

The Mildmay Gazette

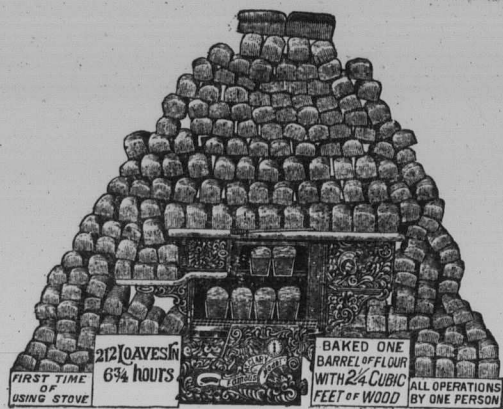
Vol. 8.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY OCTOBER 5, 1899

No. 38

STOVES! STOVES!

Hardware and Tinware.



Stoves and Sewing Machines

Come in and examine our large and grand assortment of

Best Cooking and Fuel-Saving Stoves

from the best foundries in Ontario, or if you want a Sewing Machine, or any hardware we will be pleased to show you through our stock.

C. Liesemer.

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Merchants' Bank OF CANADA

Has established a Branch at MILDMAY, ONTARIO, Open on Tuesday's and Friday's Weekly, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

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Office: Over Merchants' Bank WALKERTON, ONT.

A. H. MACKLIN, M.B.

Graduate of the Toronto Medical College, and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Winner Silver Medal and Scholarship. Office in rear of the Peoples' Drug Store.

R. E. CLAPP, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon. GRADUATE, Toronto University and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Residence, Elora St., nearly opposite the Electric light plant. Office in the Drug Store, next to Merchants' Bank. MILDMAY.

J. A. WILSON, M.D.

HONOR Graduate of Toronto University Medical College. Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office: Front rooms over Moyer's Store—Entrance from Main Street. Residence—Opposite Skating Rink. MILDMAY.

DR. J. J. WISSER,

DENTIST, WALKERTON.

HONOR Graduate Department of Dentistry, Toronto University; Graduate Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, will be at the Commercial Hotel, Mildmay, every Thursday. Prices moderate, and all work guaranteed satisfactory.

C. H. LOUNT, L. D. S., D. D. S.

SURGEON DENTIST, WALKERTON. Will continue to conduct the practice of the firm of Hughes & Lount, at the office always occupied by them in Walkerton.

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SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

James Johnston

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Conveyancer. MONEY TO LOAN On Mortgages on Farm Property From 5% up. Insurance Agent. Township Clerk's Office.

MILDMAY, - ONT.

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:
Fall wheat per bu. 64 to 66
Oats 24 to 24
Peas 58 to 59
Barley 32 to 32
Potatoes per bushel 50 to 60
Smoked meat per lb, sides 9 to 9
" " " shoulders 8 to 8
" " " hams 16 to 10
Eggs per doz. 14 to 14
Butter per lb. 16 to 16
Dried apples 5 cents per lb.

Glebe & Seiling's Market.

Wheat 64 66 bus
Peas 58 to 59
Oats 24 to 24
Flour, Manitoba 22 20 per cwt
Family flour, No. 1 \$1 85
Family flour, No. 2 \$1 25
Low Grade 90
Bran 70c
Shorts 80c
Screenings 70c
Oat Chop 95 to \$1.00
Corn chop 80 to 85
Pea Chop \$1.00 to 1.00
Cracked Wheat \$1 80
Graham Flour \$1 80
Ferina \$2 00

How is Your Watch?

Does it stop occasionally, or is it always going but not to be relied on for correct time? Watch Repairing is a prime feature with us. The work is well done and the Charges are moderate.

We keep in stock a fine assortment of Hamden, Columbus, Waltham, Elgin and Swiss Ladies' & Gents' Watches. Also a fine selection of Jewelry, Ladies' Blouse Sets, Bangle Pins, Hair Pins, Belt Buckles, Cuff and Collar Buttons, Rings, R. P. Chains etc.

Also a new lot of Vases, China Cake Plates, Water Sets, Photo Holders, Rubber Balls, Base Balls, Combs, Purses, Pipes, Mouth Organs, Silverware, Spectacles Etc.

C. WENDT

Mildmay and Wroxeter.

Huntingfield.

Mr. Corrigan of Harriston spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Harris spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. B. Wilton.

The late frosts have ripened up the winter apples in a hurry.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Heslom of Hibernia who have been visiting here during the past week have returned home.

A couple of farmers lost their dogs here last week. They were caught worrying sheep and were promptly shot.

Mr. Huskins has an apple tree with blossoms on it now, although it did not do its duty in the beginning of the season.

Miss Maggie Renwick returned last week from a visit to her sister, Mrs. S. Woods, Melancthon township.

The weather this week looks as if we are going to have winter. Snow in September is a rare thing, although many strange things are happening this year.

One of our young men took a stroll on Sunday evening to hunt his girl and got caught in the rain, and did not get home until next day. Start earlier next time.

We are glad to report that our sick are on the mend. Mr. Geo. Burns has been laid up for the past two weeks, and Mrs. W. Renwick has been under the doctor's care. Heart trouble is the cause in both cases.

The Clifford paper blows about Clifford and Lakelet blooming, but Huntingfield is blooming also. Mr. S. Vogan got some ripe strawberries last week and there are more blossoms on the vine. They also have a plum tree in full bloom, and bearing ripe fruit at the same time.

All our boys came home from the Mildmay show well pleased. J. Dickson took prizes in the berkshire class, W. J. Pomeroy on yorkshires, H. P. Douglas on chesters, John Renwick on tamworths, and Wesley Haskins in the roadster horse class, and a heap of other prizes. This is a good record for Huntingfield.

SCHOOL REPORT

Honor Roll for September in the Mildmay Public School.

FORM I.

Sr. Fifth—William Berry, Jean McGavin, Whittie Curle,
Jr. Fifth—Louis Amacher, Allie Pennock, Harvey Jasper.
Sr. Fourth—Ethel Reddon, Milton Schweitzer, C. Rosenow, Luscinda Eifert, John McGavin.
Sr. Third—Lauretta Holtzmann, Stanley Moyer, Clara Lark, Frederick Schwalm, Maggie Filsinger, Edwin Moyer.

FORM II.

Sr. Third—Melinda Pletsch, Maggie Schweitzer, Adam Wicke, G Campbell Charlie Glebe, May Mulholland.
Jr. Third—Willie Eifert, Emma Rose-nov, Ruben Wendt, Annetta McGavin, Vinetta Butchart, Lillie Miller.
Sr. Second—Esra Miller, Addie Land Irene Pletsch, Zetna Liesemer, Herbert Lark, Eva Ballagh.
Jr. Second—Mary Peiker, Willie Murat, Cleason Schweitzer, Lizzie Glebe, Pearl Morrison, Myrtle Jarper.

FORM III.

Part II—Miriam Holtzmann, Rosie Liesemer, Victoria Eifert, Vivian Butchart and Peter Hunstein. Wes Harro, Doretta Wendt.
Part I, senior—Angelina Miller, Nel Wicke, Mary Heberle, Earl Mulholland, Luella Seemer, Frankie Land.
Part I, Jr.—Tommy Moore, Lucy Liesemer, Charlie Wendt, Clayton Butchart, Laura Diebel.
Little class—Bertha McCulloch, Marion Schweitzer, Percy Jasper, Will Miller, Freddie Filsinger.

Apple buyers all over the country are getting in a stew about the scarcity of the fruit. Besides, the high winds have nearly stripped many of the trees; one orchard bought as it stood for \$500 has not over 50 barrels of apples left on the trees.

PRIZE LIST.

CONTINUED

GRAIN AND SEED

Fall wheat, correctly named—F X Beingsner, And Schmidt. Fall wheat, red—Geo Reinhart, Jas Hillis. Spring wheat—Yal Bittinger, Felix Borho, White oats—Felix Borho, Jas Haines. Black oats—Jas Hillis, Felix Borho. Barley, (six rowed) Jas Hillis, M Fischer. Barley, (two rowed)—Jas Hillis. Peas, large field—Felix Borho, Con Hill. Peas, small field—Mrs B Walters, Felix Borho. Rye—Jos Borho, Jas Hillis. Timothy seed—Felix Borho, A Schmidt. Clover seed—Con Hill, Jos Hoffarth. Flax seed—Felix Borho, Jacob Larch.

ROOTS

Potatoes—Empire state—Hy Eickmeier, J M Fischer. Elephant—Geo Klein, J M Fischer. Early york—Geo Klein, Amund Schnurr. Any other kind—A Schnurr, A Murat.
Turnips, Swede, purple top—M Fischer, W J Pomeroy. Green top, swede, —M Fischer, W J Pomeroy. Grey-stone—Mrs B Walters, Amund Schnurr. Mangolds—A Schmidt, Ant Weber. Field carrots—E G Kuntz, A Schmidt. Table carrots—Chas Yandt, Jos Schof-buck. Blood beets—Felix Borho, J. Schnurr & Son. Radishes, red—Felix Borho, Geo Reinhart. Radishes, black, winter—Geo Curle, Felix Borho. Best field collection—A Schmidt, M Fischer.

VEGETABLES.

Cabbage, Winningstadt—J M Fischer, A Schmidt. Drumhead—A Schmidt, J Schnurr & Son. Flat Dutch—J M Fischer, A Schmidt. Red—J Schnurr & Son, Jos Borho. Cauliflower—Geo Reinhart, A Schmidt. Celery—George Reinhart, Amund Schnurr. Onions from Dutch sets—S Breig, A Schmidt. Onions from seed—Geo Reinhart, J Schnurr & Son. Dutch sets—F X Beingsner, Geo Reinhart. Potato onions—Mrs Jos Schmidt, Geo Reinhart. Tomatoes, red—Geo Reinhart, A Murat. Tomatoes, yellow—M Fischer, J Schnurr & son. Peck beans—Geo Klein, E G Kuntz. Indian corn—Jos Borho, And Schmidt. Sweet corn—J M Fischer, A Schmidt. Field squash—A Steffler, A Schmidt. One pumpkin—A Schmidt James Haines. Two watermelons—Wes Haskins, Jos Borho. Mushmelons—Jos Borho, J Schnurr & Son. Citrons—Wes Haskins, J Schnurr & Son. Squash, marrow or table—Geo Reinhart, Felix Borho.

DAIRY, PRODUCE, BREAD, HONEY, ETC.

Collection sealed fruit—Val Rittinger, Jos Schuett. Bottle pickles—Geo Reinhart, Chas Yandt. Crock dairy butter—Geo Reinhart, Jas Haines. Tub butter, creamery—E G Kuntz. Roll butter—John Haines, sr. Cheese, home made—Mrs Wm McKenzie, Jas Hillis. Loaf bread, home made—Geo Reinhart, Jas McEwan. Bag flour, roller or stone—Glebe & Seiling. Honey, extracted—A Murat, Jas Haines. Honey, comb—A Murat, 1st and 2nd. Maple sugar—Jos Borho, And Schmidt. Maple syrup—Louis Hingsperger. Soap, home made—Peter Pletsch, Fred Klagus.

FRUIT.

Apples, Dutchess of Oldenburg—Am Schnurr. Snow—Felix Borho, John McConkey—Maiden blush—Geo Klein, J Schnurr & son. Ribston—Jos Borho, And Schmidt. Cayuga red streak—Jos Borho, F X Beingsner. Colverts—J Schnurr & son, And Schmidt. Alexanders—A Seigmiller, And Schnurr. Seek-no-further—Jno McConkey, A Seigmiller. American golden russet—A McKague, E Seigner. Roxburg russet—Jas Borho, Amund Schnurr, Northern spy—Felix Borho, Jno O Miller. Twenty ounce pippin—Jos Borho, John McConkey. King of tomkin county—And Schnurr, A Seigmiller. Baldwin—A McKague, Jos Borho. Rhode island greening—A Seigmiller, Val Rittinger. Gloria mundi—Jos Borho, Ant Weber. Ben Davis—A McKague, Felix Borho. Talmay sweets—A Seigmiller, Moses Pilger. Fallwater—Jos Borho, Val Rittinger. St Lawrence—Chas Yandt, Nich Miller. Any other kind—Ant Steffler, John McConkey. Crab—Val Rittinger, Jas McEwan. Pears, flemish

beauty—And Schmidt, Fred Klagus. Pears, bartlett—J D Kinzie. Any other kind—Chas Yandt, A Seigmiller. Plums, lombard—A Murat, J M Fischer. Plums, blue—John Diebel, Louis Hingsperger. Plums, green or yellow—J M Fischer, M Fischer. Red plums—Hy Schnurr. Grapes, blue—Mrs J Schmidt, Jos Schofback. Grapes, yellow—Chas Yandt, J D Kinzie. Best collection of fruit. Val Rittinger.

BUGGIES, WAGONS, HORSE-SHOES, ETC.

Lumber wagon—Jos Schuett & Son. Top buggy—Jos Schuett & Son, 1st and 2nd. Set heavy bobsleighs—J Schuett & Sons. Cutter—J Schuett & Sons, 1st and 2nd. Plow—Gillies & Martin. Set horseshoes, heavy—Liesemer & Lob-slager. Set horseshoes, light—J Schuett & Sons. Pump—John Diebel. Assortment of brick—Wm Elliott. Assortment of tile—Wm Elliott.

WOOLLEN AND DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE.

Collection of cloth, own make—McKelvie & Hemphill. Pair blankets, all wool, own make—Chas Yandt, McKelvie & Hemphill. Pair blankets, union, own make—McKelvie & Hemphill. 10 yds. dannel, union—McKelvie & Hemphill. 10 yards flannel, all wool—McKelvie & Hemphill. 10 yards rag carpet—John Haines, sr., Geo Reinhart. 5 pounds white and colored yarn—McKelvie & Hemphill. One coverlet—Louis Pletsch, Peter Pletsch. Knitted coverlet—Jas Hamilton. Pair woollen mitts, hand made—Mrs Wm McKenzie, J Hillis. Pair woollen socks, hand made—Mrs Wm McKenzie, Geo Reinhart. Suit of clothes (own make) Jas Hillis. Pair stockings—Mrs Wm McKenzie, George Reinhart.

LADIES' WORK.

Hooked mat—Geo Reinhart. Peter Pletsch. Patched quilt, any kind—Mrs Wm McKenzie, Geo Reinhart. Knitted quilt—Geo Reinhart. Log cabin quilt—Jas Haines, John Haines, sr. Feather wreath—John Schnurr, Wes Haskins. Batten wreath—Geo Reinhart, Wes Haskins. Embroidery in cotton, hand made—A Seigmiller, W H Huck. Darned nett—W H Huck, John Haines, sr. Drawn thread work—Mrs Wm McKenzie, Geo Curle. Crochet in cotton—Robt McCulloch, A Seigmiller. Crochet in wool—M Fischer. Crochet in silk—Geo Reinhart, Louis Hingsperger. Sideboard scarf—A Seigmiller, E G Kuntz. Braiding in cotton—Jas Hillis, Geo Reinhart. Fancy tidy—E G Kuntz, Martin Meyer. Table scarf—Adam Seigmiller. Toilet mat, five pieces—W H Huck, Adam Seigmiller. Table centre piece and 4 doilies—W H Huck, Geo Curle. Berlin wool, raised—John Haines, sr., Geo Reinhart. Berlin wool, not raised—John Haines sr, A Seigmiller. Painting on velvet—Jos Schuett, John Haines sr. Painting on silk or satin—Jos Schuett, A Seigmiller. Crazy patchwork—Geo Curle, John Haines sr. Applique work—A Seigmiller, Jas Hillis. Arasine work—A Seigmiller, Tattling—Robert McCulloch. Zephyr work, raised—John Haines sr. Fancy netting—Mrs Wm McKenzie, W H Huck. Pillow shams—Jno Haines sr., W H Huck. Sofa pillow—A Seigmiller, Louis Hingsperger. Knitting in cotton—Jas Hillis, Geo Reinhart, Tissue paper flowers—Geo Reinhart, Geo Curle. Novelties that are entirely new—A Seigmiller, Martin Meyer.

ART.

Specimen of penmanship—Geo Reinhart, Geo Curle. Landscape painting in oil—Jos Schuett, Jas Hillis. Pencil drawing—J D Kinzie, A Seigmiller. Scroll painting—Jos Schuett.

HARNESSES, BOOTS & SHOES ETC.

Set single harness—Thos Saunders, Hy Pletsch. Set double harness—L A Hingsperger, Thos Saunders. Set carriage harness—L A Hingsperger. Pair long boots coarse—J V Berscht. Pair short boots, fine—J V Berscht. Short boots, coarse—J V Berscht. Best piece furniture—A Murat.

J. D. McNab of Owen Sound, recently arrested on a charge of abducting the wife of George Parkins, has been discharged, no evidence for the prosecution being offered.

APPEALS TO SOVEREIGNS.

LABORI ASKS THAT ATTACHES BE ALLOWED TO TESTIFY.

The Court Refused to Do So—Secret Documents Again Being Used—An Exciting Scene in Court.

A despatch from Rennes says:—Tuesday was a momentous one in the trial of Capt. Dreyfus. The old question of the secret documents came up, and the fact was brought out that papers had been passed to the court-martial in this trial without the knowledge of the defence. This is a startling fact when it is considered that Dreyfus obtained a new trial because he was convicted before on evidence that was communicated in secret to his judges. Possibly, if he is again convicted there will be good grounds for an appeal and another trial.

The judges denied the request of M. Labori for permission to call as witnesses for Dreyfus military attaches of foreign Governments who, it is alleged, had bought military secrets from Dreyfus. This is considered a bad blow for the accused, though M. Labori seems to entertain the hope that he will be able to get this evidence before the court by summoning the attaches to attend in their personal capacity.

A feature of the session was the eloquent plea of a Senator of France for Dreyfus. It moved the spectators to tears, and made an impression upon the judges.

As announced by President Jouaust, the first part of the session of the court-martial was secret.

LABORI'S FORMAL STATEMENT.

When the doors were opened for the public session, M. Labori read a brief statement to the effect that it was the consensus of opinion of the defence that while they had hitherto not called foreigners to testify, the Government having set the example, they would no longer refrain from doing so.

Then turning to President Jouaust, M. Labori said: "We know the particularly delicate position of all concerned in this matter, but we must ask that you also summon witnesses outside of France for us. We want Schneider, Schwartzkoppen, Panizardi, and others to prove directly and emphatically that Dreyfus never had relations with foreign powers, and never communicated to them the papers mentioned in the bordereau."

"We also ask that the Government secure, through diplomatic channels, documents bearing on the bordereau."

Major Carriere, for the prosecution, protested against the moral and material difficulties of such action, and said it would not assist the defence anyhow.

After some consultation, the judges retired to deliberate on the request. Their decision was awaited with a tension that was painful. When the judges had returned, President Jouaust rose and announced that the court unanimously refused to grant the defence's request that the aid of foreigners be invoked. The announcement was followed by a hub-bub in court, which was quickly suppressed, and court was at once adjourned.

THE EXCITING TRIAL

of the morning sitting was a scene in which M. Labori, General Billot, Col. Jouaust and Captain Dreyfus participated. Things had progressed quietly and even monotonously up to that time. "La Dame Blanche," with her famous pearls in her ears and around her neck, kept whispering to her companion. Others who from the first had taken the keenest interest in every word uttered in the court seemed to be sitting in the room sent several tones, when General Billot, in low, even tones, again brought out what many declared is the General's last card, namely, the complicity of Dreyfus and Esterhazy, there was a remarkable change of scene. M. Labori, in terrible excitement and waving his arms, protested in a ringing voice. Dreyfus, who had been sitting like a statue, also jumped to his feet, despite the restraining hand that a gendarme placed upon his shoulder, and, with his face flaming with passion, said, addressing Colonel Jouaust: "I protest against this odious accusation." M. Labori at the same time was demanding to be heard, Colonel Jouaust, equally determined not to hear him, called out "Maitre Labori, I refuse to allow you to speak." When M. Labori finally gave up and sat down he was deathly pale and trembling like a leaf.

THE END NEAR.

All the evidence in the Dreyfus case is in, and at the session the prosecuting counsel commenced his address. The auditors on leaving the court agreed that all signs point to the condemnation of the accused. Acquittal, of course, is possible, but would be a surprise. The defence is plainly discouraged, and is preparing points on which to make an appeal to the high military court in Paris. The appeal must be heard within twenty-four hours after the decision of the court-martial. If not allowed, the degradation of Dreyfus will follow, as the Government is reported to be unwilling to grant appeal to the Court of Cassation.

CARRIERE CAUSES LAUGHTER.

Major Carriere was then called upon to deliver the final speech for the prosecution, which only lasted an hour and a quarter, and which was generally characterized as a weak oration. His arguments, colored by his usual mannerisms, evoked outbursts of laughter. He said that he considered it to be established that Dreyfus wrote the bordereau. The phrase concerning the

covering of troops was very significant, he thought, and he pointed out that Dreyfus could have obtained the firing manual with little difficulty. Moreover, the Major argued, Esterhazy could not say in August that he was going to the manoeuvres, while Dreyfus could have thought so up to August 28. The Government Commissary affirmed that he himself had noticed the alteration in Dreyfus' handwriting since 1894 in letters which he had written from Devil's Island. Alluding to the secret dossier, the Major said that Esterhazy was not in a position to furnish the interesting information. Discussing the correspondence of "A," Col. Schwartzkoppen, Major Carriere declared emphatically his belief that Dreyfus had relations with the power of which "A" was the agent. He declared that Esterhazy said nothing to prove that he was a traitor, and that Picquart had utterly failed to convince him of the innocence of Dreyfus. "My belief in the innocence of Dreyfus," said Major Carriere, in conclusion, "has been transformed into a conviction of his guilt, which has been strengthened by the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution. To-day I come to tell you on my soul and conscience that Dreyfus is guilty, and to ask for the application of article 76 of the penal code."

M. DEMANGE SPEAKS.

M. Demange stood silent for a moment before he spoke, drawing himself together for the supreme effort of his life. He began by saying he was a Frenchman, and the son of a soldier. "I always had a love for the army of my beloved country," said M. Demange. Here he paused for effect. "Before this case was brought before the Court of Cassation, doubts arose concerning the guilt of Dreyfus. I shared in them. By the time the order for revision brought the case here, these doubts had grown into a positive conviction on my part that the accusations against this soldier were without foundation, and have done a most grievous wrong to an innocent man."

DREYFUS WAS PERSECUTED.

"Recalling the testimony of Detective Cochefort," continued M. Demange, "I find this man was persecuted, trapped, and pursued in an endeavor to find him guilty. At the time of the dictation test to which he was subjected by Du Paty de Clam, a pistol was put before him for an obvious reason. Dreyfus did not use it. Instead, he cried: 'I will not die, I am innocent, and I will live to prove it.' On the day after his condemnation he proved the sincerity of his utterance by sending a letter to the War Minister, in which he begged that the truth of his case be sought."

SUSTAINED BY A NOBLE PURPOSE.

"This purpose and this hope sustained him through the long years on Devil's Island, and brings him here today when dishonour has been stamped on him before the world and a stigma put upon his name and that of his beloved wife and children, demanding the stigma be cleared away and the innocence of which he has never failed to boast, be proven before mankind." Then came a scene which will live forever in the memory of those present. M. Demange began reading from letters written by the prisoner while on Devil's Island. These were wonderful human documents. They told of suffering which alternated with hope and despair. In them Dreyfus related how he lay in irons, and how the guards, more pitiful than their officers, stole into him during the darkness in order to cleanse with rags the chafed sores upon his wrists and ankles. "Yet through all this ordeal," said M. Demange, "with an eloquence that was now carrying his audience with him, "there was always but one thought with him, 'I am innocent.'"

EVIDENCE REVIEWED.

M. Demange dwelt on the fact that M. Cavaignac had withheld evidence favoring Dreyfus from the court. He controverted the conclusions of Major Carriere, who spoke yesterday for the prosecution, and also those of Mercier, Boisdeffre, Gonse, Rogee, and Lauth. He dwelt especially on the evidence of Major Cuignet, who had testified vehemently his belief in the prisoner's guilt. Demange related the solemn declarations which had been made by the foreign attaches that they never had dealings in any way with Dreyfus.

"Did they say Esterhazy was innocent? No," said M. Demange, "while willing to speak for Dreyfus, they have pointedly refrained from mentioning Esterhazy. You may draw your own conclusion."

M. Demange then discussed the moral proofs of the prisoner's innocence, including the forgeries of Esterhazy and the late Col. Sandherr, who sought to maintain his guilt. He also dwelt on the speaker.

DREYFUS FOUND GUILTY.

The ringing of a bell announced the entry of the judges in the court-martial, an officer ordered "Carry arms!" and "Present arms." The rattle of rifles followed, and then Col. Jouaust marched in, saluted, and laid his kepi on the table. The other judges did likewise, the gendarmes shouted "Silence!" and the silence of death fell on the audience. Col. Jouaust then began reading the judgment, which opened with the question referred to the judges by the Court of Cassation: Was Dreyfus guilty of entering a machination to hand secret documents to a foreign power. He then gave the answer, that the court, by a majority of 5 to 2, found Dreyfus guilty. The silence was immediately broken by a rash of the reporters to drop their

previously prepared telegrams into the

letter box, opening into the street, where a gendarme received them, and gave them to the respective messengers for transmission by wire. The noise called forth stern cries of "Silence!" and again all sounds were hushed until Col. Jouaust finished speaking. He concluded by saying the court would remain sitting until the room was cleared. He asked the audience to go out quietly, and not to raise a shout of any sort. The gendarmes then closed around the audience and pressed them outside. Not a cry or a word was raised by anyone. Everything passed off with complete calm.

THE VERDICT READ TO DREYFUS.

As the people emerged the gendarmes kept them moving away from the court. The small crowd of people outside cheered for the army, but the gendarmes did not interfere, and there was not the slightest disorder. The judgment was read to Dreyfus in an adjoining little room by the clerk of the court, M. Coupers. Dreyfus listened impassively, did not give the slightest sign of emotion, did not utter a word, and marched back to prison like an automaton. It is understood that Dreyfus will be sent to Fort Corte, in the Island of Corsica.

FAILED TO CRACK THE PLATE.

Interesting Experiments With New Armour of British Warships.

A despatch from London says:—Interesting experiments with a new armour plate for warships have just been concluded at Shoeburyness, at the mouth of the Thames. The outer plate six inches thick, is made of the best steel, the backing consisting of a special composition, the nature of which is being kept a secret.

New plates were fired at with a 350-pound projectile at a distance of 200 yards. When black powder was used the armour plate was, after several shots, found to be practically uninjured. The shot was in some instances reduced to powder by the force of the impact. With cordite it was found that the outer plate could be penetrated three inches, and under certain circumstances the shot went right through, but the severest tests failed to crack the plate.

In naval warfare, a hole made by a shot below the waterline can always be plugged up, but cracked and split armour plates necessitate dry-docking and new plates.

When two shots were fired simultaneously, hitting the plate two feet apart, there was still no sign of fracture.

BOLD HOLD-UP AT CORNWALL.

Four Highwaymen Waylaid Citizens and Fired at a Policeman.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—About two o'clock on Thursday morning Alvin Pescod was waylaid by four highwaymen at the corner of Pitt and Third street. They stepped from behind a high fence and knocked him down with the butt end of a revolver. After searching him they bound Pescod hand and foot, and gagging him with his own hat, carried him into a side street. Another man who happened along was served in the same way.

When Officer Lalonde reached the corner the quartette stepped out, and two of them covering him with revolvers, ordered "Hands up!" The officer sprang out in the roadway, and the highwaymen fired four shots, none of which took effect. Lalonde retreated down the street, and went after Chief Cameron, but by the time he returned the quartette had made themselves scarce.

SALMON PACK RETURNS.

Last Season's Second Only to That of 1897.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Official returns place the salmon pack of British Columbia for the present season at 676,000 cases, which is second only to the phenomenal pack of 1897, when 1,105,477 cases were put up. The pack on the American side brings the total output of the Pacific coast up to 1,316,000 cases. Twenty cents per fish was the average price paid to the fishermen by Canadian packers, and 12 cents the average paid by American canners.

SUDAN RAILWAY HORROR.

Train Loaded With Soldiers and Workmen Falls Into a Ravine.

A despatch from London says:—The Daily Mail's correspondent at Cairo says advice has been received from Berber on the Nile, near the confluence of the Atbara, that a train returning from Wady-Halfa with soldiers and workmen for the Atbara district fell into a ravine owing to the collapse of a viaduct, with the result that 24 were killed and 30 others injured.

WILL ABOLISH THE BUSBY.

The Imposing Headgear of the British Guards is Doomed.

A despatch from London says:—The imposing headgear of the Guards, the classic bearskin is doomed. It appears that great difficulty has been experienced of late in keeping up the necessary supply of busbies, in consequence of bearskins becoming so scarce, and a committee will shortly meet to consider the important question of a new helmet.

UNKNOWN WOMAN SUICIDES.

Swallowed Carbolic Acid—Death Came Within Two Hours—Many Saw the Act.

A despatch from Toronto says:—In the midst of the laughing crowds thronging out of the Adelaide street theatres last night, an unknown woman drank carbolic acid, and died an hour and a half later. Though probably a dozen people were eye-witnesses to the act, and hundreds more saw the woman, no one knew her, and all enquiries failed to elicit a single fact that might lead to her identification.

Several people on Adelaide street between Bay and Yonge streets between nine and eleven o'clock noticed a slim girl clad in white, passing back and forth, apparently watching for some one near the Toronto Opera house. While her actions were not peculiar, she attracted some attention by her preoccupied air and purposeful gait.

Shortly after eleven o'clock she stopped her walk in front of W. Spink's saloon, and suddenly putting her hand in her pocket, she drew out a blue two-ounce bottle of carbolic acid, and raising it to her lips, swallowed the poison. Then she threw the empty vessel on the pavement, and walked on some yards farther. She staggered and leaned against a store front for a moment before slowly sinking to the sidewalk.

DIED AT THE EMERGENCY.

Those who had been watching her had until now seemed paralysed, but at once a crowd surrounded the prostrate form. She was picked up and carried into Bingham's drug store. Dr. Crawford was summoned, and he did all that was possible until the ambulance removed the patient to the Emergency hospital. Here the house surgeons and Dr. Crawford labored with her for an hour, but at twenty-five minutes to one death relieved the woman of her suffering.

The suicide was probably about twenty-two years old, fair, slim, and of about the medium height. She wore a white blouse, a white pique skirt, a sailor hat, and a pair of russet shoes. On her breast was a badge consisting of an American flag bearing the letters, "V. R. O. Y. G. B. I.," arranged upon it. Underneath was the motto "Fraternity, Protection and Aid." The woman's underclothing which was of a rather cheap variety, bore the marks "C. 2103," "C.R., 296."

BURGLARS AT SMITH'S FALLS.

Attempt to Rob the Union Bank Frustrated—Tools Left Behind.

A despatch from Smith's Falls, says:—R. Baird, junior clerk, and C. Johnston, cashier, of the Union Bank here, who both sleep in the bank, were awakened by a noise at the front door. Both clerks jumped up, and with revolvers loaded, went to the door and demanded of those outside what they would have. As no answer came, one of the clerks threatened to shoot when the intruders took to their heels and made off. Nothing more was heard of them that night, but an examination in the morning showed where the attempt had been made to get in. Some iron crowbars, taken from Mr. J. Craigs's shop, had been used to pry open the door, and the latter was pretty badly scraped and splintered in the attempt. It was evident there were two in the party, and they had made a search of the premises before tackling the front door. There is no clue as to whom the would-be burglars are.

SALE OF TIMBER LIMITS.

Nipissing and Algoma Berths Fetch \$431,000.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—A sale of timber limits was conducted here on Wednesday by Peter Ryan, of Toronto. The berths disposed of consisted of limits in Nipissing and Algoma, the property of the firm of Hale and Booth. The senior partner died recently, and the sale was called to wind up the estate. The amount realized was \$431,000, which is considered a satisfactory return. Most of the limits had already been cut over. The bidders were chiefly American and Ottawa valley lumbermen.

Berths 2, 3, and 4, in the township of Butt, Nipissing, were sold for \$75,000, to J. R. Booth, of Ottawa; Nos. 136 and 137, on Serpent river, in Algoma, consisting of 36 square miles each, were bought in by John Charlton, M.P., for \$30,000.

Berth, No. 82, on the north shore of Lake Huron, from which some 20 million feet have been cut, was knocked down for \$315,000 to Thomas Pitts, of Detroit and Bay City, and John Charlton.

STAFF LARGER BY 10,000.

Enormous Increase in the Postal Business of Britain.

A despatch from London says:—Postmaster-General, the Duke of Norfolk has shown a profit of nearly \$18,000,000 on the working of the British Post-office for the year ending last March. The number of postal packages of every kind delivered during the year was 3,436,000,000. London received 28 per cent. of the total of letters posted. The drift of the working classes is shown in the increase of Post-office Savings Bank deposits, which now stand at \$615,000,000. There was an increase of 5 per cent. in telegrams.

The staff of the Post-office was increased by 10,000 during the year, and now stands at 160,000, of whom 32,000 are women.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Prices of Grain, Cattle, Cheese, &c in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, Sept. 12.—Wheat—Outside markets were about steady to-day. Quotations were unchanged, and Manitobas were up 1c. owing to stronger lake freights. Ontario red and white are quoted at 67 1-2c, north and west, Manitoba No. 1 hard, Toronto and west, sold at 80c; and, g.i.t.b., 82c.

Flour—The local market is quiet. Straight roller, in buyers' bags, middle freights, is quoted at \$2.65 bid, and \$2.75 asked.

Millfeed—Scarce. Bran is quoted at \$11 to \$11.50, middle freights; and shorts at \$4.

Peas—A fair enquiry continues for peas for immediate shipments at 55c, north and west, October shipment 54c.

Oats—Steady. New white, north and west, 23c, and mixed, 22c. New white, east, sold at 24 1-2 to 25c.

Rye—Quiet. Car lots, east, 51c; and west, 49 1-2c.

Corn—Dull. No. 2 American, track, Toronto, 40c.

Barley—New No. 2 barley, lake ports 38c is bid for round lots.

PRODUCE.

Eggs—The market is firm and demand for No. 1 eggs at 14 to 14 1-2c; second sell at 12 1-2 to 13c.

Potatoes—Offering freely and rather easy here. Car lots are sold on track here at 50c per bag, and at farmers' wagons about 30 to 35c per bushel, but stock is small. Out of store choice stock brings 55 to 65c per bag.

Beans—Choice hand-picked beans sell at \$1.10, and common at 75 to 80c per bush.

Dried apples—Dealers pay 41-2c for dried stock, delivered here, and small lots resell at 5 to 5 1-2c; evaporated, 8 to 8 1-2c, in small lots.

Honey—Round lots of honey, delivered here, will bring about 6 to 6 1-2c; dealers quote from 6 1-2 to 7 1-2c per lb. for 10 to 60-lb. tins; in comb around \$1.25 to \$1.40 per dozen sections.

Baled hay—New brings \$8.50, car lots, delivered here. Choice is worth about 25c more.

Straw—Unchanged. Car lots are quoted at \$4 to \$5 on track.

Hops—Canadian crop light, but, as the English crop is large, the shortage here will not likely affect the market. New hops now arriving, but no quotations yet. Dealers here sell at about 18 to 20c in the ordinary way for old and are paying holders outside from 16 to 18c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Market strong. Receipts are light and demand here keeps steady for all choice. Quotations are: Dairy tubs, poor to medium, 15 to 16c; strictly choice, 17 to 18c; small dairy tubs about 19 to 20c; creamery, tubs and boxes, 21 to 22c; pounds, 23 to 24c.

Cheese—Firm and likely to continue so for some time. Dealers here quote from 11 1-2c to 12c.

DRESSED HOGS AND PROVISIONS

There is a good steady demand and prices firm and unaltered. Dressed hogs steady. Choice butchers' weights bring about \$6.50 to \$6.75, farmers' loads, on the street.

Quotations for provisions are as follows:—Dry salted shoulders, 63-4 to 7c long clear bacon, car lots, 73-4c; top lots, 8c; case lots, 81-4c; backs, 83-4c.

Smoked meats—Hams, heavy, 12c; medium, 13c; light, 13c; breakfast bacon, 12 to 12 1-2c; picnic hams, 81-4 to 83-4c; roll bacon, 81-2 to 9c; smoked backs, 11 1-2c. All meats out of pickle, less than prices quoted for smoked meats.

Lard—Tierces, 63-4c; tubs, 7c; pails 7c; compound, 51-2 to 53-4c.

Milwaukee, Sept. 12.—Wheat—Steady. No. 1 Northern, 79 1-2 to 79c; No. 2 Northern, 69c. Rye—Higher; No. 1 55 1-2c. Barley—Firm; No. 2 42 to 41-2c; sample, 35 to 41c.

Duluth, Sept. 12.—Wheat—No. 1 hard cash, 70 1-4c; September, 70 1-4c; December, 70c; No. 1 Northern, cash 67 3-4c; September, 67 3-4c; December 69c; May, 71 3-4c; No. 2 Northern 65 1-4c.

Buffalo, Sept. 12.—Spring wheat—Dull; No. 1 Northern, old, spot, 76 5-8c; No. 2 Northern, old, c.f.f., 72 5-8c. Winter wheat—Dull and lower; No. 1 white and No. 2, red, 72c; Corn—Strong; No. 2 yellow, 37 1-2c; No. 1 yellow, 37 1-4c; No. 4 yellow, 36 1-2c; No. 2 corn, 36 3-4 to 37c; No. 3 corn 36 1-2c. Oats—Strong; good demand. No. 2 white, 25 1-2 to 25 3-4c; No. 1 white, 25c; No. 4 white, 24c; No. 2 mixed, 23 1-2c; No. 3, mixed, 23c. Rye—No. 1, on track, quote at 60c; No. 2, 59 1-2c. Canal freight—Dull. Flour—Firm.

Detroit, Sept. 12.—Wheat—Closed. No. 1 white, cash, 70c; No. 2 red, cash and September, 71 1-2c; December, 73 3-8c.

PLAYED, THEN SLEPT TO DEATH.

Feetarily Sudden Death of a St. Catharines Child.

A despatch from St. Catharines, says:—A peculiarly sudden death occurred about one o'clock on Thursday morning at the home of Mr. John Nichols his only daughter, Jennie, falling a victim to acute toxæmia. The girl, who was seven years of age, had been playing in the park on Wednesday afternoon, and went home complaining of feeling chilly. She put on a jacket and stood near the stove, and presently lay down. She fell into a sleep about 7 o'clock, from which she did not awake, and since she did not struggle in the least, or appear very ill, no fears were aroused. Two doctors were called in, but the little girl passed peacefully away shortly midnight.

The Miner's Love

One September morning, while the sun was shining down in the mining town of Walong, Ellen and her father came slowly along the road.

Over in Gilt Creek a great strike had occurred, and numbers of prospectors thronged the streets and stood in groups at every corner. One rough miner turned and looked after Ellen and her father and the old hand organ.

"This here's a city now, boys!" he cried. "Just look at the organ-grinder come to town."

"Give me a tune, old man!" called out a second miner.

"Let him alone, boys," said a third. "He is blind."

Ellen led her father down the narrow street and piloted him safely through the noisy crowd. As she turned a corner she spied an unpretentious eating-house.

"Dinner fifty cents," the sign read, and she paused before the open door.

"We'll go in and get some dinner, dad. I'm fearful hungry."

She led her father to one of the small tables and slipped the organ from his back. Then she drew an old red handkerchief from her pocket and untied one corner. A little roll of coins dropped out on the table.

"Got enough, dear?" asked her father. His quick ear had caught the click of the coins.

"Lots," said she, shortly.

She hastily tied up the money, and going to the counter ordered dinner for her father and for herself—only a bowl of oatmeal and milk.

"I was pretty near starved," said the old organ grinder, as he ate his roast beef with a good relish. "Hain't the meat good, Ellen?"

"Course it is!" answered Ellen, calmly taking a sip of milk.

"And the tomatoes and the rice pud-din'?" added her father.

"Yes, dad; but don't stop to talk," said his daughter.

She soon finished her own simple dinner and leaned back in the stiff wooden chair. Two miners close by looked up admiringly. Her eyes were large and black, as had been those of her Italian mother, who had died when she was born. Heavy braids of black hair were wound round her head, and her cheeks and lips were crimson. Her old straw hat was tied down with a faded ribbon; her dark blue dress was stained and shabby. She wore a blanket shawl round her slender shoulders.

"We've had a splendid dinner, hain't we?" said her father, rising and taking the organ on his back.

The young woman took her father's arm and led him to the corner of the street.

"We'll stop and play here, dad."

Her father patiently began to turn the crank of the old organ. She stood beside him, and eagerly scanned the faces of the passers-by. Few seemed to think the music was worth paying for. A lady gave a coin, and a miner carelessly tossed a quarter toward them.

But their supper and a night's lodging were to be paid for, and very little was left in the handkerchief.

It grew late at last. The organ-grinder had played through all his tunes.

"You are tired, dad," said Ellen, as her father paused. "We'll go and find a place to sleep."

"We don't want no supper, do we, Nell? We had such a hearty dinner."

"Yes, dad," said she, faintly.

"And it was late, too," added the old man. "It must have been 'most three o'clock."

"Be you hungry, dad?" asked the daughter, anxiously looking into his face.

"Not a mite," answered her father, very cheerfully. "And s'pose I play a little longer. Hain't dark yet, is it? Let's walk along."

They turned a corner and found themselves in a side street, in a quiet neighborhood. There were curtains at some of the small cabins.

An open door gave a glimpse of a bright Brussels carpet. Suddenly a young girl appeared at a window, and raising the sash, very carelessly, tossed out into the road a beautiful, half-withered bouquet of bothouse flowers.

Ellen quickly glanced up at the lady, who was young and had fair hair. This much she remembered always.

The bouquet rolled to the young girl's feet, then stopped. She stooped and picked up the flowers. They were only a little faded. Some of the roses were quite fresh and fragrant. It must have been a beautiful bouquet once. Why did the young lady throw it away so soon?

It was nearly seven o'clock. Ellen and her father had paused before a large hotel, the space in front was crowded with men. Some of them gazed at the girl who stood so patiently beside the old organ. Her hat had slipped back, and her black hair lay in rings on her smooth, white forehead. She did not know how pretty she was, and wondered why the men stared at her so. She knew she was tired and hungry. She wished some one would toss them some money.

A young man came down the steps. He wore a blue flannel shirt and his coat was quite as shabby as the one her father wore. He stood in front of the organ with his hands in his pocket.

For a few moments he did not speak, but seemed to be listening to the music. And then his eyes fell on the flowers.

"Where'd you git 'em?" he asked, suddenly.

"Found 'em," answered the girl, quite as shyly.

He came a step nearer and held out his hand.

"Let me see 'em." She drew back hastily.

"Pay for 'em first. I'll sell 'em cheap," she said.

He thrust his hand still deeper in pocket, then tossed some silver on the top of the old organ. Then he took the flowers and studied them intently as he turned the bouquet round.

"Tell me where you got 'em," he asked, pleadingly.

"Found 'em," she said again. "A lady threw 'em out the window."

The young man said something under his breath then turned and walked away.

Ellen had seen the color come to his face and a hurt look in his eyes. As she looked after him he gave the bouquet a toss and it fell in the muddy street, only to be crushed the next instant by the wheels of a passing vehicle.

"Hain't there enough money yet?" asked her father, touching her arm.

"Yes, dad," she answered. "We'll go and get some supper, and then we'll find a place to sleep."

The little parlor of Mrs. Murphy's lodging-house was crowded with miners that evening. Ellen left her father seated contentedly in a corner, and stole quietly out of the front door. She was so used to an outdoor life that she felt suffocated in a small and close room.

Some one sat on the lower step, with his head resting on his hands. He looked up and saw her as she stood hesitatingly in the doorway.

"Don't be afraid," he said kindly.

It was the young man who had bought the flowers.

She sank down on the steps and drew her old shawl still closer about her.

"It's cold out here," said the young man. "Perhaps you'd better go in."

"I ain't cold," answered Ellen; "I'm most always outdoors."

"Where'd you say you found the posies?" he asked, suddenly raising his head.

"A young lady threw 'em out, she had yaller hair. It was a house with white curtains at the windows. I didn't set no price on the flowers," she added hastily. "You needn't have paid so much for 'em."

"I ain't complainin' of the price," said the young fellow. "They cost me a pile to begin with."

"Did you give 'em to her?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered shortly; "more fool, too!"

"They were faded," remarked the girl, consolingly.

"Yes," he said, bitterly. "She had 'em twelve hours."

His head dropped on his hands again. "I wouldn't care," said Ellen, softly.

The young man glanced at her. Her eyes were soft with sympathy; she looked so fair in the moonlight.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Seventeen," she replied, wonderingly.

"And you travel about with your father?"

"Yes," said the girl. "Dad likes to travel. He won't let me do nothin'," she replied, proudly. "He says he can support me."

"Can you write?" looking eagerly into her pretty face.

"Yes. I was at school once."

"I hain't got no education," said the young man sadly, "and I want to get a letter writ'."

"I'll do it," she offered, eagerly.

"Will you, now?" and the young fellow sprang up. "Come on into the kitchen. There's never nobody there."

In a few moments he had brought her a sheet of paper and pen and ink.

They were alone in the little kitchen that was scarcely more than a shed, and the girl seared herself at the pine table.

"Begin 'Darlin' Lizzie,'" said the young man, leaning anxiously over her shoulder.

In a cramped hand and very slowly she wrote: "Darling Lizzie,"

"Tell her I love her!" he burst out. "Tell her I'm going over to Red Mountain to-morrow, but she can write to me. Jim Conroy'll read me her letter. She needn't say nothin' but yes or no. Got it all down?"

"Pretty near," said the girl. "You told me such an awful lot."

She was handling the pen awkwardly.

A bright color had come to the young man's cheeks. His hair was light, almost golden, just the color of the young lady's, Ellen thought. She glanced down at the letter. Would "Darling Lizzie" say yes or no?

"Done?" said her new friend. "I'll take it over to the post-office."

He sealed the envelope carefully and put it tenderly in his pocket. Then he held out his bronzed hand.

"Good-by; I'm much obliged to you. If I don't never see you again. I wish you good luck."

As he passed her chair a five-dollar gold piece dropped into her lap.

The next September Ellen and her father found themselves once more crossing Red Mountain on their way to Walong. She had grown a little taller, but she looked much the same. Her dress was still shabby, and a forlorn felt hat replaced the old black straw. But her lips and cheeks were crimson with exercise and health. As they came into view of the town they were out a group of miners who were out prospecting. One of them shaded his eyes with his hands and looked long at Ellen.

"Give us a tune!" he called out to the organ-grinder, and the old man obediently set down his organ and began to turn the crank.

Then the young miner came slowly toward the girl and held out his hand. The girl knew him at a glance, and

her black eyes grew bright with pleasure.

"I didn't get no answer," he whispered.

Ellen looked sorry; then a curious gladness came to her eyes.

"Haven't you seen her?" she asked.

"No," answered the young man; "she don't live here no more."

"I'm sorry," said the girl; "I writ it plain."

Then he looked at her admiringly.

"S'pose I come to see you to-night?"

The organ-grinder took up his burden again and as they moved away she smiled over her shoulder at the young man with fair hair who looked after her as he leaned lightly on his pick.

A month later a clergyman at Walong married them.

Ellen was very happy in her new home. There were no lace curtains at the cabin windows, for her husband was but a poor prospector, with only his youth and hope. Her father still played the old organ, but he kept near home that Ellen might see him as she glanced up from her work.

One evening during the winter her husband came home and as he seated himself by the stove drew a yellow envelope from his pocket. It was old and worn by much handling and bore numerous postmarks.

"What is it?" asked Ellen, quickly.

"An old letter for me," answered her husband. "They said it had bin folleerin' me 'round everywhere. I hain't been in one place long the past year. It ain't much good now. S'pose you read it."

She took the letter and tore open the envelope. There were only a few lines.

It began "Darlin' Jim," and was signed "Your own Lizzie." It stated that the writer would marry him at any time.

"Don't look so!" cried her husband, as Ellen grew deadly white. She did not speak, but stood perfectly still with the letter clutched in her hand.

But her husband threw his strong arms around her.

"I'm glad I didn't get it!" he cried. "Don't you know I love you best? Nobody can't take your place now."

A WALK TO THE SUN.

The Aggregate Man Takes a Stroll of 70,000 Every Second.

If the average old man of comparatively sedentary habits were told that during his life he had walked as many miles as would compass the earth at the equator six times, he would probably be very much surprised, says the London Daily Mail. And yet such a pedestrian effort only represents an average walk of six miles a day for a period of sixty-eight years.

Similarly, the man who is content with the daily average walk of four miles will consider himself an athlete on learning that every year he walks a distance equal to a trip from London to Athens.

When one considers the aggregate walking records of the world the figures are even more surprising. Assuming that each individual averages a four-mile walk a day—and this cannot be considered an extravagant estimate when one remembers that Mr. Thomas Phipps, of Kingham, has walked 440,000 miles on postal duty alone—the startling conclusion is arrived at that the world covers a journey of 69,444 miles every time the clock ticks, night and day.

This means that the world's walking record for a second of time is equal to two trips round the Equator and more than thirteen jaunts between London and Naples. Every minute the aggregate man walks a distance equal to eight return-trips to the moon, supplemented by over fifteen walks round the earth's waist.

In an hour he would walk as far as the sun and back again, take a trip to the moon, from the earth, 140 times, while still leaving himself a stroll of 190,000 miles to finish the cigar he lit at the commencement of his journey of sixty minutes. But it is probable that even a slow smoker might require a second cigar in a single year.

In a single year the aggregate man walks a distance of 2,190,000 million miles, which, after all, inconceivably great as it is, would take him less than one-eleventh part of the way to the nearest fixed star.

It is well for the aggregate man's exchequer that he walks these distances instead of covering them by rail. At the rate of a penny a mile, the world's annual walk would cost \$2,190,000,000, or ten times as much gold as is current throughout the entire world. To purchase a ticket for this distance it would be necessary to mortgage the entire United Kingdom to three-fourths of its full value.

RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT.

The obsequious person who seeks fees from travellers by pretending to mistake them for noblemen occasionally meets one who does not fall into the trap. The following example is taken from an English paper:

An English gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera house, by an usher, who bowed low and said, "The door is open, prince."

The Englishman glanced at him, and, without extending the expected fee, simply said, "Thank you very much, viscount."

ORIGIN OF MILLINER.

Milliner is a corruption of "Milaner," from Milan, which city at one time gave the fashion to the world in all matters of taste in woman's head-gear.

The Home

FOR SUNDAY DINNER.

Dutch Soup.—Chop an ox tail in pieces an inch long, place in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter, stir until it browns, then turn the fat off; add three pints of water, one carrot, one small turnip, one onion and a few whole cloves. Boil slowly until the meat is well done, then add three tomatoes, peeled and sliced, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil 15 minutes longer.

Chicken and Beans.—Prepare a chicken as for fricassee, put it into a kettle, with just water enough to cover it; salt and add one small onion. Put into a saucepan one pint of shelled beans with a few pieces of salt pork, cut very small, and cook until tender. When the chicken is nearly cooked pour in the beans and cook for 2 minutes. Remove the meat to a large platter and to the beans and gravy add a teaspoonful of flour, mixed in milk. When mixed pour over the chicken and serve.

Parasnip Balls.—Boil in salted water till very tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; add a little flour and two well-beaten eggs. Form into small balls, and fry in hot lard.

Scalloped Onions.—Boil either vegetable until tender, then put in baking dish and pour over sauce made of one tablespoonful butter rubbed into one and one-half tablespoonfuls flour, pour over it one pint hot milk and cook until like custard. Bake one-half hour. Cut cauliflower or asparagus into small pieces before pouring over the sauce.

Frozen Peaches.—Take two quarts peaches, peeled and sliced, sprinkle with one pound of sugar and let stand two hours. Mash fine, add one quart cold water, and freeze same as ice cream.

Tapoca Ice.—One cup of tapoca soaked over night; in the morning put it on the stove, and when boiling hot add one cup of sugar, and boil till clear; chop one pine apple, pour the tapoca over it, stir together, and put into molds. When cold serve with sugar and cream.

A SHEEPSKIN RUG.

A writer explains how to treat a sheepskin to be used as a rug. First, scrape off all the flesh remaining on a fresh hide. Mix salt and pulverized alum in equal parts. Lay the skin on boards, wool-side down. Rub into every part of the raw-side all the salt and alum mixture it will take up, then fold the skin lengthwise, raw-side in, roll it up tight from tail to head and lay it away two or three weeks, then open it and hang across a pole or board fence to dry. When dry it will be stiff. Let two persons draw it across the edge of the top board of a fence, or something similar, exerting considerable strength, until the skin is pliable in all its parts. Lay it on boards, the wool-side down, and rub into the flesh-side all the neatfoot oil it will readily take up. To cleanse the wool have a washtub nearly full of warm soapuds of soft water. Let two persons, one holding either end of the hide, draw it back and forth through the water, wool-side down, being careful to wet the skin as little as possible; hang on a line and squeeze the suds out with the hands. Repeat until cleansed, then rinse in clear water, squeeze all the water out possible and hang in the shade to dry. To color the wool, select a package of any desired shade of dyes and prepare the dye as directed. Lay the skin on boards or on smooth turf, flesh-side down and with a soft, wide brush, open the wool along with the hand and apply the dye with the other. The dye should not be hot, but just warm. Hot dye would injure the wool. By opening the wool with a stick in every part, one can see when all is colored, properly. Hang in the shade to dry. When dry, rinse twice in clear water as before, to remove any sediment of the dye. Beat the wool with a stick until it presents a soft, fluffy appearance. Thus beautiful rugs can be made which will last many years.

PICKLES.

Chili Sauce.—One dozen large, ripe tomatoes, four large onions, three green peppers, one red pepper, two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice, one teaspoonful finely broken stick cinnamon, one teaspoonful whole cloves, one small root of green ginger, one cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one saltspoonful of cayenne. Chop the onions, fine, tie the whole spices in a thin muslin bag and boil altogether for one hour. Bottle and seal at once.

Piccalilly.—One peck green tomatoes, sliced; one half peck onions, sliced; one cauliflower, one peck small cucumbers. Leave in salt and water 24 hours; then put in kettle with handful scraped horse radish, one ounce turmeric, one ounce cloves, whole, one ounce cassia buds, one ounce cassia buds, one ounce mustard seed, one pound English mustard. Place in kettle in layers, and cover with cold vinegar. Boil 15 minutes, constantly stirring.

To Pickle Tomatoes.—Always use those that are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidedly the best. Do not prick them, as most books direct.

Let them lay in strong brine three or four days, then put down in layers in jars, mixing with small onions and pieces of horse radish. Then pour on vinegar cold, which should be first spiced; let there be a spice-bag to throw into every pot. Cover carefully, and set by in cellar full month before using.

Chow Chow.—One quart large cucumbers, one quart small cucumbers, two quarts onions, four heads cauliflower, six green peppers, one quart green tomatoes, one gallon vinegar, one pound mustard, two cups sugar, two cups flour, one ounce turmeric. Put all in salt and water one night; cook all the vegetables in brine until tender, except large cucumbers. Pour over vinegar and spices.

Mangoes.—Take small musk melons and cut an oval piece out of one side; take out the seeds with teaspoon, and fill this space with stuffing of chopped onion, scraped horseradish, mustard seed, cloves and whole peppers; sew in the piece. Put in jar, pour boiling vinegar, with little salt in it, over them. Do this three times; then put in fresh vinegar; cover close.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Take 200 or 300 lay them on a dish, salt, and let them remain eight or nine hours; then drain, laying them in a jar, pour boiling vinegar upon them. Place near the fire, covered with vine leaves. If they do not become sufficiently green strain off the vinegar, boil it, and again pour it over them, covering with fresh leaves. Continue till they become green as you wish.

Pickled Peaches.—Take ripe, but not soft peaches, put a clove into one end of each peach. Take two pounds brown sugar to gallon of vinegar, skim and boil up twice; pour it hot over peaches and cover close. In a week or two pour off and scald vinegar, again. After this they will keep any length of time.

EXPENSIVE YACHTS.

Queen Victoria's Magnificent New Vessel Will be the Hand-somest and Fastest Known.

The new steam yacht Victoria and Albert, which has been built for the Queen at Tenby, will be on completion the handsomest and fastest yacht any British sovereign has possessed. It will rank only second to the Emperor of Russia's wonderful yacht, the Polar Star, which is said to have cost close upon a million of money.

Nothing more lavishly elaborated than the fitting and decoration of the Polar Star could be easily imagined. Money has been drilled into her frame in hundredweights. The decorations of the dining saloon, alone, which will seat a hundred and fifty guests, cost approximately \$100,000. Exquisite paintings by some of the most celebrated artists adorn the saloons and cabins, and all the woodwork is elaborately carved. There is a fine library and music-room aboard, and a beautiful white marble fountain, while some of the ornaments are of the rarest.

The Standart, the Czar's smaller steamyacht, of 4,300 tons, is much more frequently used than the Polar Star. She cost slightly over \$2,000,000. This is only about half the price of the Polar Star; but the Standart is one of the most sumptuous yachts afloat.

There is accommodation aboard for a crew of three hundred, twenty officers, and eighty passengers. There are three magnificent suites of apartments devoted to the use of the Emperor and Empress, and Dowager Empress, a fine library, a billiard room, and a music saloon.

The dining saloon is panelled in fruit-wood; the door-handles, finger plates, and the lamp fixtures are of heavily carved solid silver. There is a fine marble bath room, with silver fittings; and the walls and doors of the principal cabin are elaborately inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. So many improvements and additions are made to her appointments since she was first completed that she is now worth probably half as much as she originally cost.

The German Emperor's famous steam yacht, the Hohenzoellern, of nearly 4,000 tons, was, considering her beauty and purpose, a comparatively inexpensive vessel, costing considerably less than \$1,000,000. She has a very beautiful interior, and splendid accommodation for crew and passengers alike; and is considered one of the fastest, smoothes going vessels afloat.

FEET DIAGNOSIS.

A doctor has announced his belief that in diagnosing a patient's case, it is as essential to observe his walk as to feel his pulse. It appears that a person in vigorous and robust health walks with his toes pointed to the front, and that as health begins to go the toes turn gradually out, and a perceptible bend appears in the knees. It will certainly come as a surprise to a good many people, drill instructors especially, to learn that it is correct, in the best sense of that loosely used word, to walk with the toes pointed straight to the front.

GOT NO INVITATION.

Tramp—Please, mum, me feet's on th' ground; an' if ye could spare me an ole pair o' shoes, I'd -

Mrs. Spinks—There's a wedding going on in the big house across the street. Just you go over there and wait. When the couple comes out the family will throw a lot of the bride's old shoes after her.

But, mum, they'd be too small.

Huh! Wait till you see her feet.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON. Terms:—\$1 per year in advance; Otherwise \$1.25.

Table with columns: One Year, Six Months, Three Months. Rows: One column, Half column, Quarter column, Eighth column. Includes rates for legal notices and local business notices.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Toronto Methodists held a grand rally in the Metropolitan church on Monday and amidst great enthusiasm it was announced that \$247,000 had already been promised to the Million Dollar Fund.

The steamer Scotsman went ashore in the Straits of Belle Isle on the 21st of September during a thick fog. The first boat launched to rescue the passengers was swamped and ten females were drowned.

War news from South Africa are assuming an alarming appearance. The Boers are gathering in large numbers on the Natal frontier and war may be declared any day now.

If war should be commenced in the Transvaal, which seems most probable, the offer of a force from the Canadian militia for service will be made by the Canadian Government.

Andrew Goebel, Palmerston, was taken to Guelph jail on a charge of forgery. Goebel is alleged to have issued a signature to a promissory note for \$25.

The McWhirrell romance has been taken up by Mrs. Truman, who claims to be the widow of the dead convict, and Hamilton has enjoyed a sensational chapter at the film.

The lecture delivered here by the Rev. Mr. Hobbs was but poorly attended. The lecture, though, was pronounced good by all those present.

The potatoes are being hoisted out of the ground in a hurry these days. They are in nearly all cases an excellent crop.

Mrs. Cook of this burg was made the recipient of a nicely worded address and a gift on Monday, Oct. 2nd, on her attaining her 77th birthday.

We see some of the farmers going out to-day, Wednesday, with grain and roots to the Clifford fair.

Mr. Zac. Lines of Clifford is doing a rushing business in this vicinity, buying hogs, sheep and lambs for Mr. Hinde of Harristown.

Geo. Rutan with his gang of apple-pickers are at Mr. Scott's to-day. They are working for Mr. Wade of Fordwich.

Wm. Cook, carpenter, is up at Mrs. Inglis' these days, working at the new house.

Miss Ethel and Master Roy Cook of St. Thomas are staying with their grandmother, Mrs. John Cook of the burg.

Mrs. A. Dulmage left last week for an extended visit to Chicago and other American cities.

Nerves...

Wasted and Shattered by Worry or Overwork are Revitalized by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

"Nerves"—what a world of meaning this word has to scores of thousands of women who, through the strains of social life and the worry of home cares, are fast approaching the grave.

Nervous headaches, dyspepsia, irritability by day, restlessness and sleeplessness by night. Pains and aches in the body, derangements of the organs peculiarly feminine, loss of energy and ambition, despondency and despair.

These are some of the symptoms known to the woman of exhausted nerves. These are symptoms which entirely disappear when Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is used.

By creating new, rich blood and nerve tissue this great food cure of Dr. A. W. Chase restores and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells, puts new vigor and vitality into the system and frees woman of many ills which are due to exhausted nerves.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food cures by the building-up process, which makes the body round and plump, and restores the glow of health to the pale, sallow cheek.

Dr. A. W. CHASE Triumphs over the Worst Forms of KIDNEY... DISEASE

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills adds to the fame of the great doctor whose name is familiar in almost every home as the author of the world famous Recipe Book.

Scores and thousands of grateful men and women have been rescued from the miseries and dangers of kidney disease by this greatest of all kidney cures.

Mr. D. C. Simmons, Mabes, Ont., writes: "My kidneys and back were so bad I was unable to work or sleep. My urine had sediment like brick dust, I was compelled to get up four or five times during the night. I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised and concluded to give them a trial. I have only used one box and am completely cured. I was a great sufferer for 18 years, but my kidneys do not bother me now. I enjoy good rest and sleep and consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a boon to suffering humanity."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 50c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as general blacksmiths, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

Dated at Mildway this 2nd day of October, 1899.

Witness GEO. E. LIESEMER, CHAS. SCHURTER, PETER LOBSINGER.

SOON ...

You will need Boots and Shoes for the Fall and Winter and

YOU'LL BE SORRY

If you buy before seeing what we offer in

School Shoes for Boys and Girls, Children's Shoes, Women's Shoes, Misses' Shoes, Men's and Boy's Long Boots, Waterproof. Men's, Women's & Children's Rubbers. Anything in the shoe line at Popular Prices.

Call and be convinced. Custom work and repairing Butter and Eggs taken as cash.

J. H. Schnurr

WOOL WANTED

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID.

Wool being low this season, our prices are superior to all other wool dealers...

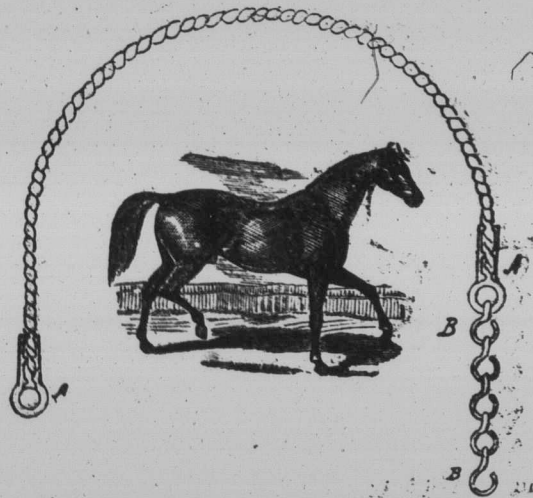
Our stock of Woollens and different lines of Dry Goods now are complete, which we will trade for wool at small or no profits.

Gall and see for yourself...

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

McKELVIE & HEMPHILL

Berry's Patent Horse Controller.



For use on all horses that have any bad habits, such as

Running Away, Kicking, Shying, Lugging on the Bit, Etc.

By using this attachment the small child can control the most vicious horse with perfect ease. 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.

Price 50 Cents.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Pamphlets of instructions as to use goes with article.

Richard Berry, Patentee - Mildmay, Ont.

FOR SALE.

A valuable property, 2/3 of a mile from Mildmay, containing 26 acres of cleared land and 80 acres of hardwood bush. Good buildings, the best of water, good bearing orchard, 150 trees. Will be sold cheap on easy terms. Apply to W. A. SCHOENAT, Mildmay.

Only 25 Cents For The Gazette To Jan 1900

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

ANNUAL

Western Excursions ...

TO...

Port Huron, Detroit, Grand Rapids Bay City Saginaw, Cleveland, Columbus Cincinnati, Chicago St. Paul, Minneapolis and return.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY September 28, 29, 30

Good to return leaving destination until Monday, Oct. 16, 1899. Full particulars as to rates from Agents G. T. R. system

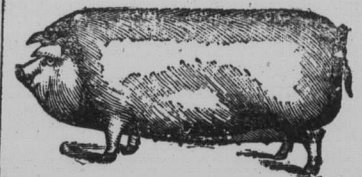
J. H. Moore - Depot Agent.

M. C. DICKSON

Dist. Pass. Agt., TORONTO

Advertisement for RHEUMATISM CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE. Includes text: WILL BRING COMFORT TO ALL. THERE IS NO CASE OF RHEUMATISM BUT CAN BE CURED FOR 50C. RUSTIC RHEUMATIC INSOLES.

Snow Ball, No. 1077.



Imported Chester White Swine purchased from the prize winning stock of Ontario. Stock for sale at all times reasonable prices. Visitors welcome. H. P. DOUGLAS Huntingfield P. O. Ontario.

B. RULAND ...

Licensed Auctioneer FOR THE COUNTY OF BRUCE.

Is prepared to conduct sales of Farm Stock, Real Estate, Etc., to the satisfaction of his patrons. Orders left at his office will be promptly attended.

Terms Moderate. Conveyancer, Real Estate Agent. Money to loan at 4 1/2 per cent.

DEEMERTON, P. O.

For Sale.

A valuable farm of 100 acres in the Township of Culross. Large bank barn and good frame house on the premises. Well watered and in good locality. Terms easy. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, Mildmay.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address, THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS
TORONTO

Receipts of live stock at the cattle market to-day were light—48 carloads, composed of 585 cattle, 978 sheep, 1200 hogs and a few calves.

The quality of fat cattle generally was not good, very few well-finished cattle being offered.

Trade fair, with prices steady at Friday's quotations.

Export cattle—Choice lots of export cattle sold at \$4 80 to \$5 per cwt., while light were selling at \$4 25 to \$4 60 per cwt.

Butchers' cattle—Choice picked lots of butchers' cattle, equal in quality to the best exporters, weighing 1000 to 1100 lbs. each, sold at \$4 12½ to \$4 35.

Loads of good butchers' cattle sold at \$3 65 to \$4, and medium butchers', mixed cows, heifers and steers, \$3 40 to \$3 65 per cwt.

Common butchers' cattle sold at \$3, 12½ to \$3 87½, while inferior sold at \$2, 90 to \$3 20.

Bulls—Heavy export sold at \$4 12½ to \$4 40 per cwt., while light export bulls sold at \$3 40 to \$3 65 per cwt.

Loads of good butchers, and exporters, mixed, sold at \$4 12½ to \$4 35 per cwt.

Stockers—Buffalo stockers sold at \$3 to \$3 40 for medium to good red and roan steers, while inferior black and white steers and heifers sold at \$2 25 to \$2 50 per cwt. Stock bulls, \$2 25 per cwt.

Feeding bulls—Bulls for the byres sold at \$2 75 to \$3 per cwt.

Feeders—Light feeders weighing from 900 to 1000 lbs. each, sold \$3 50 to \$3, 75 per cwt.

Heavy feeders—There were a few lots of heavy feeders, weighing from 1100 to 1200 lbs each, which sold at \$3 75 to \$4 for the bulk, a few picked lots bringing 10c per cwt more.

Milch cows—Eight milch cows sold at \$25 to \$45 each.

Calves—Few calves were offered, with prices ranging from \$4 to \$10 each or \$4 to \$4 50 per cwt.

Sheep—Deliveries of sheep and lambs amounted to 978. Export ewes sold at \$3 25 to \$5 60 per cwt., and bucks at \$2 75 to \$3. Butcher sheep were worth about \$3 per cwt.

Lambs—Good lambs were a little firmer, selling at \$3 75 to \$4 per cwt.

Hogs—Receipts were fair, 1200, with prices easy at \$4 62½ for best bacon hogs of good quality, not less than 160 lbs. nor more than 200 lbs. each (off cars), tined and unwatered, and thick fats and lights \$4 12½ per cwt. Uncull-ed car lots sold at about \$3 50 per cwt. for the bulk.

Essex and Kent corn-fed hogs were worth about \$4 12½ to \$4 25 per cwt.

The bulk of the hogs sold at \$4 50 for uncull-ed car lots.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

An exchange says: "The peat industry is developing in Ontario. A report reaches us that machinery is at work at Galt manufacturing peat, and that the article is finding a ready sale. It is only a question of a few years, when the peat beds in the vicinity of Walkerton will be utilized for fuel. At a threshing or A. J. Rudel's farm near Hespeler, the other day, the fuel for the power was supplied from the peat beds of his property, lying on the farm. It gave excellent satisfaction."

The beauty that attracts men is not so much in the features as in as clear, healthy complexion, and a plump body filled with the vigor and vitality of perfect health. Pale, weak, languid women are fully restored to robust health by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, a condensed food which creates rich, pure blood and new nerve tissues.

The acquittal of W. H. Ponton, of complicity in the Dominion bank robbery, at Nananee, is in accordance with popular feeling. The sentences that were imposed upon Pare and Holden, and the release of Roach are, however, in strange contrast with the punishment of Mackie. It is quite likely that Mackie, in a short time, will be liberated from the penitentiary. If public opinion is worth anything, that will assuredly be the result. Petitions for his release are already talked of, for he has the sympathy of the great majority. One of the saddest sights witnessed was the return of the prisoner to the penitentiary. He came back after a tearful farewell of his family at Belleville, with a long term before him, while the other desperate criminals get light sentences.

Bradstreet's reports say that the continued drought in England is causing cattle and sheep to be sent to slaughter in a half-fatted condition, while good pasture for a month would almost double prices. Canadian shippers will make a good profit on their export cattle.

The Donkohobors and Galicians employed by farmers in the North West are giving good satisfaction as they are most industrious. Some reports say they are going to be hard pressed this winter, but as the government is compelling them to read our constitution and learn the English language, they will probably receive help if they need it.

Galt, Ont., Oct. 1.—A serious fracas occurred on the farm of J. M. Irwin at Branchton last night. Allison Haney, an employe, went to the station for an implement, and there met Adam Allen, a painter in the village. The two had a drink and then proceeded towards the farm. On the way they got quarrelling over some trifling matter. Arriving at the barn, Allen stopped there while Haney went for the cattle. On returning with the cattle, Allen resumed the quarrel, the outcome being that Allen picked up a dung fork and made a lunge at Haney, three of the prongs entering his breast, one of them near the heart. The attending physicians say two of the wounds are serious, and cannot say what the result may be. Allen has not yet been placed under arrest.

A most distressing accident occurred on Tuesday afternoon at the school house of U. S. S. No. 6, Eld. and Sull., 2½ miles north of Chesley, by which Frederick Wilfrid, the twelve-year-old son of John McDonald, jr., lost his life. He was playing with other boys in the school-yard at recess when he came in violent collision with a larger boy and was thrown backward with great force. The lad got up, walked a short distance, and then lay down on the grass. After the bell rang he took his seat, and while Mr. McIntosh was calling up a class, the injured boy went out into the porch and the teacher's attention being attracted by a noise there, went to see what was the cause, and found his scholar prostrate on the floor. The teacher came hurriedly to Chesley for medical aid and sent one of the injured boy's brothers home for his father. A doctor examined the lad and found him fatally injured. He was taken home by his father in an unconscious state, and lived only two hours after being hurt. His death was caused by concussion of the brain.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write for our interesting books "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. We make a specialty of applications rejected in other hands. Highest references furnished.

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Civil & Mechanical Engineers, Graduates of the Polytechnic School of Engineering, Bachelors in Applied Science, Laval University, Members Patent Law Association, American Water Works Association, New England Water Works Assoc., F. O. Surveyors Association, Assoc. Member Can. Society of Civil Engineers.
OFFICES: NEW YORK LIFE BLD'G, MONTREAL, CAN. ATLANTIC BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE . . . 25c.

It acts direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, cleans the passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.



COMING! COMING! COMING!
T. P. SMITH, SCIENTIFIC EYE SPECIALIST
Graduate New York, Philadelphia, and Toronto Optical Colleges.
Call early and avail yourself of his valuable services, as this is a rare opportunity to have your eyes properly tested, free of charge. No guess work but a scientific certainty. Difficult cases accurately fitted. ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
221 never call at private houses.

Will be at the Commercial Hotel, Mildmay, on . . .
Tuesday, Oct. 17th
ONE DAY ONLY.

NOTICE

Our Millinery Opening on Show Day September 26th, was a complete success and are able now to satisfy all.

CALL AND SEE

We have engaged MISS WEIR to take charge of our Millinery Department for the fall, so this will be the place for new and fashionable millinery

We also carry a full stock of Tweeds. Suits made to order.

Our stock all through is complete and we guarantee price and quality with all.

All farm produce taken in exchange.

SPAHR BROS.

Opening at the
Corner Store, Mildmay

On Tuesday, September 26th

AND FOLLOWING DAYS OF

Millinery, Ladies' Mantles, Dress Goods,

We have the largest assortment of the above ever shown in Mildmay.

Black & colored Dress Goods a Specialty

Miss Harris will have charge of the Millinery Department. . . .

Terms Cash or Produce.



Fresh groceries always on hand.

Our Motto :--- We will not be Undersold.

A. MOYER,
Proprietor.

E. N. BUTCHART,
Manager.

STORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

By BERTHA M. CLAY,

Author of "A Queen Among Women," "How Will It End," "The Burden of a Secret," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

Looking at them as they lie in the show windows of the vendors of old gold—wedding rings of every size—worn, bruised, taken, most of them, from hands that will never more be raised to caress or to threaten—who realize the tragedies that belong to their history? The love of which they were the outward symbol is known on earth no more—the wave of time has passed over it, obliterating all trace; but what poetry, what romance, what tragedy ever equalled the stories attached to these old, worn wedding rings?

I have a story to tell of one of the ring that Paul Waldron placed on his wife's finger—a ring of plain, thick gold. The birds that had built their nests in the grand old trees of Dene Woods were singing their vesper hymn; the forest glades, the dells and knolls, the dark, tangled shrubs, were all bathed in a flood of golden sunset light. On the eastern side of the wood stood the pretty little cottage that had been given to Paul Waldron for himself and his beautiful young wife—a cottage such as poets delight to sing of—covered with wild roses and woodbine, and with trailing sprays of jessamine, its windows framed with flowers, its rustic porch overgrown with scarlet creepers, and its large, old-fashioned garden containing almost every sweet flower that grows. As it appeared now in the evening sunlight, the air so full of richest fragrance, the roses all ablaze, the little brook close by singing as it ran, the birds filling the air with jubilant song, the cottage in itself furnished matter for a poem.

At the door, looking intently down one of the broad woodland paths, stood a young and most beautiful woman—Ismay Waldron, Paul Waldron's wife, the mother of the lovely little boy playing on the grass. She was only nineteen, and marked by great girlish beauty.

She had hair of shining brown, which looked like gold in the sunshine; it covered a head of most perfect shape and symmetry, raining in waving masses round a neck that also was perfect—it was such hair as the old masters loved to paint in their famous pictures of Mary Magdalene. She had eyes of an indescribable violet hue, with a golden light in their clear depth; they were bright and proud, but the long silken lashes softened them into wonderous beauty. Her brows were straight, and her forehead was white, rounded at the temples, and full of idealism. She had ripe red lips, the upper one short, the lower one full—a beautiful mouth that would have made even a plain face lovely; the chin was delicately moulded, and the curves of the neck and shoulders were full of grace.

Ismay Waldron was that most perfect of all poems—a beautiful woman. Her dress was quite plain, but the homely material only showed the marvelous beauty of her girlish figure to greater advantage. The hand that shaded her eyes was white and graceful. One might have wondered how she—living in a cottage, the wife of a man who worked hard for his daily bread—came by this dainty beauty, this delicate, graceful loveliness that would have been fit dowry for a queen. Suddenly her eyes brightened, and a low musical laugh came from her lips. She heard her husband's footsteps, saw him in the distance and hastened to meet him.

Paul Waldron had the true Norman type of face—dark, handsome, full of fire and power. He had dark eyes from which an undaunted, dark look out on the world, dark hair that clustered round a noble head, firm, well-closed lips, a tall, manly figure, a free, independent carriage and bearing, as though he felt himself to be any man's equal—and so indeed he did. His whole face changed and softened when he saw his beautiful young wife. "You are waiting for me, my darling," he said—"waiting and watching for me."

She clasped her little white hands round his arm, and they walked slowly home together.

"You have not been dull to-day, Ismay. I hope," said the young husband, questioningly.

"Not more dull than usual," she replied. "Oh, Paul, make haste to be rich, and let us leave this quiet, homely little cottage!"

His countenance fell as he listened to her. He drew the beautiful face toward him, and kissed it with a passion that knew no words.

"My darling wife, to me this little cottage is more beautiful than a palace; that is, because I love you so dearly, and it is our home. Do you not love it also?"

She smiled carelessly.

"Yes, but I cannot go into raptures over it. When we have a grand mansion—a large house full of all kinds of beautiful things—then I shall be as charmed as ever you wish me to be."

"But, Ismay, I must work long and hard, before attempting to find you a large house. Will you never be happy or contented until then?"

A slight shadow came over her face.

"My darling," he continued earnestly, "you will never—oh, believe me—you will never be happier than you are now. You have sunshine and music all the day long; the birds sing to you, the little brook there murmurs sweetest melody. I am no poet, Ismay—not even an educated man—but I can hear all these. You have bright flowers, the beauty of the morning heavens, the glory of the sunset, the long gloaming, and soft, dewy nights. You will never be happier, sweet."

With a careless smile, she looked into his earnest face.

"I should like a large house best," she said.

"I have you here all to myself," he resumed, "my beautiful bird of bright plumage, and I can worship you as I do. Your beauty makes my heart glad—you love makes earth like heaven to me. But, if we were rich, and lived in the great world, you would belong to so many others; others would delight in your loveliness, and follow you with praise. You know those favorite lines of mine, Ismay?"

"Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love, My only world I see; Let but their orbs in sunshine move And earth below and skies above May frown or smile for me."

"I should not like my beautiful wife to be admired by all the world. I am jealous, and would fain keep her all to myself."

"That is just what would please me," she said. "I long for this beautiful, gay world you seem to despise. The idea of passing my whole life in this pretty little cottage does not content me. I feel like a bird—I would fain stretch my wings and fly away." She looked laughingly at him. "Do you not think I am right, Paul. Answer me."

"No," he replied. "A woman should be content with the love and admiration she wins in her own home."

"I do not think," said Ismay, frankly speaking, that they will ever content me."

She did not perceive how her words jarred upon his sensitive nature. He had been holding her tightly clasped in his arms, but now he let his arms fall nervously. She looked up at him again with a smile that was beautiful to behold.

"Will it be so very long before you are rich, Paul?"

"I cannot say, Ismay. At present I have but little chance. I am Ismay Schofield's steward; I keep his woods in order, and look after the farms. I have just sufficient money to keep our home—no more."

"But," she remonstrated, her lovely eyes growing dim with tears, "you told me that you would make money some day."

His face cleared; brighter thoughts evidently arose within him.

"That will be my patents, Ismay. I have something like a genius for mechanics, I believe. If I could but find time to work at one of my inventions, I think I could make a fortune."

"Then it is all uncertain," she questioned, despondingly.

He drew his tall figure to its full height.

"I am vain enough to think the contrary, sweet, I have now an idea—if I could but work it out—as an inexpensive method of improving the working power of steam engines. If anything should ever come of that, I shall be a rich man, Ismay."

"They you must turn your mind to it, Paul," she said, carelessly.

"My darling," he responded, wistfully, "I would rather be poor—ah, believe me, love—far rather. I am quite happy in this peaceful woodland life of ours; it seems to me ten thousand times more beautiful than anything that money could give; and it seems to me that if I won wealth I should in some measure lose you. Why, Ismay, the whole world would not compensate me for the loss of one atom of your affection!"

And again that deep and wonderful love of his seemed to master him.

"You think of nothing but love," she said. "I think of a thousand things besides."

He looked at her half doubtingly.

"I have read of women whose souls were not fully awakened," he said; "but that cannot be the case with you. My own soul came into full, perfect and beautiful life when I first saw and loved you. Money and luxury have no charm for me."

"They have a great charm for me, Paul. Of course I love you very dearly; but, when you have won for me all my hearts desires, I shall love you ever more."

The words were not kind; but she bent her lovely face near him with a smile that made him forget everything in the world except her.

"If I am to make a fortune," he said, suddenly, "I must study hard. Shall we have just one half hour out among the flowers? Afterwards I will get my books and do my best."

She accompanied him, and as they stood among the roses, Paul Waldron said to himself that no flower that bloomed was so fair as his beautiful wife. If it were possible, he would win name, fame, and gold for her sweet sake—he would study hard, toil that she might have the toys her heart was fixed upon.

"They are but toys, after all," he said to himself. "She loves dress and jewels—these are women's toys."

He took himself to task for having even for a moment felt impatient with her.

Should I feel vexed because the birds love the sunshine," he said to himself, "or the butterflies love flowers? They follow their instincts. My beautiful Ismay, in loving all things bright and fair, only follows hers."

"If money could not buy beautiful things, you would not care for it, Ismay," he said, looking earnestly at her.

She laughed aloud that sweet, musical laugh which stirred his pulses and thrilled every nerve as some soft strain of music would have done.

"You shall have money," he said, "I will never cease working until I have won for you your heart's desire."

To be Continued.

BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON.

The Marquis of Titchfield, son of the Duke of Portland, is heir to £4,000,000. He is 6 years old.

STORY OF POOR CARLOTTA

THE MOST UNFORTUNATE EMPRESS OF MEXICO.

As Related By the Princess Salm-Salm—Deposed Queen To-Day Dwells in Humble State in a Magnificent Brussels Retirement.

Poor Carlotta! The memory of her is woven in among the saddest experiences of my life. I marvel greatly that the world has forgotten her—that there seems to be no heart throbbing with human sympathy to respond to the thought that for 33 years she has been confined in the royal retreat for an insane Empress at Palace Lacken, in the outskirts of Brussels, writes the Princess Salm-Salm.

As a member—a lady in waiting—of her Court in the City of Mexico, 84 years ago, I take up my pen to inscribe her story, the parallel of which is not contained in history, certainly not in modern history.

Carlotta, daughter of Leopold I, of Belgium, wife of Maximilian of Mexico, niece and namesake of the Duchess of Kent, cousin of Queen Victoria, friend of Eugenie, sister of the King of Belgium, although linked in countless ways to the present time, has yet been as one dead for a third of a century. In her own country her name is an unspoken one. In the City of Mexico many of the monuments and decorations of the city bear tribute to her memory, while at the castle of Miramar, in Trieste, the recent home of the late unfortunate Empress of Austria, are still many evidences of Carlotta's residence there.

Born a Princess and educated to wear a crown, now, although Carlotta has lived but 59 years, 33 of them have been passed within the walls of an asylum for the insane. Married at 17, a Queen at 24, and a lunatic at 26, she was bereft of father, husband, empire and reason in the short space of 18 months, and then, by the irony of fate, forever banished from human memory. Carlotta's career was almost kinetoscopic in the rapidity of its changes—promising in its inception, magnificent in its rise, pathetic, dramatic, tragic in

ITS DECLINE AND FALL.

Although Carlotta was more potential in Mexican history during her short reign in that country than was her imperial husband himself, the records of that time ignore her efforts, belittle her achievements, and refer to her endowments of executive ability, political sagacity, mental culture and strong womanly character in the most impersonal and incidental manner. It was her regal training, her dominant spirit, her constant insistence, which prevailed over the weak, vacillating, easily influenced and almost effeminate character of Maximilian.

It was Carlotta's ambition, to be an Empress that was the cause of her misfortunes. Had she waited for the dawn of circumstances to unfold itself, she would have occupied the throne of Austria for Maximilian would have succeeded Francis Joseph, his brother, whose only son, Rudolph, committed suicide.

If her star had reached its zenith later in the century, her memory would have lived, perpetuated by her sisters, not for the ambitious Empress, but for the high principle of genuine womanhood, evidenced by the good she did and the charities she dispensed.

The childhood of Carlotta was rendered serious with responsibilities and tuition beyond her years. Her mother, whom history has named the "Holy Queen," died when the little girl was 10 years old, and for several years the dark cloud of mourning overshadowed the palace. Court etiquette and queenly dignity, amounting to austerity, were constantly instilled into her brain and heart and made the deepest and most lasting impressions upon Carlotta's childhood. While yet a child she knew thoroughly the intricate rules of court precedence.

Her father educated her to be a Queen. She was precocious, and unwisely he forced upon her responsibilities far beyond her years. At 17 she was far in advance of her years in intelligence, and it was then that she met her hero, Archduke Maximilian, younger brother of Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. He was tall and fair and gentle, of military bearing and spotless character, and eight years her senior. It was a case of love at first sight, and in two months they were married. She, ambitious, energetic, possessed of the executive force of a man; he, weak, vacillating, trusting in the goodness of men and

IDEALIZED INTO HER HERO.

For five years they lived at Miramar Castle, on the outskirts of Trieste, Maximilian having been appointed Governor of the Lombard-Venetian Kingdom, and there Carlotta passed the few untroubled years of her life.

Then, at the very apex of all that was beautiful and harmonious in her life, the Goddess of Fortune appeared with her tempting offer of a scepter and a crown. It was the story of the Garden of Eden told again in different phase, and once more it was Eve who fell, for it was due to Carlotta's ambition more than to the importunities of the Mexican delegation that Maximilian finally accepted the golden apple of empire, and thus attained the instrument which was destined to play his own and his wife's

requiem. However, to the credit of Maximilian, be it said, the first offer was unqualifiedly declined, but when the delegation came the second time bearing what seemed to be proofs that a majority of all the people of Mexico joined with them in the request, he yielded, and the first act of the tragedy began.

The reception of the Embassy at the Castle of Miramar is a tableau which closes the last act of the drama of Carlotta's life before the curtain rose upon the tragedy. It presents a picture which in retrospect seems almost prophetic of strife, turmoil, sadness and despair.

Carlotta was the sacrifice upon the altar of nations and she was exactly 24 years of age, Maximilian 32, when their eyes beheld for the first time the land where they hoped to regenerate a nation. Their entry into the City of Mexico was a triumphal one. The splendors of their court were unprepared, Carlotta knew how to be an Empress. I shall never forget her in her royal robes of state. She was radiantly lovely, lithe and graceful of figure, eminently fitted to adorn a crown.

The royal pair resided at the palace of Chapultepec, which is four miles from the city, on the outskirts of Tacubaya, at the extremity of the Paseo de la Reforma, one of the most magnificent boulevards in the world, and which, under the delicate touch of Carlotta's genius and taste, became and remains to-day, the most beautiful. The palace, or as it was then called, the Castle of Chapultepec, was at that time an uninviting mass of chaotic masonry, surmounting a gigantic agglomeration of boulders which some prehistoric seismic disturbance had projected out of the level plain. It was practically in the same condition in which the Americans left it after the battle which has made its name historic.

The beautiful park which surrounds it was neglected, the resort of wandering animals and bandits, and Carlotta's first work was its renovation. Her deft hand left its imprint everywhere among the giant cypress trees in the park, in the new and winding roadways, among the new statuary, in the re-erection of Montezuma's Bath, in every vista that the eyes sought and in every pathway upon which the feet could tread. Her own private garden was, and still remains, upon the roof of the castle, and there, among the favorite flowers, the young Empress and her husband passed their hours of leisure. There she tended the growing plants with her own hands; there no servant ever entered save under specific directions, and from it even the Emperor was excluded by his own order, except when invited to participate in its beauties.

BY ITS FAIR AUTOCRAT.

There are, to-day, growing trees and shrubs in Carlotta's garden, which were planted by her own hands, and there is in preservation a bed of violets which she planned and cared for. Stranger still, in that land of changes, the gardener who assisted Carlotta presides over this spot still. Old and bent, swarthy and forbidding of aspect, he speaks of Carlotta as reverently as he does of the Blessed Virgin. He keeps alive one human heart that has not forgotten her, and her bed of violets look just the same now as it did when she last knelt beside it, unconscious of the fact that the grand structure created by her ambition was to fall in ruins and rob her of everything she possessed save life.

Carlotta constituted herself President of the Woman's Charitable Society, and ever during her stay in Mexico did she neglect the affairs of state, regarding which she was at all times her husband's chief adviser. There is no doubt that in the more important measures adopted by Maximilian she was the brains and potential element.

The United States interfered. Napoleon was ordered to withdraw his troops. Here again was Carlotta dominant. She would go herself to France and intercede with the Emperor.

What can be more pathetic than the spectacle of this girl Empress, then but 26 years old, pleading with the Emperor of France and the Pope of Rome for the means and soldiers to save from ruin the empire of her husband, at a time when Maximilian had been already many weeks dead, murdered by the people he had vainly tried to rule? The wife, pleading for the husband's preservation weeks after that husband was mouldering in his untimely grave! The Empress struggling against hope for the empire which had ceased to exist, for an Emperor was slain!

Carlotta's ambition and pride were crushed, her heart broken, and then God, in His infinite mercy, drew the veil of forgetfulness over the mind of this earnest woman in order that she might be spared the agony that must have been hers with the knowledge of her husband's awful death. Young—only 26—beautiful, ambitious, loving, on the very threshold of youth and hope, she was seized and torn from the world by the relentless hand of unreason and cast into the

MIDNIGHT OF UTTER BLANK.

For 33 years she has been banished to an oblivion that is worse than death. In Belgium her name is an unspoken one, but in Palace Lacken, on the outskirts of Brussels, she has passed a third of a century waiting for her soul's release from its useless prison. She believes that she is still Empress of Mexico, awaiting the return of Maximilian, who has gone at the head of his army to quell a revolt against his authority.

Since Carlotta entered her retreat she has been seen by no one outside of her household, which is conducted in an imperial manner from the fortune left her by Leopold I. Every month of the year Carlotta holds a household, which numbers more than 300 persons, are presented to her in the same ceremonious manner in which Queen Victoria holds her drawing-room. She presents them with gifts, which

are formally received—the pictures taken from the walls of the palace are presented, and then the following day are restored to their places—merely to indulge her demented fancy. Every courtier and lady of honor plays the part assigned with mimic dignity.

The grounds surrounding the palace are very large, and there Carlotta drives about daily in her coach of state, with her cavaliers in attendance. There, too, she sometimes wanders among the flowers, planning improvements, as she did about the grounds of Chapultepec, in Mexico.

Poor Carlotta!

A SURGEON'S GREAT FEAT.

PNEUMOGASTRIC NERVE AND JUGULAR VEIN CUT AND SPLICED.

And the Patient Still Lives—The Most Vital Nerve in the Human Body Healed With the Pneumogastric Nerve of a Dog.

The most daring surgical operation that has ever been attempted was successfully performed at St. Mary's Hospital, in London, last week. For 20 minutes the patient was practically dead. Respiration had to be maintained by means of a machine. The very centre of life had to be invaded. The surgeon had to cut through the carotid artery; they found it necessary to remove a piece of the jugular vein; they were obliged to divide the pneumogastric nerve.

The carotid artery is the one which supplies the brain with blood. The jugular vein is that which takes care of the circulation of the rest of the head. The pneumogastric nerve, which is sometimes called the vagus, is the impulse-bearing nerve, which makes the heart beat, which preserves the involuntary movement of the lungs and sends motor branches to the tongue and throat. Until recently, surgeons believed that a wound to either artery or vein or nerve meant sure death.

When Fellows first went to the hospital he complained of loss of voice and a swelling on the left side of the neck. The swelling was about the size of a hen's egg, and was situated just under the ear. If the swelling was touched the patient always began to cough violently.

A laryngoscope was used upon Fellows, and it was seen that the left vocal chord lay motionless and in the same condition and appearance as if it belonged to a corpse. The right vocal chord was natural. Absolutely nothing else could be seen.

Because of the pain and suffering which Fellows had undergone, he was advised to submit to an operation, so that the nature of the swelling could be positively determined. Dr. Stansfield Collier, who operated, made a small exploratory cut just at the angle of the jaw, and dissected gently down until the swelling was reached.

A TREMENDOUS TASK.

Then for the first time, the surgeon understood and appreciated what a tremendous task lay before him. The swelling was no mere glandular enlargement, as had seemed probable, but was, instead, a malignant tumor, and was inextricably involved with the sheath of the carotid artery. The growth also surrounded the jugular vein and the pneumogastric nerve. Dr. Collier was not dismayed at the magnitude of the operation necessary to effect a cure. He determined to ligate both the carotid artery and the jugular vein—that is to say, to tie up both artery and vein so that no blood could pass through them. Ligatures were accordingly placed upon the jugular vein and the carotid artery at a point close to the collar-bone and the vessels were divided. A big machine by which artificial respiration can be maintained for a length of time was then brought to the side of the operating table to be ready for instant use, and then, with a touch of his knife, the physician divided the pneumogastric nerve. The patient's breathing stopped at once. To all intents and purposes Fellows died at that instant. There was a tiny flutter at the pulse, but it stopped instantly. No movement of the heart could be perceived, and there was no involuntary attempt to resume respiration. Instantly the tubes of the artificial respiration machine were connected with the lungs of the patient, and the regular panting of the machine sounded through the operating theatre. At the same time an electric battery was brought to bear on the heart, stimulating it to regular contractions. Apparently unmoved by these occurrences Mr. Collier continued his operative work. The growth was dissected away from its adhesions to the neighboring tissues and was then lifted from its place. It brought with it fully three inches of the carotid artery and the jugular vein, as well as a large piece from the side of the nerve.

THE CRISIS PASSED.

Then an even more daring piece of surgical work was done. A piece of the pneumogastric nerve of a dog was then handed to Mr. Collier and he carefully approximated it to the damaged nerve in Fellows' neck, and fastened it in place. As the repair was made Fellows began to breathe of his own accord, and the artificial breathing apparatus was removed.

The remainder of the operation was simple. At its close the patient was much collapsed, but he soon rallied. Fellows' recovery was uneventful, and he rapidly improved in general condition. For some time there was paralysis of a branch of the nerve which runs to the eyelid.

THE BOXING KANGAROO.

New Electrical Toy Which Will Interest the Children.

A new electrical toy presents in an original way the old principle of the electric penulum, which consists of a very light ball of pith suspended by a silk thread from bent iron wire, one leg of which is placed in a glass foot for insulation. If the little ball is approached by any object charged with electricity, it is first attracted, and then, upon being touched is repulsed by it. The toy is called the boxing kangaroo. The figure of a boxer is cut out of cardboard, and covered on the back with tinfoil, which is turned over at the edges of the card. One foot of the figure is stuck into sealing wax on a small block, and to the back of this leg is secured a piece of iron wire. As the other foot does not touch the support, it is insulated from it. The figure of a kangaroo in boxing position is cut out of tracing paper, covered on one side with tinfoil, and suspended by a linen thread from one end of a piece of iron wire that has a rectangular bend, the other end being set in the supporting plate. The kangaroo then faces the boxer. The process of putting life into the two figures is very simple. One end of a glass chimney is stopped up by a cork, in the center of which is driven a nail, the end of which is secured to a piece of small iron wire, the other end of the wire being connected with the apparatus is then complete. After the lamp chimney has been carefully dried, it is rubbed with a piece of silk, or fur. This generates electricity, which is transmitted to the boxer. The kangaroo, strongly attracted by the electrically-charged figure, makes a dash at it, but a discharge of electricity instantly follows, and the animal is repulsed. As long as the rubbing of the chimney is kept up, this series of attacks and repulses will continue, the struggle between the man and the beast being constantly renewed.

WHY WE OPEN THE MOUTH.

An Attention Sign Which is a Survival of Primitive Life.

Iram M. Stanley advances a new explanation of the tendency to open the mouth in surprise and astonishment. Darwin ascribed this tendency to the intuitive desire for quietness and effectiveness of breathing, and to mere relaxation of the muscles. Mr. Stanley finds a deeper organic reason, viz., that the open mouth is the attention sign, and is a primitive and constant reaction with the young of many animals for the reception of food, for example, with birds. Any sound or other stimulus immediately causes the young bird to extend its mouth. With young infants the same influence has often the same effect. The mouth of the infant under such stimulation usually assumes the sucking form, and its smile when the finger is pointed at it, may be either nascent or degraded sucking. Mr. Stanley maintains that the common and highly useful tendency of the very young to open the mouth to all stimuli, visual, aural, etc., continues as a survival in after life, being especially brought out with stimuli of high intensity and unusual quality, and thus becomes a mark of surprise and astonishment. It is a habit very common among boys and girls to open the mouth under any attention. The rise of smiling and laughter as connected with wit and humor—at the basis of which lies surprise—thus declares itself as a kind of attention expression. Assuming that the primary expression of the mouth is a feeding expression, and that this probably has been modified and evolved in connection with a variety of attention phenomena, Mr. Stanley suggests that it would be worth while to make a detailed study of expression in infants and young animals with this point in view.

A CURIOUS POSTAL SYSTEM.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal system is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing place a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passer-by who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters and selects his own, unquestioned by anyone.

A LONG MARCH.

The longest cavalry practice march ever taken by a German regiment in time of peace began a few days ago, the regiment starting from the town of Giessen. The cavalrymen selected for the feat were the members of the Thirtieth Uhlans, of Hanover. Five special trains carried the regiment, with their horses, to Giessen, at a cost of \$15,000. From Giessen the cavalrymen are riding to Strasburg, via Frankfurt-Darmstadt, to attend the imperial review. At the end of September the regiment will return to Hanover.

EASY BICYCLING.

The Sultan of Morocco has a somewhat imperial method of amusing himself with cycling. A couch is rigged up between the wheels and on this the monarch reclines, studying the cyclo-meter and the compass, while his attendants pedal for him.



\$3.95 Out this out and return to us, with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch to you to examine. It is an open-face, gold-plated, dust proof case, handily engraved, lined with American model 7 Jeweled stem wind and set movement. Lady's or gent's size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a \$25.00 watch and is just the thing for trading purposes. If on careful examination you are convinced that we are worth far more than we ask, pay the express agent \$3.95 and express charges and it is yours. **Ferry Watch Co., Box 2, Toronto, Can.**

OUT AT HOME.

On a quiet summer evening,
Out at home,
When all nature thought of sleeping,
Out at home,
And the twilight softly creeping,
Out at home,
O'er the fields and meadows sweeping,
Through the aisles of maples leaping,
Brought the cool refreshing gloaming,
Out at home.
I was sitting in the garden,
Out at home,
Among the berries and the melons,
Out at home,
And that soothing touch of evening's
Gentle playing on my heartstrings,
Turned my thoughts, with tender
yearnings,
O'er the days when we were children,
Out at home.
How we raced among the flowers,
Out at home,
Neath the elm's refreshing bowers,
Out at home,
How we planted cut potatoes,
How we ate the ripe tomatoes,
Listened to Dame Nature's platons,
Learned her wisdom, hoards and pow-
ers,
Out at home.
Many years have flitted by them,
Out at home,
Since the days when we were children,
Out at home,
But the same blue sky is o'er them—
Bluest spot there is in Heaven—
And the landscape flung around them
Teems with memories loved and olden,
Out at home.
There's the swamp we used to dread
so,
Out at home,
There's the camp we used to love so,
Out at home,
There's the burn so weather beaten,
And the fields in wheat so golden,
And the meadows clover laden,
And the corn and pumpkins blooming,
Out at home.
But they've changed so, brother, dear-
est,
Out at home,
Since the days when we were children,
Out at home,
Age has touched with crippling finger
Those who round the hearthstone
linger,
And their steps now feebly falter,
As they near death's dark cold river,
Out at home.
Still their hearts are kind as ever,
Out at home,
Dear old mother's O, so clever,
Out at home,
And it was so good to see her,
Sitting in that high old rocker,
Telling 'bout when we were younger
All the things that used to happen,
Out at home.
Oft I think as twilight deepens,
Out at home,
I am sitting in the garden,
Out at home,
And I see, as once in childhood,
With their fairy fringe of wildwood,
Fences, fields, and lawn and larch-
wood,
All the scenes of happy boyhood,
Out at home.
—ERNEST CHUTE.

NEW USEFUL INVENTIONS.

One of the most useful and practical exhibits at the Industrial Exhibition this year, was that of the Metal Shingle and Siding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont.
Their Patent Safe Lock Shingles which interlock each other on all four sides, was continuously surrounded by interested spectators, their handsome appearance, great durability, unique construction, fire and lightning proof qualities, making a combination much superior to wood shingles or other roofing.
They also exhibited a full line of small and large sheet siding in various designs suitable for all kinds of buildings. This siding can be applied over rough cast clap-board or any rough surfaces, making old buildings very warm and dry, and to look like new.
Their handsome new designs of metal ceilings and side walls, were very much admired, an improved feature being the construction of the locks making invisible joints when plates are put on.
Metal goods are here to stay. They have every advantage as to appearance and durability and parties interested in buildings, whether barns, sheds, dwellings, etc., should not fail to possess a copy of the above enterprising firm's catalogue, which is sent free upon application.

FOR MINE FIRES.

Carbonic acid is now successfully used for extinguishing large fires in coal mines. It is taken into the mine in a liquid state in steel cylinders and liberated.

OVER THEIR GRAVES.

In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus, a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and paw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter; an awl and hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on.

WHISKEY FOR POWDER.

Among the principal consumers of corn whiskey is the British Government, which used 124,000 last year in the manufacture of smokeless powder.

The Sting Within.

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of headache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

SPIDERS IN JAPAN.

Spiders are a serious plague in Japan. They spin their webs on the telegraph wires, and are so numerous as to cause a serious loss of insulation. Sweeping the wires does little good, as the spiders begin all over again.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID MALT

Integrating and Strengthening
LYOUD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

GENI ARE FIRST-BORN.

An Italian professor has promulgated a new theory concerning genius. He says that the majority of persons of distinction are the first-born of the family, while a large proportion of the minority are the youngest of large families.

A CONSCIENTIOUS BOY.

Freddie, said his mother, severely, didn't I tell you that you shouldn't ride your bicycle to-day, because you were naughty?
This isn't my bicycle, said Freddie, it's Tommy Jones'. We have exchanged just for to-day.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The Balmoral, Free Bus Am. Plan. \$1.50 & up.
European Plan. Rooms from \$1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carls & Co., Prop'rs.
Hotel Carlslake. Opposite G.T.R. Station. Family Hotel rates \$1.50 per day.
AVENUE HOUSE. McGill-Collège Avenue. Family Hotel rates \$1.50 per day.
ST. JAMES' HOTEL. Opposite G.T.R. Depot. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

EVEN THAT TOO MUCH.

The Younger One—I think that all a man should know about his wife's dress is the cost.
The Elder Matron—You goose, he should not know even that.

LUBY'S

Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

A UNIQUE RECORD.

Cousin Elizabeth is utterly deficient in imagination.
How do you know?
She says she can't brag that any man on earth was ever in love with her.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind and restores the color. A bottle, sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

LETHARGIC.

Stubbs—Are the people of this town healthy?
Penn—Well, half the time they're in bed.
Stubbs—Ill?
Penn—No, sleep.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Ha's Catarrh Cure. Send for Circulars, free.
J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

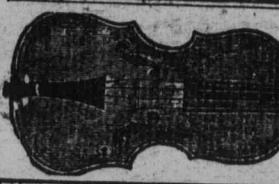
MOST SINGULAR SHIP.

The most singular ship in the world is the Polypemus of the British navy. It is simply a long steel tube, deeply buried in the water, the deck rising only four feet above the sea. It carries no masts or sails and is used as a ram and torpedo boat.

"A coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it" says Falstaff - or as bad as a cup of ordinary tea after once using Blue Ribbon Ceylon

HAVEN'T YOU TRIED IT YET? WHAT? LUDELLA Ceylon.

Oh, the luxury of it! No other tea so fragrant and so comforting. To drink Ludella is the acme of pleasure and satisfaction. But be sure you get Ludella! Avoid substitutes. Sold everywhere! Used everywhere! Lead packages, 25, 50, 100 & 250



\$4.95 Out this out and send it to me with the name of your nearest express office and we will ship you this Ludella tea. It is a luxury and a necessity. If you find it exactly as you represent it and as truly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price. All other express charges. This is a finely finished, regular 4000 Standard model, violet, richly colored, highly polished, powerful, extra set of cutlery and tools. Complete with case. They direct from us and save the dealer's profit.
Johnston & McFarlane, Box 'Z', Toronto, Ont.

A MEAN STEAL.

Neighbor—My! my! So the story is true, and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl.
Deserted wife, weeping—Yes, and she was the best girl I ever had, too—a perfectly lovely cook, and so quiet and respectful. Dear knows where I'll be able to get another.

"Pharaoh 100." Payne, of Granby, Quebec Manufacturer.

COMPREHENDED SOME OF IT.

Bilkins—Could you understand Prof. Dryasdut's lecture on theosophy?
Wilkins—Yes; I understood the last part of it.
What was that?
We will now take up a collection to defray expenses.

W P C 989

CALVERT'S

Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointments, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, etc.
Every town can have a band.
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogues, 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Musical or Brass Instruments.
WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Toronto, Can.

ONE NIGHT

Corn Cure. Ask your Druggist for it. Price 10c.

FARMS FOR SALE—BRUCE COUNTY.

Some Great Bargains. Apply to JAMES MCK. STEWART, Drawer 16, Kincaid P.O., Ont.

"SEVEN BRAND" Mackintosh

Waterproof. Ask for it. No other. Beaver Rubber Clothing Co., Montreal.

Stammerers

Specialty of the Ear, Nose and Throat. Write to be cured. Where, write to Dr. Arrott, Berlin who will convince you he can cure you.

Sausage Casings

New importations finest English Sausage and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices.
PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

THE DEER MOHNS INCUBATOR

Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. 373 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Catarrh; Indian Catarrh Cure.

Sold by all reliable Druggists.

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J. L. JONES ENG. CO.
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LEAD, COPPER, BRASS.
Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 174.
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Mills, Mills & Mates Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldg., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited,

For West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto. One gets best prices for your Apples, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, and other produce, if you ship it to them.

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Procured in all countries. Designs, Trade Marks registered, Copyrights, Caveats procured. Write for information.
EGERTON R. CASE, Registered Solicitor of Patents, Notary Public, Temple Building, Toronto, Ont.

32% Profits for the Month

OF JULY. This Company, after paying the 4 per cent. monthly coupons maturing August 1st, have remaining a surplus of 28 per cent. After deducting expenses and the amount carried to the reserve fund there remains to the credit of the investors a surplus over dividend of 16 2/3 per cent. Any amount from \$50 upwards received for investment. \$50 Book free, giving full particulars.
The Dominion Investment Company of Toronto, Ontario Permanent Chambers, 18 Toronto St.

Michigan Land for Sale.

8,000 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS—ARENAC, Iosco, Ogemaw and Crawford Counties. Title perfect. On Michigan Central, Detroit & Mackinac and Leoni Lake Railroads, at prices ranging from \$2 to \$5 per acre. These lands are close to enterprising New Towns, Churches, Schools, etc., and will be sold on most reasonable terms. Apply to
R. M. PIERCE, Agent, West Bay City, Mich. Or J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

The Canadian Heine Safety BOILER

Esplanade, Toronto
Opp. Sherbourne St.

High Class Water Tube Steam Boilers, for All Pressures, Duties and Fuel.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.
Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited.
The T. Eaton Co., Limited.
The Massie-Bryce Co., Limited.
The Galt-Parish Rubber & Mfg. Co.
The Wilson Publishing Co., Limited.
(All of Toronto, where boilers may be seen working.)

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE, MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.
EVERY THURSDAY

24 Aug.	BAVARIAN	From Montreal
31 Aug.	CALIFORNIA	7 Sept.
7 Sept.	FAUNIA	14 Sept.
14 Sept.	PARSIAN	21 Sept.
21 Sept.	BAVARIAN	28 Sept.

The new Twin Screw S. S. Bavarian, 10,000 tons, will sail from Liverpool Aug. 24, and from Montreal Sept. 7. Round Cabin—\$30.00. Return \$45.00. Stowage—Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Londonderry or Queenstown, \$25.00.

For tickets and all information apply to local agent at
H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge St., Toronto, or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool.
Large and fast Steamers Vancouver, Dominion, Scotsman, Cambrian.
Rates of passage—First Cabin, \$60 forward; Second Cabin, \$35; Steerage, \$22.50 and \$15.00.
For further information apply to local agents, or
DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.

“PEERLESS” Machine OIL

BECAUSE IT'S THE VERY BEST OIL THEY CAN GET.
No other gives such complete satisfaction to FARMERS.

THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO. LIMITED

SAM'L ROGERS' PROP. TORONTO

HEALTH RESTORED

without medicine
post chills, Stomach, Lungs, Nerves, Liver, Blood, Head, Kidneys, Brain and Breasts by

Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food

which saves Invalids and Children, and also bears with itself all other treatments. It digests when all other food is rejected, saves 50 times its cost in medicine.
50 Years' Invariable Success. 100,000 Annual Cures of Constipation, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diabetes, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Dependancy.

Du Barry & Co., (Limited),

77 Eglinton Street, London, W., also in Paris, 14 Rue de Castiglione, and all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere, in this, B. C., G., S., N., W., and C. Send carriage free. Also Du Barry's Revalenta Biscuits, in tins, 3s., 6s., and 12s.

Agents for Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Toronto.

Big Reduction Sale...

Our big reduction sale is still going on.

Second-hand platform scale will be sold at a bargain.



ALL PARTIES indebted to us will please call and settle at once....

GEORGE CURLE, CENTRAL HARDWARE

CHURCHES.

EVANGELICAL—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. John D. Miller, 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. Meyer, Pastor.

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

R. C. CHURCH, Sacred Heart of Jesus—Rev. Father Halm, Services every Sunday, alternatively at 8:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. Vespers every other Sunday at 5 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. every other Sunday.

GERMAN LUTHERAN PASTOR, P. P. Wittmeyer, Ph. D. Services: every 2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday of each month 2:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 9:30 p.m.

METHODIST—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 9:30 a.m. G. Curle, Superintendent. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. R. KEEFER, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

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

C. O. F.—Court Mildmay, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. John McGinn C. R. M. Filsinger, Secy.

C. O. C. F. No. 166—meets in the Foresters' Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. Jno. D. MILLER, Coun. F. C. JASPER, Rec.

A. O. U. W. 416, meets in the Foresters' Hall, the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in each month. JOHN MCGAVIN M. W. J. N. SCHEFTER Rec.

I. O. F.—Meets on the last Wednesday of each month. J. W. WARD, C. R. W. M. JOHNSTON, Rec.-Sec.

K. O. F. M. Unity Tent No. 101, meets in Foresters' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. W. McCULLOCH Com. M. JASPER, R. K.

Grand Trunk Time Table.

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH
Mail..... 7:35	Mixed..... 1:55 p.m.
Mixed..... 10 a.m.	Express..... 10:15 p.m.

Local Affairs

—October.
—The MILD MAY GAZETTE, to the end of the century for \$1.00.
—The Howick show will be held at Gorrie on Saturday.
—Mr. George Armstrong shipped a fine Leicester ram this week to Hartland, Maine.
—Measles have been very prevalent in town during the past two weeks; almost a dozen cases having been reported.
—Mr. Conrad Sachs has disposed of his farm of 50 acres to Mr. Krueger for \$3,250. He gives possession in the spring.
—Wm. Zeigler of the 10th has secured a position for the winter in Seiling's furniture factory at Walkerton and commenced work on Monday.
—Michael Stumpf is the father of a family of seven, and they are all boys. It is rumored that Mr. Stumpf intends applying to Her Majesty for a well-deserved reward.
—Messrs. Jno. Lints and Simon Kachele are owners of two beautiful colts, got by John Davis' trotting horse, Mastiff. They are very late colts, but they report them the liveliest pair in the township.

—Theodore Schnitzler and John Broehler of Alberta, N. W. T., are visiting relatives here at present.

—Jos. Schnitzler has rented the rooms behind Chas. Schurter's office and will move his family in shortly.

—George Hinsperger has charge of Peter Meyer's grist mill for the winter. George is well able to fill the position.

—T. P. Smith, eye specialist of Elora will be at the Commercial Hotel, Mildmay, on Tuesday, October, 17th. One day only. Eyes tested free.

—The trustees of the Public school are having a new furnace placed in the basement this fall, the old one having been badly used up.

—The new Evangelical church at Walkerton is nearing completion and probably be opened in about two weeks. The building is going to be an attractive one.

FOUND—On the Elora road between Mildmay and Clifford, a bicycle, owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Ed. SCHWALM.

—Philip Reddon acted as judge in the dairy class at the Teeswater show last Thursday. Mr. Reddon is a very competent judge in that class.

—R. J. Barton has had a beautiful sign erected on a post in front of his drug store. The sign was manufactured by Geo. H. Liesemer and is very attractive.

—The excursion last week to all western points was well patronized. Amongst those who went from this station were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Liesemer, Mrs. J. N. Schefter, Mrs. Jos. Schultheis and daughter, Wm. Helwig and Miss Sarah Yandt. Mr. and Mrs. L. Steigler, Mrs. L. Buhlman, and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Voigt.

—Wm. Ballagh moves his family this week to Teeswater, where he will act as head miller in W. R. Thompson's grist mill. Mr. Ballagh is well known in Teeswater as he was formerly a partner in a mill there several years ago. Mr. Ballagh is a splendid workman and a good citizen and Mr. Thompson has been fortunate in securing his services.

—Mr. R. Scott, who has had charge of the Presbyterian congregation here for the past six months, leaves this week for Toronto to attend college. Mr. Scott was well liked and the church revived greatly during his pastorate here. Rev. Mr. Miller of Holstein preached here on Sunday, and the service will be held next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 by Rev. S. Young of Clifford.

—John Schweitzer returned last Friday morning from Manitoba and Dakota where he has been for the past month. The train was five hours late, the result of an accident near London. Mr. Schweitzer saw many former Mildmayites in the west and all seem to be getting along well. Dave Pross and Solomon Miller are both married and working farms of their own, and both had good crops. He also saw Peter Weiner at Cathay, and other relatives in that part. Before leaving the west he took a trip to Morden, Man., where he visited with his son-in-law, John Hufner, who is clerking in a dry-goods store there. He also saw Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Liesemer and J. H. Curle. The two latter gentlemen are working in opposition hardware stores. The best crops he saw were around Morden.

—The Dewey demonstration at New York last week cost \$20,000,000.

Mr and Mrs. J. Webber and family of London are visiting at Mr F Voigt's Thursday, October 19th is Thanksgiving Day Two weeks from to-day

—There was a very severe frost on Sunday night, ice having been frozen to the thickness of half an inch.

—Antony Kunkel has commenced excavating the cellar for the house he intends to build on Simpson street.

It is reported that Philip Schumacher of the 4th concession unearthed a potato this week which weighed 2 lbs

—Dr. Richardson, who was taking charge of Dr. Wilson's practice during his absence, was called suddenly home on account of illness of his partner, Dr. Rutherford of Aurora.

—Six different buyers are shipping apples from this station which shows the crop in Carriick to be very prolific. Mr. Moore informs us that more apples are shipped from here than any other station on this line.

—Charles Dickison of the 12th concession has had a very successful season at the fall shows in this vicinity. At five different shows at which he exhibited, he secured twenty-four firsts and one second in the carriage horse class.

—The melancholy days have come—the saddest of the year. Saturday it snowed and blowed all day, and it is reported that snow fell to the depth of 6 inches in London, Ontario. However, the prospects are that we will have a spell of fine weather now, so the farmers can get their potatoes in.

—B. Goldberg returned on Saturday from a business trip to Hamilton. There was a gravel train on the main line, and a collision was narrowly averted. The passenger train backed about eleven miles, causing a delay of two hours.

Card of Thanks.

George E. Liesemer, who has conducted a general blacksmith business in Mildmay for the last nine years, has sold out the business to Peter Lobinger, who has been a partner for the last four years, and wishes in this way to thank his many customers who have patronized him during his time in business and also for the kindness they have shown him and his family. He also wishes they would all patronize the partner, who has taken the business unto himself and hopes they will give him a fair share of their business.

Geo. E. LIESEMER.

The Twentieth Century.

The nineteenth century closes with the year 1900. Immediately after midnight, therefore, of Dec. 31, 1900, is when the twentieth century begins. In other words, it begins with the first second of the first hour of the first day of January, 1901.

The twentieth century will open on a Tuesday and close on a Sunday. It will have the greatest number of leap years possible for a century—twenty-four. The year 1904 will be the first one, then every four years after that to and including the year 2000. February will three times have five Sundays: in 1920, 1948 and 1976.

The twentieth century will contain 36,525 days, which lacks but one day of being 5218 weeks. The middle day of the century will be Jan. 1, 1951.

Several announcements are made of changes to be inaugurated with the opening of the new century. The first of importance is that Russia will adopt the Gregorian calendar. This will be done by omitting thirteen years, the amount of error that will have accumulated after the close of February, 1900. The Russians will then write Jan. 1, 1901, instead of Dec. 19, 1900, or rather instead of both, according to the dual system now in vogue in that country and in Greece. The other important announcement is that it is not at all unlikely that the astronomical day, which now begins at noon of the civil day, will be in with the civil day at midnight. The present method of having the astronomical day to begin twelve hours after the beginning of the civil day is apt to be confusing. On the other hand, to have the former begin at midnight, just when astronomers are often busiest, will be to them somewhat inconvenient.

John Krueger of Chesley who was recently removed from Walkerton jail to London Asylum, gave his keepers the slip while working in the Asylum cornfield. He is now in Chesley.

FALL

Millinery Opening

SEPT. 26, 1899.

MISS SURBEY has been attending the Millinery Openings at Toronto during fair time, and was most successful in securing some of the newest and choicest things in Ladies' Headgear. All are invited to attend the Opening and see the pretty styles in trimmed hats, Sailors, Feathers, Wings, Buckles, Pins, Ribbons, Silks, Silk Velveteens, etc.

The Newest Cloak Styles Await You Now!

As the stock is at its best and ready with a completeness seldom seen even in larger towns than Mildmay. We expect Fair Day will be a busy day in Jackets, intending buyers should try and come in early so as to choose with greater comfort and those who are not quite ready to buy are invited to come and see the right styles for fall. Just as welcome even though you do not care to buy.

This will be a Great Season for Furs!

And we have been very careful in getting Fashionable and Sensible lines in Ladies' Jackets, Capes, Capereens, Collars and Muffs, Ruffs, Gamutlets and Children's Collarettes, and in Men's Caps. We handle the Electric Seal, Persian Lamb and Beaver. Also a large variety of Cloth Caps.

Underclothing.

We have several lines of Men's Underclothing which are selling so readily that we were compelled to purchase another large stock of them. The color, quality and especially the low price is what's causing the great havoc.

Other Special Bargains...

We are giving special Values in Shoes. We have greatly reduced the price of Ready-made Clothing. We have the Best range of Carpets. We carry the largest assortment of Ladies' and Children's Hose. We have prepared ourselves with Flannels, Flannelettes, Shirtings, Toweling, Cottonades, Wrapperettes, Cottons and other staples for the Fair. We received a shipment of New Valencia Raisins. We claim the best Japan Tea in town, the "Sailor Boy."

Overcoats...

In Boys', Youths' and Men's Overcoats we have a good supply, ranging in price from \$3 to \$8. They are well made and come in splendid colors.

What We Want...

We want first-class Tub Butter. We want choice Roll Butter. We want good fresh Eggs. We want nice quarter cut Dried Apples. We want good clean Geese Feathers.

You run no chance of disappointment when you visit us during the Great Fair, September 26th, 1899.

J. J. Stiegler.

When we went into the Shoe Business

we did it with all our strength. We based our claim to your patronage on two things, Superiority of stock and Lowness of Price. Never did we demonstrate it better than in the following bargains:— Two weeks only,

Men's Dongola Congress worth \$2.25, for.....	\$1.75
" Bals. " \$2.25, for.....	\$1.60
" Heavy gaiters " 1.50, for.....	1.10
Women's Fine Lace Shoes worth 1.60, for.....	1.15
" Toe slippers, worth 1.15, for.....	65c
Girls' " " " 1.00, for.....	65c
" Fine Oxfords " 1.10, for.....	75c
Child's choc toe slippers worth 85c, for.....	50c
British Navy Shoe Blacking, 3 boxes for 10 cents	

These Reductions are made in order to reduce our stock to make room for my Fall Stock. Don't miss this opportunity for these bargains won't last long, as they are moving very rapidly.

Central Shoe Store
J. V. BERSCHIT

The Star Grocery...

GRAPES! GRAPES!

Now is the time to buy Grapes and the Star Grocery is the right place to get them. Buying in large quantities direct from the vineyard, we are in a position to give the best value to be had in town.

A full line of Crockery and Fresh Groceries always on hand....

Butter and Eggs Taken.

J. N. SCHEFTER.