

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 13.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904.

No. 15



Hardware

We have on hand a complete stock of :

Builders' Hardware

Spades and Shovels, Ohurns, Wire and Fire Fencing Milk Cans and Pails Washers and Wringers Curtain Poles & Window Shades Sherwin-Williams Paints, Varnishes and Wall Colors.

...SEEDS...

Also a large supply of nice clean Clover and Timothy.

Call and examine our goods.

C. Liesemer, Sole Agent

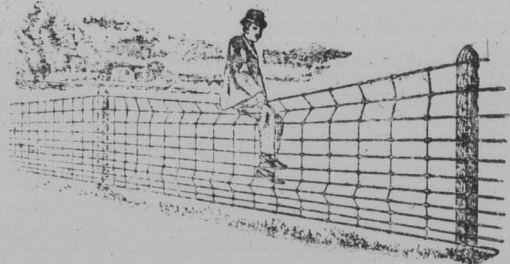
Great Bargains

In Men's and Children's Underwear and Overcoats.

Every line of Underwear is going to be sold at actual cost price in order to make room for spring stock—the same applies to Overcoats and Ready made suits.

J. J. Steigler

The Dillon Wire Fence,



is the Fence for the Farmer.

The Dillon Wire Fence is acknowledged by all who have used it to be the most serviceable and durable fence on the market. Miles of it in Carrick is giving the very best satisfaction. It is the best all round fence made in this country.

Antony Kunkel, the local agent, takes contracts and puts up the Dillon Fence. All work is done well and on short notice. Large and small gates always on hand.

Antony Kunkel, Mildmay.

HUNTINGFIELD.

Mrs. Samuel Vogan, we regret to state is still suffering with lagrippe, and is making no progress toward recovery.

Miss Emma Vogan who has been keeping house for her brother in Woodstock, has returned home.

William McKee is improving nicely from his recent illness.

The death of Mr. George Burns, took place here last Thursday, after a lingering illness. Deceased was one of the most highly respected young men in the vicinity. He was 29 years of age. The funeral took place on Saturday to the McIntosh cemetery.

The very sudden death of Mrs. John Haskins, which occurred on Sunday evening of this week, came as a shock to the whole community. She retired to bed about 9 o'clock in her usual health, and two hours later she passed to the great beyond. Heart failure was the cause of her sudden death. She leaves to mourn her death, a husband, four sons, and three daughters. Deceased was 72 years of age. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon at the McIntosh cemetery. The sympathy of the of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family.

Mr. Hugh Douglas, of Huntingfield, has now one of the youngest imported Yorkshire hogs in Ontario. He was imported when two months old from Nottingham Eng., by Mr. D. C. Flatt, of Mill Grove. He is a choice hog of good bacon type.

THE WIARTON SUGAR FACTORY.

It is with extreme regret that we are obliged to announce the failure of the Warton Beet Sugar Company. It is no secret that from the first its efforts were handicapped by absence of the capital needed, for the successful operation of so great an undertaking. Indeed, it was only by a loyal devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of many of our townsmen for what they regarded as essential to the well being of our community that means have been provided to avert an earlier collapse.

But it would be most unfortunate if the failure of the Warton company were regarded as an evidence that the beet sugar industry cannot succeed in Ontario. It is true that our campaign of 1902 resulted in a loss of \$63,288.79. But it is also true that the sugar extracted was not quite half as much as could have been extracted and would have been obtained under a competent loyal superintendent, and the sugar obtained netted, together with the Government bounty \$62,026.34. Putting the sugar cost at the same price, it is evident that if the company had received the returns from their beets that a good factory and a good superintendent would have produced, the loss would have been reduced to \$1,252.45 and that the company had been strong enough financially to hold their sugar until the opening of navigation enabled them to dispose of it in the N. W., this comparatively small loss would have been converted into an appreciable profit. When we remember how unfavorable for beet growing the season of 1902 was, the want of dock facilities and the many difficulties and drawbacks incidental to the starting of a new and strange industry of vast proportions, this seems to us to be a record which however unfavorable it may appear on the surface, contains no little encouragement for those who are interested in the beet sugar industry in this Province.—Canadian.

Norman Pomeroy has moved from Collingwood to Terra Nova, where he has a situation.

Those who have been found guilty of offences in connection with the last municipal election at Toronto were sentenced on Saturday by Judge Winchester. The three deputy returning officers were each sentenced to two years less one day, and the clerks to one year, all in the Central Prison. The men sentenced were—Sam Thomas, A. Cahoon, and Frank A. Gray, deputy returning officers; Thos Kerr, and John Gray, poll clerks.

WALKERTON.

The suit of H. B. McKay against the Walkerton Binder Twine Co. for one hundred dollars wages is to be heard on Saturday before Judge Klein.

Mayor John Henderson's chimney caught fire on Tuesday and the brigade was called out to extinguish the blaze.

The Spring Assizes will open on Monday next. The principal case will likely be the suit of heirs to the estate of late W. H. Hogg of Paisley, to have the will set aside on the ground that he was mentally unfit to make a will at the time it was executed.

There was a small attendance at the Fruit Growers' meeting here last Friday afternoon. The addresses were well worth hearing.

The northern exhibition will be held on September 14 and 15. The town council is going to assist in making the fair attractive.

B. Shearer is applying for a tavern license at the Station Hotel. The application will be considered on April 20th.

W. H. Brockelbank has bought Dr. Jermyn's interest in the livery business and the firm will be known as Brockelbank & Richardson.

BORN

MARTIN—In Carrick, on April 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Martin, a daughter.
KRAEMER—In Carrick, on April 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Joachim Kraemer, a son.

Rural Journalism.

A western editor in writing of the ups and downs of rural journalism, says: "Then again, you may lose a friend who finds 'o' upside down in a line of obituary poetry. Next week you try to make the correction, leave the dot off the 'i' and another is gone! One will quit root and branch when you ask for the dollar due you, another will go to Stew Creek and not finding his name in the paper, top of column, next to reading matter, off goes another name. The oldest daughter a most lovely girl Sallye, graduates and you speak of her as Sallie and you are up again. There is a new arrival at Sam Jones', and you forget whether it is a girl and say so in your paper. The next week you meet the father of that fine boy and probably you don't know just what it is always say boy. Experience has taught us that this is safe rule. We don't attempt to explain, but it is true all the same. However such things should not happen. An editor ought to know what would suit each individual or he ought to take each item before it is published and let the person whom it concerns censor it. An editor has plenty of time to do this, as all he has to do is to hunt news and clean rollers, set type clean his floor, pen short items and hustle advertising, press the paper, fold and mail them, write wrappers, talk to visitors, and distribute type, read proofs correct mistakes, split wood (where there is any to split), build fires, hunt the scissors, dodge the bill, dun delinquents, take cussings and tell the subscribers he needs money; those are only a few of the things a newspaper man has to contend with, and yet he should not make mistakes in his paper while attending to such minor details, at the same time living on oxtail soup, lettuce, prunes, sunshine, wind pudding and imagination for dessert."

The Dominion Parliament has but one great question before it, namely, the construction of the Transcontinental Railway. No doubt the Bill will pass and this all Canadian railway from Atlantic to Pacific be an assured fact inside of six or seven years.

S. McInnis of Paisley, was killed at Port Arthur on Sunday. He was employed on the construction of the Canadian of the Canadian Northern elevator and while walking over the staging, missed his footing and fell into one of the tanks. He went headlong down to the bottom, a distance of 80 feet. His skull was broken, and his back all fractured.

Clifford.

Mr. Hugh Chalmers, of Elmwood has returned to town and is now employed at C. Miller's.

Willie Weber, son of Jacob Weber of the Commercial, went to Stratford on Monday where he will take a course in the Central Business College.

Henry Torrance has notified the Clifford Council that he intends to enter an action against the Corporation for damages for suffering, loss of time, expenses, etc., result from injuries received by a fall upon the sidewalk in Clifford unless a satisfactory settlement be made with him before the writ is issued.

Another man of mark in these parts has passed away in the person of Mr. John Scott, the widely known woollen mill man of Clifford, who died last week on Wednesday evening about 6 o'clock after an illness of a week or so with lagrippe. His funeral took place on Saturday to the Clifford Cemetery and was very largely attended. He leaves a family of grown up sons and a flourishing business. Mr. Scott was almost 68 years of age.

WAR NOTES.

St. Petersburg, April 13th—One of the most severe blows yet received by the Russians was suffered early this morning, when the first-class battleship Petropavlosk was blown up. Admiral Makaroff and 600 men were drowned, and the Grand Duke Cyril, heir presumptive to the throne, injured. It appears that the vessel was blown up by a mine, possibly placed in position by the Japs, whose fleet the Russian warships were about to attack. The Petropavlosk was of 10,900 tons, with a speed of 17 knots, and carried 4 twelve-inch guns and twelve six inch guns. The weight of her broadside was 3,367 pounds. Her Commander was Captain Jakovlev. Various accounts are to hand as the cause of the naval battle which apparently took place after the disaster, and which latest reports stated to be still in progress, but the very fact that it continued would seem to prove that something of a very serious nature was at stake. It is not unlikely that a squadron of the fleet was at last caught away from the port, and was seeking to return, in that case the worst news, from a Russian standpoint, may come later. The Russian boats completely lost during the war are the battleship Petropavlosk, the cruisers Boyarin and Varing and the gunboat Koreitz. The vessels still hors de combat from injuries are the battleship Retvizan and the cruiser Pallada.

A Mrs. Plummerfeldt of Owen Sound got tired of her hubby and married a Mr. Tucker. No doubt Mr. Plummerfeldt he was being slighted, but at any rate the other man should not have Tucker.

The Hanover Portland Cement Co. is sustaining losses as the result of the high water. On Monday night about midnight a portion of the right bank of the race was washed out. A number of men were kept on the spot to avert damage as much as possible. On Tuesday night the washout of the previous night was duplicated, but as the hands not obtainable, immediately the loss sustained was considerable.—Hanover Post.

Edward Smith a farmer of Nichols, N. Y., recently cut down a tree in his woods. As the tree fell he stepped to one side, when he was struck on the head by a sapling that had been bent over by the falling tree and had suddenly sprung back. The blow cut a gash in his forehead and stunned him badly. It was thought that the injury would not be serious, and it was not, as far as physical indication went. Instead of recovering from the blow, however, Mr. Smith lost all memory of his life for the past forty years and imagines himself a boy again at the age he was forty years ago. He goes about the farm on which he lived when a boy and play boyish games and

About the ...House

HINTS FOR HOME LIFE.

In polishing the stove put a paper bag over the hand and you will thus avoid dirtying the fingers.

If you have no oil handy take a lead pencil and rub on the squeaking hinge, and it will stop squeaking.

Carrots should be cleaned by being brushed in water. They should never be scraped, which causes them to lose their flavor.

To clean baths and bedroom ware, rub with dry salt. This removes all dirt, does not injure the surface, and leaves all bright and shining.

After doing work which has made your hands very dirty, rub with olive oil before washing. This loosens the dirt and they will be far less trouble to get clean.

When cleaning wall paper use a firm dough made of flour mixed with a little washing soda. This soda will not spoil the paper and the work will be done more rapidly.

Light is an enemy of bacteria. Make provision then to have proper lighting as well as ventilation through all parts of the kitchen, including the pantry and cupboard.

Waterproofing for boots can be made by mixing a little mutton suet and beeswax together. Rub this on the soles of the boots and lightly over the edges where the stitches are.

The following is a good polish for oilcloth—Save all candle ends and melt in the oven. Mix with it sufficient turpentine to make a soft paste. This is excellent for linoleum, etc.

It is not generally known that wringing out a cloth in hot water and wiping the furniture before putting on furniture cream will result in a very high polish, and will not finger mark.

To keep sponges soft and white wash them in warm water with a little tartaric acid in it, then rinse in plenty of cold water. Take care not to put in too much tartaric acid or the sponges will be spoiled.

Delicious sandwiches may be made by spreading one slice of bread with butter beaten to a cream, and the other with honey. The honey must be used sparingly, so that it will not ooze out on the fingers of the eaters.

Do not waste the broken bread. After rolling it so as to form crumbs place these crumbs in a covered vessel. They will keep there for six months if necessary, and always will be available when wanted in cooking.

An excellent grease eradicant for family use is made thus—Boil one ounce of soap cut small in one quart of soft water, add a teaspoonful of saltpetre and an ounce and a half of ammonia. Keep this fluid in a bottle, corked tightly.

To choose a ham—Run a knife along the bone of a ham; if it comes out clean and has a savoury odor, the ham is good; if smeared and dull, it is either spoiled by taint or is rusty. Hocks and gammon of bacon may be tried in the same way.

When soot falls upon the carpet or rug, never attempt to sweep it up at once, for the result is sure to be a disfiguring mark. Cover it thickly with nicely dried salt, which will enable you to sweep it up cleanly, so that not the slightest stain or smear will be left.

To remove traces of petroleum from either vessels or material try lime water, which rapidly emulsifies it and effectively removes all trace of smell. Bottles that have contained petroleum will be speedily cleaned and rendered quite odorless if washed out with water and a little lime. Petroleum lamp reservoirs can be washed out more easily thus.

Wet Feet Bring Coughs and Colds

Children Especially are Exposed to Great Danger
From the Cause.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

Where is there a boy who does not delight to test the thinnest ice and to splash in the water which results from the spring thaws!

There will be more coughs and colds among children during the next few weeks than at any other season of the year as a result of wet feet and exposure to cold and dampness.

It seems scarcely necessary to suggest the advisability of keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand for use in case of emergency.

You never know what night your child may awake a victim of croup frantically gasping for breath and by having this great medicine ready for immediate use you can afford quick relief and cure.

Bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, bad coughs and severe chest sore throat, throat irritation, etc., are readily cured.

All mattresses, whether used by children or adults, should be thoroughly beaten once a fortnight. Set in the sun by open windows when possible; in this way the white dust that comes from the body is not allowed to lie on the creases of the mattress covers. A good rule is to have the mattresses brushed regularly one day in each week.

For Scotch shortbread take one pound of flour, one-pound of butter, one-quarter pound of sugar. Work the sugar and butter into the flour with the hands until it clings together, then make in a square. Pinch the edges all around. Bake in hot oven for about twenty minutes. If desired, you can put little candy comfits around the edges.

Baked Spanish onions make a nice change when green vegetables are getting scarce. Take three or four Spanish onions with their skins on, and plunge into boiling water, and let them boil quickly for an hour. Then drain perfectly dry, wrap each onion up in buttered paper, and bake for about two hours. Remove the paper and skins, and serve the onions in a thick brown gravy.

GOOD RECIPES.

Molasses Gingerbread.—To one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter and two cups of Orleans molasses well-mixed together, add one egg, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger and sufficient flour for a thick batter.

Banana Foam.—Carefully break up four bananas with a fork, stir in one cup of sugar, the whites of two eggs and the juice of half a lemon, then beat together for twenty minutes. This foam may be used on bananas, lady fingers, sponge cake or on any fresh berries.

Potato Souffle.—Peel six medium sized potatoes and put on to boil. When done drain and mash in a saucepan over the fire; add an ounce and a half of butter and half a teacupful of milk, seasoning of salt and pepper and beat till perfectly light; arrange in a mould in the centre of a dish and just brown in a hot oven.

Corn Starch Cake.—Cream, one-half cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add the whites of three eggs, well beaten, one-half cup of milk, one-half cup of corn starch, one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, each dissolved in a little cold water, then add one cup of flour. Flavor with lemon.

Potted Beef.—One may buy beef especially for potting and make enough to last two or three weeks. Purchase 2 lbs. from the under part of the round, as this is inexpensive and will answer the purpose. Put it into a crock with 1 cup water, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon pepper and the same of ground cinnamon, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce and an onion chopped fine. Stand the crock or jar in a kettle of cold water, bring it to the boiling point and boil carefully for three hours. When the meat is tender, chop fine, pound until perfectly smooth and mix with it gradually the liquor from the jar; add 2 teaspoons salt, and if you have a few nuts, stir in a cupful. Pack the mixture into small earthenware bowls, cover with melted suet or paraffine and keep in a cool dry place.

Pressed Baked Beans.—Did you ever try pressed baked beans? If not you will be sure to like them after trying them once. When I was a child I never cared for cold beans until my mother got into the way of pressing them. When the beans are hot, stir them in a perfect mush season them well by adding salt if needed, then press them into a tin or shape them up on a platter so they are nearly square on the edges and corners, and when they are cold you can slice them and eat cold. Or they are excellent fried brown on a buttered spider after being sliced. An unexpected gentleman guest at our supper table asked me what I did to my beans to make them so good, for he never tasted any that he relished so well, and he thought

he was fond of beans before. Try pressing them and you will never wish to chase a cold bean around your plate again.

COMBINED SINK AND TABLE.

Some kitchens are too small to allow of a sink and table both, and for these a combination of the two will be a welcome arrangement. Have a carpenter make a sink of the length, breadth and height you desire, and set up on legs similar to a table, or it may have ends, and a shelf midway of the space beneath if desired. Get a tinsmith to make a zinc lining of the heaviest sheet zinc, with all corners well soldered, and fasten it in with clout nails at very short distances all around the top edge. The sink is then ready for painting, in harmony with the rest of the woodwork of the kitchen.

For the table part, get a hardwood leaf at the lumber yard and have it well smoothed down. Fasten it to the lower front part of the sink box by three good hinges. Add a spring to hold it up when wanted, and you have a very handy piece of furniture. This sink can be fastened to the wall or not as liked, or the leaf may be fastened to the washcabinet in the same manner as to the sink, and prove even more handy.

A SPRING NEED.

Indoor Confinement in Winter Hard on the Health.

Ninety-nine people out of every hundred actually need a tonic during the spring months, and the hundredth person would make no mistake if he too infused a little extra vigor and power into his blood. The reason for this condition is quite apparent. In the desire to make Canadian houses warm during the winter months, ventilation is sacrificed, and the health is impaired. There may be nothing seriously wrong—nothing more than a variable appetite; little pimples or eruptions of the skin; a feeling of weariness and a desire to avoid exertion; perhaps an occasional headache. These may not seem serious; perhaps you may think that the trouble will pass away—but it won't unless you drive it out by putting the blood right with a health-giving tonic. And there is only one blood-renewing, health-giving, nerve-restoring tonic—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Over and over again it has been proved that these pills cure when other medicines fail, and thousands of grateful people testify that they are the best of all spring medicines. Miss D. Brown, Collins, N. B., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a run down system, and have found them better than any other medicine I have tried. In the early spring my blood was out of condition and I had such dizzy spells that if I turned my head I would almost fall. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a few weeks and the trouble entirely disappeared. I think these pills an ideal spring medicine."

If you want to be healthy in the spring don't dose your system with harsh, griping purgatives, and don't experiment with other so-called tonics. Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once and see how quickly they will banish all spring ailments. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RAILWAYS IN PERU.

Cross Mountains at Altitude Never Before Attained.

One of the most interesting trips afforded by the present transportation facilities of Peru is that over the Oroya railroad, which now runs from Callao to the gold fields of Cerro de Pasco. It is considered one of the wonders of the Peruvian world, and the original contract was taken by Mr. Meiggs at \$27,600,000 in bonds at 79. It is certainly the greatest feat of railroad engineering in either hemisphere, and as a specimen of American enterprise and workmanship it suffers nothing by comparison. It was begun in 1870 and finished in 1876, and additional work has since been done on it. Commencing in Callao, it ascends the narrow valley of the Rimac, rising nearly 5,000 feet in the first forty-six miles.

Thence it goes through the intricate gorges of the Sierras till it tunnels the Andes at an altitude of 15,645 feet, the highest point in the world where a piston rod is moved by steam. The wonder is doubled on remembering that the elevation is reached in seventy-eight miles.

One of the most remarkable things in connection with this road is that between the coast and summit there is not an inch of down grade. The difficulties encountered in its construction were extreme—landslides, falling boulders, soroche (or the difficulty of breathing in high altitudes) and verrugas, a disease known only along the line of this road, characterized by a species of warts breaking out all over the body and bleeding.

About 8,000 workmen were engaged at one time, and between 7,000 and 8,000 persons died or were killed in the construction of the road.

DID HE?

"Did Jerrold get anything out of his rich uncle's estate?"
"Well, rather—he married the daughter of the attorney for the estate."

PNEUMATIC TUBE SYSTEM

DESPATCHING AND RECEIVING APPARATUS.

The New Postal Service Is In Use in European and American Cities.

The announcement was made recently that the Dominion Government were considering the establishment of the pneumatic tube system between the central and branch postoffices in the principal cities in Canada. A vote of \$165,000 for the instalment of this system in Toronto was included in the estimates submitted to Parliament.

The Batcheller system of pneumatic despatch, of the purpose of carrying mail and telegrams, has been for some time installed in the large cities of Europe, London, Liverpool, Paris, Berlin and Vienna; also in New York, Philadelphia and other cities of the United States.

FIRST PNEUMATIC SYSTEM.

The system of pneumatic despatch dates back to the year 1853, when it was established in London, England, by a man named Clark. The first system was very crude, and was installed between the central and stock exchange stations of the Electric and International Telegraph Company of London. Carriers containing batches of telegrams, fitted piston-wise in the tube, were sucked through it in one direction only, by the production of a partial vacuum at the end. The length of this tube was 220 yards, and it was 1½ inches in diameter. The system used in Paris is the circuit system and that is the basis of the system used in New York, Philadelphia and other American cities today.

The interior diameter of the tubes installed in the Paris pneumatic Despatch System is 12½ inches in diameter and the tubing is composed of iron or lead. The diameters of the English tubes is 3 inches and are composed of lead. The American tube is much larger and is made of brass.

IN DEPARTMENTAL STORES.

The pneumatic despatch system is now a marked feature of every large departmental store, where it is used for handling the cash, thus saving a great deal of time, and facilitating the checking of the different departments.

The introduction of this pneumatic system into the Postoffice Department will be a long step in the right way for nothing is more rapidly required than in the handling of letters. This has become so apparent that the different European governments have installed these pneumatic plants in all their large cities for the handling of mail matter.

FINEST IN THE WORLD.

The finest plant in the world is probably the Batcheller pneumatic plant installed in the Central Postoffice in New York City. The inside diameter of the tubing is eight inches. It is the circuit system, the com-

pressor and receiving ends being situated at the central office. The sending apparatus consists of two tube sections, mounted on a swinging frame inserted in the main tube, so that either of the swinging tubes can be brought in line with the main tube, somewhat after the manner of the chambers of a revolver. This swinging frame is timed, so that there is an interval of eight or ten seconds between carriers. The carriers are always placed in the despatching end under pressure, but at the receiving end there is no pressure, as this would create a continuous draught. Just before coming to the receiving end, the air is deflected into another pipe, but the carrier, propelled by its own momentum, is carried through a valve and comes in contact with an air cushion and is then released into the receiving trays.

This carrier is seven inches in diameter and twenty-four inches long and capable of carrying about 700 letters. There are two strips of leather around the cylinder, one-half inch thick, thus causing the carrier to fit tightly and yet be capable of going through the bends in the tube. There is a pressure of six pounds to the square inch, which drives the carrier along at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It weighs thirty pounds, and it can be easily understood what a force this cylinder has when travelling at a velocity of thirty miles an hour.

VALUE AS A TIME-SAVER.

The value of this system to the Postoffice Department is obvious. As a time-saver it has no equal. Besides, the collection of mail from the branch offices would not be intermittent as it is when collected by horse and wagon, and would prevent that congestion which is always the result of bringing in a wagon load of mail. The tube system would bring the mail in more frequently and in smaller quantities and would render its handling a matter of comparative ease.

The eight-inch tube, according to Mr. Batcheller, is the limit in size, as a larger tube system would necessitate heavier carriers, a differently constructed set of buffers and a greatly increased pneumatic force. Large carriers would have to be run on wheels.

The capacity of a seven-inch carrier is about 500 to 700 letters, and the interval despatches from eight to ten seconds. This would make the carrying capacity of the pneumatic tube system about 35,000 letters an hour.

There have been no statements given out in regard to the size of the tubing to be adopted by the Toronto postoffice, but no doubt it will be on the principle of the Batcheller system as installed in the principal American cities.

Thought Russia Was Hard Country to Conquer.

During the few years of captivity which preceded the death of the great Corsican at St. Helena he took frequent occasion in his conversation to discuss the most striking features of his career. Practically all that he had to say on these subjects has been preserved in various books written by those who were in his confidence at the time. In everything that he said relative to his Russian campaign he showed that he looked upon that enterprise as the principal mistake of his life and upon the Russians as a people whom even the greatest conquerors would better let alone. Thus: "It was making war upon Russia that ruined me."

Russia is the nation that is most likely to march to universal dominion. I would not have declared war upon Russia but that I was persuaded she was about to declare war upon me. In the end Russia will become mistress of the world. But for my marriage with Marie Louise I would not have declared war upon Russia. (He expected assistance from Austria.)

I am reproached for not getting myself killed at Waterloo. I think I ought rather to have died in Russia. Russia is in a favorable position to conquer the world. Perhaps I did wrong to commence the Waterloo campaign. I did not think then that Russia would take a hand. If I had had 200,000 more men in Russia there would have been that many more lost. After I had reached Moscow I should have died there.

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years" says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was, but just dragged along from day to day suffering and taking medicine all the time. "About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble although I never suspected it. "When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me and I am happy and well and contented all the time.' "I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee. "We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful re-builder. There's a reason. Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

PLAYFUL CHILDREN.

What treasure on earth is more to be prized than a bright, active, healthy, playful child? In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used you never find sickly, cross, sleepless children; if the little one is ill the Tablets will promptly make it well. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will tell you that this is absolutely true—she will tell you the Tablets always do good, and never do harm. You can give them to a child just born with perfect safety, and they are equally as good for well grown children. Mrs. Mary J. Moore, Hepworth, Que., says:—"My baby has never been sick since I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They are a real blessing to both mother and child, and I would not be without them." Don't let your child suffer, and don't dose it with strong drugs or medicine containing opiates. Give Baby's Own Tablets which you can get from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Russia is the nation that is most likely to march to universal dominion. I would not have declared war upon Russia but that I was persuaded she was about to declare war upon me. In the end Russia will become mistress of the world. But for my marriage with Marie Louise I would not have declared war upon Russia. (He expected assistance from Austria.)

I am reproached for not getting myself killed at Waterloo. I think I ought rather to have died in Russia. Russia is in a favorable position to conquer the world. Perhaps I did wrong to commence the Waterloo campaign. I did not think then that Russia would take a hand. If I had had 200,000 more men in Russia there would have been that many more lost. After I had reached Moscow I should have died there.

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years" says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was, but just dragged along from day to day suffering and taking medicine all the time. "About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble although I never suspected it. "When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me and I am happy and well and contented all the time.' "I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee. "We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful re-builder. There's a reason. Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND
HART HOUSE.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

	One Year.	Six months.	Three months.
One column.....	\$90	\$50	\$30
Half column.....	45	25	15
Quarter column.....	22	12	7
Eighth column.....	11	6	4

Legal notices, 50c. per line for first and 4c. per
line for each subsequent insertion.
Local business notices 5c. per line each inser-
tion. No local less than 25 cents.
Contract advertising payable quarterly.
John A. Johnston, Proprietor

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

At the last meeting of Southampto-
ncouncil, the hotel licenses in that vil-
lage were raised from \$100 to \$150.

Russians troops have wiped out a
robber band in Manchuria. Probably a
misprint. It was rubber band.

Police Magistrate Weir dismissed with
costs the Lord's Day Alliance case
against the Ontario Sugar Company at
Berlin, Ont.

The masons and bricklayers of the
city of Stratford went out on the strike
on Saturday last. They demand an in-
crease of wages from 35 to 40 cents per
hour. It is likely the increase will be
granted.

An operation was performed on a
young son of Mr. John Gray, Varney,
recently. It was first thought the boy
had appendicitis, and an operation
was performed but no trace of the dis-
ease was found. Before the wound
was closed up, a large worm about
eleven inches long was found curled up
in the intestines, making a ball which
stopped all passage.

There is a movement on at Ottawa
for the removal of the duty on soft coal
imported from the United States. The
duty is 53cts. a ton. The Ottawa
Board of Trade has adopted a resolu-
tion unanimously in favor of the removal
of the duty. All the railway com-
panies and manufacturers are in favor
of the duty being removed.

Burglars entered George Mitchell's
private bank at Fisherton Monday
night. The front door was forced open
with a crowbar. No explosives were
used on the safe, the combination of
which was smashed with chisels and a
strong punch. It is understood that
quite a large sum of money was secured
by the thieves. There is absolutely no
clue.

The provincial secretary's depart-
ment has sent out a circular to all licen-
se inspectors throughout the province
calling upon them to strictly enforce
the liquor license law. The circular, in
part, reads: "There is a fairly general
complaint that inspectors are not doing
their duty. When complaints to this
effect reach the department and it is
unable to appear that any inspector's
failure to exercise proper vigilance in
discharge of his official duties, justifies
such complaint, the resignation of the
inspector affected thereby will be consid-
ered necessary." The circular adds
that it is expected that inspectors will
take action in the direction of procuring
enactment of the law and in dealing
with violations of it without waiting for
formal complaint.

In an attempt to kill an aged horse
John Eckert, a farmer, living near
Newberry, Mich., recently had a mi-
serable escape from being blown to
death. Desiring to see the horse die
he attached a piece of dynamite to
the horse's neck by a string. He then
touched off the fuse with a match and
started to run. Instead of standing
still the animal started to follow its
owner. Eckert finally reached a wire fence
through which he crawled. A moment
later, when Eckert was only two rods
away, the dynamite exploded. The
shock knocked the man down, but did
not hurt him seriously. The horse was
blown to atoms.

Several explanations are given of
the expression "by hook or crook."
Two London lawyers, Hook and Crook,
were celebrated for locating sites of
buildings after the great fire, the owners
often concluding that they must get
back their property by "Hook or
Crook." Once voters open to bribery
indicated it by placing straws in their
shoes and were called "straw men," and
when prosecuted for this offense they
were brought up before Judges Hook
and Crook." It not infrequently hap-
pened that a writ of habeas corpus was
issued, and as often the sheriff's return
had not the indorsement "hic est cor-
pus"—that is, "here is the body"—and
the offender went scot free, which
action the public regarded as "hocus
199

Wendt's Jewelry
Store.



Buy your Watches, Clocks, Jew-
elry, Silverware, Spectacles and
Smallware, from C. Wendt, and
save money.

Big Values in Purses, Pipes, Chat-
elaine Bags, Beads and Back
combs.

A Watch

That stops, is worse than no
watch. It means broken engage-
ments and constant provocation.



We give the most careful
attention to all Watch
Repairing entrusted to
us.

Charles Wendt's
MILDMAY & WROXETER

WANTED.

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE in this county
and adjoining territories, to represent
and advertise an old established busi-
ness house of solid financial standing.
Salary \$21 weekly, with Expenses ad-
vanced each Monday by check direct
from headquarters. Horse and buggy
furnished when necessary; position per-
manent. Address Blow Bros. & Co.,
Room 610 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THEY KNOW IT.

Thousands of people throughout the
country know that the ordinary reme-
dies for piles—ointments, suppositories
and appliances—will not cure.

The best of them bring only passing
relief.

Dr. Leonhardt's Hem Roid is a tablet
taken internally that removes the cause
of Piles, hence, the cure is permanent.
Every package sold carries a guarantee
with it.

It is perfectly harmless to the most
delicate constitution. A month's treat-
ment in each package sold at \$1.00.

Further information in regard to it at
the drug store.

A Valuable Animal.

A man, while crossing a meadow, was
attacked by a young bull and was se-
verely bruised. Just as the victim had
landed on the safe side of the fence a
farmer approached, and, calling the
man, said:

"Do you want to buy that animal
yet?"

"No; I want to kill the beastly thing,
and I'm going to do it if I have to walk
ten miles for a gun."

"Why, what's your grievance against
the poor critter?"

"D'nt you see him toss me over the
fence?"

"Well, yes, I did, but it was only his
way of accommodating folk. He sees
you wanted to get into the next field,
and he helped you over, and that's why
he's so valuable. Why, last winter,
when I had the roomatics, I couldn't
get along without him."

There are 30 steam road rollers in
use in the towns and cities of Ontario.
The cities of Hamilton and Toronto
each own two. The one owned by the
city of Brockville is valued at \$4000.
The others vary in price from \$875 to
\$3,800.

Mr. Brenzel, a young man about 22
years old, who is deaf and dumb, was
killed on the track near Elmwood by
the mail train on Tuesday after-
noon of last week. He lives about one
and a half miles out of Elmwood and
was walking into the village on the
track when the train overtook him.
The engineer blew the whistle, but of
course it was not heard, and as people
often wait till the train is near them
before getting off the track, the engineer
did not make an effort to stop the train.
Brenzel was knocked about 16 feet to
one side and was instantly killed, his
spine being broken. The accident oc-
curred at the bend about rods south of
the village.

We can
save you
money on
your Shoes

The Corner Store

MILDMAY.

Garden &
Flower set
2 packages
for 5 cents.

This Store is Radiant
with New Spring Goods.

STYLES
ARE UP-TO-DATE.

PRICES
ARE THE LOWEST

Wet Weather Goods.

The rainy season has come. Protect yourself
with a

Rain Coat.

We have them in Paramatta, Cravenette and Covert
Cloth, in all the newest styles for women and men.

From \$2.50 to \$10.00.

Umbrellas

Direct from the makers. Good covers, good handles
and good frames.

See our "self-opener" made of extra-fine China Cloth
fast color, assorted handles.

Special \$1.25.

Millinery.

If you are interested in Stylish Millinery—and what
woman isn't?—you can hardly afford to pass us by, to
judge from the general expressions of approval from
the large crowds that visited our show room. And not
the least attraction are the

Low Prices.

Men's Hats.

The new hats have arrived—the latest styles from
London and New York are here.

Black hats are taking the lead. We have the cor-
rect shapes for small or large men, and any price you
want

From 75c to \$2.50

Farm
produce
taken same
as cash.

A. MOYER, General
Merchant.

J. O. HYMMEN, Manager.

Try Lipton's
Teas—green
black or mixed
25c lb.

Farm to Sell or Rent.

100 acre farm, Lot 27, Con. 12, Car-
rick. There is a good brick house on
the farm, and a good bank barn and
large orchard. Well water. If not
sold will be rented at reasonable terms.
Apply to James Johnston, Mildmay.

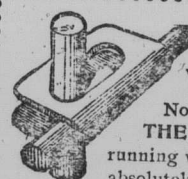
HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

Lot 26, Simpson Street, Mildmay.
Large commodious Frame House on
Lot, and Frame Stable and Hardwater.
For terms apply to James Johnston.

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL ON
retail trade and agents for manufacturing house
having well established business; local territory
straight salary \$20 paid weekly and expense
money advanced; previous experience unces-
sary; position permanent; business successful.
Enclose self-addressed envelope. Superintendent
Travelers, 635 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

Mr. Jas. Warren has once more been
commissioned by the Dominion Govern-
ment to go out on surveying expedition.
He has been given thirteen townships
to fix up and this means an all summer
job. His headquarters will be Saskat-
oon or at all events this will be his
jumping off place. Mr. Warren expects
to leave about the first of May and will
likely be accompanied by James Hume
and one or two others from Walk-
erton.

It is suggested as possible that an
amendment may be made to the Cust-
oms Act so as to shut out books that
would tend to incite the young to crime
and violence. The law was changed
last year so as to forbid the admission
of pictures and posters of this same
type, but it is considered advisable that
the prohibition should include these
books. Another suggestion is that a
new clause should be added to the
Criminal Code to punish storekeepers
who attempt to sell undesirable publica-
tions whether books or pictures.



A Coiled Spring Wire Fence

With large, stiff stay wires, makes a perfect fence

Not one pound of soft wire enters into the construction of
THE FROST. The uprights are immovably locked to the
running wires with THE FROST WEDGE-LOCK, making an
absolutely Stock-proof Fence. The Locks bind without kinking
or crimping either the stays or lateral Wires. Will not slip, and our
new method of enamelling and baking prevents rust, which adds greatly
to the appearance of the fence. Make no mistake. Buy THE FROST.
It is the heaviest and the best. For sale by

C. LEISEMER, Mildmay.

To Consumptives.

The undersigned having been restored to health
by simple means, after suffering for several
years with a severe lung affection, and that
dread Consumption, is anxious to make known
to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To
those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free
of charge) a copy of the prescription used which
they will find a sure cure for Consumption,
Ashma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and all throat and
lung maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try
his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring
the prescription, which will cost them nothing,
and may prove a blessing, will please address,
Rev. EDW. A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York

Property For Sale.

Conrad Sieling wishes to dispose of
his property on Adam Street, Mildmay.
The property contains six acres of land
on which are erected a good bank barn,
brick house, kitchen and woodshed.
Hard and soft water inside, and good
orchard. Terms reasonable. Apply to
C. Sieling, Mildmay.

LIFTING THE BURDEN

With a Gentle Hand—ANTI-PILL.



Woman's life is a battle with nerves that sap strength
and energy. Shattered nerves aggravate and promote
chronic troubles. There is no time in a woman's life
Anti-Pill fails to do good.

When the sleep is restless,
food causes distress, head-
ache or dizziness, pains in the
side or back, indigestion, pal-
pitation, appetite poor, con-
stipated, all tired out, de-
pressed—just one trial of
Dr. Leonhardt's ANTI-PILL
will "hasten the burden"
that is dragging you down.
It begins its work in the
stomach from which the
blood is fed and the nerves
controlled.
ANTI-PILL embraces a new
principle. Its effects are
different from anything else,
and there is no mistaking
its wonderful influence. Dr.
Leonhardt has prepared the
formula entirely free from
the injurious ingredients
common to present day Pills,
etc. It is the ideal system
treatment. Price, 50 cents
per box of dealers, or by
addressing WILSON-PILL
Co., Niagara Falls, Ontario,
who will also mail free sam-
ple to any address.

The Gazette to '05, for 65c.

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS
TORONTO.**

The quality of fat cattle was the best seen here in months. Many choice lots of exporters, as well as butchers' were offered.

Trade was good, but prices were not any higher than for some time past.

Exporters—Prices for some of choice lots of shipping cattle were not made public, and the highest quotation given was \$4.85 per cwt., which was paid by S. Halligan for one load of choice cattle but we are inclined to think that perhaps \$4.90 was paid.

Prices for exporters ranged from \$4.40 to \$4.85 per cwt., the bulk going at \$4.60 to \$4.75 per cwt.

Choice picked lots of butchers' cattle weighing from 1150 to 1200 lbs. each, steers and heifers equal in quality to best exporters sold at \$4.35 to \$4.50; common cows and butchers' bulls at \$2.50 to \$3.25.

Milch Cows and springers—The receipts were not large—about a dozen, which sold at \$30 to \$55 each.

Lambs—Yearling lambs, of which there was a light delivery, sold all the way from \$5.50 to \$6.10 per cwt.

Sheep—Light export sheep, 100 to 125 lbs. each, are worth \$4 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Calves—Prices are lower, owing to heavy deliveries, the bulk of which were of poor quality.

Deliveries of hogs have been light—598 on the market and 823 to Park-Blackpell. Agents of the packers quote prices for straight loads of hogs, fed and watered at Toronto as being \$4.75 per cwt. At points 100 miles west of Toronto these firms are paying \$4.60, f. o. b., cars.

Export Cattle—Choice loads of heavy shippers sold at \$4.50 to \$4.85; medium exporters sold at from \$4.40 to \$4.50 per cwt.

Export Bulls—Choice heavy export bulls sold at \$3.50 to \$3.75 per cwt., and light export bulls sold \$3.25 at \$3.50 per cwt.

Butchers' Cattle—Choice picked lots of butchers' cattle equal in quality to the best of exporters weighing 1100 to 1175 are worth \$4.35 to \$4.55 loads of good sold at \$4.00 to \$4.25; fair to good \$3.50 to \$3.85; common \$3.50 rough to inferior \$2.50.

Feeders—Feeders, 1050 to 1150 lbs are worth \$4.00 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Stockers—Stockers, 400 to 700 lbs each, of good quality are worth \$3.00 to \$3.50 per cwt, off colors and those of poor quality but same weights at \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Milch Cows—Milch and Springers sold at from \$30 to \$55 each.

Calves—Calves sold at from \$2 to \$10 each, or at from \$3.50 to \$5.50 per cwt.

Sheep—Prices \$4.00 to \$4.25 per cwt for ewes, and bucks sold at \$3.00 to \$3.50.

Hogs—Straight loads of hogs, 150 to 200 lbs in weight are worth \$4.75 per cwt., fed and watered.

A black whale got stuck in the ice at Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, and was killed. The men who found him sold him for \$300.

Canada consumed 20,000,000 cigarettes last year. This sounds bad until you read how many the United States consumed.

In the best steam engines only 6 to 15 per cent of the coal burnt actually produces power that can be used, says Power; the rest is dead loss. Where does it go? To begin with 22 per cent flies up the chimney in smoke; 5 per cent is wasted by radiant heat from the boiler; 1 per cent drops through the grate; 10 per cent is consumed in pumping water into the boiler; while 57 per cent goes off in steam after passing through the engine. The rest is accounted for by leaks and waste heat.

It is reported that some of Dowie's Wingham dupes who joined his colony at Zion City, have not found beds of roses, and one or more of them have even been expelled from the sacred precincts. Zion City is owned and controlled by Rev. J. A. Dowie or as he egotistically styles himself "Elijah the Restorer." It is (although boasting a population of 10,000) that base of travellers "a one man town," and is situated about half way between Chicago and Milwaukee. Great tribulation exists there now. The fuel famine has struck it hard; so hard, in fact, that some of the disgusted dupes have ceased praying for food or coal and are now cutting down the shade trees along the streets for fuel.

**B. Goldberg,
MILDMAY.**

Buys

Scrap Iron, Steel,

Bones, Rags,

Rubbers, Etc., Etc.

and pays the highest prices.

A carload of

ROCKSALT

has also arrived, which will be sold very cheap.

B. Goldberg.

Any school girl knows that a kiss is a conjunction.

Give a hungry man something to eat before handing him advice.

Horseless milk wagons for the delivery of cowless milk is about the limit.

Proof of a woman's temper is the arrival of an unexpected guest to dinner.

The man who was arrested for house-breaking saw the first spring robbery.

If Premier Ross would only adopt "Government control of the liquor traffic" as his policy on the question that is now agitating the public mind in Ontario, he would find that though he would be ousted from office by the votes of those who are personally interested in the sale of liquor and those who want prohibition or nothing, he would go down to honorable defeat, and the principle he supported would only meet with a temporary reverse.

On the 18th of March it was four months since sleighing commenced. It has been the longest winter that can be remembered by the oldest settlers, except the one of '68, which started in October, freezing the apples on the trees, and the potatoes in the ground until the next May, being covered with snow the whole winter through. But this winter for storms and zero weather is the hardest one ever known.

FOR SALE.

Lot 37 on South side of Absalom St next to Keelan's bakery, on which there is a brick dwelling and brick veneered warehouse and frame stable. Also lot in rear of said Lot 37 fronting on First St. on which there is a brick veneered dwelling house. Will be sold on reasonable terms of payment. Apply to James Johnston, Mildmay.

J. H. SCHEFTER

Wishes to announce to the public that he has bought out the barbering business formerly owned by W. H. Huck, and will continue the business.

First-class workmanship
Guaranteed.

MILDMAY, - ONT.

A. H. MACKLIN, M.B.

Graduate of the Toronto Medical College. Special work on diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office and Residence—Peter Street.

R. E. CLAPP, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

J. A. WILSON, M. D.

HONOR Graduate of Toronto University Medical College. Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office and Residence—Opposite Skating Rink. MILDMAY.

Notice
Our Object is to do
Business With You.

Every department is now packed with new Goods, and we are ready for Spring Business. These Goods we all bought at very advantageous prices, and we are in a position to save you money in your Spring Buying.

The Very Latest in Millinery

ALSO

In Dress Goods, Silks, Satins, Musslins, Ginghams, Prints, Sateens, Table Linens, Shirtings, Tickings, Tweeds and Ready made Clothing.

Call and get prices and be convinced that this is the store to do your buying.

We can save you 20 per cent on Grey Cottons, being, we had a large stock on hand before the advance.

A First Class Dress Maker Over Our Store.

WOOD AND FARM PRODUCE TAKEN.

JOHN SPAHR.

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:

Fall wheat per bu.....	90 to 90
Oats.....	30 to 31
Peas.....	56 to 56
Barley.....	40 to 40
Potatoes per bushel.....	20 to 25
Smoked meat per lb, sides.....	9 to 9
" " " shoulders.....	8 to 8
" " " hams.....	10 to 10
Eggs per doz.....	11 to 11
Butter per lb.....	14 to 14
Dried apples.....	4 cents per lb

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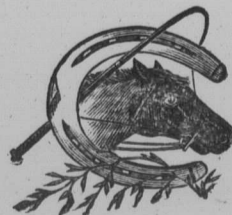
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A WOMAN'S LOVE

OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

CHAPTER XIII.

"With what berserk vehemence Hector sprang into the welter of carnage, how he slaked his thirsty sword (now shortened, now darting like a cobra), how many went down before his onset—the setting forth here of these things would serve no essential purpose. It is enough to say that his soul was glad within him when he looked and saw the last of the Hispaniolans sink behind the city walls, leaving that on the road they cared not to think on. The forlorn hope of Palmetto had trodden the wine-press: the vintage of victory was theirs; yet, truly, a price had been paid.

The price was the heavier when Hector stumbled, an aimless bullet kindling hell in his right shoulder. As he fell he laughed, half in ironical amusement that he was struck so late in the day, when the fight was won, half in happy wonder at his so good fortune. Good fortune he counted it to shed blood for Maddalena's sake, and best of all fortunes to die for her. Nay, since there could be no gleam of hope that he might ever have the hand who already held the heart—what fortune was there to seek but this last best of death, or if not seek at least take with welcome of open arms and laughter at the core? But yet—the work to be done.

Even as he laughed his eyes closed to the whirl about him, and when he awoke it was to feel a lean Mephistopheles of a surgeon stirring up the furnace in his wound with a porcelain-tipped probe. The torture of digging out the bit of lead he bore with the smile that lighted his lips when he fell, and grimly silent he took the surgeon's compliments on his fortitude.

His first spoken word was Alasdair the faithful, who in obedience to the word gathered in the generals to council. They bustled to the call with effervescence of sympathy, but Hector's left hand waved thanks and a desire for peace, and they stilled to hear.

"Don Miguel."

The old man came to the front.

"Senor Grant!"

"Shall we resume our conversation?"

"As you please, senor."

"Then we shall. This morning, the hour of battle broke in on our talk, just as I had demanded from you a retraction of certain light remarks you had made about her Majesty Queen Maddalena. I ask you again to withdraw those remarks."

Don Miguel looked stubborn.

"Otherwise, as I said before, I must give you the lie. The matter is urgent. I am, as you see, incapacitated from performing active duty, and according to usage I must delegate my powers to the senior general, but I cannot, I must not. I shall not, hand over my command to one who lacks loyalty towards her Majesty, in outward bearing or speech, in thought or spirit."

"Surely, Don Miguel's vigor in the fight of to-day—" began Torielli.

"Is guarantee of his loyalty? It was an expression, not a guarantee. I must have a complete withdrawal of all that Don Miguel uttered in my hearing this morning. Come, sir, your answer."

"I withdraw—as regards yourself, Senor Grant."

"I did not ask for that: I do not ask for it. My demand concerns—"

"I do not withdraw, and I shall not withdraw one word of what I said concerning her Majesty. I have the use of my eyes, sir."

"Then, gentlemen," said Hector, white to the lips "I call you to witness that I give Don Miguel the lie. As soon as I am recovered from my wound I shall place myself at his disposal. If he insists on immediate reparation, I shall strive to meet him. In the meantime I resign command in favor of General Ramiro. Your discretion will tell you, Senor Ramiro, how to deal with Don Miguel. Your servant, Generalissimo," and with his left hand Hector saluted as he lay.

"I demand an audience of her Majesty," cried Don Miguel. "I shall not submit to be superseded in this high-handed fashion. I shall—"

A look from Hector stiffened the new generalissimo. He advanced towards Don Miguel.

"Consider yourself under arrest, General. Your sword, sir. And now be good enough to retire to your tent, and remain there until I shall acquaint you with the course of action to be pursued."

They made a lane for him.

At the tent door he faced Don Augustin entering.

"Well met, Don Miguel. Her Majesty has heard of your enthusiasm to-day. Alas! that it was not more productive of success. But her Majesty honors the will as much as the deed, and she bade me convey her thanks to you and press your hand for her."

From the very summit of his injured dignity Don Miguel looked down on the dwarfed chamberlain.

"Your pardon, Don Augustin. I may not accept her Majesty's thanks yet. When I am released from arrest—"

"Arrest!"

"I shall be honored to receive them. My generalissimo will explain. Adios!"

The amazed Bravo wheeled on the generals as Don Miguel swung haughtily to his quarters.

"Arrest!" he cried.

"Arrest," reiterated Ramiro.

"Senor Grant, perhaps you will make matters clear to Don Augustin."

"A word does it," said Hector calmly. "In the hearing of these gentlemen and myself, Don Miguel uttered remarks reflecting on the honor of her Majesty. I demanded a withdrawal. He refused to budge. Instead, therefore, of handing over my duties to Don Miguel, I resigned them in favor of General Ramiro. General Ramiro has placed him under arrest. That is all."

"That is all!" flamed Don Augustin, "that is all! What did he say? Her Majesty's honor! What did he say?"

"Gentlemen," broke in Ramiro, "it is better that Don Augustin should hear the story from Senor Grant. Our presence may be a bar to freedom of speech. We will withdraw. Come."

"You will stay," shouted Bravo.

"As generalissimo," said Ramiro quietly, "I take orders from her Majesty, and from her Majesty only. Come, gentlemen."

Hector and Bravo were alone, not unnatural tumult storming in the breast of each.

To Hector had come the most difficult moment of his life—far more trying than the burning second when the bonds of restraint fell from him like smouldering flax, and Maddalena was at his heart ere he knew—for he felt that he must confess to this man the full tale of the past twenty-four hours, and in some way offer justification or palliation. Yet why either justification or palliation? he thought. Why does a man think it necessary to seek excuses for loving a woman, since the facts that she is she and he is he are inevitable, insurmountable, and loving is the most constantly natural of all phenomena? The sun may sink for ever, the moon pale to wan death, the stars become black pebbles, the tides dry up and the wind call no more, man and woman grow blind, deaf, dumb stumblers in the void dark, yet in the palpable night a hand shall grope and find its mate, and Love triumph by sheer persistence of vitality against the thousand Torquemadas of Fate. So thought Hector, and the thought braced him to look at Bravo with honest eyes—the whole story of his love showing in them. Still, somewhere at the back of his brain, lurked the impression that Bravo might hold him culpable, as one might hold a thief whose rough fingers had the intent to touch a treasure, even if they had not actually closed on it.

To Bravo the moment was all pain. He loved Maddalena as the apple of his eye. He loved Hector just as much. The difference in affection lay not in degree, but in kind. Maddalena was the daughter and the Queen; Hector the son. His heart spoke for them, his memory, his own empty life—and yet, there was Palmetto and the ultimate happiness of thousands, the stilling of rivalries and the gathering into the broad bosom of freedom a whole weary people. He gazed long after the retreating generals, his thoughts busy as bees, hovering desirous about the sweet blossoms of romance, but ever and again returning to the white honeyless flowerage of duty and self-resolute with the tenderness of full knowledge, he came to where Hector lay and took him by the free hand.

"Hector," he said, using the name for the first time, "I know all—the Queen has told me all."

"All?"

"Everything."

"My love?"

"Yes."

"Her love?"

"Yes."

"And last night?"

"I said 'everything.'"

"And you—you—"

"Well, what of me?"

"You concern us—you grudge us our hour—knowing how impossible it all is?"

"Neither condemn nor grudge. Take your hour, both of you. You will find it all too short; yet in the years to come you will have something to remember, something to make the dull days easier."

"Are you not to blame me?"

"Why? You cannot help loving her. She is the Queen."

"Yes, yes."

"She loves you. Again I say, she is the Queen."

There was silence for a few moments.

"She told you?"

"My heart is running over," said she. "I must speak, I must tell my best friend the new secret of my life. Hector," she said, "and the next instant she was sobbing on his old shoulder. I more than half feared this; I hoped against it, I prayed against it. Long ago, in London—that very first night when you came to the palace in Bloomsbury—fearing it. I'd were young, hand-

some, of a gallant nature—the kind of man that takes a young maiden's heart ere it knows. She knew nothing of men: she had seen only old fellows like myself whom I had engaged to be her tutors. Yes, I made some allowance for the contingency. When the occasion arises, said I, 'I shall deal with it: the man must be removed—he shall be removed.' Then you came. Early and early I thought I saw this fore-shadowed. 'We will wait,' said I, 'he is the man for the work: when it is done he shall go.' And I would have kept to my intent, but I have grown to know you—nay, more, my son, I have come to love you!"

"Don Augustin!"

"I know that you are big enough of soul to go of yourself when the work is done. You will return to your world in the whirl of London: you will not forget—no, no: you are strong enough to live on the memory of your great hour, when you loved and were loved by a queen. From your distance you will look across to Palmetto and see her live for her people, a finer queen because she drank the cup with you: a finer queen, a stronger woman, because whatever she has given you you have returned threefold."

"If it were possible! These old eyes would desire to see nothing happier—if only it were possible; but it is not, it is not—"

He took Hector's free hand and pressed it with a sympathy and tenderness one did not look for from the grizzled chamberlain.

"You wonder, perhaps, how it is that I am not full of blame for you, loud with upbraidings, hot with anger. Listen—in a word I tell you the secret of my life, the reason why I am lonely in my old age, wifeless and childless. Maddalena is all the world to you: her mother, a fairer Maddalena, was all the world to me—her memory keeps me living now for the daughter. How can I reproach, when I myself dared to lift my eyes so high?"

The old man rose and paced the tent for a few moments in almost vain attempt to master the emotion aroused by the unobscuring of a secret five-and-twenty years old. But after a little he grew calm, helped more than he knew by the silence which Hector preserved as more fitting than any speech.

"Now," he said, "you must make me a promise."

"I know what you would ask," said Hector.

"Well?"

"That as soon as this affair is finished, I shall depart?"

"Is it too heavy a demand?"

"It is my own proposal."

"Then it is settled?"

"Oh! surely—surely."

"I expected no other answer."

"There could be no other."

"Ah! Hector, my son, how my heart bleeds for her—far more than for you, for you will go back to your work with a rich remembrance while she must sacrifice herself for her country—must marry—"

"Let us not talk of the future, Don Augustin," said Hector; the vision was too painful not to be thrust aside. "Let us rather speak of the present, where there is so much to do. And first, about Don Miguel. That matter must be settled speedily."

"It must be settled this night."

"But surely we must take time to consult her Majesty."

"Her Majesty must not know of it."

"God knows I would spare her this but it concerns her so closely."

"No, no," said Don Augustin, with some slight return of his old imperiousness. "Tell me all the circumstances, and let me judge first."

The telling did not take long.

"And now," said Bravo, "go back and let me have a full account of your sojourn at Friganeta. It may supply the spring that moves Don Miguel."

Hector had no great liking for the task, but he thought it best to give the whole story of Asunta's desperate proffer of her love, because he felt that the usually easy-going Don Miguel was but the merest puppet in his daughter's revengeful hands.

"Ah!" cried Bravo, when the truth flashed on him, "she is the viper we have nursed in our bosoms. Yes, the Queen must know: we men are powerless to deal with a woman; only a good woman can oppose and overcome this devil. I must back to Caldera at once."

But Don Augustin was saved his journey. There was some clamor outside the tent and the voice of a woman was heard, and immediately thereafter entered Alasdair to announce that Dona Asunta demanded audience of Hector.

Hector looked to Don Augustin in some dismay, only to see deep trouble in the old man's eyes. Each waited for each to speak: the silence was eloquent of perturbation. Ere they had found words, or even thoughts to express in words, Asunta forced her way past Alasdair, and although somewhat disconcerted at the presence of Bravo, began to pour out invective and wild imprecation.

"Ah! you shall pay dearly for this, Senor Don Generalissimo Grant from Nowhere! Not content with insulting the daughter, you insult the father—you, scum of an adventurer! You—"

"Dona Asunta!" thundered Bravo, "pray remember who you are! Do not make me forget that you are a woman. Do not force me to have you removed! Do not make me lower the ideal I have formed of Palmetto womanhood."

"What care I for your ideals, blind dotard! If you cannot see the peril that threatens Palmetto, and take

steps to avert it, I can—and I will—even though I go to prison with my father at the order of this—can-ally!" pointing to Hector where he lay.

Even if her words did not proclaim her access of madness, her looks left no room for doubt. Her eyes glared with fury, now flaming into fire, and anon stealing into a cold vindictiveness that was still more appalling. Her features were distorted with bitterness, and the muscles of her face and neck and temples billowed with the uncurbed tides of passion. She moved within a small space, taking but a step this way, a step that, and never remaining still for a single second: a wild beast caged, seeking for a weak bar to be out at her deadly work. Hector and Bravo, in spite of their natural disquiet, were more than half fascinated by her pythonesque fury; but Alasdair, whom none regarded, stood alert by the door, ready to spring upon her should her madness break the last barrier of restraint.

"It is unlike a lady of Palmetto to hold such language," said Don Augustin, "and it ill becomes the dignity of an Ortona to speak thus of a wounded man to his face."

"Lady!" she sneered. "I am no lady. I have shed all that I feel. I am a woman, and I demand justice— but where to look for it? To whom shall I appeal? To the Queen his mistress?"

"Madame!"

"Shall I repeat it? shall I repeat it?"

"This is treason the cruellest!" cried Bravo.

"O! I have the courage to say it again! My father had the courage to say it, and you send him to prison. I am ready to go there, too. Why don't you send for your gaolers? Have you no fetters for me?" Her voice rose into a scream.

"Dona Asunta!" pleaded Don Augustin, taking another course, "Dona Asunta, would you have the whole camp hear you?"

"And why not? Let everybody know—let all Palmetto know—that one of Palmetto's daughters was insulted by this smooth villain, who casts her off when he finds higher prey willing and ready to drop into his mouth. Let all Palmetto know it—then I may get justice."

"Justice, Dona Asunta!"

At the sweet sound of that low voice a thrill of surprised horror ran through Hector and Bravo, for it was the Queen who spoke; Asunta herself was struck out of madness for a moment. Bravo turned to the voice with unutterable sorrow in his eyes—how he would have given all his remaining days to have spared her the scene that was now inevitable. And Hector—torn between the healing happiness of the sight of her, of the sound of her voice, and the terror that she should be drawn into this sordid brawl—Hector for a moment covered his eyes with his hand.

"I waited for you, Don Augustin," said Maddalena aside in a low tone, "until I could endure it no longer. I sent you to bring me news of—of my wounded general. I regret that I troubled you with my orders: I shall not err again, sir."

"O! madame, you are unjust!" But she had turned from him.

"You spoke of justice, Dona Asunta. I am here."

But the flame had gone down to a sullen smolder. She held her peace.

"Is it a wrong your Queen cannot set right?"

Again no answer.

"Come, Dona Asunta, what is the injustice? Who has wronged you?"

The direct question was oil to the fire. Like a lightning flash, the answer leaped hot with hate and the hiss of malevolence.

"You."

"I? You, the Queen, wrong you, his lover!"

(To be continued.)

UNDERGROUND LONDON.

How Five Hundred Miles of Sewers Are Managed.

The average Londoner is possibly unaware that nearly 500 miles of sewers are situated beneath his feet and this includes only the large sewers, several of them so large that a number of boats could float down them abreast, says Tit-Bits. And some idea of the enormous cost of draining London may be gathered from the fact that the drainage works and machinery alone cost \$40,000,000 sterling.

The three main sewers in the Metropolis run from Fleet Street to Hampstead, from Blackfriars to Abbey Mills, and from Harrow to Old Ford. Connected with these are a multitude of smaller sewers measuring about 12 feet in diameter, which make London one of the best-drained cities in the world.

A thousand men are employed all the year round, not even excepting Sundays, in keeping London properly drained, and the stupendous total of 1,000,000,000 tons of sewage is chemically treated every twelve months and taken away in sludge vessels to the North Sea. It might be supposed that the occupation is an unhealthy one for the men engaged, but this is not so, as the sewage is treated with protophosphate or iron and lime water, which clarifies it as it passes to the great reservoirs ready to be taken away.

During a wet summer the pumping machinery which draws away the rain water might be expected to be very heavily taxed, and the sewers also; but beside there being a number of storm channels which are only utilized when the volume of water in the main sewers is abnormal, the pumping machinery at Abbey Mills alone is capable of lifting 135,000,000 gallons of water to a height of 40 feet every day, which in other words, implies that London could never be destroyed by floods.

At Barking, where the sludge is dealt with, there are fourteen sewers measuring 30 feet across; that is to say, any one of them would be wide enough for a small tug-boat to pass down. Here the sludge, after being chemically treated, has to go through enormous iron cages, resembling gigantic colanders, which keep back solid objects, such as pieces of wood, old boots, and so forth, whilst infrequently valuable articles of jewellery are found wedged between the bars of a cage.

The vessels used to convey the sludge to the North Sea are not by any means the hulks one might expect to find engaged in the work. They are luxuriously fitted with cosy apartments for the men and lighted throughout by electricity. Each barge carries 1,000 tons of sludge, and when fifty miles from the coast the cargo is distributed over an area of several miles.

Connected with the sewer under Ludgate Hill is the old Roman subterranean bath, which is the oldest structure in London, and must have been in existence long before a single brick of the present City was laid. At one time it was approached by a subway, but this has long since disappeared, though the bath, which measures some 14 feet to 10 feet, across still remains.

THE SAME COLOR.

Scene—A railway carriage. Englishman (addressing Yankee in opposite corner)—"Excuse me, this is not a smoking carriage."

No reply.

Five minutes later (more brusquely)—"I must really trouble you to put out that cigar."

Still no reply.

One minute later. "Hang it, sir, if you don't put that cigar out I'll have you removed."

Still superb indifference on part of Yankee. Train stops. Englishman calls guard and requests removal of Yankee. The latter breaks in, coolly: "Guard, examine that man's ticket—it's third-class."

Guard does so, finds the statement correct, and marches the Englishman out, to the great astonishment of the other occupants of the carriage.

After the train had again started another occupant, unable to restrain his curiosity, asks: "How did you know what ticket he had?"

Yankee (with a yawn)—"Saw it sticking out of his waistcoat pocket. Same color as my own, I guess!"

INGENUOUS SPIDERS.

The Royal Society in London was recently entertained with an account by Mr. R. I. Pocock, of a spider of the Desidae family, living in Australia, which makes its habitation along the seashore, in the crevices of the rocks, between high and low-water marks. This location is selected, no doubt, because it abounds with the food that these spiders prefer. But when the tide is in their homes are covered with water. Instead of deserting them, however, the spiders solve the difficulty by means of closely woven sheets of silk, which they stretch over the entrances, and within which they imprison sufficient air to keep them alive during the time that they remain submerged.

"Your worship," said a solicitor to the Bench, "everybody knows that I am incapable of lending myself to a mean cause." "True, your worship," chimed in his legal opponent, "my learned friend never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down!"

JAPANESE COURAGE.

The little men of Japan who have dared to face the Russian bear can give the world many thrilling stories of courage, and many of clever stratagem as well. One of the powerful nobles of the olden time was forced to flee from his enemy in haste. He hid in a barrel and was borne away by servants, who, meeting the enemy, declared that the barrel contained food. "If there is anything living in it there will be blood on my sword," said the nobleman's enemy, and thrust his weapon into the barrel. It went through the hidden man's legs and made a terrible wound. But he, with quick thought, wiped the blade on the hem of his garment as it was drawn out, so that it went out clean and he was not discovered.

MIKE'S DISCOURAGING QUEST.

Mike is a married man—a very much married man. He has married no fewer than four times, and all his wives are still to the fore.

According to Michael's own account at the Dublin assizes, where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his experiences have not been altogether satisfactory. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women.

"Ver honor," said Mike, apologetically, "I was only thyrin' to get a good one, an' it's not aisy!"

A man doesn't sing into a phonograph for the purpose of trying to break the record.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

CHAPTER XIV.

The shadows of the Monte sent long lines across the valley, weaving with their slim brethren of the palms a mesh-work that caught and seemed to bind the feet of the myriad searchers for dead and wounded who went slowly up and down the hollows, emerging here from the green of an orange grove with a drear burden for burial, disappearing there into a farmhouse with a sagging stretcher. Beyond the valley, the eastern end of Palm City sloped to the shore, darkening with a thousand mysteries of tender dim coloring. And then again, beyond the City, lay the broad carpet of the ocean, rich with ineffable depths of all tints from gold and glorious blue to mauve and royal purple. High above the water hung the sky, magnificent in its unfecked purity, wonderful as the blue of the Virgin's kirtle—nay, it was the very raiment of the divine Mary.

This was the background that filled the frame of Hector's tent door. To complete the picture, making it inevitable, her head clear against the serene azure, Maddalena stood, a figure at once splendid and pathetic. The mad fierce words had been a blow in the face: all expected, they had smitten brutally. And then, as responsive blood hurries in surprise to every pinpoint of the stricken cheek, their full meaning hastened aggressively into every cranny of her being. The pain of the strange intelligence stung, and summoned tears to tremble. Hector saw them and had the momentary fear that she was about to break down. But dignity, pride, love, and that pugnacity which harbors in even the most peaceful nature, joined hands and set a girdle of strength about her. With an unconscious toss of the head, she shook the drops from her lashes, and looked on Asunta with undimmed gaze.

The men were dumb at the malicious vulgarity of the attack. Sudden, gross, offensive, it stunned them, too, into blank amazement. Their eyes turned first to the victim, and in suspense they waited for Maddalena to move. They had been powerless to prevent the attack while the Queen was there; they were equally powerless to retaliate. Only Alasdair, who knew no word of what was passing, understood from attitude and gesture that ill events were toward; he moved from his sentinel post by the doorway, so that at hint of eye he might come between the Queen and the enraged Asunta.

It was Hector, then. What did Asunta know? What part had Asunta in his life? Why did Asunta cry out against her thus? For love of Palmetto, for love of him? From question and doubt to doubt, and question she swung for an eternity. And how to deal with this mad woman who, having spoken a thousand daggers, looked a deadlier thousand? What to say—she could meet her gaze calmly—but O! what to say?

Her eyes took an impulse. She looked to Hector. It was the unspoken appeal for help, for protection. She read both in his eyes—in the love he put in her hands was a shield invulnerable. Now she was strong, she was armed at all points.

"Dona Asunta, I am unused to scenes of violence. You forget what is due to me, you forget what is due to yourself. I am at a loss to understand this extremity of passion. But at least I understand that you accuse me—"

"Of being his lover—yes!" And a quivering hand marked Hector.

"If by that you mean that I—that I love Senor Grant—it is my happiness to love him, as it is my unhappiness. And if so I choose to do, how have you gained the right to ask why, how?"

"Because I love Palmetto."

"Better than you love me?"

"Perhaps—yes, better than I love you."

"Is that the only reason?"

"No. He insulted me with his love—his love—the adventurer who comes whence no one knows. You must not be deceived."

"Strange. I was his guarantee. He bore my commission. You received him as my representative."

"Until he showed his true character."

"How did he show it?"

"By besieging me, pestering me with his professions of love; and now he has got you in his toils."

Maddalena smiled on Hector.

"You hear Dona Asunta, senor, I shall not ask you to reply to her."

He thanked her with a look that drew the bonds of trust and confidence the closer.

"Ah! but let me reply," cried Bravo. "I have no mercy for this lady who conspires to draw your Majesty into her net of revenge."

"Don Augustin! Don Augustin!" pleaded Hector.

"Give me leave, your Majesty," went on Bravo, unheeding, "to tell the truth of this sordid affair."

For a moment Maddalena hesitated but little by little her resentment against Asunta had been swelling, resentment against the woman who had compelled her to tear aside the

veil that his her darling young ret, her darling young joy, her sweet sorrow.

Why should she spare her who not spare? And if Bravo knew truth—

She nodded; and in swift phrase Don Augustin recounted all Hector had told him of his stay Friganeta, omitting nothing, counting nothing. Maddalena her eyes fixed on Asunta, and staves of emotion that chased other over her countenance.

"It's all a lie! it's all a lie!"

"Her position near your Majesty person gave her opportunities spying which she did not neglect. She watched you, she watched Senor Grant. Revenge on him she will have, revenge on you also, if it is possible. There was no need to revenge: Fate had anticipated her alas!"

"It's all a lie!" came again hoarsely from Asunta.

Maddalena heaved a sigh of oppression. Her endurance was nearly exhausted. She felt her heart sinking within her, the blood flowing feebly along her veins, her eyes growing blind. This unseemly braiding in which she felt her inmost soul laid bare and torn by coarse fingers was degrading to her and her love, and she rebelled bitterly against weakness it bred in her. It must end.

"Let Don Miguel be summoned," she said. "Don Augustin, see to it!"

"Your Majesty does not know that Don Miguel is a prisoner," said Bravo.

"A prisoner? Heaven save his soul, To Stampa?"

"No, your Majesty. He is a prisoner in his own tent—a prisoner Palmetto. What the daughter said the father has repeated." A briefly he recounted events.

"O! this is monstrous! Let it be brought forth with!"

She stood still for a moment, then her strength and valorous power seemed to leave her. She looked on the scowling Asunta, and cast furtive glances at the open door as if to make a dash for her liberty, but Alasdair barred the way. He looked at the great Highlandman but he had all his wits in the eye that fixed Asunta. Then, as she had delayed too long, yet fearing her own eagerness, she turned to Hector, and with a little cry she held all love, all pity, all sorrow she ran to where he lay, and took his hand pressed it to the warmth of her breast. His eyes answered to the full the unpremeditated caress. Neither had thought Asunta, to whose raging soul every movement, every whisper, was wood and gall.

"Fate takes even our own hearts from us," she whispered.

"Fate cannot," he answered.

"And you—wounded—for me."

"I am glad."

"Ah!" The sigh was not now oppression; it was charged with the excess of delight.

"If I were not wounded, would you be here?"

"You might have been killed."

"I had your crucifix—"

"I prayed for you."

"And your rose."

"My heart went with both."

"So I was safe."

"O! Hector, Hector, I love you."

"Maddalena!"

"Better to-night than last night, better far."

"Is that possible?"

"Everything is possible to the man who loves."

For a little space eyes made no speech, lest even the faintest might reach thieving ears. And then each longed for sound of the other's voice.

"Hector, I am sorry for her."

"For Asunta?"

"She loves you."

"She hates us both."

"She may well hate me who stole you."

"Stole me? I gave myself to you long ago."

"I think I, too, must have loved you from long ago. I seem to have loved you always."

"You were my dream when I was a boy."

"And then not to know until yesterday."

"Your eyes used to come between me and my books when I was at school."

"O! but I was a little girl! could they, then?"

"No, I cannot think of you as a little girl: you were always the Queen. Just as you will never be old: you will be the Queen always the same, as you are now!"

"Always the same to you, heart."

"Maddalena! you love me too, I am not worthy."

"You are worthy. You who have risked life for me, who have risked life for me!"

"Not worthy though I risk again to-morrow, and every day until the end!"

"It is I that am not worthy. I can give nothing but my life."

"And that—that man—"

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