



# THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

## CHAPTER IV.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame."  
—Coleridge.

All round the drawing-room windows at Scrope a wide balcony had been built up, over which the creepers climb and trail. Stone steps lead to it from the scented garden beneath, and up these runs Clarissa gayly, when Thursday morning had dawned, and deepened, and given place to noon.

Within the drawing-room, before a low table, sits Miss Scrope, tating industriously. Tating is Miss Scrope's forte. She never does anything else. Multitudinous antimacassars, of all shapes, patterns and dimensions, grow beneath her untiring touch with the most alarming rapidity. When finished, nobody knows what becomes of them, as they instantly disappear from view and are never heard of afterward. They are as good as a ghost in Pullingham, and obstinately refuse to be laid. It was charitably, if weakly, suggested, at one time, by a member of the stronger sex, that probably she sent them out in bales as coverings for the benighted heathen; but when it was explained that this misguided being tatted antimacassars, as a rule, run to holes, and can be seen through, even he desisted from further attempts to solve the mystery.

Miss Peyton, throwing up one of the window-sashes, steps boldly into the drawing-room and confronts this eminent tatter.

"Good-morning," she says, sweetly, advancing with smiling lips.

Miss Scrope, who had not heard her enter, turns slowly round: to say she started would be a gross calumny. Miss Scrope never starts. She merely raises her head with a sudden accession of dignity. Her dignity, as a rule, is not fascinating, and might go by another name.

"Good afternoon, Clarissa," she says austere. "I am sorry you should have been forced to make an entrance like a burglar. Has the hall door been removed? It used to stand in front of the house."

"I think it is there still," Miss Peyton ventures, meekly. "But"—prettily—coming in through the window enabled me to see you at least one moment sooner. Shall I close it again?"

"I beg you will not distress yourself about it," says Miss Scrope, rising to ring the bell. "When Collins comes in he will see to it."

It is a wild day, though warm and sweet, and the wind outside is tearing madly over the lawn and shrubberies into the wood beyond.

"But in the meantime you will perhaps catch cold, or rheumatism, or something," says Clarissa, hesitating.

"Rheumatism! pugh! nonsense!" says Miss Scrope, disdainfully. "I simply don't believe in rheumatism. It is nothing but nerves. I don't have those ridiculous pains and aches people hug nowadays, and I don't believe they have either; it employs their idle time trying to invent them."

It is Jim in the parlour, presently, having seated herself in a horribly comfortable but probably artistic chair.

"James is in," says Miss Scrope, severely. "Do you mean my brother? It is really almost impossible to understand young people of the present age."

"Don't you like the name Jim?" asks Clarissa, innocently, leaning slightly forward, and taking up the edge of Miss Scrope's last antimacassar to examine it with tender interest.

"I think it such a dear little name, and so happily wanting in formality. I have never called him anything else since I can remember, so it comes most natural to me."

"I think it a most unmanly way of addressing any gentleman whose priest christened him James," says Miss Scrope, unflinchingly. "What would you think of him were he to call you by some hideous pet name, or more properly speaking, nickname?"

"I shouldn't mind it in the least; indeed, I think I should rather like it," returns Clarissa, mildly.

"I believe that to be highly probable," retorts Miss Jimema, with considerable scorn.

Clarissa laughs, not an irritating laugh, by any means, but a little soft, low, girlish laugh, very good to hear.

"If you could me any more I shall cry," she says, lightly. "I always give way to tears when driven into a corner. It saves time and trouble. Besides," returning with some slight perversity to the charge, "shall I tell you a secret? Your brother likes that little name. He does, indeed. He has told me so a thousand times in the days gone by. Very frivolous of him, isn't it? But—ah! here he is," as the door opens and Sir James comes in.

"You are a little late, are you not?" leaning back in her chair with a certain amount of languid, but pleasing, grace, and holding out to him a slender, ungloved hand, on which some rings sparkle brilliantly.

"Have I kept you waiting?" asks he, eagerly, foolishly glad because of her last words, that seem to imply so much and really mean so little. Has she been anxious for his coming? Have the minutes appeared tedious because of his absence? "I hurried all I knew," he says; "but stewards will be stewards."

"I have been quite happy with Miss Scrope; you need not look so penitent," says Clarissa. "Any who am I that I should compete with a steward? We have been having quite a good time, and an excellent argument. Come here, and tell your sister that you think Jim the prettiest name in the world."

"Did anyone throw a doubt on the subject? Lives there a soul so dead or ephrony as not to recognize the music in those three letters—Jim! Why, it is poetry itself," says Sir James, who is not so absent that he cannot scent battle on the breeze. As he speaks he smiles; and when James Scrope smiles he is almost handsome.

"Some day you will regret encourag-

ing that child in her folly," remarks Miss Scrope severely. At which the child makes a saucy little grimace unseen, and rises to her feet.

"What a solemn warning!" says Scrope, with a shrug. "I hope," turning to Clarissa, "you have taken it to heart, and that it will keep you out of imaginary mischief. It ought, you know. It would be a shabby thing to bring down public censure on the head of one who has so nobly espoused your cause."

"My conduct from this day forth shall be above suspicion," says Clarissa. "Good-by, Miss Scrope," stooping to press her fresh warm lips to the withered cross old cheek beneath her. "I am going to tread old ground with—"

She follows him across hall and corridor, through two modern rooms, and past a portiere, into another and larger hall beyond. Here, standing before a heavy oak door, he turns the handle of it, and as it swings back slowly and sleepily, they pass into another room, so unexpectedly and so strangely different from any they have yet entered, as almost to make one start.

It is a huge old-fashioned apartment, stone-floored and oak-paneled, that once in olden days, must have been a refectory. Chairs, carved in oak, and built like bishops' thrones, line the walls, looking as though no man for many a hundred years has drawn them from their present position. Massive cabinets and cupboards, cunningly devised by crafty hands in by-gone days, look out from dusky corners, the hideous faces carved upon them wreathed in their eternal ghastly smiles. From narrow, painted windows gleams the light of sunset from the gables without, in only to look sadly out of place in the solemn gloomy room. But one small door divides it from the halls outside; yet centuries seem to roll between it and them.

In one corner a door lies half open, and behind it a narrow flight of stairs runs upward to a turret chamber above,—a tiny stairway, heavily balustraded and uncarpeted, that creates in one a mad desire to ascend and learn the secrets that may lie at its top.

Miss Peyton, scarce noticing the monkish refectory, runs to the stairs and mounts them eagerly, Sir James following her in a more leisurely fashion.

"Now for my own room," she says, with some degree of quickness in her tone. She reaches the turret chamber as she speaks, and looks around her. It is quite a circle, and apparently of the same date as the world they have just quitted. Even the furniture, though of lighter make and size, is of a similar age and pattern. Ugly little chairs and unpleasantly solid tables are dotted here and there, a perfect wealth of Old-World work cut into them.

Everything is carved and they are sympathetic observer it might occur that the carver must have been a person subject to fiendish visions and unholy nightmares. But no doubt the beauty of his designs lies in their ugliness, and his heads are a marvel of art, and his winged creatures priceless!

The high chimney-piece is in rapport with all the rest, and scowls unceasingly; and the very windows—long and deep—have little faces carved on either side of them, of the most diabolical.

Miss Peyton is plainly entranced with the whole scene, and for a full minute says nothing.

"I feel as though I were a child again," she says presently, as though half regretfully. "Ever since I came back to me with such a strange yet tender vividness. This, I remember, was my favorite table, this my favorite chair. And that little winged monster over there, he used to whisper in my ears more thrilling tales than either Grimm or Andersen! Have you never moved anything in all these years?"

"Never. It is your own room by adoption, and no one shall meddle with it. When I went abroad I locked it, and carried the key of it with me wherever I went; I hardly know why myself. He glanced at her curiously, but her face is averted, and she is busy thinking less of him than of the many odd trifles scattered around.

"When I returned, dust reigned, and spiders; but it has been made spick and span to-day for its mistress. Does it still please you? or will you care to alter anything?"

"No, nothing. I shall pay a compliment to my childish taste by letting everything stay just as it is. I must have been rather a nice child, Jim, don't you think? If one passes over the torn frocks and the shrewish tongue."

"I don't think I ever saw a tear in your frocks," says Sir James, simply, "and if your tongue was shrewish I never found it out."

Miss Peyton gives way to mirth. She sits down on a wretchedly uncomfortable, if delightfully mediaeval chair, and laughs a good deal.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

she quotes, gayly. "Those lines, meant by poor Burns as a satire on frail humanity, rather fall short at this moment. Were I to see myself as you see me, I should be a dreadfully conceited person, and utterly unlikable. What a good friend you make!"

"A bad one, you mean. A real friend, according to my lights, is a fellow who says unpleasant things all round and expects you to respect his candor. By and by, when I tell you a few home truths, perhaps you will not like me as you do now."

"Yes, I shall always like you," says Clarissa. "Long ago, when you used to scold me, I never bore malice. I suppose you are one of those rare people who can say the ungracious thing in such a manner that it doesn't grate. But then you are old, you know, Jim, very old,—thinner, in appearance, wonderfully young for your years. I do hope papa, at your age, will look as fresh."

She has risen, and has slipped her hand through his arm, and is smiling up at him gayly and with a sweetness irresistible. Sir James looks as pleased as though he had received a florid compliment.

"What a baby you are!" he says, after a pause, looking down at her admiringly. Judging by his tone, babies, in his eyes, must possess very superior attractions. "There are a good many babies in the world, don't you think?" he goes on, presently. "You are one, and Geoffrey Branscombe is another. I don't suppose he will ever quite grow up."

"And Horace," said Clarissa, idly, "is he another?"

But Sir James, though unconsciously, resents the question.

"Oh, no!" he says hastily. "He does not come within the category at all. Why," with a faint smile, "he is even older than I am! There is no tender, baby-nonsense about him."

"No, he is so clever—so far above us all, where intellect is concerned," she says, absently. A slight smile plays about her lips, and a light, that was not there a moment since, comes to life within her eyes. With an effort she arouses herself from what were plainly happy day-dreams, and comes back to the present, which, just now, is happy too.

"I think nature meant me to be a nun," she says, smiling. "This place subdues and touches me so. The somber lights and shadows are so impressive! If it were indeed mine (in reality), I should live a great part of my time in it. Here I should write my plainest letters, and read my choicest books, take my afternoon tea, and make welcome my dearest friends,—you among them. In fact, if it were practicable," nodding her pretty head emphatically, "I should steal this room. There is hardly anything I would not do to make it my own."

Scrope regards her earnestly, with a certain amount of calm inquiry. Is she a coquette, or merely unthinking? If indeed, the face be the index of the mind, one must account her free of all unworthy thought or frivolous design. Hers is

"A countenance in which do meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Her eyes are still smiling up at him; her whole expression is full of a gentle friendliness, and in his heart, at this moment, arises a sensation that is not hope, or gladness, or despair, but yet is a fat wild mingling of all three.

As for Clarissa, she stands a little apart, unconscious of all that is passing in his heart, and gazes lovingly upon the objects that surround her, as one will gaze now and then on things that have been fondly remembered through the haze of many years. She is happy, wrapped in memories of a past all sunshine and no shade, and ignorant of the meaning he would gladly attach to her last words.

"While I stay here I sin,—that is I covet," she says, at length, surprised by his silence, "and it grows late. Come, walk with me a little way through the park; I have not yet seen the old path we used to call the 'short cut' to Gowran, long ago."

So, down the dark stairs he follows her, across the stone flooring, and into the hall outside, that seems so brilliant by contrast, and so like another world, all is so changed, so different. Behind, the silence, unbroken, perfect, a sad and dreary light, Old-World grandeur; here, all is restless life, full of uncertain sounds, and distant footsteps, and voices faint but positive.

"Is it not like a dream?" says Clarissa, stopping to point backward to the turret they have just quitted.

"The past is always full of dreams," replies he, thoughtfully.

## CHAPTER V.

"A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky."  
Wordsworth.

The baby morn has flung aside its robes, and grown to perfect strength. The day is well advanced. Already it is making rapid strides toward rest and evening; yet still no cooling breeze has come to refresh the heart of man.

Below, in the quiet fields, the cattle are standing, knee-deep in water, bled and dripping with the dew of the kindly alder. They have no energy to eat, but munch, sleepily, the all-satisfying cud, and, with gentle if expressionless eyes, look out afar for evening and the milkmaid.

"Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun  
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays,  
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns;  
And all,  
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.

Distressful Nature pants!  
The very streams look languid from  
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impatient, seem  
To hurl into the covert of the grove."

A tender stillness reigns over everything. The very birds are mute. Even the busy mill-wheel has ceased to move. Bright flashes of light, that come and go ere one can catch them, dart across the gray walls of the old mill,—that holds its gaunt and stately head erect, as though defying age,—and slanting to the right, fall on the cottage, quaint and ivy-clad, that seems to nestle at its feet. The roses that climb its walls are drooping; the casements all stand wide. No faintest breath of air comes to flutter Ruth's white gown, as she leans against the rustic gate.

All miller's daughters should be pretty. It is a duty imposed upon them by tradition. Romance, of the most floral description, at once attaches itself to a miller's daughter. I am not at all sure it does not even cast a halo round the miller himself. Ruth Annersey at least acknowledges this fact, and does her duty nobly; she gives the lie to no old legends or treasured nursery superstitions; she is as pretty as heart can desire.

"Fresh as the month, and as the morning air."  
She is small, piquante, timid, with large almond-shaped eyes and light-brown hair, a rounded, supple figure, and hands delicately white.

Perhaps there is a lack of force in her face, an indefinable want, that hardly detracts from her beauty, yet sets one wondering, vaguely, where it lies, and what it can be. The mouth, mobile and slightly parted, betrays it most. Her lashes, covering her brown eyes, are very long, and lie a good deal on her cheeks. Her manner, without a suspicion of gaucherie, is nervous, almost appealing; and her smile, because so rare, is very charming, and apt to linger in the memory.

She is an only child, and all through her young life has been petted and caressed rather more than is good for any one. Her father had married, somewhat late in life, a woman in every way his superior, and she dying two years after her marriage, he had fallen back for consolation upon the little one left to his sole care. To him, she was a pride, a delight, a creature precious beyond words, on whom the sun must shine gently and the rain fall not at all.

A shy child from the first, Ruth had declined acquaintance with the villagers,

who would, one and all, have been glad to succor the motherless girl. Perhaps the little drop of gentle blood inherited from her mother had thriven in her veins, and thus rendered her distant and somewhat repellent in her manner to those in her own rank of life.

She had been sent early to a private school, had been carefully educated far above her position, and had come home again to her father, with all the pretty airs and unconscious softness of manner that, as a rule, belong to good birth.

She is warm-hearted, passionate, impulsive, and singularly reserved,—so much so that few guess at the terrible power, so near that the face is discernible, that lies within her. She is a special favorite with Miss Peyton and the vicarage people (Mr. and Mrs. Redmond and their five children), with those at Hythe, and, indeed, with most of the county people, Miss Scrope excepted, who gives it freely as her opinion that she will come to no good and general fiddle-faddling. Nobody knows what this last means, and everyone is afraid to ask.

Just now, with her pretty head bare, and her hand shading her eyes, she is gazing down the dusty road. Her whole attitude denotes expectancy. Every feature (she is off her guard) expresses intense and hopeful longing—

"Fiery Titan, who  
—with his peccant heat  
Has dried up the lusty liquor new  
Upon the herbs in the green mead,"  
has plainly fallen in love with her to-day, as he has clothed her in all his glory, and seems reluctant to pass her on his homeward journey.

The heat has made her pale and languid; but just at this moment a faint delicate color springs into her face; and as the figure of a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, turns the corner of the road, she raises her hand to her cheek with a swift involuntary gesture.

A moment later, as the figure comes closer, so near that the face is discernible, she pales again, and grows white as an early snow-drop.

"Good-morning Ruth," says Dorian Branscombe, with a smile, apparently oblivious of the fact that morning has given place to noon many hours ago.

Ruth returns his salutation gently, and lets her hand lie for an instant in his.

"This is a stummer's day, with a vengeance," says Dorian, genially, proceeding to make himself comfortable on the top of the low wall near which she is standing. He is plainly making up his mind to a long and exhaustive conversation. "Talk of India!" he says, disparagingly; "this beats it to fits!"

Ruth acquiesces amiably.

(To be Continued.)

## A FIGHT IN MID-AIR.

Two Workmen Come to Blows While Standing on an Iron Beam Ten Stories High.

A fight in mid-air, the giving and taking of blows by two men standing on a small beam in the tenth storey of a big building, was witnessed at the big Ellicott square building on Main street, Buffalo, the other afternoon.

Edward Jacobs and Frank J. Connors, ironworkers employed on the building, had been quarrelling for several days over the ownership of some tools.

The argument was resumed at the noon hour and was getting warm when the whistle blew and the men ascended to their work again. They had been working about fifteen minutes when Connors, who was standing near the shafting, saw Jacobs coming toward him, walking on one of the iron scantlings. When he was within a few feet of him Connors recognized in Jacobs's hands the tools over which they had been disputing. He yelled:

"You've got them tools now, you whelp!"

"You lie," said Jacobs. Connors stepped out on the beam and the men began striking at each other. The beam was ten inches wide, and below them was the network of beams, ten stories of them. A fall promised death. The other workmen cried to them to desist, but dared not interfere.

Jacobs struck Connors in the breast, and Connors replied with a staggering blow. Jacobs aimed another blow, but Connors dodged back, and the impact of his own blow caused Jacobs beyond his balance and he fell with a cry of terror head first inside the building.

His leg struck a beam at the eighth floor, and this changed the direction of the fall, throwing him toward the shafting. Past the eighth floor he went like a shot, turning over and over. Before he reached the eighth floor the elevator rope has a loop.

In some way or other Jacobs grabbed it. With a last effort he threw his leg into the loop and hung. He was taken down, faint and sick from the fall, and removed to the hospital, where it was found that he had suffered a bad contusion on the leg and a bad cut on the hand.

## FASHION'S ARMY OF WORKERS.

Paris Has 65,000 Dressmakers, and in France There Are Over 700,000 Persons Making Articles of Women's Dress.

Paris is the city where the dressmaking trade flourishes as it does in no other city in the world. In 1850 the number of couturieres, as given in the Annuaire du Commerce, the commercial directory of those days, was only 158.

There were besides 67 shops for the sale of ready-made feminine apparel, but there were none, as there are to-day, which sold lingerie or certain articles exclusively. In the "Bottin," as the Paris directory is familiarly known, of 1895, there are 1,636 couturieres and 296 commercial houses for the sale of ready-made garments, besides many establishments which manufacture and sell "jupons de dessous" or under-petticoats alone. The number of working dressmakers in Paris is estimated as 65,000.

In all France, according to M. Georges Michel, the industry of manufacturing the various articles of women's dress is in the hands of 81,406 male and 143,648 female owners of shops or factories. These furnish employment to 700,801 persons of whom over half a million are women. In addition to these there are 925,855 persons who make their living from industries which are tributary to that of the manufacture of feminine apparel. The total value of the product of this labor from so many hands is estimated as 1,163,030,000 francs, or \$232,726,000.

## SHOOTING FROM AN ELEPHANT.

Sir Edward Braddon Says it is an Arrant Coward.

Sir Edward Braddon, who shot many tigers during twelve years of hunting in India, does not like the elephant as a sportsman's riding animal. He calls the huge beast a "needle-witted" animal, "intelligent in a diabolical way at times, but rarely up to the mark when its intelligence would be useful."

It is, he insists, a revengeful, treacherous beast, and, with few exceptions, an arrant coward. A line of forty elephants, engaged in beating a jungle, will turn and fly before a tiger that has been seen by barely half a dozen of the fugitives. In his "Thirty Years of Shikar" Sir Edward tells of an elephant which bolted at a gunshot.

Sir Edward went out on a padded elephant to hunt jungle-fowl, accompanied by a native shikari (hunter), and a pet dog. The mahout (elephant-driver), on being asked if the elephant would stand fire should a gun be fired from its back, intimated that the hunter's position on the pad would be firmer if he refrained from shooting.

"You must make him stand fire," said Sir Edward.

"Whatever you order, sahib," answered the mahout; and on they went quietly till Sir Edward fired at a jungle-fowl. The bird dropped and the elephant bolted. The mahout would have pulled up the beast had not the little dog yapped. Then the elephant went off full tilt, straight through the jungle. Ahead was a forest of branches, one of which swept from the pad the shikari and the dog. Sir Edward held on, though the branches beat every part of his body.

The shikari followed to see what help he could render; the dog followed to yelp sympathy with its master. At each yelp the elephant quickened its pace. Then the native caught the dog and dropped back out of the elephant's hearing. After a long run, during which it smashed its way through enough timber to keep an army in fuel for a campaign, it suffered its mahout to pull it up.

Sir Edward walked back to his tent with as many bruises as if he had been engaged in a prize-fight. From that day he thought it safer to shoot even tigers on foot than from the back of an elephant, whose humors and vagaries make it unwise to repose any confidence in its steadfastness when facing a tiger.

Once the Maharajah of Bulrampoor lent Sir Edward an elephant for a day's sport. The elephant suffered from chronic lameness of one of his hip-joints, and this brought trouble to the hunter.

Mounted upon the beast he came upon fresh footprints of a tiger near the edge of a swamp, which was, for the most part, a long pond of clear water, fringed with high grass.

Seeing the grass wave, the signal that a tiger was passing through it, Sir Edward ordered the mahout to follow the beast into the last patch where the tiger would be forced to fight or fly. It elected to fight, and charging straight for the elephant, jumped on the animal's head. Sir Edward leaned over the howdah, placed the muzzle of his smooth bore to the tiger's neck, and pulled the trigger.

Just then the elephant upset everything. In drawing back its game leg gave way, and over it went sideling with a crash that spread the mahout, shikari, Sir Edward and all the paraphernalia broadcast upon the ground.

The bullet aimed at the tiger's neck went heavenward. This was fortunate. Had the tiger been wounded, it would have been revengeful; but unwounded and thrown from the elephant's head, it disappeared in the jungle, and was lost to that hunting party.

## RAIDED THE POST-OFFICE.

An Incident in the Career of Lord Wolseley in India.

To illustrate some of the disagreeable things which the soldiers suffered in the Sudan, Mr. Nourse tells the following anecdote of the postal service, which also well shows how democratic was Lord Wolseley, the commandant.

Nourse went into the post-office at Korti to look for some letters. The postmaster was a native and not very much at hand, and said that there was nothing for him after a superficial glance at a big pile of papers and letters. Nourse asked to see the pile of letters, and while he was looking them over a man with nothing to designate his rank came into the office in company with another. He took in the situation at a glance and said: "Let's clean this thing out." Whereupon they jumped over the counter and bundled the postmaster out, neck and heels. Then they began the examination of the office and found it congested with mail for the army.

They searched every nook and cranny, and threw the letters for one regiment into one corner, those for another into another, with all the newspapers in the center of the floor. Then they went through each pile and separated it into companies, and before night every letter was in camp and distributed and the next day the papers were out. Nourse at the time did not know who his companion in the good deed was. He asked him his name and his answer was: "They call me Charley." Some time afterwards Nourse was going to see the commandant, and sitting near his tent saw his companion of the post-office. "Hello, Charley," he said, "I'm looking for the commandant; where'll I find him?" "Well," said "Charley," "you won't have to look very far. I'm the commandant. Come inside and have a bit to eat and drink." It was Lord Wolseley, and a man worthy of the title.

## Pencil Point Pierced His Heart.

John Dripps, a nine-year-old boy residing in Mt. Washington, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Penn., was almost instantly killed the other afternoon by falling on a slate pencil in his pocket, which pierced his heart. After school he started home on a run. He slipped and fell to the sidewalk. The driver of a laundry wagon went to his assistance. The boy was trying to pull the pencil from his body. The laundryman, seeing the boy was badly hurt, carried him to a doctor's office. Before the doctor could examine him the boy died.

Mr. Richard Burton has written an able article to show that there is a revival in the use of the terse, simple, vernacular English of the time of Shakespeare. He is undoubtedly right in this. "Fine writing" is no longer as much admired as it was a generation ago, when Macaulay was a literary dictator not so much because of what he had to say as of his manner of saying it. The English of the fifteenth century is not equal to the demands of modern science. But except in discussing technicalities and the novelties of modern life it is fully equal to the expression of every clearly defined idea that the mind can entertain. To be clearly expressed, however, the idea must be well defined. The English vernacular abhors vagueness. Before any one can talk plain English he must have a plain idea of what he wishes to say. Otherwise he will stop in the middle of his sentence and expose the emptiness of his mind. It is otherwise, of course, with the Latin and Greek derivatives of the language, which are often used to produce the impression of wisdom where the only thing that is being really expressed is a lack of ideas. The increasing use of simple, everyday English is a great gain. It means greater accuracy, greater clearness and less humbug. Even if inconsistent with the "style" of the Latin languages, in which terseness and force are sacrificed to smoothness, plain English is the best possible language for those who read English at all. For in no other language is it harder to lie successfully or easier to tell the plain truth plainly.

According to statistics given by the fidelity insurance companies of the United States, known defalcations of men employed in positions of trust amounted during the year 1894 to twenty-five millions of dollars. Even these large figures cannot be accepted as the aggregate of the defalcations for a single year. The amount shows an increase of six millions when compared with the total of 1893, a fact that would seem to suggest a tidal wave of dishonesty. The stealings show wide distribution. Great cities reveal many such breaches of trust, but do not monopolize them. In numerous smaller communitiesascalities of this nature have been perpetrated. All this is a sad reflection upon the weakness of human nature. The love of money abounds and money does so notably answer all things in our day that we do not wonder that men lie awake nights thinking how they may increase their store. The man who worries himself and wears himself thinking how he may double his revenue, and emulate a wealthier neighbor, is likely sooner or later to determine to make money, honestly if possible, but at any rate to make money.

Speculation is soon thought of as the easiest way to wealth, and as some one has wittily said, speculation often leads to peculation. It seems so simple to borrow (?) a few hundred or thousand dollars, and thus insure the necessary capital for the financial operation that is to return not only the investment, but forty, sixty, and even a hundred fold besides. The ability to purchase stocks on a margin of anywhere from two to five per cent., is a tempting bait that has caught many a poor fool and the gambler's table follows hard after. There can be little doubt that such breaches of trust are multiplied by reason of the leniency shown to the wrongdoer. If a business corporation can get its stolen money back either from the transgressor or his friends it is generally not over-anxious to prosecute. It well knows that public discussion may lead to public reflection on the business methods of a concern that suddenly finds itself robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The situation calls for stricter dealing with offenders, but a more potent restrictive measure would be a more thorough and universal system of checks and safeguards against dishonesty. No honest man can seriously object to any system, while his weaker brother may be saved by it. The man who has reason to believe that the detection of fraud is likely to be prompt and its punishment serious will think often before he risks his position, his name and his liberty.

#### Her Fight With a Rat in the Dark

Alice Moore, a colored woman of Louisville, Ky., was attacked by a rat the other morning, and bears the marks of the attack. She was awakened about 4 o'clock by a creeping sensation. She raised herself in bed and heard the squeal of a rat. She struck out in the dark and felt the animal jump at her and fasten its teeth in one of her arms. She struck a vicious blow at the rat and succeeded in knocking it off. The rat went at her again and caught her by the throat. She succeeded in knocking it off a second time. At the third jump the rat fastened its teeth in her ear and held on persistently. The woman, who had been fighting the rat in silence all this time, began to scream. She jumped out of bed with the rat still holding to her ear. As she ran frantically about the room she struck time and again at the vicious little rodent, but was afraid to take hold and pull it off, for fear of slitting her ear. The screams aroused her daughter, who jumped out of bed and lighted the lamp. She seized a pillow and struck at the animal, knocking it off.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### Take a Holiday.

Many mothers are so engrossed in the care of their children and in their household duties that a "day off" would simply seem out of the question. They become cross and peevish and every hard line in the world seems to have fallen to their lot; at least, that is the way they look at it. It is not because they cannot afford to go, O, no, only they have an idea that if they were away from home a day nothing would ever run straight again. If they could only know how pleasant the old duties would seem after a vacation, and how the children would appreciate them after their absence, more holidays would be taken than ever dreamed of now.

In order to fully enjoy a vacation, if only for a day, leave all the old scenes and associations and see something entirely new. Seek the society of some cheerful neighbor. Do not do work which employs you every other day, but procure something new, or talk, gossip—anything which will take the mind hundreds of miles from household cares and children's ailments. Mothers always will turn their conversation onto the same time-worn topics—baby's teething, or Mary's measles, or the cost of living or some such always-with-you subject. Leave the children at home in care of some reliable person if they are small. Do not worry because the basket of mending will be left until the next day. You will be so refreshed by your holiday and feel so cheerful, that had you twice the work you could do it.

It is too late now to have a picnic all by yourself, with a fascinating romance for company (this seems selfish), but surely you are able to think of some recreation which will benefit you. Do not shake your head and say, "No, I could not think of such a thing," but just make up your mind to try it. A holiday you must have and that very soon, too. Let me whisper, after you have taken one you will want more.

### The Fragrant Onion.

Pickled Onions.—Wipe some small onions but do not peel. Make a strong brine of salt and water into which put the onions, and change this night and morning, for five days and save the last brine they were put in. Peel off now the outside skin, and put them in a saucepan capable of holding them all, as they are always better done together. Take equal quantities of milk and the last brine the onions were in and pour it over them; place over the fire and watch attentively. Keep constantly stirring, turning the onions about with a skimmer, those at the bottom to the top, and vice versa. The onions must not boil, but the liquid must become very hot, and the onions will then become transparent. When the onions look clear, turn into a colander to drain, covering them with a cloth to keep in the steam. Place on the table an old clean cloth, doubled several times; and place the onions when still hot and cover closely with an old clean cloth or blanket to keep in the steam. Let them remain until the following day, when they will be cold and look yellow and shriveled. Take off the outer skin, when they should be firm and white as snow. To every gallon of vinegar allow 2 oz bruise ginger, 2 oz allspice, 2 oz whole black pepper, 1-2 oz each of mace and nutmeg, 14 cloves and 1-3 tablespoon cayenne. Boil those together and pour boiling hot over the onions. Cover very closely and allow to stand until the next day, when place in small jars or bottles, well covered with the spiced vinegar, over the top of each bottle pour a spoonful of olive oil, cork and seal. They will be fit for use in a month and will be beautifully white and eat crisp, without the least softness. They will keep for several years. This method is rather troublesome, but will repay the labor.

The following is a quick method of pickling, and the onions will be crisp and white, but they will not keep over six or eight months: Peel the onions, and have ready some clean, dry jars or bottles, and as fast as peeled, drop them in. Pour over them some cold vinegar, spiced as follows: To each quart of vinegar allow 2 teaspoonfuls each of whole black pepper, allspice, and salt. Close the jars tightly and place in a cool dry place. In two weeks they are fit for use.

### Skeletons at Home.

The troubles which cannot be told are those which have the most disastrous and wasting effect on the mind. Every family it is said, although it may not be true, has its "skeleton in the closet," and some member of that family is continually airing it, to the intense mortification and disgust of the other inmates of the family. Children are the innocent promulgators of many little domestic annoyances which would better be left forgotten; it is a parent's duty to teach a child, however young, to refrain from gossip, or else be very careful what is said in his presence. Many people, of course, pay no attention to other people's business, but there are many who will offer you sympathy that they may have a peep at your secret, and when you have allowed it to be seen they hurry away to explain to mutual friends. There is an old negro proverb which reads thus: "There are people who will help you to set your basket on your head because they want to see what is in it."

Another class of people are continually groaning over their troubles, which are not of public interest; acquaintances soon become bored to death by it, and even friends admire reticence if kept more or less to one's self. Whatever the trouble in a family it is better locked up within their own doors.

### At Our House.

As the head of the house does not come home for dinner, opportunity is taken to exercise rigid economy at that time. Still, something palatable is usually prepared. The "left-overs" are always utilized on that occasion, helped

out, perhaps, with a Johnnycake made as follows:—Rich buttermilk, or half cream and half sour milk will do; half teaspoon of soda; pinch of salt, and a good tablespoon of sugar. Mix to a light batter with two-thirds meal and one-third flour. Bake in buttered tin in moderate oven.

An apple pudding is often prepared as follows:—Three good-sized apples, peeled and quartered and put into a pint basin; half cup of sugar; a little water and spice to taste. Pour over it a batter made of two-thirds cup of sweet milk, and butter size of a hickorynut; half cream would be better. Mix in flour until batter is middling stiff. Steam one hour. Serve with cream and sugar or butter and sugar. It is delicious.

Cold potatoes are nice, chopped, fine and warmed up in milk, slightly seasoned with pepper and salt.

A palatable soup can be made of bits of roast beef or steak, the "left-overs" from former meals. Put in a little of each of a variety of vegetables—potatoes, tomatoes, onions, celery, etc. Season to taste.

Cold corn is nice prepared as follows: Shave the corn from three or four good ears; add one egg; cup of sweet milk; pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a good batter. Bake same as pancakes, in a well-buttered pan; serve with a little butter while hot.

### A BIG BIRD CAUGHT AT SEA.

Able Seaman Peters Calls It an Eagle, Though Scientists Pronounce It a Frank.

When the Danish steamship Horsa cleared from Philadelphia for Port Antonio, Jamaica, a few days ago, she carried with her a deadhead passenger with a very bad temper. The surly fellow occupied a small cabin of rough boards especially built for him on the fore-castle, in which he was secured with a short chain fastened around one leg. On the roof a sailor had rudely carved out with his case-knife this inscription: Sea Eagle. Came Aboard off Watling Island, Sept. 25, 1895. Caut esy by Jo Peters, A. S.

Jo Peters, able seaman, has two long scars on his left arm and a small one in his neck to show easy was the capture of the bird. Another sailor received a damaged thumb through a breach of etiquette. While giving the captive fresh water one day, he unconsciously allowed his thumb to stick over the edge of the dish and into the water. The bird swiftly resented this slovenly service with his beak. There are others among the crew who will have reason to remember the bird and the date of his coming among them.

On Sept. 25 the Horsa was off Watling's Island, Bahamas, on her way to Philadelphia with a cargo of fruit from Baracoa. Early in the afternoon, in the midst of a sudden stiff breeze off shore, a flying thing, with wings of

### ENORMOUS SPREAD,

blew up against the masthead and clung there. The sailors on deck looked aloft and held a brief council. Capt. Wiborg came out of his cabin and called for volunteers to capture the bird. Jo Peters stepped forward promptly, and as promptly went aloft. The others stood below and watched.

When the adventurous sailor reached a point a few feet below the bird, the latter hurried down and looked at Peters curiously, but made no attempt to fly. This encouraged Peters, and, climbing a little nearer, he reached out his left arm and grabbed the bird by one leg. Then there was a wild screech, a flurry of feathers, a few startled oaths, and several drops of blood spattered down on the upturned faces of those on deck. Peters made a swift pass with his right hand for the bird's throat, but the bird forestalled him, jabbing his beak into the man's neck. Peters went mad with pain, and he shut his teeth and tried again. The time he got there, he would have fallen from the perch, however, but for the arrival of another member of the crew, who, with a coil of stout rope in his teeth, had climbed up to the rescue. The captive was securely bound, and was then lowered to the deck.

A box was made for the prisoner, and Peters went below to have his wounded arm and neck dressed. He assured the Captain that the bird was a genuine sea eagle, and there was no one aboard ship to contradict him. As a matter of fact it isn't a sea eagle at all. It is more like the albatross that figured so prominently in Coleridge's tale of a mariner more ancient than Mr. Peters. Yet it is a sea eagle. The bird is probably a cross between the two. It has the albatross's head and beak, and its broad expanse of wing, measuring

### SIX FEET FROM TIP TO TIP,

but its legs, which are rough and scaly, terminate with the talons of the eagle. As to coloring, it is white, with a sprinkling of irregular black spots like ink blots. Several ornithologists went and looked at the bird while the Horsa lay at her dock, but, though they consulted their books, they could not classify the thing except generically as a freak. These scientific men made Jo Peters very mad.

"What do they know about it?" said he. "The bird's a sea eagle, I tell you, and I've saw more sea birds than they is pages in all them fellers' books. They don't know nothin' on'y what they read. But I've saw things, I have. And I seen something fur years that I bet ain't in their books. It was when I was down with the West Coast Navigation line. Down in the South Pacific fur sea birds, because fish was always plentiful there. The birds would set on the waves and fill up with fish till they was so full they couldn't move, and would have to float around till it wore off. Now this bird's place was right in the way of the steamers, and thousands of the birds was run down through 'old bein' able to get away. But the birds got cute, and when they was gettin' their full of fish and seen a vessel comin', they'd just swallow some salt water. It acted on their stomachs, up would come the fish, and they'd fly out o' the way. Facts, fur I've seen 'em do it. That's on'y one o' the things to be seen at that ain't wrote down in books."

## A CELEBRATED TRIAL.

### A CASE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Theodore Durrant on Trial for the Murder of Blanche Lamont—Purely Circumstantial Evidence so far—Bitter Feeling Against the Prisoner.

The remarkable trial of Theodore Durrant in San Francisco for the murder of Blanche Lamont has been suspended for a time owing to the illness of a principal participant in the affair. The case of the prosecution rests wholly on circumstantial evidence, and may be briefly stated to be that the girl left her home to go to school on April 3rd, and was not seen again by her friends until her dead body was found in a small room in the belfry of Emmanuel Baptist Church in that city. She had evidently been murdered. Two days before, the body of Minnie Williams, a friend of Miss Lamont, had been found in the pastor's room in the church. It will easily be believed that these two discoveries created an extraordinary sensation. At first the pastor, Rev. George Gibson, was suspected and was actually put under arrest.

During the period between Miss Lamont's disappearance and the finding of her body her relatives and friends were, of course, greatly exercised as to what had caused her absence from her home. The favorite supposition was that she had eloped with somebody, or at least there was

### A MAN IN THE CASE.

The inquiries instituted established the fact that so far as could be learned she had last been seen alive in the company of a young medical student named Theodore Durrant. Durrant was formerly a resident of Toronto, but left with his family for San Francisco some fifteen years ago. This young man (he is now 24 years of age) had been seen with Miss Lamont not far from Emmanuel Church on the day on which she disappeared. He was questioned about the matter, and related that he had met her on her way to school and that he accompanied her there. On the supposition that it was a mere escapade of which the girl had been guilty it became a habit among Durrant's companions to quiz him about Miss Lamont's disappearance. The ghostly discovery in the belfry of the church was made about ten days after her disappearance. Naturally enough the more serious phase that the matter had now assumed was still connected with the fact that Durrant was the last person seen with her so far as could be ascertained.

He was arrested and has ever since been lying in jail, while his trial bids fair to be the longest on record on the Pacific coast. The prosecution has shown not only that he was seen in the company of the girl, but that he was actually in the church that day; that he was in the upper part of the structure, and that

### HE WAS PALE

and confessed to feeling ill, so ill that he sent a companion to a drug store for a drug. Putting these facts before the prosecution virtually call upon Durrant to account for his time on that day. For this purpose he was put on the stand to tell his own story. He stated that he was acquainted with Blanche Lamont, having been introduced to her by her aunt. He induced her to be a member of Emmanuel Church Sunday School, and had sometimes seen her home. He met her on the morning of April 3 on her way to school. He accompanied her there at her request, and left her at the door, never seeing her alive thereafter. Having left her at the school, he himself repaired to Cooper's College, where he was a student. He relates minutely his attendance on lectures, his walks, etc. He also admits that he was in Emmanuel Church that day. He explains his presence there by saying that he was accustomed to look after the sun-burners in the church, which were operated by electricity. He was told a week before that they were out of order and went there to fix them. He had to get up on the rafters over the burners, and while there, he says, he inhaled so much gas that he was nauseated by it. When he got down stairs he found George King playing a piano in the Sunday School. King noticed that he was pale, and Durrant told him the cause of it, and got him to go for bromo-seltzer to stay his stomach. Being asked if that was not rather for the nerves than for the stomach, he said that although a medical student

### HE DID NOT KNOW.

It was the first time he had ever partaken of it. He helped King to carry an organ into the basement, went home to tea, and in the evening took his mother to the Sunday School, returning with her and going to bed. He thus endeavored to account for the whole day. The defence promised in the opening to adduce evidence corroborative of this story, and to upset several important pieces of testimony given in behalf of the prosecution, such as that Durrant pawned a ring that was supposed to belong to Blanche Lamont. But most of this corroborative or rebutting testimony did not help the prisoner much. He has not been able to prove conclusively that he was present at the lectures which he declares he was at, and witnesses for the prosecution have testified that he was at the lectures "as a favor to him."

Of course the theory is that the hand that slew Miss Lamont was also concerned in the murder of Minnie Williams, but no very clear motive has been disclosed for either of the crimes. It is this apparent lack of motive that makes the case against Durrant weak. The feeling against him in San Francisco is bitter, but he has maintained the most extraordinary composure throughout. His cross-examination by the defence was merciful, but he took it very coolly, although at times somewhat defiant. Altogether the case is unusual in all its features, and the result will be awaited with interest.

He—"I have never loved but once in my life." She—"What?" He—"Fact, I assure you. It has somehow always happened that I never was quite free from the one girl by the time the next one came along."

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Another L. F. S. F. Recd in Toronto to This End.

A child has died in Toronto under the treatment known as Christian science. At her evidence at the inquest the mother said the only treatment Mrs. Beer used was the mental treatment. She held out to the people that God sent no sickness; that people merely believed that they were sick. Her treatment was a silent one, and she gave no medicines. The Truth, according to her, did everything. Her method was to talk kindly to the deceased. She would say: "Percy Beck, you have no measles; you are a child of God and cannot be sick." She would then, in silence and with closed eyes, give him treatment. The child always seemed better after a treatment. Her charges were a dollar per treatment. Sometimes, to those in poor circumstances, she charged less. If witness sent word to Mrs. Beer telling her how the child was she would treat him when she was absent from him, and witness could at once notice the difference in his condition.

The attitude which leads to the adoption of these methods is supposed to be one of faith. But it is difficult to understand why a lack of faith should be inferred from the use of medicines and other human aids any more than from the use of seeds, ploughs and reapers in farming, or compass, rudder and chart in navigating the sea. A Lister or a Pasteur exhibits faith in its highest form as he patiently makes his experiment, in confidence that the physical laws under which he works are unvarying and exact and therefore trustworthy. It is this faith that has made possible the marvellous progress of medical science in the alleviation of suffering and the prevention and cure of diseases, and we might as well show our faith by shutting out the light of day as by shutting out the light that has been shed on the causes and treatment of disease by patient investigation. It is deplorable that human life should be sacrificed to a notion which is no more Christian than it is scientific. Faith in an overruling Providence is not weakened but strengthened by the knowledge that Providence works by fixed and intelligible laws, not by fits and starts.

### THE THIEVES' TEXT-BOOK.

Remarkable Book by a French Criminal, in Which He Describes the Fine Art of Burglars.

There has come into the hands of the Parisian police a copy of a book bearing the title, "Manuel du parfait voleur dans les environs de Paris" (literally, "Manual of the perfect thief in the environs of Paris). This interesting work was written by the chief of a gang of burglars, and is intensely practical. It treats of the most successful and approved ways of "cracking" country houses.

The introduction contains this statement: "The environs of Paris are divided into four sections, each of which is controlled by a band of burglars having its own center of operations and never passing beyond the boundaries allotted to it, as in that case it would seriously interfere with the work of the band operating in the neighboring section." The "Manual" explains how each band procures detailed information regarding the villas which it has marked for pillage. Some local real estate agent is visited by one of the burglars in the guise of a man seeking a desirable house for his family. Several chapters describe the best methods of disposing of stolen goods and how to prepare them so as to prevent their identification.

The author of the book, though long suspected, had been able to elude the police for many years, but soon after a copy of his work came into their possession he himself was taken red-handed. He gave the police much useful information, however, which resulted in the incarceration of many of his comrades, and so escaped with a light sentence, though on his release it is likely that unless he emigrates his career will be cut short by a knife or revolver in the hands of some of his former associates. He is a man of excellent family, received a fine education and once served in the French army.

### BICYCLE AS FAST AS A TRAIN.

Last We Have An Electric "Safety," With Its Own Motor, Driving It Over 30 Miles an Hour.

The electric bicycle is among the possibilities. An inventor has fashioned one and claims for it a speed of thirty miles an hour. A wheelman is very skilful who can cover seventeen miles an hour over an ordinary road. The petroleum bicycle had a trial in the road races for motor vehicles in France, but it was never in the race.

The electrical bicycle weighs about sixty-four pounds. The motor is directly under the seat. The battery-box is the cumbersome feature. It rests on a small arm, which stands out from the frame, directly over the rear wheel. The box is about thirty-six inches long and seven in depth. From the battery run two wires to the motor. A narrow leather belt connects the motor with the rear axle. Wires from the motor run along the upper bar of the frame to a graduating switch, near the handle-bar. A lamp, throwing a reflection twenty feet, is connected with the motor, the electricity serving the twofold purpose of light and power.

The inventor is not sure but that over thirty miles an hour can be made over a good road. This speed would be accompanied by great danger, of course, should the rider fall off.

The inventor says that he borrowed a friend's safety, fitted the invention to it, and asked the owner to give it a trial. The wheel was tried on the boulevard one morning at daybreak. The result was astonishing. The inventor says the speed did not exceed twenty miles an hour. The man who rode the wheel is willing to swear that it was nearer two hundred miles. He didn't want to try it again. The inventor purchased the machine from him and has since improved it.

**Live Stock Markets.**

There was a slightly firmer tone to the market to-day at the Western cattle yards, but prices were not very much advanced. The chief features were the practical closing of buying for export and feeding purposes and the poor prices realized for milch cows and springers. Offerings were fairly heavy, but most of the stuff sold before the close of the market. There were 65 carloads in to-day, which included 1,178 sheep and lambs, 2,400 hogs and about a dozen calves. The feeling in the hog market was weak.

Export cattle—Business in this line may be called closed with to-day's trade. James Eakins was the principal buyer and he took ten car loads. He said that the cattle were of excellent quality to-day and as a consequence prices were slightly higher. He added that no more cattle will be needed in this line, except perhaps a few head which will be taken during the ensuing two weeks to ship via Portland. For some of the extra fancy cattle 4c per lb was paid to-day, but the ruling figures quotable were from 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c per lb, the latter for choice. The weights of these cattle ranged at from 1,350 to 1,375 and 1,400 lbs average; they were the best cattle offered this season. Sales:—20 head 1,375 lbs average, \$3 70 per cwt; 19 cattle, 1,240 lbs average, 3 1/2c per lb; one carload cattle, 1,280 lbs average, \$3 60 per cwt; one carload cattle, 1,350 lbs average, 3 1/2c per lb.

Butchers' cattle—Good cattle are wanted. The feeling to-day was slightly firmer, the range of prices being from 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c per lb for common to medium, 3c to 3 1/2c per lb for good to choice, and 3 1/2c per lb for extra fancy. Sales:—One carload cattle, 1,210 lbs average, \$3 20 per cwt; ten steers, prime quality, 3 1/2c per lb; one car load cattle, 1,000 lbs average, 3c per lb; 7 cattle, fair quality, 900 lbs average, \$131.50 for the lot; one steer, 870 lbs weight, \$16; 2 cattle 1800 lbs weight, \$37 for the two; 9 cattle, 900 lbs average, \$20 each.

Stockers and feeders—This trade is about wound up for the season. All the byres are full. There were not many in and prices were firm, but the supply was sufficient. Common stockers sold at from 2c to 2 1/2c per lb, and feeders at from 2 1/2c to 3c per lb. There were not many of the right kind. Sales:—10 head, 1,210 lbs average, \$3 20 per cwt, best load on the boards, nearly fat enough to export; 3 head, 1,050 lbs average, 2 1/2c per lb; one car load, 1,200 lbs average, \$2 90 per cwt. Quite a few deals were made in vicinity of 3c.

Bulls—Buying was fairly active for choice ones and prices were good considering the state of the market which has ruled for some time. Prices paid for the best ruled at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb; quite a few touching the latter quotation. Stock bulls are not wanted.

Sheep and lambs—There is no change in this line, except perhaps that it is even weaker than it has been. The top figure for both sheep and lambs is 3c per lb, with sales fair at that rate. Medium sheep sell at from 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c per lb.

Calves—Only a few are wanted as most of those coming in are of good quality and are hard to sell. Only a few good ones will sell. Prices rule from \$2 to \$6, according to quality. Most of the sales to-day were in the region of \$4 and \$5 per head.

Milch cows and springers—Sales were slow. A dozen remained in the pens at the close. The quality of many of those on sale is poor. Quotations ranged from \$20 to \$25 per head, the latter for choice, some selling even as low as \$12 to \$15 each. Nothing but really good bag cows are wanted.

Hogs—Offerings were very heavy. The top figure paid for the best hogs, weighed off the ears, was \$3 85 per cwt now 3c per lb; thick fat hogs, 3 1/2c per lb; stags, 2c per lb; no demand for stores. Prospects are for still lower prices. The best Mr. Harris is offering for next week is \$3 75 per cwt, weighed off the ears.

East Buffalo, Nov. 15.—Cattle—Receipts, 37 cars through, 2 cars sale; market quiet and firm; no very good fat cattle here. Receipts, 2 cars through, 10 cars sale; market slow and 5 to 15c lower; good to choice Yorkers, \$3 80 to \$5 75; mixed medium and heavy, \$2 80 to \$3 85; few extra heavy, \$3 90; good heavy ones, \$3 85 to \$3 80; cows, \$3 25 to \$3 40; pigs, \$3 80 to \$3 35; stags, \$3 to \$3 25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4 cars through, 70 cars sale; market strong and firm for good heavy native sheep

and lambs; export grades dull; best native lambs \$4 25 to \$4 40; good to choice, \$3 90 to \$4 15; fair to good, \$3 50 to \$3 85; culls and common \$1 85 to \$2 25; export sheep \$3 to \$3 50; handy 85 to 100 lb wethers, \$2 90 to \$3 10. Cattle closed steady. Hogs closed weak to 6c lower; late sales, mediums, \$3 75 to \$3 80; good Yorkers, \$3 75 to \$3 80. Sheep and lambs closed steady; 15 loads Canada lambs here sold at \$4 10 to \$4 25; few extra, \$4 30 to \$4 35.

**ART AND LITERATURE IN CANADA.**

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

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

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

**Sale Register.**

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

"I paid a Toronto specialist on catarrh a large sum of money but I got no benefit. I tried them all, but finally, almost in despair, I tried Chase's Catarrh Cure. It is all that is recommended, which is saying a good deal in a few words." Joel Rogers, clerk, Division Court, Beeton. Improved blower in each 25c. box.

One day last week while Archie Brown, of cor. 2, Flos, Simcoe county was digging a pit in which to place his root crops, he unearthed 25 skulls, tamarisks, pots, valuable gold rings and a necklace. The bones are said to be the remains of some Indian tribe who inhabited that part of the country years ago.

John Livingstone of Listowel, brother of the great African explorer, has gone to California for the winter. He is 85 years of age.

**R-I-P-A-N-S**

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

The modern standard Family Medicine; Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



**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 Midway 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 Midway Drug Store.

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.

**WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.**  
The Great English Remedy.



Before and After

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

The Wood Company,  
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold at Midway and everywhere by druggists.

**Estray!**

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 13, con. 2, Carriek, on or about August 31st, one cow and lamb. Owner is requested to come and prove property, pay expenses and take same away.

CHRISTIAN WACK,  
Midway, P. O.

**Boar for Service!**

THOROUGHBRED Berkshire Boar, registered pedigree hog, will be kept for service on lot 8, con. 13, Howick. Terms \$1.00, payable at time of service with privilege of returning if necessary.

October 8, 1895.  
S. VOGAN & SON,  
Proprietor.

**Farm for Sale!**

THAT valuable piece of property situated on part of lot 13 and 15, con. 5, Carriek tp., containing 60 acres. On the premises are a good frame house and barn; good orchard and good bush; well watered and well fenced. Mile and quarter from Midway. For further particulars apply to

WM. McGAVIN,  
Midway P. O.

**Wanted** RE MEN to sell our IMPROVED FARMS \$100! Paying side 1 HIGHEST SALARY OR COMMISSION PAID WEEKLY. Ought free. Can be carried in the pocket. Experience not necessary. Big pay assured workers. Write at once and secure exclusive and choice territory to

**Farmers Seed Co.**  
(Incorporated.)  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**THE LONDON WEEKLY FREE PRESS**

**FARM AND HOME**

Sixteen Pages, 96 Columns, of Attractive Family Reading Every Week.

**BOTH PAPERS To 31st December 1895 FOR \$1**

THE WEEKLY FREE PRESS and FARM AND HOME, combined in one issue, uniform in size and appearance, is offered to subscribers from now until the 31st December, 1895, for

**ONE DOLLAR!**

The FREE PRESS is the Leading Liberal-Conservative Journal of Western Ontario. It contains each week a complete summary of the news and comment of the times.

The Commercial pages of the WEEKLY FREE PRESS are up to date, and ample for the country merchant, farmer and dairyman.

The FARM AND HOME contains each week able articles on Agricultural subjects and Live Stock. The farmer and cattle and horse breeder will find in its pages abundant topics of special interest.

A Serial Tale of absorbing interest will be an interesting feature of the WEEKLY FREE PRESS.

Both Papers Combined for \$1 from Now Until December 31st, 1895.

Agents wanted everywhere. Address all communications to the

**FREE PRESS PRINTING CO.**  
LONDON, - ONTARIO.

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

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

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

**Racked with Rheumatism**  
Unable to Walk, owing to circulating pain. After ten years' terrible torture, Cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla.

A. H. Christiansen, writing from the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, says: "I owe you more than I can ever pay. For ten years I suffered the tortures of the damned with rheumatism. Father had it before me, and I believe it is an hereditary disease. My knee joints would get inflamed and if I was out in any weather I was sure to be laid up, which to a travelling man is a calamity. In a score of Canadian towns local doctors treated me, some giving relief, others none. I read that Sarsaparilla was a rheumatic cure, and I asked a druggist for "a bottle of the best Sarsaparilla on the market." He gave me Scott's, remarking that it was an improvement on all others, and that he could honestly recommend it. I have taken four bottles, and am as free from pain as a man can hope to be. I was out in a rainstorm two days ago and never felt a twinge. As I said before, to Scott's Sarsaparilla I owe more than I can ever repay."

The best remedy for rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgic pains—all arising from the presence of poison in the blood—is Scott's Sarsaparilla, a modern concentrated medicine, prompt in its curative effects. Doses from one half to one teaspoonful. At \$1 per bottle of your druggist.

For sale at the People's Drug store by J. A. Wilson.

**All-a-Samee**

**Cheroots 4 FOR 10c**

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

Crems de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

**Blacksmithing.**

For a First class Cart or Buggy call on

**Jos. Kunkel,**

GENERAL BLACKSMITH, Midway.

Repairing and Horseshoeing a Specialty. Prices Guaranteed Right.

**This Spot**

BELONGS TO

**A. Murat**

MILDMAY.

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

REMEMBER

**A. Murat Sells Cheap**

**PRINTING**

Plain or Fancy Of Every Description

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

Neat, Clean Work Pices Moderate

**The Gazette**  
MILDMAY

**CHURCHES.**

**EVANGELICAL.**—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. C. Lisener, 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. Halst, Pastor.

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

**R. C. CHURCH.** Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Rev. Father W. P. P. Services every Sunday, alternately 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. Services the last three Sundays of every month at 2:30 p.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m.

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

**SOCIETIES.**

**C.M.B.A.**, No. 70—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. A. Gortz, Pres. E. Weiler, Sec.

**C.A.P.**—Court Mildmay, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. Lippert, C. R. A. Cameron, Secy.

**C.O.C.P.**, No. 153—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. E. N. Butchart, Coun. F. C. Jaspke, Rec.

**K.O.T.M.**, Univ. Tent No. — meets in Foresters' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. J. McLean, Coun. F. X. Scheffer, R.K.

**THE MILD MAY GAZETTE,**

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST BRUNTON.

TERMS:—\$1 per year in advance; otherwise \$1.25.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One column.....	One month.....	Three months.....
Half column.....	One month.....	Three months.....
Quarter column.....	One month.....	Three months.....
Five lines.....	One month.....	Three months.....

Legal notices, 5c. per line for first and 4c. per line for each subsequent insertion.

Local business notices 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents.

Contract advertising payable quarterly.

L. A. FINDLAY.

**Grand Trunk Time Table.**

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH
Express..... 7:01 a.m.	Mixed..... 10:55 a.m.
Mail..... 11:55 "	Mixed..... 2:55 p.m.
Mixed..... 5:20 p.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

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

—W. Barbarich has vacated the residence he has been living in and moved into C. Schurter's residence in rear of the store.

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

—A party of Salvation Army officers from London, Ont., will hold a special service of music, song and salvation in the Methodist church on Thursday, Nov. 24th. This meeting is in the interest of the missionary work of the Salvation Army. Meeting to commence at 8 p.m.

—What is the matter with having the butter factory being turned to some use. This building has been idle for the past summer, and without much expense could be made use of now as a tannery or even a starch factory could be made out of it. For the starch factory there is an abundance of potatoes here to keep it running for the next year and a half. Mildmay is a thriving town and the more industries we get here the larger will the population of the town increase.

—One of the regular winter meetings of the South Bruce Farmers' Institute will be held in Mildmay on the afternoon and evening of Jan. 10th, 1896. The directors have secured the services of Prof. Reid, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, and Simpson Rennie, of Milliken, York Co., a practical farmer, to assist the local talent. The secretary will be in town shortly and it is hoped that all members of the Institute will assist him to their utmost ability. These meetings are both interesting and instructive.

—It is rumored that changes will shortly be made in the time table on the Great Western division through here. It is contemplated to give an early and late train service bi-daily only instead of every day as at present. This has been the custom for several winters back and a most exasperating one it is to both the business portion of the community and the travelling public. A traveller stated in town the other day that it was under consideration to reduce the service daily to only one express each way. It can hardly be credited however, that the G. T. R. corporation would take a step so utterly at variance with the needs and desires of the public.

—See Charles Wendt's change of advertisement.

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

—Miss Ida McBain of Atwood visited last week with her brother, Rev. J. H. McBain.

—Rev. J. H. McBain preached a sermon in memorial of the late George Gray Sabbath evening.

—Charles Schurter has moved into the residence recently purchased by him from W. H. Schneider.

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

—Lace Walker has severed his connections with J. D. Miller and returned to his home in Moorefield.

—Take a glance at your address label and see if you are in arrears. If so kindly comply with our request in another column.

—We are sorry to report the illness of Messrs. Coverdall Haines and Michael Werner. That their recovery will be speedy is the wish of all.

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

—Holmes, the murderer of Mietzel, whose lawyers have been endeavoring to procure a new trial, is a doomed man. His lawyer, Shoemaker, has also got himself into a box by producing a forged affidavit.

—The Hyams twins, who are being tried in Toronto for the murder of Wm. Wells have had their second week of suspense and from evidence produced by the prosecution, it would appear as though they would get clear.

—To-day, (Thursday) is Thanksgiving Day, and many a boasting Turkey has come to its end to make a festive occasion for we poor mortals. This is a day set apart for the thanking of the Almighty Ruler for our bountiful harvest.

—The old building that stood by the railway track the other side of Mr. G. Hahn's residence was totally destroyed by fire Monday evening. The only damage besides the destruction of the building was the burning in two of the telegraph wire. The origin of the fire is a mystery, but it is supposed some tramps caused the conflagration.

—Now that the merchants are adopting the cash system we should have a weekly or bi-weekly market. There is no reason why Mildmay should not have a market as well as any of the other town surrounding us. A public market would be the making of Mildmay. Come people, let us have a market and let the country people know that we are not behind the times. This is a go-ahead town and our citizens are go-ahead live business people.

—Don't forget the grand concert in the town hall to-night (Thursday). An excellent program is being prepared and a grand time may be expected. It is only sufficient to mention the names of the performers without making any comment to draw a large crowd. A. W. Halladay of Lakelet, Mr. Flannigan of Hanover and Miss Perkins of Gorrie, and local talent. Reserved seats, 25 cents. General admission 20 and 10 cents. Plan of hall at W. Winkler's.

—A sad gloom surrounded this town on Friday when it was ascertained that Mr. George Gray, the genial freight clerk at the station, had died at his boarding house that morning. Monday previous he was not feeling well; and about 2 a.m. Tuesday morning Dr. Wilson was called in. All that medical skill could do was done to preserve the young man's life, but of no avail and he passed away after much suffering on Friday morning about 9 a.m. Deceased was one of the bright and shining lights of the Methodist church and also an active member of the Christian Endeavor, one who always tried to do his duty wherever he was. The funeral took place from the Commercial Hotel on Saturday morning when the remains were taken to the G. T. R. station, from there to be conveyed to Parkhill, where he would be laid at rest beside his father and brother. The Christian Endeavor society in a body testified to the esteem he was held in by them by attending the funeral and singing some of his favorite hymns. This was one of the saddest funerals that was ever in Mildmay, every person being a mourner. The village people turned out en masse to show their respect to the dead boy. The mother, brothers and sisters and other friends have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

—Mildmay photo gallery will be open to-day (Thursday).

—Charles Wendt has had his jewelry store white washed. It has made a great change in its appearance.

—Our town constable Mr. Clubine, was locked up on Wednesday evening. J. E. Mulholland made the arrest.

—The subject of the evening's discourse in the Methodist church next Sunday evening will be "Patriotism."

—The Southampton Branch of the G. T. R. ships more stock over their line than any other branch of the above railway.

—The snow has put a slight damper on the levelling of the skating rink. Everything will be alright in the course of a day or two.

—The heaviest frost of the season came Tuesday night. The windows in town were nicely frosted by Jack Frost.

—Mr. N. Harris brought into our office a branch of white raspberries in full bloom and some berries attached. Who can beat this for November.

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

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

—Alex. Dunbar of Southampton, cultivator foreman of the G. T. R., died at his residence in that town on Saturday. Mr. Dunbar was well and favorably known in town and his friends sympathize with the bereaved relatives.

—According to our exchanges a number of them are boasting about the new buildings that were put up during the past summer. There have been ten new buildings erected in this town, and we do not know of a house that is to rent. Any person who wishes to sojourn with us cannot do so unless they go to work and build a domicile for themselves.

An editor who has evidently felt some portion of the process gives the following instructions for killing a newspaper: Just let your subscription go. It's only a dollar or two—the publisher don't need it. If he asks you for it get just as mad as you can and tell him to stop the paper—you never read it any how. Then go and borrow your neighbor's.

At a meeting of the Cabinet on Saturday the date for the bye-election in North Ontario was set for December 12, the nomination being on December 5.

The news from the different provinces of Asia Minor continue to be grave confirming the impression that the movements has now assumed proportions which have placed it beyond the control of the Turkish authorities.

A despatch received in Rome from Alexandretta, North Syria, says that there has been a massacre of Christians in the vicinity of that town and in the presence of three hundred Turkish soldiers, who did not render any assistance.

In Cleveland on Saturday evening a heavy electric motor car, containing between twenty and thirty passengers, went through the draw of the Central viaduct, and dropped one hundred feet into the river below. Every passenger in the car was killed.

John Siron, mason, Aultsville, Ont., had Salt Rheum so severe that for seven years he wore greased gloves. He writes: "I used a quarter of a box of Chase's Ointment. It cured me. No trace of Salt Rheum." Chase's Ointment cures every irritant disease of the skin, allays itching instantly, and is a sterling remedy for piles. Avoid imitations, 60c. per box.

Since its first issue the Toronto weekly Globe has been noted for its deep and enduring interest in the welfare of the Canadian farmer. What pertains to the advancement of that portion of the community has been kept steadily in the forefront, and the agriculturists of the country have not been slow to recognize its manly independence and forceful utterances on their behalf in the great struggles of the past. To-day it is as truly the farmer's friend as at any time in its career, and as a newspaper it is better than ever. Every page is brimful of good reading. The special departments, for the practical farmer and the home circle are always delightfully entertaining and instructive. In enterprise as a news-gather it has no successful rival.

**Cheap Groceries and Dry Goods!**

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

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

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

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

**MILDMAY \* DRUG \* STORE**

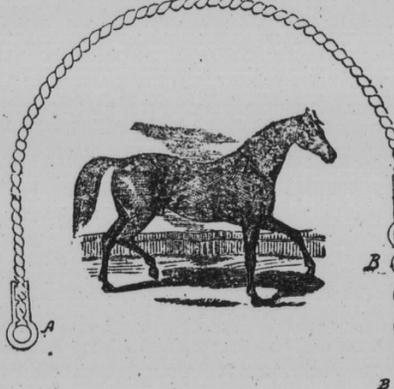
**DIAMOND AND TURKISH DYES AT CUT PRICES**

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

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

**Berry's Patent Horse Controller**

Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.



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

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

Price, 25 cents.

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

Richard Berry, Patentee, Mildmay, Ont.

**NEW \* DRUG \* STORE**

Next Door West of J. D. Miller's

**MILDMAY**

HAVE YOU TRIED?

Our Own Baking Powder?

Second to none ???

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

Perscriptions accurately compounded.

Night calls promptly attended to.

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

# THE FARM.

## How Gran'ma Fattened Her Geese.

How did gran'ma fatten her geese, you ask?  
Well to tell you the story ain't much of a task  
With nails an' strings she fastened 'em down  
To a good-sized board that lay on the ground;  
That's to keep 'em from running the fat off, you see,  
As they're apt to do if you let 'em go free.  
Right under their noses from morning till night,  
A skillet of loppered milk is in sight;  
There's a vessel of corn-meal dough there, too,  
And when they're emptied she fills them anew.  
The surfeited geese soon get the ennu, for they're getting as fat as fat can be;  
But gran'ma says they're not eating enough.  
So she takes up the dough with intention to stuff,  
The geese get so full, I know they must suffer;  
For three times a day gran'ma plies the stuffer;  
With a stick with a rap on the end for a swab  
She stuffs them alive till they're fat as a squab.  
And now you know how gran'ma was able  
To make 'em so fat for the city man's table.

## Feed for Pigs.

Cows and hogs go well together, writes A. Selle. Following after the cattle and consuming the skim milk produces an animal well adapted for breeding purposes. The tendency of corn-fed hogs is towards a fineness of bone and weakness of the muscular system. Milk and clover counteract this bad effect. By using the proper foods two litters a year can be had from each sow. Wean the pigs when six or eight weeks old, and feed middlings or cornmeal and skim milk. Many farmers do not think it is profitable to raise two litters a year, but if the pigs are fed milk in winter it is good practice. Of course a dry warm stable is necessary to get best results.

While milk is the best single food for hogs I prefer to use it with other feed. Why favorable results are obtained, I cannot say, unless it be that ordinary hog feed is too concentrated, and milk acting as a diluent increases its value. I have always fed my milk after it has clabbered, although other good feeders use it sweet. In summer it will curdle in 36 to 40 hours. In winter add warm water or place it near the stove. Clabbered milk if fed alone is too liberally forms lumps. This may be prevented by stirring thoroughly before feeding, or pouring from one vessel to another. The safest and most profitable method is to mix the milk with an equal quantity of middlings or cornmeal. This will do away with the danger from lumps. If the pigs are not being crowded for fattening, add some cut clover hay.

Hogs to be raised profitably must be ready for butchering at 8 or 10 months. If the pigs have a good pasture after being weaned, and are kept in good condition by giving skim milk and mill feed, a weight of 250 to 300 lbs. can easily be obtained at the above-mentioned age. With young animals a bushel of corn will ordinarily produce an increase of 8 to 12 lbs. of pork. Even better results will be obtained if skim milk is fed at the beginning of the fattening period, and the meat will have a more delicate flavor. Among the wealthier classes there are many who are willing to pay an extra cent a pound for pork produced under the proper conditions and put up in an attractive manner. It pays to cater to this demand.

## Keep a Farm Record.

Every farmer is to some extent a manufacturer, and ought to keep a record of his operations. This is the key to success in any business. But the soil-tiller should attend to some other matters in connection with his accounts. A writer in an exchange suggests that a map of the farm, with each field numbered, and its size, quality of soil, etc., specified, will be a great aid in keeping track of the year's transactions. How many farmers have such a guide and convenience? And how many kept such a memoranda the past year as will enable them to tell the expense of each crop grown? And how about the domestic animals? If you keep cows what have they paid you per head in the aggregate? And what of sheep, swine, and even chickens? How much did each contribute to your income, and which was the most profitable? Those who can answer those pertinent questions must be well advised in regard to their financial position, and need no admonition; but we fear many are utterly unable to give any detailed account of their farming operations, or whether the balance is on the right or wrong side of the ledger. It is needless to say that such management would soon wreck any commercial enterprise, and hence the frequent complaint that "farming don't pay," is not surprising. We would suggest that you keep an accurate account of your dollars, and you will not only be wiser, but ere long, richer in consequence. In fact, resolve that you will know how you stand at the close of another year.

## Meat on Quick Time.

More meat can be produced in the shortest time from the duck than from any other living thing on the farm. The farmer who has a drake and six ducks will get something like 800 or 1,000 eggs from them in a year, and he can set the eggs under hens and have ducklings from the time the first lot comes out, which is often as early as February, until late in summer. It should not cost over six cents to produce a pound of duck meat, and they grow so rapidly as to leave chicks far in the rear. A duckling should weigh, if forced, four pounds in eight weeks. We have had them to gain a pound in one week. Of

course, we had the Pekins and used only the largest and best we could procure for breeding purposes, and we have raised hundreds that never saw water except in a trough, no ponds or streams being used. No quicker way of supplying meat for the farmers' table can be suggested than for him to hatch out a large lot of ducklings, and he can get a good price for all he may sell. Roast duck is a better dish than salt pork, and can be had just as cheaply, as the duck can be raised on the same food that is required for producing pork.

## Salt for Choked Cows.

V. C. Crosby writes:—"My cow was choked while eating a pumpkin. Holding her head up and her tongue to one side, I put in two handfuls of common salt, and held her for a minute so it could work down her throat. She appeared deathly sick, and the saliva ran in streams, but the obstruction was removed and she was a well cow—\$40 saved instead of being buried."

## FALL FUN.

"He said I was his life's sunshine." "I guess you will find that all moonshine."  
"What would you do, miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?" "I should certainly set my face against it, sir."  
"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain." "Because no one has ever fallen off it."  
Hamlet Hardupton (meditating):—"Things are all out of place with me. I wish I could only get the shine off my coat and put it on my shoes."  
Teacher—"Tommy, how is the world divided?" Tommy—"Paw says it is divided between the corporations and the politicians."

On chilly days the maiden grieves Though dressed in garments new; She can't display her silk waist's sleeves And heavy jackets, too.  
"Now that we are married, Penelope, and have nothing to conceal from each other, how—" "I'm 29, George. How much did you give the preacher?"  
"It may be weakness," said the dying editor, "but I can't help but feel grateful to this town." "What for?" "For life enough to leave it."

He (waxing serious)—"Do you believe in the truth of the saying, 'Man proposes; God disposes'?" She (archly)—"It depends upon whom man proposes to."  
Tommy—"Paw, why is it the good die young?" Mr. Figgs—"They don't die young because they are good, but they stay good because they die young."

"That whisky is fifteen years old. I know it because I've had it, that long myself." The Colonel—"By jove! sir, you must be a man of phenomenal self-control."

"Oh, boy, I'll give you a dollar to catch my canary bird." "He's just caught, ma'am." "Where—where is the precious pet?" "Black cat up the road has got 'im."

"You say he contributes to the magazines?" said the literary girl. "Yes," replied his rival. "Anything worth using?" "Yes." "What?" "Postage stamps."

Mabel—"Yes, he's a nice young man but hasn't his nose met with an accident of some sort? I can't get over it." Amy—"No wonder! It has no bridge."

"I reckon," said Mr. Corntossel, "that these politicians says a good many things they're sorry fur." "Yes," replied her husband, "an' a good many more that they orter be."

"It's a cold day when I get left," said the pawn-broker, as he hung up the \$60 overcoat of which he had advanced \$4.  
"It's the other way with me," aptly remarked the overcoat.  
"Do you think," he asked, "that your father would consider my suit favorably?" "Really, Herbert," the merchant's daughter replied, "I couldn't say. Did you buy it at his store?"

Oh, legislators, while you strive To remedy our ills, If you would keep us all alive, Pass some ten dollar bills!

A—"When I see you I always think of the proverb: To whom God gives an office, to him he gives understanding." B—"But I have no office!" A—"Well don't you see how that fits?"

"As you have good references I'll offer to you the post of cashier in our house, provided you can deposit 1,200 marks as security." "And what security can you give me that my 1,200 marks will be secure?"

He asks me will I share his lot, A fool I'd be to scorn it, Who wouldn't share a lot like his, With a brown-stone mansion on it?

Strawber—"Dr. Probe has been treating my rheumatism for the past six months." Singery—"Are you any better?" Strawber—"I should say so. When he come with his bill yesterday I was able to run like a deer."

"Never marry a girl with the idea you are going to reform her, my boy," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "If she chews gum and giggles when she is a young woman, she will giggle and chew gum when she is married."

Snaggs—"Do you know, Bilkins, I think I'm a gifted orator." Bilkins—"What makes you think so?" "I've spoken twice, now, and when I sat down on both occasions the audiences were much pleased and applauded loudly."

"Years ago," said Mr. Barnes Torner, the eminent tragedian, "I started out to be the architect of my own fortunes, but in the school of experience I have learned that a successful architect ought to be able to draw good houses."

The black-bearded pirate, with a knife between his teeth, boarded the passenger ship. "Throw up your hands!" he shouted. The passenger, hanging over the rail smiled feebly. "I think I did, not less than an hour ago," he said gaspingly.

"Are all these young men anxious to become surgeons?" asked the visitor. "They are," replied the lecturer upon surgery. "But how can so many expect to make a living?" "Easily, sir; easily," answered the lecturer. "Think of the effect of the present bicycle craze."

In reply to the cry for assistance, the professor said:—"If I could help you I couldn't help helping you. It is because I cannot help you that I cannot help refusing to help you." And the mendicant darted around the corner, with terror in his eye and cries of "Help!" in his mouth.

# THE LIME KILN CLUB.

When the sound of the triangle had called the meeting to order Brother Gardner slowly arose and looked up and down the aisles and said:

"If Calamity Bates ain't in dis hall dis evninn' he will please step dis way." Calamity was there, and he promptly stepped out and advanced to the president's desk.

"Brudder Bates," continued the president as he looked down on him. "Yo' went ober to Brudder Shin's cabin t'other night to pass a soshul hour."

"Yes, sah," was the reply. "Arter sum leetle talk 'bout free silver, sound money an' de treasury reserve yo' swung de conversashun 'round to de ga'den of Eden. While Mrs. Shin sot dar wid her mouf open ad Samuel was a soaking his feet to cure de cold in his head, yo' went on to tell what you knowed 'bout dat ga'den. Yo' put de land at 100 acres. Yo' got in a ribber, two springs, a lake and a grotto. Yo' had peaches an' pears an' plums an' grapes an' apples by de cart load. Yo' had birds singin' an' possums runnin' 'bout. Yo' had chickens ready to be boiled, fried an' baked. Yo' had Adam whistlin' an' Eve singin', an' all was happiness an' joy."

"Yes, sah," replied Brother Bates as he wondered what was coming.

Brudder Shin haint much of a hand to git excited ober ga'dens, as yo' kin tell by his own, but yo' went on so he finally got roused up an' axed yo' whar 'dis place was. Kin yo' member whar 'yo' s'ated it?"

"I kin, sah. Dat ga'den was in Cuba, an' Ize bin right past de place fo' t'other night."

"Didn't see Adam or Eve 'round dar, did yo'?"

"Dey was dead, sah."

"Wall, when Brudder Shin reckoned dat Ga'den was in Italy, what did yo' dun do? Called him names an' finally hit him on de jaw! Brudder Bates, I want to remark a few expreshuns to yo', an' I want 'em de surge right ober yo' libbin' soul like waves rollin' down Lake Erie! In de first place, yo' was jest as wrong as Brudder Shin 'bout de locashun of de Ga'den. In de next place, it am none of yo' bizness whar it was, how big it was, or what it looked like. Mebbe dar was a Ga'den, an' yo' might be doan consarn yo' neither way. If some white man who haint got nuffin' to do an' lots of money to do it on wants to go spoonin' 'round to find whar de Ga'den of Eden was, dat's his own bizness. Yo' is simply a common white man. Yo' ain't 'bout six dollars a week, an' yo' ain't no leader of fo' pa'rs of twins. It cumms mighty hard fur yo' to pay rent an' git three meals a day. Yo' debts figger up mo' dan yo' kin save in 6,000 y'ars. De idea of yo' foolin' away time an' hittin' folks on de jaw 'bout de Ga'den of Eden an' 'bout de biggest fool thing I ever heard of!"

"Doan I want to know all 'bout it, sah?" protested Brother Bates.

"What fur?"

"Fur to git knowledge."

"What yo' gwine to do wid knowledge? How am knowledge 'bout sunthin' way back 6,000 y'ars ago gwine to pay yo' house rent an' keep shoes on yo' wife's feet? If yo' knowed wheth'er Adam could jump six feet or ten, would dat buy codfish fur dem fo' pa'rs of twins? If yo' knowed wheth'er Eve had red ha'r or black, would it help yo' to pay me back dem two dollars yo' borrowed ober two y'ars ago?"

"Bates, bein' sah," stammered Brother Bates, bein' to waken.

"Of, co'se it wouldn't! It would just be a leetle mo' wind-power fur argument. It haint yo' bizness nor my bizness, nor any odder black man's bizness to keep a continental cocked hat wher de Ga'den of Eden was on a side-hill or down in a valley; wheth'er it took a thousand y'ars to build de Pyramids of Egypt, or only fifty; wheth'er dis yere airth was all kivered wid water six times, or only twice; wheth'er de planets am inhabited or all grown up to scrub; wheth'er dis globe was made in six days or 10,000 y'ars. None of us want to go back furder dan to remember whar debts we owe an' why we dun hant paid up. Our bizness am to look ahead. If we knowed a man who's gwine to let out de job of whitewashin' 200 feet of bo'd fence it consarns us a heap mo' den Noah's ark eb."

"Yes, sah," said Brudder Bates!

"Yo' go an' sot down, an' sot down hard! I shall fine yo' \$3,850 fur discussin' religus matters contrary to de laws, an' I want dis to be a caution to all other members as well. 'Bout half of our cull'd folks religun consists in openin' our moufs an' guppin' down de past, an' a good sheer of de odder half am devoted to argufyin' 'bout whar we doan know an' doan want to know 'bout de present an' fucher. What we want in general an' in pertickler am less religun an' mo' gittin' up airly in de mawnin'—less Ga'den of Eden an' mo' 'taters in de house—less Adam an' Eve an' me' bacon an' codfish. We will now open one of de alley winders to let dat smell of burnin' wool git out of de hall an' den purcead to tackle de programme of reg'lar bizness."

"Would an appeal be in order at dis juncture, sah?" asked the Rev. Penstock as he arose.

"What sort of an appeal?" queried the president in reply.

"An' appeal from yo' decision, sah. Pears to me dat if de members of dis club wish to discuss religus subjects in deir own homes de rules an' regulashuns can't stop 'em."

"Do yo' wish to appeal from yo' decision, sah?"

"Why, I reckon—"

"Hold on a minit, Brudder Penstock!" said Brother Gardner as he began removing coat, vest, cuffs and collar. "Now, sah go ahead wid dat appeal."

"I-I haint got no appeal to make!" replied Penstock as he sat down.

"Oh! Yo' haint! An appeal am allus in order in dis club. P'raps some odder members wants to kick again de decision of dis cha'r?"

No other member did. For sixty seconds Paradise hall was so quiet that Elder Toon's bunion could be heard to ache. Then, as he proceeded to resume his garments the president said:

"I doan say dat members can't discuss religus subjects at home, but when such discussuns result in somebody bein' hit on de jaw den I shall take a hand in 'em. Brudder Watkins, riz up dat winder 'back of yo', and Brudder Shin, yo' put sum lenow on de stove to kill off de microbes floatin' around us."

# SOME VALUABLE HINTS.

## THE NEW REMEDY FOR DREAD CONSUMPTION.

How to Ascertain the State of the Lungs—The Way to Prevent an Attack of Rheumatism—Prevention of Cancer—Displacement of the Liver—Results of a Hearty Supper.

Dr. Margliano, professor at the University of Genoa, speaking of the new treatment of tuberculosis by the use of serum, says: "I have applied my treatment in 83 cases presenting all the forms of pulmonary tuberculosis, from its most serious to its incipient stage. These are the conclusions I have been able to form. Consumptive patients presenting but small centers of tuberculosis, without fever, or even with slight fever, without or with few active microbe centers, derive a real benefit. I have treated 45 of such patients, and all those who followed the treatment methodically and completely might, in the end, be considered cured. There were 29 of them. Of the other 16, of whom several were febrile, their conditions improved considerably, but none of them followed the treatment to the end; some of them are still under treatment; others, believing themselves to be cured, insisted on abandoning the treatment."

Secondly, the bronchopneumonic tuberculosis patients, with extended centers of the disease, without fever, or even with few active microbe colonies, may be entirely relieved of the fever, and the success obtained in certain cases leaves hope of cure by persevering in the treatment."

In summing up his remarks Dr. Margliano says he is convinced that by the use of his serum, brilliant successes may be obtained when the disease is taken in its early stages. He points out that of the 83 consumptive patients treated, 61 derived real benefit; and those in whom the disease was not too advanced have either been cured, or are approaching that condition.

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such as tumors, abscesses and the like, as well as from stretching or rupture or undue length of the ligaments from any cause. The condition is not uncommon in women with pendulous abdomens, who have borne many children. A distinction is to be made between floating liver and merely movable liver. The author reports the case of a woman, aged 62, who had borne 10 children and presented cyanosis, dyspnea, dilatation of the right heart and emphysema. The liver was displaced downward, but could be replaced when the patient resumed the recumbent posture, and could be retained in place by the use of a bandage. In the second case, that of a man aged 35, the liver was displaced by a subphrenic abscess. There existed, also, pyloric obstruction and gastrostasis. The liver lay obliquely in front of the stomach. In a third case, in a boy, the front wheel of a wagon had passed over the trunk, fracturing the seventh and eighth ribs. For a time a considerable area of dullness was found upon the left side, while the normal area of hepatic dullness could not be detected, while the question arose whether the liver was originally displaced and an inflammatory process had taken place in the right hypochondrium, or if the liver was merely hidden under the diaphragm, and an inflammatory process had taken place about the spleen. The paper contained a tabulated statement of 30 published cases of displacement of the liver.

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# "That Tired Feeling."

Nobody is particularly anxious to spend their money. Everybody has to. Your wants must be satisfied and it takes money to do it. A person is not apt to look cheerful over the prospect of spending money. Lots of buying is done with a long face. This is all worry, we offer a change for the better.

**YOU FEEL RELIEVED**—The minute you see our grand stock of new and popular goods. It looks fresh and desirable, the first glance shows you that you are on the right track. No mistake about this being a modern up-to-date line of goods. You wake up to the fact that you have got into the right store.

**THE FEELING GROWS**—when you commence to go into details. You feel as if the goods were bought on purpose for you. No trouble to make a satisfactory selection. It gets down to a question which is the most satisfactory.

**TROUBLE IS FORGOTTEN**—when you learn our prices. They are always at the low water mark. We don't give goods away, we can't. We can sell goods very low, we do. This is a fact. We might brag about it, but what's the use? A word to the wise is sufficient. It's as true as truth that we sell goods cheap. We prove it.

**HAPPINESS IS SUPREME**—when you get what you want at less than you expected to pay. We are treating customers to this kind of a surprise every day. We sell you a good article and let you off cheap. You will find our selection choice, our goods reliable, our prices satisfactory. A fair deal makes the buyer happy. We give it. To spend money and be happy at the same time go to

## J. D. MILLER,

The only Cash and One Price Store in Town

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five, only 25c. Children love it. Sold at Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

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

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

**PISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.



**KARL'S CLOVER ROOT**  
Purifies the Blood  
Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, Indigestion, Nerve Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, and all ailments arising from impure blood.  
An Appreciable Tasteless and Nerve Tonic.  
Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail. 50c, 50c, and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.  
**NO NO** The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath. 50c.  
For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay.

A Lindsay dog, 18 years old, is cutting his third set of teeth.

There are 22 prisoners in the Owen Sound goal at present, seventeen of whom are vagrants. Of the other four two are in for theft, another for uttering counterfeit coin and a fourth on remand on a charge of theft. As a most unusual case there are no lunatics confined in goal.

The Government has set aside 2000 acres in Lindsay township as an Indian hunting ground.

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

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

### MARK IT WELL.

**A Development Peculiar to the Present Generation Dangerous and Often Fatal.**  
As each generation comes and goes it is marked by changes, developments and discoveries unknown to its predecessors. From a physical standpoint one of the most to be dreaded conditions and peculiar for its rapid increase during the present generation, is when the mind labors under the delusion of persecution, continual restlessness, pain in the back and head, twitching of the muscles of the face and hands, furred tongue, breath foul and heavy, nausea and further indications of stomach trouble. There may be delirium, convulsions or sinking spells. Medical authorities apply different names to the conditions that are unintelligible to the average reader. The actual fact is the demoralized and dangerous state of the system is due to the accumulation of "Body Poison" in the blood that should and would be thrown off by the Kidneys if in a healthy condition. In order to restore health, strike at the root of the disease with Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the only medicine known that will control the changes going on in the Kidneys, enabling them to furnish for the whole system blood free from disease-breeding poison, building up the shattered condition of nerves, and relieving mental depression. Price 25c, sold by all dealers. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.  
For sale at the Peoples' Drug store by J. A. Wilson.

Kincardine is the highest taxed municipality in the county.

The Kincardine furniture factory is asking for exemption from taxes for a period of ten years.

Mr. Joe Herringer, of Mount Forest, has entered for the ten mile road race to take place at Guelph on Thanksgiving day.

Assistant Medical Detective Briggs of Walkerton, had one G. H. Blow of Wiarton before Magistrate Parke of that town on Friday last, charged with violating the Medical Act. He was assessed \$25 and costs.

A telegraphic message was received by John Crow, of Calross, on Tuesday, announcing that his brother George had met with an accident by being struck with a piece of timber at Datour, Mich., from which he could not recover.

We are sorry to hear that Lorenzo Wynne of Palmerston happened with an accident on Tuesday last. While making a coupling at Parkhead he caught his hand between the hunters, severely mutilating that portion of his anatomy. Lex. lost his first finger on the right hand and was otherwise injured. We sympathize with our young townsman in his misfortune and hope that the balance of his hand will soon be all right again.

### UNDER OATH.



The following testimony of Mrs. Margaret Patterson, given under oath before W. F. Walker, Notary Public, marks the most wonderful cure in the history of my medicine:  
"For six or seven years I was badly afflicted with rheumatism and severe neuralgia in the head. At times I suffered very much pain from violent headaches, and in order to stop same, and upon the advice of a physician, I had a number of my teeth extracted, without deriving any advantage."  
"In May, 1894, I had a paralytic stroke in the left side of my body; this was followed by the total loss of sight of the left eye, bealing of both ears, violent headaches, severe fits, and great weakness. I became totally unable to do any work about the house, and was not safe to be left alone on account of my dizziness and general weakness."  
"I consulted four different physicians, who attended me, and they told me that they would do what they could, but that I would never become well again."  
"About two months ago I began using the medicine being put up by Mr. S. S. Ryckman, M.P., of this city, and now known as Kestonay Cure, and am now taking the fourth bottle of such medicine."  
"Before I finished the first bottle I noticed a great improvement in my condition. I have now recovered the use of my eyesight, the use of my hearing, and the use of my limbs and body, the headache has completely disappeared, and my strength has come back almost completely, and in fact, though 62 years old, I feel almost a new woman. Mrs. Margaret Patterson, 111 Vine Street, Hamilton, Ont."

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## One Dollar.