

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 4.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

No. 47

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m. at 4:30 p. m. at Wroster, 4:30 p. m. at Rev. Mr. Deacon, incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

METHODIST.—Services at 10:50 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Greene, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. W. S. Hess Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services at Fordwich at 10 a. m. at Gorrie, 4:30 p. m. Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 11:30 a. 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. Preaching on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. Mr. Edwards pastor.

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H. E. Liesemer,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Walkerton Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for

THE GAZETTE:	
Wheat per bush	\$ 65 to \$ 67
Spring "	65 to 67
Oats.....	24 to 25
Peas.....	50 to 52
Barley.....	35 to 40
Potatoes.....	30 to 35
Smoked meat per lb.....	7 to 9
Eggs per doz.....	15 to 15
Butter per lb.....	15 to 15
Dressed pork.....	4 25 to 4 70

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Deemerton.

At the residence of Rev. Mr. Brown on Wednesday, Nov. 20th, Mr. Samuel Schmidt was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Catharine Voelsing. The contracting parties resided in Carrick. The best wishes of their numerous friends for a long and happy life is extended to the young couple.

Walkerton

Late reports from the sick are to the effect that there is a steady improvement in all cases where improvement was looked for. Mr. Rothwell was confined to the house for some days, but is getting round again.

Mr. George Grasser slipped from a ladder on which he was working last week and in recovering himself gave his back a wrench. He has been laid up in consequence.

A goat was sent by express the other day with a tag. "Please pass the butter." He was labelled to the president of a secret society.

The resignation of Councillor Blair leaves the Street Committee without a chairman.

The old gray horse that Mr. Smith has driven in his delivery wagon for the last 19 years has been superannuated.

A child of Mr. John Teasdale, Grand Trunk Station master of Oakville, son of the late Joseph Teasdale of Walkerton, died very suddenly on Sunday, November 3rd. Five minutes before he died it was all right. Death resulted from a clot of blood forming near the heart.—Herald.

Christian Endeavor.

The Christian Endeavor society in the Methodist church on Tuesday night the president Rev. Mr. McBain. The topic "Is my heart right with God," Prov. 4: 22-27 was opened by Miss Sarah Hooley. The importance of the question was well brought out, and all present were earnestly exhorted not to delay the getting right of the heart. Several speakers spoke very earnestly on the topic and many passages of scriptures were read proving the necessity of the hearer being right with God.

It was clearly shown that by nature our hearts were not right with God. The heart being the seat of the motive forces of the soul, it follows that the heart being wrong, the life must be wrong too. Before the life can be right the heart must be right. God invites us to give our hearts to him. His promises is to all who ask him. I will take away from you the heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh. "A new heart also will I give and a right spirit will I put within you." When God gives the new heart and right spirit the affections are changed. The things that were hated are now loved. The life of God is implanted in the soul, we become partakers of the divine nature. Then the command in the lesson, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life" receives the attention it deserves. The heart being kept right, the right life is sure to follow. The topic for next week will be "God's triumphs in the mission field," Ps. 67; 1-7. Leader, Mr. Hastie the missionary in charge of the Presbyterian congregation here.

PRESS COM.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

The bye-election in North Ontario will be held on Dec. 12th.

Mrs. Bolton, of Peterboro, shot a deer weighing 200 pounds at Indian Point.

Mr. John Young has been re-engaged in S. S. No. 11, Carrick, for next year at an advance of \$25.

A new post office called Erasmus has been opened in North Wellington four miles from Grand Valley.

A strike is in progress amongst the employees of the Palmerston flax mill. Piece work is the cause of the work.

The S. S. "United Empire" on her last trip to Sarnia from Fort William, carried 15 carloads of Manitoba flax seed.

A young deer was seen crossing Thos. Gordon's farm near Sinclair's school house in Egremont one day last week.

The Wingham Times is about to change hands. Mr. S. G. Brown of Watford takes possession on January 2nd.

Prof. Spencer predicts that in 4000 years Hamilton will be deluged. Surely he gives the "Spec" enough time to preach the "moderate Conservatives" into the ark.

Wiarton has purchased a steam roller with which to crush into impalpable dust the fragments into which the towering rocks of the peninsula were blasted during the Megraw.

Goderich is enjoying a boom. A new bicycle factory employing 75 hands. A factory for the manufacture of knitted goods, and last of all a consumptive Sanitarium are all under way.

Vick Haslam, who has been baking with Mr. Copeland, left last week for Devils Lake, North Dakota, to take the place of his brother who was accidentally shot a short time ago. — Gorrie Vidette.

Tuesday morning at 1 o'clock fire broke out in Wright's grist mill, Bradford, better known as the Patron's mill. The mill and its contents were consumed. The loss will be about \$20,000, with insurance of \$12,000.

George McKenzie says that if the citizens of Wingham who subscribed \$500 to a flax mill to be erected there will stand by their offer, he will give the site as promised, the mill and bays to be equal in capacity to either Blythe or Brussels mills.

A recent London, England, exchange has the following: At Aldridge's Repository to-day 24 good looking horses belonging to Mr. McCain, of Lucknow, Ont., were disposed of at an average of 24 guineas, the highest, a skewald cob bringing 81, and the lowest 17 guineas.

Mrs. E. N. Newcombe, 241 John Street, Hamilton, I have taken one bottle and a half of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure for kidney complaint. My case was an extremely bad one. I never had anything to do me so much good. I recommend it highly.

A recent subscriber to a Georgia newspaper writes to the editor to stop his paper, and made this explanation: "I think people ought to spend their money for papers my daddy didn't and everybody else he was the intelligentest man in the kentry and had the smartest family of boys that ever dug taters."

On Friday, Alex. McMillan, jr., son of A. McMillan, sr., of con. 8 Arthur, dropped dead as he was at work in the yard of Niel McTaggart, a neighbor. Deceased had been suffering for some time with heart disease and it was this disease that caused his terribly sudden death. He was an unmarried man, 34 years of age.

Robert Kerr, an employee of Hunter Bros., Kincardine, nearly lost his left arm one day last week. They were putting up a smokestack at the soda works. There was a dent in the lower part, and so the rest was raised on pulleys, and Robert went up to hammer out the dent: By the slipping of a chain, the smokestack fell, sinking into the lower part a distance of ten inches. Had it fallen perpendicularly it would assuredly have taken off Robert's arm. As it was, it grazed it so that he was unable to work for a few days.

John L. Sullivan has been delivering himself lately of his opinion of drinking. The moralizings of the broken-down prize fighter who wore the champion's belt so long came to this conclusion: Boozing kills off fighters quicker than anything else on earth. There was a time when I was the fastest big man in the country. Now, I'm slow as molasses. Booze did it, my boy, and booze will lay out any fighter who sticks to it long enough. Let my case pass and take up that of George Dixon. The coon was awfully fast and clever once, but he is going back fast. Why, he and Griffo fought a draw the other night. Time was when Dixon would have whipped the kangaroo dead easy. It is booze! booze! too, has begun to toll on Corbett. I ho keeps it up he will land on the hog with me.

James A. Hunter shot a deer on the Rocky Sangeen near Durham last week.

The body of Miss Cash, an old lady of 70 years, who occupied apartments over a Stratford drug store, was found in her room on Friday morning. She had evidently been dead for a month before being discovered.

Dr. Francy, the accomplice of Alger in the Pickering life insurance fraud, was connected in a widespread conspiracy to swindle insurance companies. Already the Equitable Life has found it necessary to cancel a number of risks in all of which Francy was medical examiner and sent in fraudulent returns.

On Sunday night about ten o'clock the Teeswater fire brigade was called out to extinguish a fire in a vacant dwelling house opposite Knox church. Although the fire had gained considerable headway when noticed it was soon put out. The place is supposed to have been set on fire.

It is generally believed that Mr. Wm. Campbell, reeve of Tara, will be appointed light-house keeper at Cabot's Head. The applicants were very numerous, showing how precarious many seem to consider the ordinary avocations of life in securing a livelihood. There were 100 men after a position worth about \$700 a year.

Patronize progressive people if you wish to see your community prosperous. Money spent with a silurian is like wasting fertilizer on a bed of rock instead of sowing it over good soil that will enrich the world with a more luxurious production. The money that is paid to enterprising people builds new house, beautiful lawns, starts enterprise, keeps up the church, relieves the needy and is always on the move. Lively times progress, and prosperity are thus secured.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The live stock shipments from Montreal this year are greatly in excess of those of former years.

A son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill will serve as Lieutenant in the Spanish army in Cuba.

It is said that Japan has transferred her order given to England some time ago to Germany, on account of the ship builders' strike on the Clyde.

London society are on the qui vive for the coming divorce case of Woolston v. Woolston, in which the Duke of Orleans is named as the co-respondent.

Miss Sarah Sleeth, a well connected young woman of St. John, N. B., committed suicide by shooting herself through the heart.

Up near Orillia, a widow, the mother of ten children, committed suicide because she was disappointed in her second love. To show how utterly unwarranted the rash deed was, it is only necessary to state that she had been a widow only about a year.

A complimentary banquet will be tendered Mr. L. J. Searjeant, the retiring general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway Company by the citizens of Montreal on Tuesday, December 17th.

The trade returns for October indicate that business is still improving. The exports during the month aggregated \$13,273,256, whereas during September it was \$10,497,531. The imports for October were \$10,363,319, as against \$9,338,604 in September.

The Rev. Father Labelle, of Aylmer, Que., was fined two dollars and costs in Hull, on Saturday for slander. The slander consisted in his saying that Mr. Robert Conroy, warden of Ottawa county had been instrumental in having one of his relatives' children baptized by a Protestant minister against the wishes of its mother.

The attention of the Fisheries Department is being called with increased frequency of late to illegal fishing in the Georgian Bay, near Owen Sound, during the close season. The practice is especially destructive of fish life at the present time, which is the breeding season. Increased vigilance has been urged upon local officers.

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

"It is warm—very," she says, calmly, but indifferently.

"O I call it—werry 'ot," returns he, making his quotation as genially as though she understood it, and, plucking a little rose-bud from a tree near him, proceeds to adorn his coat with it.

"It seems a long time since I have seen you," he goes on, presently; and she speaks, his eyes seek hers. Something in her face touches some chord in his careless kindly nature.

"How pale you are!" he says abruptly.

"Am I? The heat, no doubt,"—with a faint smile.

"But thin, too, are you not? And—
—and—" he pauses. "Anything wrong with you, Ruth?"

"Wrong? No! How should there be?" retorted she, in a curious tone, in which fear and annoyance fight for mastery. Then the storm dies away, and the startled look fades from her pretty face.

"Why should you think me unhappy because I am a little pale?" she asks sullenly.

Branscombe looks surprised.

"You altogether mistake me," he says, gently. "I never associated you in my mind with unhappiness. I merely meant, had you a headache, or any of those small ills that female flesh is heir to? I beg your pardon, I'm sure, if I have offended you."

He has jumped off the wall, and is now standing before her, with only the little gate between them. Her face is still colorless, and she is gazing up at him with parted lips, as though she would fain say something difficult to form into satisfactory speech. At this moment, Lord Sartoris, coming suddenly round the angle of the road, sees them.

Ruth lowers her eyes and some slight transient cold creeps into her cheeks. Sartoris, comes quickly up to them, makes some conventional speech to her, and then turns to his nephew.

"Where are you going?" he asks coldly.

"I was going to Hythe," returned the young man, easily. "Just as well I didn't, eh? Should have found you out."

"Found me out,—yes," repeats his uncle, looking at him strangely. How long—how long it takes to find out some people, whom our very hearts are set. "I am going to the village."

"Then so am I," says Branscombe. "Though I should think it would run the original 'deserted' one close on such a day as this. Good-by, Ruth." He holds out his hand; and the girl, silently returning his warm pressure, makes a faint courtesy to Lord Sartoris. There is no serenity, but some nervousness, in the slight salutation.

"How is your father, Ruth?" asks he, detaining her by a quick movement of the hand.

"Quite well, thank you, my lord." Some timidity is discernible in her tone, caused by the unmistakable reproof and sternness in his.

"I am glad to hear it. There is no worthier man in all the parish than John Annersley. I hope nothing will ever occur to grieve or sadden that good old man."

"I hope not, my lord," returns she, steadily, although his voice has meaning in it. In another moment she was gone.

"How does your farming go on, Dorian?" asks Lord Sartoris, presently, rousing himself from a puzzling reverie.

"Quite in the model line," says Dorian, cheerfully. "That Sawyer is an invaluable fellow. Does all the work, you know,—which is most satisfactory. Looks after the men, pays their wages, and takes all my troubles on his shoulders. Never could understand what a perfect treasure is till I got him. Every one says I am most fortunate in my choice of a steward."

"I dare say. It is amazing the amount of information people possess about other people's servants. But you look after things yourself, of course? However faithful and trustworthy one's hirelings may be, one's own eyes should also be in the matter."

"Oh, of course," acquiesces Dorian, cheerfully. "Nothing like personal supervision, and so on. Every now and then, you know, I look over the accounts, and ask a few questions, and show myself very learned in drainage, and so forth. But I don't see that I gain much by it. Horrid stupid work, too,—with a yawn. Luckily, Sawyer is one of the most knowing fellows in the world, or I should go to smash. He is up to everything, and talks like a book. Quite a pleasure, I give you my word,—almost a privilege,—to hear him converse on short-horns and some eccentric root they call mangrels."

"It is possible to be knowing," says his uncle, depreciatingly.

"Eh? oh, no; Sawyer is not that sort of person. He is quite straight all through. And he never worries me more than he can help. He looks after everything, and whatever he touches (metaphorically speaking) turns to gold. I'm sure anything like those pheasants—

"Yes, yes, I dare say. But pheasants are not everything."

"Well, no; there are a few other things," says Dorian, amicably,—"notably grouse. Why by this undying hatred to Sawyer, my dear Arthur? In what has he been found wanting?"

"I think him a low, underhand sneaking fellow," says Sartoris, unhesitatingly. "I should not keep him in my employ half an hour. However,"

reluctantly, and somewhat sadly, "one cannot always judge by appearances." They have reached the village by this time, and are walking leisurely through it. Almost as they reach the hotel they meet Mr. Redmond, the rector, looking as hearty and kindly as usual. Lord Sartoris, who had come down on purpose to meet him, having asked his question and received his answer, turns again and walks slowly homeward, Dorian still beside him.

As they again catch sight of the old mill, Sartoris says, quietly, with a laudable attempt at unconcern that would not have deceived the veriest infant, but is quite successful with Dorian, whose thoughts are far away. "What a nice girl that little Ruth has grown!"

"Awfully pretty girl," returns Dorian, carelessly.

"Yes,—gravely,—'very pretty; and I think—I hope—upright, as she is beautiful. Poor child, hers seems to be a very desolate lot. Far too well educated to associate with those of her own class, she is still cut off by the laws of caste from mixing with those above her. She has no friends, no mother, no sister, to love and sympathize with her."

"My dear Arthur, how you do agonize yourself!" says Dorian. "She has her father, and about as comfortable a time altogether as I know of."

"She reminds me of some lowly wayside flower, goes on the old man, interlude, raising his little head sadly among gay garden plants that care not for her, whilst beyond the hedge that bounds her garden she can watch her own species grow and flourish in wild luxuriance. Her life can scarcely be called happy. There must always be a want, craving for what can never be obtained. Surely the one that could bring sorrow to that pure heart, or tears to those gentle eyes, should be—

"Asphyxiated," put in Dorian, idly. He yawns languidly and pulls the head off a tall dandelion, that grows in the wayside, in a somewhat desultory fashion. The color in the older man's cheeks grows a shade deeper, and a geture, as full of impatience as of displeasure, escapes him.

"There are some subjects," he says, with calm severity, "that it would be well to place beyond the reach of ridicule."

"Am I one of them?" says Dorian, lightly. Then, glancing at his uncle's face, he checks himself, and goes on quickly. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I have been saying something unlucky, as usual. Of course I agree with you on all points, Arthur, and think the man who could wilfully bring a blush to Ruth Annersley's cheek neither more nor less than a blackguard put et simple. By the by, that last little home-ly phrase comes in badly there, doesn't it? Rather out of keeping with the venerate name, eh?"

"Rather," returns Sartoris, shortly. He drops his nephew's arm, and walks on in silence. As a rule, Dorian's careless humor suits him; it amuses and adds a piquancy to a life that without it (now that Dorian's society has become indispensable to him) would prove flat, stale, and unprofitable. But to-day he hardly knows why—perhaps, hardly dares to know why,—his nephew's easy light-heartedness jars upon him, vexing him sorely.

As they turn the corner of the road and go down the hill, they meet Horace, coming toward them at a rapid pace. As he sees them, he slackens his speed and approaches more slowly.

"Just as well I met you," he says, with an airy laugh, as my thoughts were running away with me. Hebus Apollo is in the ascendant; veritably he rules the roost. This uphill work is trying on the lungs."

"Where have you been?" asks Dorian, just because he has nothing else to say, and it is such a bore to think.

"At Gowran."

"Ah! I'm going there now. You say Clarrisa, then," says Sartoris, quickly. "When do you return to town, Horace?"

"To-morrow I think,—I hope says Horace; and, with a little nod on both sides, they part. But when the bend in the road again hides him from view, it would occur to a casual on-looker that Horace Branscombe's thoughts must once more have taken his physical powers into captivity, as his pace quickens, until it grows even swifter than it was before.

Sartoris goes leisurely down the hill, with Dorian beside him, whistling "Nancy Lee" in a manner highly satisfactory to himself, to himself, no doubt, but slightly out of tune. When Sartoris can bear this musical treat no longer, he breaks hurriedly into speech of a description that requires an answer.

"What a pretty girl Clarissa Peyton is. Don't you think so?"

"When Dorian has brought Miss Lee to a triumphant finish, with a flourish that would have raised murderous longings in the breast of Stephen Adams, he says, without undue enthusiasm:—

"Yes, she is about the best-looking woman I know."

"And as unaffected as she is beautiful. That is her principal charm. So thoroughly bred, too, in every thought and action. I never met so lovable a creature!"

"What a pity she can't hear you!" says Branscombe. "Though perhaps it is as well she can't. Adulation has a bad effect on some people."

"She is too earnest, too thorough, to be upset by flattery. I sometimes wonder if there are any like her in the world."

"Very few, I think," says Dorian, genially.

"Another pause somewhat longer than the last, and then Sartoris says, with some hesitation, "Do you never think of marrying, Dorian?"

"Often," says Branscombe, with an amused smile.

"Yet how seldom you touch on the matter! Why, when I was your age, I had seen at least twenty women I should have married, had they shown an answering regard for me."

"What a blessing they didn't!" says Branscombe. "Fancy, twenty of them! You'd have found it awkward in the long run, wouldn't you? And I don't think they'd have liked it, you know, in this illiberal country. So glad you feel better of it."

"I wish I could once see you as honestly,—with a slight, almost unconscious, stress on the word,—"in love as I have been scores of times."

"What a melancholy time you must have put in! When a fellow is in love he goes to skin and bone, doesn't he? Slights his dinner, and refuses to find solace in the best cigar. It must be trying,—very; especially to one's friends. I doubt you were a susceptible youth, Arthur. I'm not."

"Then you ought to be," says Sartoris, with some anger. "All young men should feel their hearts beat, and their pulses quicken, at the sight of a pretty woman."

"My dear fellow," says Branscombe,

severely, removing his glass from his right to his left eye, as though to scan more carefully his uncle's countenance, "there is something the matter with you this morning, isn't there? You're not well, you know. You have taken something very badly, and it has gone to your nerves; they are all wrong,—very un-pleasant indeed. Have you carefully considered the nature of the advice you are giving me? Why, if I were to let my heart beat every time I meet all the pretty women I know, I should be in a lunatic asylum in a month."

"Seriously, though, I wish you would give the matter some thought," says Lord Sartoris, earnestly; "you are twenty-eight,—old enough to make a sensible choice."

Branscombe sighs.

"And I see nothing to prevent your doing so. You want a wife to look after you,—a woman you could respect as well as love,—a thoughtful, beautiful woman, to make your home dearer to you than all the amusements town life can afford. She would make you happy, and induce you to look more carefully to your own interests,—and—

"You mean you would like me to marry Clarissa Peyton," says Dorian, good-humoredly. "Well, it is a charming scheme, you know; but I don't think it will come off. In the first place, Clarissa would not have me, and in the next, I don't want to marry at all. A wife would bore me to death; couldn't fancy a greater nuisance. I like women very much, in fact, I may say, I am decidedly fond of a good many of them, but to have one always looking after me (as you style it) and showing up my pet delinquencies would drive me out of my mind. Don't look so disgusted! I feel I'm a miserable sinner; but I really can't help it. I expect there is something radically wrong with me."

"Do you mean to tell me,—with some natural indignation—"that up to this you have never, during all your wanderings, both at home and abroad, seen any woman you could sincerely admire?"

"Numbers, my dear Arthur,—any amount,—but not one I should care to marry. You see, that makes such a difference. I remember once before—last season—you spoke to me in this strain, and simply to oblige you, I thought I would make up my mind to try matrimony. So I went in, heavily heart and hand, for Lady Fanny Hazlett. You have seen Lady Fanny?"

"Yes, a good deal of her."

"Then you know how really pretty she is. Well, I spent three weeks at it; regular hard work the entire time, you know, no breathing-space allowed, thinks nothing of three balls in one night, and insisted on my dancing attendance on her everywhere. I never suffered so much in my life; and when at last I gave in from sheer exhaustion, I found my clothes no longer fitted me. I was worn to a skeleton from loss of sleep, the heavy strain on my mental powers, and the meek endurance of her 'ladyship's' ill tempers."

"Lady Fanny is one woman, Clarissa Peyton is quite another. How could you fail to be happy with Clarissa? Her sweetness, her grace of mind and body, her beauty, would keep you captive even against your will."

Dorian pauses for a moment or two, and then says, very gently, as though to spoil the old man's cherished plan. "It is altogether impossible. Clarissa has no heart to give me."

Sartoris is silent. A vague suspicion of what now appears a certainty has for some time oppressed and haunted him. At this moment he is sadly realizing the emptiness of all his dreaming. Presently, he says slowly,—

"Are you quite sure of this?"

"As certain as I can be without exactly hearing it from her own lips."

"Is it Horace?"

"Yes; it is Horace," says Branscombe, quietly.

CHAPTER VI.

"Tread softly; bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now."
—Caroline Southey.

A little room, scantily but neatly furnished. A low bed. A dying man. A kneeling girl,—half child, half woman,—with a lovely, miserable face, and pretty yellow hair.

It is almost dusk, and the sound of a laughing sea without, rising higher and hoarser as the tide rushes in, comes like a wail of passionate agony into the silent room.

The rain patters dimly against the window-panes. The wind—that all day long has been sullen and subdued—is breaking forth into a fury, long suppressed, and rushing through the little town, on its way to the angry sea, makes the casements rattle noisily and the tall trees sway and bend beneath its touch. Above, in the darkening heavens, gray clouds are scurrying madly to and fro.

"Georgie," whispers a faint voice from out the gathering gloom, "are you still there?"

"Yes, dear, I am here, quite near to you. What is it?"

"Sit where I can see you, child,—where I can catch your face. I have something to say to you. I cannot die with this weight upon my heart."

"What weight, papa?"

"The uncertainty about your future," says the dying man, with some excitement. "How can I leave you, my little one, to fight this cruel world alone?"

"Do not think of me," says the girl, in a voice so unnaturally calm as to betray the fact that she is making a supreme effort to steel herself against the betrayal of emotion of any kind. By and by, will there not be long years in which to make her moan, and weep, and lament, and give herself wholly up to that grim giant Despair? "Put me out of your thoughts altogether. I shall do very, very well. I shall manage to live as others have lived before me."

"You, Aunt Elizabeth will take you in for a little while, and then—then—

"I shall go out as a governess. I shall get into some kind, pleasant family, and every one will be very good to me," says the girl, still in a resolutely cheerful tone. "It will just suit me. I shall like it. Do you understand me, papa? I shall like it better than anything, because children are always fond of me."

The father's face grows sadder, even grayer, as she speaks. He sighs in a troubled fashion and strokes feebly the little fragile hand that clings so desolately thick upon his brow.

"A governess," he murmurs with some

difficulty. "While you are only a child yourself. What a hard, hard fate! Is there no friend to help and comfort you?"

"I have a friend," replies she, steadily. "You have often heard me mention her. You remember the name, now,—Clarissa Peyton? She was my best friend at school, and I know she will do what she can for me. She will be able to find me some nice children, and—"

"Friendship,"—interrupts he, bitterly. "It is a breath, a name. It will fail you when you most need it."

"Clarissa will not fail me," replies she, slowly, though with a feeling of deadly sickness at her heart. "And besides, you must not think of me as a governess always, papa. I shall, perhaps, marry somebody, some day."

The dying man's eyes grow a shade brighter; it is a mere flicker, but it lasts for a moment, long enough to convince her she has indeed given some poor hope to cheer his last hours.

"Yes; to marry somebody," he repeats, wistfully, "that will be best,—to get some good man, some kindly, loving heart to protect you and make a safe shelter for you. There is comfort in the thought. But I hope it will be soon; my darling, before your spirit is broken and your youth dulled."

"I shall marry as soon as ever I can," says Georgie, making a last terrible effort to appear hopeful and resigned. "I shall meet someone very soon, no doubt,—very soon; so do not fret about me any more. Why should I not, indeed? I am very pretty, am I not, as you say? In spite of the lightness of her words, a heavy choking sob escapes her as she finishes her little set speech. She buries her face in the bed-clothes, to stifle her rising grief, but her father is almost too far gone to notice it.

"Yes,—so like your mother," he mutters, not at all thickly, clutching aimlessly at the quilt. "Poor Alice!—poor girl! It was that day on the beach, when the waves were dancing, and the sun—or was it?—Did the old man ever forgive—"

He is wandering, dreaming his death-days of happier days, going back, even as he sinks into everlasting sleep, to the gilded hours of youth.

The girl presses his hand to rouse him. "Think of me now," she entreats, despairingly; "it will only be for a little while,—such a little while,—and then you will be with her forever. Oh, papa, my dear, my dear; smile at me once again. Think of me happily; let me feel when you are gone, that your last hours with me were peaceful."

His eyes meet hers, and he smiles tenderly. Gently she slips her arms round him, and, laying her golden head upon the pillow, close to him, presses her lips to his,—the soft warm lips, that contrast so painfully with those pale cold other ones she touches. So she remains for a long time, kissing him softly every now and again, and thinking hopelessly of the end.

She neither sighs, nor weeps, nor makes any outward sign of anguish. Unfulfilled, the awfulness of this thing that is about to befall her, she knows, rending her dull with misery, and tearless.

Presently the white lids, weary with nights of watching, drop. Her breath comes more evenly. Her head sinks more heavily against the pillow, and, like a child, she wears out with grief and pain, she sleeps.

When next she wakes, gray dawn is everywhere. The wind still moans unceasingly. Still the rain-drops patter against the panes. She raises her head frightfully, and, springing to her feet, bends with bated breath above the quiet form lying on the bed.

"Alas! alas! what change is here? He has not moved; no faintest alteration can be traced in the calm pose of the figure that lies just as she last saw it, when sleep o'ercame her. The eyes are closed; the tender smile—the last fond smile—still lingers on his lips; yet, he is dead."

The poor child stands gazing down upon him with parted lips and clasped hands, and a face, almost as ashen as that marble one to which her eyes grow with horror unspeakable. He looks so peaceful—so much as though he merely sleeps—that for one mad moment she tries not to believe the truth. Yet she knows it is death, unmistakable and relentless, upon which for the first time she looks.

He is gone, forever! Without another kiss, or smile, or farewell word beyond those last uttered. He had set out upon his journey alone, had passed into the other happier land, in the cold silence of the night, even while she slept,—had been torn from her, whilst yet her fond arms encircled him.

Impelled by some indefinite desire, she lays her fingers softly on the hand that lies outside the coverlet. The awful chill that meets her touch seems to reach even to her heart. Throwing her arms above her head, with a wild passionate cry, she falls forward, and lies senseless across the lifeless body.

Misery hurts, but it rarely kills; and broken hearts are out of fashion. All this unhappiness came to Georgie Broughton about a year ago, and though brain-fever followed upon it, attacking her with vicious force, and almost handing her over as a victim to the greedy grave, yet she had survived, and overcome death, and returned from the land of shadows, weakened, indeed, but with life before her.

Months passed before she could summon up sufficient energy to plan or think about a possible future. All this time her aunt Elizabeth had clothed and fed and sheltered her, but unwillingly. Indeed, so grudgingly had she dealt out her measure of "brotherly love" that the girl writhed beneath it, and pined with a passionate longing, or the day that should see her freed from a dependence that had become unspeakably bitter to her.

To-day, sitting in her little room,—an apartment high up in Aunt Elizabeth's house,—she tells herself she will hesitate no longer, that she is strong now, quite strong, and able to face the world. She holds up her delicate little hand between her eyes and the window, as a test of her returning strength, only to find that she can almost see the light through it,—so thin, so fragile, has it grown. But she will not be disheartened; and, drawing pen and paper toward her, she tries to write.

But it is a difficult task, and her head is strangely heavy, and her words will not come to her. A vague feeling, too, that her letter will be unsuccessful, that her friend will fail her, distresses and damps her power to explain her position clearly.

Who can say if Clarissa Peyton will be the same at heart as when last they parted, with many words of good will

and affection, and eyes dark with tears? Grief and misery, and too much of Aunt Elizabeth, have already embittered and generated distrust in her young bosom. She is tired, too. All day she has toiled, has worked religiously, and gone through wearying household labor, trying to repay in some faint way the reluctant hospitality extended to her. At this moment a sense of utter desolation overpowers her, and with a brain on fire, and a heart half-broken, she pushes from her the partly-written letter, and, burying her face in her arms, breaks into low, but heavy weeping.

"Papa! papa!" she sobs, miserably. It is the common refrain of all her sorrowful dirges,—the sadder that no response ever comes to the lonely cry. Of our dead, if we would believe them happy we must also believe that they have forgotten us; else how (when we think on our bleeding hearts) could they keep their bliss so perfect?

Mournfully as Mariana in her moated grange, the poor child laments, while sobs shake her slender frame. And the day dies, and the sun goes down, and happily some noise in the house—a step, a voice—arouses her, and, starting, though from some ugly dream, she wakes up her pen again, and writes eagerly, and without premeditation, to the one friend in whom she still puts faith.

(To be Continued.)

DISGUISED FOR MANY YEARS.

A Woman Masquerades as a Man in Montreal.

One of the strangest, and most successful cases of masquerading ever heard of in Canada came to light the other afternoon in Montreal. While Constable Fafard was on duty on Ottawa street he saw a small-sized, dark-haired, pale-faced man, without a hat and dressed in an overcoat and a black pair of trousers staggering in an intoxicated condition across the street. On accosting the inebriate the latter remarked that he was going home to his house on Tar Lane, a small thoroughfare off Nazareth street. Thinking the man's voice sounded feminine the officer arrested the individual and took him to No. 7 station. There he gave his name as James Mitchell, laborer. On being searched, the "man" was found to be a woman. At eleven o'clock at night a woman called at the station and said, "You have arrested my husband, I want to see him." Asked what her name was she said that she was Mrs. Mitchell and that she had a twelve-year-old son by Mitchell. That they had lived on Tar Lane for twelve years, and they had been married for five years. Her son's name, she said, was Sandy Mitchell. In the morning, the alleged Jas. Mitchell, said that her right name was Annie Thompson.

She also said that she had lived as a man for the past five years on Tar Lane, working as such and associating entirely with men. How the woman managed to conceal the identity of her sex for so long successfully is a mystery, regarded as a man by the inhabitants of Tar Lane. She always smoked and would get drunk.

The Recorder remanded her until next Friday as the police wish to examine her premises which they say is full of goods. They also claim to have strong reasons for suspecting that the alleged son is a girl.

THE MAN AT THE LEVER.

How a Locomotive Engineer Acts When Running a Very Fast Train.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead,—and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approaching gradually.

Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but it is a steady, comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to ride a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenance of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.

Discovered the First Diamond.

The Cape of Good Hope Government is contemplating the bestowal of a pension upon Lennard Jacobs, who found the first diamond in the colony. Jacobs, a Korannah, settled in Peniel, now known as Barkly, in 1866. A German missionary, Kallenberg, told him to look sharp for diamonds, explaining to the ignorant Korannah the value and appearance of the stones. Jacobs' children soon after found several glittering stones. One proved to be a real diamond. The others were crystals. Jacobs' wife, not knowing that any particular value attached to the jewel, exchanged it for calico. Jacobs set out on the trail of the lucky trader, and, finding him, forced him to return the jewel. The Korannah's stone was forwarded to Port Elizabeth, where Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor, purchased it for £500. He named it the "Star of South Africa," and it still remains in his family. Jacobs, after a lapse of two years, received a horse, wagon, and some sheep as payment. The man is now an octogenarian and in hearty health.

THE FARM.

Does Summer Butter Pay?

Of all the thankless tasks attempted by the farmer's wife, making summer butter for market is the most discouraging. Possibly they feel compelled to do it because the cows are on the farm and must yield a dividend, be it ever so small. But is it not mistaken economy, this making of eight and ten cent butter? Hundreds of thousands of pounds are dumped on the market each summer, and bring but a mere pittance. It entails a lot of hard work, and the returns are meager. Most farmers attempt too much, consequently the cows are not well kept, and the wife has to do the milking and churning. A little farm well tilled will probably never be the rule in this great far west. In the general rush and hurry, butter making is a side issue.

Making butter for private customers, however, does pay, and many farmers' wives are doing nicely in this line of industry. But to the producer of farm butter for market, we say, keep fewer cows and raise more chickens during the hot weather. Make butter during the winter, as it then almost invariably brings a good price. If you do not live sufficiently near a creamery to which you can send your milk in summer, feed it to growing pigs, chickens and laying hens. By this use it will pay a larger dividend than if converted into a soft, unpalatable, and almost unsalable butter.

Many farms are supporting unprofitable cows. Weed them out, and give their feed and care to a few good ones. Breed for better milk and butter producing animals. Learn how to make the best butter. Plan to have the cows fresh during the late fall, winter, or early spring, when prices are good, the labor of butter making less wearisome, and when the men can help at the churn. Make all the butter possible at that season. Put it on the market in an attractive form, and by keeping each make up to a high standard, you will soon have a reputation for good butter, which will enable you to get more than the regular market price.

The Vegetable Garden in November.

The most important work to be done in the garden at this season is to prepare for next spring—to get in readiness the soil for the seeds and plants that are to be put in to it. If the soil is a heavy clay, or clayey loam, put on a liberal quantity of composted manure, throw the land up in high narrow ridges, and let these be in such a position that the surface water will run off freely. The soil thrown up in this manner will, when planting time comes round again, be as friable as light loam. Then all that needs to be done is to level down, and it will be ready for the seeds.

This month shall find all root crops, as well as cabbage and cauliflower, properly cared for, so that there will be nothing in the way to prevent the proposed work for the coming year. The first thing to be done is to adopt some plan of operation that will make the vegetable garden ornamental as well as useful, and there is no reason why it should not be so. There is no shrub more ornamental than a current bush in full bearing, and no annual flowering plant more pleasing to the eye, with its large clusters of crimson fruit. The garden as commonly seen, overrun with weeds and planted without regard to order or taste, is not pleasing. But that is not a garden, but rather the neglected spot where the garden should be. The lines in the vegetable garden must of necessity be rectangular, but a straight line can be as beautiful as a curved line; all depends on how it is kept. Vegetable plants would not look well other than in straight lines, and these can be arranged so that perfect harmony can be preserved, and beauty as well.

Farmers' Pork Barrel.

Salt pork has become one of the leading articles of diet in the farmers' family. This is mainly because it is not possible to get fresh meats when they are wanted during the hot season, and the only recourse is to salt down such supplies as may be needed during the summer months. Every farmer should put up a liberal supply, and the first essential is a suitable barrel. It should be of good material, bound with extra heavy iron hoops. Such a one, when used for salting pork only will last for years. The barrel should be placed in the coldest part of the cellar, and raised on blocks so as to keep it at least from four to six inches from the bottom of the cellar. A false top should be placed on and this weighed down with a good-sized stone. It is claimed by those who have put up meat in this manner for a number of years that medium-sized hogs make the best pork for family use. The hogs should hang out of doors, or at least hang in a cool place for twelve hours before the meat is cut up and packed. The hams and shoulders should be well trimmed, and if the ribs are entirely removed, the meat can be cut up in much neater slices. The clear sides should be cut into strips of nearly uniform width, placing the smaller pieces on the inner side and laying the larger strips on the outer side with the rind next to the barrel. The bottom of the barrel should be covered with salt.

Keep Stock off Newly Seeded Land

When the established pasture fields during fall present a burned appearance, it takes considerable will power to resist the temptation to turn stock on to the newly seeded fields in which the young clover and timothy present an inviting appearance, but the pasturing of this new growth close to the ground will cause the whole plant to perish if drouth prevails. The pasturing off of this fine top growth should be avoided, as it is just this mat that is required to protect the roots during the severe cold of winter, and when frozen solid this growth of leaves and

stalks pressed close to the ground prevents the daily spring thawing and freezing, such as would be the case were this covering pastured off. This top growth is not lost, but as the spring growth progresses it decays and is added to the fertility of the land.

Protecting Trees from Sun Scald.

More fruit and shade trees are believed to be killed by sun scald than from all other injuries. Cornstalks furnish a simple means of shade and also protect from rabbits. Split each cornstalk in two and place the flat-side against the trunk, using two or three loosely woven ties when the trunk is surrounded. Prof. Samuel B. Green believes that the trees are scalded in early spring as well as in the summer and fall, so the protection should remain on the trees through the year. He recommends inclining fruit trees to the southwest when planted. The trunks may be shaded by boards, woven laths, close wire screen, burlap or thick paper, and the scotches covered with hay rope. A bunch of corn fodder may be tied around the tree.

Farmer's Ice House.

If the farmer would have any of the luxuries which are possible to those who live in cities, there is nothing that will insure them so cheaply as a good ice house. A suitable building for holding ice may be built wholly above ground, or partly below and partly above, but in either case it should have good drainage, and tight roofing, and ample arrangement for ventilation. There should be a space of from eighteen to twenty-four inches between the walls, and the cubes of ice. This space is best filled with sawdust, or in the absence of this with fresh leaves or chopped straw. The opening should be on the North side of the building, and it is best if the building is not exposed to the sun or winds.

SHE KEPT HER WORD.

Waited for the Detective, Her Captor, Until He Returned.

A detective was bringing a woman, whom he had arrested at Boulogne-sur-Seine, Paris, upon a steamer to the Prefecture, when at the Concorde Bridge a well-dressed man threw himself into the river and was drowning. The detective is an excellent swimmer, and it cost him a painful struggle to see a fellow creature lose his life. If I were alone," he said to his prisoner, "I would jump into the water to save him." The woman who had been sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment for assaults upon the police, at once replied: "Do so; I will wait for you at the pier and will not run away." The detective thereupon plunged into the stream and seized the drowning man by his clothes, when a boat struck against him violently and made him lose his grip. He dived again, but in vain, and quite exhausted, he was pulled on board a small skiff, which was nearly smashed by a steamer coming from the opposite direction.

Callipouton, as the brave fellow is called, was enthusiastically cheered by the onlookers. The body of the man he had tried to save was recovered a few hours later. On her part, the woman who had been in custody acted quite as courageously, for, true to her word, she waited for the detective at the Pont Neuf and handed to him his coat in the pocket of which was the warrant upon which she had been arrested. The satisfaction to add that when the Chief of the Department was apprised of her conduct he immediately ordered the woman to be set at liberty in recognition of her devotion.

England's Cat Show.

The twenty-seventh National Cat Show of England, recently held in the Crystal Palace, just outside of London, has been the most successful that has ever been held. There were 630 entries.

The strong point of the exhibition has been the number of superb red tabbies, together with a fine assortment of pure blacks, smoke-colored cats, and cats with that peculiar tone of glossy coat known as "cat blue." The efforts of the English cat breeders this past year have been towards getting rid of the white in tabby and black cats. In the opinion of many experts, a black cat without any markings whatever of white is the most perfect variety that is known, and it is a proof of the appreciation of this that certain dishonest people will pluck the white hairs out of a cat, one by one. It has been noticed that the classes that are open to workmen in this national exhibition are particularly strong in fine black cats. Blue-eyed, white-coated cats are getting to be highly valued in England now, and one of these bore off the other day a substantial money prize that was offered by Louis Vain, the great cat artist. Another prize-winner of the show was a brown tabby Tom, Champion Xenophon, which its owner values at \$5,000.

A Bicycle Tragedy.

Battersea Park, London, was last week the scene of a bicycle tragedy unsurpassed in its cycling annals. A lady, famous for the smartness of her appearance, rode into the Park behind an L.C.C. water-cart, and finding the road inconveniently crowded, continued to pedal slowly along behind that vehicle, which, it is needless to say, was not in active operation. Suddenly the driver applied his foot to the lever, and out spouted the water. The lady tried to turn quickly, but her bicycle slipped on the wet road and down she came in such a position as to obtain the full benefit of the cold water douche. A pedestrian, horrified at the accident, shouted to the driver, who at once brought the cart to a standstill. This only made matters worse, for, being utterly unconscious of what had happened, he continued to keep the water pouring on his victim, and several seconds elapsed before the enormity of his offence could be explained to him. The moral of all which is that cyclists should beware of water-carts.

THE CORRECT WAY TO RUN

KEEP THESE RULES IN MIND WHEN YOU RUN FOR A TRAIN.

There is no Excuse for Getting Winded—Capt. Raoul's Studies of Running Tested by the Soldiers of France.

Many people are fond of outdoor exercise whose lack of time or money prohibits their joining the vast army of cyclists. Those who cannot go wheeling may comfort themselves with the thought that since the days of antiquity walking has been among the most healthful as well as the cheapest of all recreations. Yet very few persons understand how to walk properly, and certainly among women it is a lost art. The people who live in mountainous countries, it has been noticed, walk in a manner quite different from those who dwell where the country is level. The mountaineer's body is bent somewhat forward and he seems to drag one foot after the other, like a wearied soldier after a long day's march. But his stride is longer, his step surer, and it is easy to see that he can easily leave an ordinary walker far behind. Those who walk in this fashion are able to run long distances without fatigue, with their bodies inclined forward and their legs somewhat bent. To the casual observer it seems as if their equilibrium was continually on the point of being lost and that they would fall face downward.

Yet this method of walking is universal among all peoples of the globe who go much a-foot, from the savages of Africa to the runners of Japan and the Indians of the West.

A French captain of artillery named Raoul has made an exhaustive study of the various styles of walking to ascertain the

ONE BEST ADAPTED

to the army on long marches. He found plenty of young fellows of considerable endurance who could march with great rapidity for a considerable distance, but would then go to pieces. The trouble seemed to be that the lungs and heart gave out before the legs.

A runner puts forth an enormous force. He must lift his own weight from the ground three or four times per second, which amounts to the development of about one-third of one horsepower. Such exertion is a severe tax on the lungs and heart.

The conclusion of Capt. Raoul was that the runner should at no time lose his point of support upon the ground; that he should run without springing through the air, as it were, and without one foot leaving the earth until the other is firmly planted; that the gait should be practically a walking run. Surprisingly enough, this is exactly the method that instinct and experience have taught as the best one to those whose only method of making long and rapid journeys is afoot. It has been estimated that in this way less than half the usual amount of energy is expended.

I can take any man between twenty and sixty years of age, in good health," says Capt. Raoul, "and in a little while he will be able to run as long as his legs will carry him without his feeling the least discomfort in his respiration. Some men I have seen who were particularly apt were able at the first trial to easily get over

ABOUT SEVEN MILES,

while in the ordinary way they could not comfortably have run more than about two-thirds of a mile." Capt. Raoul's method, briefly stated, is as follows: The upper part of the body should be held straight, the head well in air and the shoulders thrown back so that the breath comes easily. The elbows should extend a little back of the hips. Commence with short steps, say a foot in length, raising the feet just sufficiently to clear any irregularities in the surface of the ground. The upper part of the body should be inclined forward as much as possible, so as to make it necessary to run or walk rapidly to keep from losing equilibrium. Plant the feet firm yet with the suppleness and agility of a cat. In other words, one should seem to run after his centre of gravity, which threatens continually to fall forward. The first exercises should not be hurried, but the speed and distance traveled increase gradually.

The utility of this method was put to a test not long ago at Vannes, France, with a platoon of the One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry. So excellent were the results that other bodies of men were trained in the same way. One of the soldiers, after a course of training, accomplished nearly twelve and half miles without a single stop in two hours, and at the end of his route was not the least out of breath.

A Cold Winter Predicted.

A famous and venerable weather prophet of Easton, Pa., known as Uncle Josh Welton, in accordance with a long-established custom, has issued a bulletin regarding the coming winter. He predicts that it will come early and stay late, and will be remarkable for high winds, tremendous storms, deep snow, and cold of the Polar variety. As reasons for his prediction, he says that the leaves hang on the trees regardless of frosts and strong winds, the crickets stopped singing early, chipmunks have laid in a great supply of provisions, the corn has a remarkable thick coat of husk, cranberries possess peculiar acerbity, the chestnut burrs are lined with unusually thick fur, and the goose bone is mostly white. Uncle Josh is honored in his own country, for his neighbors say that his predictions are always fulfilled. His latest is certainly not a very cheering one.

What She Meant.

Mrs. Blinks—That horrid Mrs. Winks says I'm a fool.
Mr. Blinks—I am sure she would not make such an ill-natured remark.
Mrs. Blinks—Well, she didn't say that in so many words, but that is what she meant. She says I believe everything you tell me.

RARE CASE.

Five-Year-Old Child With Cirrhosis of the Liver From Drink.

No drunkard who lay in the alcoholic wards had a worse case of cirrhosis of the liver than did a five-year-old Italian girl, who was exhibited Tuesday by Dr. Northrup at a clinic at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York. Her parents were habitual drinkers, and ever since she was able to walk her slender arms had carried pitchers of beer and bottles of whisky up the rickety stairs of a West Side tenement. In the hospital she continually cried for beer and whisky. Her hands shook with the palsy of the inebriate, and her features were bloated and expressionless.

The child might have been pretty and well-formed before the disease made such inroads upon her. The liver is the "hobnailed" liver of the drunkard of 20 and 30 years' standing. The abdomen is enormously distended by the collection of serum in the body, and every few days an operation must be performed to release the dropsy. When the abdominal walls were touched they vibrated like a drum so tense were the tissues on account of the pressure of the fluids.

The child is known to the physicians as "Lucy." Her parents seldom visit her. They freely admit that they have given whisky and beer to the girl almost from the time of her birth, and that she seems to have a craving for them. The girl will probably not live many months longer.

On account of the chalky white of the face, the students called the child the "white baby." This also distinguishes her from a child exhibited at the same time, whom they called the "blue baby."

This child was afflicted with a disease of the heart, which prevented the proper circulation of the blood and caused the skin to have a bluish tinge. Before birth one of her arteries had become stopped up. There was, in consequence, an opening between the right and left ventricles of the heart, through which the blood flowed. Dr. Northrup said that this was only the second case of which with great care the child may live two years longer.

HAD BEARS FOR VISITORS

Arctic Explorers in an Uncomfortable Situation.

The documents brought from the explorer Jackson, which were brought back by the Windward after leaving Franz Josef Land, and which were kept sealed up in one of the cabins of the Windward during her return trip, were opened the other day, and the papers were found to record that the expedition landed at Cape Flora on September 7, 1894 where they erected log houses. All the members were given certain duties to insure regular exercise. Bears soon appeared to the number of 30, and, together with eight walruses, were killed and added to the winter's provisions. The only man who died of scurvy refused to eat bear's meat. The winter was very tempestuous, and the Arctic bears prowled around the log cabins, and even looked in at the windows. The winter darkness ended on February 23. Jackson and two others started north on March 10, with two ponies and two sledges. The temperature was sometimes 45 deg. below zero. The ponies proved to be invaluable for clambering over hummocks in the ice. The country generally was at a height of 2,500 feet and was covered with ice sheets, which were interrupted along the coast by high basaltic cliffs, on which were found mosses and Arctic flowers.

The journey revealed many inaccuracies in the charts. The land was found on the Austria Sound coast line to be very different than is shown by the maps of the Austrian expedition. Sea level was found where the mainland was supposed to exist. The furthest point which was reached was latitude 81 deg. 20 min. north, where two boats were left for use later in the summer. Three depots were also established en route. Many geological specimens were taken, which show that the formation of the land is mainly basaltic. The second journey began in April and ended in the middle of May. It was attended with stormy weather, and frequently the temperature was 50 deg. below zero. Progress was difficult on account of the deep crevasses and the morasses of mud.

FROM THE LAKES TO THE OCEAN.

Commissioners Appointed by President Cleveland to Confer With Those From Great Britain or Canada.

The President of the United States has appointed James B. Angell of Michigan, John E. Russell of Massachusetts and Lyman G. Cooly of Illinois as American commissioners to confer with a similar committee that may be appointed by the Government of Great Britain or of the Dominion of Canada, and to report "whether it is feasible to build such canals as shall enable vessels engaged in ocean commerce to pass to and fro between the great lakes and the Atlantic Ocean, with an adequate and controllable supply of water for continual use; where such canals can be most conveniently located, the probable cost of the same, with estimates in detail, and if any part of the same should be built in the territory of Canada, what regulations or treaty arrangements will be necessary between the United States and Great Britain to preserve the free use of such canal to the people of this country at all times, and all necessary facts and considerations relating to the construction and future use of deepwater channels between the great lakes and the Atlantic Ocean."

The subject is one well worthy of such an inquiry, and the choice of the commissioners seems to be a good one. Prof. Angell is President of Michigan University, and was one of the men who framed the fisheries treaty which the American Senate rejected a few years ago.

SOME NOTABLE SUICIDES.

THE MANIA INCREASING AMONG EUROPEAN ARISTOCRACY.

Many Titled Persons Indulge in It—Cowardly Use of the Sword in Austria—The British Ambassador's Coachman Attacked in Vienna.

Among the most notable suicides in the English peerage within the memory of the present generation are those of the Duke of Bedford, probably the richest peer of the British realm, and the Marquis of Londonderry, who was driven to desperation by blackmailers, who preyed upon the infamous vice for which he was noted. Lord Conington, the head of the house of Parnell, took his own life, and so did the Earl of Delaware, Lord Lyttleton, Lord Curry, Viscount Forth, whose son, Lord Drummond, died in New York, and the Earl of Munster. There are others to whom the coroner's jury gave the benefit of the doubt in ascribing their death to accident, such as Lord Drumlanrig, eldest son of the Marquis of Queensberry; the late Earl of Londsdale and the Duke of Hamilton, who is pretty generally known to have blown out his brains while crazed with the pain of gout during a visit to Aglers.

Suicides are also frequent in the Continental aristocracy. There is not a court in Europe the annals of which have not been darkened in recent years by self-inflicted death. Only a few weeks ago was recorded the suicide at Naples of Prince Pignatelli, to whose lovely wife the Crown Prince of Italy has been so devoted that they have been nicknamed "the inseparables." Then there is the Spanish Duke of San Carlos, Principal Chamberlain to the little King of Spain, who blew his brains out in a fit of

RELIGIOUS MANIA

the other day on returning home from mass, leaving a letter bewailing his inability to attain moral perfection. Just about the same time, Prince Corsini, the popular aide-de-camp of the Duke of Aosta, and so well known to visitors at Florence, shot himself through the heart on account of losses at gambling. At the court of Vienna Count Stephen Czaki, son of the Hungarian Cabinet Minister of that name and a chamberlain of the Emperor, cut his throat in consequence of financial troubles; and at the court of Berlin, one of the Princes Reuss, who held a high office in the Emperor's household, took his life in the same manner on being taxed by the young monarch with a disgraceful offense.

Even in royal families suicide ends many a life, the most notable case, perhaps, being that of Queen Isabella's son-in-law, Count Girgenti, who cut his throat in his wife's presence while in a fit of epilepsy. A member of the house of Bonaparte, Count Camerata, belonging to the Lucien branch of the family, shot himself through the heart in his apartments in the Tuileries, in consequence of his inability to pay his losses at the gambling table. The step-son of Queen Marguerite of Italy killed himself in the gardens of the beautiful residence which his wife, the Duchess of Genoa, occupied on the shores of Lake Como. Sultan Abdul Assiz stabbed himself to death with

A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

Prince Baldwin of Belgium and Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria are known to have committed suicide in consequence of their having become entangled in a situation from which it was impossible that they should extricate themselves without entire loss of honor. Had the policeman who attacked the coachman of the British Ambassador at Vienna lived in the last century he would long ere this have paid with his life the penalty of his assault. As it is he will be let off with dismissal from the force and a term of imprisonment. And it must be confessed that he well deserves his punishment. It seems that the old English coachman of Sir Edmund Monson got into an altercation about an overcharge in his bill at a restaurant in the Prater. A policeman was called in and took the whole party of waiters, the coachman and his wife, an elderly Englishwoman, off to the police station. The policeman says that on their way thither the Englishman made some threatening movement. Thereupon the policeman drew his sword and inflicted several severe cuts on the old man's head and shoulders until he fell insensible. The wife interfered, likewise received a couple of cuts from the policeman's sword. The matter was taken up by the entire Diplomatic Corps, who joined Sir Edmund Monson in demanding

EXEMPLARY PUNISHMENT for this gross infraction of their most cherished privileges, namely, the immunity of themselves and their servants from interference on the part of the police and civil authorities of the country to which they are accredited.

Swords are far too easily and readily drawn in Germany and Austria. Four young noblemen in military uniform in the streets of Vienna, one of them Count Czaky, a son of the statesman of that name, and another, Prince Batthyany, declared that they had been jostled by two Hebrew shopkeepers, so the insulting epithets addressed to them by the officers, the civilians replied in kind. The officers drew their swords and slashed the men until they fell covered with blood. Before a civil tribunal the officers were acquitted. They were censured, however, by their commanding officer for getting into a quarrel with men whose social status was not such as to permit their according them satisfaction in a duel. The climax of the situation is that the lawyer of the victims, Dr. Rosenfeld, who, during the course of his address at the trial, denounced the attack of the four officers upon two unarmed and defenceless men as cowardly, has just been sentenced to pay a fine of 300 florins for having insulted the army of his imperial and apostolic Majesty, the Emperor.

I have seen a farmer build a house so large that the sheriff turned him out of doors.

Live Stock Markets.

Trade was dull at the western Cattle Yards to-day, especially in butchers' cattle, a lot of the poorest of which were left in the pens at the close. Receipts to-day were 41 carloads, which included 706 sheep and lambs, 2,100 hogs, about a dozen calves and 14 milch cows and springers. Mr. J. B. Roy was in from Montreal to-day. He reports the markets there as not good for any kind of cattle. He has received a letter from Mr. B. Gregor of Antwerp, part of which reads as follows; "Regarding prohibition of entry of cattle, I have seen our Minister of Agriculture, who told me that there was not yet any indication to allow United States and Canadian cattle to come in, but that probably about the 15th of December he would allow Holland cattle to be introduced. Immediately I went to see Mr. Ewing the United States Minister, and told him what I had learned, asking him if nothing could be done to obtain from the Belgian Government leave to accept United States and Canadian cattle as well as Holland. I suggested to him that, now that an occasion presents itself the United States Government should claim to be treated in the same way as other countries; he should engage his Government as soon as Holland frontier is free to ask the same favor for the United States, saying that otherwise he would be obliged to apply the special tariff law to all Belgian products. This done I am persuaded that within 15 days United States and Canadian cattle would be allowed into Belgium. I engage you on your side to see Mr. Secretary Norton and explain to him this, and I am sure our cattle business will recommence. Sheep have arrived in large quantities this week and prices were lightly reduced. Open would United States ewes were sold at \$1.45 and western \$1.50 per kilo, dressed."

Butchers' cattle.—Trade was very dull to-day. Much of the stuff on offer was of poor quality and remained unsold. The common cattle were hard to sell all day and are not wanted. It cannot be said that much went above 3c per lb, except a few head of extra choice heifers, which brought about 3 1/2c per lb. The run was down as low as 2 1/2c per lb. Sales:—One carload cattle, 1,112 lbs average, 2 1/2c per lb; 7 cattle, principally fat cows, 7,880 lbs weight, 3c per lb; 1 bull, 1,800 lbs weight, \$20 (for the distillery byres); 20 cattle, 1,000 lbs average, 3c per lb; 10 cattle, 980 lbs average, \$2.60 per cwt; 1 carload cattle, 900 lbs average, \$1.90 per cwt.

Sheep and lambs.—Lambs were slightly firmer to-day, selling at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb for good ewes and wethers. Shipping sheep were dull at 2 1/2c per lb. One bunch of 43 lambs, best quality on the market, sold for 3 1/2c per lb. They were all nice ewes and wethers.

Calves.—About a dozen offered all told. For the poor ones there only slow sale. Prices rule from \$2 to \$5, according to quality.

Milch cows and springers.—There is not a very active demand, in fact nothing but really good cows will sell. Too many poor ones offer. The range is from \$20 to \$35 per head, the latter for choice.

Hogs.—Offerings were heavy to-day and the market remained low, the best figure for prime bacon hogs, weighed off the cars, being \$3.75 per cwt, or \$3.50 for fat and watered. The market was weak at that and prospects are for still lower prices. Light hogs were bringing \$3.50 per cwt, weighed off the cars and sows 3c per lb. Heavy hogs are not quotable.

Horses.—Receipts for the fertilizer factory have been heavy for the past few days, so that prices are weaker. The ruling figure is \$3 per head.

Frederick Peitler was fatally injured in the Hunter street tunnel in Hamilton by a steel arch falling.

Over seventy men and women were killed by a boiler explosion on the Island of Majorca, some of the boats being blown to pieces.

Max Bachmann of Montreal has been arrested on a charge of turning two or three houses for the sake of the insurance money on his fire.

—20% can be saved on all kinds of harness, robes, blankets and bells. Big stock to select from. Call and get prices at L. A. Hinsperger.

—The many friends of Mrs. Thomas Baden, will be pleased to learn that she is on the road to recovery after a successful operation performed at the Guelph Hospital by Dr. Nichol. Her recovery was doubtful at one time, but the family now expect her home in a few weeks.

—The Grand Trunk Railway Company has adopted the block system, by which one train is not allowed to leave a station after another until the next station signals that the latter has left. The change will necessitate the employment of a large number of extra telegraph operators.

—Bro. McDonald of the Chesley Express is after Tony Schumacher, formerly of Teeswater, with a shaft stick. Tony, it appears had subscribed for the Enter rise and after taking it regularly for more than a year had the postmaster return marked "refused." McDonald rendered him the account and no notice was taken of it and the irate editor entered suit in the Division Court. He says Schumacher can't run the Enter rise even if he does know how to manage a bar room. We hope that Bro. McDonald may teach Tony and other who act as he has done that it is not always safe to try to fool an editor out of his hard earned money.

Sale Register.

SATURDAY, Nov. 30.—Combination sale of milch cows, steers and heifers at the Village of Belmore. See bills for particulars. 12 months credit. G. Barton, auctioneer.

A case of leprosy has been discovered in New York.

Dr. Springer, ex M. P., Registrar of Wentworth County, is dead.

The prisoners in the Pickering insurance conspiracy cases were committed for trial. Bail was accepted.

The body of James Brown was found in the mill pond at Hastings. He disappeared on October 28, and there are suspicions of foul play.

Mrs. Harriet A. Haines died on Friday night at St. Thomas, Ont. She was within two months of being one hundred years of old. Her father ran the first steamer on the Hudson river.

It is learned in London from a Prison Board official that there has been a serious collapse in Oscar Wilde's health, and that it is regarded as improbable that he will live through the winter.

A diver recently, while engaged in driving piles for a new pier at the Golden Horn, on reaching the bottom found the bodies of about forty students standing upright with leaden weights to their feet, who have evidently been taken out by the police, and drowned in the Bosphorus.

R-I-P-A-N-S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity. ONE GIVES RELIEF. TRADE MARK. KOOTENAY CURES RHEUMATISM KIDNEY DISEASE LIVER COMPLAINT INDIGESTION ECZEMA CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT. Mr. F. X. St. Jacques, Proprietor Russell House, Ottawa, Cured of Hemorrhage of the Kidneys. Among travelling men, members of Parliament, and business of the Canadian Capital, no man is better known than Mr. F. X. St. Jacques, the popular proprietor of the Russell House, Ottawa, who suffered greatly from a distressing trouble, hemorrhage of the kidneys. In the hope of eliciting a cure he consulted regularly, but without success. During July he began the use of Kootenay's Kootenay Cure. In one week he was not only benefited, but was entirely cured. His own words in writing to the proprietor of the medicine about his own case are few but very strong. HOUSTON. OTTAWA, August 7th, 1895. S. S. RYCKMAN, Esq., M.P. DEAR SIR, I will gladly and strongly recommend Kootenay Cure to my friends after the good result it has done me in so short a period. Wishing it every success, which it so well deserves. I am, dear sir, yours, F. X. ST. JACQUES.

A roundabout despatch announces that the Sultan of Turkey has been poisoned.

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 to an 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 shoves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by Mildmay Drug Store.

Save your Ammonia Soap wrapper—When you have 25 Ammonia or 10 Plain soap wrappers, send them to us and a 3 cent stamp for postage and we will mail you free a handsome picture for framing. 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: V. A. BRADSHAW & Co., 48 & 50 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont. Sold by all general merchants and grocers.

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

Strayed! CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 34, con. D. Carrick, on or about Nov. 18, 1895, a Heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. ARCH REDDON, Mildmay.

Estray! CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 14, con. 2, Carrick, on or about August 31st, one ewe and lamb. Owner is requested to come and prove property, pay expenses and take same away. CHRISTIAN WAACK, Mildmay, P. O.

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

Farm for Sale! THAT valuable piece of property situated on part of lot 14 and 15, con. 5, Carrick tp, containing 60 acres. On the premises are a good frame house and barn; good orchard and good bush; well watered and well fenced. Mile and quarter from Mildmay. For further particulars apply to WM. MCGAVIN, Mildmay P. O.

Wanted RELIABLE MEN to run our IMPROVED FARM SEES! Paying \$100.00 BEST SALARY OR COMMISSION PAID WEEKLY. Outfit free. Can be carried in the pocket. Experience not necessary. Big pay assured workers. Write at once and secure exclusive and choice territory to Farmers Seed Co. (Incorporated.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE LONDON WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND FARM AND HOME Sixteen Pages, 96 Columns, of Attractive Family Reading Every Week. BOTH PAPERS To 31st December 1895 FOR \$1

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS and FARM AND HOME, combined in one issue, uniform in size and appearance, is offered to subscribers from now until the 31st December, 1895, for ONE DOLLAR! The FREE PRESS is the Leading Liberal-Conservative Journal of Western Ontario. It contains each week a complete summary of the news and comment of the times. The Commercial pages of the WEEKLY FREE PRESS are up to date, and ample for the country merchant, farmer and dairyman. The FARM AND HOME contains each week able articles on Agricultural subjects and Live Stock. The farmer and cattle and horse breeder will find in its pages abundant topics of special interest. A Serial Tale of absorbing interest will be an interesting feature of the WEEKLY FREE PRESS. Both Papers Combined for \$1 from Now Until December 31st, 1895. Agents wanted everywhere. Address all communications to the FREE PRESS PRINTING CO. LONDON, - ONTARIO.

Mr. George Gould, county clerk, was 75 years of age on Tuesday. I had an ulcerated leg for four years, treated with doctors and tried all kinds of medicines. I was cured by two bottles of Kootenay Cure.

The Weekly Globe of Toronto easily holds its place as the best of the metropolitan weekly newspapers. It excels in freshness and vigor in all its varied departments. Especially as a purveyor of news it leads all its contemporaries in enterprising methods in dealing with great Canadian topics and events of special interest. It takes a broad, liberal, candid view of all questions of general importance, and as a result its influence is wholesome and far-reaching. The Weekly Globe has a first-class commercial page, an up-to-date agricultural department, a variety of good stories, a live telegraphic service and a large staff of special contributors.

A horse and buggy were stolen from the premises of Richard Cantlin, Arthur township, one night last week. The theft was discovered some hours after and the pursuit of the thieves was taken up and continued until next morning when one of them was caught driving the stolen rig some miles beyond Shel-

Could not get insured. Rejected by Straight Line and Mutual Companies. But now insured in both.

"Should I die while I am in a position to pay my insurance premiums, my family will owe their support to Scott's Sarsaparilla. Two years ago I applied to two companies for insurance, \$1000 in each. My face was a mass of pimply blotches and my urine did not stand the test. One doctor in examining me said I could not pass, but that my trouble was curable. He advised an alterative medicine, and I commenced taking Scott's Sarsaparilla. Both companies rejected me, but four months later, after I had taken five bottles of your remedy I am thankful to say both accepted me as a risk—one being a stock company, the other a mutual. The examiner who previously examined me, remarked "I never saw such a change in any man." This is endorsed by Mr. J. Todd, the popular druggist, corner Queen and Crawford Streets, Toronto. Scott's Sarsaparilla builds up debilitated constitutions, imparts strength, vigor and vitality, clears and purifies the blood. It cures skin diseases, rheumatism, gout, indigestion and all complaints arising from poor or poisoned blood. Of all druggists, \$1 per bottle. For sale at the People's Drug store by J A Wilson.

All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR 10c All Imported Tobacco. Better than most 5 Cent Cigars. As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar. It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere. Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

Blacksmithing. This Spot BELONGS TO A. Murat MILDMAI. 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. Jos. Kunkel, GENERAL BLACKSMITH, Mildmay. Repairing and Horseshoeing a Specialty. Prices Guaranteed Right.

PRINTING Plain or Fancy Of Every Description. Bill Heads Posters Business Cards Note Heads Dodgers Calling cards Letter Heads Pamphlets concert Tickets Envelopes Sale Bills Invitations Receipts Financial Reports Programs Order Blanks School Reports Etc., etc. Neat, Clean Work Prices Moderate The Gazette MILDMAI

CHURCHES.

ANGELICAL.—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. Baist, Pastor.

PREBYTERIAN.—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. Yonman, Pastor.

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

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

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

SOCIETIES.

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

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

C. O. C. F. No. 166—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month at 8 p.m. F. N. HUTCHART, Coun. 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. J. MCGAAN, Coun. F. X. SCHNEIDER, R. K.

THE MILDMAY GAZETTE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

One six months	Three months	One month
One column..... \$7.50	One column..... \$5.00	One column..... \$2.50
Half column..... 3.75	Half column..... 2.50	Half column..... 1.25
Quarter column..... 1.87	Quarter column..... 1.25	Quarter column..... .62
Eighth column..... .93	Eighth column..... .62	Eighth column..... .31

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..... 7:04 a.m.	Mixed..... 10:55 a.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.	Mixed..... 11:55 p.m.
Mail..... 11:55 a.m.	Mail..... 3:25 p.m.		
Mixed..... 5:30 p.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.		

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Henry Wolfe has moved into his town residence.

—Wm. McGaan has furnished his workshop in Wagner's hall.

—Geo. H. Liesemer has moved into his new house and is cosily settled.

—Services were held in the Presbyterian church on Sabbath evening.

—J. H. Moore occupied the Presbyterian pulpit in Ayton on Sabbath.

—A month from Wednesday is Christmas and in a few days Xmas stock will be on exhibition.

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

—Municipal matters are now being the talk of the town. Quite a number of names are mentioned for the different positions.

—A. J. Sarjeant & Co. commenced the cash system on Monday, and next Monday Herring & Scheffer commence the cash business.

—Rev. Father Halm, late of Carlsruhe, has been transferred to Mildmay, while Rev. Father Lehmann will have charge of the Carlsruhe parish.

—Rev. Mr. Harvey will preach educational sermons in the Methodist church next Sabbath. Rev. J. H. McBain preach similar sermons in Clifford.

—There will be offered for sale by public auction at the village of Mildmay on Friday, Dec. 13th, 1895, at 2 p.m., the Wagner block, immediately south of the Royal hotel. Terms made known on day of sale.

—Any person purchasing \$1 worth of goods for cash has a chance of winning a beautiful silver tea service, valued at \$13. Second prize, portrait and frame, worth \$3.50. These articles are now on exhibition at our store. Herring & Scheffer.

—The reading room has not been much used since part of the electric dynamo was burned out on Monday evening. It will not be in working order until a new part arrives. The reading room will be open every afternoon as heretofore.

—To-night (Thursday) a band of Salvation Army will bombard the the enemies' camp in the Methodist church. A service of song and speaking will be held commencing at 7:30. Every person invited.

—The working men are going to form an association so that they will be able to get their wages weekly. This is a move in the right direction. Mildmay will ere long be a cash town. If people in the country surrounding this burg want bargains they should call upon our merchants.

—See J. D. Miller's change of advt. in this issue.

—A quilting bee was held at E. N. Butchart's on Friday.

—For sale—First-class milk cow. Apply to A. Brohmann.

—Urban Schmidt shipped a car of stock to Toronto on Friday.

—Jacob Schmidt shipped a carload of stock to the city Monday.

—John Sparr of Wellesley has engaged with J. D. Miller as clerk.

—Joseph Schneider left Monday for the Soo where he has secured a position with Hinsperger Bros.

—F. X. Guittard ran a shooting gallery in McDonald's hall on the holiday and was well patronized.

—Miss Lillie Cameron of Walkerton, and Mrs. Graff of Clifford spent the holiday with Mrs. J. D. Miller.

—The Knechtel Co., of Hanover, shipped a carload of lumber from this station to Boston this week.

—Father Brohmann accompanied by his brother Alois, left Monday on a business trip down east.

—Harry Best, of Palmerston, has been appointed to the position at the station recently held by the late George Gray.

—Charlie Hooy has been appointed freight clerk at Chesley and left for that town on Monday evening. Success Charlie.

—Came to the premises of Geo. Lambert, on or about the 18th inst., a dog. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

—We are pleased to hear that the Hinsperger boys are doing a rushing business in the harness line at the Soo. Mildmay boys are hustlers anyway.

—Geo. Rome, who has been fining type in this office for the past two months, has severed his connections therewith and entered as clerk in J. J. Stiegler's.

—Notice!—I will not be responsible for any debts contracted, nor will I accept any cattle or stock purchased by Jacob Schmidt. I have nothing whatever to do with him. URBAN SCHMIDT, Mildmay.

—Schweitzer Bros. are busily engaged these days erecting the skating rink. They had a lot of hard work in getting it levelled, but on Saturday it was finished and on Tuesday the sills were laid.

—Wanted by Feb. 1st 1896, \$300. As there are quite a number of our readers who are in arrears for their subscription we would be greatly obliged if they would call in and pay up. We need money and must have it.

—The greatest criminal trial that has yet appeared on the annals of the Criminal record of Canada has entered upon its fourth week of duration at Toronto and possible before the end of the said week, a verdict for or against Harry and Dallas Hyams will be found. That they are guilty every person believes, but money makes a great difference with a jury. We have been informed that one of the leading legal lights of the city of Toronto is of the opinion that they will get clear. If they do it will be a libel upon Canadian justice.

—Some young men from neighboring towns think that they can do pretty near as they like when they come to this village, but they will find their mistake some of these fine days. Last Sunday a load of young men drove over from Hanover, and in the evening made the Sabbath hideous with their yells and excretions. If we only had a lockup in town, a few hours in the cooler would be enough to cool off their ardor. This is the only institution that is lacking to keep order in town. Our constables are made of the right stuff, but they have no place to put their prisoners unless to convey them seven miles to the county jail.

—Last week we had an article re the butter factory. We have been given to understand that the proprietor has some intentions of moving into town and converting it into some manufactory of some kind. Now there is nothing so much needed in Mildmay as some kind of an institution that will employ from fifty to one hundred hands. There is lots of power here to drive any kind of machinery. We have a good live stream of water running through the middle of the town which supplies the power for the manufactories we have. But we have not enough yet. Mildmay is one of the best towns on the Southampton Branch of the Grand Trunk and the shipping facilities are excellent, in fact they can not be better.

—Levi Miller and wife spent Sunday in Clifford.

—Tommy Hume went up to Paisley "dear" hunting Saturday.

—Thanksgiving day passed off very quietly, there being no sports going in town.

—Andrew Rome has been acting as clerk in J. D. Miller's store for the past week.

—We understand that G. E. Liesemer has sold his fine brick house to J. Hergott.

—Miss Edmunds of Stratford spent the holidays with the Rev. J. McBain and wife.

—200 cords wood wanted, also all kinds raw furs and sheep skins. L. A. Hinsperger.

—George Hemmer is not feeling himself these days. He thinks he worked too hard during the past summer.

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

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

—Mr. McIntyre has informed us that he will not run the electric lights for a few nights until he shifts the dynamo from where it now is, there not being sufficient power there to run it properly.

—Mr. F. W. Thomas has been re-engaged as principal of the Baden public school for the coming year. Since removing from Mildmay to that place, Mr. T. has grown in popularity every year.

—The concert in the town hall on Thanksgiving evening was well attended. The program was a varied one and in some respects first-class. It was more musical than literary. A. W. Halladay of Lakelet was on hand and as usual filled his place well. Mr. Flannigan of Hanover was here and this being his first appearance in town, was quite acceptable. Miss Perkins of Gorrie, as a pianist is hard to beat. Her appearance before a Mildmay audience again will be welcome.

—Tuesday morning Herrgott's foundry was the scene of an accident that is generally accompanied by a fatality, but in this case no one was injured. By some unknown reason the belt that drives the governors broke and the engine ran away, smashing the fly wheel and fragments therefrom almost demolished the engine room. The firm with their usual energy procured another wheel, and in the course of a day or so had everything in working order.

—We are again called upon to chronicle another death, that of Mrs. Robert Graham, of Balaklava, who passed away to the glorious beyond on Friday afternoon at the advanced age of 71 years. Deceased was injured in a runaway accident last June, from the effects of which she never recovered. The funeral took place from her late residence on Sunday and the remains were followed to their last resting place in the Balaklava cemetery by a large cortege of sorrow friends. The bereaved friends have the sympathy of the whole neighborhood.

—We understand that the ratepayers on the west of the railway track are kicking against paying the amount of the fire protection tax, and they are perfectly right in so doing. They have only one tank in that district and it is about half full of mud and there is yet another thing to be looked at. If a building took fire over there, it would be burned down by the time the alarm was rung and the engine got over there. This town should have an electric system of fire alarm, so that when a fire occurs word would be sent immediately to headquarters. This is something that should be attended to at once.

—We have decided to do a strictly cash in advance business. On and after the 1st of February we intend to give our subscribers who are in arrears one month in which to pay up, after which date all that are then in arrears will have their accounts placed in court for collection. We find that a cash business is the only one that pays. We ask all our readers to co-operate with us in this move. It requires money to carry on any kind of business and the printer requires the filthy lucre as well any one else. For the benefit of those who are in arrears and who will renew their subscriptions for next year, we will not charge \$1.25, but give them the advantage of the discount. Twenty-five per cent. on one dollar is a considerable sum and you cannot make a quarter easier than by renewing at once.

Cheap Groceries and Dry Goods!

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

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

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

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

MILDMAY * DRUG * STORE

DIAMOND AND TURKISH DYES

AT CUT PRICES

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

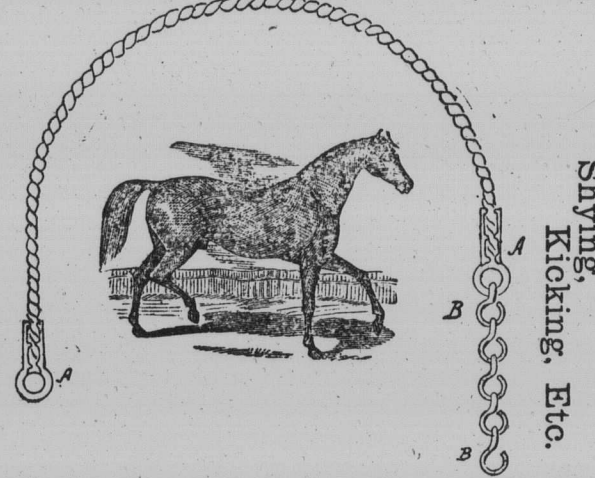
COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES

Druggists' Sundries, Etc.

R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor

Berry's Patent Horse Controller

Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.



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

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

Price, 25 cents.

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

Richard Berry, Patentee,
Mildmay, Ont.

NEW * DRUG * STORE

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HAVE YOU TRIED ?

Our Own Baking Powder ?

Second to none ???

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

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

Night calls promptly attended to

J. A. WILSON, M.D.

HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

Old newspapers have many uses in the household. They are excellent for polishing windows, mirrors, and all kinds of glassware. Several thicknesses placed under a carpet keeps it from wearing out and keeps the cold wind from coming up through the cracks and around the baseboards. The majority of housekeepers cover the shelves of pantry and cupboard with them, which gives them a neat appearance, and when they become soiled, they can be changed for fresh ones without scouring the shelves. An illustrated paper may be a source of enjoyment to children, if they are allowed to cut out the pictures and paste them in a scrap book, thus keeping them amused while mamma is busy.

Tooth brushes that have been discarded for toilet purposes may be used in the kitchen for cleaning lamp burners, silverware, and many other things that a cloth fails to clean properly. Wisk brooms and floor brooms may be cleaned by dipping them up and down in a pail of clean, hot suds, then rinsing in clean water, and hanging them up in the sunshine to dry. They look better, keep their shape and last longer for an occasional washing.

Almost every housewife has centerpieces, doilies and other nice table linens that require frequent washing. Do not send them to the washerwoman with the other clothes, for if they are treated in this way their beauty soon disappears. Wash with warm, soft water, rubbing gently between the hands, never on the washboard. Use Ivory soap, and after they are thoroughly cleansed, rinse in clear water to which a little bluing has been added. Prepare a thin starch and dip the pieces in it. Hang them smoothly upon the line till dry, dampen and iron on the wrong side; this shows the needlework better than if the ironing is done on the right side. If the pieces are fringed, count out the fringe while it is still damp.

A pad or small tablet, and a lead pencil, hung up in the kitchen or dining room is invaluable to the busy housekeeper, for she often thinks of things needed about the house, and if they are not written down at the time, they are apt to be forgotten when she goes shopping. This saves her a great deal of worry, and quite often an extra trip, if the article is one she cannot get along without.

A table fastened to the side of the wall in the kitchen with hinges, so it can be let down when not in use, is a great convenience especially when there is an extra amount of cooking to do, or during the canning season.

For Feminine Fingers.

A lovely pin-cushion can be made of three bags, each four inches high; one of black velvet, one of old gold, and one of garnet-colored velvet. Paint or embroider a spray of flowers on each one. The tops of the bags are lined with bright-colored silk or satin. The three bags are set together and tied with a bright ribbon about an inch from the top, letting it flare like a sack. Stuff with cotton and add sachet powder; can be hung at windows where the curtains are drawn back, or on the backs of rocking chairs, etc. Would make a suitable birthday gift for a friend.

To make an umbrella stand, take a five-gallon jar; paint white or wood or desired, inside and out; paint all of the edges gilt, and put a band of gilt near the top and bottom. If desired, paint or transfer a bunch of showy flowers, or a stork, etc., on the side.

A smaller jar, decorated in this way, makes a pretty newspaper holder.

Pretty hairpins can be made of the small wooden kegs in which carpet tacks are sold. Gild the outside. A small circular cushion of silk or velvet can be glued on the top and a fall of narrow lace added if desired.

Keeping the Oven Clean.

When anything boils over in the oven it should be allowed to burn to a char, as it then may be easily scraped off and brushed out. After this the oven should be thoroughly aired. It is a great mistake to bake a delicate dessert or cake or pie in the same oven with a dish of meat which has been flavored with onions or strong spices. The flavor of the meat will invariably affect the more delicate dishes. The shallow closet under the baking oven, commonly called the heating closet, where dishes may be temporarily kept warm after they are cooked, should be kept as clean as the stove oven. It is certainly a very disagreeable and hard job to clean a stove when it has been neglected, but it is a small matter to keep a stove clean if you begin at the beginning.

Some Good Recipes.

Maryland Corn Bread.—The good old-fashioned way of making corn bread seems to have gone out of style; people are in too great a hurry nowadays to wait the proper length of time for "sweetening," so called. In Maryland and Virginia, the home of corn bread, the batter is made over night, so as to assist in the sweetening. Take a pint of white meal, sift well, and add two or three pinches of salt. Take two eggs, beat them for a few minutes until well mixed. Then take a half pint of sweet milk, add a little warm water, pour the milk into the meal, and stir the mixture well until all the lumps are well dissolved, add the eggs and beat the batter for some time. Cover the bowl well and put in a cool place for the night. In the morning stir the batter, pour in a little more milk so as to thin it, take a teaspoonful of melted butter, stir it well in. Grease your pan with butter and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot.

Caramels.—The following is a fine recipe for caramels: Take a tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, quarter of a cupful of milk, one teaspoon-

ful of vanilla. Mix in a granite copper saucepan, heat slowly until well dissolved. If chocolate is desired for a flavoring, add two teaspoonfuls of cocoa. A little lemon juice added will prevent the sugar from granulating. Boil slowly, trying the mixture every few minutes by dropping into a little cold water. When it thickens and hardens quickly it is done.

White Potato Salad.—Take five boiled potatoes and cut them in thin slices. Mix one tablespoonful of vinegar, one of oil, a pinch of salt, a little pepper, one small onion minced fine, one egg sliced or chopped, and a little mustard.

Fairy Toast.—Take stale sponge cake, cut in slices half an inch thick. Lay on platters on which you wish to serve it. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, then continue with the egg beater to beat into it one small glass of genuine jelly, leaving out one tablespoonful to put on top of slices. Any jelly you prefer can be used. Heap the jelly frosting on each slice of cake until it is all used up, and in the centre of each put a lump of jelly or the frosting. Make a soft custard of the three yolks of eggs, one pint of milk made by using one-quarter of a can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk to a little less than one pint of water, and one tablespoonful of corn starch, flavored with vanilla. When cooked pour the custard around the cake, but do not pour it on the frosting. As you serve each slice take a spoonful of custard with it.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Items of Interest About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

The Pope has granted the French author, Boyer d'Agén, permission to write his biography, and for this purpose has given him access to the family archives of the Count Pecci, in Carpineto.

Sir William Arrol, the builder of Forth Bridge, is described as a tall, pleasant-faced man, frank, honest and good-humored. He has supported himself since he was nine years old, when he began life in a cotton mill.

Cecil Rhodes always keeps open house in his magnificent South African home, but in the evening he retires to a little cottage in the garden, uninhabited even by a servant, where he studies and sleeps, absolutely alone.

Two Frenchmen named Assassins, finding their name troublesome, had it changed to Berge, which seems innocent enough. Unluckily it turns out to be the name of the assistant executioner, who will probably succeed Mr. Deibler.

A valuable arm chair is in the possession of the Earl of Radnor. It originally cost \$50,000, and was presented by the city of Augsburg to Emperor Rudolph II. of Germany, about the year 1576. It is of steel, and took the artist about thirty years to make.

Miss Mary H. Kingsley, a niece of Canon Kingsley, has penetrated to some portions of the Cameroons Mountain where no white explorer has ever been before. Her only companions are a party of native Africans, furnished from the nearest military station of the German government.

Among the members of the Social Democratic party in Germany is a slim, fair lady, of about 40, who wears a blood-red silk blouse, black dress and dark Tyrolean hat. She is the Duchess Pauline Mathilde Ida, of Wurtemberg, a sister of Duke William, who now stands so near to the throne.

Autograph collecting is Sol Smith Russell's fad. His weakness is a belief in superstitious fancies. He gives an odd turn to the latter, calling thirteen his lucky number, and prefers to begin his annual tour on Friday. The old, dilapidated hat which he wore in "A Poor Relation," he has had for 20 years.

Mr. Labouchere, with all his attempts to play the cynic, is really one of the few men who are perfectly at home in any society, high or low. He has friends with all politics and creeds, and some friends with none; an inexhaustible stock of anecdotes is one of his "properties," as popular as his cigarette case.

Mrs. Eunice Russ Davis, the only surviving member of the Women's Anti-Slavery Board of Boston, and the oldest woman abolitionist in the United States, observed her ninety-fifth birthday anniversary at her home in Denham, Mass., last week. Her father was a white man and her mother a full blooded Narragansett Indian.

Abdur Rahman, the Ameer of Afghanistan, has unusual architectural skill and is said to design his own palaces. Stone and marble, both of which are to be found in considerable quantities near Cabul, enter largely into their construction, and they contain many things specially manufactured in Europe for the Afghan court, including electric lights, pianos, and the phonograph.

The most interesting schoolboy in San Francisco in all probability is the little grandson of the late King Greig of Fanning and Washington Islands. King Greig was a merry monarch, though his subjects numbered hardly more than a hundred persons. He used to make frequent visits to San Francisco and Honolulu. But on his island home, which was his by right of discovery, he spent his life manufacturing copra. His son, George B. Greig, is the present ruler.

Queen Victoria's aversion to the employment of electricity as a motive power is a further evidence of her curious conservatism in not viewing with immediate favor new adaptations of the forces of nature. Thus the Queen in early life was highly apprehensive of travelling by rail, and although now quite at her ease in a long railway journey, she, unlike the Prince Consort, who took immediately to conveyances by steam, preferred for many years to travel by road between Windsor and London.

The Exodus.

Moses may easily have written the Pentateuch and the Israelites of his day have read and understood it. Prof. Sayce told the recent Church Congress at Norwich, for the age of the Exodus was as literary as that of the Renaissance in Europe. Babylonian cities had libraries then, some of them 6,000 years old, and when Abraham was born a Chaldee poet was ending a long period of verse by writing a poem in 12 books.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The population of Ottawa is 49,500. Wallaceburg has a Jack-the-Hugger. Lindsay is to have a "Boys' Brigade." There is an ice famine at North Bay. There is a scarcity of water in Delhi. There are 442 coloured citizens in Hamilton.

The Darbyites are holding meetings at Lefroy.

An orchestra has been organized at Hillsburg.

London doctors protest against "lodge doctoring."

The Seneca Indians near Caledonia have the measles.

The population of Berlin is 8,394, an increase of 616.

Kingston's assessable property has decreased \$76,000.

Lambton has decided to erect a county House of Refuge.

A fine school house is being built at Jarret's Corners.

Canadian nail makers have combined and run up prices.

A cat at Jarret's Corners eats two cobs of corn daily.

The Sarnia merchants want the early closing by-law repealed.

The Berlin Public Library is spending \$300 for German books.

Typhoid fever prevails at St. George and diphtheria at Guelph.

A new iron bridge is being put over the Thames in Stratford.

The Vanessa cheese factory has been burned, at a loss of \$1,000.

A five-foot Canadian lynx was caught at Chetwynd the other day.

A Lindsay dog, 13 years old, is cutting his third set of teeth.

Last month 2,878 cars of live stock passed through St. Thomas.

The old Horton tavern stand at Gainsborough is to be remodeled.

The old Sarnia immigrant sheds are converted into a brick yard.

It is said that 1,250,000 square miles of the Dominion are unexplored.

Mr. Hugh Graham, Montreal, carries \$150,000 insurance on his life.

There is an increase of \$23,000 in Galt's real estate assessment this year.

Five wooden bridges have been erected in Middlesex county last summer.

A 47-pound watermelon was grown in a Leamington garden this season.

Next year Simcoe will have a first-class bicycle track and athletic grounds.

Kingston is bidding for the G. T. R. shops now stationed at Belleville.

Mr. E. Morgan, of Delhi, has paid out over \$14,000 for eggs since January.

Joseph Fallowfield, of Brampton, has fallen heir to \$200,000 in England.

A \$20,000 infirmary is being built in connection with the Hamilton asylum.

A new settlement of Mennonites at Didsbury, Manitoba, is progressing finely.

A bicycle company has been organized in Goderich with a capital of \$100,000.

The water in the Holland River is three feet lower than the ordinary level.

Rev. Mr. Clatworthy, Troy, has accepted a call to the Leamington Baptist church.

Montreal loses \$40,000 by a change of plans in a bridge agreement with the C. P. R.

Rev. J. E. Duncan has resigned the pastorate of the Perry Sound Presbyterian church.

Amherstburg is looking for a chief of police who will serve for less than \$12 a month.

A mail bag stolen eight years ago has just been found in a chimney of the City Hotel at Guelph.

The centennial anniversary of the settlement of Scarborough township will take place next June.

If the G.T.R. shops are removed from Brantford the company must repay the city \$32,500 bonus.

The net debt of Canada increased by \$6,292,000 from the 30th June, 1894, and the 30th June, 1895.

The Gilford Good Templars have decided that 40 chickens are more profitable to a farmer than one cow.

Two peach trees in a Kingsville orchard which always bore blood-red fruit this year produced white peaches.

At Berlin a fine well of water has been struck at a depth of 172 feet, the water being impregnated with sulphur.

At Ottawa two young men had to pay for a lady's dress they damaged by tobacco spit, and had to pay \$6.50 in costs besides.

R. D. Grant, of Glencoe, Ont., has been appointed second assistant on the staff of the collegiate school at Portage la Prairie.

It is said that Jacobs & Sparrow are endeavouring to secure the site of the recently burned opera house in St. Catharines.

The late Mr. Mellanley, of Port Colborne, bequeathed \$20,000 to the Methodist church, \$10,000 to the superannuation and a like amount to the home missions.

Michael Connolly has settled his claim with the city of St. John, N.B., for \$15,731 for improvements to the west side of the deepwater wharf. The original claim was \$44,000.

Hamilton City Council has decided to apply to the Legislature for an extension of one year to enable the H. G. and B. Co. to earn the city's bonus by extending its line to Beamsville.

Bicyclists in Walkerville are restricted by a recent by-law from riding faster than eight miles an hour within the limits of the town. They must sound a bell at corners and crossings at night. The maximum fine for conviction is \$20.

G. Gold, of Karney, has a hen which lays a shellless egg the shape of the figure eight, the yolk being in one end and the white in the other end. James Weck of the same place has a giant potato so far as vines are concerned. The vines spread out would easily fill a wagon box, some of them being six feet long and as thick as a broom handle.

FRESH GOLD FIELDS.

The Latest Information From The New Auriferous Region in South Africa.

Most of the speculation in South African mining stocks, which has become such a wild craze in Europe, is confined to the mines and prospects of the Witwaters Rand, in the south part of the South African Republic. The great gold fields to the north of this republic, however, have been taken into account in the recent estimates of the future productivity of the country. These northern fields are in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, the first of which was practically forbidden ground to all white men until the results of the recent Matabele war opened the vast country to European enterprise. The second region, which adjoins Matabeleland on the east, was first traversed by Montagu Kerr about ten years ago. He told the writer, later, that he did not believe there was anything in Mashonaland to attract white enterprise, which illustrates the fact that the pioneer explorers are now and then deceived as to the real value of a country. A few of the latest facts about the gold discoveries in these northern regions are given in this article.

If the mining claims that have been pegged out in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, up to last September, were placed side by side they would form a belt 1,600 MILES LONG.

This gives some idea of the extent of the gold fields, though nobody yet knows how far they stretch, away to the north. Nearly 60,000 claims have, thus far, been located. Not a great deal of development work has yet been done. Very few shafts have been sunk. The hopes of the miners, therefore, are largely based upon the very encouraging promise of the surface scrapings. There is not a particle of doubt of the great extent of the auriferous ledges or reefs, as they are called in South Africa. Experts who have gone to Matabeleland from this country and Australia say they never saw so much visible gold as is found there. There is no doubt of the marvellous richness of the surface quartz. Will they pinch out or will they pan out well far beneath the surface? The experts say, concerning this important question, that it is most improbable that the auriferous quartz lies only on the surface. It would be unprecedented if all these reefs were to pinch out, if a small fraction fulfil their wonderful promise the prosperity of the country is assured.

So far everything seems encouraging. Development work has been carried on with much energy during the past summer and the results thus far seem to confirm the highest expectations of the miners who went into raptures over the first prospecting.

It is a curious fact that in Matabeleland very little original prospecting has yet been done, and very few claims have been pegged out on virgin reefs. Nobody knows who the ancient miners were that covered this country ages ago with their diggings. But there is still plenty of traces of their work. It was very imperfect. They secured only a part of the outcrop gold, and the miners of to-day have simply pitched upon these ancient workings upon which to exercise their industry. In this way the ancient prospectors did a good turn for the modern miner.

The work is further advanced in Mashonaland, because the country has been opened two or three years longer. The SURFACE INDICATIONS are about the same in both regions, but in Mashonaland quite a number of mines have been considerably developed, and it is found that the richness of the ore extends far below the surface. As yet, however, the output has been small, and for an excellent reason. It costs enormously to bring anything in to the country. Nearly all goods and machinery have thus far been transported nearly a thousand miles by ox wagon. The freight charges on nearly everything taken into Mashonaland are on the average about three times the value of the articles. Only one large quartz crushing mill has yet been taken into the country, and it cost \$50,000 to get it from Cape Town to the mines where it is now at work.

The railroad from Beira, on the Indian Ocean, to Mashonaland is pushing forward. It has now been extended clear across the fly belt, which was so fatal to oxen that freightage, up to this time, has been practically cut off by the much shorter route from the Indian Ocean. Another railroad from Cape Town is pushing on toward Matabeleland, and will ultimately be extended to Fort Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland. These facilities will work a revolution in the progress of mining and other development, and neither region will have a fair chance to become prosperous and develop its great mining and agricultural resources until the railroads reach them.

There are extensive farming and grazing lands, the climate has been proved to be healthy, and there is no doubt a great future before these large territories, which are just beginning to be turned to the uses of civilized peoples. They are, however, no place for white laborers, for the natives are willing to work and supply all the unskilled labor needed, and as the gold is all exacted by quartz crushing, there is no chance for placer mining.

Future Coal Mine for France.

A singular fact is recorded—namely: that on the shores of Brittany, between St. Malo and St. Luнаire, in the vicinity of the St. Enogat station, at a place called Port Blanc, the tides have lately displaced a considerable amount of sand, say, to the depth of some nine to thirteen feet. Accompanying this remarkable phenomenon is the fact that forests known to have been buried for periods covering some eighteen or twenty centuries have now been brought to light and a vast forest has, it appears, been discovered in the process of transformation into coal. Ferns and the trunks and barks of trees are to be seen in an advanced state of decomposition, showing, in fact, the films and flakes which are found in coal, and, while some of the trunks are sixteen feet in length and still very distinct, they are becoming rapidly transformed.

SOME LATE CABLE NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN TO SEND AN EXPEDITION TO ASHANTEE.

The Bridgroom is Missing—Postponement of a Fashionable Wedding—An Effort to Settle the Shipbuilders' Strike, etc., etc.

A despatch from London says: The wedding of J. A. McLean, an officer of the Royal Irish Lancers, to a daughter of Mr. Seymour Forbes, a Yorkshire landowner, which was fixed for Thursday morning in All Saints' Church, London, was unavoidably postponed through the failure of the groom to appear at the time appointed, and the large and fashionable throng which had gathered to witness the ceremony were obliged to depart in a disappointed frame of mind. The bride, with the bridesmaids and page, waited at the church for the groom until the hour fixed for the wedding had passed, and then departed for her home in great distress. Diligent search failed to discover any trace of the groom, and his valet upon being interrogated professed complete ignorance of his master's whereabouts.

The Government has deputed Mr. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, to use his influence with the Belfast and Clyde shipbuilders to induce them to arrange terms with their dissatisfied employees, the Belfast strikers and locked-out Clyde engineers and other workmen.

The Admiralty have decided to increase the strength of the British Mediterranean squadron by the addition to the fleet of six ships.

The Dramatic Mirror says that Mr. George Alexander, manager of the St. James' Theatre, with his company will appear in the United States in 1897 under the management of Mr. Frohman.

The Chronicle announces that the War Office has arranged for an expedition to Ashantee. This leaves no further doubt of the accuracy of the report from Accra, on the Gold Coast of Africa, that the King of Ashantee had declined the ultimatum offered him by Great Britain, to the effect that the King should have a British commissioner in his country, and that he should place Ashantee under British protection. The despatch of the expedition indicates that Great Britain has determined to reduce the King of Ashantee to complete subjection.

The strike of engineers and others in the Clyde ship-building yards is spreading, and will embrace all the litters and engineers now working.

J. W. Taylor, a cabin passenger on board the steamer Catalonia, which sailed from Liverpool for Boston on Thursday, was arrested upon the arrival of the steamer at Queenstown upon the charge of havingembezzled £4,000 from a loan office in Oldham, Lancashire. Taylor was travelling under the name of Jackson.

Hints on Advertising.

Prudence is important in advertising. A man can be enterprising in this, as in everything else, but he should never forget that he has no right to spend what does not belong to him.

A good advertisement should first of all contain truth, next ideas, then knowledge of human nature, and if this is well mixed up with brains, it will prove a specific for the cure of dull business.

Advertising schemes that made millionaires twenty-five years ago are worth nothing now. The world keeps moving and old plans are getting exhausted and giving place to new ones very rapidly in this progressive age.

Confidence is important in advertising. Those who have little faith in what they attempt rarely succeed, and this is why so many new beginners are unsuccessful at first. If you have no faith by all means employ an agent that has.

Some people imagine that advertising and stock speculating are similar. There never was a greater mistake, for there is no risk in advertising a good article in a legitimate way if you know how to do it. And, if you do not, get somebody to help you, who does.

Men of character are generally successful and they are more apt to have enemies than those who do not succeed. Human nature is envious and the saying that "a man is best known by his enemies," applies especially to advertising agents, of which the most successful ones have the most detractors.

Out-door Life in Paris.

Sitting at one's ease upon the pavement in front of a boulevard café, particularly between the hours of 6 and 7, and from 10 or 11 o'clock until long past midnight, is a form of enjoyment which only the true Parisian can appreciate to the full. Sipping absinthe before dinner or drinking light beer after it has an attraction which no Englishman can thoroughly understand. Strangers, however, very readily fall into the habit of passing the time away at a café in the open air, but to them it is always a mystery how these large establishments can be remunerative when an average customer will, upon an outlay of half a franc, monopolize a chair and a table for perhaps an hour.

Anxious for Criticism.

Scribbler—I always make it a point to submit my poems to friends, for suggestions and criticism, before publication, and I have brought some pages for you to look over.

Bibbler—Um—yes, of course; but why not take it to Nibbler?

Scribbler—Huh! He's a born idiot! The last time I showed him a poem he found fault with it.

Asking Too Much.

Cholly—Maud asked me last night what I thought of her.

May—That's her exactly. Always asking for impossibilities.

Catch On To The Best Opportunity !!

Of a life time for buying cheap.

It's a quick turn on very close margin to satisfy a lively demand.

JUST TO HAND

- 10 doz pairs ladies' black, all wool cashmere gloves, sizes, 6½, 7, 7½, and 8, at 10c pair, sold at 20c anywhere else
- Ladies' white wool Ringwood gloves at 20c pair.
- Ladies' black wool cashmere mitts at 25c pair
- Ladies' black wool knitted gloves at 25c pair
- 60 doz fancy belt pins in black silver and gilt regularly sold at 5c, our price 1c each
- 5 doz fancy silk handkerchiefs, large size, 20c
- Another line " 50c, extra value
- 32 inch standard flannelett, full line of patterns, 7c
- Full range of colors, 44 inch, all wool Henrietta, 38c per yard, regular price
- Men's fine Scotch knitted underwear 85c suit
- Men's wool knitted top shirts, 39c each
- " sox, 3 pair for 25c
- Only 25 pair gray blankets left at 69c pair
- 10 pieces home made flannel, all wool, at 19c yd

No sale is expected unless we prove this.

We are anxious to show you our goods, but we ask for your patronage, only when they give complete satisfaction.

J. D. MILLER,

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

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

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

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

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

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

PISOIS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHEEZE AND COUGHS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

TAKE THE BEST
CURE FOR COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE
25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00 Bottle.
One cent a dose.
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Involuntary Consumption and is the best at Cough and Croup Cure.

10. Sold at the Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay.

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

Railroad employes, bicyclists, teamsters and other men who are subjected to much jolting, are often troubled with pain across the small of the back. This indicates the "Railroad Kidney," an insidious precursor of serious illness. On the slightest symptoms of backache take one Chase's Kidney-Liver Pill—one is a dose—and thus obtain instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have no equal. 25c per box.

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.

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

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
CURES ITCHING PILLS, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM

H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, N.B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me of a very stubborn case of Itching Eczema. Tried everything advertised, several physicians' prescriptions without permanent relief. Know of several cases of Itching Pills it has cured."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
I suffered with piles for years. Chase's Ointment completely cured me. M. J. Joo, Genie, Ont.

BRADFORD, JULY 4, 1894.—I consider Dr. Chase's ointment a God-send to anyone suffering from piles, itching scrotum or any itching skin disease. Its soothing effects are felt from the first application.—JNO. KRUGAN.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT
Lomanson, Betes & Co.
PRICE 50c.
45 Lombard St., Toronto

ART AND LITERATURE IN CANADA.

There are cynics who say that there is no public opinion in Canada, no literature. At a dinner given recently by the publishers of Toronto to Mr. Hall Caine, the great novelist, this question was discussed, and a leading publisher remarked that literature would never make rapid advance in this country because it is difficult to induce Canadians to read the works of a Canadian author. This statement, however, is not true with regard to *Toronto Saturday Night*, which has as large a circulation as any newspaper of its class in America. Its Christmas Number, which will be issued Dec. 1, is the eighth in a series of art numbers. It will be accompanied this year by five splendid colored supplements; the largest, a reproduction of a painting by a Canadian artist, done specially for *Saturday Night*, is 24 x 33 inches in size. Its title is "Champlain the Explorer," and depicts him and a flotilla of war canoes entering the mouth of a river on Lake Huron. The picture has been praised by the Historical Association as the most interesting and artistic attempt ever made to carry us back to the old days when Canada was little more than a geographical term. The other four pictures are done in sixteen colors, and the book itself, consisting of over forty pages, contains the four prize stories in the *Saturday Night* competition. Following is a list of contents:

- 1st prize, "A Reconnaissance at Fort Ellice," by William Diebold Cameron. Illustrations by J. C. Innes.
- 2nd prize, "Boh Shwey's Ruby," by W. A. Fraser. Illustrations from photographs.
- 3rd prize, "A Master of Necessity," by John McCrae. Illustrations by F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.
- 4th prize, "Widow Malony," by J. C. Innes. Illustrations by the author.
- "Jim Lancy's Pass," by E. E. Sheppard. Illustrated.
- "From the Sublime," by Warren H. Warren. Illustrations by G. A. Reid, R.C.A.
- "Nanton's Sister," by Alice Ashworth. Illustrated.
- "Henderson of Stratton," by Joe Clark. Illustrations by Carl Ahrens, A.R.C.A., and Beatrice Sullivan.
- "So Long," an etching by "Don."
- "Hawkins' Dream," (poem), by Alexander McLachlan.
- "The Love of the World Detected," (poem), by William Cooney. Illustrations by J. W. Bengough.
- "Life of Champlain," by George Stewart, M.A., D.C.L.
- "As a Little Child," (poem), by Evelyn Durand.
- "A Song," (poem), by Gertrude Bartlett.

The price of the number, postpaid to any address, in a pasteboard tube to protect it from damage in the mails, is 50 cents, and in point of literary excellence and the quantity and quality of the supplements it far exceeds anything offered by foreign holiday publications. Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools for Toronto, has said that the Champlain picture should be framed and hung in "every schoolroom in Canada," and schoolteachers everywhere should take an interest in bringing it before the public. Teachers and young people can do a good work by sending for a Christmas Number of *Saturday Night*, and a better work by acting as agent for it and inducing their neighbors to send for it as well. A liberal commission is allowed. Address the Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, Adelaide Street west, Toronto. The price of the regular edition of *Saturday Night*, which undoubtedly stands alone as Canada's most interesting and thoroughly high-class illustrated weekly, is \$2 per year.

An Oakville cat eats raw onions.

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