. Bowser!" he shouted as he got up and kicked the paste-pan across the room, "you were mad because I selected the paper. You were opposed to my hanging it. You wanted your own way about things, and because you couldn't have 'em you thirsted for my life!"

"Why, Mr. Bowser!"

"Don't why Mr. Bowser me! I'm a nice looking object, ain't I! That fall would have killed nine men out of ten! Get out of here and let me get into the bath-tub!"

"But you don't blame—"

"I see the plot, Mrs. Bowser, and I have my eye on the plotter! Don't make your crime the more heinous by falsehood! Some one crept up and yanked on that step-ladder. The idea was that I would tumble and break my neck, and only the hand of Providence saved me!"

"And will you—you—?"

"Yes, madam, I will seek a divorce! This is the last hair! When a husband's life has been attempted a score of times no

court will oblige him to live on with the wife. To-morrow—"

But she didn't wait. She knew what he was going to say, and she went down-stairs and left him to make his way to the bath room. At 10 o'clock as he had not come down-stairs, she crept up and found him in bed and asleep, and as she noticed the martyred look on his face she softly kissed him and whispered:

"Poor—poor Mr. Bowser!"

THE VALUE OF SANITATION.

Financial Loss to Communities From Sickness and Death.

This is a hard, practical age that demands money value for every progressive step, and efforts to improve sanitary conditions are too often retarded by this mercenary claim. As arguments sanitarians present some remarkable statistics, showing financial loss, individually and as a whole, to communities when an epidemic prevails. A number of very interesting tables and diagrams have been compiled by Mr. G. E. Willets, of Michigan, showing mortality from general and specific causes covering a period of 250 years. His search of the records of England has been very thorough resulting principally in estimates of London and English counties.

From his tables, simply arranged with heavy black columns, varying in length according to the percentage of mortality, it is shown that in London from 1660 to 1679 the rate of mortality from fevers alone was \$75 per 100,000 persons. In 1888 it was but 17, more than fifty times less. The reduction shows greatest between 1801 and 1810, then a considerable decrease follows from 1831 to 1840, after which it remains about stationary through 1841 to 1871, showing slight change to 1888. Similar progress is indicated for consumption, but greater for smallpox. The latter disease killed 502 persons in every 100,000, just previous to Jenner's discovery, in 1780. In 1888 there were only nine deaths from smallpox to 100,000.

A REMARKABLE DECREASE is indicated also for all general causes. In 1679 the rate stands at 80 deaths for every 1,000 inhabitants, and diminishes to 18.4 in 1888 in London.

The greatest progress has been made, of course, since sanitation became a science, and increasing advancement is shown when people have learned that the adoption of its measures saves money. In most States the maximum value of a man's life is put at \$5,000, and the minimum, \$1,000 for damages. William Farr, in his cold calculations of mortality and loss, estimated the life of an English farm labourer at \$1,200, and a woman's about \$500 less.

These figures are too low for American labour, and decidedly low for a large portion of the middle class. For illustration, however, the conservative figure \$1,000 is generally used. This amount multiplied by the death rate of a given place gives the approximate loss to that community. This does not include loss from sickness, which some statisticians estimate on a basis of ten or twelve cases to every death.

In small towns, where sanitary measures have not been generally adopted, and a proper sewerage system is unknown, barring epidemics, the number of deaths yearly has generally averaged four to seven per 10,000 population. Taking the money value of each life at \$1,000, the amount of loss to the town is obvious.

Pettenkofer calculated after years of accounting that every German soldier lost five per cent. of his time by sickness. If this is true of well-fed, equipped, and watered soldiers, we must estimate

A LARGER RATE in cities on this continent, where conditions are in many places detrimental to health, and the stress of life weakens physical stamina. It is proved beyond question by carefully kept records that proper sanitation relieves the discomfort of the poorer classes, reduces pauperism, prevents famine, and increases capacity for labour production. It is estimated that in London alone 240,000 lives are saved annually by modern sanitation. Proceeding with the calculation that there are ten cases of sickness to every death, and that the individual cost is not less than \$1 a day for subsistence and medicine, for a maximum period of ten days, and the amount saved figures at \$2,400,000. Going further, and estimating the annual earnings of the lives saved at \$300 each, and \$72,000,000 accrues, which, after cost of keeping the individual is subtracted, leaves a large saving. Hard and practical as these statistics appear, they prove beyond question that sanitary benefit to a community, and undoubtedly will achieve even more remarkable results in the future.

The Holy Man of Benares.

One of the curiosities of mankind, he is visited by almost every traveler in India who goes to Benares. His name is Swami Bhaskar-ananda Saraswati, and he is about 65 years old. He lives near the Monkey Temple, in a garden belonging to a Raja, wears no clothing, sleeps on the ground, and accepts no gratuities, because he wants nothing. "By much study and long contemplation of religion," it has been said, "he claims to be free from all passions—free even from the very wants of life." He has a face full of sympathy and kindness. He discusses and explains his ideas of religion whenever a visitor desires to hear him, and he treats every one of the multitudes who call upon him with constant and most cordial kindness. Part of his writings has been published in a bulky volume.

Smoking Prevents Diphtheria.

Prof. Hajak of Vienna has declared that smokers are less liable to diphtheria and other throat diseases than non-smokers and the ratio is 1 to 28. The learned Dr. Schiff also gives us to understand that smoking is always positively forbidden in bacteriological laboratories, because it is known to hinder the development of the bacteria.

New Ships on the Tyne.

Not less than ten new vessels were launched by firms on the banks of the Tyne during the month of August, and this is the largest number of ships launched there in one month during the present year.

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

AN OLD TIME FLOATING PRISON TO BE EXHIBITED IN LONDON.

An Old Hulk Fitted Up to Represent Convict Life in the Past—Gross and Picturesque of Former Punishments.

Londoners, it appears, are now expected to flock to a new attraction, a floating chamber of horrors, which promises to outrival the chamber of horrors at Mme. Tussaud's famous wax works exhibition. This floating exhibition of terrible happenings of the past is an old convict hulk, the Success, which recently arrived at London from Australia, after a voyage of five months' duration, and which is moored at Blackwall while being prepared to receive the public. The Success has been used for exhibition purposes in Australian waters for years past, but just as she was upon the point of being demolished she was purchased from the Government by speculators and taken to London. The hulk is more than a hundred years old, and is the only one remaining of five terrible floating prisons established by the Government of the colony of Victoria from 1850 to 1855, as a result of the discovery of the gold fields of Bendigo and Ballarat, and the subsequent rush of the colony of, among others, many thousands of desperate, lawless men of nearly all nationalities. Naturally crimes for a long time were most frequent, and bushrangers and others thrived upon the robberies committed along the roads followed by the lucky diggers who tried to make their way home with their newly-acquired wealth. In fact these lawbreakers eventually became so bold that they attacked the Government escorts guarding the consignments of gold sent from Ballarat or Bendigo to Melbourne and other towns. When bushrangers were captured they were treated with

THE UTMOST SEVERITY,

and upon conviction were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in the prison-hulks, which were stationed in Hobson's bay, Melbourne. On board these vessels a most terrible system of discipline prevailed, in fact, its administrator, the then inspector general of naval establishments, a son of a Cornish baronet, Sir John Price, was beaten to death by a gang of desperate convicts, who rushed upon him, determined to kill the inventor of the much-hated system of control, some idea of which may be gathered from the following facts:—Each convict had his history recorded on the door of his cell in the hulks, and many of the most notorious records will be on exhibition. Attempts to jump overboard were frequent, although, the convicts being heavily ironed, those who had the temerity to jump sank like lumps of lead, to rise no more. Many of the prisoners, whom no amount of punishment could subdue, were continually cursing and yelling in the most horrible manner. Whichever way the visitor turned there was something repulsive to the eye or ear.

There was want of space for bodily exercise, a total absence of any kind of useful occupation, and almost total isolation from all the usual habits of mankind. The narrow walls of the cells were the limits for exercising the body, except that the prisoners were allowed on the decks, from which only a distant view of the shore could be obtained, for one hour daily. At night the dashing of the waves against the sides of the hulks added to the din caused by the

SHOUTING AND SWEARING

of the most unruly convicts, who never seemed to desire to sleep or be willing to permit others to rest.

On board the Success, when ready for inspection, waxen figures of the convicts of the past will be shown, in their usual attitudes and coarse garb, in the cells they at one time occupied. Notable among them will be the figure of the notorious "Captain" Melville, who for several years haunted the country between Ballarat and Melbourne, to the terror of gold-laden diggers attempting to make their way from the gold fields to the latter city. He was credited with many murders and countless robberies, and when finally arrested he admitted that the proceeds of his crimes must have footed up to quite £250,000, which he claimed he had hidden in a place known to himself alone. As a result, for forty years since people have been trying in vain to find out where Melville hid his ill-gotten gold. As he was in the habit of riding to the top of Mounts Boran and Anskie, from which point of vantage, and by the aid of a powerful field-glass, he was able to spy the returning diggers, it is believed that the treasure must be hidden in the neighbourhood of one of those places, but all attempts to find it have proved fruitless. When after trial and conviction, Melville was confined on board the Success, he watched his opportunity, and at the head of a number of other desperadoes, suddenly rushed upon a boat,

KILLED THE KEEPER

in charge of it, and succeeded in pulling away from the hulk in safety, although fired upon by all the hulks and warships in the bay. He was soon recaptured, however, and at his trial defended himself brilliantly, delivering a speech of great power and impressiveness, during which he dilated in burning words upon the horrors of the penal system on board and Success, and causing such a sensation by its publication in the newspapers of Melbourne that a monster meeting of citizens was called and resolutions were passed in favour of abolishing the convict hulks. Indeed, the popular feeling aroused against them was so strong and general that the Government was compelled to commute the death sentence imposed upon Melville to imprisonment for life. He was transferred to the gaol at Melbourne, where, according to the official report, he committed suicide. The unofficial version of the affair is that he was strangled to death by a keeper during a struggle which the desperate man made for liberty.

Every side of convict life in the old days on board the hulks will be depicted on board the Success, especially the different modes of punishment, and the speculators who have purchased her expect to reap a small fortune as the result of their stroke of enterprise.

THE PEOPLE MARVELLED

At the Rescue of Mr. Metcalfe of Horning's Mills.

Sadly Crippled With Sciatica and an Intense Sufferer for Years—For Two Years Was Not Able to Do Any Work—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health.

From the Shelburne Economist.

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Horning's Mills by Messrs. John Metcalfe and W. H. Mariatt, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the Economist the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Metcalfe, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Metcalfe was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and unable to work. While not altogether bedfast, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobbled about the streets of Horning's Mills, excited universal sympathy. The trouble was in one of his hips and he could not stand or walk erect. His familiar attitude, as the residents of Horning's Mills can vouch, was a stooped over



"WALKED IN A STOOPED POSITION."

position, with one hand on his knee. Mr. Metcalfe says:—"For about two years I was not able to do any work. Local physicians failed to do me any good, and I went to Toronto for treatment, with equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail. I returned home from Toronto discouraged, and said that I would take no more medicine, and that it seemed as if I had to die anyway. My system was very much run down and the pains at times were excruciating. I adhered for several months to my determination to take no more medicine but finally consented to a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strongly recommended by a friend. Before I had taken them very long I felt a great deal better; my appetite returned, and the pains diminished. After using the pills for some time longer I was able to stand and walk erect and resume my work, in the full enjoyment of health and strength. People who knew me marvelled at the change, and on my personal recommendation many have used Pink Pills. This is the first time, however, that I have given the facts for publication."

On being asked if the sciatica had ever returned, Mr. Metcalfe stated that once or twice as the result of unusual exposure, he had experienced slight attacks but he always kept some of the pills at hand for use on such occasions, and they never failed to fix him up all right. Mr. Metcalfe, who is 52 years of age, is in the flour and provision business, and, as proof of his ability to do as good a day's work as he ever did in his life, we may state that the most of the work connected with the erection of his six miles of telephone line was performed by himself. Mr. Metcalfe also mentioned several other instances in which the users of Pink Pills derived great benefit, among them being that of a lady resident of Horning's Mills. The Economist knows of a number of instances in Shelburne where great good has followed the use of this well-known remedy.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes, said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy that can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

A CAR FAMINE.

Western Railways Short of Rolling Stock to Move the Crops.

Long before the date originally thought possible there will be a car famine of gigantic proportions throughout the West. Between January 1 and the opening of navigation eastern roads will have much more business offered them than they can possibly handle. Certainly by December 1, and possibly by November 15, Western roads will have every available car in use hauling grain toward Chicago, St. Louis or the South. The present demand for cars in the West is largely to market grain left over from last year. Very few cars of new corn have been received in Chicago and the movement of this year's crop will not become general until well along in December. Western lines own and operate about 150,000 cars capable of carrying grain. Coupled together these cars would make a train nearly 1000 miles long. According to railroad computation, it will take this enormous train, running by piecemeal on all the roads of the west, nearly or quite nine months to haul all the grain to market.

The only place in the country where there is a genuine car famine is in Pennsylvania. For nearly two months cars have been at a premium and as much scheming is now done by the coal, iron and steel men for cars as they formerly did for cut rates. They are only too willing now, not only to pay tariff rates, but are freely offering bonuses for cars to officials who can influence their movements. At several local points on its line the Lake Shore has a shortage of cars and the Grand Trunk and Wabash are short in Chicago. These shortages by no means compare with the famine in Pennsylvania, and there is no danger of a real famine or blockade of traffic on eastern lines until January, at least.

HIS EXTRA INTERNAL ORGAN.

A Buffalo Boy Swallows a Harmonica While Playing "The Irish Washerwoman."

Frank Smith a 16-year-old boy of Buffalo lies at the Fitch Hospital with a mouth organ in his stomach. He swallowed the instrument early in the night, and before the surgeons could examine him it had passed through the trachea into the boy's digestive organ.

Early Monday night he and a number of boys of his age gathered in front of John G. Avery's saloon and grocery at 797 Abbott road. They were joking and wrestling with each other, when young Smith took from his pocket a little toy mouth organ about two inches long and an inch wide. He began to play on it. His companions were greatly amused. They asked him to play a lively jig, and they would dance a clog or two. Young Smith struck up "The Irish Washerwoman." The boys were dancing with great vigor when they saw young Smith make signs to them to stop. He was greatly excited and began to turn pale.

The boys stop and ran to him. He was in great agony. The mouth organ had slipped out of his fingers and had lodged in his windpipe. They hurriedly took him to a doctor near by, but the doctor was not in, so they started for the Fitch Hospital. On the way to the Hospital young Smith began to feel better. The organ had edged down into the windpipe and he breathed easier. Still he was decidedly uncomfortable.

At the hospital he was laid on the operating table and Dr. Parmenter was sent for. The attendant surgeons put him under the influence of chloroform while waiting for the doctor. Dr. Parmenter saw when he arrived that the case was a serious one, but all efforts on his part to locate the obstacle were of no avail. Probes of all sizes were inserted into the boy's windpipe, but the organ could not be found. He was of the opinion that the organ had lodged in the stomach.

Popular Christian Names. An account has been taken in Austria-Hungary of the Christian names of persons in the Empire. The name of Francis heads the list with 1,834,000 then come 1,384,000 persons who rejoice in the name of John; then Joseph, which numbers 1,085,000; Leopold has 584,000 admirers, and Wednesday 441,000. Of the Christian names of women, Anna rules supreme in Austria with nearly 2,000,000; then comes Marie with 1,652,000 and Elizabeth has place with 1,260,000 admirers.

One day last week there was a jam of logs in the Upper Mississippi above St. Cloud which was estimated to contain 250,000,000 feet of lumber; and a little further up the river there was another jam, which extended for almost twenty miles.

THE ONLY REMEDY THAT CURES.

Ephraim Tallman, of Merrickville, Was a Very Sick Man—He Tried a Great Many Remedies, But Only Got Temporary Relief—South American Nervine, on Recommendation of Mr. E. Errett, Lumber Merchant, Was Tried, and Disease Was in a Short Time Bannished.

EDICINES for the sick are not wanting. They are about as plentiful as mosquitoes in Muskoka, and sometimes just as useless and annoying. But there is a serious side to the matter. Why should those who are broken down in health, weak and wearied, and nigh unto death often, have their condition aggravated by remedies that do them no good. Sometimes, as Mr. Ephraim Tallman, who is a retired farmer, highly respected in the community, and now living in Merrickville, has said, temporary relief is secured. But the reaction that comes from disappointment is apt to set the patient back further than he was before.

The feature of South American Nervine is its permanent healing powers. It is a medicine which strikes at the root of disease, curing the deranged parts at the nerve centres, and these cured, disease cannot exist. Mr. Tallman found this to be the case. He says:—"Two years ago this fall I had an attack of La Grippe, and I have never been well since. My bowels, I may say, became perfectly dormant, and I tried a great many medicines, and got just temporary relief. But it was very temporary. Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant, of this town, advised me to try South American Nervine, and I must, and can, truthfully say that I have received more benefit from it than from all the other remedies I have ever taken. I can honestly recommend it, as I consider it an excellent remedy. I know nothing better. I am a much better man since taking this remedy than for a number of years, and I give this testimony freely of my own accord, wishing South American Nervine the success it deserves."

Antonio Maximo Mora is at present sojourning in New York, where his son is an elevated railroad employe. He is now 87 years old, and it is twenty years since he was deprived of his sugar plantations in Cuba, and was reduced from affluence to poverty.

As if by Magic. This is always the case when Nervine is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world, pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in the house to meet a sudden attack of illness.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Russell Sage and Mrs. Elizabeth Cary Stanton are interesting themselves in a movement to erect a monument at Seneca Falls, N. Y., to Mrs. Bloomer, the lady who first had the courage to don the garment that now bears her name.

Mr. W. M. Carman, champion bicyclist of Canada, writes that he considers St. Leon the very best thing to drink while in general training.

How Editors Are Treated in China.

Nineteen hundred editors of a Peking paper are said to have been beheaded. Some would shudder at such slaughter, who are heedless of the fact that Consumption is ready to fasten its fatal hold on themselves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the efficient remedy for weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs and kindred affections.

Stamps, La Fayette Co., Arkansas. Dr. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—I will say this to you, that consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife had a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used your "Golden Medical Discovery," and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the "Golden Medical Discovery." I consented to her using it, and it cured her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years.

Yours Very Truly, W. C. ROGERS, M. D.

Delicate diseases in either sex, however induced, speedily cured. Book sent securely sealed, 10 cents in stamps. Address, in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Bridgeport, Conn., man suddenly became insane a few days ago, and his peculiar form of insanity is that he is living over again the horrible prison life at Andersonville, where he was confined during a portion of the civil war.

Have You Thought of it?

For four thousand years or more the world groaned, suffered, and fumed about its corns, for there was no positive relief—no certain and painless cure until Dr. Scott Putnam gave to the world his great Corn Extractor. If there is suffering now it is a result of carelessness, for the remedy is at hand. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor. It is sure, painless, and prompt. Beware of substitutes.

Miss Nellie Murphy is room clerk in a large hotel at Colorado Springs. She is said to be the only woman who holds such a position in a large hotel in this country, though in England similar positions are frequently held by women.

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

A. P. 786



Tired but Sleepless

Is a condition which gradually wears away the strength. Let the blood be purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla and this condition will cease.

"For two or three years I was subject to poor spells. I always felt tired, could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not do me any good. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before I had finished two bottles I began to feel better and in a short time I felt all right and had gained 21 pounds in weight. I am stronger and healthier than I have ever been in my life." JOHN W. COUGHLIN, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy and other.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

ALL The Leading BAKERS. No baker having USE OUR Dough Mixers without this life-saving machine. G. T. FENDRILL, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

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BUSINESS CHANCES. If you want to buy or sell a stock or business of any description write me. I have had large experience in the wholesale. Am selling business on usually. Correspondence confidential. No charge to buyers. JOHN NEW, 31 Adelaide East, Toronto

FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris has sample sixth pieces for quills. Send \$1 for trial lot, good value. 27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

RICH FLORIDA LANDS—Reclaimed muck; ad. in joining Lake Apopka; best part of State; no clearing, drainage, or irrigation; two or three crops yearly; low prices; easy terms. W. J. FENTON, 263 Church St., Toronto.

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

STAMMERING Permanently Cured by a strictly Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE, 65 Shuter St Toronto

FOR SALE—NEAR GRIMSBY—FRUIT FARM—500 AC. NEW and rich; thirty acres cleared; eighteen planted to choice fruits; very convenient and beautiful location; marketable produce; no surplus; no trash; worth forty-five hundred. If taken at once will take thirty-five hundred cash, or one thousand may remain on mortgage; a snap; move quick. L. Box 413, Winona, Ont.

Timely Warning.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

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

Prevents Fluids from Boiling Over

A German has invented a device to prevent any fluid from boiling over, even on an open fire. It has a specially constructed perforated rim through which the overflow returns to the pot. One of the benefits of this system is that milk can be kept boiling for a long time, and thereby sterilized milk, forming a nutritious and healthy food for babies, can be obtained.

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good.

Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make \$1 a day, absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure. Write at once. Address D.T. Morgan, Manager Box A. 4, Windsor, Ontario.

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CANADA'S Greatest Commercial School; advantages best in the Dominion; students assisted to positions every week; moderate rates; everything first-class. Catalogues and specimens of penmanship free. SEAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

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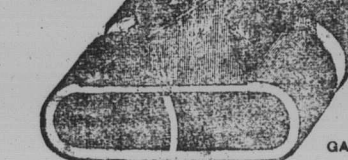
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KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath. 25c.
 For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay.

Richard McFarland had his hand so badly crushed in a printing press in the Hanover post office that amputation was necessary.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose, 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00. For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

CATARRH 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.

The Ailsa Craig Banner tells this yarn without a blush: Mrs. G. C. Robinson, of Lobo, cooked a potato, and the family of five sat down to do justice to it. Everyone ate heartily thereof, but when the meal was finished, there was a large decoction of the potato left. At supper time they again tackled it with renewed energy, but had to give up in despair, the potato having great staying powers. Finally the assistance of the poultry yard had to be called in to exterminate the gigantic "murphy."

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PRICE 60 CENTS.

For sale at the Peoples' Drug store by J. A. Wilson.

The Mount Forest Council is thinking about having an all night electric light service, and a night watchman to look after the town, owing to the number of burglaries there recently. It will be deplorable if the robber gets away with the night watchman and the electric light plant.

Some heartless thief stole the shirt of Mr. George W. Lamond, of the Guelph Mercury, from the clothes line while the owner slept. What makes the loss more keenly felt is the fact that the garment was a "white dress shirt"—most probable an heir-loom.

A batch of Rathsay juveniles were before 'Square Hunt in Palmerston last week, charged with throwing stones at the house of Mr. Conrad Howes, a prominent citizen of the Maryborough village. One boy had to pay \$7 and the rest were dismissed, and Howes was out the costs.

On Tuesday last, while working around a threshing machine, upon the farm of Jas. Richardson, near Harriston, James Harper had the misfortune of getting his hand into the gearing, with the result of the loss of the ends of two fingers and a badly bruised hand. Jim at once proceeded to a doctor's office, where the wounds were dressed. It will be some time before he will be able to resume work.



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