





# STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

## EXPLOITS OF A BRIGADIER GENERAL.

### HOW THE BRIGADIER WAS TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL.

The spring is at hand, my friends. I can see the little green spears breaking out once more upon the chestnut trees, and the safe tables have all been moved into the sunshine. It is more pleasant to sit there, and yet I do not wish to tell my little stories to the whole town. You have heard my doings as a lieutenant, as a squadron officer, as a colonel, as the chief of a brigade. But now I suddenly become something higher and more important. I become history.

If you have read of those closing years of the life of the Emperor which were spent in the Island of St. Helena, you will remember that, again and again, he implored permission to send out one single letter which should be unopened by those who held him. Many times he made this request, and even went so far as to promise that he would provide for his own wants and cease to be an expense to the British Government if it were granted to him. But his guardians knew that he was a terrible man, this pale, fat gentleman in the straw hat, and they dared not grant him what he asked. Many have wondered who it was to whom he could have anything so secret to say. Some have supposed that it was his wife, and some that it was his father-in-law; some that it was the Emperor Alexander, and some to Marshal Soult. What will you think of me, my friends, when I tell you it was to me—to me, the Brigadier Gerard—that the Emperor wished to write! Yes, humbles you see me, with only my 100 francs a month of half-pay between me and hunger, it is none the less true that I was always in the Emperor's mind, and that he would have given his left hand for five minutes' talk with me. I will tell you to-night how this came about.

It was after the Battle of Fere-Champenoise, where the conscripts in their bioues and their sabots made such a fine stand, that we, the more long-headed of us, began to understand that it was all over with us. Our reserve ammunition had been taken in the battle, and we were left with silent guns and empty caissons. Our cavalry, too, was in a deplorable condition, and my own brigade had been destroyed in the great charge at Craonne. Then came the news that the enemy had taken Paris, that the citizens had mounted the white cockade; and finally, most terrible of all, that Marmont and his corps had gone over to the Bourbons. We looked at each other and asked how many more of our generals were going to turn against us. Already there were Jourdan, Marmont, Murat, Bernadotte, and Jomini—though nobody minded much about Jomini, for his pen was always sharper than his sword. We had been ready to fight Europe, but it looked now as though we were to fight Europe and half France as well.

We had come to Fontainebleau by a long, forced march, and there we were assembled, the poor remnants of us, the corps of Ney, the corps of my cousin Gerard, and the corps of Macdonald; twenty-five thousand in all, with seven thousand of the guard. But we had our prestige, which was worth fifty thousand, and our Emperor, who was worth fifty thousand more. He was always among us, serene, smiling, confident, taking his snuff and playing with his little riding-whip. Never in the days of his greatest victories have I admired him as much as I did during the Campaign of France.

One evening I was with a few of my officers drinking a glass of wine of Suresnes. I mention that it was wine of Suresnes just to show you that times were not very good with us. Suddenly I was disturbed by a message from Berthier that he wished to see me. When I speak of my old comrades-in-arms, I will, with your permission, leave out all the fine foreign titles which they had picked up during the wars. They are excellent for a Court, but you never heard them in the camp, for we could not afford to do away with our Ney, our Kapp, or our Soult—names which were as stirring to our ears as the blare of our trumpets blowing the reveille. It was Berthier, then, who sent to say that he wished to see me.

He had a suite of rooms at the end of the gallery of Francis the First, not very far from those of the Emperor. In the ante-chamber were waiting two men whom I knew well: Colonel Despienne, of the 57th of the line, and Captain Tremeau, of the Voltigeurs. They were both old soldiers—Tremeau had carried a musket in Egypt—and they were also both famous in the army for their courage and their skill with weapons. Tremeau had become a little stiff in the wrist, but Despienne was capable at his best of making me exert myself. He was a tiny fellow, about three inches short of the proper height for a man—he was exactly three inches shorter than myself—but both with the sabre and with the small-sword he had several times almost held his own against me when we used to exhibit at Verron's Hall of Arms in the Palais Royal. You may think that it made us snuff something in the wind when we found three such men called together into one room. You cannot see the lettuce and the dressing without suspecting a salad.

"Name of a pipe!" said Tremeau, in his barrack-room fashion. "Are we then expecting three champions of the Bourbons?" To all of us the idea appeared not improbable. Certainly in the whole army we were the very three who might have been chosen to meet them.

"The Prince of Neuchatel desires to speak with the Brigadier Gerard," said a footman, appearing at the door.

In I went, leaving my two companions consumed with impatience behind me. It was a small room, but very gorgeously furnished. Berthier was seated opposite to me at a little table, with a pen in his hand and a note-book open before him. He was looking weary and slowly very different from that Berthier who used to give the fashion to the army, and who had so often set us poorer officers tearing our

hair by trimming his pelisse with fur, one campaign, and with grey astrakhan the next. On his clean-shaven, comely face there was an expression of trouble, and he looked at me as I entered his chamber in a way which had in it something furtive and displeasing.

"Chief of Brigade Gerard!" said he.

"At your service, your Highness!" I answered.

"I must ask you, before I go farther, to promise me, upon your honor as a gentleman and a soldier, that what is about to pass between us shall never be mentioned to any third person."

"My word, this was a fine beginning! I had no choice but to give the promise required."

"You must know, then, that it is all over with the Emperor," said he, looking down at the table and speaking very slowly, as if he had a hard task in getting out the words. "Jourdan at Ronen and Marmont at Paris have both mounted the white cockade, and it is rumored that Talleyrand has talked Ney into doing the same. It is evident that further resistance is useless, and that it can only bring misery upon our country. I wish to ask you, therefore, whether you are prepared to join me in laying hands upon the Emperor's person, and bringing the war to a conclusion by delivering him over to the allies."

"I assure you that when I heard this infamous proposition put forward by the man who had been the earliest friend of the Emperor, and who had received greater favours from him than any of his followers, I could only stand and stare at him in amazement. For his part he tapped his pen handle against his teeth, and looked at me with a stinging head."

"Well?" he asked.

"I am a little deaf upon one side," said I, coldly. "There are some things which I cannot hear. I beg that you will permit me to return to my duties."

"Nay, but you must not be headstrong," said he, rising up and laying his hand upon my shoulder. "You are aware that the Senate has declared against Napoleon, and that the Emperor Alexander refuses to treat with him."

"Sir," I cried, with passion, "I would have you know that I do not care the dregs of a wine-glass for the Senate or for the Emperor Alexander either."

"Then for what do you care?"

"For my own honour and for the service of my glorious master, the Emperor Napoleon."

"That is all very well," said Berthier, peevishly, shrugging his shoulders. "Facts are facts, and as men of the world, we must look them in the face. Are we to stand against the will of the nation? Are we to have civil war on the top of all our misfortunes? And, besides, we are thinning away. Every hour comes the news of fresh desertions. We have still time to make our peace, and indeed, to earn the highest reward, by giving up the Emperor."

I shook so with passion that my sabre clattered against my thigh.

"Sir," I cried, "I never thought to have seen the day when a Marshal of France would have so far degraded himself as to put forward such a proposal. I leave you to your own conscience; but as for me, until I have the Emperor's own order, there shall always be the sword of Etienne Gerard between his enemies and himself."

I was so moved by my own words and by the fine position which I had taken up, that my voice broke, and I could hardly refrain from tears. I should have liked the whole army to have seen me as I stood with my head so proudly erect and my hand upon my heart proclaiming my devotion to the Emperor in his adversity. It was one of the supreme moments of my life.

"Very good," said Berthier, ringing a bell for the lackey. "You will show the Chief of Brigade Gerard into the salon."

The footman led me into an inner room, where he desired me to be seated. For my own part, my only desire was to get away, and I could not understand why they should wish to detain me. When one has had no change of uniform during a whole winter's campaign, one does not feel at home in a palace.

I had been there about a quarter of an hour when the footman opened the door again, and in came Colonel Despienne. Good heavens, what a sight he was! His face was as white as a guard'sman's gaiters, his eyes projecting, the veins swollen upon his forehead, and every hair of his moustache bristling like those of an angry cat. He was too angry to speak and could only shake his hands at the ceiling and make a gurgling in his throat. "Paricide! Viper!" those were the words that I could catch as he stamped up and down the room.

Of course it was evident to me that he had been subjected to the same infamous proposals as I had, and that he had received them in the same spirit. His lips were sealed to me, as mine were to him, by the promise which we had taken, but I contented myself with muttering "Atrocious! Unspeaking!"—so that he might know that I was in agreement with him.

Well, we were still there, he striding furiously up and down, and I seated in the corner, when suddenly a most extraordinary uproar broke out in the room which we had just quitted. There was a snarling, worrying growl, like that of a fierce dog which has got his grip. Then came a crash and a voice calling for help. In we rushed, the two of us, and, my faith, we were none too soon.

Old Tremeau and Berthier were rolling together upon the floor, with the table upon the top of them. The Captain had one of his great, skinny, yellow hands upon the Marshal's throat, and already his face was lead-colored, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. As to Tremeau, he was beside himself, with foam upon the corners of his lips, and such a frantic expression upon him that I am convinced, had we not loosened his iron grip, finger by finger, that it would never have relaxed while the Marshal lived. His nails were white with the power of his grasp.

"I have been tempted by the devil!" he cried, as he staggered to his feet. "Yes, I have been tempted by the devil!" As to Berthier, he could only lean against the wall, and pant for a couple of minutes, putting his hands up to his throat and rolling his head about. Then, with an

angry gesture, he turned to the heavy blue curtain which hung behind his chair.

"There, sire!" he cried, furiously. "I told you exactly what would come of it."

The curtain was torn to one side and the Emperor stepped out into the room. We sprang to the salute, we three old soldiers, but it was all like a scene in a dream to us, and our eyes were as far out as Berthier's had been. Napoleon was dressed in his green-coated chasseur uniform, and he held his little silver-headed switch in his hand. He looked at us each in turn, with a smile upon his face—that frightful smile in which neither eyes nor brow joined—and each in turn had, I believe, a prinking on his skin, for that was the effect which the Emperor's gaze had upon most of us. Then he walked across to Berthier and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"You must not quarrel with blows, my dear Prince," said he. "They are your title to nobility." He spoke in that soft caressing manner which he could assume. There was no one who could make the French tongue sound so pretty as the Emperor, and no one could make it more harsh and terrible.

"I believe he would have killed me," cried Berthier, still rolling his head about.

"Tut, tut! I should have come to your help had these officers not heard your cries. But I trust that you are not really hurt!" He spoke with earnestness, for he was in truth very fond of Berthier—more so than of any man, unless it were of poor Ducroc. Berthier laughed, though not in a very good grace.

"It is new for me to receive my injuries from French hands," said he.

"And yet it was in the cause of France," returned the Emperor. Then, turning to us, he took old Tremeau by the ear. "Ah, old gambler," said he, "you were one of my Egyptian grenadiers, were you not, and had your musket of honour at Marengo. I remember you very well, my good friend. So the old fires are not yet extinguished! They still burn up when you think that your Emperor is wronged. And you, Colonel Despienne, you would not even listen to the tempter. And you, Gerard, your faithful sword is ever to be between me and my enemies. Well, well, I have had some traitors about me, but now at last we are beginning to see who are the true men."

You can fancy, my friends, the thrill of joy which I gave us when the greatest man in the whole world spoke to us in this fashion. Tremeau shook until I thought he would have fallen, and the tears ran down his gigantic moustache. If you had not seen it, you could never believe the influence which the Emperor had upon those coarse-grained, savage old veterans.

"Well, my faithful friends," said he, "if you will follow me into this room, I will explain to you the meaning of this little farce which we have been acting. I beg, Berthier, that you will remain in this chamber, and so make sure that no one interrupts us."

It was new for us to be doing business, with a Marshal of France as sentry at the door. However, we followed the Emperor as we were ordered, and he led us into the recess of the window, gathering us around him and sinking his voice as he addressed us.

"I have picked you out of the whole army," said he, "as being not only the most formidable but also the most faithful of my soldiers. I was convinced that you were all three men who would never waver in your fidelity to me. If I have ventured to put that fidelity to the proof, and to watch you whilst attempts were at my orders made upon your honour, it was only because, in the days when I have found the blackest treason amongst my own flesh and blood, it is necessary that I should be doubly circumspect. Suffice it that I am well convinced now that I can rely upon your valour."

"To the death, sire!" cried Tremeau, and we both repeated it after him.

Napoleon drew us all yet a little closer to him, and sank his voice still lower.

"What I say to you now I have said to no one—not to my wife or my brothers; only to you. It is all up with us, my friends. We have come to our last rally. The game is finished, and we must make provision accordingly."

My heart seemed to have changed to a nine-pounder ball as I listened to him. We had hoped against hope, but now when he, the man who was always serene and who always had reserves—when he, in that quiet, impassive voice of his, said that everything was over, we realized that the clouds had shut for ever, and the last gleam gone. Tremeau started and gripped at his sabre, Despienne ground his teeth, and for my own part I threw out my chest and clicked my heels to show the Emperor that there were some spirits which would rise to adversity.

"My papers and my fortune must be secured," whispered the Emperor. "The whole course of the future may depend upon my having them safe. They are our base for the next attempt—for I am very sure that these poor Bourbons would find that my footstool is too large to make a throne for them. Where am I to keep these precious things? My belongings will be searched—so will be the houses of my supporters. They must be secured and concealed by whom I can trust with that which is more precious to me than my life. Out of the whole of France, you are those whom I have chosen for this sacred trust."

In the first place, I will tell you what these papers are. You shall not say that I have made you blind agents in the matter. They are the official proof of my divorce from Josephine, of my legal marriage to Marie Louise, and of the birth of my son and heir, the King of Rome. If we cannot prove each of these, the future claim of my family to the throne of France falls to the ground. Then there are securities to the value of forty millions of francs—an immense sum, my friends, but of no more value than this riding switch compared to the other papers of which I have spoken. I tell you these things that you may realize the enormous importance of the task which I am committing to your care. Listen, now, while I inform you where you are to get these papers, and what you are to do with them.

"They were handed over to my trusty friend, the Countess Walewski, at Paris, this morning. At five o'clock she starts for Fontainebleau in her blue berline. She should reach here between half-past nine and ten. The papers will be concealed in the berline, in a hiding-place which none know but herself. She has been warned that her carriage will be stopped outside the town by three mounted officers, and she will hand the packet over to your care.

You are the younger man, Gerard, but you are of the senior grade. I confide to your care this amethyst ring, which you will show the lady as a token of your mission, and which you will leave with her as a receipt for her papers.

"Having received the packet, you will ride with it into the forest as far as the ruined dove-house—the Colombier. It is possible that I may meet you there—but if it seems to me to be dangerous, I will send my body-servant, Mustapha, whose directions you may take as being mine. There is no roof to the Colombier, and tonight will be a full moon. At the right of the entrance you will find three spades leaning against the wall. With these you will dig a hole three feet deep in the north-eastern corner—that is, in the corner to the left of the door, and nearest to Fontainebleau. Having buried the papers, you will replace the soil with great care, and you will then report to me at the palace."

These were the Emperor's directions, but given with such an accuracy and minuteness of detail such as no one but himself could give into an order. When he had finished, he made us swear to keep his secret as long as he lived, and as long as the papers should remain buried. Again and again he made us swear it before he dismissed us from his presence.

Colonel Despienne had quarters at the "Sign of the Pheasant," and it was there that we supped together. We were all three men who had been trained to take the strangest turns of fortune as part of our daily life and business, yet we were all flushed and moved by the extraordinary interview which we had had, and by the thought of the great adventure which lay before us. For my own part, it had been my fate several times to take my orders from the lips of the Emperor himself, but neither the incident of the Ajaccio murder, nor the famous ride which I made to Paris appeared to offer such opportunities as this new and most intimate commission.

"If things go right with the Emperor," said Despienne, "we shall all live to be marshals yet."

We drank with him to our future cooked hats and our batons.

It was agreed between us that we should make our way separately to our rendezvous, which was to be the first milestone upon the Paris road. In this way we should avoid the gossip which might get about if three men who were so well known were to be seen riding out together. My little Violette had cast a shoe that morning, and the farrier was at work upon her when I returned, so that my comrades were already there when I arrived at the trysting-place. I had taken with me not only my sabre, but also my new pair of English rifled pistols, with a mallet for knocking in the charges. They had cost me a hundred and fifty francs at Trouvelin's in the Rue de Rivoli, but they would carry far further and straighter than the others. It was with one of them that I had saved old Bouvet's life at Leipzig.

The night was cloudless, and there was a brilliant moon behind us, so that we always had three black horsemen riding down the white road in front of us. The country is so thickly wooded, however, that we could not see very far. The great palace clock had already struck ten, but there was no sign of the Countess. We began to fear that something might have prevented her from starting.

And then suddenly we heard her in the distance. Very faint at first were the brrr of wheels and the tat-tat of the horses' feet. Then they grew louder and clearer and louder yet, until a pair of yellow lanterns swung round the curve, and in their light we saw the two big brown horses tearing along with the high, blue carriage at the back of them. The position pulled them up panting and foaming within a few yards of us. In a moment we were at the window and had raised our hands in a salute to the beautiful pale face which looked out at us.

"We are the three officers of the Emperor, madame," said I, in a low voice, leaning my face down to the open window. "You have already been warned that we should wait upon you."

The Countess had a very beautiful, cream-tinted complexion of a sort which I particularly admired, but she grew whiter and whiter as she looked up at me. Her harsh lines deepened upon her face until she seemed, even as I looked at her, to turn from youth into age.

"It is evident to me," she said, "that you are three impostors."

If she had struck me across the face with her delicate hand she could not have startled me more. It was not her words only, but the bitterness with which he hissed them out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Poultry Industry.

Prince Edward Island makes \$200,000 this year through the butter and cheese industries. The expenditure on promotion and education was trifling; the results enormous. It is to be hoped that the Government will direct its attention to other branches of agriculture. There is the poultry industry, as an example. England purchased \$22,000,000 worth of eggs last year from France, Denmark, and Continental countries. We can get some of these millions if our farmers will keep the fowls which lay the large eggs, and if eggs are sent over in good condition for the English market. What is wanted is instruction in the business of keeping the right kind of poultry, of feeding it to the best advantage, and of marketing the eggs. Along with egg exportations will of course, go poultry exportations. For poultry there is also a large market in England. Mr. Gilbert, of the Poultry Department, is already doing excellent work. But he can do more, and with great benefit, if the opportunity and the facilities for doing it are afforded him.

### The New Deal.

I'm a man and she's a woman  
I must fight the battle through—  
Hold on, I guess not. Thank you.  
She is a woman new.

### Good Plan.

What did your tailor charge you for that suit?  
Nothing.  
What! How did that happen?  
He didn't charge it. I paid him for it.

### SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD FIELDS.

#### A Look Through the Boom City of Johannesburg.

Some nine or ten years ago, when the Kimberley days were drawing to an end, owing to the diamond fields having become practically a monopoly, faint murmurs of gold to be found "up country" crept into the moist, warm air, and revived the drooping spirits of the ardent little Kimberley colony. Regardless of hardship—nay, misery—buoyant with hope, and with an esprit de corps seldom seen outside a mining camp, they trekked in wagons drawn by mules or oxen, and in this primitive manner—the only one possible at the time—they left the home of their lost prosperity to seek a new El Dorado in unknown regions. Seldom, if ever, is the pioneer of any enterprise the man who reaps the benefit of his temerity; his struggles serve but to point the way to newcomers, and his inevitable failures but to help others to success. Johannesburg leapt into life from these first few wagonloads, which were tentatively outspanned on a barren, sandy tract of land, around which, in an incredibly short time, new wagon loads, tin shanties and cantenas collected. The gold fever, always incipient, broke out with its usual virulence, drawing within its miasmatic reach all sorts and conditions of men to lay the foundations of the town. Then began the prospecting, the pegging out of claims, the formation both of bogus and bona fide companies and syndicates, the rapid buying up of farms and farmsteads.

To-day the newcomer alighting at the Park Station (presuming that he arrives by train from Cape Town) is

#### PLEASANTLY IMPRESSED.

He sees a bright, lively, and promising little town, picturesque, scattered, and busy. The soil is of a bright brick dust red, which tones well with the emerald green of the newly planted gum trees. The bungalow dwelling houses boast each a stoop (veranda), and a small plot of ground, and seem to tell a tale of simple satisfaction, lending a charm which lasts about a week, let us say, for the dullest person does not take long to find out that almost every erection in the town is "jerry" built. Windows are not made to exclude the air, nor doors to reach their lintels, the walls do nothing much towards deadening sound, and the ceilings, though very often formed of polished wooden panels, are not so frequently impervious to rain; in fact, umbrellas and mackintoshes have on occasions been used, even in bed, as a protection from intruding raindrops.

Such bungalows, which are the homes of the middle classes, consist of three or four bed rooms, a sitting room, kitchen and small larder, with a compound (yard) and a small garden attached, and costs in town from about £20 to £25, and within a ten minutes radius from the town about £12 to £15 a month, most contracts and all payments being made by the month. Therefore, to move from one house to another several times in a year is not a very unusual occurrence, nor is it attended by much difficulty, for the household goods are few, and the residents are averse to increasing the number of their possessions from lack of space in which to place them.

"Art" muslin, packing-cases and paraffine oil tins form a large item in the economy of those who can not afford to import furniture from home. Muslin window curtains, sometimes of the lightest coloring, are very effective in the bright sunshine, which is seldom dulled for long. The possibilities of packing cases are almost beyond limit, for, with a little dexterity, they can be converted from dressing table to divan from linen press to larder, and so on, while empty oil tins refilled with the

#### RICH RED VIRGIN SOIL.

which will grow almost everything, are, when planted with creepers, ferns and flowers, and placed along the stoop, almost as decorative as the flower box which occupies the window sill of a London house. More substantial furniture is mostly bought at sales, which occur very frequently, as homes are always being sold up.

Here, as elsewhere, the everyday detail of living holds a prominent place in the adjustment of everyday life; and the womenkind of each household have there to take an unusually active part in the management of domestic affairs. For the kitchen boy, almost the only servant obtainable, costs from £2 10s to £3 or more per month, and is an endless source of annoyance and difficulty. Some of them are raw Kafirs from "up country," who enter service knowing nothing of civilization, and have to be taught their duties from beginning to end; but even these are better than the so-called Christians, who are usually more or less dishonest and given to drink. They sleep in an outhouse built in the compound, eat mealy meal (local name for an inferior sort of Indian corn) or scraps and leavings, at which they are now beginning to protest. They speak, as a rule, pigeon English, but are infinitely more impressed when spoken to in Dutch, a though some of them know not a word beyond their own special dialect; they are supposed to do the work of a general servant. These "boys," as they are called—irrespective of age—spend about ten years of their lives (from about 17 to 27) in service, during which time many of them contrive to save a goodly sum of money; and, when not mulcted of it by the white men, they return to their kraals, buy cattle and wives and luxuriate in utter idleness, while their women-folk tend the cattle and cook the sooff (food). While living in Johannesburg or in the adjacent locality allotted to them, they are subjected to certain special laws, which are more honored in the breach than in the observance.

#### An Unfeeling Estimate.

So you wouldn't take me to be twenty-five, littered Miss Twitters. What would you take me for, then?  
About thirty-six, replied inconsiderate Mr. Swayback.

#### Always at Hand.

Husband (rummaging through a drawer)—  
Well, it's very strange; I can never find anything.  
Wife—You can always find fault, it seems to me.



# AGRICULTURAL

## Farm Yard Manure.

A number of correspondents ask for information about the value, and best method of caring for farm-yard manure. This is a complete manure, i. e., it supplies all the essential elements of plant-food. It is important that the urine be preserved, as farm-yard manure without urine would be poor in nitrogen, and would also lose a considerable amount of potash. A hundred pounds of well-rotted farm-yard manure generally contains seventy-five pounds water, about one-half pound of nitrogen, less than one-half pound of potash, and less than one-half pound of phosphoric acid. From this it will be seen that this kind of manure will have to be applied in large quantities, hence the necessity of preserving every particle of plant food. There is no question that bad management will entirely, or nearly spoil the manure. Too many farmers throw out the accumulation back of the barn, where from continual washing a large per cent. of the value is lost, washed down the gutter. The action of the water wears down the solid matter as in the case of an ordinary bank, and presently the loosened particles are swept away from the mass and conveyed to the nearest stream. Even if no great loss of bulk occurs, the richer portions of the manure are lost, because the water washes out the most soluble matter as it passes through the heap. The advantage of a covered yard is thus seen at a glance. In covering a manure yard steps should be taken to secure the whole of the urine which is voided by the cattle as they stand in the stalls. When the urine and solid excrement with the litter are mixed together, fermentation proceeds on the most approved lines; but when there is insufficient moisture in the heap, as in the case when the drainage from the sheds is carried off the premises, fermentation proceeds too rapidly, and the manure is spoiled.

Several years ago Dr. Voelcker carried out a series of experiments upon the various methods of keeping farm-yard manures, and among the conclusions arrived at to a correspondent, was this: Practically speaking, all the essentially valuable manuring constituents are preserved by keeping farm-yard manure under cover, and also that the worst method of making manure is to produce it by animals kept in open yards, since a large proportion of valuable fertilizing matter is wasted in a short time, and, after a lapse of twelve months, at least two-thirds of the substance of the manure is wasted, and about one-third, inferior in quality to an equal weight of fresh dung, is left behind. To turn to details, Dr. Voelcker placed 2,838 pounds of fresh mixed manure in a heap in November, and this when weighed at the end of the following April weighed 2,026 pounds, a shrinkage in weight of 28.6 per cent. In other words, 100 tons of such manure would be reduced to less than seventy-one and one-half tons. The heap was weighed again August 23, and contained 1,994 pounds; and again on November 15, when it weighed 1,974 pounds. As regards composition of the above, when first put up the manure contained 66.17 per cent. of water, or nearly two-thirds of its weight; after fermenting in an exposed heap for six months it still contained about the same percentage (65.95) of water. When kept in a heap until August the percentage of water (75.49) was much greater. Of four tons of such manure three tons are water. Of nitrogen, the most valuable ingredient of the manure, the fresh dung contained 0.64 per cent.; after fermenting six months it contained 0.65 per cent., or about the same as the fresh manure. Of mineral matter, or ash, this fresh farm-yard manure contained 5.59 per cent., of which 1.54 was soluble in water, and 4.05 insoluble. After fermenting for six months the manure contained 10.55 per cent. of ash, of which 2.86 was soluble, and 7.69 insoluble. Six months later the soluble ash had declined to 1.97 per cent. Taking the above figures as something to go upon, we will suppose that we put up a heap of manure, five tons (10,000 pounds) in the open on November 3; by the end of April this will be reduced to 7,138 pounds, of which 4,707 pounds are water. By August 23, the heap is reduced to 7,025 pounds, of which 5,304 pounds are water. Of total nitrogen in the heap, there are 64.3 pounds in the fresh manure, 63.9 pounds in April, and only 46.3 pounds in August. This is a great loss, and there is no compensating gain. At the same time Dr. Voelcker made the above experiment, he placed another heap of manure, under cover, in a shed. It was the same kind of manure, and was treated precisely as the other—the only difference being that one heap was exposed to the rain, and the other not. When put up, the heap weighed 3,258 pounds; at end of April it weighed 1,613 pounds, on August 23, 1,247 pounds, and on November 15, 1,235 pounds. Thus 100 tons of manure kept under cover for six months would be reduced to forty-nine and six-tenths tons. Whereas, when the same manure was fermented for the same length of time in the open air, the 100 tons were reduced to only seventy-one and four-tenths tons. This difference is due principally to the fact that the heap exposed contained more water, derived from rain and snow, than the heap kept under cover. As regards composition, we will for the sake of comparison, estimate what the change would be in a heap of five tons (10,000 pounds) of manure, when fermented under cover, precisely as we did with the heap fermented in the open air, exposed to the rain. When put up on November 3, the heap weighed 10,000 pounds, of which 6,617 pounds were water; on April 30 the weight was 4,960 pounds, containing 2,822 pounds water; on August 23, 4,000 pounds, of which 1,737 pounds were water; and on November 15, 3,790 pounds, containing 1,579 pounds of water, of total nitrogen in heap, there are 64.3 pounds in the fresh manure, 59 pounds in April, 50.8 pounds in August, and 57.2 pounds in November. This loss of nitrogen though not so considerable as in the exposed heap, would have been much less if the heap had been kept moderately moist by liquid from the stables, or by watering.

As it was, the manure was too dry, and there was not enough water to retain the carbonate of ammonia.

## A Winter's Special Study.

The progressive farmer plans for improvement in his business. Method is found to mark the plans of the successful man in every calling. The physician goes away to a course of lectures occasionally to brighten upon modern discoveries. He accomplishes most when his few weeks or few months are devoted to a special subject. So it is true of the farmer and breeder, that special application must be made to some special subject during his winter's reading and investigations by experiment, if he is to see results of substantial worth. The measure of economy in feeding is one's knowledge, and the broad or narrow extent of that knowledge. By knowledge we do not mean that which has been learned from reading, altogether. It is true, however, that reading is always suggestive to a fertile mind, if not always instructive. Faulty statements discovered in one's reading and conversation may awaken the mind to unusually valuable discoveries. We would urge, therefore, that our bright friends among farmers and feeders, will find it to their advantage to read several books and different journals for the next six months, and that they be not wholly disgusted and thus driven to abandon reading because of occasional inaccuracies. When an impracticable suggestion is found, effort should arise to urge the mind to a new thought that shall be an invention of a better way.

Then it would be a good thing to write out this idea and send it to your favorite agricultural journal, to be incorporated in an editorial item that will go out to thousands of fellow farmers to lighten their labors, add, perhaps to burden their purses. There are scores, and perhaps hundreds, of middle-aged farmers whose practical experience will enable them, the coming winter, to read regularly and critically the agricultural literature on feeding, and find by this exercise of their minds profit to themselves and the means of extending more light on a subject that is yet far from being mastered.

Those who learn the most, however, and who shall be able to make right use of their newly-acquired information, are they who shall devote at least two hours or two evenings each week, for six months, to reading (or conversation with intelligent men) on the subject of feeding farm animals. If one is fattening hogs or cattle it is the better policy to limit the reading of the two evenings to this scientific subject, and search far and wide for all the help available.

The feeding question involves the problems of oil meal as a valuable part in the ration of work animals, grinding, cooking, the use of warm water in icy weather, cutting hay, straw and fodder, the proper mixture or ration of the grains, changes of provender and a dozen more items. Success attends the efforts of the man who reads and thinks while he works with his limbs. Results are larger, too, if his heart is enlisted in the subject and in his animals. But one should reserve five nights of seven for the various other work of life. Feeding is not the sole saviour of the farm.

## THE WORLD'S WHEAT CROP.

Good and Bad Reports From Different Countries.

In France the harvest has been completed under the most favorable conditions, and the Minister of Agriculture has now issued his estimate of the wheat crop, which greatly exceeds all previous expectations; the total yield is, in fact, put at 336,000,000 bushels or only 6,400,000 less than last year. France will require to import very little wheat this year.

In Austria-Hungary the wheat crop is finally described as a good average one, which means that it is little short of last year, but that rye is about 2,750,000 qrs. less than last year.

In Roumania, according to the latest official report, the grain crops are not so abundant as was expected, but they are much larger than last year. Wheat, for instance, giving 8,250,000 qrs, against about 5,500,000 qrs last year.

From Bulgaria reports point to very large crops of wheat and barley.

The Italian wheat crop is now officially estimated at 13,000,000 qrs, against 14,750,000 qrs last year, so that, as the past season's imports have been about 2,500,000 qrs, Italy may be estimated to require over 4,000,000 qrs in the season just commenced.

From Spain the latest reports state that the crop as a whole is much below last year's, which was a very good one, reaching 13,000,000 qrs.

From Russia the crop reports are rather conflicting. The latest official report says that fine hot weather was good for the harvesting of the winter crops, but was unfavorable for spring crops, which ripened too quickly and will consequently yield a poorly developed grain. Oats and wheat especially suffered from this. The general crop outlook in South Russia is much deteriorated, reports indicate therefore that the crops are much worse than last year, when nearly all the crops were far above an average.

From Australasia the latest crop reports are satisfactory, but in Argentina according to latest cables, the outlook is described as by no means brilliant for the wheat crop. Eight bushels makes one quarter.

## The Wrong Instrument.

Irate Father—Here I've paid you, no telling how much money, to teach my daughter music, and she can't play any better than she did before. Whose fault is that?  
Prof. Van Note—Ze fault of ze instrument. I had von instrument in my shop vich lea von to play soon.  
Irate Father—Huh! Is it like this?  
Prof. Van Note—It looks like zis piano, but it goes mit a crank.

# MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

## THE OLD MAN COMES HOME IN A BAD TEMPER.

A Hole in His Stocking Causes Much Unhappiness—Trouble With His Vest Makes Him Wizzy-Wazzy—Other Grievances Are Alred in an Unamiable Manner.

When Mr. Bowser let himself into the house with his latch-key, Mrs. Bowser was sitting in the back parlor. She knew by the way he banged the door shut and scuffed around the hall that something had happened, and nerved herself up to meet it. She gave him a wifely greeting, but he glared at her in return and growled. "Never mind putting yourself out for me on this special occasion, Mrs. Bowser! After dinner I want to have a talk with you!" "Has anything happened, dear?" she anxiously queried. "You will be informed in due time. I suppose dinner is half an hour late, as usual?" "Dinner has been ready for five minutes, dear. You have never had to wait over five minutes for dinner since we were married."

He scuffed into the dining-room and took his place at the table with the demeanor of a boy threatened with a licking, found fault with everything at the board, and left most of Mrs. Bowser's questions unanswered. Her policy was to smooth away the clouds, but he wouldn't have it. When they had finished the meal and returned to the family-room his pent-up feelings burst forth, with: "Now, then, Mrs. Bowser, I want to know whether this house is run by the superintendent of some idiot asylum or by the woman I made my wife several years ago to take care of my home?"

"Why, what is wrong?" she gasped. "Everything is wrong!" he shouted as he plumped down on the lounge and bobbed up again. "If I should try to run a hen-roost on your system of managing this house every blamed hen would be dead within a fortnight! There's no real system—no management—no nothing, and I tell you I don't propose to put up with such a mess any longer!" "Please tell me what particular thing you find fault with," said Mrs. Bowser, as she realized that he had had a bad day at the office and wanted to get square by pitching into her.

"What particular thing? Millions of particular things!" he almost yelled as he wheeled around on her. "Mrs. Bowser, I wear socks!" "Yes, I know."

"I hadn't reached the office when my right heel began to hurt, and I have been a martyr all day. What was the reason? Holes in my sock—great, big yawning holes which any other wife would have discovered and mended! What are you smiling about?" "Mr. Bowser, we overslept ourselves. You hurried down and got a bite of breakfast and was gone before I got up. Instead of having holes in your sock you managed to pull one of my stockings over your foot. That's what has hurt your heel all day."

"I deny it! I deny it in toto! I may have my failings, but I am not an idiot! Put on one of your stockings! Don't try to crawl out if it that way, Mrs. Bowser! I'll soon show you that I know what I'm talking about!" He sat down and unlaced his shoe and kicked it five feet away. Then he pulled up the leg of his trousers, and there was his foot in Mrs. Bowser's stocking, or about half-way in it.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she exclaimed. "I found your sock and missed my stocking when I got up to dress." "Mrs. Bowser," he said as he pulled the stocking off and got up and limped about, "what do you think of a wife who'll send her husband out among men with such a handkerchief as this? Gaze on it! Is that a handkerchief or a table-napkin? Imagine my feelings as I pulled it out on a crowded car to wipe off my chin. When table-napkins are placed among my handkerchiefs haven't I a right to complain of the way this house is run?"

"It was never placed there!" she spiritedly replied. "It was your napkin at breakfast. You left your handkerchief on the table and put the napkin in your pocket. Anything else?" "Anything else! I should say there was! If you were the right sort of wife wouldn't you have noticed that one of the buttons was off this vest and been prompt to repair damages? Did you notice it? No! You were too busy with some love-sick novel!"

"There is no button off your vest," she quietly replied after a brief inspection. "In your hurry you buttoned your vest wrong. See? The top button is in the second button-hole. No wonder you felt wizzy-wazzy!"

Mr. Bowser was stuck, but it wouldn't do to give in, and waving his arms around he cried out: "Not only socks with holes in and missing vest-buttons, Mrs. Bowser, but a dozen times on the street to-day I noticed people looking at me and grinning! It was only as I took the car to come home that I discovered the reason. Look here, will you—look at my shirt bosom! That's your wifely interest—that's your system of management!"

"Yes, I see," she said as he opened his vest with a jerk which ripped two buttons off. Mr. Bowser, you wear shirts which button behind the neck!"

"And does that excuse your negligence?" "There's no negligence about it. When you put your shirt on this morning you got in hind-side before. There is no shirt-bosom there—it's all on your back!"

Never, Mrs. Bowser—never! You simply and serenely got up in the night and maliciously yanked the bosom out of my shirt to spite me, and I have gone around all day with my under-shirt exposed to view! Is it any wonder that as I was feeling in my coat-tail pocket for a missing pencil I should find a handful of glass? Perhaps you'll tell me I put it there for a cushion to sit down on?" "You put it there, of course!" she calmly replied. "You put a bottle in your pocket

last night and went over to the drugstore after some arnica. I was up-stairs when you came back and never thought of it. Let me smell. Yes, of course, that's arnica. You probably sat down on the bottle when you took the car this morning. I should have thought you would have felt the snash. Anything else, Mr. Bowser?"

There was. Mr. Bowser had been laid out as flat as a pancake on every complaint, but he had a shot in reserve. After scuffing twice around the room with his foot still unshod he halted before her and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, some husbands, under the provocation I have had, and having fully established the criminal negligence of the wife, would have simply walked off and been heard of no more. I am not that kind of a man, however. I feel pity for you. Tomorrow my lawyer—"

"Will see my lawyer," she said as he paused. "Exactly, and the two will probably come to some fair understanding regarding the divorce and alimony. During the remainder of the evening—"

"You will be busy in the library looking over legal papers? I understand, and if anybody calls you are not to be interrupted?" "Just so, woman!" replied Mr. Bowser as he picked up his shoe and stalked out of the room with his back-bone as stiff as a crow-bar.

## COLD STORAGE.

An Opening in Canada for the Successful Prosecution of this Line of Business.

If any estimate can be formed from experience in Australia and New Zealand, the cold-storage business in Canada should be a decided success. Recent fluctuations in prices have convinced our farmers of the absolute necessity of diversified lines of produce. The wheat crop, although it must always be of prime importance, must be supplemented with the extensive adoption of general farming, and this will necessitate proper facilities for the transportation of perishable goods. It may be that our cold, bracing winters have tended to divert the attention of business men from this line of enterprise, and to leave us far behind the more distant southern colonies in the matter of reaching the market with the more perishable lines of farm produce. But the Canadian climate and the tendency to produce such lines for the European market make a demand for this important adjunct of foreign shipment. The success of New Zealand farmers in supplying butter and fresh meat to the British market is due in a great measure to the perfection of the cold-storage system. These perishable lines of goods are brought at once to the cold-storage stations, and are kept till the small refrigerator vessels make their rounds and gather them at

## THE POINT OF SHIPMENT.

They are then transferred to the refrigerator liners and carried to Britain. By this system the carcasses of mutton are frozen immediately after being dressed, and are kept in that condition till delivered in England. Butter, also, is kept at a temperature below the freezing point from the time it leaves the dairy till it is delivered to the consumers, and is consequently fresh and sweet when offered for sale in England. There is without doubt an opening in Canada for the successful prosecution of this line of business. Of course it requires the care, energy and attention which private interest and enterprise alone can give.

The willingness already shown by men of business experience to embark in the cold-storage business as a private speculation is the strongest evidence that it will supply a ready function and be consequently profitable. The course which business will adopt after the establishment of cold-storage stations and refrigerator vessels cannot yet be predicted. It is not probable that the farmer will ever deal directly with his customers in Britain, although that has been suggested as a possibility. He may prefer a definite price from a dealer on the delivery of his produce rather than an uncertain return from shipments abroad. The cheese factories have shown, however, that farmers can successfully adopt the

## CO-OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE.

in the disposal of their goods, and it is impossible to predict how far this same principle may be adopted in shipments through the medium of a cold-storage system. The embargo on Canadian live cattle in British ports has made an opening for, or rather a necessity for, the freezing of beef for shipment. It is probable that this embargo will last for some time, as it has more friends in the present than in the retired Ministry. While it lasts it may be found more profitable to ship frozen carcasses than live animals. The requirement of immediate slaughter at the port of entry is injurious in many ways. The cattle lose in weight during the voyage and cannot be restored to the best condition. The exposure of the voyage followed by immediate slaughter is said to have an injurious effect on the flavor of the beef, and there are also difficulties in the way of advantageous marketing owing to the strictness of the regulations. Men of experience in the cattle trade have expressed the view that these restrictions will make the shipment of frozen meat more profitable than live cattle shipments. Like all other business innovations, the establishment of a cold-storage system will open up many opportunities and establish new enterprises which cannot now be anticipated. It will supply an important link in Canadian commerce.

## A Great Snowstorm.

A correspondent draws attention to the fact that Chambers in his "Book of Days" gives a few particulars of an awful snowstorm that fell out over Scotland exactly a century ago last January. Into some of the hollows of the hills of that 1795 "blizzard" the snow drifted to the depth of 100 feet. On the authority of James Hogg, the "Book of Days" has it further that no fewer than seventeen shepherds perished in the southern district of Scotland alone, while about thirty more had to be carried home in an insensible condition, and were brought round with the greatest difficulty.

## UNEXPLORED TERRITORY.

Canada Has Room Enough for the Population of Europe.

There are more than one million and a quarter square miles of unexplored lands in Canada, according to the opinion of Dr. Dawson, Director of the Geological Survey. The entire area of the Dominion is computed at 3,470,257 square miles, consequently one-third of this country has yet been untraveled by the explorer. Exclusive of the inhospitable detached Arctic portions, 954,000 square miles is, for all practical purposes, entirely unknown. Dr. Dawson has made a careful estimate of the unexplored area, beginning at the extreme northwest of the Dominion. The first of these areas is between the eastern boundary of Alaska, the Porcupine River and the Arctic coast, and consists of 9,500 square miles, or somewhat smaller in extent than Belgium, and lying entirely within the arctic circle. The next area is west of the Lewis and Yukon Rivers and extends to the boundary of Alaska. Until last year there were 32,000 square miles in this area unexplored, but a part of this was travelled last summer. A third area of 27,000 square miles lies between the Lewis, Pelly and Stikine Rivers, being nearly as

## LARGE AS SCOTLAND.

Between the Pelly and Mackenzie Rivers is another large area of 100,000 square miles, or about twice the size of England. It includes nearly six hundred miles in length of the main Rocky Mountain range. An area of 50,000 square miles is found between Great Bear Lake and the Arctic coast, being nearly all to the north of the arctic circle. Nearly as large as Portugal is another area between Great Bear Lake, the Mackenzie River and the western part of Great Slave Lake, in all 35,000 square miles. Lying between Stikine and Laird Rivers to the north and the Skeena and Peace Rivers to the south is an area of 81,000 square miles, which, except being recently penetrated by a field party, is quite unexplored. Another area of 30,000 square miles, south-east of Athabasca Lake, is an area of which little is known, except that it has been crossed by a field party en route to Fort Churchill. East of the Coppermine River and west of Bathurst Inlet lies 7,500 miles of unexplored land, which may be compared to half the size of Switzerland. Eastward from this is an area of 31,000 square miles, or about equal to Ireland, lying between the Arctic coast and Back's River. Much larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and embracing 178,000 square miles is an area bounded by Back's River, Great Slave Lake, Athabasca Lake, Hatchet and Reindeer Lakes, Churchill River and the west coast of Hudson Bay. This country includes

## THE BARREN GROUND.

of the continent. It will be remembered that Mr. J. B. Tyrrell recently struck through these barren grounds on his trip to Fort Churchill, on the Churchill River, but could only make a preliminary exploration of the country. On the south coast of Hudson Bay, between the Severn and Atawapishkat Rivers, is another of 22,000 square miles, or larger than Nova Scotia. Lying between Trout Lake, Lac Seul and the Albany River are 15,000 square miles of unexplored land, or about half the size of Scotland. To the south and east of James Bay and nearer to large centres of population than any region which still remains unexplored is an area of 35,000 square miles, which may be compared to the area of Portugal. The most easterly area is the greatest of all. It comprises almost the entire interior of the Labrador Peninsula or Northeast Territory, in all 289,000 square miles; more than equal to twice the area of Great Britain and Ireland, with an added area to that of Newfoundland.

## A True Bear Story.

Stranger—I presume you have seen a good many bears in your time.  
Hunter—Bout a thousand.  
Stranger—I wish you would tell me a bear story—a true one, of course, every detail exactly as it happened.

Hunter—Eh? Want a true bear story? Well, I swan! All right, I'll give you one; but sho' I won't care for it. Back in the sixties, about sixty-nine, I think, or maybe it was seventy, I was walkin' alone, not thinkin' of anything in particular, except Josh Peabody's chances of election. —Josh and me were great friends—when all of a sudden, just as I'd crossed a log over a stream, and sat down on the further end of the log for a little rest, I felt a jar, and, looking up, there at the other end of the log, with one paw on it, was the biggest, ugliest-lookin' bear you ever see. I had my gun but it was empty, and I hadn't as much as a bird-shot to load with—just going home you know. My hunting-knife had got lost somehow that same day, and all I had was an old fashioned pocket knife, a good deal the worse for wear. Well, I looked at that critter, and he looked at me for 'bout two minutes, when I sort o' sidled off the log and crept along up stream about twenty feet, meantime openin' the old Barlow knife. I couldn't get any further on account of a high bank, a thicket of laurels, and the jagged roots of a big tree that was blown over. Well, there I stood, and there that critter stood, me eye'n' him and him eye'n' me, for full ten minutes, when all of a sudden—Mighty good cigar this is.

Stranger—Yes, yes; go on.

Hunter—Oh! yes. All of a sudden that bear crossed over the log and walked away,

## Roses Five Thousand Years Old.

Flinders Petrie, the archaeologist, while excavating among some ancient Egyptian tombs, found a wreath of roses which had been bound into a garland and buried with the dead thousands of years ago. M. Crepin, the botanist and microscopist, made a careful examination of this queer find and prepared a paper on it, which he read before the Royal Society at Belgium. From this paper it appears that in places where the flowers were matted together they still retain their color as well as a very faint odor. The species to which they belong is now extinct, but a rose resembling them in several particulars is still grown in Egypt and Abyssinia.

One of the oldest trees in England is a chestnut tree at Forworth, near Bristol. It measures fifty feet in circumference, and is supposed to be a thousand years old.



Live Stock Markets.

Offerings were heavy to-day. There were 81 carloads on the market since yesterday and 85 fresh loads came in to-day. Altogether there were nearly 100 carloads, which included 1,413 sheep and lambs, 2,800 hogs, 31 calves and about a dozen milch cows and springers. Buying for export was fairly active, but other lines were quiet.

Export cattle—Mr. James Eakins was about the only buyer in this line. He took in the vicinity of six carloads, and paid from 3 1/2 to 4c per lb, the latter for extra choice. Very few of the latter kind are to be had. Two carloads, 1,300 lbs average, sold for \$48 per head. Not only was there a limited supply of good cattle, but too many poor ones offered. A few head were of extra choice quality. Good cattle will fetch fair prices.

Butchers' cattle—If anything this line was weaker, owing principally to heavy offerings. Some of the cattle offered in this line were exceedingly poor quality. A few drovers shipped their cattle back to the country rather than accept the low prices which they were bidden. Good butchers' cattle were selling at about 2 1/2c per lb and choice cattle brought from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. This is about the quietest line on the market. Sales:—One carload cattle, 1,000 lbs average 3c per lb; 22 cattle, 1,000 lbs average, \$2.99 per cwt; 12 cattle, 1,100 lbs average 3 1/2c per lb; 24 cattle, 925 lbs average, \$21 each; 20 cattle, 900 average, 2 1/2c per lb.

Stockers—There is only a light demand in this line, one or two lots being picked up by farmers to feed. They fetch from 1 1/2c to 2 1/2c per lb. One steer 900 lbs weight, sold for \$10; 10 head 925 lbs average 2c per lb; 25 head, 925 lbs average, 1 1/2c per lb and \$5 over on the deal. This last bunch were to ship back north.

Feeders—There was a fair trade being done in this line. All the distillery buyers were buying for their byres. Prices ruled from 2 1/2c to 3c per lb, one or two extra choice going up to 3 1/2c per lb. Really choice feeders were scarce. Sales:—12 choice head, 1,100 lbs average, 3 1/2c per lb; 1 carload, 1,100 lbs average \$33 each; 1 carload, 1,000 lbs average 3c per lb. Those wanted should weigh from 1,000 to 1,500.

Bulls—Quite a few offered to-day and the feeling was barely steady. Stock bulls are hard to sell, some fetching as low as 1 1/2c per lb. Good to choice bulls bring from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb, or perhaps 3 1/2c per lb in exceptional cases. Really choice bulls are hard to get and they are wanted.

Sheep—The feeling was weak again to-day. The ruling figure for good shipping ewes and wethers was mostly from 3c to perhaps a fraction higher. There is no demand. English markets are bad and there is no contracted space to fill on board ship. Bucks are dull and not wanted at from 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c per lb.

Lambs—There was maybe a better feeling in this line to-day. Good ones are scarce. They were selling at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. Choice lambs are wanted.

Calves—Offerings were heavier to-day, and the feeling was steady for choice veals. Poor and common calves are not wanted. Prices rule at from \$4 to \$6.50, according to quality, down to \$2 for head for "slinks" as the very poor calves are called.

Milch cows and springers—Only a few came in to-day, and all sold at fair prices. For really choice bay cows as high as \$40 would be paid, but most of the deals to-day were made in region of \$30 per head. Some poor cows sold as low as \$20 per head and fair ones at \$25 each.

Hogs—Mr. Harris quotes last Tuesday's prices as ruling to-day, with prospects for lower figures. He will pay only 4c per lb for the best hogs to be delivered next week. Best bacon hogs sold to-day for 4 1/2c per lb, weighed off cars. Thick fat, \$3.80 to \$3.90 per cwt; light hogs, \$3.75 per cwt; sows, \$3 to \$3.25 per cwt; stags, \$2 to \$2.25 per cwt. Stores are not wanted.

Horses—Mr. Harris is buying horses for the fertilizer factory at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb, live weight.

Mr. George Gould, county clerk, has returned from Toronto. His health is not quite satisfactory.

On Wednesday morning of last week, while working around the door yard, Mrs. Levi Kruse, Hepworth had the misfortune to fall, and alighting on the edge of a plank, gave her leg such a severe wrench that she has been confined to her room ever since.

Huntingfield.

Too late for last week.

Those that have not got their potatoes taken up think it is time now.

Mrs. A. Harkness and her sister are visiting friends at Mitchell this week.

Mrs. Dickson, of Toronto, is visiting at her brothers, George Harkness, this week.

Our town was quite lively with sleighs on Monday. It is making people talk of a hard winter.

Mr. Vauce has started to take out the willow that grew on the model farm, which makes a great improvement.

If any of your citizens intend building next summer, they should get our prices for stone. We can supply stone on short notice.

Rev. Mr. Carswell, of Bond Head, will preach in McIntosh church on Sunday. Monday evening he will address the Belmore Bible Society.

We are having quite a bit of the beautiful for so early in the season. Eleven inches fell on Sunday, putting people in the notion of sleigh riding.

One of our young men got lost the other night. He went to see his best girl. He got on the wrong track in the darkness and when daylight arrived he found himself 5 miles further from home than he was on the start.

Letters to the Editor.

Editor Gazette, With your permission I will take a little space in your paper

There have been parties telling me that I had too much of a stretcher on praising a new country and running down my own, especially about the accommodation of Railway men. I never mentioned anything of the kind in your paper. I or my partner in the trip may have made a similar verbal statement and I leave it for all your readers to judge. I will here give some ideas which may prove it to be true.

The people where we were are mostly new beginners and not as rich as some of our old settlers here and you know when a man is rich he is quite independent. He can pass his neighbor on the road and hardly see or speak to him. Such is not the case there and next there is the free tobacco box. Every merchant who keeps tobacco has this box and it is open to the poor, to customers or to strangers. We went into a store over there and did not stand long till one of the clerks came and asked if we wished to purchase anything. On hearing that we were strangers and just looking around he kindly asked us to be seated. After talking a while my partner pulled out his pipe. On seeing this he asked him to come back to the tobacco box and try their tobacco. How is that for accommodation? Peter of course filled his pipe full to the top and it smoked just like accommodation tobacco.

Now about accommodation on the R. R. We spoke to a conductor on a train. He said we over here are the civilized people and you are the uncivilized, that is the difference. We told him if that is the case, we must be past civilization and they are picking up what we left and there may be some truth in that too for all we have some very kind and obliging railway men over here. I must say here our ticket agent, Mr. Moore was very obliging to us to find out which would be the better way for us to go. He took great pains in looking up the maps and advised us to take a ticket to Port Huron and get one there to Badaxe and thus saved us \$1.00 and more than Michigan railway men could have done for us.

Another of Minto's old residents in the person of Robert Kerr, has passed away. He did at 9 a. m. on Sunday morning after a brief illness, though his health has been failing for a short time. Deceased was widely known and highly esteemed. He leaves a widow and grown up family to mourn his loss. The funeral on Tuesday was very largely attended.

R-I-P-A-N-S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

On Sunday, November 3rd, the Rev. Henry E. Benoit will preach in Grace church, Arthur. The subject will be the Papacy and the Catholic church.

Mr. John Wark, Elderslie has taken 17 prizes for Leicester sheep this year. He got 7 prizes at Desboro, 5 at Tara and 5 at Kilsythe.

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 Puritan 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.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND. A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full-sized particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

Estray! CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 14, con. 2, Carrick, 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. O.

Boar for Service! THOROUGHLY BRED Berkshire Boar, registered pedigree hog, will be kept for service on lot 3, con. 18, Howick. Terms \$1.00, payable at time of service with privilege of returning if necessary. S. VOGAN & SON, Proprietors, October 8, 1895.

Estray Sheep! CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 35, con. 6, Carrick, about August 20, four sheep. Owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses, and take same away. JULIUS DAHMS.

Estray Steer! CAME onto the premises of the undersigned, lot 23, con. 4, about Aug. 1st a red steer with white star on forehead, about a year and a half old. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. S. EMEL.

Farm for Sale! THAT valuable piece of property situated on part of lot 14 and 15, con. 6, Carrick tp, containing 50 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 side 100. HIGHEST SALARY 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.

IN THE SURROGATE COURT OF THE County of Bruce. In the Estate of Henry Roever, late of the township of Carrick, in the county of Bruce, yeoman, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. chap. 110, sec. 36, that all creditors and others having claims against the Estate of said Henry Roever, who died on or about the 28th day of August 1895, at said township of Carrick, are duly required to deliver or send by post prepaid to the undersigned at Clifford P. O., Ont., the Executors of the last will and testament of said Henry Roever, on or before the 1st day of November 1895, their christian and surnames, addresses, and descriptions and full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts duly verified, and the nature of the security (if any) held by them and that the said Executors will on and after the said 1st day of November proceed to distribute the assets of the Estate among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and that they will not be responsible for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim they have no notice at the time of such distribution. Dated at Mildmay this 24th day of September, 1895. GEORGE HUBER, DAVID BRAUN, Executors. E. O. Swartz, Solicitor for Executors.

The Luxury of good health depends upon pure blood, made by Scott's Sarsaparilla.

SOME PEOPLE GET FAGGED OUT nervous, weary, depressed, headaches, pallid or blue lips, energy all gone—just wasting away. REGAIN HEALTH by building up worn out tissues—pure blood does it. SCOTT'S SARSAPARILLA makes pure blood, cures nervous and wasting diseases.

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

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR All Imported Tobacco. 10c 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. Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

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

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

PLAIN or FANCY Of Every Description PRINTING

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

Neat, Clean Work Pices Moderate The Gazette MILDMAV, ONT



**CHURCHES.**

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

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

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

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

**METHODIST.**—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. G. C. Curtis, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. J. H. McLean, 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. WELLS, Sec.

**C.O.F.**—Court Mildmay, No. 183, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. LUBNER, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

**C.O.C.F.** No. 168—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. E. N. BUTCHART, Coun. F. C. JASPER, Rec.

**K.O.T.M.** Unity Tent No. 1—meets in Forester's Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. J. M. GAAN, Sec. F. X. SCHEFFER, R.K.

**THE MILDWAY GAZETTE,**

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON.

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

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

|                | One    | Six    | Three  |
|----------------|--------|--------|--------|
|                | Year   | Months | Months |
| One column     | \$2.00 | \$1.00 | \$1.00 |
| Half column    | 1.00   | .50    | .50    |
| Quarter column | .50    | .25    | .25    |
| Eight's column | .10    | .05    | .05    |

Legal notices, 5c. per line for first and 1c. 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      | 7:04 a.m. | Mixed        | 10:55 a.m. |
| Mail         | 11:55 "   | Mail         | 2:5 p.m.   |
| Mixed        | 5:20 p.m. | Express      | 9:35 p.m.  |

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

—About 50 barrels of apples for sale—Apply at this office.

—Wm. Johnston and Geo. Taylor spent Sunday in Clifford.

—Frank Hoefling of Walkerton spent Sunday under the parental roof.

—Lace Walker is rather indisposed these days. A. Rome is supplying in his place.

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

—J. H. Biehl is attending the convention of the Y. P. A. in Listowel this week as a delegate from the Mildmay society.

—To-night (Thursday) is Halloween. The small boy will be out in full force looking to see what signs or gates that can be removed the easiest.

—There's only one right way to advertise, and that is to hammer your name, your location and your business so constantly, so insistently, and so thoroughly into the people's heads that if they walk in their sleep, they will instinctively turn their steps toward your store.

—A. W. Halladay has issued bills announcing that his stone chopper at Laketown will run every Wednesday and Saturday until the first of December, after which date it will be run every day. The low price of 4c per bag is all that is charged.

—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.

—A meeting is called for in Schwalm's hall on Friday evening of all interested in the erection of a skating rink, to see what encouragement a builder will receive in number of season members and other matters. All are invited to attend, both ladies and gentlemen. Meeting called at 7:30.

—The newspapers of a town are its looking glasses. It is here you see yourselves as others see you, you smile on them, and they smile back at you; you frown on them, and you are repaid in kind. They are the reflex of a town. If the town is doing business the newspaper will show it in its advertising columns. If the merchants are spiritless shiftless fellows, whose stores are jumbles of junk and jam, the newspapers will show it by the lack of space they take. If you want the world to know that you have a live town, you can only let it be known through its newspaper. —Perham (Minn.) Bulletin.

—Wanted—A canvasser to go out and solicit subscriptions to the Gazette.

—Messrs. Schmidt shipped a car load of sheep to Buffalo on Monday.

—Miss Lulu Huck returned last Friday from a visit with friends in Paisley.

—Messrs. Herrgott & Co. received a carload of lumber from Alliston on Saturday.

—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the Methodist church Sabbath morning.

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

—The whistles now blow at 7:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. instead of 7 and 8. This innovation has been in existence for the past week.

—There has a large number of people taken advantage of our offer in reference to the Gazette for \$1 until Jan'y 1st 1897. But we are not yet satisfied.

—Mr. Hasteley of Drumore preached his introductory sermon in the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning. He is stationed here for the next six months.

—Saturday and Sunday were both nice mild days and some of our people imagined that Indian summer had set in, but their predictions were away out. We will yet have some fine weather.

—A band of gypsies had rather a cold time of it camping at Balaklava over Sunday. The cold weather coming on will compel these gentry to seek a warmer climate, or more substantial dwellings.

—We had another warning that winter is close at hand this week when a brisk snow storm set in. The weather prophets are calling for a very severe winter, in which we wish their hopes will be blasted.

—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.

—We would direct the attention of the pathmaster to the bad state of the bridge passing over the river on Absalom street. A few loads of gravel would remedy the defects, which if left as it is will cause some broken buggy springs, and probably a bill of damages filed against the township.

—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 annual meeting of the Mildmay Bible society will be held in the Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening, Nov. 5th. Rev. Mr. Wagner will deliver a lecture while short addresses by the resident ministers will enliven the evening. All members of the Christian Endeavor and Alliance and kindred societies are requested to be present and assist in the meeting.

—A contemporary says that newspaper subscriptions are infallible test of men's honesty. They will sooner or later discover the man. If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer in some way—say he has paid what he has not—declared that he has a receipt somewhere—or sent the money and it was lost in the mail—or take the paper and not pay for it or move off, leaving it to come to the office he left.

—Wm. Avery, who has been in the employ of Jos. Schuett & Sons for the past eight months, quit their employ on Saturday and left for Paisley where he has engaged with Mr. Reid. In Will's departure the town loses an exemplary young man. His absence will be greatly felt by the members of the Methodist church, as he was one of the best workers belonging to the congregation. The GAZETTE joins in with his many friends in wishing him success in his new home.

—Bro. Findlay of the Mildmay Gazette says:—"There is more freight left off at the Mildmay station than at any other station on the line. Mildmay is also the best shipping point on the Southampton branch." Steady Bro. you evidently forgot that Clifford is on this branch. Probably you never saw Conductor Foote unloading his train here—Clifford Express. No Bro. Chester we did not forget that Clifford was on this branch, and also have been at Clifford when "Billy" unloaded his train there, and the amount of said stuff does not compare with what he deposits here.

—See J. D. Miller's change of Advt.

—Mr. H. Cargill, M. P., was in town Monday morning.

—W. H. Holtzman has another letter in this weeks issue.

—If you want some nice winter apples apply at this office immediately.

—W. G. Liesemer and wife have taken up house keeping over the bank.

—Messrs Henry and Frank Werner left Tuesday morning for the Soo. Success boys.

—Great sale of Harness, Blankets, Bells, etc. at old prices at L. A. Hinsperger's. Big discount for cash.

—In next weeks issue will appear the first of a series of letters on a trip through Manitoba by Mr. Lucas.

—Joseph Schultheis returned home from his trip to Manitoba Saturday. Joe is greatly taken up with the country.

—Palmerston Reporter intends to issue a trade journal in about two weeks and give a general write up of the town.

—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.

—What are our boys going to do on Thanksgiving Day, why not choose up sides and have a hunting match for that day, the losing side to pay for supper. There would be lots of amusement as well as recreation.

—Any person purchasing \$1 worth of goods for cash has a chance of winning a beautiful silver tea service, valued at \$18. Second prize, portrait and frame, worth \$3.50. These articles are now on exhibition at our store. Herringer & Scheffer.

—We want to have every home in Carrick township represented on our list. We will do our best to make the GAZETTE the best paper that goes to your homes. To do this we request the assistance of every person who has anything that they think would be of interest, to come in and let us have it.

—Almost all of our contemporaries are blowing about their big turnips, but one of our Carrick farmers can knock them all hollow. The other day as his hands were pulling turnips, they came across one monster, which, when pulled left a well, which the proprietor had immediately stoned up. Who can beat this turnip for size.

—A brother editor publishes the following brief sermon which we commend as worthy of consideration: Never get into your head that position, authority or wealth necessarily carries with it respectability. A man is a gentleman in proportion to his kindness to his fellows, his faithfulness to his obligation and his reverence for his word. Nothing so soon lowers a man in the estimation of his fellows as to discover that his word is a spurious coin.

—Tuesday, at the R. C. Church, Formosa, Joseph Steigler, of Mildmay, was united in marriage to Miss Barbara Strauss, of Culross. Miss Strauss was assisted by her sister and Miss E. Scheffer, while J. J. Stiegler, brother of the groom and Frank Strauss, brother of the bride, were the groom's right hand supporters. Rev. Father Brohm tied the nuptial knot. The GAZETTE with the young couple's many friends wishes the young pair many happy years of wedded bliss.

**COUNTY AND DISTRICT.**

Judge Barrett added 20 names to the Pt. Elgin voters' list.

The Rev. Mr. Vansickle, Baptist minister, is leaving Paisley.

Over 80 owners of dogs were fined last week in Warton, for neglecting to provide their dogs with tags.

The Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Hamilton commencing on October 29th, and ending Nov. 1st.

Mr. John Humberstone is going to erect a large flax mill at Ripley. Canvassers are out among the farmers getting them to agree to sow so much each next spring.

At the London cheese fair Saturday 875 boxes of September and balance of season make were sold for 9 cents. One lot of 400 boxes of June, July and August brought 8 cents.

Mr. Frank Mitchell had a narrow escape from suffering the loss of an eye on Saturday evening. While engaged feeding his cows one suddenly jerked her head upward striking Mr. Mitchell with her horn, on the face in close proximity to one of his optics and badly discolored it.

**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**

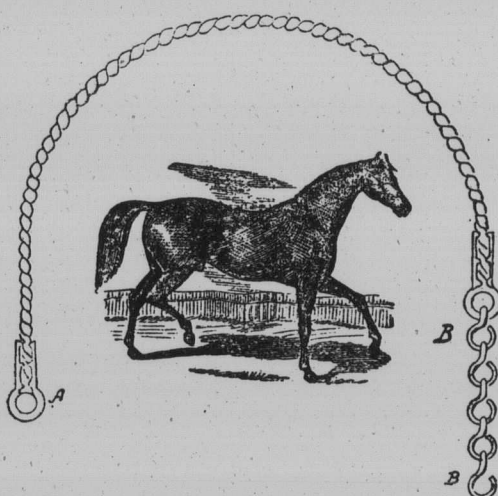
**PATENT MEDICINES**

**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.**



Russian maneuvering for domination in China continues to hold the attention of diplomats. More astonishing progress has not been made in twenty years by any European power than Russia has made in Asia. The building of the great trans-Siberian railway goes on with all the rapidity insured by infinite resources of money and engineering skill, and although the extent to which tracks have been laid is unknown even in the news centers of the continent we can hardly doubt that a very few years will see the journey from St. Petersburg a matter of days.

It is a fact that to-day Russia exercises a practical protectorship over China. The far-sighted if brutal stroke by which the Japanese were robbed of all the fruits of victory except the hollow name left the other powers holding the bag. The announcement that a Russian bank of enormous capital will be set up at Peking with a branch at Shanghai, where the English have long been in almost absolute control, demonstrates how swiftly the advisers of the czar are moving to take advantage of their position. Little wonder that the news constrains an English journal to remark: "Russia will undoubtedly extort from China the right of way through Manchuria for the trans-Siberian railway. A struggle for supremacy is upon us."

This is appreciated by the foreign office. Lord Salisbury has supplanted Sir Frank Lascelles at St. Petersburg with Sir Nicholas O'Connor, long time a diplomatic agent of England in Asia and for many years past ambassador at Peking. The necessity of having a veteran hand in Asiatic politics near the court of the czar never was so convincing as it is to-day, and the English papers without regard to party applaud the appointment. They see impending, and much nearer than the world would have guessed two years ago, a "struggle for supremacy" which Russia no more than England can avoid.

#### THE DEEP WATERWAYS.

New York so Very Anxious to Become the Atlantic Terminus.

The question of a deep waterway to the sea, a channel enabling ocean vessels to penetrate to the upper lake ports, has been thoroughly and ably discussed at the Cleveland conference. One of the results of the discussion is the development of the fact that New York city is exceedingly anxious to become the Atlantic terminus. New York is prepared for a large scheme; its representatives think the project is practicable, and that it ought to be entered into. But the New York proposal means that some \$200,000,000 shall be expended in the utilization of the Erie canal and its feeders. The people who are to provide the \$200,000,000 are the owners of the Erie namely, the residents of New York State. It is a question whether the Erie could be dredged to the required depth. It is a long canal, and the problem of feeding it with water is one of moment. If rendered navigable, it is doubtful that ocean vessels could use it. Progress would necessarily be slow, and the cost of such navigation would be enormous. In addition to this, it is to be doubted that the relatively small vessels which are using the canal could continue the ocean trade. This is an

#### ERA OF LARGE VESSELS.

and the size is constantly growing. The Liverpool Mercury reports the movements of the steamship *Georgia*, of the White Star line. Speaking of its cargo, the Mercury says: The shipment of live and dressed stock did not take up all the room that can be allowed for that sort of freight, and there was ample space on board for many tons of manufactured and miscellaneous goods after stowing away the following enormous entries of her freight list. Now note the cargo:—750 head of cattle; 9,000 sheep; 3,000 quarters of beef; 136,000 bushels of wheat; 90,000 bushels of corn; 550 bales of cotton; 2,000 sacks of flour; 1,800 bags of oatmeal; 1,800 cases of oatmeal; 1,700 boxes of bacon; 300 barrels and tierces of provisions; 9,000 packages of lard; 3,900 barrels of resin; 700 barrels of glucose; 1,000 cases of canned goods; 800 packages of soap; 400 barrels of wax; 300 barrels of bark extract; 1,000 barrels of lubricating oil; 100 tons of wood; 3,000 packages of acetate of lime; 150 barrels of oxide of zinc; and 10,000 packages of coprae stock. This is the type of vessel that is to carry freight in the future and the idea of it navigating the Erie canal is scarcely reasonable. But there may be a chance for the smaller ocean grain-carrying vessels in the lakes provided that the means of approach and exit offer few obstructions, and that progress can be made at

#### A FAIR RATE OF SPEED.

For such a vessel, the best accommodation can be procured in any of the St. Lawrence and the St. Lawrence canals. Here there is a short stretch of canal navigation and a long stretch of river and lake navigation. But the deepening will be a very expensive work, and it is idle to suppose that an enterprise which will be of as much service to the United States as to Canada will be undertaken at the cost and charge of the people of this Dominion. Assuming that it is practical and useful, our neighbors must join in the expense. Mr. Oliver A. Howland, who has given thought to the question, is evidently of the opinion that United States co-operation is essential to success. Hence his advocacy of the system of international arbitration for the settlement of all questions that arise between the two countries as a preliminary step. The subject is a large one, and it requires great care and forethought before anything is done definitely with regard to it. Certainly the pros and cons ought to be considered well in advance of action.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### Brushes.

Kitchen brushes can be put to a variety of uses. For the washing of dishes with handles, the outside of iron kettles, and other cooking utensils made of iron, they are especially serviceable. The smaller sizes are also excellent for cleaning out glass ware, in fact, any kind of ware with raised figures or corrugated surfaces. For cleaning a grater nothing is superior to one of these little brushes.

Such a brush is also most useful for washing celery or lettuce, as the uneven surfaces of the stalk and leaves make a thorough cleaning with the hands a difficult operation. Then if one uses a brush with handle, ice water, which adds to the crispness of the celery and lettuce, may be used for the cleaning, (as there will be no necessity for putting the hands in the water. A small whisk broom is also valuable for the same purpose.

Such vegetables as potatoes, turnips, etc., are best cleaned with a brush. It makes work less disagreeable, as the hands need not be soiled; and in no other way can the cleaning be so well and thoroughly done.

### The Brown, Plump Chestnut.

Deviled Chestnuts—Peel the raw chestnuts and scald them to remove the inner skin; put them in a frying pan with a little butter and toss them about for a minute; add a sprinkle of salt and a dash of cayenne—not much. Serve after the cheese.

Chestnut Compote—Roast the chestnuts and take off the shells; dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar with  $\frac{1}{2}$  tumbler of water, juice of a lemon and some chips of the rind, or a tablespoonful of vanilla extract; put this and chestnuts in a saucepan over a slow fire 10 or 15 minutes, so that the chestnuts may absorb some of the syrup. Serve in a deep dish and dust powdered sugar over the top.

Stewed Chestnuts—Shell and pour boiling water over them; let blanch 10 or 12 minutes, after which skin, put to boil, adding salt to taste, and cook tender. Then put in colander to drain and dry, and serve hot. Cream sauce may be added.

Mashed Chestnuts—Boil, remove brown skin and mash the same as potatoes. Add butter or cream, salt, pepper and serve at once.

Roasted Chestnuts.—Perforate an old pan to roast in, slit the chestnuts, remove one end and stir over a hot fire. All these recipes call for the common edible chestnut, of course.

### Says the Oracle of the Kitchen.

That sponge cake will be pure white if you mix it with boiling water instead of cold.

That even on wash day a housekeeper, like a burglar, ought to take things quietly.

That it is sometimes dangerous to ask a hungry husband to do you a favor. Wait till after dinner time.

That tea ground up as fine as coffee will yield twice as strong a beverage as if used in the usual fashion.

That it is no use getting mad at a refractory lamp wick; draw out a few threads and it will fit the burner.

A good housekeeper with a churlish husband who hates to carve has hung up back of his place at the table, "No talking to the man at the head."

That there is scarcely a household in the land where a picked-up dinner does not prove a pleasant variety.

That nothing makes so excellent an iron holder as the felt from a man's soft hat.

That paper of any kind should never be used in cooking. Thin cheesecloth can always take its place.

That every cook may have fresh parsley at any time by growing a boxful of it in a sunny kitchen window.

### "Mother's Pies."

We none of us realize that it is ourselves who change, and not the food that delighted us in our youth. Said a crusty, hard-to-please husband: "Wife, I wish you would make pies that would taste as good as my mother's used to do." "Well, my dear, you run out and bring me in a painful of water, a handful of coal and an armful of wood, just as you used to do for your mother, and maybe you will like my pies as well." He concluded the pies would do just as they were.

### A Seasonable Mat.

When placed upon a cleanly scrubbed floor, this mat makes a room very inviting: Take pieces of matting a yard to a yard and a half in length, according to the place, and outline with paint, black or gilt, a stork or some Chinese or Japanese design, finish the edge by binding with cloth or braid. If desired you can crochet a scallop on the braid, which will add wonderfully to the mat's appearance.

### Useful Recipes.

Pumpkin Pie Crust.—Fill your flour dredger with sifted cornmeal that has been ground very fine. Grease your pie pans well. Dredge the meal thoroughly over the grease. Pour in your pumpkin filling, and when baked you will have a crust both delicate and delicious. This crust will do for all custard pies.

Apple Cream.—Stew one quart of cooking apples with one cup of sugar and the rind and juice of one lemon until soft, then pass through a sieve and stand on ice to cool. Whip one cup of cream to a stiff froth and add an ounce of gelatine, dissolved in a little boiling water, and the apple pulp, pour into a mould and set on the ice to harden. Serve with a nutmeg sauce made by pouring a half cup of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little nutmeg and boil for ten minutes.

Mock Chicken Salad.—Beat three eggs light, add a half cup of vinegar and a teaspoonful of yellow mustard and stir until thick; butter the size of an egg, small teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, one tablespoonful of cream, and one of sugar. Let boil, and pour over one head of cabbage and one bunch of celery chopped fine.

Corn Pudding.—Take the corn out of five ears, three eggs, one pint of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of flour, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg; beat the yolks of the eggs first, stir in the other ingredients and add the well beaten whites last. Bake twenty minutes.

### ENGLISH VEGETABLES.

Pleasant Now, but Scarce in Elizabethan Days.

Before a wide intercourse with foreign countries had led to the introduction of new vegetable food, our home resources were scanty to a degree that is difficult to realize says the London news. We had, it is true, a very scrubby little cabbage or colewort, indigenous here, and it was credited with all sorts of medicinal and other virtues. It was the subject of many learned dissertations and was cultivated as carefully as the horticultural knowledge of medieval times permitted, but it would certainly have cut a sorry figure beside the poorest of the cabbages shown to-day at Chiswick. The probability is that none of the white-headed monsters of to-day's exhibition can claim indigenous connection with the soil of England. Gerard tells us that Master Nicolas Lete, "a worshipful merchant of London," imported seeds of new kinds from Italy, Spain and Germany, and these no doubt superseded our own cabbages, just as in their turn they have been displaced by later importations and by scientific propagation and cultivation.

### THE POTATO.

of course, it is well known, is not a native. Nobody can say exactly where it came from originally, but it was to Sir Walter Raleigh that we owe its introduction. In the garden of some of the wealthy it began to be cultivated as a curiosity early in the seventeenth century but long after this the poorer classes would have nothing to do with it, even where they could get the potato as an article of food. It was commonly believed to produce dysentery and leprosy, and it was only very gradually that the root came into general use. A prejudice equally strong was for a long time entertained against the kidney bean, which, apparently, we owe to the gardeners which Henry VIII. fetched from Holland when he was a doting young husband.

The dwarf kidney bean came from the Netherlands about 1509, but the people got it into their heads that the color of its blossom was due to its being manured with blood, and for a long time would not eat the bean. The taller kind, the scarlet runner, did not reach this country for more than a hundred years later. We got it from South America in 1633. Both varieties were first grown in this country for the sake of their flowers only, and it was not till the eighteenth century that the young seed pods began to be generally eaten. No doubt they were introduced as an edible vegetable, but so strong was the popular prejudice that it took two centuries to wear it out, and thus add another item to our stock of vegetables.

Carrots such as may, no doubt, be seen to-day have a very poor relation, a native of this country. But it is as tough as a hemp rope, and hot and unpleasant in taste, and though attempts have been made to cultivate it into something more creditable to our soil, they have signally failed. It does not seem quite clear where our cultivated carrot comes from, though, as it was originally known as the Canada carrot, it seems probable that that island was where we found it. But carrots are very common in most parts of the world where soil is sandy, and it is likely that we are indebted to several foreign countries for better varieties than our own. Rhubarb is said to belong to China, and only became an article of diet in this country very slowly. It was not known at all in Europe till 1535. Asparagus is a native of Britain, and so are turnips. Gerard highly commends the small turnips that "are grown by a village near London, called Hackney." He says they are raised on "sandy ground," and brought to the Cross by Chapsade by the women of that village to be sold. "They are the best," he says, that he ever tasted.

### Ten Thousand Rats Drowned.

In describing the great fire at Blackfriars, London, recently, the *St. James's Gazette*, says:—A remarkable incident in connection with the fire was the fact that when the conflagration was at its height the crowds who were watching it from the embankment had their attention attracted by an unusual commotion in the river. Presently a black mass was seen floating toward the Middlesex shore. It was some time before the appearance was understood; but it was then seen that some thousands of rats, finding their quarters on the Surrey side attacked by fire had taken to the water, and were attempting to swim across the Thames. The swiftly running tide carried them a considerable distance out of their course. Some hundreds were drowned during their journey, but a number, computed at nine or ten thousand, of the rodents crossed from the Blackfriars to the Middlesex shore. Unhappily for them, the wall of the Embankment made a landing impossible, and as far as could be seen, with the exception of a very small number, the entire rat battalion perished in the dark waters of the Thames.

### Always an Exception.

Benny Bloombumper—Papa, when you say there are no flies on anything, you mean the thing is pretty good, don't you? Mr. Bloombumper—Not always, Benny. The rule has its exceptions. Suppose you are speaking of fly paper, for instance?

### The Tables Turned.

Shall you keep a latchkey, my dear? asked Mr. Newlywed of his up-to-date wife.

Certainly not. You men are so fond of late hours I shall expect you to sit up and let me in.

## CRIME OF A LITTLE BOY.

### A YOUNG MONSTER STABS HIS MOTHER TO DEATH.

An Awful Crime of a Boy Thirteen Years of Age—His Reason for the Dreadful Act—A Characteristic Letter—His Trial and Sentence.

The trial of two boys, Robert and Nathaniel Coombs, in London, England, has resulted in the discharge of the latter and the committal of the former to an asylum. The case has challenged a sort of horrified attention from one end of England to the other. The two boys, who are the sons of a steward of an Atlantic steamship running to New York, are aged respectively 13 and 12. They were left with their mother, on the father's last voyage, at a town called Plaistow. Nathaniel, the younger boy, told the story in the witness-box of what happened after the father left home. Previous to his departure Robert bought a knife for a sixpence, with the deliberate intention of killing his mother with it. He slept with her, and on the night of the 7th July stabbed her to death. He then told his brother, who was sleeping in another room. Nathaniel would not believe in the fact until he went and saw his mother lying dead on the bed.

Then they took what money they could lay hands on and locked her door. They indulged in some

### INNOCENT DISSIPATION.

such as attending cricket matches, etc., with the money thus obtained. They lived in the house, and when arrested were smoking and playing cards with a partial imbecile named Fox, whom they had picked up as a companion, while the mother's body was putrefying upstairs. Nathaniel, being asked what reason Robert gave for desiring the death of his mother, replied that he wanted to get money and go to "some island." This allusion brings up another phrase of the case. It is alleged that the boy Robert was an ardent student of the class of literature known as "penny dreadfuls," and the English press almost unanimously traces the abnormal moral condition of the lad to the influence of this class of reading matter. It is, no doubt, unwholesome pabulum with which to stuff the young mind, but to say that it made this lad the moral monster that he is, is straining the matter a little too far. It will very likely be found that many of the men who are to-day distinguished in law, divinity and literature both in England and America have in their callow days been devotees of the penny dreadful. While doubtless they received some curiously disproportionate views of life, the perusal of the absurd stuff did not lead them into the commission of even the lesser misdemeanors, let alone the awful crime of murder. The boy Coombs is evidently

### A MORAL MISFIT.

and to argue from any thing he may have done to general principles would be very misleading. The reading of the yellow-backed literature may have given a direction to his evil propensities, but it did not create them. The boy's extraordinary callousness may be estimated from the following letter which he wrote from prison to Rev. Mr. Shaw of Plaistow:

"From R. A. Coombs, H. M. Prison, Holloway, 14 Sept., 1895: "Dear Mr. Shaw,—I received your letter on last Tuesday. I think I will get hung, but I don't care as long as they give me a good breakfast before they hang me. If they don't hang I think I will commit suicide—that will do just as well. I'll strangle myself. I hope you are all well. I go up on Monday to the Old Bailey to be tried. I hope you will be there. If they will sentence me to death. If they do I will call all the witnesses liars. I ramble your affectionate friend, R. A. Coombs."

There was attached to it a drawing of a gibbet with two figures being pushed forward by another, over whom there was the word, "Executioner." There was the line, "Scene 1, going to the scaffold." At the other side there was another

### DRAWING OF A GIBBET.

a person being hanged while the words good-bye issued from his mouth, and below the words, "Here goes nothing." There was a postscript:—"My will—Doctor, £3,000; Mr. Payne, £2,000; Mr. Shaw, £5,000; my father, £80,000; all the warders, £300 a piece. Signed R. C. Please excuse crooked scaffold. I was too heavy, so I bent it. I leave you £5,000." The tone of this letter can of course be traced to the penny dreadfuls, but the heart and the spirit behind it belong to the individual. The jury evidently did not want to have the lad hanged, and brought in a verdict of "guilty, but insane." At the same time it is quite evident that while he is abnormal he is not insane. He was nevertheless sentenced to be confined in some insane asylum during her Majesty's pleasure.

### Immigrants From Austria.

Prof. Oleskow, who was sent to Canada to enquire on behalf of the Austrian peasants into the advantages this country offers for settlement, has returned to Ottawa after a thorough tour of the North-West. On Monday he had an interview with the Minister of the Interior, and submitted a proposition looking towards an extensive movement of Austrian peasants to Canada. The matter is under consideration, and if the offer is found to be to the advantage of Canada it is altogether likely that the professor will bring a large party of his fellow-countrymen to this country. He leaves on Friday for Europe but the determination of the Government on the offer he has made will be forwarded to him.

### A Gentle Hint.

Down by a little running brook I first met Maggie May; Her father was a dairyman Who made the business pay.

## HEALTH.

### Simple Rules of Health.

A recent writer on health, who seems to be somewhat pessimistic in his views, quotes another writer as saying:

"Let a man retire to a nearly deserted mountain region, where the air is pure and dry, and there are too many stones to set a plow. Let him be of fine physique, and cool, dispassionate mind stored with medical knowledge. Let him set up his water distillery and food laboratory, bounce the cook and hire a corps of servants, nourish his body with precisely the elements it needs, and no others, and exercise much. He cannot travel, for the microbes wait at every turn to lay him low. He cannot visit his friends, for they may poison him with sausages and beer. He might live 150 or 200 years, scarcely more than that, because he is handicapped by a heritage of death."

On the above we have to remark that one man might do that and live to be 150, and a large number might die of disease induced by being compelled to think almost exclusively how to live. On the other hand, we have known a man who violated nearly every so-called law of health, including total abstinence from baths and washing, who lived to be nearly 100 years of age. What shall be said, then? Does location make no difference? It may make much. Does diet make none? Comparatively little if a man lives in the open air, works hard, goes to bed early, and sleeps seven or eight hours; but if his other habits are unhygienic, it may make a great deal. Shall he drink nothing but distilled water and eat nothing but the original elements? We believe such a teaching to be science run mad. If he boils the water he can drink it with safety, and good spring water in the country, where the cattle and sheep and people generally are healthy, will do. Nature can be trusted to eliminating food, and a well-nourished man can resist most microbes if he lives in the open air. Even two hours a day of exercise, with nothing much to think of at the same time, makes all the difference.

Healthful locations can often be obtained 100 yards from the most malarious. A few precautions will keep malaria out of almost any house and almost any system. This "man-in-the-mountain" writer would find in the end [or if he did not, some of his family would] an unfavorable influence upon the nervous system. The high winds of the region might some day carry him off with pneumonia. With a proper recognition of the doctrine of divine providence we would undertake to keep well in the most exposed lake front, provided we could arrange life with reference to keeping well a few broad principles.

This is an age in which altogether too much attention is paid by some to such matters and not enough to others. An acquaintance of ours spent a whole season in dodging cholera microbes, upon the theory that they could not be got into the system so as to do any damage except through the digestive organs, worried himself into a nervous fever, and died. Another, pursuing the same course, caught the cholera, but did not know how. On the Hudson River lived a physician who believed he was to die from consumption, and he endeavored by living on the most carbonaceous food to escape it, but died, and a post-mortem examination showed that there had never been anything the matter with his lungs, and that his death was caused by confining himself exclusively to anti-consumptive, heat-producing food, and also by eating more than was necessary.

There is not a single theory now adopted or proposed by the medical profession by empirics, cranks, hypochondriacs, food analysts, or any other class that is not carried to a pernicious extreme by its propounders or their converts. And yet there is scarcely one such theory that does not embody any important truth. The difficulty with many is in violating the simplest things. Adults are killing themselves by doing habitually what they would punish their children for doing. Almost every table or house contains extempore lectures on health to children, who are pursuing a course almost opposite to what they are recommending. They forbid tea and coffee to their children, but take it themselves in large quantities. They tell the children to eat slowly and take small mouthfuls and then they eat as if they had four minutes at a railway restaurant. They desert on the evils of pastry and devour two pieces of pie, crust and all. They inculcate early to bed and early to rise and sit up until 11 o'clock or even 12. Then there are tobacco users who prohibit harmless indulgences to the members of their family.

The true system of diet—whatever it does—will avoid extremes and will not approve any system that undertakes to exclude from the diet of the well man anything upon which millions of the race live, a large proportion in excellent health, unless it be some article that can be demonstrated to be essentially poisonous or dangerously liable to produce a tendency to excess.

Any system of diet which instructs a person to eat entirely without regard to the pleasures of the appetite is contrary to Scripture, common sense and hygiene.

### A Delicate Slicer.

Guest—Do you have machines for making these Saratoga chips?

Waiter—No, sah. Th' fust assistant cook shaves 'em off wif er knife.

I don't see how he gets them so uniformly thin.

He uses er dah ross' beef carver in er boardin' house.

### A Compromise.

Wife—Then we are not going to Europe after all?

Husband—No.

No tour through Switzerland?

No, no.

No crossing the Alps?

No, no, no.

Well, have you any objection to buying me a new hat with an Alpine crown?



### YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS.

#### Her Parents Had Almost Given Up Hope of Her Recovery.

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

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review.

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



PICTURE OF BEAUTY AND HEALTH.

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

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

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

#### Where Streets are Good.

Mr. Citiman—What fine roadways you have.

Mr. Suburb—Yes, the city contractors haven't got this far yet.

#### A Determined Woman

recently knocked down a burglar and held him until the arrival of assistance. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine that checks the frightful inroads of Scrofula, and, if taken in time, arrests the march of Pulmonary Consumption. It cures indigestion and dyspepsia, chronic diarrhoea and similar ailments. This wonderful medicine has also gained great celebrity in curing fever and ague, chills and fever, dumb ague, and like diseases.

Asthma cured by newly discovered treatment. Address, for free pamphlet, testimonials and references, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Island of Crete is in a state of anarchy.

#### Struck With Lightning

Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

It is the privilege of posterity to set matters right between those antagonists who, by their rivalry for greatness, divided a whole age.—Addison.

#### The Power of Electricity.

By this agency Nervine is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nervine is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

### BIBLE PROBLEMS.

Give chapter and verse of the first case of medical treatment mentioned in the Bible, where a plaster of figs was recommended as a cure for boils.

The LADIES' JOURNAL is offering the following series of valuable articles to those who answer this problem correctly:—

#### FIRST REWARDS.

- To the first person sending a correct answer will be given a Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, by one of our best Canadian makers, valued at four hundred dollars.
- 3 to 6—Five Handsome Gold Watches (lady or gentleman's size, as preferred).
- 7 to 16—Ten Silver Watches, lady or gents'.
- 17 to 26—Twenty Open Face Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches.
- 27 to 66—Thirty-half-dozen Triple Plated Tea Spoons.
- 67 to 106—Forty dozen Nickel Tea Spoons.
- 107 to 166—Forty-four Handsome Gem Rings.

#### MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer in the whole competition will be given number one of the following list of prizes:

- 1—A Handsome Piano, valued at four hundred dollars.
- 2—One Silver Tea Set (4 pieces) Quadruple plate.
- 3—One complete Set Dickens (15 vols.)
- 4 to 11—Eight beautifully bound books (History of the Bible).
- 12 to 26—Fourteen Handsome Gold Thimbles.
- 26 to 92—Sixty-seven Testaments, handsomely bound.
- 93 to 123—Thirty-three Solid Silver Thimbles.
- 123 to 146—Fifteen dozen Dinner Knives (quadruple plate).
- 147 to 166—Twenty Handsome Silver-plated Cake Baskets.
- 167 to 186—Twenty half-dozen Table Spoons (extra quality).
- 187 to 195—Fifteen Silver Tete-a-Tete Sets (quadruple plate).
- 196 to 230—Five Silver Tea Services (4 pieces) quadruple plate.

#### CONSOLATION REWARDS.

The last one hundred persons sending correct answers will be awarded prizes as follows:—

- 1 to 10—Ten half-dozen Tea Spoons (Triple Silver Plated).
- 11 to 20—Ten Open Face Solid Nickel Watches.
- 21 to 40—Twenty Silver Thimbles.
- 41 to 60—Twenty half-dozen Table Spoons (Silver Plated).
- 61 to 92—Thirty Testaments (Morocco Bound).
- 93 to 97—Seven Pair Silver Sugar Tongs.
- 98—One Complete Set Cooper (16 vols.).
- 99—One Black Silk Dress.
- 100 (or last)—Fine Toned Rosewood Piano, valued at four hundred dollars.

Each person competing must be or become an actual subscriber to the LADIES' JOURNAL. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended one year for the eighty cents sent. If you send one dollar it will pay for fourteen months subscription.

The regular subscription price is one dollar per year, but during the term of this competition, which remains open only until the 16th of December, inclusive, subscriptions will be received at the rate of eighty cents per year, or two for one dollar and fifty cents.

The JOURNAL has been established for fifteen years, and is thoroughly reliable in every respect, and is cheap at one dollar per year.

Every person who competes cannot get a prize, but those who do not will get good value for their eighty cent investment, and all the above articles, as far as they go, will be given to those whose answers are correct.

No charges will be exacted, beyond the subscription price named, from those who succeed in obtaining rewards.

The list of successful competitors will be published in the issue of the JOURNAL following the close of the competition.

Ten days after the date of closing of the competition will be given for letters to reach the LADIES' JOURNAL office from distant points, but they must all be post-marked not later than the 16th December.

This competition is revived, after about five years' silence, only at the solicitation of the many subscribers and friends of the LADIES' JOURNAL. These prizes have heretofore been given to agents for getting up clubs, but they (the prizes) are now offered direct to the public, and we know that the winners will be well pleased with the articles offered.

Of the thousands of persons who gained rewards in previous competitions, work is yet to be received from a dissatisfied competitor. Address THE LADIES' JOURNAL, 73 Adelaide St. W.; Toronto, Canada.

### The Only

Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and

### Blood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

### HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story:—

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Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"The face of my little girl from the time she was three months old, broke out and was covered with scabs. We gave her two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it completely cured her. We are glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOS. M. CARLING, Clinton, Ontario. Be sure to

### Get Hood's

Hood's Pills easy to buy easy to take easy in effect. 25 cents.

### OVERJOYED WITH THE RESULT.

Compelled to Give Up Business Because of Nervous Debility—Lumberman E. Errett, of Merrickville, Ont., Was Restored to Perfect Health by South American Nervine.—"I cannot say Enough in Praise of South American Nervine." Are His Own Words.



The joy of a grateful heart will break through all conventionalities. It cannot be suppressed. The man who has been rescued, it may be, from a watery grave, must ever be thankful to his brother man who saved his life. This is the feeling of Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner, of Merrickville, Ont., towards the discoverer of South American Nervine.

Mr. Errett did not think that anything stood between him and the grave. Prostrated by nervous debility, he was forced to withdraw from active business. "I tried," said he, "several doctors, and everything in the shape of proprietary medicines, and got little, if any, relief from them. Having seen South American Nervine advertised, I decided to give it a trial, and I can truthfully say I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. I have taken in all about twelve bottles, and I feel justified in stating that this medicine did for me all that the manufacturer claims for it. Before taking it, I not only had to give up business, but I really could not sign my own name, either with pen or pencil, my nervous system was so badly out of kilter. I am sure there are a great number of people in this country to-day suffering as I did, to whom I will say: 'Get a bottle of this wonderful medicine,' and I feel satisfied they will sound its praises as loudly as I am prepared to do. The fact is I cannot say enough in praise of South American Nervine. I am so overjoyed at what it has done for me, I will never be without it in my house. I give this testimony freely and cheerfully, and wish South American Nervine success, and have no doubt as it becomes more widely known it will be still better appreciated."

It is not too much to say that South American Nervine is a saver of life. It saves many from death, and its frequent use at certain seasons of the year, will head off disease and prolong life.

Cold in the head. Nasalbalm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails. A. P. 784

### LOSS OF FLESH

is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda when your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary; but it is absolutely true.

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

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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 opportunities. Correspondence confidential. No charge to buyers. JOHN NEW, 21 Adelaide East, Toronto

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CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c

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 10 doz mens' shirts and drawers, special at 85c per suit  
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1 case sardines 5c box      25 boxes herrings at 15c box  
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OUR MOTTO : We always lead, we never follow

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

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

Captain Sweeney, San Diego, Col. says: Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good. Price 50c. Sold at Peoples' drug store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the Great South American Kidney Cure. You cannot afford to pass this magic relief and cure. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store

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

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

Best Cough and Croup Cure.  
 It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough Cure.  
 One cent a dose.  
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**SHILOH'S CURE**  
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**GOUGH**  
 THAT  
**THE**  
**TAKE**

For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store Mildmay, J.

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.

Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect nasa catarrh and you will as surely induce pulmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking spitting, blowing, &c. Stop it all by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box cures.

About three or four weeks ago I had an attack of Itching Piles. I tried two or three different remedies recommended by druggists as "the best and only cure," etc., but got no relief. About the time I was beginning to despair of finding any relief, with some slight misgivings I bought a box of your pile cure which I am pleased to say gave me almost instant relief and permanent cure. I consider your Ointment a God send. ALF. J. DEAN.

**DR. CHASE'S**  
**KIDNEY-**  
**LIVER**  
**PILLS**  
 CURE  
**BACK-ACHE**  
 ONE PILL A DOSE. 25c A BOX

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

About half of Walkerton Arab colony left on Monday for Hamilton.

The Rev. Father Ferguson, brother of Mr. Joseph Ferguson, Brant, left on Monday for California, for the good of his health. He will probably remain there a year. He has been for some years a teacher in Assumption College Sandwich.

The 15 year-old daughter of Mr. Harry Wetlaufer of Walkerton, met with an accident the other day while fooling with a loaded revolver. The bullet went through her hand, and lodged in sideboard on the other side of the room.

The improvements to the Roman Catholic church, Walkerton, which have been going on very slowly this summer, are being pushed ahead lately with considerable energy. It is not expected that the dedication will take place much before Christmas.

At the request of several leading banks, the Post-office department has decided to issue letter cards of the denomination of 2c. The banks state that they will be able to use several thousand of such cards in a year, as they will be of great advantage to them for sending out notices to customers in preference to ordinary letters. The department has also decided to issue a one cent letter card for use in towns where there is no delivery by carrier.

On Saturday afternoon Constable Heffernan, Walkerton, walked into the magistrate's office, bringing with him a handcuffed prisoner named Frank Murphy. Murphy is charged with robbing the Arab near Formosa, on the 12th of September. He was captured near Peterborough, lodged in jail there, and held till Heffernan's arrival. He is a pretty tough looking customer, but is by no means lacking in intelligence. He was remanded to Saturday next, when he will receive a preliminary trial. Two of his chums who were captured about the same time, have since been sentenced at Coburg, one getting nine months in the Central Prison and the other three months in jail.

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 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
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