

# The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 4.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1895.

No. 33

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**ENGLISH.**—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m.; at Wroster, 4:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Brewster, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

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

**PRESBYTERIAN.**—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m. at 7:30 p. m. Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at 10:15 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. Prayer meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. Rev. Mr. Edmunds pastor.

**E. G. SWARTZ,**  
Barrister, Solicitor,  
Conveyancer, Etc.

**MONEY TO LOAN.**  
Office: Up-stairs in Mount's Hotel Block, MILDMAY.

**R. E. CLAPP, M.D.**

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

**J. A. WILSON, M.D.**

**HONOR Graduate of Toronto University Medical College.** Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office—Absalom street, in rear of Drug Store. MILDMAY.

**DR. WISSER, Dentist.**

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

**W. H. HUCK, V. S.**

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

**JAMES ARMSTRONG,**  
Veterinary Surgeon

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

## BARGAINS

Bargains in  
Watches,  
Clocks,  
and Jewellery, on the

24th of May

Don't miss this chance if you wish to save money at

**C. WENDT'S,**  
Mildmay

MILDMAY

## Planing Mills.

Furniture Warerooms

**G. & N. Schwalm.**

Manufacturers of and Dealer in  
Sash, Doors, Lumber  
and all kinds of  
Building Material

Finest quality of lumber, at lowest prices, for all kinds of building.

## FURNITURE

Parlor Suits,  
Bedroom Suits,  
Halls,

Dining room  
and Kitchen  
Furniture.

Office Furniture  
of all kinds.

Easy chairs, etc., etc.  
Prices Away Down.

worth your while to give us a call.

**G. & N. Schwalm**

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

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

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

## UP TO DATE TAILORING

We take special pride in recommending our stock of clothes for

### Gentlemen's Suits

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

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

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

**H. E. Liesemer,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:  
Fall wheat per bu. \$ 80 to \$ 85  
Spring " " " 80 to 85  
Oats..... 33 to 34  
Peas..... 58 to 60  
Barley..... 40 to 45  
Potatoes..... 30 to 35  
Smoked meat per lb. 7 to 9  
Eggs per doz. 9 to 10  
Butter per lb. 12 to 13  
Dressed pork..... \$4 25 to 4 70

### A PERFECT TEA

## MONSOON TEA

THE  
FINEST TEA  
IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP  
INITIATES NATURE'S SECRETS.

"Monsoon" Tea is obtained by the Indian Tea growers as a special quality of Indian Tea. The tea is carefully selected in the selection of the tea, and the way they put it up themselves, and only in the original packages, that they can guarantee quality and excellence. Put up in 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.

ALL GOOD SHOPPERS KEEP IT.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to  
**STEELE, HAYES & CO.**  
11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.

## Shoes! Shoes!

"I have just received a stock of shoes, and as you are all aware that leather is increasing in price. It will pay you to come and examine my goods.

Now shoes have raised from 20 to 25, and I bought this lot at the old price and I will run them off at a low figure.

Come and examine goods and be convinced. No trouble to show goods. Here are a few lines which I will sell at a bargain:

Wool Oxford Ties, \$1 10, now 80c  
Wool Tan Oxford Ties \$1 40, now \$1 00  
Wool Dung Shoes, \$1 50, now \$1 50  
Men's Fine Shoes, \$1 75, now 90c  
Dung Coat, latest cut, \$2 00

Also a large stock of children's Tan Oxfords, which I will sell at a bargain. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Highest price paid for farmers produce.

**John Hunstein.**

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## OTTER CREEK

We are glad to learn that Mr. Steinmiller and family have returned home again.

The contract of repairing a culvert on concession 14, was let on Saturday. The contractor is Henry Procknow. He took it for \$2.

Messrs. R. Wilton, B. MacKay, L. Shoemaker, J. Deacon, and J. Zarn, all of this district, left on Tuesday, 20th inst., for Manitoba. We wish them success in future life and that they may land safely in the west.

During the early part of the season fire was set out in a line fence between Messrs. F. Wilton and F. Shoemaker's, but did not do much damage at that time, but one day last week it was re-kindled and with a southwest wind it went into the midst of the swamp, doing considerable damage.

## Belmore.

Some of the boys intend brick laying next summer.

D. J. Weir is doing some great threshing this year.

The public school re-opened on Monday with a large attendance.

What makes P. H. Baker have so many smiles on these days? Because it is a boy.

A number from here intend taking in the L. O. L. excursion to Sarnia on Aug. 31st.

The Christian Endeavor society of the Methodist church has changed its night of meeting from Tuesday to Sunday evening.

Mr. G. Barton shipped another car load of cheese on Monday last. He got a good price for his cheese this time. He is making things boom under the skilful management of W. Cleiridge.

## Christian Endeavor.

The Christian Endeavor society met this week in the Methodist church, the president in the chair.

The topic for the evening "Conquering difficulties with Christ's help," was opened up by Mr. Chas. Hoggie. The Rev. Mr. Berry was present and was called on by the leader to address the meeting and in a lively exhortation he impressed upon the society the necessity of earnest Christian living and service. The Christian who went forward in humble dependence on Jesus is assured of victory over every enemy.

Rev. Mr. McBain also gave a very helpful address, dwelling particularly on the Apostle Paul's declaration, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." We get this strength by reaching out the hand of faith to receive the strength we need to overcome every difficulty. Other members spoke on the topic and gave scripture proofs to show where help is promised through Christ to all who ask in faith.

The presence of Rev. Mr. Berry, who is a great favorite in Mildmay, was specially mentioned by many of the speakers as being quite an inspiration to them. The topic for next week is "Enthusiasm, and what it will accomplish." 2 Chron. 20: 1-12; 31: 20-21. Rev. Mr. McBain, leader.

## Press Com.

## Lakelet.

Mrs. Duhage was away all last week visiting at Berlin, Niagara and other places.

School re-opened on Monday with an attendance of 38. There is no scarcity of children in this vicinity, and parents should see that they are in school when not engaged at home.

Mr. Robert Ferguson, who lives south of here shipped a car load of lambs from Clifford today. The lambs too are down in price, so that not much money will be derived from that source.

The Rev. R. Harkness of Huntingfield will preach in the church here on Sunday. Mr. Harvey the pastor, is expected back from the old sod in time to take his work the Sunday following.

Some score of teams carted the cheese

manufactured at the Spring Bank factory during the past one and a half months to Clifford Monday. The sum at which it was bought was very low, so that the farmers will not get such a great pile.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Hamilton took place on Thursday at 1 o'clock from the residence of her son-in-law, J. McKinney, for the McIntosh cemetery. There was a good attendance. The service was conducted by Rev. A. Stewart of Belmore.

## Huntingfield.

Some of our yeomen have commenced sowing their fall wheat.

School opened on Monday with the usual attendance, 7. The teacher looks well after her holidays.

Miss L. A. Scott of Toronto, is renewing old acquaintances in and around town. She is byking it.

Mr. Robert Harkness, missionary from Japan will occupy the Methodist pulpit on Sunday afternoon. Service commences at 2:30.

Samuel Vogan, while assisting at the shingling of John Vogan's barn, let a bundle of shingles fall on his foot, injuring his great toe badly.

Mrs. N. Harris and family spent Sunday in Brussels. The return trip was not as enjoyable as the trip out, as they were caught in a heavy rain.

Mrs. Harry Vogan left for her home in Woodstock on Wednesday. She has been spending a couple of week visiting with friends and acquaintances here.

One of the young men on the 2nd took his usual trip south on Sunday. If he wouldn't start so early in the morning he wouldn't need to return so early in the evening.

We think that our school trustees have not been doing their duty as the school and grounds are a disgrace to any section. How they expect the children to take an interest in their work amid such surroundings is a mystery to us.

## Trip up the Great Lakes.

Continued.

At Kagawong we met a Scotchman, who, as he stated, was living here about sixteen years, and was one of the first settlers. After relating the hard times and the many difficulties he had to undergo, he said there was at one time a wealthy farmer whose name was Big Henry. This man undertook the sorrowful task to build a church and signed it over to the Methodists, under the condition that the church was to serve every denomination. Scarcely had he done the when he went out on the bay in a rowing boat and got drowned. This, he says, was the punishment the Lord inflicted on him for acting so contrary to his Presbyterian faith.

After some other good stories we heard here, the warning whistle sounded and all hurried on board in good humor and after two and a half hours sailing we landed at Gore Bay. This is the judicial seat of the Manitoulin Island. It is surrounded by lofty hills which are decked with trees down to the water's edge. The village possesses three churches, ten stores, three hotels, a saw mill employing about 25 men, three blacksmiths, two doctors, etc., and has nearly one thousand inhabitants. As we stood on a hill and gazed over the waters we could only say the effect was charming. Headland after headland jutted out from the shore and the bay is dotted as far as the eyes can reach with a succession of islands some rising abruptly from the water, and others nearly flat.

After another two hours sailing we arrived at 8:50 at the Spanish Mills. The Spanish river, according to my informant has the most picturesque scenery of any on the whole trip to Sault Ste. Marie. It debouches into a broad flat gradually narrowing towards the east and the banks gradually sloping now steep and precipitous, are overhung with masses of variegated foliage. Nowhere can more enchanting vistas be found than here

among the solitary homes of the beaver, mink and wild fowl, through which the steamer will now pass. Here too, is Little Detroit, where we are told that the Huron and Ojibway Indians fought a great battle. The rocks here are so close that one imagines he can touch the small foliage on both sides of the vessel. Night now broke in and we retired to the interior which was lit up beautifully with electric light. Here, we reviewed what we had seen during the day and took notes on the different points of interest. After 9 o'clock we passed Kenabatch, about 12, Cooks Mills, and about 2 Algoma Mills, but returning on the "S. S. Pacific" we touched Algoma Mills at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Hearing and reading so much about these mills I made it a point to see them at once. Searching for a time and not being able to find them, I asked an inhabitant to show me their location. This man soon made me acquainted with the astonishing fact some years ago in a very rough night, the waters of the lake burst in upon the mills and landed them in the depth of the lake. Nothing was seen of them but a few things that broke loose. There is another small mill there but doing no more work. The world renowned Algoma Mills are no more and both vessel and train have very little to do there now.

At six o'clock in the morning we landed at Thessalon. As the hour was rather too early I did not enter the village, but from exterior appearance one should judge that the place is quite important, lying in picturesque seclusion under the point of the same name. We were told that this place is especially adapted for rod anglers. The speckled trout fishing in the streams and lakes that lie inland from here is unsurpassed anywhere.

At 7:30 we arrived at Bruce Mines. About ten minutes walk from here is the well known spot where once the great Bruce Mines were found. After our arrival at the place we found that these mines were not only closed up but fallen into ruin. Specimens of the ore, which is sulphate of great beauty were gathered by each one present. Great heaps of these sulphate stones are found in every direction and no person who takes any interest in special stonic gathering needs to return without a fine specimen of them. Hillon was the next place our boat landed.

There is some talk of reorganizing the Harriston band.

John Graham, Southampton, had a horse killed by lightning Saturday morning last.

Messrs. Gillies & Smith, bankers of Teeswater, have opened out a branch in Gorrie.

The Conservatives of Southampton will give N. McNeil, Esq., M.P., a grand banquet at the Central hotel on the evening of August the 27th.

On Tuesday Mr. F. McLennan, Southampton, had a very narrow escape from being killed. While out in the fishing yacht the top mast fell, striking him on the head and rendering him unconscious.

Thursday last a game of lacrosse was played at Southampton, by the home team and Port Elgin, resulting in favor of the former. A return match was played in Port Elgin on Tuesday when Port Elgin came off victorious.

A most disastrous fire broke out in Armstrong's hotel, Teriottale on Wednesday night last which resulted in the total destruction of the hotel and the store kept by W. Remis, in fact the whole block was wiped out in a very short space of time. Very little was saved from the hotel, but most of the contents of the store were got out but in a badly damaged condition. The village turned out en masse and by hard work with a well organized fire brigade succeeded in saving the hotel, the blacksmith shop and postoffice. The loss to Mr. Armstrong, who loses nearly everything with only a light insurance will be heavy. Mr. Remis, we understand, was insured for \$1,200 and was paid \$800 as his loss. The origin of the fire is not exactly known, but is supposed to have caught from the kitchen stove or pipes.



## YOUNG FOLKS.

### Get Up and Scratch.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,  
"I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."  
Said another little chicken, with a queer little  
strut,  
"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."  
Said a third little chick, with a strange little  
squelch,  
"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meal."  
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the  
green garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast you must get up  
and scratch."

### Jack's Bear Hunt.

"Where are you going, Caleb?"  
Jack had come into the warm farm kitchen to find Caleb tinkering with a gun.  
"Goin' on a bit of a hunt."  
"Oh, I wish I could go."  
"Why couldn't you?"  
"Oh! Will you let me? Say, mother,"  
as he entered the room, "Caleb says I may  
go hunting with him. May I?"  
"Where to, Caleb?" asked mother, "and  
hunting what?"

"Why," said Caleb, "I heard tell of a  
deer or two been seen 'round up in Plum-  
mer's Holler, so I thought I'd go and try  
for 'em. Like enough I'll only bring home  
some squirrels. Squirrels is good, though."  
"Deer!" exclaimed Jack, in great excite-  
ment. "Oh mother—I could go back and  
tell the boys I'd been deer hunting."

Mother smiled at the eager face, willing  
to allow him the pleasure, yet anxious for  
his safety. She had brought the boy into  
the Minnesota woods in quest of health for  
him, and had remained late in the season to  
give him a taste of invigorating frost. His  
round cheeks and beaming eyes attested  
the wisdom of her resort to Mother Nature's  
kindly aids.

"If I was sure there could be no danger,"  
she began.  
"I'll take the best kind of care of him,"  
said Caleb. "And if you're feared o' t'rin'  
him with too much walkin' I can just as  
well hitch up the spring wagon and drive  
to the holler. Have an errand out that  
way anyhow, where I can leave the  
wagon."

Mother smiled her consent. Twenty  
minutes later the two were driving away  
in the sharp, crisp, morning air. Jack,  
a bright boy of twelve, did not feel that  
the hunt had begun until the wagon had been  
left behind and the two were making their  
way among the bare brush, logs and boulders  
of Plumber's Holler.

"You'll let me take a shot at squirrel  
sometime to-day, won't you?" he asked  
of Caleb, and after receiving the desired  
promise was well content to lapse into  
hunters' silence. As they penetrated  
deeper both became more careful in keeping  
their movements quiet, Caleb occasionally  
motioning to Jack his convictions, based on  
small signs familiar to a sportsman, that  
deer could not be far off.

At length he paused, lifting his hand in  
warning. Something was near, beyond  
doubt, for the sun is just ahead of them.  
They had been gradually working their  
way upward until now very near the head  
of the hollow. Just here it was filled with  
a dense growth of brush mingled with  
the remains of fallen trees. In the midst of  
all this arose two or three rocks.

"Hah!—if there ain't a deer behind them  
I won't be naptized Caleb," said Caleb,  
in the lowest possible whisper. "You  
keep back whilst I peep 'round here."

But Jack could not keep back. Close at  
Caleb's heels he followed as with an un-  
avoidable crackling of the brittle brush he  
skirted the rocks. And then Caleb gave a  
cry of dismay. But it was not for himself.

"Back, back," he shouted, as directly  
before him, angry and threatening, with  
flashing eyes, snorts and growls, arose a  
large black bear. Caleb was a good shot,  
and had he been by himself would not have  
been disconcerted by the sudden surprise.  
But the heavy responsibility resting upon  
him upset him. With a nervous grasp he  
levelled his gun and fired—to wound the  
bear which, now doubly enraged, made a  
mad rush toward its toes.

"Up there," shrieked Caleb, "Up that  
tree—quick!"  
"How can I? I can't reach those bare  
branches," said Jack, reaching helplessly  
above his head.

"Here!" Dropping his gun, with one  
toe Caleb raised the boy to his shoulder.  
Jack seized the limbs above his head and  
swung himself up. Caleb tried to regain  
his gun but the bear was upon him.

"Get up farther," he cried to Jack.  
Jack did so and Caleb was soon beside  
him.

"Can't bears climb trees?" whispered  
Jack.

"They can when they're feelin' good.  
But she can't—poor creeter. Don't let  
me make a fellow feel guilty to see that?"

Mad with the pain of its wound the bear  
was pawing the ground, tearing at trees  
and branches, biting whatever was nearest.

"I must get down and get that gun—  
now I've got my breath, and my wits,"  
said Caleb.

"Caleb, you can't," said Jack, in terror  
at the violent movements of the great  
brute. "It will be as good as your life's  
worth to go down there."

Caleb looked in the boy's face, recalling  
with the clearness of strongly suppressed  
excitement, his mother's face as she decided  
to trust this one son of hers to his promised  
good care, on his assurance that no harm  
could possibly come to him.

"You hold on tight," he said, gruffly.  
"And," he added, with an attempt at a  
light tone, "if that old lady down there  
should get one of them heavy paws o'  
hern on me,—you'll understand our best  
hold is to wait right here. They know  
where we was comin'. You hold on good."

"Stop, Caleb," cried the boy, in terror  
at the possibilities suggested in the words.  
"Don't go down. Perhaps she'll go  
away—"

Whether the move made half voluntarily  
by Jack caused him to lose his balance can  
never be told, but the next moment Caleb,  
carefully turning on the almost bare branch  
with view to making his way to the side  
of the tree farthest from the enemy, lost  
his hold and went down—to alight exactly  
on the bear's back.

A situation to bring out all the nerve of a  
true hunter. Jack could never afterwards

recall without a shudder that fight for dear  
life, in which Caleb, with only his jackknife  
and sturdy fist dealt blow after blow until  
the poor animal, blinded by the flow of  
blood staggered and fell over, giving Caleb  
opportunity to reach his gun.  
"She's done," he said quietly, after the  
echo of the shot had died away among the  
hills.

"Lucky I brought the spring wagon,"  
said Caleb, when hours later having called  
upon neighbors for help in securing his  
prize, he placed in it the bear skin and a  
supply of the meat. "And now, boy," he  
said to Jack, in a voice which betrayed a  
good deal of feeling under the light words,  
"I'm takin' you back to your mother safe  
and sound, thanks be to the Lord, and I'm  
ready to say the next time I go 'bar huntin'  
I'll go alone."

"I haven't so much as a squirrel," said  
Jack to his mother. "Haven't even had a  
shot. But I've been in a bear hunt."

## NEW COIFFURES.

Three Styles of Hairdressing That Come  
From London.

The present fashion in hair dressing, is  
particularly graceful, and our artist has  
sketched three pretty styles, which show



the correct way of waving and dressing the  
hair. Very light fringes are worn, and the  
hair is artistically waved at the side, and  
held in place very often with dainty little  
tortoise shell combs. It is, however, ad-  
visable to retain the services of a hair-  
dresser to obtain these waves, if Nature



has endowed you with naturally straight  
hair, for if they are not properly arranged  
the whole effect is spoiled, and it would  
have been better not to attempt them at  
all.

It will be observed from our sketch that  
in some cases the puls of hair come nearer  
to the face than in others. One lady



wears the puff quite near the coil of back  
hair, and the other two have it near the  
ears.

## TROPICAL DOWNPOURS.

Remarkable Rainfalls in South America.

The intensity of genuine tropical rain-  
falls is extraordinary. The rain appears  
to come down, not in separate drops, but  
in great sheets. In Darwin's "Voyage of  
the Beagle," writing of a heavy shower,  
amounting to 1-6 inches in six hours, which  
occurred during his stay in the neighbour-  
hood of Rio de Janeiro, the author de-  
scribes the sound produced by the drops  
falling on the innumerable leaves of the  
forest as very remarkable, and says the  
noise was like the rushing of a great body  
of water, and could be heard at a distance  
of a quarter of a mile. Dampier gives a  
lively picture of the rain at Georgiana, off  
the coast of Panama, where, he says when  
he and his men were drinking chocolate in  
the open air, it rained so heavily that some  
of them declared they could not empty  
their calabashes, for they could not drink  
up the water as fast as it fell into them.

In many parts of the tropics rain is a  
remarkably regular phenomenon. At Rio  
de Janeiro it is said that it used to be the  
fashion in invitations for the afternoon to  
state whether the guests were to assemble  
before or after the thunderstorm, which  
came on regularly everyday at a particular  
hour.

At the Government cinchona planta-  
tions in Jamaica, on Dec. 21, 1885, 11.80  
inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours  
but this measurement does not indicate  
the total fall, as a gauge, when read at the  
usual hour of 7 a. m., was found full and  
overflowing. It is probable that unless  
care is taken to prevent this occurring,  
many very heavy falls are not fully  
measured. On the crest of the blue Moun-  
tains, on the same plantations 31.50 inches  
fell in one week of which three days were  
fine.

## MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

An Unusual State of Affairs in the Family.

An observing wife can tell the time of  
day by her husband's countenance. She  
has only to look into his face as he comes  
down to breakfast to decide whether the  
day is to be pleasant or disagreeable for  
her. Every husband makes his start for  
the day as he gets out of bed. If he gets  
beyond the hole in the toe of his right  
sock, the collar-button rolled under the  
dresser the night before, the ravelings  
which suddenly show up on his cuffs and  
the absence of his favorite hair-brush from  
its usual location, he will be quite likely to  
decide that his wife has an excuse for  
living, and when asked to order a barrel of  
four or some mere coal he may possibly  
repress his desire to observe that waste and  
extravagance seem to be the ruling spirit  
of that house.

When Mr. Bowser came down to break-  
fast the other morning Mrs. Bowser looked  
sharply at him to get her cue. She was  
puzzled. He was in Mr. Bowser's chair,  
he wore Mr. Bowser's clothes, but was he  
Mr. Bowser? He had dressed himself  
without once yelling over the banister to  
ask if that house was run on a system or  
just slipped along Hottentot fashion, and  
though she had listened sharply she had  
not heard any chairs upset or any doors  
banged about. He might be in for a wrest-  
ling match with the grip, and her heart  
fluttered as she queried:

"Mr. Bowser, aren't you—you feeling  
well this morning?"  
"Tip-top, my dear—tip-top," he kindly  
replied as he looked up with a smile.

"But has—has anything unusual happen-  
ed?" she persisted as she poured the cof-  
fee.

"Nothing, dear. Everything is all right  
and going along as slick as grease. How  
are you feeling this morning? I do hope  
you won't get down again. You don't  
know how I miss you when you're ill;  
seems as if we were all packed up to move.  
Please be very careful of yourself!"

Mrs. Bowser got the coffee poured out,  
but it was all she could do, and she dared  
not trust her voice to reply.

"Elegant coffee, this, perfectly elean-  
gant," said Mr. Bowser as he sipped it.  
"By the way, I was speaking to you about  
my shirts the other day. I find they are  
all right—fit me to a T, and collars never  
set so well. I've had less trouble with  
shirts, collars and socks in the last three  
months than any other man in this town,  
and you deserve credit for it."

Mrs. Bowser stared at him in open-  
mouthed amazement, and said to herself  
that he couldn't possibly live the day  
through.

"Didn't you say something to me the  
other day about wanting some money?"  
asked Mr. Bowser as he got away with a  
couple of flannel cakes, without any wool  
in them.

"Y—yes," she stammered. "I told  
you I needed a new dress."

"Yes, I have no doubt about it, and  
how about a hat?"

"I really need one, but I was thinking  
I might possibly make the old one do."  
"You won't have to," he said as he felt  
for his wallet. "Here's \$50, and if that  
doesn't fit you out call on me for more."

Mrs. Bowser wanted to weep, but she  
didn't dare to. There was a blur before  
her eyes as she looked around the room,  
and the sideboard and buffet seemed to be  
taking a waltz together. She even dodged  
a little, as if expecting the ceiling to fall  
upon her head.

"Well," said Mr. Bowser as he finally  
snatched back from the table, "that's the  
best breakfast I've had in a year. If every  
husband in this world had as good a wife  
to oversee his home as I have life would be  
one long, happy day. I see you have cut  
the gas-bill down a dollar over last month,  
and I never saw coal last as it has of late.  
I want you to know that I appreciate  
these things. What's the matter, dear?"

"I—I've got a wretched headache!"  
she whispered in reply. It was a fib, but  
the recording angel never even dipped her  
pen in the ink.

"Too bad, puss—too bad!" he soothingly  
said as he chuckled her under the chin and  
gave her a kiss. "Well, tra-la until lunch  
time. Hope you'll feel better then."

The minute the front door closed on him  
Mrs. Bowser tumbled on the lounge and  
gave way to her feelings. The cook heard  
her and came in and gazed down upon her  
and exclaimed:

"Well, if I had a husband who'd give me  
a blast before leaving the house I'd have a  
divorce in six weeks! Why don't you get  
up and assert your rights and make him  
knuckle?"

"Mr. Bow-wow-woser is the best husband  
on earth—the very best!" sobbed Mrs.  
Bowser.

"Rats! I'd break every bone in his body  
if he belonged to me; I've heard him take on  
and scold and jaw and kick over chairs and  
throw towels around because one of his  
suspenders busted on him, or he fell down  
a mile from home and knocked a heel off  
his shoe. Some folks think the cook has  
his ears in the oven all the time, but don't  
you believe it. Take my advice and spunk  
right up."

Mrs. Bowser didn't try to explain any  
farther. She just continued the weeping  
business until she got ready to stop, and  
then she got up and went around feeling  
so good that a tramp who came to the door  
was given Mr. Bowser's second-best shoes  
and a quarter in cash.

At noon, when Mr. Bowser came up to  
lunch, the "fit" was still on. He actually  
kicked up his heels and acted giddy as he  
entered the hall. Mrs. Bowser met him  
with a sweet smile, though having an eye  
open for squalls, and he put his arm around  
her and tried to walk.

During lunch he  
got off half a dozen good jokes, praised the  
establishment and the way the table was spread,  
and capped the climax by saying:

"I have tickets for the theater to-night,  
and you be all ready, and we'll have a gay  
old time. What is it, sis?"

It was that same fib again, and the re-  
cording angel passed it by as before and  
never heaved a sigh. Mr. Bowser was good  
at supper time. His "streak" lasted all the  
evening. He never made a kick at the  
theater nor about having his feet walked  
on in the crowded car. He smiled all the

way home and laughed after he got there,  
and Mrs. Bowser went to bed utterly con-  
science stricken to think that she had held  
Mr. Bowser up to the public for these long  
years in a false light. Even his smores had  
a beautiful cadence as they floated over the  
foot-board and knocked the splinters off  
the darkness. She was dreaming of  
panies, lilies, angels and all that when  
sleep overtook her. When she awoke it  
was daylight, and Mr. Bowser sat on the  
rail of the bed with a sock in one hand and  
his shirt in the other and was saying:

"Look-a-here, Mrs. Bowser, if there's a  
worse-run house in this town, or a wife who  
seems to care less for her husband's comfort,  
I'll give a bar'l of gum to find 'em! Look  
at that sock! Look at that shirt! If things  
don't change pretty soon I'm going to know  
the reason why!"

Poor Mrs. Bowser! The "fit" had come  
and the "fit" had gone.

## BIG DIAMOND DEAL.

A London Syndicate Secures the Pro-  
duct of the South African Fields.

A \$20,000,000 diamond deal has just  
been consummated in London. The rich  
London diamond syndicate, composed of  
Charles Abrahams, Werner, Bert & Co.,  
Joseph Brothers and J. Baranato, has  
made a contract with the De Beers-Kimber-  
ley syndicate, of South Africa, by  
which the latter agrees to deliver to the  
London syndicate its entire output of rough  
diamonds until July, 1897. For this con-  
cession the London syndicate pays to the  
De Beers-Kimberley syndicate an advance  
of ten per cent. over the price now existing.  
This means that as the annual output of  
the mines controlled by the South African  
corporation amounts to \$20,000,000, the  
De Beers-Kimberley syndicate will make  
\$2,000,000 clear profit over the profit it  
would make under present conditions.  
Just what the ordinary revenue of this  
colossal syndicate is, not to speak of this  
extra \$2,000,000, will be made plain by  
figures given below.

### DIAMONDS WILL COME HIGH.

The immediate result of this deal will be,  
to send the cost of diamonds upward  
gradually, but with certainty. With the  
exception of a few independent mines in  
South Africa, the De Beers-Kimberley  
syndicate controls the world's supply of  
diamonds. Its former contract with the  
London syndicate still has a year to run,  
so that the contract just made covers the  
time from July, 1896, to July, 1897.

Here is the showing made by the diamond  
monarchs who own the De Beers company.  
The report is for the last fiscal year up to  
the present month.

The revenue of the De Beers company  
alone for that period has been \$16,020,000.  
The expenditures were \$6,265,000, leaving  
a gross profit of \$9,755,000.

### DIAMONDS IN GOLD QUARTZ.

To the utter surprise of old and experi-  
enced miners, diamonds have been discover-  
ed among the gold quartz in several of the  
Transvaal gold mines. This circumstance  
is regarded as peculiar. Seldom have this  
gem and precious metal been found in such  
close proximity. When the miners at Kler-  
dorp discovered that their heavy stamps  
were pulverizing large diamonds with the  
gold quartz conglomeration ensued and an  
instant order was issued all along the line  
to be on the sharp watch for diamonds.  
Some that were found proved to be of the  
very first water and were styled by experts  
as peculiarly unique. At Johannesburg  
some fine diamonds have been found mixed  
with the gold quartz.

## NANA SAHIB'S FATE.

Capt. Brown Says He Killed and Buried  
the Indian Mutineer.

All historians leave in doubt the fate of  
Nana Sahib, the leader of the Indian  
mutiny, who was never seen after the bat-  
tle of Jungeepoor. Now Capt. William  
Brown, an ex-British officer in the Indian  
service, and a resident of San Francisco, has  
given what he says are the missing facts.  
His story is as follows:—

Brown had an adventurous youth, coming  
from England to California in pioneer days,  
and then going to India, where he learned  
the language. He was an able navigator  
and had training in the British navy, so  
when the mutiny broke out he received  
command of a gunboat, and soon afterward  
was made Commodore of the Ganges fleet,  
with the gunboat Benares as his ship.  
While in this vessel he had an offer of a  
large sum from Nana Sahib to desert the  
mutineers. The offer was brought by an  
Indian princess, with whom he fell in love.

He refused to desert, but he promised  
Nana Sahib to burn his body and bury the  
ashes in case the mutineers should be killed.  
Soon after the Benares was attacked at  
night by a large force of Sepoys, led by  
a man of great courage. They almost cap-  
tured the vessel, but finally were beaten off.  
Brown shot their leader, whom he could  
not recognize. Going to his cabin he was  
astonished to find there Nana Sahib, dying  
in the arms of Soma, his favorite wife.

Nana told him he was the leader, and re-  
minded him of his promise to give him  
funeral honors. In an hour Nana died.

The gunboat steamed out into the river,  
and when night fell the body of Nana was  
taken in a small boat to the shore. With  
Brown was his servant and Soma. Two  
long poles were driven deep into the  
ground, and the wood was piled high.

The body was laid on the pile and was  
attached to the stakes by a strong wire.  
Then the match was applied. Brown and  
his servant had turned away from the pyre  
when they heard a scream. They turned  
and saw Soma disappear in the flames.

A little before dawn Brown carefully  
gathered the ashes in a box and returned to  
his ship.

The next afternoon about sunset the Ben-  
ares anchored in eleven fathoms at the  
junction of the Ganges and Gogra rivers.  
The exact spot was carefully noted by the  
cross bearings of three temples. As soon as  
it became dark Brown lowered the box with  
the ashes into the river.

Brown has documents which, he says,  
substantiate this story in every particular.

## HEALTH.

### Effects of Exposure.

It has often been remarked how differ-  
ently the same amount of exposure affects  
different persons. If, for example, half-  
dozen men are shipwrecked, one of them  
may be seized afterward with an attack of  
rheumatism, another may suffer from  
pneumonia, another from simple "catarrh,"  
and so on; while one, perhaps, will escape  
with no inconvenience.

The explanation is to be found in the  
peculiarity of each individual to suffer from a  
special class of diseases, and on inquiry it  
will be found that the persons in question  
have suffered from previous attacks of a  
similar nature.

Weakness of special organs or parts of  
the body may have its origin in direct  
exposure of such organs to attacks of  
disease, to occupation or habits of life, or  
it may be hereditary.

Exposure may thus bring to the surface  
trouble already existing, or it may be  
provocative of some disorder in one whose  
previous existence has never been interrup-  
ted by illness of any sort.

The effects of exposure to the elements  
may be minimized, if not averted altogether,  
by accustoming one's self to exercise in all  
conditions of weather, by which means the  
organs themselves are strengthened. This  
good result is not to be accomplished by any  
system of "hardening" which includes an  
insufficient amount of suitable clothing.  
It is rather gained by habitual and system-  
atic habits of exercise performed daily in the  
open air.

The organs of excretion, for example,  
may be habitually overtaxed until, on the  
occasion of a prolonged chilling of the  
bodily surface, which prevents activity of  
the skin, the functions of the kidneys may  
be so severely taxed that congestion or  
inflammation ensues. A weakness may  
then become established, and so each  
succeeding exposure or provocation will  
meet with less resistance on the part of the  
organ originally affected.

Hereditarily plays an important part in the  
tendency of the individual to suffer from  
certain diseases.

### Milk as a Diet.

A medical man expresses the belief that  
a person could live for any length of time  
and take heavy exercise all the while on no  
other food than sweet milk. His conviction  
is the result of personal experiment. He  
wanted to establish the fact that persons con-  
valescing from sickness may grow strong-  
er with no other nutriment than sweet  
milk, and that they are obliged to take

"something solid" to eat, as so many people  
imagine. He holds that many a convales-  
cent has gone into his grave as a result of  
overtaxing his weak stomach by putting  
"solid" food into it; and he maintains that  
the old belief as to bread being the first  
essential of human life is shown by his ex-  
periments to be erroneous. His test was to  
live for thirty days with only sweet milk  
as a nourishment. In the whole time he  
lost five and a half pounds in weight, but  
no strength. He even attributes the loss  
of weight to the warmth of the weather and  
to excessive exercise on the bicycle and  
the daily manipulation of 16-pound dumb  
bells and other heavy weights. He took  
more exercise than usual in order to test  
the thing fairly. On the seventh day of  
the experiment he ran several foot races  
with a skillful runner and was beaten in  
each race. On the thirtieth day he again  
pitted himself against the same runner and  
did the best of the racing, which certainly  
would tend to confirm his statement that  
he lost no strength during the thirty days'  
test. He drank four pints of milk daily  
should take about five pints of milk daily  
when no other food is being taken. His  
practice was to drink milk at intervals of  
two hours during the day, commencing at  
7 o'clock in the morning and continuing  
until 10 at night. After that he would  
take no more until next morning.

### How Disease is Carried.

A physician in a country village has  
lately given to his medical brethren some  
additional instances of the ways in which  
contagions are spread that should make  
us all thoughtful. The only case of scarlet  
fever ever lost by this doctor was one in  
which the disease was communicated by a  
letter written by a mother (in whose family  
there were two cases of the fever) to a friend  
a hundred miles away. The envelope of the  
letter was given to a child as a plaything.  
Another severe case of the fever was con-  
tracted by a little girl from two playmates  
who had what the doctor called "scarlet  
rash," and still another was carried to a  
family by a carpenter, who lived eight  
miles away, whose little children were  
ailing with scarlatina, a disease that the  
attending physician informed the father  
was not nearly as catching as scarlet  
fever.

### The Precious Baby.

Do not keep your children too closely  
housed; the baby should be taken out for  
an airing every pleasant day in summer,  
from the time he is a month old, and be  
sure also that his eyes are protected from a  
bright light.

If a baby is perfectly healthy, he will  
sleep from 16 to 21 hours out of the 24,  
awaking only for his meals, which should  
be given at regular intervals say two hours  
apart. Do not give the baby sweet mix-  
tures that help to produce stomach irrita-  
tion and indigestion; his chances for good  
health will be much better if he doesn't  
make their acquaintance.

### A Small Demand.

Lady—If I were a big healthy man like  
you, I'd be ashamed to beg! Why don't  
you go to work?

Wearly Waggles—I would work, lady,  
but I can't get anything to do at my  
trade.

Lady—Well, that is hard, poor fellow!  
What is your trade?

Wearly Waggles—I'm a bank president,  
lady.



CURRENT NOTES.

It is not surprising that the return of Lord Salisbury to power, backed as he now seems sure to be by an overwhelming majority in Parliament, should excite in Paris some misgiving, which is deepened by reports of the satisfaction with which the same event is viewed in Berlin, Vienna and Rome. The new Prime Minister of the United Kingdom represents a party which has traditionally favoured co-operation with Austria, while he himself not only has made no secret of his predilection for Germany, but during his last term of office was believed to have entered into an informal agreement with King Humbert's Government to the effect that in certain contingencies the English and Italian fleets should act together in the Mediterranean. But Frenchmen are not merely troubled by the apprehension that at least the moral and diplomatic influence of England may not be exerted on the side of the Triple Alliance they also have cause to dread that the British Foreign Office, under a Conservative administration, may veto the concessions lately made to France by China.

The sole consideration obtained by France for her joint interposition with Russia for the purpose of securing the evacuation of Liau-Tung by the Japanese was the new treaty with China, which the Paris newspapers have been for some weeks discussing with elation. It is understood that by that treaty China gives France exclusive and valuable privileges for opening up the rich and populous Chinese province of Yunnan with railways, and, furthermore, cedes to France in full sovereignty certain territory which not long ago was ceded by England to China for the specific purpose of being formed into a "buffer State." There is reason to think that Lord Salisbury may protest against both of these concessions on the ground that they violate the treaty rights of England and explicit pledges given by France. The territory on the left or eastern bank of the Mekong River, of which the French now claim to have obtained possession, was ceded by Great Britain, as possessor of the rights of Burmah, to China, with the express stipulation that, should China ever abandon the ceded territory, it should revert to the grantor. It may likewise be argued that the French cannot, without breaking their pledged word, avail themselves of any monopoly of railway communication with Yunnan through the Mekong Valley. Eighteen months ago Lord Dufferin assured the French Government that England had no intention of seeking any exclusive privileges for herself in that quarter; but that it was understood that in the Shan States, which lie between the Chinese frontier on the north and the Siamese and French frontiers on the south, the field should be left as open to French as to English enterprise. On the same day the French Minister for Foreign Affairs gave the counter assurance that his Government adhered to the same principles without reserve. The deduction from these facts is that of the two concessions said to have been gained from China, one China had no right to make, and the other France had no right to accept.

If England had no other causes of complaint, it may be that she would waive her well-founded objections to the new treaty between France and China, believing that, should a railway to Yunnan be built with French capital, it would eventually promote the interests mainly of British commerce, as proved to be the case with the Suez Canal. But the truth is that on several occasions the French Foreign Office has broken formal covenants, both in Farther India and elsewhere. When the quarrel between France and Siam was arranged, the former power agreed that its occupation of Chantaboon, a Siamese maritime town considerably westward of Cambodia, which is under French protectorate, should be but temporary, and that, when the Siamese had conformed to certain stipulations, they should recover possession of that seaport. The Siamese have fulfilled their obligations, but Chantaboon is still kept by the French. This is the latest, but not the only breach of faith chargeable to France. In West Africa she has encroached upon the territories of the Niger Company, in defiance of a partition treaty to which she was a party. She promised England not to fortify Biserta, but she has made it a great naval fortress. When France finally occupied Tunis she assured the European power that she did not mean to remain there after law and order were restored. Law and order have long reigned, but France still retains her grasp.

**Marvellous and Wonderful** is the action of that great nerve pain remedy *Nerviline*. Its penetrating properties enable it to reach the very source of disease. If you suffer pain of any sort just try *NERVILINE*, or *Nerve Pain Cure*.

**Tobacco's Triumph.**

Every day we meet men who have apparently lost all interest in life, but they chew and smoke all the time and wonder why the sunshine is not bright, and the sweet birds' songs sound discordant. Tobacco takes away the pleasures of life and leaves irritated nerve centres in return. No-To-Bac is the easy way out. Guaranteed to cure and make you well and strong, by Druggists everywhere.

**NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.**

**A YOUNG GIRL RESCUED FROM AN EARLY GRAVE.**

**Pale, Listless and Weak, the Victim of a Hacking Cough, She Was Apparently Going Into a Rapid Decline—A Case of Deep Interest to Every Mother in the Land.**

From the Cornwall Standard.

It is now a common thing in this locality to hear people acknowledge the wonderful benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is not to be wondered at that the druggists find the sale of this remarkable medicine so large and yet constantly increasing. We could give any number of instances of splendid results following the use of Pink Pills, but so many of these are well known to many of our readers as to not need recapitulation. However, now and again a case of more than usual interest arises, and we will give the particulars of one of these for the benefit of the public at large. Some years ago a young girl of 14, a daughter of Mr. Leon Dore, a well known and respected resident of Cornwall, began to show serious symptoms, and caused her mother great anxiety. She was just at the critical period of her life, and medical aid was called in and everything done to help



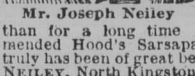
"WAS MERELY A SHADOW OF HER FORMER SELF."

her. But it appeared to be useless, and week after week she continued to grow worse, until it was evident she was fast going into a decline. A hacking cough set in, and the poor girl, who was formerly plump and healthy looking, with bright, rosy cheeks, began to waste away, and in a few months was merely a shadow of her former self. Her mother had about lost all hope of saving the young girl's life, the doctors being apparently unable to do anything to check the ravages of the mysterious disease. At length the mother's attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she decided to give them a trial. A box was taken, and, as the girl did not show any visible signs of improvement, her mother was on the point of discontinuing the medicine when a neighbor persuaded her that a single box was not a fair trial and induced her to continue the Pills. By the time a second box was completed there was some improvement noticeable and there was joy in that small household, and no more persuasion was needed to continue the treatment. The use of Pink Pills was then continued for some months, by which time the young girl had completely recovered her health and strength. To-day she is the very picture of health, and the color in her cheeks is as bright as it was before her illness commenced. To those who saw her during the days of her illness and suffering, her recovery is little short of a miracle. Mrs. Dore freely gave the Standard reporter permission to publish an account of her daughter's illness and recovery. She said she could not find words strong enough to express the gratitude for the miraculous cure this great life-saving medicine had effected in her daughter's case, and she hoped her testimony might be the means of leading others similarly afflicted to give them a trial. After writing the above, the reporter again called on Mrs. Dore and read it to her, asking her if it was entirely correct. She replied that she would like to give even stronger expression to her appreciation of this wonderful medicine. She further said that Pink Pills had greatly helped herself. She had been suffering from the effects of an attack of la grippe, and the Pink Pills had restored her to health. Her daughter also expressed her gratitude for the extraordinary change this medicine had wrought in her health.

In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, correcting suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. Manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. May be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company at either address.

**Health Built Up**

"I had a very bad cold which settled on my lungs. I was under doctor's care and was not able to get out of the house for eight weeks. I did not gain strength very fast and other remedies failing to help me or improve my ease, I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles and my health is improved very much. Since I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla I feel very much stronger than for a long time past. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to others, for it truly has been of great benefit to me." JOSEPH NEILEY, North Kingston, Nova Scotia.



**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**  
Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

**The Only Test of Merit.**

That the people are quick to appreciate a good thing when they see it is abundantly shown by the phenomenal record of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. The Fair which begins on the 2nd of September next is the seventeenth of the series. It has grown steadily in popularity and yearly attracts increasing numbers which is the best possible proof of its superior excellence. This season the display will be more complete and varied than ever. The number of entries is unusually large in all departments. Already every foot of space in the building is taken up through additions, and re-arrangements have been made to accommodate the increased number of exhibitors. In live stock also entries for which close on the 10th of August there will be a very full showing especially in the choicer breeds of horses and cattle. Great improvements have been made in the accommodations provided and all arrangements for public convenience are as nearly perfect as possible. An attractive and diversified programme of entertainments is offered. All railways will give low rates and special excursions will be run from many points, presenting an opportunity of which all should avail themselves.

The largest bank barn in Biddulph, Middlesex County, has just been raised.

"If all the gold in mint or bank,  
All earthly things that men call wealth  
Were mine, with every titled rank,  
I'd give them all for precious health."  
Thus in anguish wrote a lady teacher to a near friend, telling of pitiless headache, of smarting pain, of pain in back and loins, of dejection, weakness and nervous, feverish unrest. The friend knew both causes and cure and flashed back the answer, "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." The distressed teacher obeyed, was restored to perfect health, and her daily duties once more became a daily pleasure. For lady teachers, salesladies and others kept long standing, or broken down by exhausting work, the "Prescription" is a most potent restorative tonic, and a certain cure for all female weakness. Send for free pamphlet. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fibroid, ovarian and other Tumors cured without resort to surgery. Book, with numerous references, sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

There are between 600 and 1,000 deaf mutes scattered through the city of Chicago and they are all industrious and fairly prosperous, earning their living honestly and uncomplainingly.

**Revival of Trade.**

Reports from the United States support the view that trade interests have vastly improved recently and that the business outlook for the future is encouraging. This will be welcome news to the people of Canada, since our own trade interest will be stimulated and improved. In nothing has this improvement been shown in a more marked way than in the increased sales of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Times being dull everything not absolutely needed became a luxury, and its sale became stationary. Now it is different. Sales have increased vastly, doubtless as it has proven the only safe, sure, and painless remedy for corns, and wise people will use it.

Cold in the head. Nasal pain gives instant relief! Speedily cures. Never fails.  
A. P. 775.

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The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES  
On this continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great

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Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, Dorchester, Mass., is printed on each package.

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Wools bought and sold. Hard Waste, Hard Ends, Flocks, etc., bought, or exchanged for Mill Supplies, garnetted waste or shoddy. Robt. S. Fraser, 3 St. Helen St., Montreal.

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CANADA'S Greatest Commercial School; advantages best in the Dominion; students assisted to positions every week; moderate rates; everything first-class. Catalogues and specimens of penmanship free.  
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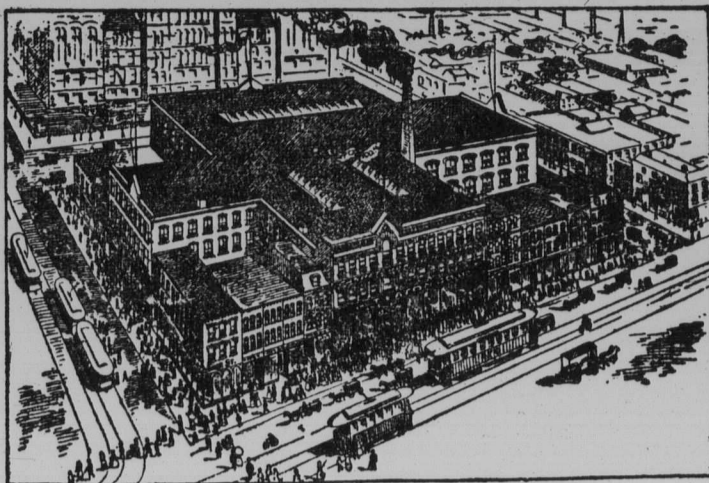
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Thoroughly Equipped Residential School For Boys and Young Men.  
**MATRICULATION, —RE-OPENS—**  
**MANUAL TRAINING, —SEPTEMBER—**  
**TEACHERS' COURSES —3rd, 1895.**  
Principal—J. L. BATES, B.A., Ph.M., Woodstock, Ont.

**\$500,000.**

**PRIVATE FUNDS FOR INVESTMENT** at lowest rates. Special arrangements may be made for Church Loans. Apply to **Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt, Chadwick & Riddle,** Bank of Toronto Offices, Church Street, Toronto

**CANADA'S GREATEST STORE.**



Bigger than any other, better than any other, with over five acres of selling space and over a thousand employees. Think what that means—a whole town under one roof, and every class of merchandise that goes well together. It sells Groceries as well as Dry Goods, Bicycles as well as Shoes, Furniture as well as Housefurnishings. Easier to tell what isn't here than what is. We buy in the biggest markets, sell on the closest margins and do a business aggregating millions of dollars every year. We have thousands of customers in small towns and villages all over Canada, who appreciate the advantages of

**SHOPPING BY MAIL!**

Wherever you are, the facilities of the store are at your service. Bright clerks do your shopping for you as carefully and as satisfactorily as though you stood at the counter in person. All orders are filled the same day as received. Requests for samples and inquiries regarding goods receive the same careful attention. Our notion of a store is a store to draw the trade of the country; a store to be chosen all over the country, because it serves its customers near and far so well.

**No Branch Stores. Main Entrance, 190 Yonge-st**

**T. EATON CO.**

LIMITED,

Yonge St., 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200  
Queen Street West, 10 and 12  
James St., 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25  
Albert Street, 15, 17, and 19  
All Under Main Entrance:  
One Roof. **190 YONGE ST.**  
BUYING OFFICES:  
7 Warwick Lane and Warwick Square, LONDON, ENG. **TORONTO**

**ASK FOR McCASKILL, DOUGALL & CO'S**  
CARRIAGE VARNISHES  
Unsurpassed for Durability, Brilliance and Easy Working.  
**MONTREAL.**

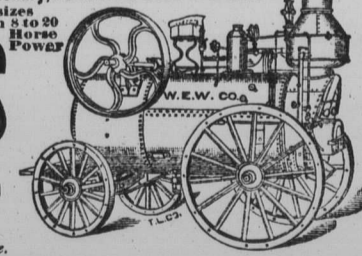
**GRANBY RUBBERS**

Better this season than ever. Everybody wants them  
Every dealer sells them. They wear like Iron.

**Karl's Clover Root TEA FOR CONSTIPATION.**

**FARM ENGINES**

UPRIGHT and HORIZONTAL, Stationary, Portable & Semi-Portable  
All sizes from 5 to 20 Horse Power



UNEXCELLED in Simplicity, Effective Working Qualities and Durability.  
GUARANTEED TO GIVE FULL POWER CLAIMED AND TO BE AS REPRESENTED  
Over 2,000 in successful operation.  
It will pay you to write us before buying. Pamphlet free.  
A fair supply of second-hand and re-built engines at moderate prices

**WATEROUS, BRANTFORD CANADA**

**Machinery of all Kinds.**  
from Windmills, Fire Department Sump Pumps and Waterworks Plants down to Engine Packing of the best kind.  
**J. E. NAUD, Manufacturers' Agent,**  
2257 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

**FARMERS** here is a snap for you. Harris has sample cloth pieces for quilts. Send \$1 for trial lot, good value.  
\$7, 39, 31 William St., Toronto.

**AGENTS WANTED** for the Farmers' Friend and Account Book, highly recommended by the several Ministers of Agriculture for Canada. Prices low. Terms liberal. Send for circulars. **WILLIAM BRIGGS,** Toronto, Ont.

**STAMMERING** Permanently Cured by a strictly Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. **THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE,** 65 Shuter St Toronto

**HAMILTON LADIES' COLLEGE**  
—AND—  
**Conservatory of Music**

Will re-open September 9. The oldest Ladies' College in Ontario. Everything first-class. Has 150 rooms. Inspiring instructors, refining associations. Send for terms, &c., to the Principal,  
**A. BURNS, S.T.D., LL.D**

**\$15.00 PER WEEK** and steady employment, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business. Write to day.  
**The Queen Silverware Co., Montreal.**

**HELP FOR FARMERS.**

**FARMERS** who need respectable boys from 12 to 16 for farm work, please apply **The Superintendent Fegan Boys Home,** 255 George St., Toronto.

1895 **MONTREAL EXPOSITION CO.** 1895

**Fourth Provincial Exhibition**

Thursday 12th, to Saturday 21st. Sept.  
Grand Agricultural and Industrial Fair.  
Splendid Show of Live Stock  
Magnificent Horticultural Display  
BENCH SHOW OF DOGS

Manufactures. Machinery in Motion.  
**FINE POULTRY SHOW.**  
New Special Attractions. Historical Museum. Military and other Bands.  
For all information apply to

**S. C. STEVENSON,**  
Man'gr and Sec., 77 St. Gabriel St., Montreal  
Reduced rates on all railways.



**Live Stock Markets.**

Toronto, Aug. 16.—We had all told, 80 loads on the market, including 2,840 sheep and lambs, 750 hogs, 70 calves, and 20 milkers. The market generally was in poor shape and everything was weaker. A good quantity of buying occurred for Montreal but is other respects trade was slow, though this was largely caused by the poor quality of the cattle here.

Shipping cattle—Prices were off quite a quarter per cwt. and 4c was to-day with difficulty obtained. Prices ranged from 3 1/2 to 4c, with sales of pretty good stuff at 3 1/2 to 4c. The offerings were poor, space at Montreal is scarce, and British markets generally are not encouraging. A load averaging 1,200 lbs, sold at 3 1/2c; a load averaging 1,225 lbs, sold at 4c; a load of 23 averaging 1,285 lbs, sold at 4 1/2c; and six loads of good quality averaging from 1,220 to 1,800 lbs, sold at from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2c per pound. Some of the principal buyers were not buying.

Butchers' cattle—About the top price to-day was 3 1/2c and very little stuff came in worth that low figure. In a few cases picked lots sold at 3 1/2c, but this price was exceptional. One load, averaging 950 lbs, sold at 3c; 22 averaging 1,100 lbs, sold at 3 1/2c; a load, averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at \$45.50 each; 22, averaging 925 lbs, sold at 3c; nine heifers averaging 975 lbs, sold at \$3.62 1/2 per cwt; a load, averaging 1,075 lbs, sold at \$30 each; 13 averaging 900 lbs, sold at \$2.62 1/2 per cwt; and seven cattle, averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at \$27 each.

Milkers—Quality poor and trade quiet; but a few extra choice milch cows will sell at around \$40 each, but they must be choice.

Sheep and lambs—Both sheep and lambs were off half a dollar a head. Choice clipping sheep sold at 3 1/2 and occasionally 3 3/4c per lb, but not more; and the best lambs were worth from \$3 to \$3.50 per cwt; a bunch of 50 lambs, averaging 70 lbs, sold at \$2.40 each.

Calves—Trade quiet for anything but the best and these will sell readily at from \$5 to \$7 each. Common calves not wanted.

Hogs—Unchanged but with a downward tendency. Choice of cars fetched from \$5 to \$5.25; thick fat from \$4.50 to \$4.60. Store hogs are nominally worth from \$4 to \$4.25 per cwt, but actually they are not wanted at any price. Prospects are for decidedly lower prices.

East Buffalo, Aug. 16.—Cattle—Receipts of sale, light, only two cars and a few odd head held over from yesterday. The market ruled low and prices for those sold with the opening values of the week.

Hogs—Receipts 35 cars; market fairly active for good Yorkers. Yorkers fair to choice, \$5 to \$5.10; mixed packers' grades \$5 to \$5.05; medium weights, \$5 to \$5.10; heavy grassy ends, \$4 to \$4.25; rough, \$3.75 to \$4; stags, \$3 to \$3.50; pigs, good to choice, \$1.90 to \$5.10.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 20 cars. The market ruled much the same as yesterday, with a fairly good demand good to choice and fair lambs, but very dull, and if anything, lower for sheep of all kinds. Lambs, spring, fair to good, \$3.75 to \$4.25; choice to prime, \$4.75 to \$5; good to choice, \$4.25 to \$4.50; culls and very common lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.50.

**Carrick Council.**

Council met pursuant to adjournment. Members all present. The record in the chair.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed.

Lobsinger—Darling—That the Clerk be instructed to notify Wm. Hill to contribute fill up the sand pit on highway at lot 21, con. 4, which he has made.—Carried.

Darling—Moyer—That this council grant \$5 to Mrs. Geo. Weber for board and attendance of Mrs. Franz, an indigent, from July 6th to August 6th.—Carried.

Siegner—Lobsinger—That this council grant Mrs. Smith, an indigent, \$5, as a token from July 7 to Sept. 6th.—Carried.

Lobsinger—Siegner—That the R. & B. committee examine side road between lots 20 and 21, con. 2, and report at next meeting of council if it requires necessary improvement or not.—Carried.

Siegner—Moyer—That this council grant the sum of \$5 to improve town-ship at lots 49 and 50, the same being unimproved by Howick Twp. and the

work to be done under the supervision of A. Drummond, pathmaster in Howick.—Carried.

Lobsinger—Darling—That this council grant \$35 in aid of the Agr. Society.—Carried.

Moyer—Siegner—Moved in amendment that \$30 only be granted in aid of the Carrick Agr. society.—Amendment Lost.

**FINANCE REPORT.**

The following accounts were recommended to be paid:—

Jno F Waechter, gravel \$2.28, repairing scraper, 50c	\$2 78
F C Weber, spikes for repairing sidewalks at Karlsruhe	1 00
Weiler & Sons, lumber	8 05
J D Kinzie, bal of ac. for gravel	1 95
Jno Lobsinger, 320 ft ce lar	3 84
Anton Fahrner, building culvert at Dentinger's and repairing an old one at F. Michael's	16 00
Peter Weber, 51 yds gravel	3 00
Jacob Kussel, 114 yds gravel	6 84
Henry McCulloch, timber	2 00
N. Ahl, ditching	12 26
Jno. Butler, building culvert and ditching on 20th side road, con. B	5 50
Justus Kaufmann, 55 load gravel	2 75
Geo. Curle, spikes	8 15
D W Clubine, serving notice on Wm Hill	1 50
Jno Biemann, 120 loads gravel	6 00
S Graham, 142 loads gravel	7 10
Schwartz & Fedy, spikes & nails	96
H P O'Connor, legal advice	7 53
Jno Baylis, 50 yds gravel	3 00
D Steiner, 102 yds gravel	5 10
L A Findlay, printing and adv	28 08
Mrs R Edmundson, rent re Maslin Siegner voted pay to this ac.	9 66
E Teskey, 90 loads gravel	4 50
Lane & Lane, lumber	33 00
N Grub, rebuilding bridge, lot 4, sideroad 25	30 00
C Strauss, filling up culvert B line	1 50
M Reindel, 6 loads gravel	50

The account of D. Robertson, solicitor, was laid over for further information.

On motion of J. Darling, seconded by A. Moyer, the finance report as above was adopted.

By-law, No. 10, to levy taxes for the current year, was read three times and passed.

Darling—Lobsinger—That this council do now adjourn to meet again on Monday, Sept. 30.

C. SCHURTER,  
Township Clerk.

Mildmay, August 12, 1895.

**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.

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

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

**CATARH RHEUMED** 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.

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

**The Cook's Cotton Root Compound.**  
A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitutes, or include \$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.

**B. S. COOK,**

**Real Estate & Loan AGENT, FORDWICH, ONT.**

Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest Rate of Interest.

Good Notes discounted.

Special Attention given to CONVEYANCING

**B. S. COOK,**

North of the Post Office, FORDWICH

**JNO. BRETHOUR, FIRE AND STOCK**

**Insurance Agent WROXETER.**

- REPRESENTS:
- Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
  - Mercantile Insurance Co.
  - Etna Insurance Co.

Give John A Call.

**PETER HEPINSTALL, Fordwich.**

**General Insurance Agency.**

Call and get your Will made. Dr. Miller's Hall's Hygienic pamphlet: "Measles, Typhoid, Over Disease Without Medicine," at half former cost. Or ANY INSURANCE, either on village or farm farm property. Or any writing you require. Or a loan on real estate at the lowest rate. CALL ANYTIME. HEPINSTALL.

**Dulmage**

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE, ASK FOR:

- Carpets, Stair Carpet, Window Carpet, Window Rollings, Lace Curtains, 40c. to \$5 per set.
- Art Maslin, broached and colored.
- Tableting.
- Crotchet, Salisbury Cloth, Verona Cord, Printed Challies, Wool Delaines, Blue stripes, Pink and cream Cashmere and every other shade.
- Nuns' Veilings, Net Veilings, Navy and Blk Dress Serges, Lawn Victorias, Lawn checks, House dresses, Flannellets—17 patterns, Shaker Flannels, Carpet warp, Weaving warp, Black Dress Silk, Black Satens, Velvets and Finishes, Lawn Holland, Valises, Lunch Baskets, Churns, Butler Trays and Ladies, Wash tubs, Crockery, Glassware, Hardware, Patent Medicines, Top Onions, Potato Onions, Dutch sets, Garden Seeds, Trunks, all kinds, Washing Soda, Writing, Jaw Oil, etc.
- Paraffine, Camellia Oil, by the lb, Bone Crocks, Paraffine Ware Crocks, Milk Pans, Wash Boilers, Tea bottles, do copper, Dish Pans, Tall Pots, just to hand, Stove Hacks for 600 heads, Lac. Filling, Ties and Collars, Trap shirts, Dress Shirts, Sissors, knives and Forks, Sewing machines, Sewing Goods, Sewing Liner, Sewing Machine, Sewing Carriages, Sewing Spools.

Our Trinit suics are averaging 50 yards a day. Stacks of them left; designs exquisite and prices right. I weed and Worsted Suitings in great variety.

WE KEEP EVERYTHING, AND SELL CHEAP.

**Lakelet.**

**Central Hardware**

Paint your floors with Weather and Waterproof paint.

Buggy top Dressing we keep the best. Fence cheapest none better.

Binder twine down to 5c pound

Hay fork rope, pure Manilla. Scythes, forks, cradles, Pure Paris Green, Bug Destroyer, Cheap.

We have a large stock of repairs for Massey Harris, Brantford, Patterson and Nexon machines.

Stoves and Tinware. Prices right.

Mexican Fly Exterminator for cattle

**GEORGE CURLE**

**All-a-Samee Cheroots 4 FOR All Imported Tobacco. 10c**

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

**Blacksmithing.**

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

**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**

**PRINTING**

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

**Plain or Fancy Of Every Description**

Neat, Clean Work Prices Moderate

**The Gazette**

MILDMAI, ONT.



**CHURCHES.**

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

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

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

**LUTHERAN.**—Rev. Dr. Miller, pastor. See above. 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 a.m. G. Carle, Superintendent. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. J. H. MARRIN, B. A., Pastor.

**SOCIETIES.**

**C. M. B. A.** No. 79—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. A. GOETZ, Pres. K. WELLEN, Sec.

**C. O. F.**—Court Midway, No. 188, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. E. BURCHART, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

**C. O. C. F.** No. 166—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Sundays in each month at 2 p.m. M. S. BROWN, Comd. E. C. JASTON, Sec.

**K. O. T. M.** Unity Tent No. 1—meets in Forester's Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month. H. KERRAN, Comd. F. X. SCHLEIFER, R. K.

**THE MILDWAY GAZETTE,**  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST BRUCE.

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

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

One line for 100 words	One month	Three months	Six months	One year
10	25	75	125	200
One line for 100 words	One week	Two weeks	One month	Three months
5	10	18	30	45
One line for 100 words	One day	Two days	Three days	Four days
2	3	4	5	6

Special notice:—No charge for first and 1c. per line for each subsequent insertion. Bold face notices 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents. Contract a advertising payable quarterly.

**L. A. FUNDLAY.**

**Grand Trunk Time Table.**

Trains leave Midway station as follows:

GOING WEST	GOING NORTH
Express 7:15 a.m.	Midway 10:35 a.m.
Mail 8:15 a.m.	Midway 11:35 a.m.
Mail 10:15 a.m.	Midway 1:35 p.m.
Mail 11:15 a.m.	Midway 2:35 p.m.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

Our schools opened on Monday with a fair attendance.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Geo. Atkinson is indisposed these days.

Mr. Leo. Huffer is having an addition made to his premises on Absalom street.

Miss K. Hickey, of Detroit, is visiting this week with Miss Rose Herringer and other friends in town.

Misses Wees and O'Connell arrived in town last week prepared to take charge of their departments in the public school.

Remember the Carrick Branch Agricultural Society's annual Fall Exhibition will be held in Mildmay on the 24th of Sept.

Monday, Sept. 2nd is a public holiday, it being Labor Day. What is the matter with the football and baseball boys arranging a match for that day.

Mr. Vollick, of the sixth concession of Carrick, has had a neat brick house erected upon his premises this summer. The carpenters are about finished with their part of the contract.

Chas. Bedord, of Kansas City, is visiting with friends in town. Charlie is one of Mildmay's most prosperous young men abroad, and appears to be flourishing in Uncle Sam's embrace.

An exchange paper tells a story of a man in London who determined to spend all he made during the first year in advertising. He soon found that it was impossible, for the simple reason that the more he advertised the more he made, and after a strenuous effort to get rid of his money in advertising he had to give it up.

Friday evening Mr. Fred Ellsinger tied his horse in front of his son's store and went in to have a chat. While he was in the house, the horse became restless and in some unaccountable way threw itself. When Mr. Ellsinger and Harry arrived on the scene, they found his horse slipping floundering on its back on the sidewalk. With the exception of a broken shaft no damage was done.

Wanted—\$150 by the First of September at this office. As there are a large number of our people who are owing us for last year's paper, we would be pleased if they would drop in and pay up. By the above date we must have the said amount without fail. Take a glance at your label, and if you are in arrears, settle up and we will be ever thankful. Last week we sent out a large number of accounts, which we request the receivers to take due notice of and comply with our request. The amounts are small, but in the aggregate make a large amount to us.

—Mrs. Levi Miller spent a few days with her parents in Clifford.

—Sells' Bros. gigantic show will be in Walkerton on Wednesday, Sept. 4.

—Mrs. J. E. Mulholland is visiting with friends in Wingham this week.

—Messrs. Reilms, of Moorefield, spent Sunday with the Misses Schweitzer.

—Rev. Berry and son, of Walters Falls, are renewing acquaintances here this week.

—The Grand Trunk Railway advertises a cheap excursion to Niagara Falls on Saturday, August 31st.

—Miss Lulu Huck returned on Saturday from Detroit where she has been visiting friends for a couple of weeks.

—John Schmieder left Tuesday for a trip through Dakota, taking advantage of the exceedingly cheap excursion run by the railways.

—Coverdale Haines left on our desk two Brahma eggs which measured 6 1/2 x 8 and 6 1/2 x 7 respectively. For ordinary hens eggs these are hard to beat.

—Ferd. Hinsperger, who left here in May last for the Soo, returned last Saturday. He has been sailing lately and looks as though the voyage on the lake agreed with him.

—Saturday evening our town had a very prosperous appearance. Taking a walk around our reporter took a glance into the different business places and all seemed to be busy putting up orders.

—The Sons of Scotland, of Mount Forest, intend to have a mammoth day of sport on 24th inst. Cheap rates have been secured on all railways. We thank the committee for a complimentary ticket.

—The Flower Service held in the Methodist church last Sabbath was a grand success. The edifice was handsomely decorated with house plants, in fact the altar was one mass of brilliant foliage. The ordinary service was dispensed with. Rev. Berry took charge of the service and in a way known only to himself kept the children busy answer questions. Taking the service all through it was one of instruction for both old and young.

—Sells' Bros. show will be at Walkerton on the 4th prox. Their pair of monster Hippopotami are unquestionably the rarest and most valuable wild beasts on exhibition; their flock of Ostriches unrivaled; their educated Seals and Sea Lions, Rooster Orchestra and Pig Circus Riding Peacock are genuine wonders. An Arabian Caravan, magnificent Fifty Cage Menagerie, Triple Circuses, Regal Roman Hippodrome, Performing Arenas, Mid-Air Carnivals, Tropical Aquariums, Australian Aviary, Athletes and Arabian Caravan. The names of really great performers are legion, and the Hippodrome races given are of the most varied and spirited character. Everybody will want to see the glorious free morning street parade at 10 o'clock and for that matter, the whole world of fun and wonder Sell Bros.' everywhere present. Now everybody can have an opportunity of witnessing The Greatest Show on Earth. Special excursion rates on all lines of travel.

—Messrs. John Schweitzer and Peter Winer have been for a considerable time enjoying the enviable distinction of being the champion quill players in our village. Their play has really been a beautiful exhibition of skill and good judgment. On Thursday evening the 15th inst., Messrs. Hy. Keelan and Jas. Johnston undertook, what was thought by the lovers of the game to be simply impossible, to wrest the laurels of victory from the hitherto redoubtable champions. When the game began many onlookers smiled at the temerity of the new aspirants for honors, but before the first game was half through whispers might have been heard that the champions were not getting so much of their own way as they had been accustomed to, indeed the tally stick showed that the tyros were getting their share of the shots, and as the game advanced it became evident that the champions had at last met their masters. Two games were played and, while the second was not so keenly contested as the first, both brought out some beautiful shots. The first game resulted in favor of Messrs. Keelan and Johnston by one shot. The second game was not so close and went to the same gentlemen by four shots. While the successful contestants have our hearty congratulation on their well earned victory, the defeated ex-champions have no reasons to be ashamed of being beaten by two such players as Messrs. Keelan and Johnston, whose playing was nearly perfect. The greatest enthusiasm and excitement prevailed while the game lasted and ended in cheers for the victors.

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

—See Richard Berry's new advt. re patent horse controller.

—Miss B. Graff, of Detroit, and Miss M. Graff, of Hanover, are visiting Mrs. G. H. Liesemer.

—The prize lists for the Carrick Branch Agricultural Society's Fall Exhibition is out and all parties wishing one can get them from the secretary, Wm. G. Liesemer.

—The Mildmay baseball club drove out to Formosa Wednesday afternoon and tried conclusions with the club of that burg. The score stood at the close of the game 10 to 7 and an innings in favor of Mildmay.

—Wednesday forenoon Jacob Seingthaler took a load of lumber to the Priest's house from Geo. Schwalm's planing factory. While unloading the rig, something frightened the horse and breaking the bridle started for the mill. Jake jumped and grabbed the animal around the neck and endeavored to stop it, but slipped and fell, the rig passing over his body, injuring him severely. This makes the second severe accident caused by the same horse within a month Charlie Weequiller being the other victim. The rig and animal escaped injury. Both of these young men are strangers in a strange land, having no relatives nearer than Switzerland.

**COUNTY AND DISTRICT.**

A Soda factory is to be established in Kincardine.

The County Model Schools will open on the 2nd of September.

The fires on the Peninsula have been checked by the recent rains.

A factory for manufacturing rhubarb wine has been set going at Formosa.

Thomas Hannah, farmer, was smothered in a sand pit in West Garafrax one day last week.

The work of pulling down and removing Anderson factory, Walkerton, is going on briskly.

The brickwork on the addition to the Roman Catholic Church, Walkerton, has been completed.

Victor, the nine-year-old son of Jas. Watson, of Wingham, fell down stairs last Wednesday and broke his right arm at the elbow.

During the past week or two several farmers in Eidersie and Greenock have suffered from having sheep and lambs worried by dogs.

It was reported on Wednesday last that a bear had been seen the evening before in a pea field near the finger-board about 4 1/2 miles out in Minto.

The Conservatives of Amabel will hold their annual meeting at the Hermann House, Hepworth, on Aug. 31st at 2 p.m. Mr. McNeil has promised to be present.

A farmer named Kennedy on the 4th concession, Bruce, had a well into which several fowl fell and died. His horses drank of the water, three of them died and two more are sick.

Fergus was defeated by Brampton at lacrosse on Wednesday of last week by 4 goals to 3. Black, a Fergus player was sent to the fence and was threatened with incarceration in the lockup.

Saturday of last week Alexander Orr, Fordwich, was fined \$20 and costs for selling liquor after 7 o'clock Saturday evening. R. Ross was the convicting justice. Inspector Miller laying the information.

Mrs. Tosh, of Maryboro, while on her way to Harciston, was thrown out of a rig by another team running into theirs last week near Cotswold, and had a thigh broken. The other occupants of the vehicle were badly bruised.

One night last week some thief entered Jos. H. Taman's tailor shop, Gorrie, and stole a coat and vest. The entrance was made through a back window and done by some one evidently acquainted with the premises.

While working at Lembe's new shoe shop, Walkerton, on Tuesday, John Detzler had the misfortune to have a his finger so badly crushed under a slab of marble, that Dr. Brunskill found it necessary to amputate it at the first joint.

Lightning struck the house of Mr. Munro, south of the station, Paisley, during the storm on Friday night. It entered the chimney and passing down through the rooms, finished up in the cellar. Mrs. Munro, who was in bed, attempted to rise but found that she was powerless from the shock. No damage was done.

**.. Binder Twine ..**

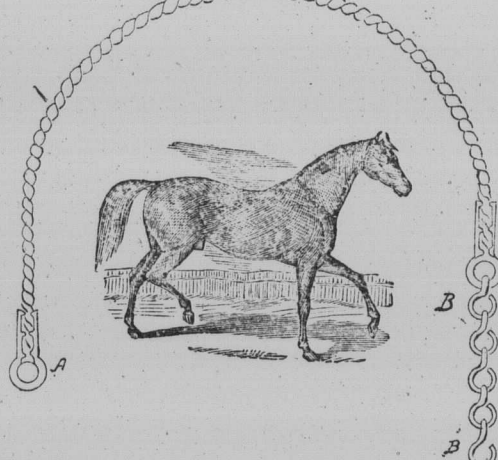
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# STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

You do very well, my friends, to treat me with some little reverence, for in honoring me you are honoring both France and yourselves. It is not merely an old, grey-moustached officer whom you see eating his omelette or draining his glass, but it is a piece of history, and of the most glorious history which our own or any other country has ever had. In me you see one of the last of these wonderful men, the men who were veterans when they were yet boys who learned to use a sword earlier than a razor, and who during a hundred battles had never once let the enemy see the colour of their knapsacks. For twenty years we were teaching Europe how to fight and even when they had learned their lessons it was only the thermometer, and never the bayonet, which could break the Grand Army down. Berlin, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Moscow—we stabled our horses in them all. Yes, my friends, I say again that you do well to send your children to me with flowers, for these ears have heard the trumpet calls of France, and these eyes have seen her standards in lands where they may never be seen again.

Even now, when I doze in my arm-chair, I can see those great warriors stream before me—the green-jacketed chasseurs, the giant cuirassiers, Poniatowsky's lancers, the white mantled dragoons, the nodding bearskins of the horse grenadiers. And then there comes the thick, low rattle of the drums, and through wreaths of dust and smoke I see the line of high bonnets, the row of brown faces, the swing and toss of the long, red plumes amid the sloping lines of steel. And there rides Ney with his red head, and Lelievre with his bulldog jaw, and Lannes with his Gascon swagger; and then amidst the gleam of brass and the flaunting feathers I catch a glimpse of him—the man with the pale smile, the rounded shoulders, and the far-off eyes. There is an end of my sleep, my friends, for up I spring from my chair with a cracked voice calling and a silly hand outstretched, so that Madame Titauz has one more laugh at the old fellow who lives among the shadows.

Although I was a full Chief of Brigade when the wars came to an end, and had every hope of soon being made a General Division, it is still rather to my earlier days that I turn when I wish to talk of the glories and the trials of a soldier's life. For you will understand that when an officer has so many men and horses under him, he has his mind full of recruits and remounts, fodder and forages, and quarters, so that even when he is not in the face of the enemy, life is a very serious matter for him. But when he is only a lieutenant or a captain, he has nothing heavier than his spauldets upon his shoulders, so that he can clink his spurs and kiss his girl, thinking of nothing save of enjoying a gallant life. That is the time when he is likely to have adventures, and it is most often to that time that I shall turn in the stories which I may have for you. So it will be to-night when I tell you of my visit to the Castle of Gloom; of the strange mission of Sub-Lieutenant Duroc, and of the horrible affair of the man who was once known as Jean Carabin, and afterwards as the Baron Straubenthal.

You must know, then, that in the February of 1807, immediately after the taking of Danzig, Major Legendre and I were commissioned to bring four hundred remounts from Prussia into Eastern Poland.

The hard weather, and especially the great battle at Eylau, had killed so many of the horses that there was some danger of our battalion of light infantry becoming a battalion of light infantry. We knew, therefore, both the Major and I, that we should be very welcome at the front. We did not advance very rapidly, however, for the snow was deep, the roads detestable, and we had but twenty returning invalids to assist us. Besides, it is impossible, when you have a daily change of forage, and sometimes none at all, to move horses faster than a walk. I am aware that in the story-books the cavalry whirled past at the maddest of gallops; but for my own part, after twelve campaigns, I should be very satisfied to know that my brigade could always walk upon the march and trot in the presence of the enemy. This I say of the hussars and chasseurs, mark you, so that it is far more the case with cuirassiers or dragoons.

For myself I am fond of horses, and to have four hundred of them, of every age and shade and character, all under my own hands, was a very great pleasure to me. They were from Pomerania for the most part, though some were from Normandy and some from Alsace, and it amused me to notice that they differ in character as much as the people of those provinces. We observed also, what I have often proved since that the nature of the conquest light bay full of fancy and nerves, to the hardy chestnut, and from the docile roan to the pig-headed rusty-black. All this has nothing in the world to do with my story, but how is an officer of cavalry to get on with his tale when he finds four hundred horses waiting for him at the outset? It is my habit, you see, to talk of that which interests myself, and so I hope that I may interest you.

We crossed the Vistula opposite Nariewerder, and had got as far as Riesenberg, when Major Legendre came into my room in the post-house with an open paper in his hand.

"You are to leave me," said he, with despair upon his face.

It was no very great grief to me to do that, for he was, if I may say so, hardly worthy to have such a subaltern. I saluted however, in silence.

"It is an order from General Lasalle," he continued; "you are to proceed to Rossel instantly, and to report yourself at the headquarters of the regiment."

No message could have pleased me better. I was already very well thought of by my superior officers, although I may say that none of them did me justice. It was evident to me, therefore, that this sudden order meant that the regiment was about to see service once more, and that Lasalle

understood how incomplete my squadron would be without me. It is true that it came at an inconvenient moment, for the keeper of the post-house had a daughter—one of those ivory-skinned, black-haired Polish girls—whom I had hoped to have some further talk with. Still, it is not for the pawn to argue when the fingers of the player move him from the square; so down I went, saddled my big black charger, Ratanplan, and set off instantly upon my lonely journey.

My word, it was a treat for those poor Poles and Jews, who have so little to brighten their dull lives, to see such a picture as that before their doors. The frosty morning air made Ratanplan's great black limbs and the beautiful curves of his back and sides gleam and shimmer with every gambade. As for me, the rattle of hoofs upon a road, and the jingle of bridle chains which comes with every toss of a saucy head, would even now set my blood dancing through my veins. You may think, then, how I carried myself in my five-and-twentieth year—I, Etienne Gerard, the picked horseman and surest blade in the regiments of hussars. Blue was our colour in the Tenth—a sky-blue dolman and pelisse with a scarlet front—and it was said of us in the army that we could set a whole population running, the women towards us, and the men away. There were bright eyes in the Riesenberg windows that morning, which seemed to beg me to tarry; but what can a soldier do, save to kiss his hand and shake his bride as he rides upon his way?

It was a black season to ride through the poorest and ugliest country in Europe, but there was a cloudless sky above, and a bright, cold sun, which shimmered on the huge snowfields. My breath reeked into the frosty air, and Ratanplan sent up two feathers of steam from his nostrils, while the icicles drooped from the side iron of his bit. I let him trot to warm his limbs, while for my own part I had too much to think of to give much heed to the cold. To north and south stretched the great plains, mottled over with dark clumps of fir and lighter patches of larch. A few cottages peeped out here and there, but it was only three months since the Grand Army had passed that way, and you know what that meant to a country. The Poles were our friends, it was true, but out of a hundred thousand men, only the Guard had wagons, and the rest had to live as best they might. It did not surprise me, therefore, to see no signs of cattle and no smoke from the silent houses. A wall had been left across the country where the great host had passed, and it was said that even the rats were starved wherever the Emperor had led his men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SPANIARDS TREATED CORDIALLY.

Visit of the Warships Evokes an Interesting Remark from the Queen.

The visit of the Italian fleet to Portsmouth, England, last week was followed by the stay of the Spanish squadron at Plymouth, where the Spaniards were treated with the greatest cordiality, in accordance with the Queen's own instructions sent to the authorities of Plymouth. An interesting remark in this connection was made by the Queen during the course of a dinner at Windsor Castle, previous to her Majesty's departure for Osborne.

A guest suggested that the visit of the warships of Spain would have been more interesting if the Spanish and Italian sailors had fraternized at Portsmouth, where, besides, the Spaniards would have been able to see more naval works than they could at Plymouth. Thereupon, the Queen observed quietly that Plymouth Hoe would interest them more. This reference to the historic scene there at the time of the Armada is emphasized by contrasting the historical dispatch sent from Plymouth to the Queen Elizabeth at Windsor 300 years ago with her own kindly message sent that day, instructing the authorities of Plymouth to show the Spanish sailors the warmest hospitality.

It was off Plymouth Hoe (a high rock), it will be remembered, that the British Lord High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, having under him such renowned mariners as Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, assembled the eighty comparatively small and lightly armed vessels, which, on July 21, 1588, (July 31, old style), went out to fight the Spanish Armada, consisting of about 150 large ships, then sweeping up the channel in crescent formation, their line being seven miles long. How the British fleet harassed and broke up the Spanish fleet is a matter of history, only fifty-four shattered warships of King Philip of Spain shattering in reaching Cadiz.

It is worthy of note that this first visit of the Spanish fleet to Plymouth for centuries was made upon the anniversary of the visit of the great Armada to the coast about Plymouth.

## President Faure's Generosity.

President Faure of France, is very interesting anecdotally. During his short career as chief ruler of France he has done many novel and curious things. None is more remarkable, however, than the way he assists some of his poor fellow-citizens with the money he saves as a "deadhead" on French railroads. By French custom the President is entitled to travel free during his official tours, and the railway systems consider it an honor to have him patronize their lines. President Faure accepts this custom gratefully, as he does everything. But when he has returned to the Elysee he instructs his private secretary to sit down and figure exactly what his trip would have cost him if he had paid the regular rate of fare. This sum he takes out of his private purse and hands over to be distributed among the needy railroad employes of the country.

## On Principle.

I think you better accept him, dear. Do you? (doubtfully). Why? Well, you know lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

## RIGHT NAMES OF KINGS.

Family Names of Royalties Which Have Come to be Incorrectly Used.

Not one person out of a thousand, if he had a fair day's start and the privilege of rummaging among encyclopedias, could trace out the real family names of the rulers of Europe.

Mistakes are very frequently made through ignorance, and these mistakes are so frequently quoted they become accepted as facts. The English royal family are known, for example, as Guelphs, the Russian royal family as Romanoffs and the Portuguese kingly house as Braganzas. All of these, it now seems, are wrong.

Queen Victoria was originally Miss Azon, or Miss Azon von Este. She was descended, as were the other members of the houses of Brunswick-Luneburg and Hanover, from Azon, Margrave of Este. The Prince of Wales, the son of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, has naturally his father's family name. He is spoken of more correctly than any other royal personages of Europe. Descended from the Wettins, which line was founded in the twelfth century, his actual name is Mr. Albert Edward Wettin.

Likewise the King of Portugal, strictly speaking, has the same family name. He was a grandson of another Prince of Coburg, who married the then Queen of Portugal, and thereby became ruler of that country. Ferdinand of Bulgaria comes from exactly the same stock and is Ferdinand Wettin. A cousin of his, and of the same family name, is the present monarch of Belgium, Leopold II., a prince of Saxe-Coburg, having ascended the Belgian throne in 1835.

Hohenzollern is not the family name of the German line that is now upon the throne. Their true name is Zollern, Thaslon, the first Count of Zollern, having founded the race about 800. In the year 1500 the Zollern family had two male descendants, the Count of Zollern and the Burgrave of Nuremberg. From the latter comes the present royal house of the German Empire. So William II. is William Zollern. The King of Roumania is another representative of this line and has precisely the same name.

The Capets are: The Duke of Orleans, the son of old Count of Paris, Don Carlos and Alfonso XIII., the infant King of Spain. The progenitor was Hugues Capet, the original Count of Paris who ascended the throne of France in 987.

Of Oldenburg, founded by the Count of Oldenburg, who died in 1440, there are many. The chief of those to-day who are entitled to use this family name are Christian IX. of Denmark; George I., King of Greece; the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, Ernest, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Nicholas II., Emperor of all the Russias. Emperor Nicholas is a Romanoff only through the female line. Rightly he is an Oldenburg, having descended from Peter III., a member of one of the Holstein branches of that house.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, the Queen Regent of Spain and Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, are Ethichons. The original Ethichon was a Duke of Alsace, who lived about the year 614. Humbert, King of Italy, is Mr. Savoia, and Oscar II. of Sweden, Bernadotte. The original of this name was a French general, who was made King of Sweden in 1818, and was called Charles XIV. Pope Leo XIII.'s real name is Joachim Pecci. Alexander I. of Servia has the name of Obrenowitch, and Nicholas I., Prince of Montenegro, is Mr. Niegoch.

## GOOD JOB WELL DONE.

Steamer Taken Out of the Graveyard of the Atlantic Sable Island Sands.

After being embedded for ten months in the sands of Sable Island, the "graveyard of the Atlantic," the British freight-steamship Nerito was taken to New York on Monday under her own steam, preceded and partly guided by the Merritt wrecking steamer J. D. Jones. Save for a few damaged plates near the keel, her hull was in good condition. She had been stripped of all her joiner work, including the doors of every room except the lavatory, by the beach combers of the island. All of her brass fittings and every pane of glass had been carried away.

The Nerito went aground in a fog in September last. Her crew abandoned her and were taken to Halifax on the steamship Lunenburg. The British steamship Newfoundland came along and stripped her of chain, cable, hawsers, and canvas.

Her owner collected the insurance from the British Lloyds, whose agents decided to save her, as she was worth about \$250,000, and was only three years old. They employed the Merritt Wrecking Company to haul her off.

The steamer J. D. Merritt went to the island in October last, but was prevented by foul weather from doing effective work. In June last the J. D. Jones, in command of Capt. Fred. Sharpe, with a crew of forty men including engineers and stokers, to man the Nerito, went to her and found that she had been forced across two bars by the winter storms and was fast on the beach of the island. Canals were dredged through the two bars, and anchors, attached to four fifteen-inch manilla hawsers were dropped astern of the Nerito. Steam winches, to which the inboard ends of the hawsers were made fast, were set going on the Nerito, and, inch by inch the ship made sternway down the canals through the inner and outer bars. The Merritt assisted in the work by pulling on a heavy hawser made fast to a big bitt on the Nerito. Twenty-one days were spent preparing for the job of hauling and towing the ship into deep water. The actual work of moving the ship was finished in ten days. She was damaged about \$50,000. There are nearly 500 tons of coal in her bunkers. The Merritt Company did the job for \$20,000.

## Useful Member.

Outsider—I hear Jones is a mighty useful man in your club? Clubman—Yes, he often helps make up a quorum.

# Heart to Heart

or, Love's Unerring Choice.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"TRUE LOVE, WHICH MAKETH ALL THINGS FOND AND FAIR."

Roger did not let the grass grow under his feet in his endeavors to restore her inheritance to Hilda. A copy of his brother's will, together with a notice of ejectment, was served upon Colonel Deloraine's lawyer a few days after the events recorded in my last chapter. Notwithstanding his surly, morose temper and unfavourable disposition, Reginald Deloraine was an honorable, upright man, and he was no sooner made aware that his brother Mark had bequeathed his property to Hilda than he prepared to quit the Abbey, even offering to restore to the young heiress the revenue which he had expended during his brief tenure of the estates. It is needless to say that this was promptly refused by Roger on behalf of Hilda. The old soldier expressed himself very strongly with regard to his dead brother's conduct. He considered that it was Mark's duty to provide for his daughter, but that he was very wrong to leave the Abbey and estates of Marham to one who had no right to bear the name of the proud race who had so long possessed them.

Colonel Deloraine, who was possessed of an ample fortune, refused to accept the handsome sum of money which Hilda, through her solicitor offered to settle upon him. He never knew the means by which the will had been discovered, inclining to the belief—which Roger forbore to contradict—that it had been discovered among the papers of Nigel Wentworth, after his sudden death.

During the settlement of her affairs by her kind friend, Hilda remained with Mrs. Grey quietly at the old mansion in Park Gardens, and, consequent upon "the law's delay," April was far advanced, and the trees and shrubs in the park were putting on their tender livery of green, before Roger was able to announce to Hilda that all the necessary forms had been gone through and her father's will had been proved, and that she was now at liberty to return to the Abbey as she pleased.

In broken tones she thanked the detective for the kindness and zeal which he had displayed in her cause.

"I am thinking of going to Brighton for a few weeks," you know that Mrs. Grey intends to resign her situation here and live with me as my housekeeper," said Hilda to Roger.

"Yes, she told me of her intention," he rejoined. "Well, I know you will make the old lady happy."

Some days after this conversation Hilda was reclining rather listlessly in a low chair, her hands folded in her lap and her exquisite misty eyes fixed on the soft white clouds as they flitted over the tender blue of the April sky, when a firm, manly tread sounded on the stone stairs, and Mrs. Grey, opening the door, announced "Mr. Montacute."

The lovers had not met for some days, and now they clasped hands in silence, both hearts being too full for utterance. At last Roger said, sorrowfully, looking down at the fair face of the woman he so devotedly loved:

"It is a ruined man who is speaking to you to-day, Hilda, I received no reply from my aunt when I wrote to tell her of the discovery of your father's will, so I wrote again a few days ago; look here!" drawing a letter from his pocket, "here is her answer."

Hilda took the large, square envelope with its elaborate monogram, addressed in Mrs. Palmer's well-known writing, from Roger's hand. It contained her lover's last letter to his aunt with the seal unbroken. Across the envelope were these words:

"Choose between Hilda O'Conner and myself. I still decline to accept Mr. Deloraine's illegitimate daughter as the wife of my heir."

"How cruel!" exclaimed Hilda, passionately, "how unjust! but her unkindness cannot harm us now, Roger. I have enough for both," looking up in her lover's grave face with fondly condoning affection.

"My darling," replied the young man sorrowfully, "do you not see what a gulf is fixed between us; how can I claim your generous promise, now that I am a homeless, penniless man, with no profession or means of earning a living? What a fortune hunter every one would consider me!"

"It is you who are cruel now," exclaimed Hilda, bursting into tears. "You wished to sacrifice everything for me when I was penniless, as well as nameless, and now you refuse to accept a share in the fortune which is utterly valueless without you. Oh Roger, lifting her wet eyes to her lover's face, "I would rather stand here a beggar to-day than lose your love that is all the world to me; don't leave me; don't leave me; don't leave me, darling!" and here poor Hilda hid her face in her hands and sobbed afresh.

Roger drew her closely to his beating heart, exclaiming:

"Will my love indeed make you happy? Be happy, then, dearest; you will at least have the most devoted love that ever woman had to minister to your every wish."

"Nay, Roger," replied the blushing girl, as she laid her golden head against his shoulder, "not slave, but king."

When Roger returned to his hotel that evening after an interview with Hilda he sat down and wrote a long letter to his kind old friend, Mr. Heathcote, the Vicar of Marham, telling him that Hilda and he were to be married as soon as the settlement could be got ready and begging that the Vicar would see Mrs. Palmer and inform her of her nephew's approaching marriage. He also told the kind old man all the sorrow he had been suffering since his aunt had returned his letters and refused to acknowledge Hilda as his wife.

Mr. Heathcote answered the young man's letter in person, arriving in London about a week before the day fixed upon for the

wedding. He was accompanied by his daughter Maria, and they lost no time in proceeding to the apartments which Roger had taken for Hilda, and where she was staying, attended by her faithful old friend, Mrs. Grey. The meeting between the girls was an April one of smiles and tears, although Maria soon recovered herself sufficiently to take an interest in Hilda's dress and trousseau, which she pronounced to be a very inadequate one for an heiress, and insisted on taking her friend for a round of shopping to supply as far as possible, in so short a time, the deficiency in her toilet. Mr. Heathcote had returned to Marham, leaving Maria with her friend, but had promised to come back to town to perform the marriage ceremony between his young friends. Greatly to Maria's disgust, the wedding was to be a very quiet affair, and the newly married pair would go straight from church to Hyde, where they intended spending a week before proceeding to the Abbey. The wedding day dawned bright and clear, and attended by the few friends who were present to witness the ceremony, Hilda stood before the altar and pledged her troth to the man so fondly loved, so staunchly true. And surely the April sunshine never shone upon a prouder bridegroom or a happier bride than Roger and Hilda as they left the gloomy London church to tread life's pathway together "till death should them part."

A brilliant day in May was drawing to a close; the birds were winging their way home to their nests, while the nightingales were filling the evening air with their exquisite, plaintive melody. The groves and gardens of Marham Abbey were ablaze with rhododendrons and azaleas, while from the surrounding thickets the subtle perfume of lilacs and syringas floated on the breeze. Everything about the old mansion and grounds was in perfect order, for on this day the excited heiress and her husband were expected to arrive. The great gilded iron gates were surmounted with an exquisite arch, composed of evergreens and sweet Spring flowers, and similar arches were to be found spanning the whole length of the village streets, while every cottage showed some token of welcome to the bride and bridegroom. The carriage had been sent to the station to meet Mr. and Mrs. Montacute, and the excited villagers were eagerly watching for its coming. Hilda returned to the home from which she had fled with the bitterness of death in her heart through the gloom and darkness of the Winter midnight! As she bowed her acknowledgments of the respectful greeting which awaited her on every side, her eyes were so full of thankful, happy tears that she could hardly recognize the familiar faces, and Roger, who was anxiously watching her, was thankful when the carriage stopped at the great hall door of the Abbey. The vicar of Marham and Maria stood upon the steps to receive her, and her old friend's kind greeting quite upset the excited girl, and Roger hurried her through the waiting group of servants in the hall and into the library, anxious if possible to avoid "a scene," of which he had all a man's horror. Vain hope! A surprise was in store for both husband and wife of which they little dreamed.

As Roger tenderly led his wife into the cool, flower-scented apartment, striving to calm her agitation by his soothing words, an old lady, who was seated in an easy chair by the window advanced to meet them, and, to his utter surprise, Roger perceived that it was Mrs. Palmer. Drawing the trembling form of his wife closer to his side, the young man was about to speak, but his aunt interrupted him. Holding out her hand, white hands to her nephew, she asked, reproachfully:

"Did you find it so easy a thing to forget the love of a lifetime, Roger? Kiss me, my boy, and we will let the past bury its dead. I cannot quarrel with you if I would. Forgive me, Hilda, for my pride and harshness. I have heard how nobly you have endured your cruel sorrows. For the future we will be friends, you and I, if only for the sake of our mutual love for Roger."

And, with the music of the joy-bells clanging through the room, the young man clasped his earliest friend to his heart.

[THE END.]

## HOW ANTS KILL A SNAKE.

The Insect Battalions Torture it to Death and Then Strip the Skin from the Body.

That ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irresistible evidence, however, that they do, and scientists have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red-brown forest ant of the sort that is the most fatal to the amphibians, and a curious thing about the attack of these tiny creatures on this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food and not on account of any natural antipathy.

When some of the ants catch sight of a snake they arouse the whole community at once. In platoons and battalions the little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippers into its body and eyes at thousands of points at once. So rapidly and concertedly is this done that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It is like a thousand electric needles in him at once. The snake soon becomes exhausted and dies ignominiously.

Then the ants set harder at work, this may seem a strange story, but it is true. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping off the skin and working inside of it. Not until they have carried away everything except the bones and the skin itself do they leave it.

## Of Some Use.

A curious story for a husband is reported from Clerkenwell, near London, where a Mr. Lamb and his wife keep a small shop. For 14 years the firm has avoided paying taxes by the wife's sending the husband to jail to serve out the legal time for unpaid taxes, while she remains at the store attending to business.

## An Interruption.

I trust, the very careful grocer said, I'm glad, the buyer said, I'm sure you ought—  
Hold on—the grocer grew a trifle red,  
I trust that cash you'll pay for what you've bought!



## A HERO FOR THE YOUNG.

### LIFE OF JAMES WOLFE RINGS OUT LIKE A BUGLE CALL.

Sketch of His Biography Which Has Just Been Added to the English Men of Action Series—Had Served Through Seven Campaigns When Only 23 Years Old—Reasons for Welcoming Death with Open Arms on the Heights of Quebec.

It is enough to make a man wish he was a boy again to read the biography of Wolfe by A. G. Bradley in the "English Men of Action" series. It is easy to imagine the thrill which such a personal would give one in the sensitive days of youth; for Wolfe was essentially a boy's hero. Immortality he secured at the age of 32, dying in the victory that crowned his career. There was really nothing left to live for except gray hairs, and perhaps disappointment. Truly the ancients were wise in saying that those whom the gods love die young. Wolfe was already at that age when his playfellows in the Kentish Town of Westhaven were thinking of their tops and marbles—that is, he was 13½ years old—when he nearly persuaded his soldier father to take him to the wars, Cartagena expedition being about to start. An illness (for James Wolfe was always in delicate health) kept the child at home and gave him two years at school. At 15, "a lanky stripling," he was appointed an Ensign and at review carried the colors of the Twelfth Foot before George II. He was only 16 when for gallantry at the battle of Dettingen he was appointed Lieutenant. When he was 23 he had served through

#### SEVEN CAMPAIGNS

and was a Lieutenant-Colonel. He had narrow shoulders, long and awkward limbs, his forehead and chin both receded sharply from his pointed nose; he had a colorless and muddy complexion, very red hair, and cheeks high and prominent. Still, a wig covered his fiery locks; his blue eyes were bright and eager; his awkward figure was at least erect and soldierly, and his deportment was amiable. He was always a ladies' man in the better sense of the word.

It was Pitt, the great Minister, who sick of blundering Generals and titled incapables who had brought disgrace on English arms, that picked out Wolfe to bring matters in America to an issue between France and England. In 1758 he gave the young soldier the post of Brigadier in the army which was to be sent against the French at Cape Breton. How he captured the fortified town of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island is vividly described. Louisbourg was the Halifax of the eighteenth century, commanding the mouth of the St. Lawrence and dominating the North Atlantic. It was after subduing this fortress that Wolfe wrote to his mother in this vein of prophecy: "North America will some time hence be a vast empire—the seat of power and learning. There will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space and divide this great portion of the globe with the Spaniards." Pitt now determined to drive the French out of Canada. In the summer of 1759 Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence to Quebec with about 9,000 men. He found Montcalm entrenched on the north shore, just below the city, with perhaps 16,000 men. Wolfe landed opposite, on the Isle of Orleans, and, pushing further westward,

#### CAPTURED POINT LEVI,

whence he could bombard Quebec, which he proceeded to do. Next he crossed and attacked Montcalm, but with his inferior force accomplished little. One assault was repulsed with a loss of 443 killed and wounded. In all he lost about 1,000 killed and wounded, and there were perhaps 500 in the hospital. In these straits he made his memorable move above Quebec, to scale the high cliff west of the city. Montcalm had thought "there was no part of it that a hundred men would not defend against the whole British army." The story of the boats silently dropping down the river from the point where Wolfe landed, and of the bold placing of 4,500 men on the Plains of Abraham is familiar history. Many pet traditions are being destroyed in these days, but one would regret to lose the story which the present author tells, as follows:

Slowly and noiselessly the thirty boats with their armed freight crept along in the shadow of the north shore. The flow of the tide was so strong that the sailors worked their oars with scarcely any effort and with so little sound that the click of the rowlocks and the dip of the blades were inaudible to many of the sentries and outposts they had to pass. The General himself led the way. Not a human sound broke the stillness of the upper river. The crickets trilled from the woods, the bullfrogs boomed from the reedy backwaters, a screech-owl or a whip-poor-will answered from overhanging orchards. In the boats not a soldier stirred or spoke. Wolfe, at this supreme crisis of his life, when the slightest misadventure meant failure and almost ruin, was reciting in solemn and half-whispered tones to the officers about him the beautiful lines of Gray's "Elegy," then lately published. We know this through John Robertson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, who was at that time a midshipman and in the same boat with Wolfe. How deeply suggestive must the familiar stanza have sounded in years to the fortunate few who could recall the hushed tones of

#### THEIR HEROIC LEADER

as he drifted onwards through the darkness to fame and death.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere  
gave,  
Awaits like th' inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," said he, "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec." "No one was there," says the historian Parkman, "to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet."

The two heroes of Quebec, Wolfe and Montcalm, appear to have welcomed death

with open arms; to the latter it came with honor, to the former it came with immortality. The present author thus describes Wolfe's conduct in the battle:

Wolfe had an almost exaggerated scorn of danger, so much so that even his military friends have left on record their dread of the consequences whenever he was called upon to take a conspicuous part in action. His wrist was shattered, but this he had probably forgotten; it seems likely that he was now singled out as a mark by the sharpshooters in the woods. A bullet struck him at this moment in the groin, inflicting a wound that would of itself in all probability have proved mortal. He paid no heed to it, however, and pressed at the head of his men. How long his indomitable will would have thus sustained him was not put to the test, for almost immediately another ball passed through his lungs. He staggered forward a few paces, struggling to keep his feet. Lieut. Browne of the Grenadiers was close at hand. "Support me," gasped Wolfe, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall." The noble effort, however, was hopeless, and before Browne could reach him he sank to the ground. He shook his head at the mention of a surgeon. "It is needless," he whispered, "it is all over with me," and immediately sank into a sort of stupor. "They run; see how they run!" cried out one of his attendants. "Who run?" murmured Wolfe, waking up as if out of sleep. "The enemy, sir; egad, they give way every where!" "Go, one of you, my lads," returned the dying man, "with all speed to Col. Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the St. Charles River and

#### OUT OFF THE RETREAT

of the fugitives to the bridge." Then turning on his side he murmured, "God be praised, I now die in peace," and in a few minutes, without apparent struggle or pain, the gallant soul had left the sickly and stricken frame.

Is there not a clew to a genuine desire for death in the last sentence quoted? Wolfe from childhood suffered from ill health. He was racked with disease at the time of the taking of Quebec, and he may have often longed for the soldier's death which he met then so resignedly.

It is idle to speculate on Wolfe's position amongst famous Generals, for circumstances have placed him apart and alone. It is not enough to speak of him as a promising leader, for the promise with him had already been fulfilled, for in every branch of a soldier's duty, in peace and in war he had shown the highest capacity. To every emergency, and these had been many, he had proved himself equal. Quick as lightning to see an opportunity in action, he was equally rapid in forming his plans and vigorous in carrying them into execution. With this he combined a thorough grasp of detail, and a careful attention to all the small but important matters vital to successful warfare that mark the born soldier. At the head of a charge, or amid the tumult of a battery, no man was ever more in his element; yet so far from despising, like most English officers of his day, the studious and painstaking part of a soldier's duties, he was indefatigable. His constant thought was to increase his knowledge of his profession and to make himself a complete soldier. We find him almost importunate in his request to be allowed to visit Flanders for the study of fortifications and mathematics, and he studied the history of war with energy. A soldier, who gave himself up even to the smallest of regimental duties, Wolfe was also a thinker. He it was who first conceived the scheme of forming an Highland regiment, a hater of all incompetence and pretense, he refused several lucrative sinecures, whether on the staff at Dublin or as tutor to a powerful young Duke. Indeed, his services for the campaign round Quebec were only secured by the promise that he should be allowed to choose men of merit to serve under him. He was of a Celtic strain, which might account for his joy in fighting.

#### PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves.—Young.

To proclaim our faults to the world is pride.—Confucius.

He who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God.—Emerson.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance; but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

To make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Goodness smiles to the last.—Emerson.

Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both.—Burton.

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—Bulwer.

What reason, like the careful ant, draws laboriously together, the wind of accident sometimes collects in a moment.—Schiller.

Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude.—Sir P. Sidney.

Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitfulness; but epochs of unbelief, however glittering, are barren of all permanent good.—Goethe.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.—Goldsmith.

Our cares are the mothers not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys, and most cheering and enduring pleasures.—Simms.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Mme. de Staël.

In this great society wide lying around us a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense.—Emerson.

#### Wanted Horse

A horse! shouted the tragedian. My kingdom for a horse!

The attendant bowed.

We are just out of horse, he answered apologetically.

With a sneer of discontent his majesty ordered liver and bacon, with German fried potatoes.

## PRACTICAL FARMING.

### Combined Workshop and Tool House.

Every gardener and farmer should have a workshop and tool house. The accompanying illustration shows a good plan for such a building. It has two large doors for driving in with carts, cultivators, etc., and one large pair of doors on the back side so that the team may be unhitched and driven out handily, or hitched in and the



FARM WORKSHOP AND TOOL HOUSE.

cart, or cultivator, driven out without backing or turning around. In the end of the building is a workshop where many garden appliances can be made and many necessary repairs executed. There is no chamber, but simply a loft, partially floored, where may be put up small tools that are out of season, lumber for construction and repair, and many odds and ends that would otherwise be constantly in the way.

#### Dairy Notes.

One of the most common mistakes in making butter on the farm particularly during the winter, is in keeping the milk too long. A low temperature of the cream prevents, or rather retards, fermentation or souring, and it is often the case that the cream is kept until it is bitter in order to secure a proper acidity, and it is impossible to make a good quality of butter from bitter cream.

It is very questionable if it is advisable to keep a cow after she has passed her ninth year. The principle is that, although she may give fully as good a flow of milk, yet the increased cost of her keeping will materially lessen the opportunity for profit.

While it may be rather hard to say, yet it is the fact that one of the advantages in making the farmer, himself, do the milking and take care of the milk and cream, is that in a short time he will supply himself with all the necessary conveniences for doing the work with as little labor as possible. It may be difficult to induce him to do this as long as his wife does the work, but the necessity will become readily apparent if he is obliged to do the work.

It seems to be a small item, but when every item is to be considered, it is one that should not be overlooked, and it is, when a heifer is trained to be milked, teach her to allow any one to milk her without being worried or excited. If this is not done and it becomes necessary to change milkers, there will be a shrinkage in the amount of milk.

One thing is often overlooked, and that is the thorough stirring of the cream every time a fresh lot is added. In doing this, care must be taken to mix not only the bottom cream, but also from the sides, as cream adhering to the sides and not being distributed or mixed with the fresher, becomes decomposed in a measure and imparts a bad flavor to the whole lot of cream when it is put into the churn.

One of our best dairymen in an address before a farmer's institute said that during the summer, his pastures getting short and having no soiling crop, he commenced cutting off and feeding his milk cows his corn. He kept a close account and found it paid. This shows the importance of feeding well at all times if the flow of milk is to be maintained, and that it can be done profitably and a good product obtained.

The cows are kept on the farm either for their milk or their calves, or both, and this being the case, their breeding, feeding and management should be such as is calculated to secure the best development in the way indicated. It is hardly best to sacrifice either of these for the other. The fact that a cow gives a large flow of milk need not interfere with her bringing a good calf, nor should the fact that she detract from her as a milker. In fact, a cow that is a good milker can generally be depended on to bring a good calf.

Another item that is often overlooked in the keeping of cows, and especially of dairy cows, is daily waste. This is practically the same, whether the animal is a good milker or a poor one. In all cases the food necessary for the support of animal life and to make up the daily waste must come first and then the milk or beef comes next after this is taken out. If the animal gives a small amount of milk, the cost of food as waste in proportion to the amount of milk secured is greater than with a large amount of milk, and of course, the profit is decreased accordingly. Feeding poor cows in the dairy is practically a waste of feed.

#### Sowing Turnips.

There are few crops grown that require as little work as turnips and in a favorable season there are few crops that yield as well. While in what may be termed a fair season they require but a comparatively short season for growth, yet taking one year with another the better plan is to sow reasonably early. From the middle to the latter part of July is a good time to sow, the exact time being largely determined by the season and the condition of the soil.

One item is essential and that is to have the soil prepared in a fine tilth in order to first secure a good germination of the seed and then a good start of the plants to grow.

The soil should be reasonably rich; new ground is best when it can be secured readily, but old ground can be used if it has been manured with rotted manure thoroughly incorporated with the soil. Too coarse fresh manure is always objectionable with this crop.

Plow well and harrow until the soil is in a fine tilth. The seeds are so small that to sow on rough, cloddy or illy-prepared land is to lose a considerable portion of

them. Generally rather low moist ground will give better results in every way than high drier land.

At this time, when it can be done, it will be best to sow just after a rain in order to secure a quick and good germination of the seed. Use plenty of seed and sow as evenly as possible. A very good plan is to mix the seed with clean wood ashes and then sow, as by this plan there is less danger of getting them too thick.

One of the best varieties is the old standard purple top, strap leaved. The white egg, and also the yellow globe, are good varieties. They make a good feed for sheep or cattle so that all that cannot be marketed to good advantage can always be fed to the stock with benefit, and there is very little danger of growing too many.

#### ENGLAND'S RICHEST MAN.

### The Great Fortune Made by Col. North in South America.

Few stories of to-day are more romantic than that of the rapid rise to wealth of John Thomas North, who was defeated for membership in Parliament by Herbert Gladstone. North is known as the "Nitrate King," both because it is to that product that he owes his fortune, and because of his open-handed way of distributing his wealth.

Although now the richest man in Great Britain, his origin is most humble. A Yorkshire mechanic, he went to Chili when he was 25 years old, twenty-eight years ago, and riveted boilers in the town of Huasco. At this time the nitrate fields of Peru were beginning to be talked of as a good field for speculation. He believed that he could employ his mechanical ability there and left as soon as he could afford to make the venture. His work was largely in the nitrate fields, and he was one of the first to purchase nitrate. For twenty years he continued to purchase it. He mastered every detail of the nitrate business, and began to erect works here and there in Tarapaca.

It is needless to track the progress of the "Nitrate King" in detail through the successive stages which have led to the possession of a fortune exceeding \$100,000,000. His farsighted business sagacity enabled him to see opportunities for money-making that were not apparent to others. Gradually he secured control of the greater part of the nitrate beds. Water is a precious commodity in that region, so North got control of the water companies. He needed ships and railways for transportation of freight and passengers, and he built them. When the war between Chili and Peru broke out he found new openings for the rapid accumulation of wealth, and promptly availed himself of them, getting control of railways, gas works, and other corporations, which, in his hands, paid as they never had done before.

After Col. North had become one of the world's richest men, he placed his South American affairs in competent hands and returned to England to enjoy the fruits of his toil. Far from resting, however, he engaged in new enterprises, the chief of which was the manufacture of cement in Belgium, which has proved almost as lucrative as the production of nitrate of silver. Even to this day he personally supervises all of his vast business interests. In Great Britain Col. North quickly became famous. His prodigal liberality, the magnificence of his entertainments, and the palaces which he made for himself quickly made this Monte Cristo the cynosure of all eyes. His wealth opened the doors of society to him, he became a friend of the Prince of Wales, and from that time his name has been on the public tongue, though of late it is said he has been more judicious and less lavish in the distribution of his favors.

Col. North is well known as the patron of the turf, his racing stables being the best in England. He is also a dog fancier and an admirer of the work of artists. His country house at Elham is filled with costly objects of art, and he is always ready to buy any that come into the market.

#### Barn Ventilation.

The discussion of the subject of tuberculosis in cattle necessarily involves the subject of the causes of the same which are often found in illy ventilated barns. The tendency of the farmer in winter is to get a large amount of warmth for his cattle so as to save the cost of feed. To secure heat he has supplied little room for his cows and has shut out the cold air as much as possible. An authority upon the health of the cow says that the stable to be healthy, should be well ventilated and free from draughts, and to accomplish this air should be admitted at the floor line and sufficient space should be provided at the apex of the roof to allow the heated air to escape. Six hundred cubic feet of air is necessary for Shorthorns and their grades, and less, of course, for the smaller breeds.

But many a farmer will be confronted by the impossibility of building a larger barn for the purpose of securing the necessary extra amount of air space. The system of ventilating named above is a poor one, as it is not economical of fresh warm air and it subjects cattle to direct draughts of cold air. It is the system that has been long condemned by architects. To supply men or animals with pure air at lowest cost, the impure air should not escape at the highest point, but at the lowest point near the floor.

Fresh air should be admitted near the floor by a shaft reaching to the outside of the barn. Another shaft a foot or more square should run the whole height of the barn and pierce the roof outside. This shaft should extend to within a foot of the bottom of the stable. As the air taken in from out of doors becomes heated it rises and as it becomes impure it will seek an outlet at the only point it can get it, up the shaft. Thus the air in the stable instead of being cold all the time will always be warm, and, being continually changed will be fresh.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

## THE CRACK SHOT IN WAR.

### FINE MARKSMEN WHO HAVE BEEN OF SIGNAL USE.

#### Stories of Sharp Shooting in the Indian Campaign—What Bisley Men Can Do.

It has been frequently asserted by cynics, who sneer at the art of rifle shooting as exemplified at Bisley, that your crack shot is absolutely valueless in actual warfare, that he finds moving men very different from stationary targets, and that all sharp-shooting in action is mere haphazard guess-work, in which the duffer is just as likely to do execution as the expert. There may be some truth in that view of marksmanship, but there have been cases in which the services of crack shots have been invaluable; the following instances will prove.

At the time of the Indian Mutiny, young Hercules Ross, son of the famous sportsman and marksman, Capt. Horatio Ross, and brother of Edward Ross, the winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon was the crack rifle-shot of India. He subsequently won the Indian Championship three years in succession, and on the third occasion put on ten consecutive bull's eyes at 1,000 yards. He was also a mighty tiger-slayer. But he proved the value of his deadly skill with the rifle against more formidable foes than the jungle could produce. His greatest and most memorable feat was the following:—

He had ridden nearly 100 miles to a ford on the River Gogra, where it was expected that a large force of mutineers intended to cross. It was of absolutely vital importance to

#### KEEP THEM AT BAY

until the women and children and the sick and wounded could be removed from an English station close by. Hercules Ross heroically undertook the task. He had a pit dug on the bank of the river commanding the ford. Here he took his post, with a dozen good rifles by his side and four attendants to load for him. The heavy rains had swollen the river, and the ford was impassable; but the enemy had a large boat, and with this proceeded to make the passage of the stream. But Ross, from his rifle-pit, picked off the rowers one by one with remarkable skill. Time after time the boat put back, time after time it came on again; but the quick and deadly fire which that swift rifleman kept up prevented the oarsmen from ever getting more than a third of the way across.

Armed only with the old Brown Bess, the Sepoys could not touch the occupant of the rifle pit. For three hours, with unflinching skill and nerve, Hercules Ross shot down the rebel rowers whenever they attempted to cross, till at last a body of English troops with three guns came up, and the Sepoys sullenly retired. By his splendid marksmanship, coupled with unflinching steadiness and courage, young Ross undoubtedly saved the lives of those English women and children with their helpless sick and wounded companions. Another and even more remarkable instance of the practical value of marksmanship in action occurred at Lucknow, during the long and terrible siege. The Sepoys had hauled a couple of eighteen-pounders on to a flat roof of one of the palaces which surrounded the Residency in which the English were at bay. If they could only mount these guns they would be able to pour

#### A PLUNGING FIRE

down upon the defenders of the Residency, which would soon have made the place untenable and compelled the English to surrender. It was imperative, therefore, that those guns should not be mounted.

Sergeant Halliwell, of the 32nd Foot, was the crack shot of the little garrison. He was supplied with the best rifles that the officers possessed, and he was posted in an angle of the Residency, with orders to prevent the Sepoys from mounting those guns.

The part of the building in which he took up his position had already been battered by the Sepoy guns into a heap of ruins, and behind the shattered masonry he lay at full length—there was just cover enough to protect him in that posture. For several days he remained there, never once rising to his feet or even to his knees, for to do so would have been to court instant death from the swarms of rebel marksmen in front of him. The only change of attitude in which he could indulge was by rolling over from his back to his stomach, and vice versa.

His powers of endurance were almost superhuman. He was a man who hardly seemed to know the need of sleep. He kept his eye night and day on those dismounted guns. Whenever the Sepoys attempted to mount them his deadly rifle was at work, and he picked them off one by one, till they dared no longer expose so much as a finger to the unerring aim of this mysterious and invisible death-dealer. In the dead of night provisions were conveyed to him by men crawling on their hands and knees along the slight barricade, which was all the shelter they had from the cannon and muskets of the foe. The guns were never mounted, and, at last, the palace was captured in a sortie and blown up, and Sergeant Halliwell's long and painful vigil was at an end.

#### Burned to the Water.

Accidents? said the old sea Captain. No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip, about a year ago, the ship caught fire down in the hold and we never discovered it until we got into port and began to unload.

That's strange. What put the fire out? Why, it burned down there to the sea and the water put it out. Couldn't burn the water, you know.

And the Captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought to ask why the ship did not sink.

To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.—Haliburton.



# It's "Move On."

The City councils passed a law,  
You must move on, you must move on.  
The Policemen won't stand any jaw,  
Make you move on, make you move on.

If o'er you comes stealing  
That very tired feeling,  
There's no use appealing,  
You must move on, you must move on.

At J. D. MILLER'S store  
Things must move on, things must move on,  
Bargains there all galore,  
That must move on, that must move on.

If you are very wise,  
You will him surely patronize.  
He's progressive and he tries  
To make things move on, make things move on.

Owing to the dry weather the Kintettes creamery has closed down.

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.

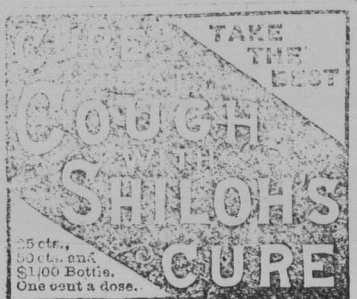
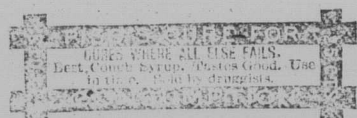
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn. says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer Saved My Life. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble, etc. Price 75 cts. For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

Captain Sweeney, San Diego, Cal. says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the best 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. REVISED 30 MIN CURE.—Dr. Ayer'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.



Take hold on a guarantee by all druggists. 7 cts. Excellent Cough Cure and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.  
For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store  
Mildmay.

## Giving Up Business!

The undesigned has determined to give up business and from this date will sell his goods at cost or under in order to clear off the stock. This will be a **GENUINE SALE**, and every one will be used alike while stock lasts.

I will keep a full stock of Staples while running off other stock and will sell at cost.

Come and see for yourselves. You will find something different from our usual Selling Out Sales.

Terms: Cash. Produce taken at cash price.

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## Flour!

## Flour!

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Mildmay, which was destroyed last January, is rebuilt and fitted up with the Latest Improved machinery, and with the use of the best Manitoba wheat, the undersigned is now in a position to turn out a high grade family flour.

Special attention given to exchanging of grists and chopping. Hoping to receive a share of the patronage of the surrounding country.

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