

The Mildmay Gazette

Devoted to the Interests of East Huron and East Bruce.

Vol. 4.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1895.

No.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Walkerton, 4:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Brown, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Green, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. W. S. Dean Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services at Fordwich at 10:30 a. m. at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m. Bible Class a Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie at 1:30 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, Superintendent.

METHODIST.—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Pray meeting on the day following at 7:30. Rev. Mr. Edmunds pastor.

E. O. SWARTZ,
Barrister, Solicitor,
Conveyancer, Etc.

MONEY to Loan.
Office: Up-stairs in Montag's Hotel Block, MILDMAY.

R. E. CLAPP, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon.
GRADUATE, Toron to University and member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Residence, Abelson St., nearly opposite the Livery stable. Office in the Drug Store, next door to Garrick Banking Co. MILDMAY.

J. A. WILSON, M.D.

HONORABLE Graduate of Toronto University Medical College. Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office: Abelson street, in rear of Drug Store. MILDMAY.

DR. WISSER, Dentist.

Walkerton.
HONORABLE Graduate Department of Dentistry, Toronto University; Graduate Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.
AT COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MILDMAY. EVERY DAY.
Prices moderate, and all work guaranteed satisfactory.
J. J. WISSER, D.D.S., L.D.S.

W. H. HUCK, V. S.

MILDMAY, ONT.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. Also Honorary Fellowship of the Veterinary Medical Society.
Calls promptly attended to night or day.

JAMES ARMSTRONG,

Veterinary Surgeon

GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary College, and registered member of Ontario Veterinary Association.
Residence Next to Methodist Parsonage, ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

Hang On
To Your Dollar
UNTIL YOU SEE

C. WENDT'S NEW STOCK
Of Holiday Attractions.

Late in style, sound in quality and sold strictly on their merits.

Every one is sure of a straight, square and certain bargain at the low prices we put on all our goods this season, consisting of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Plush and Celluloid Cases, Albums, Dolls and Toys of every description.

C. WENDT, Mildmay

NEW
Harness
Shop

In Mildmay.

Full Stock of Harness Goods of all kinds.
First Class Leather.

First-Class Workmanship.
Prices Low.

CHAS. BUHLMAN
Opp. Post Office, MILDMAY

JOS. KUNKEL,

GENERAL

BLACKSMITH,

Just north of the Commercial hotel,
ELGRA ST., MILDMAY.

SPECIAL attention given to Shoeing. A first-class iron work done and repairing done to order. "Fireless Workmanship, Low Price and Quick Work" is the motto of this shop.

Your Patronage Solicited.
JOS. KUNKEL.

MISS MARY SCHURTER,

IS PREPARED to give Lessons on the Organ or Piano.
For terms and particulars apply at her residence, Elora St., Mildmay.

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

SURGEON DENTIST, WALKERTON.
Will continue to conduct the practice of the art of filling and preservation of the Natural Teeth. Nitrous Oxide, Gas, and other Anaesthetics for the painless extraction of Teeth.

Special attention will be given to Gold-Filling and preservation of the Natural Teeth. Nitrous Oxide, Gas, and other Anaesthetics for the painless extraction of Teeth.

UP TO DATE TAILORING

We take special pride in recommending our stock of clothes for

Gentlemen's Suits

We had very little of last seasons goods left over, which gave us an opportunity to buy an almost entirely new stock, bound to please any and everybody.

Garments made in the latest styles, good fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Black Worsted suits to order \$11 to \$18
Fancy 10 to 16
Blue and Black Serge 7 50 to 16
Tweed suits 7 00 to 13
Great bargains in fancy and black painting. Butter, Eggs, Pork and other produce taken in exchange.

H. E. Liesemer,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

This Spot BELONGS TO

A. Murat
MILDMAY.

It will pay you to keep posted on the well assorted stock of **FURNITURE** and his full line of **UNDERTAKING** he continually has for sale.

REMEMBER A. Murat Sells Cheap General Grocery

Flour & Feed Store.
If you are in need of Fresh Groceries, Flour and Feed, call on

J. L. TITMUS
Elora street.

25% OFF 50% OFF
Fresh Lemons, Oranges, Oysters and Fruits of all kinds in season. Special prize with our Maly's Baking Powder One pound powder and a large baking pan for 50 cents
TERMS CASH.

A PERFECT TEA MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.
If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to
STEEL, HAYTER & CO.
11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the **GAZETTE**:
Fall wheat per bu. \$ 68 to \$ 70
Spring " " " 68 to 70
Oats " " " 32 to 33
Peas " " " 56 to 57
Barley " " " 40 to 45
Potatoes " " " 30 to 35
Smoked meat per lb. 7 to 9
Eggs per doz. 8 to 8
Butter per lb. 8 to 11
Dressed pork " 25 to 4 70

Clifford.

Several farmers around here are through seeding.

Gilbert Lewis is buying and shipping potatoes this spring.

Miss Ellis of Drew is the guest of Miss Carrie Ross.

James Kidd is home again from his trip to Manitoba and the west.

Miss Bessie Pomeroy of Huntingfield visited friends in town this week.

H. Filsinger and J. D. Miller, of Mildmay, were in town on Monday last.

Brick layers are busy in town now erecting quite a number of fine brick dwelling houses.

Sheriff McKim from Guelph visited Clifford the other evening. He looked hale and hearty yet.

Quite a lot of live stock is being shipped from here this spring to points east for the British market.

Master Elden McEachern and W. H. Scott were up to Mildmay on their bykes the other day. Elden has no trouble taking the lead.

People around town have been doing great work in the way of cleaning up their yards. We can soon be proud of our town for its cleanliness.

The dressmakers and milliners are as busy as bees in the manufacture of their line of business, only the latest New York and Paris styles and fashions used.

The Ball Family Jubilee singers gave a concert here on Monday evening last. Their singing and playing was first-class. Sorry they had not as full a house as they should have had.

Lakelet.

Messrs. Halladay and Cole were at Walkerton on Saturday.

Mr. Robb of Clinton, I. P. S., visited this school last Tuesday.

Mr. Samuel Wilson is very ill at present. He is attended by his brother from Mildmay.

Mr. and Mrs. Found of Gorrie, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Myles Scott last Sunday.

The hall is crowded each Sunday evening to hear Mr. Hooper's discourse. The fine long evenings draw the crowd out.

A number of young people had a pleasant time at a taffy pull at the residence of Mr. Adam Scott last Thursday night.

The farmers are making the number of acres to put in smaller each day, and by the end of the week many will have finished.

Miss E. Ritchie of Belmore is giving instructions in instrumental music to Garnet and Mabel, son and daughter of Mr. Jas. Wright, con. 17.

We think from what we hear that all those who are going out on 24th purpose going to Mildmay. You want to have everything pretty fine.

Dr. Wilson frequently passes through here on his way to see Mrs. Hamilton, who is not improving much, yet better this week than she was a week ago.

Mr. Dulmage has erected in front of his lot a fence which surpasses anything yet. Take a look at it ye Mildmayites when you are passing through.

Mr. Wm. Hubbard won the suit against Mr. Cunningham of Gorrie, over some brick which the latter sold the former. The result was as it should be.

The Ball Family Jubilee singers appeared in the Methodist church here on Saturday night. Their singing was excellent, but nearly all thought they had stopped too soon, as they had not got the value of their 20 cents. The canvass scenes were not given, as there was a bungle regarding the bringing of the lantern here. On Sunday afternoon they appeared in the church before an immense crowd and rendered two selections to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Nugent of Palmerston, preached an educational sermon.

PHOSPHORUS CURE FOR CROUPS WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Does Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

Mr. Rawley of Walkerton has had one of his legs amputated.

July the 12th will be celebrated by North Bruce Orangemen in Warton.

The late Mr. Beaton of Chesley carried about \$9,000 of life insurance.

Judge Barrett of Walkerton is building a summer cottage at Southampton.

Mrs. John Nutri of Greenock, gave birth last week to triplets, two boys and a girl.

Dobbinton Foot Ball club have announced themselves as the "Bruce Puzzlers."

The small boy lacrosse team of Hanover went to Walkerton on Saturday afternoon last and defeated the juniors of that town 3 to 0.

The Cape Croker band of Indians numbered 394 at last government report. The Saugenee band consists of 375. The schools are reported well attended.

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

The second on the list of bills which the Lieutenant Governor assented to on Tuesday of last week was that to enable the village of Teeswater to sell or lease Edmund Square.

Mrs. Wm. Hawkins of Ayton met with an accident last Saturday that will confine her to the house for some time. In going up stairs, at the same time carrying a bowl, she slipped, the bowl broke cutting a deep gash in the palm of her left hand.

The Kincardine Board of Trade have been considering the feasibility of an electric railway to Teeswater. They find that the Galt and Preston railway cost \$11,000 per mile and is proving a financial success. Both freight and passengers are carried, the freight business being done during the night.

Walkerton is seldom without a broom factory, at least not long at a time. Ayers & Bean wound up a few months ago, but a new firm has started up, composed of Messrs. Campbell and Freedy. They have rented Mr. Rife's store at the east end of the bridge, and are hard at work.

Mr. C. Hoffarth of Carlsruhe, has become the proprietor by purchase of the Bruder hotel in that village, and will take possession on the first of May. Mr. Hoffarth has been the landlord of what is known as Buhlman's hotel for the last 14 months. Mr. Hoffarth always keeps a good house and is well patronized by the public.

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

On Wednesday morning the residence of Mr. Ewen McPherson, con. 7, Kinloss, took fire from a spark from the chimney and owing to the high wind which prevailed at the time nothing could be done to save it and it was soon reduced to ashes. Very little was saved. In attempting to save some articles Mrs. McPherson had her hands badly burned.

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

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

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

The Legislative Committee of the Dominion Prohibitory Alliance has been called for May 8th.

The mysterious disappearance of Philip Rupert, a quiet, respectable citizen of Stratford, is engaging the attention of the police.

Howick Council

Fordwich, April 30.

The council met to-day at the town House, pursuant to adjournment. All members present. The reeve in chair.

Minutes of last meeting read and adopted.

Moved by Mr. Sotheran, seconded by Mr. Gregg that our township be now insured for \$1200 for three years through Mr. Hepinstall, at Fordwich.—Carried.

In reference to the petition of Grange presented by Mr. Hepinstall asking this council to pass a prohibition law preventing the running at large of stock, pigs, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, etc.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Graham, seconded by Mr. Doig that as the statute provides that no horse, bull, breechy cattle, hogs, sheep, etc., shall run at large on the highway, the council further provides that no cattle shall be permitted to run at large on the highway excepting milch cows or cows coming in within three months of her calving and that a by-law be passed accordingly.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Sotheran seconded by Mr. Gregg that Mrs. C. Jacques be paid the sum of \$10 for cleaning and renovating her house after the death of an indigent.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Graham, seconded by Mr. Doig that hereafter no person or persons shall be permitted to remove sand or gravel from any of the roads or highways within this municipality without a written consent of the pathmaster in charge of such road.—Carried.

Nine applications were received for the clerkship of Howick being well and favorably known to this council which applications were duly considered.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Gregg seconded by Mr. Doig that Mrs. Lizzie Dane be now appointed clerk of this municipality for the unexpired term of her late husband and that a by-law be passed confirming same.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Gregg seconded by Mr. Sotheran that Ludwig Murray be pathmaster for division namely sideline 15 and 16, con. 17 and 18 taking east half of 17, con. 18.—Carried.

By-law No. 2 for the year A. D. 1895, for the appointment of pathmasters, poundkeepers and fenceviewers read the third time and passed.

By-law No. 5 for the year A. D. 1895, appointing Mrs. Lizzie Dane Township Clerk, read three times and passed.

Moved by Mr. Graham seconded by Doig, that the council do now adjourn to meet at the Township Hall, Gorrie, on the third Wednesday in May.—Carried.

MRS. LIZZIE DANE,
Tp. Clerk.

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

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

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

THE KRAKATOA EBUPTION.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF A MOST TERRIFIC DISASTER.

Most Stupendous Calamity to the Human Race Since the Deluge—Two Hundred Thousand Lives Supposed to be Lost—An Interesting Account from an Eye-Witness.

Some of my life have been until now have I had the disposition to describe the terrific disaster known in the history of the world of which I was an unwilling witness. I left Paris, where I studied my profession of civil engineer after the Franco-Prussian war, and going to Java for the Government, I surveyed Borneo (Sawak), Lombok, where there had recently been fighting, and New Guinea, that land of almost virgin mystery. I had been familiar with the remote corners of the world, there is food for thought in the statement that I ran a line, in 1874, from the Fly River, at the south end of Papua, to the Melkine bay, on the north, the first white line to traverse much of the interior of a great unknown island.

The spring of 1883 found me pursuing my profession in Batavia, the chief city of Java. Since I had first seen the island in 1871, I had been back to Europe several times, and had traversed a good portion of South Africa. I from time to time familiarized myself with the Java archipelago. As a student of history, I had made myself acquainted with those terrible casualties which are marked by funeral monuments along the progress of mankind. It has come in my way in the past several years to learn much that was interesting about the great storm which drowned hundreds along the coasts of Great Britain in November, in 1893, and about the tremendous explosion of dynamite in the harbor of Santander, by which, at the beginning of the same month, hundreds of Spaniards were stricken dead and many thousands were wounded. I have heard from eye-witness reports of the sudden flood in the Yang-tee-Kiang, at Han-Yang, in May, 1894, by which a thousand men, women, and children were swept to death out of their boats.

The bursting of the dam at Chark-hupre, in India, in the same month, dismayed the world with the tidings of hundreds drowned or whelmed beneath a land slide. The plague which carried off scores of thousands of Chinese the same spring was reckoned an international peril. But none of those things moved me, for I had been an eye-witness of the most stupendous calamity to the human race since the deluge the cataclysm of Krakatoa. I lived to tell the tale, and if there was any other civilized spectator on the spot, of those dreadful scenes, I have not yet heard or read his story. Captain Bartlett, of the ship Ice King, which sailed through the Straits of Sunda shortly after the upheaval, reported many interesting observations, and a committee appointed by the British Royal Society investigated and made an elaborate report. I saw what I shall describe.

About eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, the 13th of May, 1883, the trouble began in the island of Java. All Java, Sumatra, and Borneo were convulsed. It was as though war had been declared underground. The surface of the earth rocked.

HOUSES TUMBLING DOWN.

And big trees fell out of the earth, as if it had ejected their roots. I saw a tree fully five feet in diameter crash up into the air and fall supreme. This was near the government buildings, on Waterloo plain, where the barracks, near the parade-ground, were severely shaken. The sun shone bright, the morning was still unclouded, and when we telegraphed over to the other islands and learned that their inhabitants were safe, we felt reassured at Batavia. The same phenomena were in progress throughout the group of islands, but nothing worse than an earthquake was expected, and an earthquake was no rarity in those days in that part of the world, nor is it yet.

But this particular earthquake showed no sign of cessation. Day and night the subterranean convulsions continued. The earth quivered constantly, from its depths there seemed to rise strange cries and hollow explosions, with that all-pervasive ague, which now began to shake my nerves.

Thursday there came a telegraph from the city of Anjer, ninety miles away, on the northwest coast of Java, that a volcano had broken out on the island of Krakatoa, about thirty miles west of Anjer, in Sunda Strait. The two cone-shaped peaks of Krakatoa were familiar landmarks to all voyagers in those waters. They were clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and could be seen for miles in any direction. I was requested by the Dutch government, through the vice-admiral then at Batavia, to be off to the scene of action. At four o'clock that afternoon, I started with a party on a special steamer from Batavia, to take scientific observations. About midnight, we cleared St. Nicholas Point, which is the extreme northerly extension of the island of Java, next to the straits. As we rounded it, we saw ascending from Krakatoa about fifty miles away to the southwest, an immense column of fire and what appeared to be smoke. The sky was yet clear, for the most part, but we could see no apex to this column, whose composition changed as we watched it, steaming all the while toward the island. First it looked like flame, and then it would appear to be steam and again take the semblance of

A PILLAR OF FIRE

inside of a column of white, fleecy wool. In another instant these trailing, whirling masses of wool would hang from the very empyrean itself. All the while we heard the sullen thunderous roar which had been a fearful feature of the situation ever since Sunday morning, and was now becoming louder. The terrifying character of the scene of which we were now in view can be imagined with difficulty. The ocean was as smooth as a mirror and our steamer moved ahead

with ease, at slow speed. But ever growing in intensity was the illumination spread from this lurid column, rolling from the northerly peak straight up to the sky, beyond the limits of human vision, flecked now and then with dark masses, constantly wrapped in and now entwining the furious commingling torrent of volcanic dust and smoke which I have described as looking like wreaths of wool. The diameter of that column I should put down at one and a half miles.

We had remained on deck all night, as usual in that country, and, without a word, watched, fascinated. The din was gradually increasing, until we could with difficulty hear each others' voices. From time to time, immense fragments of incandescent stone would be hurled up from the crater, three or four hundred feet into the air, when they would burst with a loud explosion. The hours passed quickly and dawn approached.

The sun rises in those latitudes at six o'clock. As its rays fell on the shores of Krakatoa, we saw them reflected from the surface of what we thought was a river, and we resolved to steam into its mouth if possible, with a view to disembarking. When we had approached to within three-quarters of a mile of that shore, we suddenly discovered that what we supposed was a river, was a torrent of molten sulphur. The small almost overpowered us; we steamed away and made for the other side of the island, turning our bow to the windward. The lower of the two peaks on Krakatoa, had a crater, or cavity, for there were no real craters there, which as long ago as a century since had been reported in active eruption by a German vessel passing through the straits. It was the higher peak which was now emitting the

VAST COLUMN OF FLAME

and pulverized pumice and steam which seemed likely to burn away the heavens themselves. The fires had already eaten into the edges of this peak so that it was now the lower of the two. In 1880, there had been earthquakes all along the shores of the straits, but Krakatoa showed no signs of awakening.

All the craters in that part of the world were, in my belief, openings into a common submarine storehouse of volcanic energy. Krakatoa had been quiet until now for a hundred years, as far as I could learn.

This island, which will live in history with associations as lasting as those of St. Helena or Elba, was eight or ten miles long and four miles wide. A few fishermen lived on it, and on its mountain slopes remarkably fine rosewood and mahogany trees were found in abundance. Some of them were eight or ten feet in diameter, too big to cut. When we landed on the coast opposite to that along which the river of sulphur was discharging, we saw no signs of those inhabitants. The waves were washing the sandy shores. Four or five feet from the water-line rose a straight bank of powdered pumice-stone which was rained down constantly from the clouds that surrounded the column of fire. Everything human, everything natural, everything suggestive of life or growth had been annihilated from what had been a beautiful landscape. A hideous mask of burning stone and steaming ashes had been deposited over all. Trees three feet thick, and which must have been fifty feet high, were already nearly buried, their branches twelve inches thick sticking out here and there. Several of us landed, and I began walking inland. We sunk knee-deep in the loose pumice; it was the consistency of snow and hot. Our feet began to blister.

I climbed painfully up, walking inland in the direction of the crater, which I desired to measure with my sextant. At the third observation I made, I saw something trickling across the mirror of the sextant and discovered that the quicksilver had melted and run away.

I was more than half a mile now from the edge of the crater. My skin was roasting and cracking. The roar of the flames was so loud as to drown any other imaginable noise, save the detonations, now and then, of the bursting stones which would fly into fragments far up over our heads, it seemed, and sift their burning dust upon us. For the first three hundred feet from the edge of the crater, the ascending column was

ONE UNIFORM WHITE-HOT MASS

of clear flame of dazzling brightness, of such scorching energy as to blast us into a cinder did we dare nearer a perch. This column of flame was, as I have said, about one and a half miles in diameter.

I turned to retrace my footsteps and seek safety on the water. As I started to put my feet mechanically back into the prints they had made going up, I shuddered. The bottom of each footprint was red, aglow with fire from beneath. Here and there on the surface, I saw the tracks of a pig's feet, the creature evidently panic-stricken in its race for life. Every human being, every animal, every bird on the island of Krakatoa must have perished by that time, and if we had not increased our speed, the same fate might have been ours. At last we got aboard again, and from the steamer's deck I photographed that awful scene, the fire pump playing all around me the while, wetting down the rigging, keeping the double awnings moist, and saturating the side of the ship; it was the only way to keep her from taking fire. That had been necessary since daylight.

The steamer returned to Batavia, the roar of the great flame sounding continually in our ears, the glare from its fire gradually dimming in the distance. That roar and that glare lasted steadily day and night, until the 12th day of August. By that time everybody had gotten used to it and nobody spoke of it any more. We supposed Krakatoa would burn itself out after a while and rest again, perhaps for another hundred years.

In the meantime, I had taken up my residence in the city of Anjer, on the Strait of Sunda, west of Batavia. It had, with its surroundings from Merak Point to Bodjonegoro, about sixty thousand inhabitants. I lived in a villa, a mile back of the city, up the mountain slope. The city lay along the margin of the sea, the houses, of brick and bamboo, being nearly all one story high. Along the coast, at each side of the city, clustered groups of fishermen's huts, and their fishing boats by the score lay at anchor a short distance from shore. Over the low roofs of the city I could see far out over the strait to where the Krakatoa monster, thirty miles away, was belching out his

AWFUL AND NEVER-ENDING ERUPTION.

It was Sunday morning. I was sitting on

the veranda of my house smoking a cigar and taking my morning cup of tea. The scene was a perfect one. Across the roofs of the native houses, I could see the fish-gaffs and fishing boats lying in the bay at anchor, the fishermen themselves being on shore at rest, as they did not work that day. The birds were singing in the grove at my back and a moment before I had heard one of the servants moving around in the cottage. As my gaze rested on the masts of the little boats, of which there were several scores in sight, I became suddenly aware of the fact that they were all moving in one direction. In an instant, to my intense surprise, they all disappeared.

I ran out of the house, back up higher, and looked out far into sea. Instantly a great glare of fire right in the midst of the water caught my eyes, and all the way across the bay and the strait, and in a straight line of flame to the very island of Krakatoa itself, the bottom of the sea seemed to have cracked open so that the subterranean fires were belching forth. On either side of this wall of flames, down into this subaqueous chasm, the waters of the strait were pouring with a tremendous hissing sound, which seemed at every moment as if the flames would be extinguished; but they were not. There were twin cataracts, and between the two cataracts rose a great crackling wall of fire hemmed in by clouds of steam of the same time, the north-west coast of Java was buried under six or seven feet of ashes. A year later, an immense lump of pumice-stone, undoubtedly cast up by this explosion, was found floating in the Mediterranean, covered with barnacles. Pulverized pumice and ashes are known to have been carried many thousand miles, and to have been held in suspension in the atmosphere for years. The atmosphere over the American continent was filled with minute particles, which for weeks floated in the air. It would be folly to say that human intelligence will ever arrive at the accurate solution of the causes of this dread event, or even form a fair idea of its tremendous circumstances.—Jean Theodore van Gestel, in the Cosmopolitan.

The sight was such an extraordinary one that it took away the power of reason, and without attempting in any way to explain to myself what it was, I turned and beckoned to some one, any human being, to a servant we will say, to come and see it. Then in a moment, while my eyes were turned, came

AN IMMENSE DRAPENING EXPOSITION

which was greater than any we had heard as yet proceeding from Krakatoa. It stunned me, and it was a minute or two before I realized that when once more I turned my eyes toward the bay, I could see nothing. Darkness had instantly shrouded the world. Through this darkness, which was punctuated by distant cries and groans, the falling of heavy bodies, and the creaking disruption of masses of brick and timber, most of all, the roaring and crashing of breakers on the ocean, were audible. The city of Anjer, with all its sixty thousand people in and about it, had been blotted out, and if any living being save myself remained, I did not find it out then. One of those deafening explosions followed another, as some new submerged area was suddenly heaved up by the volcanic fire below, and the sea admitted to the hollow depths where that fire had raged in vain for centuries.

The awful surge of the maddened ocean as it rushed landward, terrified me. I feared I would be engulfed. Mechanically, I ran back up the mountain side. My subsequent observations convinced me that at the first explosion the ocean had burst a new crater under Krakatoa. At the second explosion, the big island, Dwars-in-de-Weg, had been split in two, so that a great strait separated what were the two halves. The island of Legundi, northwest of Krakatoa, disappeared at the same time, and all the west coast of Java, for fifteen or twenty miles, was wrenched loose. Many new islands were formed in that track, which afterwards disappeared. A map which I made not long afterward shows the change of the configuration of that part of the world.

I waded on inland in a dazed condition, which seemed to last for hours. The high road from Anjer to the city of Seraag was white, and smooth, and easy to follow, and I felt my way along in the darkness. Soon after I began this singular journey, I met the native postman coming down the mountain toward Anjer with his two-wheeled mule-car. The carrier's vehicle was an iron box on an axle, running on two wheels, pulled by four ponies. I told the man what had happened and tried to get him to turn back, but he would not. I reached the city of Seraag about four or five o'clock that afternoon, after having made one stop at a house on the way.

This residence loomed up on the side of the road, offering me, apparently,

A WELCOME REFUGE.

I rushed in thinking to find a relief from the intense heat under the shelter of its roof, but through the tiles of the flooring, little blue flames were flickering as I entered, and the house itself seemed like a furnace. The subterranean fires were at work even there, on the side of the mountain. Under the mass of flooring or masonry, I could not distinguish which, I saw the body of a woman in native garments. I rushed out horrified from this burning tomb. It was the residence, I learned afterward, of Controller Frankel, an officer of the government ranking immediately after the governor himself.

I staggered blindly on my way. When I reached Seraag, I was taken into the garrison and nursed for two days. I was supposed to be a lunatic. I started up in my sleep half-dozen times in the first night, uttering cries of terror. I was soothed by drugs and enabled on the third day to go to Batavia. Even then the extent of the calamity was not known in Seraag. At Batavia I took the steamer for Singapore.

On my return, some time afterward, to the scene of this frightful experience, I learned further particulars of the force of the explosion. On Merak Point where the government had been blasting rock, were an engine and several boilers used for compressed air. All of these containing compressed air, had been hurled against the walls of the quarry, and absolutely flattened out like sheets of paper. In Lombok, on the southeast coast of Sumatra, a wooden man of war belonging to a Dutch Government, and two barks of two or three hundred tons each, one of them loaded with salt, had been thrown one hundred and fifty feet up the mountain side into the trees by the tidal wave which immediately followed the explosion. For days thereafter there was a thick coat of white ashes all over the island of Java.

THE GROUND WAS HOT

and crumbled to the touch. Every leaf and bit of vegetation had been consumed, and every creeping thing and living creature blasted and burned up. Six hundred

miles away it was necessary to burn lamps all day, and in the cities of Batavia, Samarang, and Soerabaya, the carriage lamps were needed out of doors, and gas indoors, for some time.

My investigations showed that there was one hundred feet of water where the city of Anjer had been, so short a distance from my villa, and that the coastline was just one and one-half miles further inland. It is there that the city of New Anjer has been built, and where all vessels for China, Japan, and Australia report to the regular telegraph station. Part of Prince island, about one-third of it, I should say, was obliterated, and the entire northwest coast of Java, including the fishing villages, was gone as far as St. Nicholas Point. It seemed to me to be a very moderate estimate, that one hundred thousand lives were lost in Java, and one hundred thousand more in Lombok bay, on the coast of Sumatra, just opposite. Several entire towns were washed away there. In Lombok lay the pumice-stone floors so thick upon the water that it reached a height of thirty-feet, and steamers could not penetrate it; so that it was some time before the news of destruction along the Sumatra shores was received in Batavia. The Brooklyn, an American man-of-war, came steaming into Anjer two days after, to report that from her decks thousands of broken bamboo houses, carbonized bodies, and floating masses of pumice-stone had been observed. At that time, the north-west coast of Java was buried under six or seven feet of ashes. A year later, an immense lump of pumice-stone, undoubtedly cast up by this explosion, was found floating in the Mediterranean, covered with barnacles. Pulverized pumice and ashes are known to have been carried many thousand miles, and to have been held in suspension in the atmosphere for years. The atmosphere over the American continent was filled with minute particles, which for weeks floated in the air. It would be folly to say that human intelligence will ever arrive at the accurate solution of the causes of this dread event, or even form a fair idea of its tremendous circumstances.—Jean Theodore van Gestel, in the Cosmopolitan.

"I wish," said Mr. Bowser as she helped Mr. Bowser on with his overcoat the other morning, "I wish you would drop this postal card in the box on the corner as you go out."

"Um!" replied Mr. Bowser as he received it. "Who is Mrs. White of 172 Larkins Avenue?"

"I want her to help me clean house for three or four days."

"Clean house, eh? How many times do you clean house in a year?"

"In the Spring and Fall. What's the matter?"

Mr. Bowser removed his hat and gloves and overcoat in a very deliberate way and then replied:

"We don't want Mrs. White of 172 Larkins Avenue to assist in house cleaning."

"But I—I—want—"

"And we are not going to have this house turned wrong side out for a couple of weeks. Not being very busy at the office, I'll do all the work for you this forenoon."

"Why, no one can clean house in half a day."

"Can't eh? Well I see about that. I'll get my old clothes on and show you a trick or two about housecleaning. This idea of fooling around for a week or two is all nonsense."

"Mr. Bowser, please listen to me," she pleaded. "All the furniture must be scrubbed over, the pictures taken down, the woodwork wiped, the carpets swept with salt and the ceilings brushed. It will take two women—"

"It will take two women two weeks," he interrupted, "while a man can do the same amount of work in two hours. It's all in knowing how to go at it. Even my mother, whose spirit is now in Heaven, had no method in housecleaning."

"I—I think we'll let it go till Fall," stammered Mrs. Bowser.

"No, we won't. I'll be with you in five minutes, and if we don't have this house shining like a new dollar from top to bottom before noon I'm no hustler."

"But—"

"That will do, Mrs. Bowser; just what I do," he said as he turned on her. "I own this house. I run this house. I am the head of this family. I was helping to clean house before you had cut your first tooth. I'll be down in five minutes and begin on the parlor."

When he came down, after getting into his old suit, the cook informed him that Mrs. Bowser had run across the street to see a sick neighbor, but that he could go right ahead with his work. She brought him up the stepladder, and as he stood it in the middle of the parlor and spat on his hands and looked around he chuckled:

"I'll say thirty minutes to clean this room spick and span and give the old lady a surprise party!"

He seized the sofa and rushed it into the back parlor, followed by the chairs and stands, and in seven or eight minutes the floor was clear. Then he placed the stepladder to take down the wire off the hook when he had just lifted the wire off the hook when the ladder slipped, and there was a crash, and a smash, and a jingle which brought the cook up stairs to find Mr. Bowser lying in a heap on the floor and to exclaim:

"Goodness to mercy, but I thought the whole house had fallen into the cellar! How did it happen, Mr. Bowser?"

He slowly got up, looked from the stepladder to the floor and felt the back of his head and firmly replied:

"I stepped off. Bring me salt, and a broom and a rag."

By the exercise of due caution he got the other pictures down without accident. The girl brought the things and stopped for a moment to say:

"Nobody would ever suspect that ye knew how to clean house so beautifully. Don't them winder curtains come down before you swape and dust, and shan't I hold the ladder while ye climb up?"

Mr. Bowser said he could manage alone, and the cook retired to her kitchen. Mrs. Bowser had said the carpets must be swept with salt. The cook had sewed it all on to the last ounce to make a good job of it. She had said the furniture must be rubbed. He hunted around and found a bottle of sewing machine oil, thinned it down with witch hazel and went over every piece of furniture in six minutes. All the window curtains needed was a little dusting, and getting a firm grip on the broom handle he proceeded to pound and whack until satisfied that they were thoroughly cleaned.

The cook came up with a feather duster, and Mr. Bowser decided to begin his dusting on the mantle cabinet. He placed the stepladder and climbed up and worked the ornaments with one hand and worked the duster with the other. He had mentally decided to finish with the cabinet in just one minute, devote two minutes to the ceiling, two more to sweeping the carpet and 30 seconds to running in the furniture, when he lost consciousness. He had a faint recollection of seeing the parlor floor suddenly jump up six or eight feet, and of feeling that he had been hit, but he wasn't really sure of anything until he heard the voice of the cook saying:

"Don't blame me, ma'am. The Doctor was not at home, and I had to wait 15 minutes."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

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"Don't blame me, ma'am. The Doctor was not at home, and I had to wait 15 minutes."

Then he heard Mrs. Bowser inquiring:—"Doctor, do you think he will be a cripple for life?"

"It's hard to say," replied the Doctor. "He struck on his head and came down with his legs bent up under him, and the spine may have been badly injured. What on earth was he prancing around on top of a stepladder for?"

"He was doing housecleaning. Poor man! I can't lay it to against him that he's nearly ruined my curtains, broke a chair, smashed the cabinet, destroyed nearly all the breakable ornaments and has given me a week's work to clean the furniture and carpets."

"Is this the Bowser I read of in the newspapers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always blaming his wife and threatening to get a divorce?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll do all I can for him, but he's been served just right! Keep him as quiet as possible. If he says anything about his lawyer seeing your lawyer, alimony, custody of the child, put up job to kill him off, etc., pay no attention to him, as he will not be in his right mind for the next ten days!"

Gown with Double Skirt.

The neat little figure is wearing a handsome camel-hair gown with a double skirt.



and accentuations of velvet ribbon exceedingly becoming.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

Intelligent Fish.

Fish have many times been taught to perform tricks and it would appear as if they had much more intelligence than is attributed to them. A gentleman we know once had two brook trout in a small aquarium in his private residence that would jump out of the water and take flies held between the forefinger and thumb, and would also ring a little bell when they required food. They would also leap over little bars of wood placed about two inches above the surface of the water.

It was a very simple matter to teach the fish these tricks. At first a little tower, containing a tiny, sweet-toned silver bell, was fastened to the ironwork of the aquarium, with a piece of string attached to the tongue of the bell extending into the water where the trout were. On the loose end of the string an insect or other tempting morsel was placed, which the fish would at once seize, and pulling the cord, the bell in the tower would naturally tinkle. After this had been repeated several days the fish were left without food for some little time until they made the discovery that they could obtain it by pulling at the string to which the delicacies had been attached. This they did over and over again when they were hungry, and as that was nearly all the time, the little bell was constantly tinkling as the fish were continually pulling the cord. It was quite a pretty and novel sight.

Enamelling Process for Boilers.

The proposed plan of preventing the incrustation or corrosion of boilers by means of a certain enamelling process has for some time engaged the attention of engineers, and favorable results are said to have attended its use. According to the account given of this method, the interior surfaces are coated with a deposit in the form of a smooth black film or enamel, similar to an electro deposit thick enough to protect the metal underneath from corrosion, and so thin that the boiler loses none of its steam-generating power; the application is entirely simple, the material employed being injected into the boiler through a cock of lubricator pattern at such times as desired, the surface below the water level thus becoming coated with the enamel. It is claimed for this process, among its various advantages, that the enamel is impenetrable by acids, protects the boiler from the corrosive agents contained in almost if not all waters, prevents incrustation, does not harm the boilers, and is but of slight cost.

Letters to the Editor.

Pointers for horse breeders. Mr. Robert Gowenlock of 2nd con. of Brant had a colt from Billy B a week ago and says it is the best colt he ever had, and smart. It will beat the old colts all to pieces, and has refused \$1000 for him. It is bred by the grey eagle mare. Billy is the

GENERAL ITEMS.

Osborne of Bracebridge was killed to death in a runaway accident.

McCarthy (McCarthyite) was returned to East Wicklow by a narrow margin.

Mr. Foster will make his budget on Friday or Tuesday next at the usual hour.

An old resident of Brantford named Valentine Roth committed suicide on Sunday morning by hanging.

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Ex-Treasurer Mailloux of Tilbury was sent for trial on a charge of misappropriating township funds.

Winnipeg Veterans will on May 12 decorate the graves of soldiers who fell in the Northwest rebellion of 1885.

The appointment of Mr. Keating, City Engineer of Toronto, as an expert to report upon plans for improving the waterworks system, has been decided on by the City of Hamilton.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company's car shops in London Ont., closed down permanently last night, and one hundred and fifty men quit work, a few of whom will be sent to St. Thomas and Toronto.

The opposition to Sir Henry Tyler among the Grand Trunk shareholders has at last succeeded in forcing the resignation of the President and the old board. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson will probably be the next President.

Workmen engaged in building the electric railway through the Niagara gorge unearthed several skeletons of Indians near the Lewiston end of the road. They also found a number of arrow heads of flint, stone pipes and other crude relics of the early part of the last century.

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

The body of a man who was buried in Kingston on Saturday was stolen but Tuesday night it was located, and was returned to the cemetery Wednesday and reinterred. It was to have been used for dissection in the Medical College during the summer session. The body was recovered through the efforts of the Rev. Father Neville.

The Nicaraguan Government have formally decided to accede to the compromise proposition for the settlement of the pending trouble, and have notified Washington and London that they will pay Great Britain fifteen thousand five hundred pounds in London fifteen days after the British ships leave the harbour on Corinto. The Imperial Government is not prepared to accede to this proposal.

In the Old Bailey Tuesday, in the trial of Oscar Wilde and Alfred Taylor the defence was opened, and Wilde went into the witness box and denied all the charges made against him, and some of his explanations were greeted with cheers. Sir Edward Blake, for the defence, said that Wilde was the victim of blackmailers, which would be proved. The general feeling of the court Tuesday was much more favorable towards Wilde than on previous days of the trial.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. The Great English Remedy.

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

Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

Card of Thanks!

In retiring from active business, for a season at least, I beg to thank my many friends for their general support during the past 11 years, and while still retaining a half interest in the business, I would ask all my old friends to stand by the new firm, and give my successor, Mr. A. J. Sarjeant, who is a thorough business man with large experience, an undivided and liberal support. You will find him worthy of your fullest confidence, and rest assured that by continuing your connection with the new firm, your highest interests will be protected and promoted, and your mutual relations will be agreeable and satisfactory. The New Firm will sell all goods, except New Spring Goods, at COST PRICE, and have just bought about \$1500 worth of New Spring Goods, at Rock Bottom Prices, for Prompt Cash, embracing Men's and Boys' Ready Made Suits at from \$3.00 to \$5.50, the best value ever laid down in Mildmay. These are no cheap trash, but really good tweed suits, guaranteed to wear well. Call and see them. 20 pieces of Beautiful Crepons and Sateens at 50 per cent. below last year's prices. Prints, Shirts, Gingham, Cottonades, Tweeds etc., etc. in great variety, at prices that will please. \$100.00 worth of Boots and Shoes, splendid value, never so cheap.

Our Success in MILLINERY this season so far, is simply phenomenal. We always occupied the front, but this year it is actually booming. Orders are pouring in as never before. Another car of Sugar on the way. Now is the time to lay in your supply for the summer. Once more I beg to ask you to stay with the new firm. You will buy cheaper than ever, you will be used well. Mr. Ed. N. Butchart will be here to introduce you to Mr. Sarjeant. Good sized, sound Potatoes wanted. Also all other good produce taken as before.

MILDMAY, APRIL 22, 1895.

A. MOYER.

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| Bill Heads | Posters | Business Cards |
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Neat, Clean Work. Prices Moderate

The Gazette

MILDMAY, ONT

DOMINION
Organs and Pianos
are the best.

G. RIFE & SON
Durham st.,
WALKERTON
have them for sale.

GEO. E. LIESEMER
The Leading Blacksmith.

As the Winter is near over and Cutters and Sleighs are all off my hands for this season I will call the attention of my friends to Buggies, Carts, and wagons, which I am busy making up this spring. All are made from the best material in the market and away down in price to suit the times.
Horse shoeing and general jobbing done with the greatest care. I have also in my shop an axle cutter with which I can cut the worst worn axle and make it run like a new rig at small cost. Call and see it and get prices.
GEO. E. LIESEMER

MILDMAY
Planing Mills.

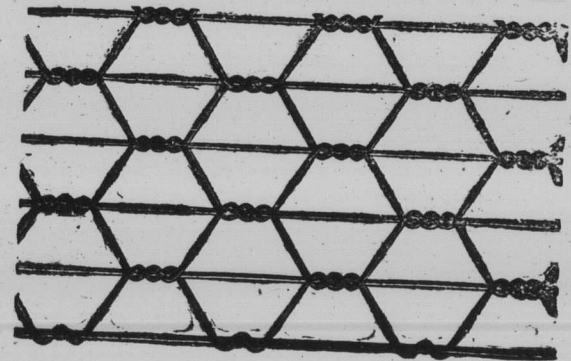
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Furniture Warerooms
G. & N. Schwalm.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Sash, Doors, Lumber
and all kinds of
Building Material

Planing and Sawing done to order. CASH paid for all kinds of saw logs.
CONTRACTS for Buildings taken. Plans Specifications, and estimates furnished on application.
A large and well assorted stock of

FURNITURE
consisting of
Parlor Suites,
Bedroom Suites,
Hall,
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and Kitchen
Furniture,
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of all kinds,
Easy chairs, etc. etc.
Prices Away Down.
worth your while to give us a call.
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Weather Waterproof Ready Mixed Paint

held under patent, has qualities not possessed by other mixed paints. Ask for it. Our buggy top dressing is the best that can be had. Can be put on by any person.



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We weave it on your farm Strong, durable See our new line of Shovels, Spades Garden Tools A few bargains in cook stoves Manure Forks 50c up, Whips 10c up A fine line of Cutlery at cost We have the best Canadian Wringers made Every one warranted Try one

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Foundry and Machine Works,
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Manufacturers of THRESHING MACHINES, ENGINES, NEW MODEL MOWERS, GRAIN CRUSHERS, STRAW CUTTERS, ETC.
Repairing of Threshing machines a Specialty. All kinds of Plow points kept constantly on hand.

Castings made to order.

We have the Finest Machinery and Most Skillful Workmen are prepared to give the best of satisfaction to our customer

All-a-Samee

Cheroots 4 FOR

All Imported Tobacco. 10c

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

J. D. McDONALD,

HORSESHOER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Shop opposite the Bank, Mildmay, Ont.

Having had a long experience both in Canada and the United States, I am confident I can give satisfaction in every line of my trade. My most careful attention given to shoeing especially to horses with bad feet.
I also have a process and the tools for welding new steel plates on the cultivator teeth of Seed Drills, or I can sharpen the old ones (if they are not worn back too far) without drawing out the iron part, which leaves a solid steel point, the same as when new.
Charges low. Give me a call and be convinced.

J. D. McDONALD

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

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

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

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

METHODIST—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. G. Curie, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. A. Scratch, pastor.

SOCIETIES.
C.M.B.A., No. 79—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursdays in each month. A. GOETZ, Pres.
E. WELLES, Sec.
C.O.P.—Court Mildmay, No. 188, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. E. N. BUTCHART, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

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

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

THE MILD MAY GAZETTE,
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HUMON.
Terms:—\$1 per year in advance; otherwise \$1.25.
ADVERTISING RATES.
One Year, months, months.
One column.....\$50 \$30 \$18
Half column.....30 18 10
Quarter column.....18 10 6
Eighth column.....10 6 4
Legal notices, 5c. per line for first and 4c. per line for each subsequent insertion.
Local business notices, 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents.
Contract advertising payable quarterly.
L. A. FINDLAY.

Grand Trunk Time Table.
Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:
GOING SOUTH. GOING NORTH.
Express.....7:15 a.m. Mixed.....10:55 a.m.
Mail.....11:55 " Mail.....2:5 p.m.
Mixed.....5:20 p.m. Express.....9:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

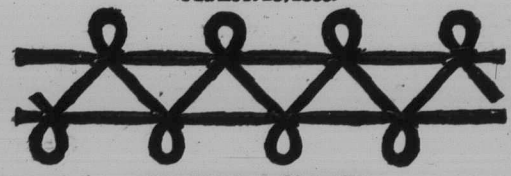
A new roof is being placed on the Royal Hotel this week.
Miss Haas of Walkerton spent last week with her friend, Miss Lulu Huck.
Trout fishing is being indulged in these days, now that the close season is over.
The masons are busy this week erecting the foundations of U. Schmidt's butcher shop.
Chas. Buhlman disposed of one of his fine sets of heavy harness to J. Lewis last week.
Our carriage factories are very busy these days turning out new conveyances for the public.
The building lots sold by auction by Mr. Beechley on Elora street south, last fall, are being fenced in this week.
F. Weiler has the posts erected in front of his premises for a neat fence to enclose fine a residence on Elora street north.
Mr. Jas. Johnston sr. left Monday noon for a business trip to British Columbia. He will be away for about a month.
Thos. Goffrey has commenced excavating for a cellar on his lot on Simpson st., where he is going to erect a residence this summer.
Raymond Schill has a thorough bred Tamworth boar for service at his premises lots 3 and 4, con. 10, Carrick, also a number of young stock always on hand for sale.
Notice—I will not be responsible for any debts or loans contracted by any of my children without my written consent, after this date, (April 29th, 1895). FERDINAND HINSBERGER.
If you need bill heads, letter note heads, circulars, envelopes, or anything in the printing line done. Give the GAZETTE a chance. We do all kinds of work in German or English.
The Misses Beechley wish to notify the ladies of Mildmay and vicinity that they are prepared to do all kinds of dress and mantle making. Rooms—over J. J. Stigler's store. Apprentices wanted. 1 4 hrs.
A meeting of the members of the Mildmay Mechanics Institute will be held in the town hall on Monday evening next for the purpose of electing a Board of Management. All members and those who desire to become members are requested to be present. Meeting opens at 8 o'clock sharp.
The GAZETTE office is now domiciled in the building just north of Wm. Armour's produce exchange and opposite to J. Kunkel's blacksmith shop. Here you will find us prepared to do all kinds of printing neatly and quickly. Call and see our new office. Everybody welcome.

—Lost—A gold seal. Finder will kindly leave same at this office.
—See bills issued this week with program of May 24th demonstration.
—There are 150 horses in training at the Woodbine track, Toronto, for the 24th of May races.
—M. A. Hayes, of the Ayton Independent, was in town on Friday and gave the GAZETTE a friendly call.
—For Sale—Two very desirable building lots on Elora street opposite the British Hotel. Apply to W. H. Holtzman. 17-22.
—J. D. Miller has secured the services of Miss Berdox of Listowel, as clerk in his general store on Absalom street.
—Conrad Liesemer has the cellar in shape for the masons on the lot adjoining the GAZETTE office, where he is going to have erected a neat brick residence shortly.
—Our readers will kindly forgive us for not having as newsy a paper this week, as in the hurry and bustle of moving we have not been able to get around as usual.
—W. H. Schneider has had the fence enclosing his spacious grounds taken down and new posts put in and re-strung, which greatly improves the appearance of the place.
—Mrs. H. J. Meadow and Mrs. B. F. Warner, of Durham, were here on Sunday to see the latter's mother, who is lying seriously ill at the residence of her son, Mr. George Warner, of this village.
—A Murat has been making some extensive improvements on his premises on Absalom street east during the past week. He has had a boulevard erected in front and is having a hedge fence placed thereon.
—"There is no flax mill in Bruce."—Kincairdine Review.—You are wrong, Review. Teeswater has a flax mill, a young one it is true, and Mildmay has rejoiced in a flax mill these many years.—Teeswater News. Correct you are, Bro. Stewart, we have an A1 flax mill here.
—If you have a setting hen to dispose of you can find a ready customer at the Express office.—Clifford Express Bro. Chester's devil has evidently gone on strike and he is now requesting the services of a setting hen to get out his sheet. We notice during the past week or so that he has added six new subscribers thereby doubling his subscription list.
—The R. C. church at Formosa was the scene of a very happy event Tuesday when Mr. Chas. Murphy of Hespeler was united in matrimonial bonds to Miss A. Scheffer of Mildmay. Rev. Geo. Brohmman performed the ceremony. Miss Tena Scheffer assisted the bride through the trying ordeal, while Mr. Geo. Schultheis did similar duty for the groom. As we burnt up our old shoes we annot throw them after the young couple, but wish them every success through their married career.
—The following is the list of licenses granted for Carrick for the ensuing year:—John C. Hofforth, tavern, Carlsruho Hotel; John Zundt, tavern, British Hotel; John Hundt, tavern, Otter Creek Hotel; Clara Guittard, tavern, Commercial Hotel, Mildmay; Henry Hanek, tavern, British Hotel, Mildmay; Leopold Buhlman, tavern, Royal Hotel, Mildmay; Ferdinand Hinsperger, tavern, Railway Hotel, Mildmay; Peter Kulry, tavern, Farmers Hotel, Formosa; Louis Schwartz, tavern, Ambleside Hotel; Joseph Emel, tavern, Decemerton Hotel, Decemerton; David Schwan, wholesale brewers, Carlsruhe; John S. Schwartz, wholesale brewers, Formosa.
—This week we are getting out the bills for the grand demonstration here on the 24th of May. The program is now complete. There are to be three baseball matches by the following teams:—Unions of Gorrie and Wroxeter and the Alphas of Galt, while the married and the single men of the home club will try conclusions. Walkerton and Wingham lacrosse clubs have been engaged, also Prof. Van Every of Galt, high wire walker and trapezo artist. In the forenoon a grand calisthumpian parade will take place. The Citizens' Band of Walkerton has been engaged to discourse sweet music during the day. In the evening a dramatic entertainment will be given in the town hall by the Wingham Dramatic Co. The play is entitled "Among the Breakers." Don't forget the day, May 24th, 1895. Every person should come to Mildmay and help to celebrate her Majesty's birthday in right royal style.

—H. Keelan received a carload of flour from Guelph on Monday.
—Cryderman in Walkerton is selling beautiful parlor paper at 15c.
—Remember the grand demonstration on May 24th at Mildmay.
—The GAZETTE for the balance of the year to new subscribers for 60 cents cash.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. Britton and Mrs. E. H. Dever of Wingham spent Sunday at Mr. John Haines.
—Miss C. L. Irving has returned to her home in Wingham, after spending a month with her aunt, Mrs. John Haines of Carrick.
—A. J. Sarjeant arrived on Thursday and took possession of the business recently carried on by A. Moyer. We wish the new comer every success.
—Henry Ritter moved his household effects to the station and shipped them to Potoskey, Mich., on Wednesday, where he and his family intend to locate.
—Wednesday morning a large number of our people might have been seen wending their way to the favorite fishing grounds with poles on their shoulders. Many a speckled beauty was taken from the watery deep to be roasted over the fire.
—Our correspondents must have surely forgotten us the last few weeks, but we forgive them knowing that they are very busy. Friends, kindly endeavor to let us hear from you weekly if possible and thereby keep your town before the public.
—To Horsemen—As the season is drawing near for you to commence your routes, you will find the GAZETTE office the proper place to get your bills and cards. If we print the bills a route register will be continued in the paper until the season is over. Come friends, give us a chance, we guarantee good work and give satisfaction.
—Wednesday Mr. Chas. Buhlman took charge of his hotel lately purchased from Mr. H. Montag. As Charlie is well-known and has a friendly word for every person we predict for him a successful business career. Mr. Buhlman is going to improve his property and make the Royal one of the best hotels in South Bruce. Charlie will make a good landlord.
—There are two murder trials to come off at the York assizes, namely:—Clara Ford, charged with the murder of Frank Westwood on the evening of October 8th, 1894, and Harry and Dallas Hyams for the murder of Wm. C. Wells, a clerk in their employ on Jan. 18th, 1893. The former is on trial at the present time and the Hyams case will probably come up on Monday. Chancellor Boyd is the presiding justice.
—On Sunday, May 5th, the children of the Roman Catholic church of Formosa, will go to their first communion. There are eighty-two in number. Services will commence at 10 o'clock a. m. On Sunday, May 12th, the children of the Mildmay R. C. church will go to their first communion. There are about thirty-six in number. Service will begin at 9:30 a. m. On this occasion the attending priest will preach in English. One and all are invited.
—This week many of our citizens have changed residences. J. E. Mulholland has left F. Zettle's place and is now domiciled in H. Miller's cottage; A. Moyer moved into the house vacated by Mr. Mulholland; C. Buhlman moved into his hotel and H. Montag to his farm near Neustadt; F. Scheffer has moved into his house recently purchased from Adams & Miller, Hanover, lately occupied by Chas. Buhlman; L. A. Hinsperger moved into A. Goetz's house; L. A. Findlay moved from J. Schnitzler's residence on Peter st. to premises recently purchased by him from W. H. Holtzman.
—It has been ascertained that Luther J. Allan's death at Stratford resulted from an overdose of chloral.
The License Commissioners at London have extended the time for closing barrooms to 11 o'clock, standard time.
In the Senate on Tuesday Mr. Miller called attention to the large number of vacancies now, and for some time back, existing in the Senate, and announced his intention of enquiring why such vacancies have been allowed.
Lord Sholto Douglas, son of the Marquis of Queensberry, who was arrested on a charge of insanity to prevent him marrying a variety actress, is at present in San Francisco, without funds, and looking very shabby.

HARDWARE
at prices to suit the times.

The Nathaway Patent Fence Wire
Pat. Nov. 19, 1893.



Above Cut is One-half Actual Size.

The Strongest, the Handsomest, the most Visible, the most Harmless, in fact the cheapest fence in the market, suitable for Field, Garden or Lawn work.
Barbed, Oiled, Annealed and Plain Twist Wires
Daisy Churns, American and Canadian Coal Oils, Paint and machine oils, Axle Grease, Patent Window Blinds, Etc.
Builders Supplies a Specialty. Also agent for all leading Bicycles.

CONRAD LIESEMER.
Jack Screws to rent at moderate terms.

MILDMAY DRUG STORE
DIAMOND AND TURKISH
DYES
AT CUT PRICES

10 cent package for 8 cents,
Two 10 cent packages for 15 cents,
Four 10 cent packages for 25 cents.

COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS
AND
PATENT MEDICINES
Druggists' Sundries, Etc.
R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor

JOHNSTON'S
CASH AND PRODUCE STORE
A Full Stock of.....
Nice Fresh Groceries.....

Splendid Lot of Select VALENCIA RAISINS cheap.—new crop.
A full range of the Best Quality of SPICES.
New Teas, Prices Right.

Dry Goods Department
Tweeds, Worsted, Cottonades, Shirts, Ladies Wear, Men's furnishing, Linens, Honey Comb Quilts, Satin Quilts, Lace Curtains, Flannelettes, Prints and Gingham.

I have to pay cash for my goods, like other merchants, and can sell as cheap as any of them, as my expenses are low. Paying cash, I get every advantage and am prepared to share the benefits with my customers.

Butter and Eggs Taken in Exchange
Call and See Goods and Prices
JAMES JOHNSTON.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

NEW DRUG STORE
Next Door South of Schneider & Miller's
MILDMAY

The Store was erected specially for this business. The stock is all new and fresh, selected from the best wholesale houses, and care has been taken to secure none but the purest goods. Full lines of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES.....
TRUSS, SURGICAL APPLIANCES.....
TOILET ARTICLES AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.....
and everything to be found in a first-class Pharmacy.
Also a complete stock of STATIONERY, WRITING MATERIALS, SCHOOL BOOKS AND SUPPLIES, etc.
It will be a pleasure to have you call and inspect any of the goods.

The People's Drug Store
J. A. WILSON
Family Recipes and Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Night Calls promptly attended.

UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER LL AND ALL IN VAIN.

Guest stood looking at his friend for a few moments, half astonished, half amused.

"Look here," he said at last, "we can talk freely in this place. Come out and have a cigar on the sands."

Then, stopping short by the ebbing sea, drew out his cigar case and offered it; but it was waved aside.

"Quite right," said Guest shortly; "we can smoke now. Look here, old fellow, I couldn't be your friend if I did not know that you were in the wrong."

"I must have known we were coming here, and you must see now that you have done as I said, a cruel thing in coming here, and you will be ready to start with me in the morning first thing."

"I tell you I did not know they were coming here," said Stratton in a deep, solemn tone; "I tell you I did not follow you, and I tell you that I cannot leave here with you in the morning."

"Then how in the world did you come here?"

"I don't know. I suppose it was fate."

"Boh! Who believes in fate? Don't talk nonsense, man. I am horribly sorry for you, as sorry as I can be for a man who is my friend, but who has never trusted or confided in me; but I stand now toward the admiral and Myra in such a position that I cannot keep aloof and see them insulted—well, I will not say that—see their feelings hurt by the reckless conduct of a man who is in the wrong."

"In the wrong?" said Stratton involuntarily.

"Yes, in the wrong. You have wronged Myra."

Stratton sighed.

"And made her the wreck she is. I don't say you could have made things better by speaking out—that is your secret—but I do say you could make matters better by keeping away."

"Yes, I must go away as soon as possible."

"You will, then?" cried Guest eagerly.

"In the morning?"

"No; yes, if I can get away."

"That's quibbling, man; an excuse to get near and see her," cried Guest angrily.

"I swear it is not," cried Stratton. "You will not believe me even after seeing your letter—which I had forgotten—was unopened."

"I can't, Mal. I wish to goodness I could."

"Never mind. I can say no more."

"You mean that you will say no more," said Guest shortly.

"I mean what I said," replied Stratton. "Very well. You must take your road; I must take mine."

Stratton was silent, and Guest turned short round on his heel, took a couple of steps away, but turned back.

"Mal, old chap, you make me wild," he cried, holding out his hand. "I know it's hard to bear—I know how you loved her, but sacrifice self for your honor's sake; I was a man, and come away. There, I'll walk with you to the post town. You'll come?"

"I cannot yet."

"Why?"

"It is better that I should not tell you," replied Stratton firmly. "Will you trust me?"

"Will you confide in me, and tell me all your reasons for this strange conduct?"

"Some day; not now."

"You will not trust me, and you ask me to trust you. It can't be done, man; you ask too much. Once more, are we to be friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you will go?"

"Yes."

"At once?"

"No."

"Bah!" ejaculated Guest angrily, and he turned and strode away.

"He must think it—he must think it," muttered Stratton as he hurried on, now stumbling over a piece of rock, now slipping on some heap of weed left by the tide.

He was about to try off to the right when all at once he heard voices above his head to the left, and listening intently, he made out the deep tones of the admiral, and an answer came in Guest's familiar voice.

"Is he telling him that I am here?" thought Stratton. No, for there was a pleasant little laugh—Edie's.

But the next who spoke was the admiral, and his words came distinctly to Stratton, with every nerve strained, Stratton stood rooted to the sands.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Sir Mark, "but we've plenty of time. We'll have a sail another day, and a wander about the sands to-morrow. I'll charter a boat at St. Malc, and make her come round. Now, my dears, in with you; it's getting late."

"My dears!" Then Myra was there all the time above where he stood.

The cottage must be close at hand, and in a few moments he was opposite the door of the long, low habitation on its little shelf of the cliff.

Everyone had retired; and Stratton hesitated, feeling that he must defer his communication till the morning.

At all hazards such a critical position must be ended, and he tapped gently at Bretton's casement.

"Who is there?"

"I—Stratton."

The fastening grated, and the window was thrown open.

"What is it?" whispered Bretton; "are you ill?"

"Yes; sick at heart. We must be off at once."

"Hush! speak lower! there is only the closed door between my room and his," whispered Bretton, "and he is restless to-

night. I've heard him move and mutter. In heaven's name what is it—the police on the scent?"

"Would that they were waiting to take him off this moment, man," whispered Stratton. "Myra and her father are here."

"You're mad."

"Yes. But they are in the house above."

"They—the newcomers just arrived?"

"Yes. I thought I saw Guest and Edie to-night in the darkness. I was going to tell you, but I felt ashamed, thinking you would say what you did just now. But I have met Guest since, and spoken with him. Five minutes ago I heard Sir Mark speaking."

"Great Heavens!" gasped Bretton again. "Then we have brought him here to place wife and husband face to face?"

"Yes," said Stratton hoarsely.

"What is to be done?"

"You must rouse him quietly, and steal out with him. Bring him along under the cliff close up to the inn. While you are getting him there I will go and hire a cart by some means to take us to the next place; failing that, I'll arrange with some fishermen to run us along the coast in their boat to St. Malc. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Bretton. "I understand, but it is impossible."

"Perhaps; but this is the time to perform impossibilities. It must be done!"

"I tell you it is impossible said Bretton slowly. "At the first attempt to rouse him there would be a scene. He would turn obstinate and enraged. He is restless, as I told you. I should have to awaken the people here for I could not force him to leave by the window, and this would precipitate the discovery, perhaps bring Sir Mark and your friend Guest down from the place above."

"I tell you it must be done," said Stratton, but with less conviction.

"You know it cannot be," said Bretton firmly. "I am certain that he would have one of his fits. Think of the consequences then."

"I do," whispered Stratton; "and the thoughts are maddening. What's that?"

"Speak lower. It was Barron moving in his room. Look here; there need be no discovery if we are cool and cautious. It is absurd to attempt anything now. Wait till the morning. Let him get up at his usual time. He will be quiet and manageable then. I will keep him in, and wait till the Jerolds are gone out—they are sure to go—most likely to sea for a sail—and then join you at the inn, where you can have a carriage or boat waiting. Then we must escape just as we stand; our luggage could be fetched another time. We can be going to take him for a drive."

Stratton was silent.

"It is the only way, I'm sure," whispered Bretton.

"Yes," said Stratton, with a sigh. "I am afraid you are right."

"I am sure I am."

"Yes," said Stratton. "Hush! is that he moving again?"

"And talking in his sleep. But you are sure there is no doubt?"

"Doubt, man? No. Yes, it must be as you say; but, mind, I shall be a prisoner at the inn. I cannot stir out. You must give me warning when you will come."

"And you must not speak or notice him."

"Oh, we must risk all that," said Stratton more loudly. "Our only course is at all risks to get him right away."

"Hush! Be silent. Now go."

Stratton hesitated as he heard a low muttering again in the next room; but Bretton pressed his hand and thrust him away.

"Go," he said, and softly closed the window, while Stratton moved away with a strange foreboding of coming peril.

CHAPTER LII THE CULMINATION OF DESPAIR.

Stratton went to his room, put out his light, and threw open the casement to sit and listen to the wash of the coming tide. To sleep was impossible. He did not even think of lying down, but sat there waiting for the first streaks of day with the face of Myra always before him.

"And I sit here," he cried, and started from his seat, "when she is there yonder waiting for me. A word would rouse her from her sleep, if she does sleep. She may be sitting at her window even now, wakeful and wretched as I, and ready to trust me, to let me lead her far away from all this misery and despair. Heaven never could mean us to suffer as we do. It is a natural prompting. She must be waiting for me now."

For hope came with the approach of day, and when at last the first pale dawn appeared in the east, and by degrees there was a delicious opalescent tint on the waves, where a soft breeze was slowly wafting away the mist, it was a calm, grave, thoughtful man, nerved to the day's task, who went forth with the knowledge that the people of the inn were already stirring, for as he stepped out a casement was opened, and the landlady greeted him with the customary bon jour.

Stratton returned the greeting, and told her his requirements—a sailing boat and men to take him and his friends for a good long cruise.

"Ah, yes!" said the landlady; "of course, and monsieur would pay them well"—and at another time there were Jacques, and Jean, and Andre, and many more who would have been so glad—for it was going to be a day superb; look at the light on the water like the silver shewn upon a mackerel, to prove her words—but the hands went out last night, and would not return in time from the fishing.

"But was there no one else?"

"Not a soul, monsieur. Why, there was a great nobleman—an old sea admiral—English, at the little chateau who had sent only last night, wanting a boat to sail with the beautiful ladies he had brought, one of whom was a stately old man, at least, with hair gray; but no, he could not have a boat for any money. Why could not monsieur take his sick friend for a beautiful long drive?"

Stratton jumped at the proposal.

"Yes; that would do," he said.

"Then Guillaume should have the horse and chaise ready at any time monsieur chose to name."

After a time Stratton was summoned to breakfast and coffee hastily, he returned to his room when the landlady appeared to say that a boy was there to deliver a message to him alone, and upon going out a heavy looking peasant announced that he was to go on to the cottage.

Stratton caught up his hat and started, full of anxiety.

But he felt the next moment that it was folly to bring a wheeled vehicle down upon that heavy sand, and keeping a sharp lookout for those he wished to avoid, and taking advantage of every sheltering rock, he at length reached the cottage, at whose door he was met by the fisherman.

"Where is my friend?" said Stratton sharply.

"In his chamber, monsieur, exceedingly ill."

Stratton hurried in, to find Bretton in bed looking pinched of cheek, his eyes sunken and blue beneath the lids, and perfectly insensible.

"What does this mean?" cried Stratton.

"We did not hear the gentleman moving this morning, but my husband heard him stirring in the night, sir; oh, yes; and when I went to call him he answered so strangely that I entered and gave a cry, for he looked as if he was going to the death, monsieur."

"I wanted to send for you, but he forbade me. He said he would be better soon, and I made him tea, and gave him some cognac, and he grew better, then worse, then better again. It is something bad with his throat, monsieur. Look, it is all worse, quite blue."

Stratton gazed at the livid marks in horror.

"Where is Mr. Cousin, our invalid?" he said, beginning to tremble now.

"Oh, he, monsieur, he insisted upon going out on the sands with his attendant Margot."

"Which way?" gasped Stratton.

"Yonder, monsieur," said the woman, pointing to the southeast.

"Here, get cognac; bathe his face," panted Stratton, half wild now with horror "and send someone for the nearest doctor. Quick. I shall be back soon—if I live," he muttered as he rushed off through the deep, loose sand to find and bring back their charge before he encountered the Jerolds on the beach.

His toil had been in vain, and a jealous, maddening pang shot through him.

There, some forty yards away, sat Barron upon a huge bowlder, his back propped against a rock, and his attendant knitting a short distance back, while Miss Jerold sat on the sands reading beneath a great sunshade. The admiral was smoking his cigar, looking down at Barron; Edie and Guest were together; and Myra, pale, gentle, and with a smile upon her lip, was offering the invalid a bunch of grapes, which he was gently taking from her hand.

"The past condoned," said Stratton to himself; "future—well, he is her husband, after all. Great Heavens, am I really mad, or is all this a waking dream?"

He staggered back and nearly fell, so terrible was the rush of horror through his brain, but he could not draw away his eyes, and he saw that Barron was speaking and holding out his hand—that Myra responded by laying hers within his palm, and the fingers closed upon it—fingers that not many hours back must have held Bretton's throat in a deadly grip.

CHAPTER LIII JULIE IS FROM HOME.

"And that is the woman who told me that she loved me!" said Stratton.

It was the thought of Bretton that saved him just as the blood was rushing to his head and a stroke was imminent.

He had left his friend apparently dying, and had rushed off to save Myra.

"While I was wanted there," he muttered in a weak, piteous way. "Ah, it has all been a dream, and now I am awake. Poor Bretton, my best friend after all!"

For a few moments the blood rushed to his temples in his resentment against Myra, and then against Guest.

"Another slave to a woman's charms!" he said, with a bitter laugh. "Poor old Percy! how can I blame him after what I have done myself for a weak, contemptible woman's sake?"

He stopped short, grinding his teeth together in resentment against himself.

"It is not true," he cried; "it is not true. She could not help herself. They have driven her to it, or else—No, no, I cannot think."

He moved on toward the cottage, threading his way more by instinct than sight among the rocks, but only to stop short again, horrified by the thought that now assailed him.

His old friend's eyes were opened, and he looked wildly at Stratton as he entered, and feebly raised one hand.

"Dale!" he whispered as he clung to Stratton.

"Hush! don't talk."

"I—must," he said feebly. "Mind that he does not leave the place. To-night you must get help and take him away."

"I am right, then—he did attack you?"

"Yes, not long after you had gone. I was asleep, when I was awakened with a start, thinking you had returned, but I was borne back directly. He had me by the throat. Malcolm, lad, I thought it was all over. I struggled, but he was too strong. I remembered thinking of your words, and then all was blank till I saw a light in the room, and found these people attending me. I had awakened them with my groans. They do not grasp the truth. Don't tell them. Let them think it is an affection of the throat, but we must never trust him again."

"There will be no need," said Stratton bitterly.

"What do you mean?"

"He has gone."

"You have let him escape? No; you have handed him over to the police. Oh, my dear boy, you shouldn't have done that. The man is mad."

"I told you I should not do so," said Stratton coldly. "You are wrong."

"But you stand there. Good Heavens, man! Those two may meet. Don't mind me. I am better now. Go at once."

"No, I shall not leave you until you are fit to move."

"It is not an illness but an injury, which will soon pass off. Go at once. Man, do you not see that he may find her, after all!"

"He has found her," said Stratton slowly, and speaking in a strangely mechanical way.

"What?"

"Or they have found him." And he told the old man all he had seen.

Bretton heard him to the end, and then faintly, but with conviction in his tones, he cried:

"Impossible! It cannot be true."

Stratton looked at him wistfully, and shook his head.

"No he said drawing a deep breath; 'it cannot be true.'"

Bretton, whose breathing was painful, lay back watching his companion with dilated eyes, and drawn back to the woman who had drawn back from the bed and waited while her visitor talked to his friend.

"Madame," he said in French, "M. Cousin?"

She turned from the window where she had been watching.

"Out on the sands, monsieur," she said in a startled way. "My good man says he is sitting with the new company who have come since yesterday to the house above."

"Where is your husband?"

"Out, sir. He was obliged to go to the ville."

"And still it is impossible," said Stratton slowly as he looked appealingly in the old man's eyes. "It cannot be true. Bretton, tell me that my mind is wandering; all this is more than I can bear."

"Shall I wait, monsieur?" asked the woman, who was trembling visibly.

"No, I am better now," said Bretton. "Leave me with my friend"—and as soon as they were alone—"I shall not want a doctor now. There is some mystery here, Malcolm, lad, far more than we know."

"Thank God!" said Stratton.

"Stratton," cried the old man fiercely, "is it a time to give up weakly like that?"

The stricken man started to his feet, and threw back his head as if his friend's words had suddenly galvanized him into life and action.

"That man is not to be trusted for an hour. You know it, and yet you stand there leaving her in his hands. Even if it were possible that her father has condoned the past, he does not know what is familiar to us. But he has not. Boy, I tell you there is some mistake."

"What shall I do?" said Stratton hoarsely.

"Go tell them at once. Tell them of his attack upon me."

"They have forgotten the past, and will say it is the invention of a jealous enemy."

"Then I will go myself," cried the old man; and, feeble though he was, he insisted upon dressing for his self-imposed task.

"They will believe me," he said; "and though I can hardly think there is danger to anyone but us, whom Barron seems instinctively to associate with his injury, Sir Mark must know the facts."

"Yes," said Stratton gravely; "he must know. I will go with you now. He cannot doubt you."

The old man tottered a little, but his strong will supplied the strength, and, taking his stick, they moved toward the door.

"We have done wrong, Stratton," he said; "the man should have been denounced. I ought to have acted more wisely, but at first my only thought was to save you from the consequences of your misfortune, and keep all I knew from ever reaching Myra's ears. Our sin has found us out and there is nothing for it but to make a clean breast now."

Stratton hesitated for a few moments.

"You are too feeble," he said.

"Oh, yes," cried the woman, who came forward. "Monsieur is too ill to go out. It is horrible that he should be so bad at our poor house."

"You say your husband is out?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur. I begged him not to go, but he said that he must go."

"Not to fetch a doctor?"

"N—no, monsieur," faltered the woman hysterically. "It is not my fault, monsieur; I begged him not to go—and—O Ciel! that it should have happened."

"No one blames you, my good woman," said Stratton as she burst into a hysterical fit of sobbing, while Bretton looked at her strangely. "If he had been here he could have helped my friend down to the sands."

"And monsieur will forgive us," sobbed the woman; "we are poor, honest people, and it is so terrible for your good friend to be like that."

"Quick!" said Bretton. "I am strong enough. Let's get it over before something happens."

He clung to Stratton's arm, and, supporting himself with his stick, he made a brave effort, and, gaining strength out in the soft sea air, he walked slowly but pretty firmly along by the foot of the cliff.

"If Julie would only return," sobbed the woman hysterically. "Oh, that such a misfortune should come upon our home! Poor gentleman! and he bears it like a lamb."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHERE IT IS VERY COLD NORTHERN SIBERIA IS THE COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH.

Weather That Makes a Canadian Winter Seem Like a Southern Spring—Ground Freezes Forty-Five Feet Deep—Lakes Solid to Bottom.

Naturally with the arrival of spring the thoughtful mind recurs to the rigors of the winter. Captain Temski, a member of the Russian topographical corps, says the little settlement of Nova Jaroslav is in the centre of the most frigid section of the earth. The town is situated on the River Kalalimnka, a tributary of the Lena.

As early as the middle of September the Kalkinnska River begins to run with drift ice, formed in the icy uplands that border the river system of the Lena in the east, and about the end of October no skater need entertain a doubt about the solidity of the ice fields. A chain of lakes, some twenty miles north of the Kalkalimnka, freezes to the bottom about that time. Swarms of gray cranes, as hardy as polar petrels, can be seen flocking off to their southern winter quarters. In the wooded valleys of the Altair Range these birds will sport about their roosting trees in a temperature of 29 degrees below zero, as noisy as Spanish jackdaws, and apparently as happy, but the zephyrs of Nova Jaroslav are too much for them. During the last week in October Captain Temski's cook had to draw his water supply from an ice hole more than six feet deep, and a chicken that made its escape from the basement of the house and insisted on passing the night in a cedar thicket was found dead the next morning.

IT WAS BRACING WEATHER.

In 1893 Temski and a party of gold-seekers, exploring the Kalkalimnka valley, discovered a bed of coal—a sort of lignite, inferior to bituminous coal, but cropping out so abundantly that the quantity can be made to compensate the grade of the quality. With this coal and a liberal admixture of resinous wood the captain's servants kept up two roaring fires, one in the open fireplace and the other in a big coal stove, placed near the centre of the room, which at the same time served as a kitchen and a dormitory. When the storm got more than usually severe heavy woollen blankets were hung up before the wind-side windows and along the most exposed walls, though the logs used in the construction of the building were about a foot in diameter and covered with overlapping boards. Rugs were spread on the floor, and the door of the room was rarely opened before the porch doors had been carefully closed. A double-ceiled log cabin is really much warmer than a brick house, yet in spite of the massive architecture and all the above-named precautions water would freeze in the neighborhood of the window, while the stove (only three steps away) was red hot and the chimney fire in full blaze.

In the coolest corner of the 18 by 20 room the thermometer often registered 20 degrees below freezing, i. e., 12 above zero, when the dinner was getting ready and the big stove vibrating like a superheated boiler. Vinegar, mustard, milk and tea could be preserved for weeks together in the form of ice chips of various colors. Glass inkstands burst, and writing would have been next to impossible if the captain had not had a large assortment of lead pencils and of heavy paper that could be warmed near the stove to lessen the discomfort of bringing the hand in contact with a smooth, ice-cold surface.

On the 22nd day of December a blinding blizzard set in, obliterating roads and ravines, but during the third night the sky cleared under the influence of an intense frost, and on the morning before Christmas the thermometers registered 75 degrees below zero. "I had a fur mantle lined with soft flannel," says Captain Temski, "and wide enough to go over two ordinary great coats. Into that triple stratum of dry goods I could retire as into a warm bed, but on the morning of Dec. 24 it barely kept me from shivering while I was crouching under a stack of blankets near enough our large stove to make the wool smoke."

IT BECAME BALMY.

In the afternoon the thermometer rose to 68 degrees (below zero), but a slight breeze having sprung up the air felt colder than during the dead calm of the icy morning. Owing to a slight change in the direction of the wind the next night was a little less murderously cold, but the frost had penetrated the building, and the next morning Captain Temski found that his whiskers had frozen to the sleeve of the overcoat that served him as a pillow. About an hour before noon two Yakoots, arrived with an assortment of "Christmas presents," or rather articles for barter, since they were somewhat fastidious in the selection of counter presents. They had come three English miles afoot, from the neighborhood of the coal mines, and chatted as pleasantly as if they had just enjoyed a Thanksgiving ramble in the bracing air of a November morning, "Foreign travelers," says the captain, "have often admired the stoicism of these savages, who keep their temper in an ice storm that makes a Cossack exhaust his vocabulary of blasphemies; but the truth seems to be that they do not feel frost as severely as strangers do; their nerves are blunt, in every sense of the word, and the only effect of protracted exposure is to make them a little more lazy than usual."

Captain Temski, however, admits that the short, warm summer thaws only about 20 inches of the surface soil in the vicinity of Nova Jaroslav, the clay below remaining as frost-rigid as ever the year round to something like the depth above named (forty to fifty feet).

Seeing in the Dark.

Tommy, Yes, cats can see in the dark, and so can Ethel; cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sitting all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him, "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved to-day."

No Light on the Matter.

As to the cause of this phenomenon, said the man in the moon during the total eclipse, I am entirely in the dark.

THE FARM.

Farm-Yard Manures.

There is a manure that combines the three elements, nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, in very suitable proportions, and it is to be regretted that it is not found in larger quantities on every farm, viz., farm-yard manures. Thus you perceive the best, surest, and cheapest material to carry on the work of restoration is under our direct control.

Of the excrements of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, according to many careful and elaborate analyses, that of the sheep is the richest, especially in nitrogen and phosphoric acid. The manure of the horse comes next, being rich in the same constituents, but owing to its hot nature it ferments and volatilizes very rapidly, and unless care is exercised much of its value may be lost. Swine and cattle excrements follow in the order named. These latter are of a much colder nature and accordingly do not ferment rapidly. It is quite evident, then, that the best way to preserve these manures is to mix them together as they are made, thus retarding rapid fermentation and the consequent losses it involves. Now from this it appears that the value of the manure will depend to a considerable extent on the proportion of the various excrements it contains. For example, that obtained from sheep and horses being richer in nitrogen and phosphoric acid and fermenting so rapidly, would be much better adapted for hot beds than if it contained all four mentioned. But in considering this point we must not forget that the excrement of cattle is produced in so much larger quantities that it really overbalances the superior richness of sheep and swine dung for general use.

The next thing that affects the value of the manure is the kind and quantity of the litter used. Many analyses have been made of the various kinds of straw, and it is generally recognized at present that pea straw is the most valuable as it contains the highest percentage of potash, which is one of the essential elements of plant food. Oat, wheat, and rye follow in the order named. There are many others, as leaves, sawdust, etc., but straw is the one in general use. Barley straw is objectionable from the fact that the beards adhere to the coat of the animal and spoil its appearance. No definite rule can be laid down as to the amount of litter required, but sufficient to absorb all the liquid thoroughly and keep the animal dry, clean, and warm should be supplied. The shorter and finer form it is in the better for the purpose intended.

The nature of the food will also exert a great influence on the value of the manure. For it is reasonable to suppose that if a poor ration is fed the excrement will be correspondingly poorer, and vice versa if a rich ration is consumed. Many interesting and instructive experiments have been conducted along these lines, and the analyses have invariably shown that the richer or poorer the ration, so the manure will be proportionately richer or poorer in the elements combined in the food fed.

We have now come to the consideration of the best means of preserving manure. Very much has been written on this subject, but as yet no very satisfactory or unanimous result has been arrived at. There are, nevertheless, a few rules that may be laid down for our guidance that will at least help us to some extent.

Very many barn-yards are so exposed to the sun and rain that they add to the inducing the destructive fermentative processes and the other in washing out the more valuable parts in the form of liquid. Again, many barn-yards are situated so that they form a natural drain from the manure heap. This can generally be remedied without much expense or difficulty. Always have the barn-yard as little exposed as possible; have it on a perfectly level piece of ground and have it concave and well hollowed out so as to form a natural drain from the sides to the center, and this will form a reservoir and thus effectively prevent loss from washing. It is estimated by chemists that the farmers of this province annually allow from one-third to one-half of the most soluble and certainly from this fact the most valuable part of their manure to leach away through neglect of these principles. We also know that air or rather the oxygen it contains is one of the chief causes of loss in the manure pile. Therefore, we should always keep the manure well trampled and compact to prevent its gaining access. It is not desirable to ferment manure in the barn-yard very much, if any, owing to the serious losses it is likely to incur. That can be done with safety and without loss in the ground.

Preserving Eggs for Long Periods.

Numerous methods of preserving eggs are in use. The idea of all of this is to keep air out of the egg, as by such absence of oxygen decay can be arrested for a considerable length of time, especially if the eggs are perfectly fresh at the start and are kept in a cool, dark place. The standard method, most used by speculators and dealers, is to put the eggs in lime-water. The process is as follows, this recipe having been widely sold at \$5 under pledge of secrecy:—

Take 24 gallons of water, 12 lbs. of un-slaked lime and 4 lbs. of salt, or in that proportion according to the quantity of eggs to be preserved. Stir several times daily and then let stand until the liquor has settled and is perfectly clear. Draw off carefully, dip off the clear liquid, leaving the sediment at the bottom. Take for the above amount of liquid 5 oz. each of baking soda, cream of tartar, saltpeter and borax and an ounce of alum. Pulverize and mix these and dissolve in one gallon of boiling water and add to the mixture about 20 gallons of pure lime-water. This will about fill a cider barrel. Put the eggs in carefully, so as not to crack any of the shells, letting the water always stand an inch above the eggs, which can be done by placing a barrel head a little smaller upon them and weighting it. This amount of liquid will preserve 350 dozen eggs. It is

not necessary to wait to get a full barrel or smaller package of eggs, but they can be put in at any time that they can be obtained fresh. The same liquid should be used only once.

Dairy Notes.

In buying a dairy cow from a dairyman, it is safe to not take the seller's pick of the herd.

The strong claim of the Jersey cow is fine butter in large quantity economically produced.

The cow is the farmer's machine for manufacturing dairy products; therefore he cannot know too much about her.

Kindness helps to create a quiet disposition, so important in a dairy cow, and this education must begin when the calf is young—any habits acquired when young are apt to cling to the cow when grown.

Butter color properly used pleases the eye of the consumer, and prepares him to enjoy his butter, which, other qualities being found tolerable, he does. If your butter comes on the market white, the consumer won't buy it; so, however good it may be otherwise, it goes into the "soap-grease."

The key to the whole situation of successful dairying lies in good grass ground. Unless the ground is well seeded, fertilized, occasionally cultivated and favored by keeping too much stock off it, the best crops cannot result, and poor crops reduce the output and income. There ought to be systematic care in growing grass as much as in growing grain or other crops.

Every time a cow shivers she takes another mouthful of food to produce extra caloric. She also gets into a way of doing it from habit, just as a man takes his stimulant. A few cows will eat up enough extra food to pay for a good shelter. Cattle thus protected will turn out extra hundreds of weight of flesh accumulated, instead of costing extra hundreds weight of food consumed.

Bodies for Slender Figure.

A party bodies for a thin girl who cannot wear a decollete dress, is pale bachelorette blue chiffon, made extravagantly full. The fullness of the sleeves is secured not alone by making them very large round about the arm, but by allowing in the length for the rows of puckering that give the perpendicular puffs when the gathering threads are drawn up in place. This sleeve



has a second silken lining to the elbow-much larger than the whole lining, the middle lining is distended with the crinoline, and then the chiffon puffs are allowed to droop whither they will, securing a floating effect that is very charming. The deep yoke effect is secured by gathering the chiffon between three bands of blue jeweled jet, which also trims the forearm sleeves. This may be of handsome design, but must be open and light in appearance, else it will not be appropriate upon such delicate stuff as the chiffon. The stock is held on each side by a blue jet buckle from behind which a double ruffle of the chiffon in uneven lengths stands out smartly. Cream lace falls from below the yoke across the front and back, disappearing over the shoulders where the fluff of chiffon leaves no place for it.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

A Wonderful Memory.

The newest society "sensation" in St. Petersburg is an old peasant woman with a wonderful memory. Her name is Irina Andrejewna Fedosova; she is 70 years of age, can neither read nor write, but knows by heart over 10,000 legends, folk-songs and poems! When she gives a public recital the scene is a striking one. A little bent figure appears, hobbling on the platform, sits down on a chair, with hands folded and withered face quite expressionless. Amid a hush of expectations she begins to speak; then her face brightens, her eyes open widely and sparkle, while her voice grows clear and penetrating. She looks 10 years younger in her enthusiasm, as she half speaks, half sings the legends of her youth, tales of great wars, old fairy-tales, long-lost tragedies or tender love stories, while the audience, carried away by her strange magnetism, listens spell-bound, laughs and weeps at her will. She is the "rage" in the Russian capital, and we hear that two eminent literary men have written down a number of her memory-stored treasures, which they intend to publish in book form, when it should prove rich find for lovers of folk-lore.

Easy Enough.

The idea! said the fluffy girl. Here is some ridiculous person going to give a lecture on how to be beautiful. As if every one did not know the secret.

Indeed! said the sharp-nosed girl. And what is the secret, pray?

Why, dress in correct style, of course.

Suited Her.

She said: I like that lamp so much. Said he: Why is that so? And she replied: Because, you see, it will turn down so low.

THE HOME.

Practical Words.

A little common sense and a smattering of chemistry in manipulating one's meals is of great importance. Why serve soggy potatoes when to carefully pare and soak them in cold water an hour before cooking will render the most unpromising specimens tender and mealy, with a surface white as falling snowflakes? All vegetables should be cooked swiftly and eaten before the vitalizing gases effervesce and render them heavy and unwholesome.

The tannic acid accruing from tea and coffee after they have passed the subtle rubicon of scientific distillation is deadly poison, and cuts into the stomach and intestines like vitriol. In making these delicious drinks, to ensure strength with fragrance, the water should be put on cold and the brewing done the instant it reaches the boiling point.

In choosing beef or lamb take the cut of bright red with suet or tallow of bluish white. Roast in a quick oven and serve so that the red juices follow the knife. Veal pork should be of a bright pink, well seasoned with sweet herbs and cooked thoroughly. Cold meats should be served with some savory appetizer.

Almost any wide awake woman, after a little experience in cooking, will find two things true; first, there are certain laws which if not even an angel would dare disregard if he hoped to make perfect dishes. For example, she observes that custard will always curdle if it is allowed to boil; that the yeast bread will lose its "heat" and sweetness if it is allowed to rise too long; that it is the wire spoonwhip and not the Dover egg beater that converts the white of egg into the tender large celled froth so essential to the best cake, and so on. And secondly, she will discover in herself a quite unsuspected talent for making fresh combinations of materials and producing new and toothsome dishes. A fair degree of common sense—or "gumption," as it is used to be called—and a little imagination, will suggest such combinations.

Many culinary sins are committed in the name of rice and macaroni, than which, when cleverly prepared, there are not two more wholesome and savory dishes for any family dinner table. Rice, when served as a dinner dish, needs to be in combination with some pantry element in order to give it favor, and nothing can be more highly recommended than curry. To curry rice properly a tiny onion should first be minced and fried a nice golden brown in a heating tablespoonful and a half of butter. To this should be added a teaspoon of washed white Carolina rice, along with a bunch of minced market herbs, a level teaspoonful of curry powder, a pinch of pepper, and half a pint of liquid beef extract. Stir the compound lightly, but completely, then over the top of the pan place a butter-greased paper and let it all cook very gently for forty minutes.

Economy.

Save your time by learning to do the right thing at the right time, and in the best, easiest, and shortest way possible. Save your strength in the same way, and also by using labor saving machines. Take at least a few minutes' rest, when you are too tired to do your work well, for not to do work right is a waste of time and strength. Make it a pleasure for the children to "help mother," instead of a duty which they think is more than should be expected of them.

Save your patience. You may need it some time when greater trials surround you, and if you keep losing it in part every day you can never get it together again. If you save your time and strength, much of your patience will be stored up for future use; will power must do the rest.

Save your breath, don't scold. You may die "for want of breath" sooner if you scold than you might otherwise.

Save the love of your little ones and the sunshine they bring into your home. Some day your life will be dark when this sunshine has entered the home above. Some day their love may go out toward some one beside you.

Save food by cooking just enough and no more; by avoiding rich pastry, cakes, etc., and choosing only that which is wholesome. Utilize cold victuals by making appetizing dishes whose origin is disguised.

Save clothing, not by merely buying the lowest in price, but the most durable and best looking that your purse will allow. Higher priced goods sometimes, in fact, generally, prove to be the cheapest in the end, as they will look well if made over several times.

Save furniture by buying that which will stand long and hard usage, and depend on your artistic talents to brighten and ornament it. Let your first thought in buying furniture be, first, comfort; second use; third, durability; and last, style.

Save money. One who saves time, strength, patience, love, food, clothing, and furniture, generally has the knack of saving money as there are as many ways of saving money as there are of making money, it is useless to attempt to tell them here. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

Recipes.

Coffee Cake.—Take a piece of bread dough and add one-half cupful of sugar and a tablespoonful of melted butter; then roll out an inch thick and put on a greased pie-pan, brush the top with melted butter and cover thick with cinnamon and sugar; let it rise and bake quick. Cut in long, narrow strips to serve. Eat hot or cold. It is nicely made Saturday with the other baking, to use Sunday morning for breakfast.

English Toast.—A pretty way of serving eggs for tea is to cut bread into square pieces and toast. Take eggs out of the shell, keeping the yolks whole. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; lay the beaten white around nicely on the toast, drop yolks in centre of white ring, salt and put in hot

oven to bake a few minutes. When taken out of the oven pour a little melted butter over the toast.

Baked Apples.—Peel and core large soup apples, slicing them into granite or crockery dish, sprinkling by layers with sugar to sweeten, and adding a dust of cinnamon or nutmeg. Pour on half a cupful of water for each quart of fruit, cover with a plate and bake slowly for three hours. Let them cool in the same dish till solid like jelly, then turn them out upon the serving dish.

Chocolate Snaps.—One pound of sifted sugar, one pound of chocolate grated, mix together; beat the white one egg and stir into the sugar and chocolate, continue to beat until it is a stiff paste. Sugar a white paper, drop the paste on it with a small spoon and bake in a slow oven.

Currant Cake.—One and one-half pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, seven eggs, one gill of milk, one-half teaspoon of baking powder, one pound of currants. Wash the currants, dry, stem and roll lightly in flour to prevent sinking to the bottom.

SPRING SMILES.

Noah Count—"Well, Hedison, any new conceit on hand?" Inventor—"Yes; my son's home from school."

Mrs. Gadzley—"Do you suffer much from toothache?" Mrs. Blazzer—"No—that is, not unless my husband has it."

"De man dat comes roun' makin' the mos' noise," said Uncle Eben, "doan' generally hab' duf' time lef' foh ter' make anythink."

The wife—"One half the world doan' know how the other half lives." The husband—"Well, it isn't the fault of your sewing society, anyway."

"So the insolent fellow refused to pay his rent." "He did not say so in words, but he intimated it." "How so?" "He kicked me down stairs."

Bryce—"Algernon Fitz Sappy is one of those fellows who has more money than brains, isn't he?" Knows—"Yes, and he's poor, too."

Mrs. Nuwed—"Our landlord thinks of nothing but the rent." Nuwed—"You wrong him, my dear. 'I'm sure he never thinks of the rent in the roof."

"Mrs. Trout, why do you look so down in the gills?" "Trout, my dear, I can't help worrying when I remember that's it's most fly time again."

With joy I greet you, gentle spring;
You bids us smile again—
No wood ten saw, no snow ten sweep,
No coal ten carry in.

Blobs—"Do you think the average man is as stupid before he marries as he is afterwards?" Gynicus—"Certainly, or he wouldn't get married."

"Chollie is a changed man. He sent \$10 to the mission in China last week." "He must be changed indeed, or he could never make \$10 go as far as that!"

"Tis now the husband bids his spouse
No more be still and glum;
For he'll attend the furnace fire
For the next six months to come."

"It's her disposition to make light of serious things," he said mournfully. "Yes," replied Cholly Lavorn. "She even burns the poetry I write about her."

Lipper—"I wonder why it is that Miss Primer always takes such good care of her complexion?" Chipper—"She's so conscientious; it isn't her own, you know."

"Our first impressions most readily slip our memories," said the teacher. "Oh, I know why," shouted Johnny. "Well, why?" "Our first impressions, are slippers."

Caolly Uppers—"Fwed, can you spare me small bills for a ten?" Freddie Heeled—"Suah, deah boy." Chollie—"Thanks, weally, I'll hand you the ten to-morrow."

Mrs. Rash—"How do you manage to get your cook up so early?" Mrs. Dash—"Well, I hunted up a young and good-looking milkman and hired him to come at 5 o'clock."

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the inquisitive small girl in the theater. "The man sitting in the front row?" "Yes'm. The one whose hair is too small for him."

Impatient tourists to small boy fishing in the lake)—You told us that the boat always left here at 4, and we have waited now till past 5. Boy—"Oh, it doesn't begin to run till May."

"Experience is the best teacher," remarked Plodding Pete. "Yes," replied Meandering Mike; "but my personal observation is that it's a mighty poor way to study law."

The air is feeling hazy,
The sap is in the trees;
You are feeling lazy—
All you want to do is sneeze.

Wife (to unhappy husband)—"I wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble." Husband—"Borrow trouble? Great Caesar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I have it to lend."

Sing a song of springtime;
Winter's come and gone;
But while you hum the merry rhymes
Keep your flannels on.

Old Bache—"That's a handsome pair of slippers you're wearing, Harry." Harry—"They ought to be; I'm sure they cost enough. My wife made them, and then coaxed out of me the price of a sealskin jacket."

Clara—"How under the sun did Edith happen to marry Mr. Awkward?" Dora—"He was the bane of her life at every ball she attended, and I presume she married him to keep him from wanting to dance with her."

Judge (to prisoner)—"Have you anything more to say?" Prisoner—"No, my lord; only I would ask you to be quick, please, as it is near the dinner hour, and if I am to go to prison I should like to get there in time for the soup."

The daisy's dreaming in the dew,
The golden bees are seeing honey;
The skies above are just as blue
As is a fellow out of money.

She—"Every one in town says we are going to be married." He—"Well, it's true, isn't it?" She (sobbingly)—"It can't be, Frederick. You must be deceiving me. If it were true every one in town would say we are not going to be married."

HEALTH.

Sympathetic Cough.

Diseases of the respiratory organs constitute a fearful menace to human life, and many a mother may well be pardoned for being alarmed by what she supposes to be signs of some form of lung disease in her child.

Yet it must be borne in mind that this is another form of cough than that which signifies a disturbance of the organs of respiration, one which is just as important its bearing upon the health of the child though in an entirely different way.

The sympathetic cough is the result of reflex action, as it is called—the same action that causes us involuntarily to expel a piece of food, or other foreign substance which has accidentally lodged in the wind-pipe; and a list of the causes of sympathetic cough would embrace all those many affections which are a source of irritation to the whole nervous system. The centres of irritation are the spinal cord and the base of the brain, and by reflex influence the special muscles, through the action of which the cough is produced, become affected.

It is evident that no amount of cough medicine or soothing syrup can be of avail in these cases, until the cause of the disturbance is relieved.

Sympathetic cough is often met with in children, probably on account of their greater susceptibility to nervous disturbances. There are various causes of it, as are worsted, indigestion, flatulence and the like. A close examination will usually reveal the true state of affairs.

Organic disease, or even local irritation of the lungs, is easily excluded by the family physician, and even the inexperienced ear is able to detect the absence of the coarse and obstructed breathing common to lung disorders. The presence of fever and the ability to raise some amount of secretion are usually noticed in true lung affections, though their absence proves nothing.

A case of sympathetic cough in a child requires the keenest investigation. The constant "hacking," the irritability of the child, its disinclination to effort, its loss of appetite and gradual but steady decline, are phenomena such as might accompany the severest type of lung disease.

As has been stated, a sympathetic cough is amenable to treatment directed against the cause. But it is of the utmost importance first to ascertain that cause, beyond the possibility of a mistake.

A Case of Croup.

How many people know how to examine the throat? Opening the child's mouth and attempting to hold the tongue down is useless. Watch a doctor! He will ask for a spoon, lay the child on his lap, have a strong light shine on his face, open the mouth, press the inverted handle of the spoon on the tongue, and there is the entire back of the mouth exposed to view. It does not terrify a child and should be done whenever it ails. Any deep redness of the throat, or white or yellow spots, or a false membrane forming, suffice to call in a doctor's aid without loss of time. This throat examination cannot be too highly recommended, since it is an unerring guide. The whole design of treatment is to force the membrane up. Emetics are always employed, chiefly tartar emetic and ipecacuanha. The dose of the former for children two to four years is one-quarter to one-half grain. For use take four one-quarter grain powders to a tablespoonful of warm water and give about half a teaspoon every fifteen minutes. The latter dose is five to ten grains in water. Both are open to an objection that after a time they seem to lose their power, and powdered alum is used in place. The dose of this is a teaspoonful in honey or syrup. The astringent quality acts powerfully on the membrane. If it does not separate in fifteen minutes give a second dose. The vomiting should be continual.

To Relieve That Cough.

One's doctor will encouragingly inform one, when struggling back to strength from an attack of grippé: "That cough of yours will have to wear out. You can scarcely expect to rid yourself of it before warmer weather." If this is true the least that one can do is to mitigate, so far as possible, the virulence of the throat affection. Glycerine is excellent as part of a mixture for moistening the dry feeling there. Either with water or with whiskey it is beneficial, but the latter dose is rather sickish-sweet for one already nauseated by the influenza. Equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice make a compound which is not unlike strong lemonade in taste, is refreshing to take after severe coughing and is highly recommended by physicians.

Off and On.

A lawyer noted for his success on cross-examination found his match in a recent trial, when he asked a long-suffering witness how long he had worked at his business of tin-roofing. The answer was: "I have worked at it steady for the past twelve years."

How long off and on have you worked at it?

Sixty-five years.
How old are you?
Sixty-five.

Then you have been a tin-roofer from birth?

No, sir; of course I haven't.
Then why do you say that you have worked at your trade sixty-five years?

Because you asked how long off and on I had worked at it. I have worked at it off and on sixty-five years—twenty years on and forty-five off.

Here there was a roar in the court room, but not at the expense of the witness, and his inquisitor hurriedly finished his examination in confusion.

The Difference.

Castleton—Is it true that Miss Wiberly referred to me as an agnostic? Clubberly—She said you didn't know anything.

Live Stock Markets.

Toronto, April 26.—All told we had forty loads on the market at the Western cattle yards this morning, and this supply included about one thousand hogs, about a couple of hundred lambs and sheep and over one hundred calves. At present there is little export business in progress, though we may expect a fair start to be made next week. It is scarcely advisable to quote prices, but good shippers will fetch from 4½c to 5½c per lb. In butchers' cattle to-day prices were in favor of the buyers in everything but really choice stuff. Notwithstanding the Montreal yards being overcrowded yesterday, there were several purchasers here from Montreal, and several loads were sent east. We had perhaps as poor a lot of cattle among the supplies here this morning, as has been seen for some time; it was largely made up of poor cows and bulls, and it was the presence of this stuff that had much to do with the decline in prices. While choice butchers' cattle brought 4 to 4½c, and occasionally 4½c per lb, medium and poor stuff was off quite 25c per cwt, in fact it was said to be considerably more than this—and in some instances it was—but a quarter was about the average. Among the sales were these:—A lot of 10, averaging 1,100 lbs, sold at \$3 90 per cwt; a lot of 37, averaging 1,080 lbs, sold at \$4 15 per cwt; a lot of 10, averaging 900 lbs, sold at 4½c per lb; a lot of 18, averaging 975 lbs, sold at \$3 90 each; 14 averaging 1,010 lbs, 4½c per lb; 20, mixed with cows, averaging 1,040 lbs, 3½c per lb; 19 mixed with shippers, averaging 1,150 lbs, \$4 60 per cwt; 21, averaging 1,000 lbs, \$4 15 per cwt; 14 averaging 970 lbs, 3½c per lb; 15, averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at 3½c. The sales of common stuff dragged, and the yards were not cleared.

Milk cows—About twenty came in; there was a rather better enquiry, and prices may be quoted as ranging from \$22 to \$45. A few choice milkers are wanted.

Yearlings, lambs and sheep—We had too many in, and prices were a little off. Good grain-fed yearlings will fetch 5½c to 5½c per lb, but sales were slow, and prices weakened somewhat for anything but choice. Good spring lambs are worth from \$3 to \$4 each, and a few are wanted; most of the lambs offered were poor quality, and sold at low figures. Sheep can be quoted as worth from \$5 to \$6 each, and good sheep suitable for export are wanted, and will find a ready sale at full values. Bucks are worth 3c and ewes 4c per pound, if of the right quality.

Calves—Out of 120 or 130 here we had scarcely any choice calves; prices even for good are away off, and run from \$4 to \$6 per head. The heavy supplies of rough and common calves coming in lately has pulled the market down.

Hogs—While prices to-day were unchanged, prices were weak, with a distinctly downward tendency. The top price paid was \$5 25 per cwt for very choice hogs, weighed off cars; fat hogs, brought \$4 90 to \$5; and stores as much as \$4 75 per cwt. All grades are wanted and a decline in prices is probable next week.

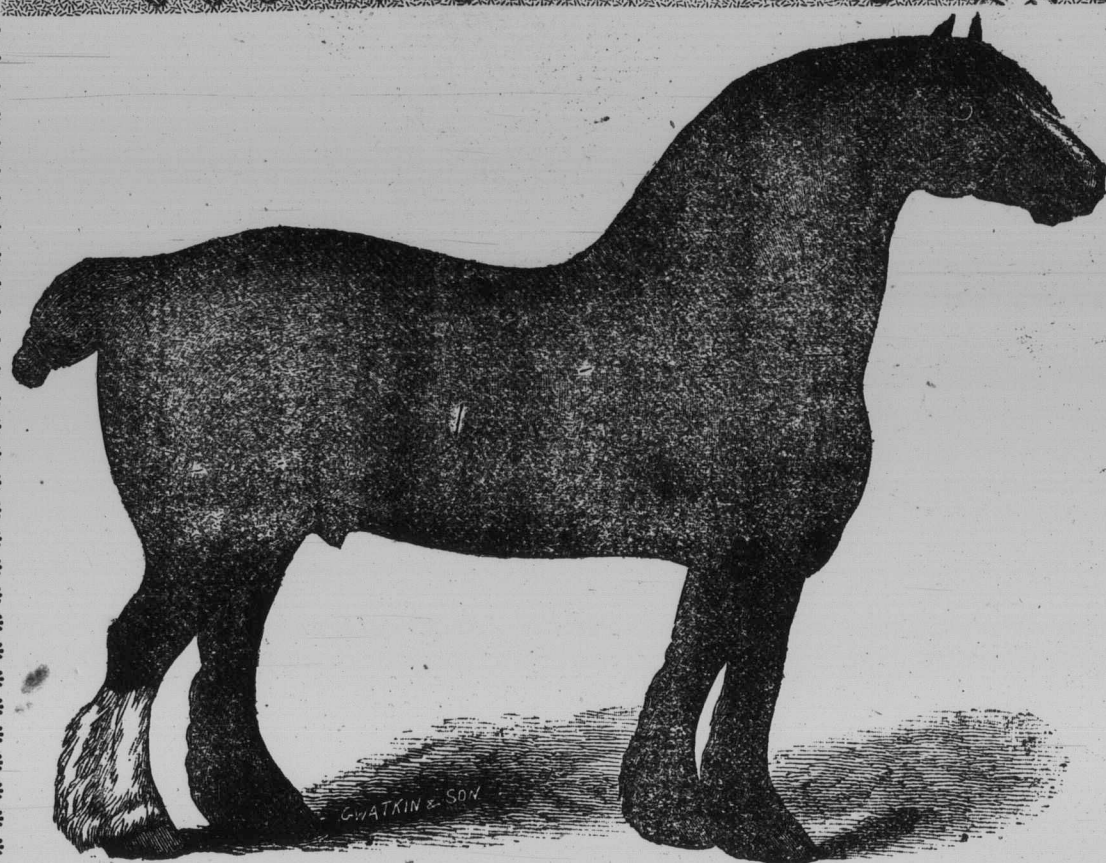
East Buffalo, April 26.—Receipts of cattle were more liberal to-day of through stock, but light of stock; offerings of latter were peddled out at full strong prices; good fat cows sold at \$4 and some old but fat course lots brought \$3 50 to \$3 85; veals were in moderate supply, and brought \$3 75 to \$4 25, with extra at \$4 50 to \$4 75. Hogs—Receipts moderate, 2,500 head; the market was active and higher for all grades; mediums, heavy, and choice Yorkers sold at \$5 20 to \$5 35, roughs, \$4 25 to \$4 50; stags, \$3 25 to \$4 25. Sheep and lambs—Offerings fairly liberal, 36 cars; the market was active and higher for all grades of good stock, but fat and heavy ewes sold no better; top wethers brought \$4 50 to \$4 60; fair to good mixed sheep, \$4 15 to \$4 65; common to fair, \$2 90 to \$3 25; culls, \$2 to \$2 75; fancy heavy lambs, \$5 50 to \$5 60; fair to good, \$4 90 to \$5 60; spring lambs, common to choice, \$3 50 to \$9.

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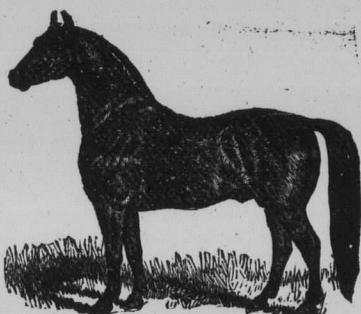
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